

The Downfall of Us All

Brushing dirt off his slacks, Keaton pushed himself to his feet, hoping she hadn't noticed.

Glancing at her, he immediately looked back down. Emerald green eyes watching him, her mouth failed to suppress a smile. Fool! Tripping off a bus because he was focused on some woman he didn't know.

Stalking away, Keaton risked one last look. Eyes still following, the wind gently ruffled her dark black hair. Keaton stopped, muttering a curse. Angrily he took two more steps, pausing after each, then turned around, nervously approaching the bench where she calmly sat wearing that half-smile, still staring.

Opening his mouth, Keaton desperately attempted to form words, closing it upon failing to articulate anything beyond a groan. Letting his eyes drop below her face, Keaton inspected what he considered a near-perfect body. "Now's when you tell me your name," Katie whispered, batting her eyelashes.

Dull brown eyes snapping immediately up, Keaton's pale cheeks reddened. "I'm, uhh, Keaton," he replied, running a sweaty hand through his short brown hair.

"And I'm Katie."

"Ummmm, sweet," he answered, "uhhh--"

"I would love to."

"Huh?"

"Go shopping with you silly, that is what you were going to ask me?"

"Oh yeah, of course"

Following Katie from store to store, Keaton watched her try on virtually every outfit imaginable. Asking him to buy her several outfits, Katie batted her eyes. Swiping his credit card eagerly at each store,

Keaton charged hundreds of dollars in clothes. Finally tired of shopping for clothes, Katie proposed they go to a theater.

During the previews, Keaton yawned, placing his arm around Katie. Katie watched the screen, ignoring Keaton altogether. Removing his arm, Keaton rested his chin on it, intently staring at the side of Katie's face. Katie didn't even blink. Leaning back in his chair, Keaton focused on the movie.

An hour into it, Katie reached out, taking Keaton's hand in hers. Sitting up straight, Keaton looked over at her, smiling. Even in the dark theater he could easily see her rosy lips, ready for kissing. Slowly leaning in, Keaton puckered his lips. SLAP!

Blinking away stars, Keaton felt his tender cheek, opening and closing his mouth. Confused, Keaton sat back in his chair, resignedly watching the movie, making no further attempts at Katie.

End credits rolling, Keaton followed Katie out of the theater. "We need to talk," Katie said, stepping out onto the sidewalk. "You're a nice guy and all, but I just don't see us working out. Ever. I think it's best if we both go our own ways and pretend this never happened." Strolling away, Katie began whistling. Standing there dumbfounded, Keaton's mouth moved soundlessly, forming words that never left his lips.

"Hey," a soft female voice cooed softly behind him. "I couldn't help but overhearing what just happened." Turning around, Keaton froze at the sight of this new woman. Flowing blonde hair hung lazily to her shoulders, glassy blue eyes intent on Keaton's face.

"Uhhh,yeah that, uhh.... Sucked. Do I know you?"

"Not yet," she replied.

"Oh...."

"This is the part where you tell me your name," she whispered, cupping her mouth as if telling a secret.

"Right. I'm, uhh, Keaton."

“Well Keaton, my name is Sam.”

“Cool, nice to meet you?”

“Is that a question?”

“No, of course not,” Keaton quickly replied.

“Good. Now how would you like to buy me a cup of coffee?” Opening the passenger door so Sam could get in, Keaton hopped in the driver’s seat, ready to chauffeur this new beauty wherever she wished.