

Five waves

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Five waves

by [LobbyLane](#)

Summary

Insomnia and foreshadowing ... Max is lost in his own thoughts. Leo/Max The Producers (c)
Mel Brooks

Notes

Finally... I am so struggling with my own concepts lately, I am sorry. XD

Since I was asked to finish "The Secret I Loved To Keep" (and must admit I totally forgot about that little link in the whole story XD haha...forgive me) I finally managed to 'link' it into my plot. So, don't worry ;-)) I will make it longer.

Also, I felt "One Second" had a quite unsatisfying end somehow and since I linked it into another story, I needed to explain a little more. At least in my opinion.

So, this happened... Hope you like it :-))

The world turned blurry somehow.

It was so funny to witness while not really being part of it anymore. All those noises around started to recoil from reality, just as if being careful not to be the center of attention anymore. Nearly as though they sensed something more important was in stock right now.

Just listen to that...

What kind of silly comparison.

Weariness was almost like a drug if he thought about it more carefully. And it had this tendency to stick to you once you've decided to give in.

Max knew the numbness of his tired body so well by now, he didn't even remember if it had ever been differently. That first wave of insomnia came upon him when he started this idiotic scheme with Leo.

Did he say idiotic? Yes, oh yes. Being somewhere between awake and asleep he had to admit it hadn't been the best plan ever. To be correct it had been a disaster; an extermination of the little brains left in him really. How could he ever have thought this might work?

And history showed this realization came too late.

It went wrong...Terribly wrong, indeed. Instead of hating a show glorifying Hitler, people loved it. Critics loved it. Hell, it seemed all of New York had seen it.

Just the other day that fateful bastard of a play celebrated its third year on Broadway and there was no end in sight.

So, alright, he had been wrong about it. His phenomenal 'Getting-rich-the-easy-way' scheme had been a flop. So what? It's nothing he wasn't used to at all. They had been bound to fail.

The second wave occurred when he was in Sing Sing with Leo. He'd felt shocked although the feeling of betrayal should have prevailed. But no, he'd felt peculiarly touched by the return of Leo that every grief and anger had vanished from one heartbeat to another.

And he'd spent countless nights lying awake in that cell trying to figure out why it made him feel so humble. Maybe because no one had ever done anything like that before. At least not for him.

He'd expected to never see Leo Bloom again and got used to that thought. But he was proven wrong. Again. He hated it.

Yet, he had never felt so emotionally agitated before.

Sure, Leo had been so much more open at that point already and Max noticed much earlier how much he liked the easiness the young man walked through life while he was around, but

if he knew in what kind of trouble he was about to get himself into he would have easily been able to get rid of him in jail. But no way.

He almost slapped himself for thinking this.

Leo was his friend. The only true friend in a long long time. He could never just abandon him. And he didn't. He stuck to him. He protected him. He was there, even when Leo suffered from these terrible panic attacks again. He felt responsible. He couldn't even explain to himself why.

When they got out of Sing Sing life went back to normal for a short while. Even though Leo wasn't around that often anymore, having moved in with Ulla. And then that damn third wave of not sleeping happened. The worst of all.

Max first noticed that confusing sting inside when Leo told him about how good things went at home. He did plan a lot back then and for the first time ever seemed optimistic of his own future. It wasn't the certainty that sooner or later he would not need Max anymore. Not even the fact someone else's luck came before his own.

It was more the recognition of it. He felt happy for Leo. It was more unlike him than anything else he ever did. And then, there was Ulla.

That little sting grew to be a painful punch in the stomach each and every time he got to hear that name. It was confusing and strange. Why did he react that much to anything concerning that woman? He didn't care before.

A good year before he would have done anything to have that blonde bombshell close to himself as well.

As shocked as he was, the more relieved he felt when Leo turned up on his stoop, teared up, confused and crying, and asked him to let him stay for a few weeks. He knew it was wrong. He didn't even ask what happened. He was way behind the fourth wave already.

The wave of guilt that held him awake for nights.

Max emptied a room for Leo. And he never spoke of it. Not for once.

And he had to live with the knowledge he never ever could tell Leo. The certainty of why Ulla had left. It was his responsibility, he was sure of that.

So, he did everything he could to make Leo feel good.

What a horrible person he was. No one did something like that to a friend.

But Leo would not find out. There was no way unless he told him, which he wasn't about to whatsoever. Instead, he simply watched Leo recover from day to day. There weren't any more mentions of Ulla. He just returned to be HIS Leo again. The one he had been before they went to jail. The one he had been before that swedish slut came into their lives.

Max looked up to the sky standing behind the closed french windows in his office. It was dark already. But the blurriness around him remained.

It was then he noticed he was in the middle of wave number five. For over a week now.

How stupid of him. He ruined everything.

After all, Leo lived with him for quite some time now and Max finally managed to allow the younger man a little more personal look at himself.

He shared something very private with him. His moment. His time of the day.

It was about time. He knew Leo would be grateful before it happened but he never once thought about his partner kissing him out of sheer amazement.

Not a normal kiss, no.

Max himself didn't remember when he ever kissed someone the way Leo did.

He cared for the boy. Oh heaven's, who was he trying to kid here? He loved him. But for months now he was puzzling about how exactly he loved him. How much friendship was this really? His every thought circled around the accountant. Everything he did was for Leo.

But after that moment on the balcony, he didn't say anything. Not one impulse of a word came across his lips.

Leo had changed the topic quickly. Either out of embarrassment or because he noticed he went too far.

He never once spoke about it as well. He simply carried on as if nothing had happened.

Max closed his eyes for a moment. Thinking of Leo...Thinking of that day; of that moment... It almost made him forget his tiredness.

It was so strange.

But the most alarming sign he noticed was this godforsaken pounding of his heart every time he thought about him. All of a sudden. Or was it really that suddenly?

He never noticed before for sure.

Max looked up again.

No, there was nothing for it. He almost laughed listening to his own thoughts.

It was as sure as the sun would reappear in the sky the next morning.

He was in love... with a man...

And it made him scared more than anything.

He would never find out. How could Max explain this to him anyway? No, he was determined not to let it show.

Leo should never know about it. Their friendship was at risk; a friendship Max wanted to keep as long as possible.

"As long as I still remember all of this," he thought. "...He won't find out!"

Thus, did he turn again and moved towards the huge piles of papers and contracts lying on the desk. A little work surely would distract him from emotions he didn't want in his life anymore. He was too old for this anyway.

And after all, every insomnia ended sooner or later and all those thoughts would vanish with it... Just like it had always been.

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