

The Heckler

by Marilyn Reeves

Sam sleepily stirs his morning coffee as Marnie begins punching numbers into her cell phone.

“Hello?” she says, “is that you?”

Filling in for the unknown party, Sam says under his breath, “No, it’s not me, it’s somebody else.”

Marnie makes a face at him and then turns her attention back to the phone.

“You what? You did?”

“Did what?” says Sam. “Rob a bank?”

“My Lord, those must have been heavy. Sounds like you made quite a haul!”

“Maybe she *did* rob a bank,” says Sam.

“Oh, George was with you. So he did most of the heavy lifting?”

“Those money bags *are* pretty heavy.”

Marnie glares at him and he grins sheepishly.

“You got stopped by the cops?”

“See, I told you she robbed a bank!”

Marnie stares at him with incomprehension.

“He made him get out of the car? ... What happened then?”

Sam imagines George being thrown up against the car, spread eagle, while the cop frisks him.

“Oh no!” says Marnie, “Not thirty!”

Sam couldn’t resist. “Thirty years in the slammer?”

“Just a minute, Janice. I’ve got a heckler on this end. Sam, will you please be quiet?”

Sam give her his ‘who me?’ innocent look.

“Well, what are you going to do with all of them?”

“All of what? The money bags?”

Marnie ignores him.

“Well, that’s got to be a burden, having those lying around the house till the weekend. But I’m sure everyone will enjoy having a piece.”

“Yeah, cut me in!”

Marnie threatens to throw the phone at him. Sam ducks.

“Okay. Well, I’m sure it’ll work out just fine. Let me know if you need any help, okay? OK, bye.”

“So what was that all about?”

“Oh, Janice and George stopped by the farmers’ market yesterday to pick up a half dozen watermelons for the picnic this weekend. And George got a ticket for being double-parked. It’s going to cost him \$30 bucks.”

“Not thirty years?”

“Of course not, silly! What were you thinking?”

“I don’t know. I thought maybe they robbed a bank or something.”

“What? Well, that’s a good one. I’ll have to call Janice back and tell her what you said.”

“Can you wait till I’ve finished my coffee? I don’t think I can take any more excitement this early in the morning.”

“Oh, alright. Finish your coffee. Do you want some eggs?”

“No, I think I’ll go rob a bank.”

“What?”

“Nothing. Never mind. You’re kinda cute when you’re agitated.”

“Oh, go on – get out of here!”

“Okay, okay. I’ll go get ready for work.”

Marnie shakes her head. “Men!” she says, with a smile on her face. “Rob a bank? Where’d he ever get that idea?”