

Simple Errand's

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“Are you ready, bud?” Jason asked, rubbing his overly large and hairy hands together. He looked around and tapped the hood of an orange car. He faced a large brick building, a roadway running along the entrance way empty because of the late hour.

His brother’s expression soured. “I don’t see why we gotta do this. What’s so great about a bunch uh dead guy’s preschool finger-painting projects? There’s no way it’s actually worth fifty million bucks man,” Travis’s said. He tugged at the side of a Boston police uniform he was wearing, a pink stain embedded into the fabric. “I kind of feel bad for the poor fool taking a bath in acid man.”

“Hey, he had it coming. I told you, fifty is our take. The rest is for Don. Let’s just get this done before we make someone suspicious. Stay behind me,” Jason responded.

Travis shuffled his large body, following his brother toward the cobblestone entrance to a well-known museum in Boston. He flexed his hands and his knuckles cracked as they came to a stop in front of a large mahogany door.

“Alright, it’s been an hour. I’m going to hit the buzzer. You got those handcuffs uncle Don gave you?”

“Yeah, I’m gonna be pissed if we don’t get the money Jace. I’ll tell you that right now.”

“Quit your complaining. You’re gonna thank me later. I don’t know why any of this stuff is worth so much either, but hey if it gets me a vacation with Amanda at least maybe I’ll get laid,” Jason said. A smile crossed his lips as he winked at Travis.

Travis snorted and wiggled his large black mustache to scratch his nose. “You could hope. That woman is a pain in the rear though. I don’t know why you don’t cut her lose.”

Jason exhaled and nodded to Travis as he shook out his shoulders. He then pressed the museum's entrance buzzer more firmly with a fat finger.

Jason then pushed another button for an intercom box attached to the door and his voice boomed out. “Boston Police Department, here for a public disturbance?”

They both stood stiffened. A set of footsteps echoed against the black night. The door suddenly swung open sharply and Travis held his breathe while running a meaty hand threw his mustache.

“Public disturbance? Museum is closed, I’m just a guard and Jack and I weren’t making no noise,” A man with shaggy mouse brown hair said. He pushed the door fully open. “They say a public disturbance. Jack? What the hell you been doing man?” he asked while turning his head to look over his shoulder.

He turned back towards them again. “You can take a look, but no one has been here tonight officer’s sirs. Names Mick, and that’s Jack,” Mick said. His head bobbed towards a man standing behind him.

Travis and Jason’s eyes flashed to each other-and nodded in agreement as the two guards turned away.

“See... it’s nice and quiet as a-” Mick was cut off by the barreling fist of Travis hitting the back of his head. Jack spun on his heel at the sound and Jason immediately lurched forward to twist his wrist painfully.

“Why did you knock him out man? What’s that gonna do?” Jason asked.

“Makes me feel good. Makes them know what I can do,” Travis said.

Jason shook his head while he steered Jack closer to his side and turned his attention back to the trembling man. “You’re going to listen to me... Jack, right?” The man nodded forcefully with dull blue eyes squinting at Jason. “Alright. Here is what is happening. We’re here for specific stuff. We’re gonna cuff you and stick you in the basement. You don’t move till you see the light tomorrow morning. That clear?”

The man nodded. His partner lay still on the ground, where Travis bent his arms back to cuff him. Jason followed the action with Jack.

“Alright hurry up Travis. Let’s get this done,” Jason said.

Travis took hold of the other man’s body and slumped him over his shoulder. They quickly walked down to the basement and locked them there.

“Hey what are you doing?” Travis said.

Jason lit a cigarette. “Robberies make me nervous and we have to make sure they didn’t call the cops.”

“Well give me one too,” Travis said.

“Let’s do this, grab the Rembrandts, Ron said he likes the horse drawing’s, so I’ll get those,” Jason said.

They both moved to separate rooms and as Jason cut the pictures from their frames, he lurched at a blaring coming from the Rembrandt room. He ran to the room and looked at Travis with wide eyes. “What the hell, man?” he asked.

“It was an alarm. I took care of it,” Travis said as Jason came to a stop behind him. A smashed black object lay still at his feet.

“That scared the hell out of me. Here, help me get this flag,” Jason said.

They both moved to a flag with a large golden eagle displayed at the top. After a few minutes of struggling, Jason groaned. “Where running out of time. Just get the eagle and let’s go!”

“Okay, whatever you say. Is all this going to fit in the car?” Travis asked.

“We will make it fit,” Jason said. He held an arm full of rolled up artwork and walked back to the museum entrance. Travis followed closely behind with his arms full as well. They placed the objects into their vehicle.

“Let’s get out of here,” Jason said. The artwork sat piled in the back seat. The golden eagle stuck out like a sore thumb as the vehicle's tires screeched away from the curb.

“If Ron ain’t happy he can suck it,” Travis said.