

Fatalistic

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Warnings: Major character death, experimental style.

“What am I supposed to do?” Brian sat on the couch with his head back, staring listlessly at the ceiling.

Justin started again, “where am I supposed to go?”

Brian sighed and ran a hand over his face. He stood up, grabbed his jacket and left.

Brian laid in bed a lot. He would have expected him to grieve violently. To break bottles, to go out and be fatalistic.

Instead he was quiet. He didn’t seem to know what to do.

He lay in bed.

He sat at Justin’s computer.

He talked to himself.

He talked to Justin.

“I didn’t know what to do.”

“Where did you go?”

“Come back.”

“You left me here you twat.”

“I hate you.”

Justin spoke back.

"I don't know where to go."

"Can you hear me?"

"What should I do?"

"You need to eat more."

Michael shows up one day. Brian is lying on his bed. Michael's arrival interrupts Justin's monologue.

They fight.

Brian throws a bottle.

Michael leaves and Brian slumps against the counter, sliding down till he reaches the bottom.

In Justin's loneliest moments he wishes Brian would just kill himself and get it over with.

He can feel the end coming. And he waits for the final act.

Brian wanders restlessly around the loft. The cleaning service hasn't come for days. Justin idly wonders why; Brian needs a clean suit. And he isn't eating enough protein.

Brian sits at Justin's computer. It's turned off.

Justin's fingers itch.

He paces around Brian.

Brian stares at the blank screen.

Justin wonders what Brian is thinking, if he wants to draw as much as Justin aches to.

It is night and Brian's eyes are red. He stares at the bottle of whiskey and pills (Justin's own pain medication from all those years ago) he has laid out in front of him.

He leans forward and steeples his fingers.

"Do you want me to?" Justin jumps at the sound of his voice. He hasn't heard it for days. It echoes in the dusty loft.

"Do you want to?"

Brian lowers his eyes, "I want to."

"I'm lonely."

Brian raises his eyes back to the table, he snorts out a laugh, and "I'm lonely. Can you believe that?" Then there is a pause and Justin doesn't know if he is supposed to respond to him.

But no, because Brian starts again, "We fought, I'm sure you remember. I hurt you and I did it on purpose," another long pause, "I need you."

Justin closes his eyes.

"If God," another short laugh, "If God really hates fags, I'll probably never see you again."

He picks up the bottle and holds it up to the ceiling in a fatal salute, "cheers."

END.