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The Room – Flash Fiction Week 3

One wish.

The year is 1951; the phone rings. Nelson is outside clicking his silver lighter, with his eyes fixed on Elaina. His mind travels to a different place for an instant, while thinking to himself should I answer the phone?

Elaina asked "Are you waiting for someone to call?"

"My wife said she would call." Nelson answered, moving the cigarette in his mouth without lighting it.

"You haven't told her about us yet, have you?" Elaina asked, continuing with her interrogation, "She knows you are not flying today. Where does she think you are?"

"She knows I'm here, this is where I always stay when I'm in this city. She just doesn't know about you yet." Nelson replied, while the phone kept ringing.

"Can I answer the phone?" Asked Elaina, while the tips of her fingers were at the table.

"No, I planned to tell her about us, but you know, she might come after you," said Nelson " I don't want her to hurt you."

"You have already hurt me, we've been living a lie" Elaina retorted, while touching her forehead. As she walked inside of the room, it smelled like a gallon of sanitizer was dropped on the carpet. Walking back and forth with the unlit cigarette in her hand, she moved the chair from next to the tv to the middle of the room. She was tired from flying to different cities, and was lacking the ability to think straight. As she walked outside, Elaina grabbed the lighter from Nelsons hand. Amidst the cigarette smoke, she brought back the conversation.

"Promises are constantly being broken, for the last years to be precise. I can't trust that you are going to leave her."

"We have to keep to the plan," Nelson said with a straight face, "What would you do if..."

"Not 'if', I should have never become somebody's mistress" replied Elaina.

"I can't leave her yet, we have 2 kids, a new baby, I am sorry but she needs me!" Nelson replied, knocking on the table with his fist, while getting a very flustered look on his face. "What would she do alone with 3 kids at the age of 28?" Nelson started to walk around the patio swirling the glass of whisky in his hand.

"You have been telling me for the past 3 years that you are going to end it, yet you don't instead you make another baby with her! I'm losing my hope that you will ever break it off with her!" Said Elaina, getting up and kicking the table, while Nelson looked away, he could feel his heart beat faster.

"I'm not flying with you anymore, I'm changing my flights route." said Elaina

"You are my best flight attendant, we have fun, don't we? I'm not letting this happen." Replied Nelson, offering her a taste of his whiskey. Elaina moved her hand smacking the whiskey away, shaking her head no, while checking for something in her purse.

After a few moments of silence, the phone rings again. Nelson walks inside of the room, and answered it:

"Hello Dearie I'm fine, I'm coming home soon."

As he hears a deep breath not too far from him and a trigger being cocked. He turned around to see Elaina pointing the gun towards him, her finger on the trigger waiting to see his reaction.

"Tell her, tell her right now, or I will." In a sudden movement, she aimed the gun to her own head. As he dropped the phone and started to walk in her direction, he pleaded for her to drop the gun.

"Please, don't do that to yourself. You have a beautiful life ahead of you, don't waste it because of me." Nelson begged while trying to reach for the gun in her hands.

"You right, I do."

As Nelson crashed to the ground, with a bullet in his chest, Elaina picked up the phone to talk to Nelson's wife. Finally able to tell her their plans, she hears a kids voice over the phone.

"Daddy ?"