

Dancing in Blood

by Luis Casiano

Nice black suit, long necktie, and shiny shoes.

Six foot tall, combed back black hair, and an imposing demeanor.

Amadeus Marrola walked into the nightclub.

A dozen poles on each side. Boys and girls dancing on them. The smell of alcohol was strong and was sometimes overwhelming. A man across the room was laughing so hard that it looked as if he was going to throw up his last meal.

A woman in a black dress had a plate of wine glasses.

“Do you know where I can find Mia?” asked Amadeus.

“Who?” said the woman in the black dress.

“Ms. Marrola.”

“Oh, yes, she is in the back in her office.”

Amadeus passed through all the drunks and druggies and saw a door being guarded by two brutes. One of them stopped Amadeus from entering and then a voice was heard from inside of the office.

“Let him in,” said Mia.

Amadeus pushed through the door and saw Mia.

A curly hair redhead, red dress, and dark red lipstick.

Mia Marrola.

luis.casiano1003@gmail.com

“Amadeus, at a nightclub?” said Mia.

“Yeah, I know where I am. I wanted to meet somewhere else, but you said you were too busy to leave work,” said Amadeus. He saw a long table and sat on a chair opposite Mia

“I do have a business to run.”

“If only your business wasn’t so....”

“What? Unethical?”

“Exactly.”

“Like I said I run a business, these people are here by choice.”

“People, you mean children,” said Amadeus as he leaned forward. “This is what Mr. Williams did to us.”

“The youngest dancer is only 15 years old.”

“You were 13 when you started!”

“I’m not Mr. Williams, I treat every dancer with respect!” said Mia as she slammed her hand on the table.

“You should have never bought this building, and that balcony behind you, should have been demolished with the rest of this place.”

There was a moment of silence.

“You still see his body on the balcony don’t you?” asked Mia.

“Mr. Williams was a terrible person, I should have been the person who pulled the trigger,” said Amadeus.

“Why are you here?” asked Mia.

“I came to shut this fucking place down.”

luis.casiano1003@gmail.com

“You can’t! This place is the only reason I’m not in the streets.”

“You have a day to get everything you need and leave!” said Amadeus as he stood up.

“What am I supposed to do? Become a maid just like mom.”

“Nothing can be worse than this!”

There was another moment of silence.

“You don’t think I see him too. I still feel the push of the gunshot, the sound of his...his... it was almost like he screamed, but then there was just... the silence.” She locked her eyes with Amadeus.

“The silence?”

“You didn’t even say a word, I saw that light in your eyes hide from me.

“I only saw darkness in your eyes.”

Mia reached under her desk and took out a red wine bottle. “I have made many mistakes, but what I did that day, wasn’t one.”

“You still drink that stuff after all this time?”

“It helps, for better or for worse,” said Mia. She took a big sip from the bottle.

Amadeus sat back down. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have pushed.”

“It’s fine, I shed all my tears a long time ago.” She took a bigger sip of the bottle. “I’m not leaving, I hope you know that.”

“Don’t make me do this. Don’t force me to make you leave.”

“Aren’t you already.”

“I could of come here with many of my soldiers pushing people out of the door right now, but I came here alone to--”

luis.casiano1003@gmail.com

“To tell me to leave. You don’t get to tell me what to do,” said Mia as she stood up. “Since when did you become the big brother?”

“Since you stopped being the big sister.”

Both of them were standing up looking at each other straight in the eye.

“I’m coming back tomorrow. I’m going to bring my forces to burn this place to the ground. You better not be here when I do,” said Amadeus as he walked backwards towards the door.

Amadeus turned around and put his hand on the door handle. He wanted to ask one thing before he left.

“If you could stop yourself from doing it, would you?”

“What? Stop my soul from becoming damaged and letting you bear the pain, never.” Mia chugged the rest of the bottle.

Amadeus left the room while two security guards entered.

“Do you need anything ma’am,” said one of the security guards.

“Get out,” said Mia under her breath. She put her hand on her face and then screamed, “Get out!”

Mia got another bottle from under the table.

END

Luis Casiano

About 800 words

luis.casiano1003@gmail.com