

Busted

Gerry jumped up and yanked back the brown, ratty curtains of the window in the small, third floor studio apartment as the sirens sounded outside. Red and blue lights reflected off of the window, getting progressively brighter as multiple police cars approached. With wide brown eyes, she ran over to her partner, Shane, who was still asleep on the lumpy, yellow sofa and shook him awake.

“Wake up. They found us,” she said, as she dressed and pulled her black boots and leather jacket on with haste.

Shane’s grayish-blue eyes popped open and he jumped up from the couch as if she’d lit a fire under his ass. “Damn it! How the hell did they find us?” he asked, dressing and grabbing his nine-millimeter pistol, which was lying on the glass coffee table in front of the couch. He checked the clip to make sure that it was full and then stuffed it back into the gun, which he held in his right hand.

Gerry shrugged as she picked up her gun, which was the same as his, and mirrored her partner’s motions, before tucking her pistol into the holster on her belt and grabbing one of two black duffel bags filled with booty. She swung the duffel bag over her shoulder and then ran her hands through her short red hair. “There’s a fire escape,” she said, as she ran over to the window and lifted it up. She then pushed her petite, wiry body through the window and landed on the stairs outside.

“You just had to have that Rembrandt,” Shane said in his low, gravelly voice. He grabbed the other duffel bag and then followed her through the window. “We could’ve gotten out of there much faster if you hadn’t stopped for that damned painting!”

“It was one of a kind,” said Gerry, as they both ran down the stairs of the fire escape, landing in the alley. “No way I was leaving that behind. It was completely worth it.”

“I guess we’ll see about that.”

They ran down the alley.

“There they are,” a voice said from behind them, followed by multiple fast-paced footsteps. Then the same voice said, “Stop, police!”

Gerry and Shane could feel the cops drawing closer, chasing them down the alley, practically on their heels.

That was when another police cruiser with the emblem NYPD on the side pulled up in front of the other side of the alley, blocking their path. Two more cops got out of the car, guns drawn. “We have you surrounded!” said the cop who’d gotten out of the driver’s side. “Drop the bags and the gun.”

Gerry and Shane both froze. There were four officers behind them and two in front of them. There was nowhere to go. They locked eyes for a few moments, as if having a silent conversation. That was when Gerry looked down and saw the gun in Shane’s hand. She shook her head, her eyes wide.

“Don’t,” she said. “This wasn’t the plan.”

Shane said, “Sure hope that damned painting was worth dying for.” He then raised his gun, but before he could pull the trigger, he was shot multiple times in the chest.

Gerry’s jaw dropped as Shane’s blood splashed all over her, covering her from head to toe. Her face was distorted into an expression of absolute shock, tears falling freely from her eyes. In that moment, it was if time stopped. Her vision blurry from the tears, she barely registered the other cops slowing inching their way towards her. Their voices sounded muffled to her. She was surrounded and there was just no escaping.

Gerry let out a deep breath and said to herself, “Damn right, it was worth it. It’s a fucking Rembrandt.” She reached for her holster, but before she could retrieve her gun, she was shot dead, straight through the heart.