

Drunk and Disorderly

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Drunk and Disorderly

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Summary

“Wait, Mr. Raiders fan,” Rozanov calls.

Constable Sullivan pauses.

“I get a phone call, yes?”

“Sure.” He pulls out his own phone. “Do you know the number?”

Rozanov nods. The numbers all come out in a rush, as though he’s memorized it in one long string and can’t think of any of them separately.

It’s a Montreal area code, the constable notes, as he types it in. As the phone rings, he puts it on speaker and asks Rozanov: “Who is it?”

“Shane Hollander.”

“Fuck off. Who is it really?”

Or: in the midst of the Rose breakup, the Raiders win a game in Montreal. Unable to do what he normally does after Montreal games, Ilya goes out to a club, gets super drunk, and ends up getting picked up by Montreal police for public intoxication. Sitting in a holding cell, the only number he can remember is Shane's.

Notes

Wrote this very quickly in an attempt to cure the brainrot. It did not work. Please enjoy!

December, 2016

Constable Ben Sullivan has been with the Montreal Police Service for a total of nine days—a rookie if there ever was one—when the call comes in. It crackles over the radio, drunk and disorderly on Boulevard Saint-Lauren (or “the Main” as his more experienced colleagues keep reminding him), outside some club or another, on only his third nighttime patrol ever. Even he—green as he is—knows that it’s not an unusual call; his partner, Senior Constable Dumont lets out a very French-sounding sigh and puts down her coffee before flicking on their lights and sirens and pulling toward the strip of night clubs.

It isn’t exactly hard to locate the perpetrator; there’s clearly some commotion outside a large brick building with dark, tinted windows that don’t quite mask the colored lights and thumping baseline coming from within. A large, muscle-bound man (the bouncer, Ben presumes) stands at the head of a long line of people waiting to enter the club, and before him is another man, almost as tall, if not quite as broad. He shoves the bouncer, who doesn’t move at all.

“Oh shit,” Ben says, as they pull up along the curb. They’re barely two meters from the arguing men. The bouncer has shined a handheld flashlight in the other man’s face, illuminating his features and curly hair.

“What?” his partner asks, already opening her door and getting out.

“You don’t watch hockey?” Ben mirrors her, eyes still focused on the scene in front of them.

“I’ve always been more of a football girl.”

Ben swallows. “I think that’s Ilya Rozanov,” he says, gesturing to the tall man, currently speaking in a rapid string of what Ben can only imagine is Russian, jabbing his finger into the bouncer’s chest. There had been a game that night, Metros vs. Raiders. The Raiders had won, 2-0, thanks largely to the man in front of them. Ben knows, because he’d spent the evening checking the score on his phone every chance he got. “He’s one of the best hockey players in the world.”

His partner follows his gaze. “Merde,” she says. “It’s going to be a long night.”

Really, it doesn’t go nearly as bad as Ben feared. Despite his posturing and general belligerence, Rozanov lets himself be handcuffed and muscled into their car rather easily, after a few more jabs at the bouncer and a half-hearted proposition to Constable Dumont with a suggestive waggle of his eyebrows (which elicits in her a hefty eyeroll).

On the way to the station, Rozanov leans his head against the window, his handcuffed hands forcing him to lean forward at a slightly unnatural angle, and lets out a long sigh.

“Do you want to tell us what happened back there, Mr. Rozanov?” Constable Dumont asks, glancing at the man in the rearview mirror.

Rozanov shrugs. "I wanted another drink, they said no."

The terse explanation more or less matches with the club manager's complaint: after more than two hours of heavy drinking, the bartender had made the decision to cut Mr. Rozanov off. This had resulted in yelling, a shoving match, and finally, the star center being ejected from the establishment entirely. He refused to leave the premises, instead choosing to harass the bouncer, shout obscenities on the street outside, and try to push his way back in.

"Montreal is boring city," Rozanov adds. "It is Friday night, I should be drinking until morning. Instead..." he trails off morosely, leaning back against the window.

"Bars in Boston close at 2am," Ben points out.

"Yes, maybe, but they let me keep drinking."

Ben has no doubt that's true—he can't imagine any bar in Boston kicking out Ilya Rozanov, hero of Raiders hockey, liquor laws be damned.

"Is boring city," Rozanov says again, sighing. "With boring people."

Unsurprisingly, their arrival causes a minor sensation at the precinct. Constable Dumont had warned the dispatcher over the radio that they were bringing in a celebrity, so all eyes are on them when they step through the station doors. There's a moment of silence, Rozanov blinking in the intense fluorescent overheads, as the whole of the room takes a collective moment to place his face.

When they do, it's chaos. The bullpen is a little sparsely populated at three am, but it's still full of die-hard Metros fans. It only takes a moment for grunts of disbelief to turn to hoots and hollers at the Boston captain.

"Fuck the Raiders!" someone yells.

"Not looking so good, eh Rozanov!"

"Try and beat Montreal now!" Someone else shouts. "With your hands behind your back!"

"I would still win," Rozanov calls back, words only slightly slurred, though perhaps more heavily accented than they typically are in his post-game interviews. "The Metros are so slow I would beat them holding the stick in my teeth!"

This results in roars of approval from the gathered officers, and more or less wins them over to the Russian's side, for all that he's Montreal's sworn enemy. The chance to hear MLH chirping in person more than overrides the natural instinct to hate the Boston captain and to defend the honor of their home team. Or at least mostly:

"Not with Hollander at center!" Someone shouts back.

Rozanov stops suddenly and looks to his left and right, as though trying to locate the voice. "Hollander?" he asks. "Who is this? Little boy with big stick—I am not afraid of Hollander!"

Ben and Constable Dumont take him to be processed. The poor tech that takes his fingerprints looks like he might faint as he presses Rozanov's hand into the ink pad. Rozanov smiles for his mugshot, though they ask him not to. There's something almost endearing about it; for a moment he looks quite young, like the eighteen-year-old smiling in press photos, holding up a Raiders jersey after being drafted.

Throughout the process, Rozanov is polite and helpful, or as helpful as he can be as drunk as he is. They have to repeat instructions a number of times before he understands, but eventually he turns this way, then that, and empties his pockets into a little tray.

"No phone? No wallet?" Constable Dumont asks drily.

Rozanov shrugs, as though their absence is as much a mystery to him as it is to her. Most likely it is. For all of his swagger, Rozanov is still a little out of it. In fact, if he wasn't practically falling over, they would probably just release him on his own recognizance with a fine or an order to appear before a judge in a day or two.

"Anyone know the number of the Raiders coach?" Dumont sarcastically asks the small group of officers gathered in the processing room.

Rozanov himself is little help in this department, just shrugging his shoulders or muttering in Russian when they ask him questions. Finally, it's decided that they have no recourse but to keep him overnight and let him sober up. They take his belt as well and his necklace, as a precaution more than anything else. Rozanov hardly seems like a danger to himself, but it's policy.

Afterward, Ben walks him over to the small, barred cell that serves as the station's drunk tank. It's nestled in a quiet corner of the precinct, away from anyone else. There's a small desk where an officer is supposed to be keeping an eye on anyone being detained, but this late at night it's rarely manned.

"I'm from Boston, you know," Ben says, as he undoes Rozanov's handcuffs through the bars. He clips them back on his belt, trying not to marvel at the fact that they were just around Ilya Rozanov's wrists. He wonders if anyone would notice if he took them home. He could say he lost them, file a request for a new pair. No one would notice. "I moved up here a few years ago."

Rozanov raises an eyebrow. "Yes?" He rubs his wrists, before collapsing down on the small bench welded to the wall.

"Well, uh," Ben's voice drops to a whisper. "Not that I'd admit it in front of that crowd, but I love the Raiders. My dad used to take me to games all the time when I was growing up. I was actually there for your first game with them, back in 2010."

Rozanov closes his eyes and leans his head back against the wall. "Ah, finally, someone with taste."

Despite himself Ben laughs. “I don’t know about that. But you scored a goal and had two assists that night. Incredible.”

“I am incredible,” Rozanov agrees, and Ben can’t tell whether or not he’s joking. Eyes still closed, Rozanov asks: “Why would you leave Boston, greatest city in the world, for Montreal where you are forced to be a Metro and root for terrible hockey players?”

“I don’t know if two cups in five years agrees with that,” Ben says. “But I actually moved for my partner. He’s from here. Also, I, uh, wanted to be a cop, and the BPD isn’t exactly the greatest place to be if you’re gay.” As soon as he says it, Ben regrets it. He has no idea what Rozanov’s political views might be, but Russian hockey players aren’t exactly known for their progressive social stances.

Rozanov opens his eyes and turns to look at Ben. The bright lights play along his sharp jaw, the mole on his cheek and reflect against his eyes, making them look even more blue than they actually are. He says something softly in Russian. “Is lucky,” he says finally, in English. “To love someone so much. For them to love you back.”

“Yeah, I guess so.” Ben has never thought of himself as particularly lucky before, but he supposes that he is. He has a loving family, a loving partner, a job that he’s learning to love despite its difficulties. He turns to leave, to return to the bustle of the precinct, still thinking about it.

“Wait, Mr. Raiders fan,” Rozanov calls.

Ben pauses.

“I get a phone call, yes?”

“Sure.” Ben pulls out his own phone. “Do you know the number?”

Rozanov nods. The numbers all come out in a rush, as though he’s memorized it in one long string and can’t think of any of them separately.

It’s a Montreal area code, Ben notes, as he types it in. As the phone rings, Ben puts it on speaker and asks Rozanov: “Who is it?”

“Shane Hollander.”

“Fuck off. Who is it really?”

Rozanov doesn’t say anything. The phone rings for a minute or two, before finally someone picks up. “Hello?” the voice on the other line asks, heavy with sleep.

Rozanov pauses, before saying, in a quiet voice. “Did I wake you?”

“Rozanov?”

“Da. Yes.”

“What’s going on—what number are you calling me from?”

Rozanov says something in Russian, though he doesn’t seem to notice that he’s switched languages.

“What—Rozanov, I can’t understand you.”

The man on the other line—for it’s certainly a man—does *sound* like Shane Hollander, Ben must admit, but there’s no fucking way.

Rozanov tries again, but everything still comes out in slurred Russian.

“Hello, uh, this is Constable Ben Sullivan with the SPVM,” Ben says, taking over. “We picked up Mr. Rozanov earlier tonight for being drunk and disorderly.”

“He got arrested?” The voice is suddenly wide awake. “Is he okay? Is he—”

“Mr. Rozanov is fine, just severely inebriated. We, uh, well, we can’t release him in his current state. He’ll have to spend the night here unless someone picks him up.”

There’s a long silence on the other line. Finally: “I can’t—” the voice breaks off.

Ben swallows and looks at Rozanov, who has closed his eyes again. Ben would think he’d fallen asleep, were it not for the slight smile on his face, as though the voice has instilled him some deep calm, despite its vaguely frantic tenor.

There’s no way it’s Shane Hollander, but if it is...

Ben glances down at his watch. “There’s a shift change in twenty minutes—if you come through the back, I, uh, I think we can get you in without anyone seeing.”

There’s crackling silence again. “Twenty minutes?” the voice asks. And then, softer: “He’s really all right?”

“Yes.”

“Send me the address.”

Twenty minutes later, Ben stands outside in the bitter cold, watching the slow movement of cars in the parking lot.

Finally, a dark Range Rover appears. A man gets out of it. He turns to the building. He’s wearing sunglasses, a baseball cap, and has the hood of his sweatshirt pulled up. Still, there’s no mistaking who it is. Shane Hollander, captain of the Montreal Metros, and possibly the greatest center of his generation. Possibly, excepting the man currently sitting in lockup.

“Mr. Hollander,” Ben says, gesturing to him. “This way.”

Ben leads him through the back entrance into the station. They don't run into another soul until they reach the room outside the holding cell, where Constable Dumont is waiting for them. Ben had explained the situation to her. She had frowned, but agreed to release Rozanov into the custody of his... friend? Arch-nemesis? Something else?

Hollander looks around, as though they've hidden the 6 foot 3 Russian under a desk. "Can I see him?" There's definite concern in the man's voice, Ben decides, no matter how he tries to hide it.

"There's just a few forms for you to sign," Constable Dumont says. "Mr. Rozanov's being charged with a misdemeanor. He'll have to pay a fine and maybe do some community service, but he should be able to have the arrest expunged from his record fairly easily."

"Can I pay it now?" Hollander asks. "The fine, I mean."

She blinks. "It's two thousand dollars."

"That's not a problem." As if to prove just how *not a problem* it is, Hollander pulls out a wad of bills and peels off more than a dozen hundreds.

Constable Dumont looks at the money and sighs. "Let me go get another form."

With her gone, Ben suddenly feels beyond uncomfortable. To have something to do, he passes Hollander the envelope full of Rozanov's effects. "Here are his things. He, uh, didn't have a phone or wallet when he picked him up, but everything else is there."

Hollander looks at the envelope in his hands, as though he doesn't quite know what to do with it. "Can I please see him?"

Something clutches at Ben's heart, and he nods. "Follow me."

When they reach the cell, Rozanov is lying on the bench, snoring lightly.

"He's pretty drunk," Ben whispers. "He's been a little in and out. Switching languages, only half-following conversations."

Rozanov opens his eyes at the sound of their voices. "Terminator," he says from the bench.

"What?" Hollander asks, taking a step forward.

"Terminator," Rozanov says again, tapping his temple, indicating Hollander's sunglasses, then laughs.

"Not drunk enough to not be an asshole, I see," Hollander says, but there's a smile in his voice, and relief as well.

"Are you ready to get out of here, Mr. Rozanov?" Ben asks, tone determinedly light.

Rozanov ignores him. He's only looking at Hollander. "You came," he says, like he can't quite believe it.

"Yeah, asshole. You called and told me you'd been arrested. Of course I came."

"Not too busy fucking your girlfriend?"

"Ilya!" Hollander says, looking pointedly at Ben, who pretends to stare at the ground. Ah right, Rose Landry, the movie star. In all the night's drama Ben had entirely forgotten that she existed. What a wrench in this little domestic scene. Rozanov clearly thinks so as well, for he groans, and sits up. After that, though, he reaches through the bars and grabs Hollander's hand.

Hollander freezes.

"I am sorry, all right?" the Russian says. "Thank you for coming. Do not be mad at me."

"Ilya," Hollander says again, this time, softer, almost imploring. He glances again at Ben.

Rozanov follows his gaze. "Him? Do not worry about him. He is cool. He roots for Boston."

Ben quickly steps forward to unlock the cell. "I'm going to go check on Constable Dumont. Feel free to... I'm going to go."

With that, he backs away and turns the corner. He knows that he should leave them to their private moment, but he can't quite resist lingering for a moment.

"You're such an idiot, you know that? You could have gotten really hurt, or--"

"Yes, yes, I know," Rozanov groans. "We should all just sit at home knitting scarves and fucking jerking off--"

"You really scared me, Ilya."

There's an exhale of air, and Ben imagines Rozanov sighing. "I know, Hollander. I'm sorry."

There's the shuffle of movement, and then: "Turn around." It's Hollander's voice this time.

Ben can't quite resist the urge to peek, so he looks up, where a rounded mirror shows everything happening around the corner in a slightly inverted angle. Hollander is standing at Rozanov's back, his hands raised. It takes Ben a moment to realize what's going on. Hollander is fastening Rozanov's gold crucifix back around his neck. His hands linger on the other man's shoulders for a second or two longer than necessary, before dropping awkwardly back down to his sides.

"There," Hollander says softly, and Ben finally pulls himself away, knowing that he's intruding on a private—an *intimate*—moment.

When Ben returns with Constable Dumont, he makes sure to have heavy footfalls, practically stomping as he walks, so as to give the two men plenty of warning of their approach.

The constable raises an eyebrow at him but doesn't say a word.

When they turn the corner, they see that Hollander has maneuvered Rozanov out of the cell. The other man is pressed into Hollander's side. Swaying slightly, held steady by Hollander's hand around his waist.

Hollander pulls away as they approach, slight flush coloring his cheeks.

"Here are your copies of the paperwork," Constable Dumont says, holding them out, utterly unmoved by any scenes of affection before her. "Given his work schedule and the fact that the fine has already been taken care of, Mr. Rozanov won't have to appear for any subsequent hearings."

Hollander nods, and steps forward to collect the stack of papers. "Thank you." He turns to Ben, "And thank for taking care of him--"

"Fuck that, Hollander!" Rozanov interjects. "They arrest me and you thank them?"

"--And for calling me. Ilya and I, we, uh, did a commercial together years ago. We exchanged numbers and sometimes he prank calls me--trying to get in my head or whatever--and I guess mine was the only Montreal number he knew by heart, so..."

It's a lie, and they all know it.

Hollander cringes. "If you guys could just... not tell anyone about this--the press, or..." he trails off, glancing back at Rozanov, tottering a little bit without Hollander's steadying presence beside him.

Constable Dumont regards him blandly. "Frankly, sir, I didn't know who either of you were before tonight, and now that I do, I really don't care. Just keep him out of trouble, or my partner will be in hot water with the brass. He's really going out on a limb here."

Hollander blinks, then nods. "Of course."

They turn to leave, but Hollander pauses. "He didn't come in with a coat?"

Ben shakes his head. Rozanov is clad in a long-sleeved button down made of a light, shimmery fabric. Good for a night out at the clubs, not so much the Canadian winter.

Hollander sighs, and then shrugs off his own North Face, and wraps it awkwardly around Ilya's shoulders. "Okay." They start again toward the door, but this time Rozanov stops them.

"Wait!" he turns and grabs one of the papers out of Hollander's hands. "Pen," he says, opening his hand to the man beside him.

"What?"

He rolls his eyes. “*Pen*, Hollander, I need a pen.”

“Rozanov—”

But he’s taking too long. The Russian turns toward the empty desk and roots around until he finds what he’s looking for. He opens the cap with his mouth and spits it out. It clatters somewhere on the floor. He leans down and scrawls something on the sheet. When he’s done, he turns back around and shoves it toward Ben.

“Here,” he says. “For your papa. He should know, you are a good son.”

Ben looks down, and sees the Boston captain’s signature scribbled over his arrest paperwork.

If possible, Hollander’s eyes have softened even further. He reaches out an arm to Rozanov. “C’m on,” he says quietly. “Time to get you home.”

They leave together, leaning into one another. Ben watches them until they disappear out the door and into the cold night. It’s purely professional: making sure that no one runs into them on their way out. Still, he pretends not to notice as Rozanov’s hand dips down to rest on the small of Hollander’s back, or how Hollander pushes open the door, and holds it until Rozanov steps through.

He turns back to Constable Dumont, unable to keep the smile from his face.

For her part, she just sighs and shakes her head. “I was right. Long, fucking night.”

March 2021

It’s all anyone is talking about. It’s the rare sports drama that has managed to exit the niche world of podcast microphones and ESPN roundtables. And it has done so in dramatic fashion. The day the video of Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov is confirmed, when Ben Sullivan (now Senior Constable) opens the the *Montreal Gazette*, he is greeted by a front page spread that documents every public moment between the two players since they were eighteen years old. He scans the article, rife with quotes from “unnamed sources” and speculation about what was happening behind the scenes at every meeting.

Out of residual disgust about the nonconsensual outing, Ben has determinedly not sought out the video that, for the past day or so, had been taking the online world by storm. But now, here are stills from it, printed in the morning paper—cropped and blown up for all to see. It’s a little hard to make out in grainy black and white, but as Ben peers closer, he can’t help the flood of warmth that spreads through his chest.

It’s so reminiscent of the way they had held each other, walking out of the police station five and half years earlier. They look not only like a couple, they look like they're in *love*.

“They released a statement, you know.”

Ben looks up.

His partner, Alex, has risen, still looking rather bleary-eyed. He yawns and holds out his phone “Shane Hollander and Ilya Rozanov. They confirmed their relationship.”

Ben takes the phone and reads the post, much more carefully than he had scanned the article. By the end, he’s smiling. He stands, and walks in the direction of the bedroom, where his phone is still charging.

“Where are you going?” Alex calls after him.

“To call my dad,” Ben says over his shoulder. “I can finally tell him the whole story about Rozanov’s autograph.” Although it’s been three years since Ilya Rozanov jumped ship from Boston to Ottawa, The autograph still holds the place of honor in his father’s extensive collection of sports memorabilia, flattened out and framed, and hanging on the wall of his study. “Wait till he hears it’s actually the autograph of *two* star centers!” Ben hadn’t noticed until he’d given the page to dad, but there, in the lower right corner, illegible to anyone who didn’t already know what it said, was Shane Hollander’s signature, agreeing to check Rozanov out of custody. “He’s going to absolutely lose his mind.”

Alex laughs behind him, and Ben thinks about what Rozanov had said to him all those years ago about being lucky.

He thinks he rather is.

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