

1. THE TAG ALONG

In the steep rolling hills of Birmingham, a young girl can feel her life slip away from her. Runaway dreams pick up steam heading downhill and only a strong will can bring the descent to a halt before a life had been wasted on frivolity. From the Vulcan hills, you can look over the whole city. Here, a girl can feel her first temptation to want more. The panorama view suggests bigger things. For Jenna Davis this means exchanging her Alabama dreams for a Hollywood overlook.

She knows the dangers lurking in a parked vehicle staring down from this vantage point. An eager boy might use his wiles to turn passionate kisses into a request for something more. And some inexperienced girl will surely acquiesce. But a true blossom of the Old South will resist his advances to protect what she can salvage of her virtue.

Jenna is sixteen. She plays the piano and has a crystal clear singing voice. Already the picture of heaven, she is an arresting brunette who is the envy of all the girls at her high school. She turns the head of every boy. But she will have none of them and their tawdry intentions. She has given her heart to Beau. Even with him, she is guarded. She has plans for her life and doesn't want to have them spoil on heartbreak and cheap romance.

Jenna runs ahead to get ice cream. Sammy is just behind her. She doesn't want to be left out. Jenna has plans. Sammy know it's going to be special, and she wants her turn. There is this playful friendship between them. The girls share their crushes. They spend hours debating their respective futures. Sammy is much more pragmatic when it comes to boys. She doesn't hold out for any ideal. But she lives off of Jenna's shine. As long as she remains close to he, she seems to feed off of the same popularity.

Samantha is an alluring redhead. Her shoulder length curls are like flames that surround a positively appealing face. She has sin written across her lips. She has been assigned to this world to break hearts. If Jenna bears every trace of a providential rain, Sammy is the hellish form molded in the furnaces of Hades. The boys aspire to mischief with a mere glance her way.

Sammy hardly leaves Jenna's side. She realizes that her own enchantment is dependent on Jenna's deep well of charm. And she doesn't want to abdicate her proximity to that refreshment. Anything that Jenna does, Samantha wants to copy. She can't bear to have Jenna bask in glory if she herself has to hide in the shadows.

Beau is waiting at the ice cream parlor. He seems to barely tolerate Samantha. But Sammy is always trying to get his attention. Sammy had evil intentions for Beau. Jenna seems pretty oblivious to it all. He gives Jenna a kiss on the cheek. She smiles back at him.

"Are you going to get ice cream for your girls?" asks Jenna. She inconveniently includes Sammy in her request. Beau can only oblige. He doesn't want to anger Jenna.

Jenna's cheeks are still flushed from her run up the hill. Beau can barely eat his cone. He is concentrating on her. He still view her as somewhat of a conquest, and his campaign seems mired down in deep mud. He can hardly accept her physical reticence. For him, the kiss is always an invitation to so much more. He is entirely frustrated when his advances are beat back with an open hand.

"Stop, Beau. You know I'm not ready."

Beau always makes his approaches when Samantha is not around. But he almost feels that she is the referee on their passion. Just as things heat up, he can imagine Sammy waving a caution flag to slow them down. He knows that Sammy is taking advantage of this situation. He

can sense her designs on him. He does everything that he can to ignore her.

Later that night, he shakes off Jenna's double. He is parked with his love on a high hill overlooking the city. It is only his duty to pursue his desire as far as he can take it. Jenna's kisses are such honey to his lips. He wants more of a sting. But the deep embrace is a little overwhelming for her. Again, she has to slow down the thick advances of male sexuality.

"What's wrong, dear?"

She has her answer worked out, "Nothing's wrong at all. I just wish that we'd do something more stimulating than coming up here. I feel like I'm on display for half the city to see."

He objects, "There are no other cars up here."

"That's hardly the point. I feel as if I'm walking around naked." She is careful not to remove an article of clothing in his presence. That would only incite him to further display.

He seems committed to her. But she can hardly trust the rude manners of a Birmingham boy. She feels that there must be someone out there with more noble breeding. What has happened to the social circle in which she travels.

Jenna straighten out her dress and sits up. He is looking at her legs. He is aroused. He feels that she has already given too much of herself. It would be no big deal to surrender her body along with her heart.

"I can never be sure of you Beau Hamill. What kind of future do you have for yourself?"

He wants to go to college. There is talk of Auburn. That is a tradition in his family. But he doesn't have the same motivation as she does. He is hardly the committed student. He has fun on the brain. If he isn't drinking with his buddies, he's playing pool or racing cars. Jenna wonders how she ever got paired with him. But one of the vagaries of the teen years is that girls often accept their romantic fate. And she seems to have settled just for that.

She had spent nights discussing just that subject with Sammy. Sammy encourages Jenna to find a more suitable boy.

"I've looked around. And you know that I can have anyone that I please. The Hamills just seem to be the most stable family around Homewood.

Samantha wants to contradict her. She has a list of suitable replacements. But they are all boys struggling with their maturity. Beau seems the most manly of the bunch. Even if Jenna is a little uncomfortable with the ways of a woman, she does not want to drift away under the hand of an unsteady adolescent.

Jenna consoles herself with the wonders of the young Mr. Hamill. She looks in his eyes and imagines exotic lands. He can only smile cluelessly back. Such are the marvelous consequences of young love.

Jenna bides her time. She knows that her sentence is going to be long. She may not be able to land a scholarship. A few years of community college may be in her future while she saves for an eventual transfer.

"I'm going to get a job next year," she tells Sammy.

Sammy's parents are hardly rich. But they are able to gratify her whims. She uses this fact to compensate for her comparative lack of natural charm. Although Sammy only seems pale next to the raging sun of Jenna. In her own right, she is shining star.

Sammy's not sure if she wants to go to college. She has none of the motivation of Jenna.

She hardly expects good fortune to fall in her lap. For the time being, she casts her fate to the wind. She also feels whatever luck might flow Jenna's way will run its course towards her as well.

Samantha encourages Jenna to follow through with Beau.

"It's just the thing to do. There are other girls around who will give him what he needs. A young man believes the myth of his own potency. And he wants to test out the waters. Who know what he's up to at this point."

Jenna does not want to imagine such betrayal on his part. Although the thought has crossed her mind from time to time.

"I can't do something that I'm not comfortable with. I'm not even sure if I love him."

Sammy cautions her, "Don't get caught up in your mother's illusions. You give your heart to a man, and then he turns out to be a cad. You have nothing to show for it. No fun, dear!"

"Leave my mother out of this. This is all my own doing. And if he turns out to be a cad, it just means that he has taken something of value without proper recompense."

Sammy's is taken aback by her calculation, "You're young. Live free. You are trying to damn up the flowing river."

Jenna corrects Sammy, "Your analogy is faulty. A young woman is hardly the Mississippi River. She can always contain the flooding of the banks whereas the river is only helpless."

"Jenna, you are going to make yourself crazy. There are these forces acting inside of you that you can't control. You have to experience love. You just can't live in books and movies."

On cue, she bursts into song. She is teasing Samantha for her thorough dressing down.

"Jenna, what the hell are you doing? I don't want to be serenaded."

She laughs, "I just feel this song in my heart, and I need to let it out."

"You are one crazy girl."

It is moments like this that Jenna likes to retire to her sitting room and play the piano. She needs to get away from everyone else and enjoy her solitude. It is music for her soul. She revels in the rough-shaped harmonies of Chopin. The folk-melodies seems to resonate in the Alabama countryside. And the music opens up something deep in her self. No Birmingham boy could ever understand.

This is part of her romantic dream. Somewhere in the world there must be a being like her. She waits for that magical moment when he might emerge from his neverland. For the present she will make do with the clumsy hands of Beau Hamill. But some day her prince will come for her.

She has shared this dream with Sammy.

"You're not Cinderella. Princes are just older versions of Beau. By that time, they have learned all kinds of devious tricks to ensnare young girls. You're better off dealing with something that you know instead of throwing yourself at mystery that doesn't exist."

Jenna will not give up. Her hands make their ways up the keyboard in swirls of waterfalls and mountain precipices. She is confident as she twists the rhythmic turns to offer up the dream in full form. She can touch her demon lover with the adept manipulation of the keys. She is making love to a god. And she is very satisfied.

As she finishes her playing, the climax is bold and majestic. She loves the rebelliousness of her playing. Nothing can restrain that unbridled spirit. It is the ghost set free inside of her. She

soars without restraint. Once complete, her performance bears no equal. She is all alone. She is triumphant. Once awakened this form will not return to its resting state. She lives off of the high for hours. She floats on air. She is light-headed. She needs to lie down just to collect herself. Her heart beats like crazy.

The next time that Jenna sees Beau, he has nothing but unkind words to say about Sammy, "Can't we just go somewhere without having the poor creature follow us."

Jenna defends her friend, "Take pity on her."

Beau is hardly kind, "I hate to admit it, but I find her monstrous. I hate her strutting around in those heels shaking her body."

She convinces Beau to let Sammy come along with them on a trip to Russell Cave near Chattanooga. It takes a couple of hours to get there up I-59. Sammy hardly says anything along the way. Jenna tells them all about the Native American traditions associated with the caves.

"I bet their spirits still run wild."

In the caves there is this eerie feeling. The dampness touches Jenna almost like a fever. In the large grotto she gets separated from her friends. She almost passes out. No one knows realizes at first that she has been isolated from her group.

She almost passes out. In a dream state, she has the strangest feelings. She imagines Sammy and Beau doing the most perverse things together. She also feels like she is being touched in a private way. She both relishes and is sickened by the feeling.

Jenna is discovered by a park ranger. He revives her and reunites her with her friends.

"I thought that I was going to die," she declares with all the dramatics associated with Jenna. Her friends gather around her as she is cared for in the park cabin.

"The air must have got too much for you down there," says the ranger. "Some people get a reaction."

"I think it was the ghosts down there," observes Sammy.

"Seriously, everyone, something strange went on in the cave," affirms Jenna.

Beau is all the sceptic, "I've come here on a school trip. Nothing went on in that cave."

Beau's denial only adds to her suspicions. Sure, she has an active imagination. But something inspired her to feel the way that she did. On the way home, she lies down in the back. She is trying to make sense of it.

Beau drops Sammy and Jenna off together. They are sitting on Jenna's porch. Later Jenna asks Sammy, "You and Beau weren't doing something strange together. You weren't making out."

"Heavens no, dear. We can barely tolerate each other. I just think that your body was telling you something. You can't frustrate yourself forever and not have the chemicals back up on you."

Jenna smiles, "I don't know what you're talking about. I just know that something weird went on in that cave. You know how a dream can seem so real. This was more than that. It was as if I was stepping into another world and things were being shown to me. There was a truth in my vision."

"You can't know that for sure!"

"The hell I can't." Jenna is stubborn. "I know what happened to me."

She is having enough trouble explaining it to Sammy. She is sure that Beau will never believe her. But deep down she feels changed. She already felt different enough from everyone. This only makes her feel more special.

“There are changes that happen in adolescence,” claims Sammy. “This is all part of growing up. The body is becoming something completely new. You just haven’t learned to accommodate to those things.”

“And you have, Sammy. I don’t believe you.”

Both the caves and Sammy have their secrets.

Jenna stays by herself for a few days. Her mother knows not to bother her. She is sorting out what really happened to her. She doesn’t quite understand the change that she has undergone. But she has the most bizarre flashbacks to her experience. She feels more distant from her friends, and it takes her a while to make sense of it.

After a few days it seems as if nothing has happened. Beau invites her out for burgers. She doesn’t say a word about the caves.

“I’m glad that you didn’t bring that insufferable girl with you.”

Beau digs into his stacked burger. He is realizing his most carnivorous desires. He looks up and gives Jenna the strangest look.

She is a little hesitant about the meal. She has thought about giving up meat. But she has not yet convinced herself. She takes smaller bites.

“You eat like a little mouse. Are you afraid of embarrassing yourself?”

“I’m just not that hungry.”

He grabs a chip off her plate. “I’ll eat this for you.”

“Go ahead,” she says reluctantly. She doesn’t like the fact that she assumes that he can just invade her plate.”

“You just seem to be more yourself when you leave Sammy at home. When you get together, something freaky happens.”

“Leave her at home? You talk as if she’s a damn pet or something. If I want to bring her along, it’s my choice.”

He answers back, “So be it. I’m just glad that she stayed at home. What is she doing, anyway.”

She keeps eating. Then she looks up from her burger, “Why should you care anyway?”

He doesn’t say anything. He just keeps sizing her up. She adjusts in her seat.

“What are you looking at?” she asks.

“I’m looking at your hot little body.”

“Just don’t get any ideas.” She starts to munch on her lettuce. She takes a sip from her coke.

“Beau,” she wonders, “why don’t you like Sammy. She’s cute. She my friend.”

“Can’t you see. She has no personality of her own. She’s envious of everything that you do. I think that she wants to sleep with me.”

“You wish, Beau. You can’t have every girl in the world.”

He sits up and smiles back, “I hope that you’re not jealous.”

“She’s my friend,” affirms Jenna. “She would never do anything to harm me.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure. I’d keep my eyes on that girl if I was you.”

She has a warning for him, “Just keep your little mister in your trousers when she’s around.”

“You’re getting me excited just talking about it.” He has a giant smile all over his face.

Jenna is starting to suspect Beau’s disgust with Samantha. After all Samantha is her friend. He could just ignore her. But he seems to take just too much interest in her. Jenna does have her eyes wide open. But the mistrust is more with Beau. He is just using Sammy as an excuse to influence Jenna.

She can’t finish her burger. He enjoys finishing it off from her. He seems to be feeding off of her at this moment. He smacks his lips. She finds that habit annoying. He washes his food down with a milkshake.

“Jenna, do you want to get some dessert?”

She doesn’t take up on his invitation, “I’m stuffed.”

She wants to go see a movie. But he’ll just take it the wrong way. He wonders what kind of shenanigans he can get away with in the dark.

He seems a little impatient with her. “You want to drive up to the Point and park.”

“I’m getting tired of your games of target practice.”

He has another suggestion, “Let’s go get a hotel room and make it for real.”

“I’m not going to have sex with you. I’m not ready.”

He tries a compromise, “Let’s get the room and just try some heavy petting.”

“You have no respect for me. Can’t you think of something else that we can do?”

He can hardly wait any longer. Other girls come on to him all the time. He doesn’t want to wait for her any longer. He wants to pressure her to come over to his point of view.

Jenna can hardly take any more of this pressure. She considers if this is a good moment to break up. Maybe if they just spent some time apart until she was ready. But ready only means one thing to him. She is simply not going to head to a hotel room with any guy, much less one Beau Hamill.

They head back to Beau’s place to watch some DVD’s. Beau is well-behaved. Perhaps he realizes what she is thinking.

After the movies, he starts to talk about their relationship again, “There are a lot of things that we can do without actually having sex. You just have to be freer with your body. Other girls say thing to me all the time.”

She draws the line, “I’m not going to get naked with you, sex or no sex. That’s how it’s got to be.”

Again, he is getting excited just hearing her talk about it. He tries to kiss her. She pushes him away.

“I just want to kiss you,” he claims.

“That’s just the beginning. Look how you’re talking now.”

“We’ve kissed before.”

“But your parents are out. Anything could happen. I just don’t want you forcing me to do something.”

He defends himself, “I wouldn’t ask you to do anything that you wouldn’t want to do.

She wonders, “What is that supposed to mean?”

“You want it too. I can feel the heat when you’re close to me. You’re getting just as

excited as I am. Don't frustrate your emotions. You're only young once."

She realizes that he is trying to use this situation to her advantage. She lets him kiss her. The next thing they slip to the floor, and she has to push him off.

She is angry, "I told you that I didn't want this happening."

"You're just mad that you can't stop yourself." He is getting under her skin.

"I need to leave now," she maintains. She is getting dizzy. Another step and she will be completely under his spell. She needs to get out. She feels that she is crawling for the door.

"You didn't put something in my drink.."

"It's just a coke."

She holds her hand out to guide herself, "I need to leave. Please let me go!"

He realizes that he has played his hand too soon. But he pretends that he can soon change her mind.

"Sit down and regain your composure. Just calm down," he suggests.

She can't sit still. She stumbles to the door.

"I'm sorry about all of this," she apologizes. But she know that it is he who has pushed her this far. She feels as if she is lost in a maze. How can she possibly find the way out? But she works to balance herself.

Once home, she realizes that she has to get her life in order. She calls Sam.

"I know it's late. But I need to talk."

Jenna explains her predicament.

"I don't know what's come over you, girl. You know what you have to do."

"Whatever are you talking about?" asks Jenna.

"You wouldn't sleep with him. He's so hot. You should have done it for yourself. You could have always broken up with him afterwards."

"Sam, you're not helping."

But maybe she is doing just that. Jenna won't listen. She is not going to give herself to a boy as rude as Beau.

Sammy doesn't understand. But Jenna decides that her only recourse is to break up with Beau. Since her return from the caves, she has acquired a new independence. She is only freshly realizing that. For that she has made her resolve. She promises herself that they will break up the next time that she sees him.

They meet after school with the idea of getting ice cream. At the parlor, they hang out with the same intent in mind as always. She almost loses her will. Sammy is right. He is hot. And she can feel the pangs of desire influencing. But she works to remain strong.

"Beau, I have something that I want to tell you."

He hardly hears her, "I have something of my own that I want to tell you."

He barely gets his words out before she has her comeback, "I need to break up with you."

Jenna's words sail right past him. He keeps eating his cone. "What did you want to tell me?"

"I told you. I want to break up with you!" She is so forceful that no one could remain unsure of her meaning. He still tries to remain oblivious to it all.

"You're not really going to break up with me. I mean who are you going to go out with."

She teases him, "Maybe you need another ice cream." He has barely finished his first.

He still can't figure it out.

"You still want to hang out tomorrow."

"Beau, you're a nice guy. But his isn't happening between us. I hate to end it like this. But what else can I do?"

"We could take it slow."

She informs him, "we have been taking it slow. And you still have been pressuring."

"I could hold back."

"You say that now, but I know what you're like. You get me in your car, and you just can't stop."

"But the another night you were ready," he seems desperate.

That is what she is afraid of. She knows that she doesn't love him. She can't keep pretending. She's not going to sleep with him just so that she feels that she's not alone. This is how it's got to be."

It takes Jenna a while to get used to being alone. That's not to say that she didn't always feel alienated from Beau. But she made do. And now that is all over. She has already accustomed herself to her independence. That may have been one of the reasons that she couldn't put up with Beau. He kept encroaching on her.

Sammy continues to criticize her decision.

"It's not too late. You could always go back to him." They meet at the park. It is a cloudy day. There are no children around. They are sitting on the swing set.

Jenna is firm, "When it's over, you can't look back. You have to live your life and not think about it. I've got plans. I've got a future."

Sammy chides her, "You're saving yourself for some non-existent future. If it never comes, you won't know what you've missed."

Jenna doesn't want to give in. She's seen the messes that other girls get in. "I've got real life. Stability. I don't want to end up in a trailer with two kids and some guy who can barely keep a job."

"As if that's a real risk."

"I've just seen what happens to girls who lose themselves in their own passions."

Sammy taunts her, "You don't know what it's like until you've tried it."

Jenna tries to get details out of Sammy, but she is not forthcoming.

Jenna asserts, "I have time. A lot of time. I have to finish high school. And then college. I can get wild after that."

Sammy disagrees, "By that time, you'll be so drained that you won't know what fun is."

"The bottom line is that I never was in love with Beau. I'm not going to play around with him just because he's hot. He's so immature. He was becoming a burden on my plans."

Sammy is insightful, "You sound worse than he is. You can't be a mercenary about love."

"You're the one who's telling me to sleep with some guy who I'm not in love with."

"After you slept with him, you might think differently about love. Sex just adds another element. It's what makes a girl a woman."

"That's silly talk. Monkeys have sex, and they're never going to become human."

Sammy jokes, "I've seen a lot of cute monkeys in my day. You put one in a suit and you

never know.”

“Sammy, you’re just crazy.”

Sammy adds, “You don’t know how crazy I am.”

Indeed, Jenna doesn’t know at all. There is something very different about Samantha Starling. She seems much closer to her physical nature than Jenna. In a way, she is almost ruled by it. Jenna wonders what it would be like to let go. Samantha has barely a care in the world. She has little concern for college or any other dreams. She feels that it will all happen in good time, and she has nothing to worry about. Good fortune will just make it her way.

Ultimately, Jenna doesn’t think that it’s fair. She constantly thinks about her reputation. She plans every move in her life. Sammy just wings it. She shouldn’t be rewarded for her carelessness.

Jenna can’t let Sammy affect her. Just like Beau, they really aren’t part of her life. She needs to live for herself, for her own happiness. Still she questions herself. Is she really doing enough to guarantee the outcome. Sammy claims that there are so many random factors that can stand in your way. That is why she tries to be so passionate. She wants to soak up all the serendipity that floats her way.

Beau keep calling as if nothing has happened. She considers blocking his phone calls. But she feels sorry for him. Instead, she is force to deal with his interference.

“You broke up with me,” he reminds her. He makes her feel that some obligation goes along with her privilege.

“You were the one who told me about all the girls that wanted you. Where are they now?”

He has a smart-aleck answer, “They’re line up around the block right now. I was just taking a break when I called you.”

“Wonderful, Beau. That’s all that I need to hear. You just go back to your harem, and let me be.”

He qualifies himself, “I’m just kidding. You’re the only one who my heart beats for.”

She kids him, “I didn’t know that you could get poetic.”

“There’s a lot of things that you don’t know about me. You could give me a chance again. I’m a great lover.”

Jenna has answer for him, “I’m sure that you are. But maybe you can practice on one of those chippies waiting for you outside your window.”

“Jenna, take me back. I’ve learned to be a better friend.”

She hates him sounding desperate. She needs to bring the conversation to a quick end. She goes back to playing the piano. The gentle rhythms wash the pain away. She hardly misses his touch. She has become resistant to it all.

Then next time that he calls, she is not so friendly. She makes quick work of him and goes back to her math homework. She can’t very well let him rule her life. That is why they broke up. If he can’t make it on his own, so be it. She can bear his constant pestering.

Jenna remembers Beau’s parting shot, “If I do something stupid, don’t blame me. You forced me.” She can’t make much sense of it. But she can’t worry what he may have in mind. She imagines him doing something to her car or throwing a rock through her window. What did she do to deserves this slice of hell. She was the perfect girl for him, and now this.

Jenna feels that she is being persecuted for her moral conviction. She could have never

gratified his whims. She feels even less open to fulfilling his *needs*. She has needs too. And they don't include babying an immature seventeen year old. She never should have trusted him in the first place. She had heard rumors. But she never paid attention to gossip. She just should have tested the merchandise before she took it out on her own.

After doing her homework, she calls up Sammy. "I'm going to come over."

"It's not a good time, Jeanna. My parents are out. Maybe later."

Jenna is confused. "Your parents are out. That never stopped you before. You used to invite me over to raid the liquor cabinet."

"I know, I know! Come over later."

Sammy's resistance only heightens Jenna's curiosity. She is not going to let a little challenge stop her from visiting her best friend. However, Jenna has a few things to do around the house before she leaves.

It's close to 10:30 by the time that she finally makes it out. It's a little late for a school night. But Jenna has already done all her school work. She gets in her car and starts to drive over there. As a treat, she stops to have an ice cream on her own.

When she gets to Sammy's house, all the lights are on. It just seems like a commotion. Jenna has the strangest premonition that something is wrong. She hesitates getting out of her car. She realizes that Sammy has already warned her.

When Sammy answers the door, she seems pissed, "I told you that I'd call you. I'm not ready."

She's only wearing a bathrobe. The place is in disarray. The living room cushions are tossed all over. There are bottles of alcohol on the coffee table. And a couple of empty glasses.

Jenna takes one look around and lets out a yell, "What happened here? A war or a party? I didn't know that you were in tornado alley."

Sammy tells her, "You can help me put this stuff away."

"I think that we'd better," say Jenna.

Jenna starts to pick up the glasses and put the liquor back in the cabinet. She is straightening out the cushions on the sofa. Sammy is hardly helping.

"It's your mess."

Sammy is sprawled on a chair. She says with a distinctive Southern drawl, "I'm tuckered out."

"I know that it's late. But you don't look as if you've been doing school work."

"There's more than one kind of work to keep a girl healthy. I've been telling you that all along. I just want to go to bed."

Jenna comments on her look, "You look like you've been in bed all day long."

Sammy rejoices, "Don't you know it."

And Jenna does all too well. Sammy had that knowing look on her face. She is licking her fingers with her freshly painted lips as only a woman can.

Sammy claims, "You can't feel pleasure if you don't know how to give pleasure." That remonstrance makes no sense to her. But she feels as if she is having another flashback to the time in the cave.

"Beau has been here," Jenna asserts coldly.

"What are you talking about, honey?"

“I can smell him. You’re supposed to be my friend. You’ve had sex with him.”

Sammy’s legs are hanging up in the air. She ends up criticizing Jenna. What are you saving yourself for, girl. The boy’s only going to dump you in the end. You have to get a little fun out of it. If you weren’t going to give him what he wanted, I wasn’t going to let a hottie go to waste”

Jenna has always felt that Sammy has substituted dime store cleverness for real maturity. Jenna feels like killing her at this moment. She looks down at her hands, and they are twisted in knots.

Sammy has more to say, “I warned you that this was going to happen. I did it for you. I wanted to show what kind of guy Beau really is.”

Jenna lets go, “Have you no respect for yourself.” She tosses one of the pillows Sammy’s way. “You’re lucky that wasn’t a bottle. You’re a tramp. A real trollop. You were supposed to look out for me. You just wanted him all along. You’re an animal.”

Sammy doesn’t blink an eyelash. She enjoys her scuffle with Jenna even more than her rolling around with Beau. Jenna has always seemed Ms. Proper. And now the mask comes off. She’s just as vicious as all the rest.

“Jenna, he was good.” She smacks her lips. “Not the best. But good nevertheless.”

After that, Jenna stops talking to Beau all together. She even considers cutting off Sammy. But she values her witticisms. Down deep, Jenna feels that she drove Beau into Sammy’s arms. That’s what she tells herself for the time being.