

Because it could all end if the police get onto you being an art thief and start hunting us down like dogs.

SUSAN

So you're saying it's better to be like a seagull than a dog.

LARRY

Exactly. And Susan, maybe I don't say this enough, but I love you, and I really do enjoy your company, and I was looking forward to spending our retirement years together in a relatively carefree way—

SUSAN

*[sincerely touched]*

Aw, that's so sweet, Larry, it really is.

LARRY

*[overlapping previous line]*

—as opposed to having major litigation and the possibility of a lengthy prison sentence hanging over our heads.

SUSAN

Hmm...I suppose it would preferable not to be sent up the river. *[looking around at the water]* Gee, I wonder if it would be *this* river....

LARRY

It might. This connects up to the Hudson, and Sing Sing's just up—*[pointing]*

SUSAN

Okay, okay. You're starting to convince me.

LARRY

Good. By the way, there's another reason you shouldn't be holding onto that amulet.

SUSAN

What.

LARRY

It's not yours.

SUSAN

Right. Appeal to basic ethics. You win. Let's do it.

LARRY

It'll be for the best. We'll be able to retire in peace....maybe get a little condo in Florida...learn to play pickleball...

SUSAN

*[puzzled, making a sour face]*  
Pickleball?

LARRY

Fun new game. Like tennis. Only easy.

*[SUSAN shrugs dismissively. Then she opens her pocketbook, extracts a small amulet from it, closes the pocketbook, and then gazes fondly at the amulet (its details don't have to be visible to the audience)]*

What're you doing? I hope you're not having second thoughts.

SUSAN

No...No, I...*[wistful]* It's just that I've grown a bit fond of it in the short time I've been in possession of it.

LARRY

Illegal possession.

SUSAN

Right.

*[SUSAN looks at the charm some more, turning it around in her hands]*

You know, I'm wondering...

LARRY

No second thoughts, now.

SUSAN

No, no—I'm wondering if this thing, when we throw it in, might not sink to the bottom. It doesn't feel all that dense. Maybe we need to tie it to something heavy that'll pull it down.

LARRY

Good thinking.

SUSAN

See, I'm not all that naïve.

LARRY

I stand corrected....So, uh...something heavy...

SUSAN

What do we have that's heavy?

LARRY

Your pocketbook comes to mind.

SUSAN

Very funny.

LARRY

Maybe something *in* your pocketbook?

*[SUSAN opens her bag to look for something]*

SUSAN

*[after rummaging]*

Okay. I think I have just the thing. And we won't even have to tie it.

*[SUSAN pulls out a Ziploc bag containing pieces of halvah]*

LARRY

Halvah?

SUSAN

It was on sale at Zabar's. I brought it in case we got hungry on this trip.

LARRY

But halvah's such a messy snack.

SUSAN

No, no, look—I cut it in pieces. It's not so messy if it's pre-cut.

LARRY

Wow, you think of everything.

SUSAN

*[first sentence offhand]*

Well, that just goes with being a woman...Listen, Larry, do me a favor. *You* throw it in. I'm a little attached, like I said. I'll go inside to the snack bar and buy something to replace the halvah. And while I'm gone, you throw it.

LARRY

Sure. No problemo.

*[SUSAN dramatically kisses the amulet good-by before putting it in the Ziploc bag]*

That's right, get more of your DNA all over it.

SUSAN

What difference does it make? It'll be on the ocean floor—or the New York Harbor floor—or whatever this water is.

*[She painstakingly presses out the air from the bag before sealing it]*

Getting out the extra air, so it'll be sure to sink.

LARRY

You *do* think of everything.

*[SUSAN holds the bag up to the light to visually assess the seal, then hands it to LARRY]*

SUSAN

Too bad about wasting good halvah.

LARRY

Well, it's for a good cause. And I believe halvah's actually an ancient confection, so in a sense it goes well with an ancient artifact. Quite fitting.

SUSAN

*[exiting]*

You want a coffee?

LARRY

Sure.

*[SUSAN exits. LARRY, holding the bag, sits down on a bench, glances in the direction Susan exited to be sure she's gone, and then opens the bag]*

Just one piece.

*[LARRY extracts a small piece of halvah from the bag and begins eating it, savoring it. He sets down the open bag beside him on the bench, then gets out his phone to do some research]*

I wonder if the Fengolonians actually *ate* halvah. Wikipedia will tell all.

*[LARRY scrolls on his phone, alternately reading aloud the content on the screen and commenting on it]*

“The Fengolonian civilization flourished from about thirty-four hundred B.C. to two thousand B.C., a prominent force in Asia Minor.”...