

-SYLVIA-

He hasn't gotten back into his street clothes. Everyone else, even the coach has taken off for the night. He hasn't gotten dressed, and sits there naked; his towel is draped over his shoulders, and hangs low on his back to the point between his shoulder blades. The rustling, tapping sound of the shower is still echoing down the corridor. His glance is one of nervous apprehension. He sighs deeply, his lips puckered.

The shower in the other room is still running as it has for some time. He rises and walks to the bathroom stall, his leg muscles tense and relax in an standing tension as he sways back and forth in front of the bathroom mirror. His hands rest on his bare buttocks. He breathes in and out, slowly nodding his head, like a lammase exercise to calm his nerves. The shower in the corridor cuts off.

With a sudden shock, he rushes back to the wooden bench, and props himself up, trying to look relaxed. When he hears footprints coming towards him from the corridor, he loses his nerve and places his towel over his crotch, and leans back on the bench, feigning sleep.

Mitch comes down the hall, his towel wrapped around his waist. At 17 he is tall, muscular and handsome. Blonde with green eyes. He runs his hands through his bristling damp hair.

“Hey, Cliff. You still here?”

“What?” He asks, stretching out. “Yeah. Oh, wait. Damn I must have fell asleep.”

“Ok, man, you just relaxing?”

He leans back again.

“Hell, yeah, Mitch.”

“OK, Cliff. Cool.” Mitch passes Cliff a glance from the chest down. He sees the impression of fatigue. Cliff demonstrates a suppressed emotional intensity, while seeming subdued.

“You OK, man? You seem, like, I dunno, waiting.”

“Naw, man, I'm...I'm good.”

“Alright, Bro.” Mitch turns and shuffles through his clothes, while not actually doing anything with them. He is stalling. Looking for the right thing to say at this awkward moment. Pondering, perhaps even his next move. When he comes to a stop all together, a slight smile rises up from his expression.

“I am gonna give it to her hard tonite.” Spoken with deliberate loudness, while also sounding

a bit muddled and rushed.

Cliff speaks up; "What's that man?"

"My bitch, man. My fucking bitch."

"Hell, yeah." Cliff replies in an enthusiastic voice, contaminated with disappointment. "Who's the one, Man?"

"Fucking Stephanie, man."

"No shit?" he replied, leaning up.

"I treat her harsh. She loves it."

"No shit?"

"It's sweet. Last time," Mitch turns around, and braces his back on the chain-link locker, while he adjusts the towel on his waist. "Last Thursday I didn't say a word to her the whole morning. She was all like 'Hi! Hey! Good morning!' fuck that. I waited. I waited until 1:00 PM. Then I grabbed her by the shoulder, and I just said, 'Get your ass to my house. I'll be there in thirty minutes.' She starts going on like 'but I have plans and shit'

Cliff chuckles. "What'd you do?"

"I was like fuck your plans, bitch. My folks aren't home and I need some ass." Mitch moves forward toward cliff, and stops halfway, now in the middle of the room.

"So she did it. She left school. Remember how she wasn't around late that afternoon?"

"Yeah, I heard she had a dentists appointment."

"Bullshit. That was all me."

"Yeah, but wait. We had practice. You were there."

"Hell, yeah, I was. I wasn't gonna leave my team for some ho. Let her wait. I don't give a shit. But she listens to me, she wouldn't dare. Not ever, man. She's mine. I can just let the fucking clock tick down on her."

"So she went to your place, then."

"Duh. Where else is she gonna go?"

"What'd you do after practice?"

“I left the school, and went home, and made Nachos. She was upstairs. I knew it. I get up to my door, and go in my room. I go into my room, and she's sitting on my bed, crying.” Mitch walks even closer to Cliff as he tells the story. He lays out the scene, pointing to the bench.

“She's sitting there on my bed, like the way you are right now, right? She's just crying and saying 'I was going to go out with Jasmine. We were gonna go to the mall, and-' pfft. I don't even know, I wasn't really listening. I turn and I set down my nachos. Here's how it went down.”

Mich squares his body right in front of Cliff.

“So she's sittin' there, like 'I can't believe you, I was going to the mall. I haven't been out in ages.’” She goes on and on and on and I'm just like 'Stop.'

He motions his hand calmly, then looked down at Cliff.

There is a prolonged silence. Faintly, the tapping patter of the dripping shower can be heard from down the empty, neon lit corridor.

“Just like that, she shuts her fucking mouth, and we're just staring at each other.”

“Whoa.”

Mitch reaches to his back and undoes his towel from his waist. The towel falls to the floor, without a word between either of them.

“I looked at her just like this, and I was like 'Now, suck my dick.’”

Cliff looked up in shock, but completely understanding.

“Come on. Give me some head. I'm like 'do it,’”

Mitch leaned over to Cliff.

“I put my hand on her shoulders, just like this.”

His palms go firmly on Cliffs bare shoulders.

“Nice and easy. Nice and slow. Gimme a little bit.”

Cliffs abdominal muscles pumped up and down, his breath heated and in anticipation. Cliff then leaned forward to accept Mitch's invitation, and Mitch's head went back, eyes closed with a smile of satisfaction.

My cell phone started ringing loudly from behind the vent grate. The both of them stopped suddenly as I scrambled to hit the silent button.

“Hello?” Mitch said, his eyes very nervous, not knowing exactly where the sound came from.

I bite my hand to stay quiet, and pull back from the grate.

-DAVE-

“What the fuck are you calling me for, Loopy!?”

“I beg your pardon?” I ask. She's gasping heavily like she just ran a mile.

“What do you want!?” She screams

“Don't get hostile, here. You called me, remember? Something about Halloween?”

“Shit!”

“What?”

“Oh my God! That was so hot! They totally fucking did it! I can't believe it.”

So earlier I get a call from Sylvia about going to a Halloween party. I was hoping that at this point she'd just want to leave me alone.

After I did what I did to her I felt horrible. I felt like slime. I forced an innocent girl to disrobe before a crowd of perverts. I became the scum of the earth after I did that.

It was just the medicine I needed. I went out and I was on a runner's high.

Watches, Wallets, purses, hand bags. I actually stole a golf bag full of clubs and got away.

Twelve Hail Marys this morning helped ease the guilt a bit. When that didn't work, I channeled all my energy into theft. In the front end of the warehouse is a pile of swag that I put together in this most aggressive of days. I owe it all to publicly humiliating Sylvia Jenks.

I thought I could live with that, but when she called earlier I sank back to my shame tar-pit. While I couldn't call her right back, I knew I wouldn't feel better until I did eventually return the call.

“Sylvia, get a grip. What did you call me for?”

“Dave, you called me at the worst time. I was at school, and there were two of them, just the two of them left. Then the phone rang, and I had to leave. You bastard! They were doing it. They were really-and I was right there! Oh, my God!”

Her voice goes faint, as she has probably pulled away from the phone. I hear her distantly laughing with glee.

“Oh, wow.” She's back

“Sylvia, what the hell? Really?”

“What are you doing for Halloween?”

-ARTHUR-

The two black girls behind the counter chatter back and forth. One is tall, the other is short.

"OK, so we went out to Devon's the other night, and Drew was all like 'Girl what are you wearing that for?'"

"Yall was wearing that blue dress wasn't you?"

"Yes, I was, what about it?"

The short girl smiles, turns and exchanges a cartridge in the espresso machine.

"I told you about that dress, didn't I?"

"Oh, shut up, girl."

The short girl smiles broader, which makes her teeth seem even brighter.

"That dress is tacky."

"Girl, don't start with me, just let me tell my story."

"Hey, I ain't stopping you."

"What are you doing right now?"

"I'm just elaborating."

"Excuse me ladies."

The short one turns and I intentionally look at her nametag.

-Leesha-

"Yes, sir, do you need anything?"

"Just wondering if you're ready."

"Any time. What would you like?" Leesha asks.

"I havn't picked yet, just checking with you."

She frowns a bit. "Well, don't worry, sir, we're here when you need us."

"Thank you." I say with more than a tinge of sarcasm.

"Now go ahead."

"Well, OK," says the tall girl. I check her name badge.

-Tashaundra-

"So, to review, I went out with Drew, and I'm wearing the blue dress."

"The tacky blue dress." Leesha says, slyly looking away.

"I'm wearing the blue dress!" Leesha's broad smile returns. "So we get there, and it's Devons, you know the steakhouse? I was like 'Wait, Drew, you said we were going to Anthony's. He said how he told me that he couldn't get the reservations. He never told me that."

"I know Drew. I bet he didn't even try." Leesha reminds me of Sylvia, except that she's taller. That's when it hit me about just how short Sylvia is. Leesha's Cheekbones are high, her nose slim and her eyes are, surprisingly, hazel-blue.

"Oh, shut up, girl, you don't know Drew-as a matter of fact he did try to get those reservations. He left me a message about it."

"Oh, so he says."

"I'll have an apple turnover, and an amaretto cinnamon cappuccino."

"No problem, just one moment, sir."

She can operate the coffee machine without even thinking about it.

"OK yeah, so you and Drew both thing the dress is a bit much, I get that. But at least it's a dress that you could wear into Anthony's. I walk into the steakhouse and I am totally overplayed.

Leesha speaks louder over the pressurized hissing steam of the hot, stainless steel nozzle.

"I bet they was all a bunch of red-necks in t-shirts and overalls."

"Please, it's not the IHOP."

"But you know it's close."

Teshaundra turns to me, with my pastry.

"That will be \$7.52, sir." I hand her ten, and the register rings as Leesha pours the hot white foam over my deliciously fragrant brown coffee, which she sprinkles quickly with cinnamon and sugar.

"Yeah, so we sit down, and eat. It was fine, you know. I was overdressed but it don't matter between the two of us. So later, I get up and I'm over at the bar and this big tall Latin guy walks up to me."

The coffee makes its way to me, as I drop a dollar in the tip jar. Leesha turns up a quick smile. "have a nice day."

Without missing a beat she turns and the conversation continues.

It's raining out, and I don't want to go anywhere, and there isn't a line, so I just kind of stay in one place, here.

"What were the first words out of this guys mouth were, do you think?"

"You never told me there was another guy in this story."

"Leesha, just guess what he said."

"I dunno, what?"

Teshaundra acts suave and imposing when she tells;

"That is a very sexy dress."

Leesha lets fly with a peel of laughter that blasts her teeth brilliant white against her dark skin.

"Girl, you need to stop lyin'." She says walking toward the back of the shop, then returning.

"What are you talking about, lying? It really happened."

"What kind of dress is it?" I ask.

"Excuse me, sir?" They both turn to me suddenly silent from their chatty conversation. I feel

deeply embarrassed.

“Just wondering what the dress looked like is all.”

The two of them exchange glances. Leesha looks back at me.

“Sir, this is an A – B conversation. Please see your way out of it.”

Send questions, Comments, thoughts to
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More Chapters will be made available. <http://14rivers.com/threeweasels.htm>

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And to my co-workers back in Tulsa, if they ever read this: A promise is a promise.