

About 500 words

Maurice Smith

[MSmith18@student.fullsail.edu](mailto:MSmith18@student.fullsail.edu)

# The Bookie

Da Prequel

The phone began to ring for what was now the third time and it seemed to grow louder with every second that passed. The little red strobe on the phone blinked repeatedly, its glow made the wallpaper rosemary red. The room was trashed, shattered shards cascaded all across the green Velvet Carpet.

“We have to answer the phone, Peter.” I spoke. “If we do not answer, someone’s definitely going to send the cops banging on the door.”

Peter sat at the table across from me starring off into the cosmos. He sat there quietly fumbling with that damn pencil while Our lives and freedom were on the line.

The phone started to ring once again, I stood. Peter looks at me with his emerald eyes wide as a child lost in a crowd.

“Evelyn do—.” he started to say.

I motioned for him to sit, I had to answer.

“Hello,” I spoke into the phone.

“Hello this Valerie from the front Desk. We’ve got reports of commotion coming from your room is everything ok?” The voice on the other side of the line said.

“Oh, my everything is fine drear, the noises heard were from the Television. I couldn’t figure how to get this Remote Controller to work properly. Thank you so much for your concern darling.”

I hung up the phone and turned back to Peter who was still on the patio fidgeting with that pencil. I walked over and snatched it from his grasp, looked him square in his eyes and snapped his fidget stick with one hand; then slammed the pieces on the table.

“Pull yourself together Peter,” I said. “It’s time to call someone.”

Peter’s 6’1 frame rose from his seat, grabbed his Broken pencil and his book from the table. Crimson splatter stains covered his custom fitted shirt, his face and his salt and pepper sideburns.

“I’ll take care of everything,” he said.

“I need a cleaner at The Reno Inn room 229,” he said. That was all he said and then he hung up the phone.

I stood at the bathroom door and starred at my dead husband. His fat body lay lifeless on the floor in a pool of blood. His eyes bulged like poached eggs, his fame slumped between the

shower and toilet with a single gunshot to his head. The stink of his last bile movement turned my gills green.

“You got what you deserve fat prick.” I spoke. Then I spit on his corpse and took the rings from both his fingers.

“Fat Sal won’t be needing those where he’s going.” Peter said. “And, neither will you.”

He pointed my husband’s gun at me. His eyes were blank, his hand steady and his heart was empty. He was a no-good Bookie who couldn’t be trusted, or at least that’s what Fat Sal used to say.

He closes his eyes and pulled on the hammer, just then phone rings.