

## DELETED SCENE (early draft) – Kat's House

### Libby and Kat

She wrapped my jacket tightly around her, then turned around and cupped her face to the frosted glass window, peering out.

"He better not follow me or I'll kick his ass."

I snorted, thinking back to my frequent proclamations of kicking her ass. I wondered if she was talking about Michael. Maybe he'd done something really drastic and crazy to try to get her back. But what did I care? She was the reason my mom barely made it to the awards ceremony last night, hearing maybe the last two sentences of my speech.

"I had to climb out the window." She rubbed at the glass, as if she could wipe the frosted portion away. "Luckily he's got a belly bigger than mine and he couldn't follow me out the window. He had to double back and go out the front door."

Well, it wasn't Michael. He had six-pack abs. I wondered how dry she had to be before I could send her back out into the snow without seeming cruel and heartless.

She walked across the foyer and through the living room, separating the curtains slightly and peeking out through the opening. "I went the long way around. I ran through people's front yards, ran in circles, made the footprints all crazy and going in all directions so he couldn't follow." I furrowed my brow at her.

"What the hell are you talking about?"

She squinted before rubbing the steam from her breath off the glass, unaware that she was shivering, small puddles leading across the wood before sinking into the carpet of the living room.

"It's snowing pretty hard now. The snow will cover my tracks. Don't you think?"

"I don't know." I reached out and turned the deadbolt lock on the front door. I was starting to feel a little nervous. I really wasn't up for any ass-kicking in my own living room, unless I was doing it. But I knew I couldn't send her back out into the snow.

"Yeah. I think it will." She dropped the curtains back in place but didn't move.

"So, your mom." She ran her finger down a crease in the curtain. "She'll be gone for awhile?"

"Yeah."

She turned around then, her eyes glistening.

Dang. She wasn't going to cry, was she?

Crossing the room rapidly, she grabbed my arm, pulling me toward her.