

A Facebook Love Story

by Peter DeWolf

This is a story about Jim and Robin. They are strangers.

Or at least they were.

They are at the same party, but standing on opposite sides of the room.

Robin is standing near the door thinking, "I wish there was someone here to talk to," when she sees Jim.

Jim is standing against the wall thinking, "If I sneeze wearing these too-tight boxer briefs, I'll never have children," when he sees Robin approaching.

Robin: Hi.

Jim: Hey.

Robin: Having fun?

Jim: Quite a bit.

Robin: It's a good party?

Jim: Naw. I've just been stealing shit from various rooms.

Robin: Really?

Jim: No, of course not.

Robin laughs.

Jim: Yes.

Robin laughs harder.

Robin: I recognize you from a picture. We have a friend in common on Facebook. I can't remember who it is...

Jim: Shelley?

Robin: No.

Jim: Stacey?

Robin: No.

Jim: Phil?

Robin: No. Hang on, let me think.

Jim: Frank.

Robin: No. Stop for a sec.

Jim: Jake?

Robin: Shut it!

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/peter-dewolf/a-facebook-love-story>»

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Jim: Aloysius?

Robin: No.. Wait. You have a friend named "Aloysius?"

Jim: Ohhhh... you wanted REAL guesses?

They walk together out to the deck. They are mid-conversation.

Robin: If you don't like people, why did you come here?

Jim: Both my parole officer and court-appointed psychologist think it is a good idea for me to socialize more.

Robin: Really?

Jim: No.

Robin: Okay.

Jim: Yes.

Robin: What?

Jim: Nothing.

Moments later, they are leaning against the railing.

Robin: You were born in the 70s?

Jim: Yup.

Robin: They had childbirth back then?

Jim: Oh... So that's how it's going to be?

Robin: It would appear so.

Jim: Have you considered the possibility that you aren't as cute as you think you are?

Robin: Briefly.

Jim: Not possible?

Robin: Possible. But extremely unlikely.

Jim: Gotcha.

Few seconds of silence.

Jim: So, what is the downside with you?

Robin: What do you mean?

Jim: You seem too good to be true.

Robin: I'm moving out of the country for six months.

Jim: Of course you are. I bet it's soon.

Robin: Tomorrow.

Jim: Sounds about right for my luck.

They kiss. For a while. They bond. They kiss some more. But, eventually...

Robin: I gotta go.
Jim: Thank God. I was having a bastard of a time resisting copping a feel.
Robin: Spin class works?
Jim: Nicely spun.
Robin: Really? That's the line you are going with?
Jim: I stand by it.
Robin: Okay. So add me on Facebook as soon as you get home.
Jim: Can I change my status to "smitten" first?
Robin: I suppose. Just don't poke me. I hate it when people poke me.
Jim: Maybe they just aren't doing it right.
Silence.
Robin: What does that even mean?
Jim: I'm... not sure. Sometimes I just like to hear myself talk.
Jim walks her to her car. They embrace.
As she slides into the driver's seat, he reaches into his jacket and pulls out a decorative pepper shake and passes it to her.
Jim: I searched far and wide for this gift for you.
Robin: Where is the salt shaker?
Jim: Dude, we just met.
Robin smiles, closes the door, and starts her car.
Jim watches her leave.
He reaches back into his inside pocket and pulls out a pink wallet.
He opens it up and looks at a driver's license.
Jim: That's a pretty good picture of her.

