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Deleted Scene – “The Catfight”

Mitch was dabbing an oil control film all over her tightly-pored face when Ana walked in, and headed straight for one of the cubicles in the girls’ restroom, her 3-inches high stilettos click-clacking noisily across the tiled floor.

“Eww,” Ana said. Her disgust was so dramatic, Mitch had to roll her eyes. “Someone puked all over this bowl.” Shortly after, she was urinating quite audibly.

Mitch gave Ana a smile when the latter stepped out of the cubicle having been relieved. Ana returned the smile. “They really should hold back on the cleaning bleach they’re using to disinfect the restrooms,” Ana said.

Mitch paused from turning her handbag inside out looking for her MAC lipstick. “I know!” she agreed. “It smells like...”

“It smells like semen here, that’s what,” Ana said, zipping her own handbag open.

Mitch grimaced. “You’re gross,” she said, laughing softly. She placed her handbag on the surface of the ceramic lavatory and faced her reflection to apply her lipstick. “Now I know how *your* semen smells like.”

Ana angled her jaw to get a better look underneath her chin. Lately, she had been shaving her facial hair more often. She made a mental note to up her estrogen dosages. “What pills are you taking?” she asked Mitch. “Can I have some? I’m all out, and I don’t think I have the time to drop by the pharmacy tonight.”

“Oh,” Mitch said. She stopped applying lipstick, and faced Ana. “Actually, I, uhm, don’t bring mine to school. I can ask Astrud for you, if you really need some,” she suggested.

At the mention of Astrud, Ana moved in conspiratorially closer to Mitch and whispered in a low voice, “By the way, what’s the deal with that friend of yours? Do you think she’s... you know...” Ana made waved her hands over her abdomen, suggesting an obvious reference to pregnancy. “I mean, you know, no one gains that much weight unless, well, *sperminated*.”

Mitch took a deep breath. “Well, you can ask her yourself,” she said. She looked over Ana’s shoulders. “She’s standing right behind you.”

Ana spun so quickly, her hair flipped over. “Astrud,” she greeted sweetly. She moved in to kiss the other girl on the cheek.

Astrud smiled just as sweet. “How’s the squad, *Anacleto*?” Astrud walked past Ana and Mitch, and the latter couldn’t help but feel like a deer caught in between two speeding ten-wheelers.

Ana laughed. It was humorless, and had no pretensions of being otherwise. “Anacleto’s long dead, Astrud,” she reminded the girls. Ana caught the quick look Astrud threw at Mitch. “Dead. Like your hair.”

“You know, from this angle, your adam’s apple looks less prominent,” Astrud said.

That prompted Ana to self-consciously reach for her throat where a soft protrusion had suddenly appeared when she hit puberty.

“Girl, we’ll be late for our review,” Mitch informed her friend. “And you’ve had Rocket waiting in the DC for half an hour now.”

Astrud ignored her friend. "No squad meet today, Ana? What, mutiny so soon?"

Ana lit up in excitement, and Astrud immediately knew things weren't going her way. "Actually, the squad *decided* to postpone meetings until after the UPCAT," she said. "It's amazing what a *democracy* can accomplish, especially without a ruthless, psychotic bitch manipulating the group's every action." Ana savored her moment. "It was your ex-boyfriend's idea, actually. He's been a valuable member of the squad ever since he joined us, thanks to that little bet of yours."

Astrud was reminded of her bet with Nathan Manaloto. That one didn't go her way, either. "It was his idea to postpone squad meets until after the UPCAT?"

"No," Ana said. "It was his idea to refer to you as the ruthless, psychotic bitch." She grinned challengingly. "Again: he's a valuable member of the squad."

"Oh-kay, we really have to go," Mitch said, grabbing Astrud by the arm and subtly leading her friend out of the girls' room.

"You're one to talk about *members*, having one between your legs," Astrud said. "You still pee standing up, don't you? I heard you."

"Back down, bitch, or I make you suck this," Ana said, grabbing her crotch.

Astrud grabbed her breasts. She juggled and jiggled them challengingly. "Oh, look," she said. She was starting to sound shrill. "I have something you'll never grow. Mammary glands!"

"All right, girls!" Mitch yelled. "Biology class is over!"

Mitch dragged Astrud out of the girls room. "This isn't over, you freak!" Astrud screamed. She flipped her middle finger.

Mitch remembered she had left her handbag by the sink. "Wait here," she said. Astrud was still fuming, but she made no sign of arguing. She started walking for the stairs. "I'll wait for you downstairs."

Back in the girls' restroom, Mitch found Ana typing a message on her phone. Ana saw her, and said "Figured you'd be back for that." Ana glanced at the handbag.

"Thanks for guarding it. Sort of," Mitch said. "Hey, ease up on Astrud, ok?" she asked Ana. There was no threat in the way she said it, only exasperation. "She's going through a lot lately, and I know she can be quite a bitch, but... I don't know. Just cut her some slack."

Ana nodded. She was too tired to argue. "You're a nice girl, Michelle. You can be more than a hollaback girl if you want," Ana said.

Mitch smiled. "I'm *not* a hollaback girl," Mitch said, shaking her head. "I'm just trying to be a good friend to someone sooo..."

"Manipulative?" Ana suggested.

"Misunderstood," Mitch finished.

"If you say so," Ana said, throwing her attention back to the message she was composing on her phone.

"Really," Mitch insisted. "I'm not her hollaback."

Ana paused. She considered saying more, but instead, asked: "Then why can't we tell her *you* are designing new uniforms for the cheering squad?"