



Bonus Scene: Is She Coming?

Note: MC is referenced as a girl named Cheryl.

Olivia taps quickly on her phone, her nimble fingers flying over the keys as she pounds out a text message. She's sitting alone in her bedroom, leaning up against the wall on her bed. A movie is paused on the T.V. as she waits for Madison to return with snacks. She cuddles her stuffed dolphin, her eyes alert as she's typing.

The door opens and Madison walks in, carrying two large bowls of popcorn and pretzel chips. She hands the popcorn to Olivia, who accepts it graciously. "Your mom really needs to go shopping again. All the good snacks are gone."

Olivia chuckles. "I'll let her know next time."

"So, let's talk about the pep rally," Madison starts, flopping into Olivia's beanbag chair. Olivia groans in response, dropping her phone on the comforter. "Liv, we gotta."

"I really don't want to," she protests. "It was an accident. I didn't launch properly. There's no need to talk about it."

"I already know how you messed up. That's not what I want to talk about." Olivia looks at her with confusion. "Look, if you keep messing up, I'm gonna have to demote you."

"Demote me?" Olivia scoffs. "What does *that* mean?"

“Like, going from a flyer to a base. *That* kind of demotion.” Olivia stares at her in shock. “It’s not fair for me to constantly put you front and center if you keep messing up. There are other girls in there who aren’t screwing up constantly. If I keep you there even when you’re tripping and falling and not hitting the flies correctly, then I’m gonna get accused of being biased.”

“I am not screwing up *constantly*,” Olivia counters. “We’ve been doing way more acrobatics than usual. It’s not easy to pick that stuff up with the amount of practice we have. I have to worry about my schoolwork too. AP Chem is not easy.”

“Well, you’ve got to prioritize the cheer squad if you want to stay on,” Madison says with a shrug, popping a pretzel chip in her mouth. “I can’t have us looking like a hot mess out there.”

“We *don’t* look like a hot mess. We got a standing ovation!”

“Because of *me*. Because of *my* finale. Not because *you* couldn’t land a tumble.”

Olivia rolls her eyes and goes back to her phone. “Whatever. I don’t understand why you’re getting so pissed off at just me. The other girls all messed up too.”

“Yes, and I talked to them one-on-one, just like I’m doing with you right now.” Madison’s glare is harsh. “I’m not singling you out. I’m just being 100% honest with you.”

“It feels like you’re singling me out,” Olivia argues. “Did you tell Jessica that she has to hit a full extension on the toe touches? Did you tell Clarice that her left pom pom wasn’t adjusted before we went on? Did you tell Reina that her outfit was wrinkled?”

“Yes, yes, and yes.” She narrows her eyes. “What are you implying?”

Olivia exhales a laugh through her nose, not even looking at the pink-haired girl. “Nothing, Madison.”

Madison clicks her tongue and turns the movie back on. The screams of teenagers getting murdered fits the current atmosphere of the room quite nicely. Olivia continues to text someone on her phone, which starts to get on Madison’s nerves. “Did you invite me over just so we could sit around in silence?”

“No, I invited you over because this is what we always do.” Olivia lowers her phone. “What’s up with you? You’re in a really bad mood today.”

“Yeah, because I *thought* I was gonna spend time with my best friend, not listen to the grating sound of her keys clicking while she completely ignores me for someone else.”

“Well, if you must know, I’m sending out invites for the get-together.” That catches Madison’s attention, and she turns her head towards the dark-haired girl. “I’m sending out the last one right now.”

“Who all did you invite?”

“Not too many people this year. Kelly, Mackenzie, Adrian, Andy – the usual crowd. Adrian asked me to invite this guy named Carlton too.”

“Ugh. He needs to stop trying to invite all his boyfriends to this. All he ever does is get into a fight with them or try to screw them in his tent where the rest of us can hear.” Madison tosses a pretzel into the air and catches it in her mouth, crushing it maliciously with her teeth.

“I don’t think they’re dating,” Olivia corrects with a shrug.

“Whatever. Invite anyone else?”

Olivia pauses before continuing, thinking over who else she sent invitations too. “Uh, yeah. I invited Cheryl.”

Madison’s head whips around, the pretzel she threw in the air bouncing off her head and onto the carpet. “*Cheryl?! Are you fucking kidding me?*”

Olivia jolts. “What? I always invite her.”

“Yeah, that was before she ruined my entire fucking life. Seriously Olivia? Why would you invite someone as horrible as her?”

“Cheryl is my friend, Madison. I’m allowed to invite whoever I want.” Olivia taps the power button on her phone, locking it. She knew Madison would try to snatch her phone otherwise. “You two can get along just fine.”

“We’ll get along when I can gouge her fucking eyes out,” Madison shouts, slamming the bowl of pretzels down on the carpet. “Why in the hell do you think I want to spend a whole night with *her?!?*”

“That wasn’t really my concern at the time.”

“Oh, so you’re admitting you don’t give a shit about how I feel?”

“That is not what I said!” Olivia protests loudly. “Cheryl is still part of our friend group whether you like her or not! We shouldn’t ostracize her over something that...”

“Something that *what*, Olivia? Something that completely ruined my junior year? Something that destroyed my parent’s trust in me? Do you have any idea how long it took me to convince them to let me even come to this thing?! And now you want to ruin that for me by inviting the person I hate the most?”

“Madison, come on, it’s been a year. It’s not that big of a deal anymore. You’re fine now!”

“I am *not* fine!” Madison screams, standing up. “Ever since that happened, my parents don’t let me do anything that’s not related to school. I can barely even hang out with you anymore! They still have my car hostage and they monitor my texts every day. Does that sound *fine* to you?”

“Madison, seriously, you need to calm down.” Olivia’s voice shakes slightly as the taller girl’s temper flares. “It’s not the end of the world. You two can just stay away from each other all night. Hell, you barely hang out with most of us as-is! Par for the course, really.”

Madison is severely offended and crosses her arms. “I thought you were my friend, Olivia.”

Olivia is taken aback. “Uh, yeah, because I *am* your friend. I can’t believe you’d say something like that.”

Madison leans over the bed, getting right in Olivia’s face. “If you’re my friend, you’ll tell Cheryl that she’s not invited, and you’ll also tell her that you’re not friends with her anymore. Or you can kiss your flyer position goodbye.”

Olivia swallows hard and tries to hide it. Despite how scared she feels, she faces Madison with confidence. “No.”

Madison’s eyes narrow, and after a brief stare-down, she pushes herself off the bed. “Fine. Text Reina that’s flying during the game. You can be her base.”

“No. *You* do it.”

Madison gives her a threatening look, but Olivia doesn’t back down. “You’re going to regret this, Liv.” She kicks the bowl of pretzels, scattering them all over the floor, before storming out and slamming the door behind her. The pictures of them on the wall rattle from the impact.

Olivia lets out a breath she didn’t know she was holding and collapses to her side on the bed, her dolphin squeezed tightly in her grasp. She takes a few deep breaths before looking at her phone.

She decides not to pick it up and instead unpauses the movie, eating her popcorn slowly with a shaking hand.