

Deleted Scene from A WEEK OF MONDAYS

In the first draft of A WEEK OF MONDAYS, along with *everything* else Ellie has going on, she also had a part time job at a diner. My plan was for her to deal with the same difficult customers every day and with each Monday, she learns more about them and how to handle them. But the book (and the day) was already so long, I unfortunately had to cut that storyline (and Ellie's job). I only wrote one version of that scene, for the First Monday and this is it. In this draft, as you'll see, Ellie sees Hadley come home soaking wet. I later decided to move that moment to a future day to help speed up the first day and to make sure that each Monday had new things happening and new "reveals" about the people in Ellie's life.

##

My dad's car isn't in the garage when I pull in. I nearly sag against my steering wheel in relief. The way my day has been going, I half expected him to come home early from work and be waiting in the kitchen to find out how the try-outs went. I know he's going to be devastated when I finally tell him and I just don't think I can handle his devastation on top of mine right now.

I run upstairs to my room to change into my work clothes. Yesterday, I promised Camilla at the Pancake Palace that I'd cover the first half of her dinner shift while she drops off her daughter at her first slumber party.

A promise, I'm sincerely regretting today.

I'd actually almost spaced it completely until the calendar reminder on my phone went off while I was trudging back from the softball field in the rain. I also found two texts that I'd apparently missed when we were forced to shut down our phones in detention. The first was from Owen, offering his condolences for my failed election results. And the second was from Rhiannon essentially blaming me for ruining her chances at getting into Harvard because of my "joke of a VP speech."

So basically, I've derailed two lives today.

Really, as crappy days go, this one pretty much takes the crap cake.

That Tristan and his horrible, terrible, no good, very bad day, has nothing on me. His day was like a walk in the park.

I strip off my layers of school clothes one by one. I can't tell you how good it feels to finally be out of this failure of an outfit, which has been soaked, dried, seeped in the smell of detention, and covered in the crumbs of toxic banana bread and the remaining scraps of my pride.

I kind of feel like I've been to war in this outfit. If I'd known how hostile today was going to be, I would have worn camouflage and combat boots.

Before tossing my skinny jeans into the hamper, I check the pockets for loose items and find my fortune cookie from this morning. God, was that only this morning? It feels like years ago!

You will have everything your true heart desires.

Psh. Yeah, right. Someone clearly got the wrong cookie.

I slip into my Pancake Palace uniform—a nightmare of an ensemble that makes me look like a teen Aunt Jemima— and pack a change of clothes in a small bag so that I don't have to come back here before the carnival tonight.

Ah, the carnival. My one saving grace. The one thing I can look forward to through this catastrophe of a day. Tristan's band will play and we'll spend the rest of the night on a romantic, moonlit adventure through the tunnel of love, the arcade, the Ferris wheel, eating and kissing our way back to drama-free, relationship bliss.

I check the clock on my phone. Crap, I'm so late.

I yank open my bedroom door, causing both me and Hadley to jump. She's just coming down the hallway to her room, which is next-door to mine, and her shoes are squishing as she walks. That's when I notice that she's soaking wet. Her hair is actually dripping little droplets onto the carpet. Her face is streaked with moisture but I can't tell if it's water or tears.

"Hads," I say, tilting my head to the side. "Why are you all wet?"

It stopped raining hours ago.

"I don't want to talk about it," she snaps and disappears into her room, slamming the door.

I wince at the sound. It's a good thing my dad *isn't* home. He hates when we slam doors. One time, when I was fourteen, I slammed my door and he took it off the hinge for a week.

I consider knocking and demanding she tell me what happened but then I remember how late I am and I quickly change my mind.

I'll talk to her tomorrow, once she's had some time to calm down.

My half shift at the Pancake Palace is pretty much on par with the rest of my day. I arrive twenty minutes late and my boss, Penny, feels the need to take out the mental strain of her recent divorce on me. Then the worst table in all of history is sat in my section. They change their order three times, send their food back twice (because the first time the hashbrowns aren't crispy enough and the next time they're too crispy), proceed to completely ream me when I forget to bring the side of ranch dressing for their pumpkin pancakes (who puts ranch dressing on pancakes? Crazy people, that's who!), and then they actually have the nerve to leave me a two-cent tip.

A two-cent tip is worse than no tip at all. With no tip, you can actually convince yourself that maybe they simply forgot. They were in a hurry and it slipped their mind. But with two-cents, no that's an intentional insult. We *remembered* to tip, we're just choosing to express our dissatisfaction with your service in the most cowardly, passive-aggressive—not to mention stingy—way possible.

The only reason I took this job is because a) I didn't want to work fast food and b) I didn't take my usual summer job as a camp counselor so I needed the extra cash. My parents are nice enough to pay for my car, phone bill, and everything I need essential-wise, but the price of everything else I want to do falls on me.

I almost quit. I really do. I'm just about to give my boss a piece of my mind, along with my apron, and tell her to shove it, when Camilla walks through the backdoor to relieve me. She throws her arms around my neck and kisses my cheek. "Ellie, thank you so much for covering for me. You are *the* best. Now, go. Have fun with that dreamy boyfriend of yours."

And suddenly the mention of Tristan causes my anger to just simmer away, like I'm shedding off a layer of rotting skin.

I dart into the bathroom and change into the clothes I've picked out for the carnival. When I emerge, Camilla is at the hot line, waiting on a pick-up for one of her tables.

"Whoa," she says, looking me up and down with an appreciative smile. Even the fry cook peeks his head out under the plate warmer and whistles.

"That boy is going to fall to his knees and pant like a dog when he sees you tonight," Camilla says confidently.

Beaming, I thank her and jog out of the back door to my car, silently praying that she's right.

Well, except for the whole panting like a dog thing. Because, gross.