

What If?

By

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ACT I

Scene 1

GIRL

I found the aisle exactly as the website described it; just before the sign for mens wear, between colognes and ladies wear. After precisely a hundred and ten screen grabs, I was finally there. "What's the word, darling. Do you want it?" He blinked at me. My mouth opened and froze. That was the moment I had practiced endlessly in front of my mirror. So what if my credit score was bleeding? Not to mention that I was about to be homeless in a couple of days. So what if? "Come on, I don't have all day!" He barked at me. I felt the sweat bead on my upper lips. I could almost hear it cracking into the layers of my meticulously applied foundation and color corrector. I felt his angry words jab me in the side, "Just decide already." I glared at him. I mean, he was rude. I was the customer, and the store was almost empty. What was the rush? I could see why that girl gave him one star on google. I thought she was a hater but clearly she was not. I had to remind myself to give them another one star. But wait a minute. What was with the habitual smirk on his face? Why were his cheekbones and jaw sharper than mine? It had to be the lights in the store. They must have softened his features. I spent three hours beating my face on that particular day. I needed to look the part so there was no way he served a better face card than mine. "You have been here a total of... wait, let me count- one, two, three, four..." That was him again. "Well, at least I am here. I am here to buy, and I am here to pay. What are you here for?" I asked crossing my arms. Maybe that was my cue to turn around and leave quietly but I could not make it out of the store without what I came for. I mean, I could not just quit like that. Wasn't that what people expected me to do? To always quit at the sight of a challenge? I was already there, I had to buy it. His eyes squinted menacingly as I grabbed the only pair of Christian Louboutin shoes in the store. I could hear the song "uptown girl" seep through the speakers as I glided towards the cash register to pay. I inhaled sharply as I swiped my card. "You've got to be kidding me. Declined?" I turned to him in horror, humiliation, and disbelief. There it was, the habitual smirk. As if he knew that I could not afford a pair of Christian Louboutins.