

DELETED SCENE – OT Studios

Ori and Jane

I was torn between wanting her to come to rehearsal because I didn't think I could wait until tonight when we went out, and being afraid that having her here might distract me.

But my desire to see her was stronger than my fear so I hoped she'd come. Besides, I had to be able to play with all kinds of things going on – brothers not bothering to show up, hecklers, girls I liked, girls who liked me. It was all part of the deal.

Jane showed up halfway through our first set, looking very fine in jeans and a loose red shirt that still managed to show what she had. I smiled at her and kept playing, pleased that her arrival hadn't caused me to fumble in any way.

When we stopped for a break, I walked over to where she was leaning against the wall.

“Hey,” I said.

“Hey.”

It was weird how I suddenly felt shy around her. Here in my garage in the bright light of afternoon, it was hard to believe we were making out last night. I looked at the floor, then over my shoulder at our instruments.

“So, how did we sound?”

“Good,” Jane said. “Really good. Claire seems to be calming down.”

“Yeah,” I said. “She's gone from total ‘Hypermaniac,’ as Gwyn calls her, to only super hyped up.”

Jane laughed. “But you really are coming together. You're sounding like a real band. Now you just need a name.”

“Tell me about it.” I shook my head. “Got any ideas?”

She shook her head. "I'm still trying to figure out my own name."

"What do you mean?"

Jane blushed and looked away.

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"No, it's just, well, I've never told anyone before." Then she looked up at me. Those awesome blue eyes and those long eyelashes. I wanted to dive right in. Instead, I looked down, not wanting her to feel pressure.

She sighed. "Well, unlike your creative parents, who named you a cool name after a constellation, my parents were obviously uncreative. They named me after my Dad's mom's cousin's sister or something like that."

"I like Jane."

She snorted. "You don't have to say that. It's like an old person's name. Who names someone Jane? It's like naming me Gladys or Martha."

I laughed. "No, it isn't. Jane's not even close to that."

"Plain Jane."

"You are *not* plain."

"I appreciate that, but I'm changing my name the day I turn eighteen."

I looked over at her. "You can do that?"

"Oh, yeah," she said. "You just have to file a petition with the court, pay your money, jump through a few other hoops, and poof! A new name."

Interesting. "What will your new name be?"

She looked at her feet. "Halyn."

“Your screen name?” I asked. “That’s such a cool name. I don’t suppose that one comes from the family that brought us Jane?”

She shook her head, blushing slightly. “I found it on the Internet. It means unique or special. Pretty much the opposite of Jane.”

I smiled. “The Opposite of Jane. That sounds like a band name.”

She smiled back. “You’re not serious, right? I mean, there’s already Jane’s Addiction. You’ve got to have better contenders than that.”

“Not many,” I said as the rest of the crew filed in. “Besides, I kind of like it.”

Jane rolled her eyes and punched my arm.

“Don’t try that again,” I said. She did, like I knew she would, and this time I grabbed her fist, wrapping my hand around it.

“You just wanted to hold my fist,” she said.

“Nothing gets by you.” I squeezed her fist, then dropped it. “Talk to you after.”