

DELETED SCENE – The Grog

Ori, Jane, and some fans

“So Nick said we could come listen to you practice sometime,” one of them said.

“Really?” I’d have to remember to kill him for that. “Usually we have closed rehearsals.”

“That’s not what we heard,” the other said. “He said you have people there all the time because you especially need to learn to play in front of an audience.”

“Is that what he said?” I looked at Jane and rolled my eyes. She grinned. “Interesting. But I play just fine with people around.”

“But at FX—”

“He’s very comfortable in front of an audience,” Jane said. “He’s one of the most comfortable people I know.”

I laughed.

The girls scowled at her. “Who are you?”

Jane glanced at me, then back at them. “A fan.”

“Well so are we,” the first girl said, then turned back to me. “I think you are really good, Ori. *So* much better than that Roy Stone. Right, Kate? Wasn’t I just saying that?”

“She was,” Kate said, nodding at me. This was what I meant, the difference between Jane and girls like these. They were just saying stuff, hoping to get my attention. But Jane just said what she felt and thought.

“I’ve got to get back,” I said. “There’re about to start again.”

“We’ll come with you,” the first girl said, placing a hand on my arm. I looked past them at Jane, but she had already disappeared into the restroom.

“Great.”

On the way there we ran into Nick and PurpleGrrl. I managed to peel myself away from the friends and get back to our table in one piece.

“Where have you been?” Alli asked.

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