

## Catnapper



Riley and Todd were driving home late at night when they stumbled upon a parked car in the middle of the road. The driver's door was open, and its high beams were on.

"Check it out," Riley said. He pointed at the car with his chin and looked at Todd. "What do you want to do?"

Todd ran his hands through his hair and down across his face. "I don't know, man. I don't really feel like going to jail tonight, or being on the news for finding a body."

Riley chuckled. "C'mon, brother. Those five kids of yours aren't going to feed themselves, and it's probably not a dead guy."

Todd rubbed his chin and squinted at him. "What exactly are you planning?"

Riley navigated the car to the shoulder and parked. "We're just going to take a look. Maybe they left something behind."

"Fine, but let's do this fast. Who knows how long it's been sitting here."

They got out and jogged over to the abandoned car in the street. Its radio was on, and the music got louder with every step.

Todd got there first, and peered into the driver's open door. "It's empty."

Riley watched him turn the car off and remove the keys. "Any sign of them?" he asked. He turned his phone's flashlight on, and shone it up and down the street.

"None," Todd replied. "You check the trunk, and I'll do the car." He pushed a button on the keys, and the trunk popped open with a soft click.

Riley walked back to the trunk, and lifted its lid. A pile of fancy suitcases filled the spacious trunk. He glanced from the suitcases to his car and back again. "Hey, bro. Help me with these." He pulled out a suitcase, and waved it over the trunk like a prize.

Todd locked eyes with him in the rearview mirror and got out of the car. "Nice, dude. Go. I'll follow you." He reached into the trunk and liberated the other suitcases.

Riley opened the back door of his car and placed the biggest suitcase inside. He stepped back to let Todd deposit his as well and asked, "Did you get anything?"

"Not yet, but I saw a computer bag in the backseat." He hurried back to the abandoned car with Riley close behind.

A phone rang. They froze and scanned the street to find its source.

After seeing that they were still alone, Riley said, "Must be inside." He got in the front seat and followed the sound to a pink bedazzled phone. It was on the floor in the backseat by the laptop bag. He grabbed both and set them on the passenger seat. Todd stood by the driver's door and watched him dig through the bag.

"Whoa," Todd said. He reached over to pull out a stack of stapled papers, and flipped a few pages. "This is a movie script. It belongs to Eva Rayne. You know... the new Catwoman."

"That means this car does too."

Todd stepped back and sized-up the car again. "What happened? I almost feel bad taking her stuff, but she's rich. She can buy more."

"Let's get this back to the car and go. I have a bad feeling about this."

"I haven't finished yet. Let me check the other side, and then we'll go." Todd jogged around the car, and opened the passenger door. The phone rang once more. He ducked his head into the car and asked, "Who is it?"

"It's a blocked number," Riley said. He placed the bedazzled phone into Todd's waiting hand.

"Dang. I really wanted to talk to Jennifer Lawrence." Todd hit the ignore button, and flipped the phone around to use its light. "Fuck. Dude. Fuck. Get out of the car. Get out of the car right now." His panicked tone had Riley out of the car and by his side before he realized what happened.

"Is that blood?" Riley asked. "See, I told you. I told you I had a bad feeling. They're going to think we did something to her. We have to go."

"Not if we clean up this blood, and wipe our prints first."

Riley bit his lip and stared at the floor for several seconds that felt like minutes. Todd chewed on his nails, and paced back and forth while he waited. Finally, Riley took a deep breath, and nodded while exhaling.

Todd used his sleeve to erase their presence, and Riley took off his shirt to wipe the blood.

The phone made a new sound that went on endlessly. Riley closed the door and met Todd by the trunk. He held the phone between them and raised an eyebrow. Riley shook his head vigorously in answer.

Todd shrugged his shoulders and answered the incoming Skype call.

"Oh, God." Riley stopped shaking his head and brought his hand to his mouth.

"Fuck me." Todd yanked the phone away from their faces, and put his thumb over the camera.

Catwoman's face was bloody and already bruising. She held a newspaper up to the camera and looked straight into the lens. She yanked her chin free from hands that held her, and jutted out her jaw before a slap forced her to look away.