

Billy Zane is a Dick

by Nolan Turner

The smell of lamb and tahini from the kabob stands along the street drifted up into the open window of the hotel room. It was hot and sticky and the room smelled like stale wine and body odor. He was sweating and so was the wallpaper. It was hotter than he imagined it would be and he had stripped down to his underwear and was flipping through the television channels. She walked in.

“Oh God, it reeks it here.” He didn’t look up from the television. “Hey baby, wanna watch Titanic in French?”

She stared at him. “No.”

“Well then,” he burped. “Wanna fuck?”

“God, no—listen,” she set her messenger bag down onto the ground. “It’s some big holiday and all the trains are booked until Monday. Are you drunk?”

“A little.”

“It’s 10a.m.”

“Yeah, well,” he looked at his watch, “It’s 1a.m. back in Portland. Wanna party?” He took his underwear off and threw them onto the ground.

She threw an empty bottle of wine into a trashcan by the TV. “I fucking hate you.”

“Aw come on, watch Titanic with me. I’ve never seen it.”

“It’s in French.”

He pulled a bottle of gin from under the covers and took a drink, “yeah but I’m picking it up pretty well,” he pointed towards the TV. “I already know Billy Zane’s up to no good.”

“Can you be serious for one fucking minute in your life?”

He muted the TV. “Totally.”

“We don’t have the money to stay here three more nights, plus we have to be in Barcelona by Tuesday afternoon.”

He turned over on his side. “Fuck it.”

“What do you mean, ‘fuck it’?”

“I mean we’re on fucking vacation. Things change. Shit happens. Who cares?”

“I care. I fucking care because we’re on a tight budget and we can’t aff—” He un-muted the TV.

“I swear to God,” she said, “I’m literally going to kill you the next time you go to sleep.”

He pulled back the bedspread and patted the empty space to his right, “Come watch Titanic with me. Shit’s about to go down.”

With a sigh she took off her shoes and jeans and lay down next to him on the bed. He put his arm around her. She grabbed the remote from his hand. “Is there nothing else on?”

“It’s either this or porn.” He grabbed the remote back. “And I’ve been watching that all morning.”

A couple argued loudly in French below their window and a dog was barking. A group of flies hovered around a sheet of wax paper, fighting over scraps of day-old baklava.

“What the hell is going on?” he asked.

“I don’t know, I think the ship is sinking.”

“Haven’t you seen this before?”

“When I was twelve.”

“Hey—” He sat up. “Why is Billy Zane getting on the lifeboat instead of all those women and children?”

“I guess he really wants on the lifeboat.”

“Man, Billy Zane is a dick.”

They laughed and she grabbed the bottle of gin from him and took a quick drink. The long, loud whistle of a train sounded in the distance.