

## DELETED SCENE – Jilly’s House & Erin’s House

### Erin, Jilly, Jilly’s Parents, Erin’s Parents, Rosie, & Reede

Jilly went to some big Halloween party with Bus Boy. Well, she actually went with her parents but he was going to be there, too. It was some huge bash at someone's house that Bus Boy's family and Jilly's family know and they both got invited.

“Can you believe we both got invited?” Jilly said earlier in the afternoon, when I “helped” her get ready. “Now we don't have to sneak out to a party together.” I zipped Jilly's costume in back and hooked it. That was the extent of my help. Jilly did everything else because I couldn't put on makeup or use a curling iron without burning her forehead. The only thing I did was tell her how hot she looked in her mouse costume. I knew she needed my support. She was afraid she was competing with a bunch of high school girls who would be crawling all over Bus Boy the minute her tail was turned.

“You look hot,” I said for the tenth time. “When does the party start?”

“Five,” she said. “But we'll be fashionably late.”

I glanced at the clock. It was already five thirty.

“They do a big barbecue and they've got one of those bouncy things for the little kids. And the yard is huge, with lots of trees and bushes and stuff Jon said.” She wiggled her eyebrows at me and I rolled my eyes at her.

“Just don't let any grown ups catch you making out,” I said. “Your parents will kill you.”

“I know.” She straightened her ears and checked her whiskers one more time in the mirror. She turned to face me. “I wish you could come with us.”

I smiled. “Yeah, that would have been fun.”

“Are you going to the rec center party again?” Last year Jilly and I had gone to a rec center Halloween party. I'd gone as Pippi Longstocking and she'd gone as a sexy pop star. All the boys were staring at her fake boobs, including Mark, which was really annoying. The whole thing was not fun.

I shrugged. “Rosie wants to go but I think I'd like to hang out.” I'd overheard Chris talking about going out somewhere and I was hoping he might bring Jeff by again. I hadn't seen him since that one day, unless you counted the eight million times I'd daydreamed about him since then.

“Maybe you can get together with Tyler and Mark.”

“Mark's going to some party,” I said. “A girl from C Track invited him.”

Jilly's eyes searched mine. She furrowed her brow. “You don't seem too disappointed.”

I shrugged, thinking of Jeff. “I've got other friends to do stuff with.”

“Jilly, it's time to go.” Mrs. Hennessey tapped on the door, pushing it open. She was dressed as Cleopatra, with a golden snake wrapped around her head and two smaller ones around her upper arms. Her makeup were perfect--thick black around the eyelids, her lips bright, luscious red.

“Wow,” Jilly and I said together.

Mrs. Hennessey laughed. “I've still got it,” she said, wiggling her hips. “I'll grab Marc Antony and then we need to hit the chariot.”

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When I got home, my dad was pulling a roast out of the oven.

“Smells good,” I said.

“Is good,” he said. “So, what's on your Halloween agenda?”

I shrugged. “Rosie might come over. Maybe we'll watch a scary movie.”

“There are plenty of those on tonight,” my mom said, swishing through the kitchen in her black dress and cape. She was dressed like a witch, complete with pale green face and long, scraggly black wig. She bared her black fingernails at me.

“You look great, Mom,” I said. “And dad, I see you've dressed up like you always do.”

“I enjoy scaring people with my true nature,” he said, laughing evilly. But he snorted at the end, which made us all giggle.

“Is dinner ready?” Chris walked in, smelling fresh from his shower. His hair was combed back and he was wearing a long sleeved black polo shirt and jeans.

“You clean up pretty good,” I said. “Going out with Lisa?”

“We're going to a party,” he said.

“Taking anyone else?”

Chris scowled. “I don't hang out with Massey, if that's what you're asking.”

“Who's Massey?” my mom asked.

“No one,” Chris and I said at the same time.

My parents exchanged a look. “We'll call around ten to check in,” my mom said.

I sighed. “I'll be here.”