Road to Nowhere

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The music was playing softly and the drunken conversations didn’t stop. Dean knew where he was going. He stopped at a red light, looked to the right, and pointed.

“That’s the spot where I fell in love with you.”
Ava let out a small burp. “I know silly, you’ve shown it to me before.”
“Yeah. I just wanted to remind you.”
“You’re the greatest-ever-ever Dean.” She drunkenly sang.
He grabbed her hand and the light turned green. He pulled into the middle of the intersection and the car suddenly filled with overwhelmingly bright light.

*Squish.*

Dean is crying now. “And, that’s when we were hit. The right side, where Ava was. It’s kinda ironic isn’t it? I was drunk and the accident wasn’t even my fault, but I still feel completely responsible. I can’t even sleep in our bed at night. The emptiness next to me is too much for me to handle.”

The doctor scribbles on a small piece of paper and hands it to Dean.

“Welp, Dean, this is all the time we have today. Why don’t you come back next Thursday and we can continue where we left off?”

Dean stares expressionless at the doctor. “Are you fucking kidding me? Aren’t you supposed to help-or-or something?”

“Look, buddy,” he places his hand on Dean’s shoulder, “Between you and me, you’re a wealthy man, I think you could find something for yourself out there.”

“I’m not your fucking buddy.”
Dean reaches into his pocket and throws down what could have been a clump of about three-hundred dollars and storms out of the building, back to his car and speeds home.

He arrives back at his house and pulls into the garage he never uses. A heavy hesitation weighed down the air as the garage door closed behind him. Dean retracts his hand from the entrance to his home. Instead, he gets back in his car and starts the engine; radio on, he waits patiently, until he falls asleep.

“Thanks for tuning into 105.1 Hollywood’s Hits, sit back and relax to “A Day in the Life” by The Beatles.”