

Dirty Movies

by Jake Barnes

After work he would come home to his den, his hideaway. He would fix himself a drink, usually bourbon and ice, a dash of Angostura, a cherry. He would sit on his couch and think about things, the state of the world, his love life past and present.

On weekends Mona was there. He would pick her up at the State College, drive her back down the Peninsula to where he lived. They would go out or sit around and watch TV. Sometimes she would take off her clothes and he would take photographs of her. Once he took shots of her in the bathtub having a bubble bath. He told her that the cheeks of her ass sticking up out of the foam looked like little white whales. Or maybe he didn't tell her that; the comparison wasn't very flattering. But that's what they looked like. Round and plump.

He liked to take pictures of her, and she liked to pose. It made her horny, she said. He made some videos of her, as well; she had a starring role.

He remembered the day she left. He was supposed to be at her parents' house for Christmas dinner, but he got drunk and passed out spread-eagled on his bed. She burst through the door and screamed at him. She threw her keys at him and left. He never saw her again.

