

THE HEIST

By: Tyler Patrick

The last patrons of McTafferty's stumble out into the night. Green beer and cheap whiskey fuel their drunken laughter. Across the street, Joey stares out the window of his boss's red Dodge Daytona.

"Bobby, why are we just sitting in this shitty car of yours?" he asks.

"We gotta wait til these drunks go home. We can't risk being seen," Bobby says.

The drunks congregate outside the bar and then proceed down the street. Cigarettes and glass bottles in hand, they start a chorus of "Danny Boy."

"God, I hate that song. I'd be happy if I never hear it again. Let's get our shit together and get this job over with," Bobby says.

"Fucking A right. You think these cheap cop costumes will fool them, Bobbo?"

"Yeah. It will do. We just gotta get in," Bobby says as he loads his revolver, "Wait, what the hell are you doing now?"

Joey wiggles a wax mustache under his nose. He checks the mirror to secure it.

“I’m disguising myself,” he says with a wink and a smile.

“You’re a child,” Bobby says while shaking his head.

The men step out of the car and walk toward a building bearing a sign that reads, *Agnes Theodora Johnson Museum est. 1921*. Pushing the call button at the door, the men wait for an answer. A muffled voice crackles through the speaker.

“Sorry, we’re closed. We open tomorrow at 8am.”

“We heard a disturbance in the courtyard. Probably some lingering drunk from the St. Patty’s party across the street,” Bobby says into the box.

“I’m not supposed to let anyone in at this time, sir.”

“I doubt that applies to police officers,” Bobby says.

He looks to the security camera and taps on his fake police badge.

“I guess you’re right about that. I’ll buzz you in.”

Bobby and Joey wait for the buzz and click of the door. Slipping inside, they walk toward the cluttered security desk.

“Evening officers. What’s the problem again?” asks the chubby security guard.

“Disturbance in the courtyard. What’s your name, sir?” Bobby asks sternly.

“Richard. Richard Abath,” the guard says.

“Hey partner, don’t we have a warrant for a Richard Abath?” Bobby asks Joey.

“We sure do,” Joey says with a smile.

“There has to be some mistake! I haven’t done anything!” Richard says.

“That’s for the judge to decide. Now, stand up and turn around,” says Bobby.

Richard secretly taps a button under the desk as he stands up. He turns around and faces the wood paneled wall behind him. Tears flow down his thick cheeks as Joey snaps handcuffs

around his wrists. The metal *click* echos through the halls. Joey leads Richard towards the basement.

“What are you doing? I thought I was under arrest,” Richard says.

Joey pulls out his baton and knocks Richard across the base of his skull, knocking him out.

“This is a robbery you idiot,” Joey says.

He opens the basement door and shoves Richard down the stairs. The unconscious body bounces and rolls down the steep incline, coming to a stop on the landing. Looking down at the pretzeled form below, Joey chuckles.

“Now don’t you go anywhere,” he says.

Proceeding through the museum to meet Bobby, Joey stops at a room walled with mahogany panels. Antique art in bronze frames fill the space. The plaque above the room reads “The Dutch Room.”

“Well, shit. I spent half my night dealing with the Irish and now I have to go into a room for the Dutch? Why can’t there be an American room? This is America right?” Joey asks.

“You’re an idiot. This is where we get our money. The works in this room are almost priceless,” Bobby says.

“Let’s just do this. I have hookers and blow waiting on me.”

Bobby pulls a crumpled paper from his pocket and passes it to Joey.

“Just get the works. Remember, only the ones we were asked to get,” he says.

The duo move through the room, carefully cutting the works out of their frames. Their knives glide effortlessly through the aged canvases. Each man roll the pieces up and gently pack

them away. Coming to the last one on the list, Bobby traces his knife around the borders of the thick canvas. Peeling the work from its mount, he turns to Joey.

“You didn’t do anything stupid to that guard did you?” he asks.

“Nah, he’s just knocked out in the basement. He’s a tubby one, he’ll survive until someone finds him,” Joey says.

“Then why are there police lights outside?”

“Cherries and berries? Aww shit. I fucking hate cops.”

“Must be a silent alarm. We got sloppy,” Bobby says.

“No, you got sloppy. It wasn’t my idea to come here.”

“Of course it was. As soon as you heard “money,” your little prick got hard.”

“Maybe so. I’m not going back to jail over some shitty pieces of art, though,” Joey says.

“Shut up, Joey. Stay here and clean up. And for fuck’s sake, don’t do anything stupid.”

Bobby runs to the basement and strips the still unconscious Richard. Slipping the guard’s shirt over his own, he hears the ring of the call button. Rushing back to the lobby, he pushes random buttons on the desk until he finds the answer button.

“Sorry, we’re closed until morning,” Bobby says.

“Haven Hollow PD. The alarm was tripped twenty minutes ago,” crackles the voice through the speaker.

“Was it? I must have hit it while on rounds. I’m new,” Bobby says.

“Just to make sure, I’m going to have to check things out.”

Bobby buzzes the cop in and walks around the desk. Joey stalks the hallway, hidden from sight. Meeting the officer at the door, Bobby leads him away from the Dutch Room. Joey pulls his knife and follows the men. He slips behind the officer and pounces. A sickening *gurgle*

erupts from the mouth of the cop as Joey plunges the blade into his throat. The man falls to his knees with a *thud*. Eyes wide with shock and horror, the man gasps his last breath. He collapses to the white marble floor. The museum lighting gives a crimson glow to the blood flowing from the body.

“You idiot! What’s wrong with you? I told you to not do anything stupid,” Bobby says, staring at the sprawled cop.

“You know I hate pigs. Now, let’s go.”

“I had things handled.”

“I handled them better. You’re getting soft,” Joey says, turning toward the door.

“I can’t deal with this anymore,” Bobby says.

He pulls his revolver and points it to the back of Joey’s head. A twitch of his finger sends bullet through skull. The body drops to the floor. It starts to twitch as nerves die. Stepping over the twisted mess of his former partner, Bobby grabs the art and walks toward the exit.

“You always were an asshole,” he says, looking back.

End