

John's Comments

YOUNG ADULT (NO TITLE): BY GLOBIANA

Summary: Jonathan, a rock musician, encounters a woman who challenges his notions about what it means to be a man. As a result, both experience insights that change their lives.

Jonathan meets Vendetta

Right away, he didn't like her. In the first place, she looked all wrong. She was way too small, and ~~she~~ didn't have any shape at all, hardly. Her stringy brown hair was ~~brown and thin~~ too long. ~~He wondered why she~~ didn't she do do something with it -- cut it, maybe, or at least fluff it up a little?;

like this first line

tease

And she had this annoying left-of-center smile. Like she knew something he didn't. Or like she knew ~~some~~ secret about him.

Where had Sledge dug her up, anyway?

If this is intended thought by Jonathan then italicize

Jonathan slung his guitar strap over his shoulder and across his back, twisted to catch it, and fastened the free end to the bottom of his guitar. ~~He carefully stepped among~~ Maneuvering between the mike stands, speakers, monitors, and cables, ~~he and~~ plugged his guitar into the amp.

Comment [PHS IS1]: Name the specific type of guitar he has.

The others had finished checking their instruments and equipment. Wrex fiddled with his keyboards; Sledge arranged his sticks and settled into position among his drums. The girl Sledge had brought to audition looked around the cramped rehearsal space. Her guitar, already tethered to the amp, hung free against her chest.

name her 'Vendetta'

"Wait'll you hear this girl. She's got something special." Sledge was talking faster than usual.

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“Ok.” Jonathan scowled. “Let’s play ‘Your Eyes.’ Do you know it?”

Yeah. She knew it.

She moved right in, just the way Teddie used to. She must have memorized the CD. It was so easy, just like having Teddie there (as long as he didn’t look at her and her stringy hair). The old energy was coming back. Surprising. He hit hard on the melody, she was right there. The pulse was back. Yes. And then she was pulling him.... off beat.... he tugged back. Why couldn’t she hold the beat? She had the attention span of something with a small attention span. They started to stumble over each other in an undignified mess.

“Cut!” Jonathan made an angry distortion on his guitar.

Wrex’s keyboard went silent. “What’s wrong, man?”

“We were moving. Why’d you stop?” Sledge shot a short tantrum on his drums.

“What do you mean, ‘why?’” Jonathan asked, was mad. “The bitch was messing us all up!” The bitch just stood there, looking at Wrex, at Sledge, and looking at him.

“Jonnie,” whined Sledge, “I told you she could add something interesting. Give it a chance, will you?”

“I don’t think so.”

“What’s the matter? Afraid to try something new?” - who says this?

“I just don’t want to have to fight my musicians, that’s all. It’s about playing together.”

Vendetta was listening to the whole thing, with that awful little grin, like she knew she was going to be Jonathan’s new bass.

Jonathan turned to her, trying to feign patience. His lower jaw jutted forward, then back. “We need to build slowly. We gotta get the tension to sneak up. To pull it off, we have to move



Comment [PHS IS2]: Use stronger verb.

Comment [PHS IS3]: Is this the new girl? If so then be clear about that.

(name her earlier)

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together like one brain so the listener doesn't know something's happening until it's happened.

You have to stay right with me." He paused. "Can you do that?"

"Yeah. I can do that. Can you do this?" And she fingered the theme, then struck a skipping little riff that brought her back to the beat, only off -- off not even half a beat, like a hiccup. Like a stupid hiccup.

"Yeah. That'll drive you right in a circle. It goes nowhere. We're wasting each other's time here." As he turned away, he thought, "And wipe that smirk off your face. And get a haircut."

This was one damned irritating woman.

"Come on, man." It was Sledge's voice. "She really can get the sound we've been looking for. Where are you gonna find somebody that can play like her?" - on such short notice

"We'll find somebody."

"By Friday?"

"Sure, by Friday." Jonathan was determined to do what it took to find somebody, anybody else, by Friday.

"Let's just give it one more shot," Sledge suggested. "It'll only take a few minutes.

Maybe ~~w~~We can work this thing out."

Vendetta just stood there, looking like she didn't care if they played again or not. But she didn't put down her guitar, either.

"All right." Jonathan glanced at her. "You want to?"

She shrugged her shoulders and moved her left hand along the frets, noiselessly.

"Ok. Same song. Now follow me."

Comment [PHS IS4]: Thoughts don't need quotes but put them in italics.

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And again they were into it. The piece throbbed along. She stayed with them. As they reached the end of the song, Jonathan was sweating, his heart was pounding, and he was panting to the beat. She was good, dammit.

He tried to act casual. He slid his right hand into the front pocket of his jeans, shifted his weight to his left foot, and thrust his left hip out. His left hand was strangling the neck of his guitar.

“If we let you play Friday, can we count on you to stay with us?”

“Yes.”

“You won’t mess around?”

“No.”

“Ok.”

She walked away. He called after her: “Nine-thirty sharp. The Cantab. Be familiar with what Sledge gives you.”

She didn’t turn around. She raised her hand and ~~she~~ kept walking, snapping her fingers to some beat Jonathan couldn’t hear.

“Impertinent bitch,” ^{he} ~~she~~ muttered.

Comment [PHS ISS]: They’re taking her after a one song audition. They aren’t going to practice more before the show?

YOUNG ADULT (NO TITLE): BY GLOBIANA

Ed

Summary: Jonathan, a rock musician, encounters a woman who challenges his notions about what it means to be a man. As a result, both experience insights that change their lives.

Jonathan meets Vendetta ^{there's} a person named Vendetta?

Right away, he didn't like her. In the first place, she looked all wrong. She was way too small, and she didn't have any shape at all, hardly. Her hair was brown and thin, too long. He wondered why she didn't do something with it -- cut it, maybe, or at least fluff it up a little.

What is her role?
I assumed singer.

And she had this annoying left-of-center smile. Like she knew something he didn't. Or like she knew some secret about him.

Where had Sledge dug her up, anyway?

Jonathan slung his guitar strap over his shoulder and across his back, twisted to catch it, and fastened the free end to the bottom of his guitar. He carefully stepped among the mike stands, speakers, monitors, and cables, and plugged into the amp. The others had finished checking their instruments and equipment. Wrex fiddled with his keyboards; Sledge arranged his sticks and settled into position among his drums. The girl Sledge had brought to audition looked around the cramped rehearsal space. Her guitar, already tethered to the amp, hung free against her chest.

How famous is this band?

"Wait'll you hear this girl. She's got something special." Sledge was talking faster than usual.

Jonnie
^

- I like it.
- Good setup.

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Yeah. She knew it.

She moved right in, just the way Teddie used to. She must have memorized the CD. It was so easy, just like having Teddie there (as long as he didn’t look at her and her stringy hair). The old energy was coming back. Surprising. He hit hard on the melody, she was right there. The pulse was back. Yes. And then she was pulling him.... off beat.... he tugged back. Why couldn’t she hold the beat? She had the attention span of something with a small attention span. They started to stumble over each other in an undignified mess.

“Cut!” Jonathan made an angry distortion on his guitar.

Wrex’s keyboard went silent. “What’s wrong, man?”

“We were moving. Why’d you stop?” Sledge shot a short tantrum on his drums.

“What do you mean, ‘why?’” Jonathan was mad. “The bitch was messing us all up!” The bitch just stood there, looking at Wrex, at Sledge, looking at him.

“Jonnie,” whined Sledge, “I told you she could add something interesting. Give it a chance, will you?”

“I don’t think so.”

“What’s the matter? Afraid to try something new?”

“I just don’t want to have to fight my musicians, that’s all. It’s about playing together.”

Vendetta was listening to the whole thing, with that awful little grin, like she knew she was going to be Jonathan’s new bass. *first she used* *her actual role*

Jonathan turned to her, trying to feign patience. His lower jaw jutted forward, then back.

“We need to build slowly. We gotta get the tension to sneak up. To pull it off, we have to move

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"Yeah. I can do that. Can you do this?" And she fingered the theme, then struck a skipping little riff that brought her back to the beat, only off -- off not even half a beat, like a hiccup. Like a stupid hiccup.

"Yeah. That'll drive you right in a circle. It goes nowhere. We're wasting each other's time here." As he turned away, he thought, "And wipe that smirk off your face. And get a haircut."

This was one damned irritating woman.

"Come on, man." It was Sledge's voice. "She really can get the sound we've been looking for. Where are you gonna find somebody that can play like her?"

"We'll find somebody."

"By Friday?"

"Sure, by Friday." Jonathan was determined to do ^{whatever} it took to find somebody, ^{else} anybody else, by Friday.

"Let's just give it one more shot," Sledge suggested. "It'll only take a few minutes. Maybe we can work this thing out."

Vendetta ^{first time} just stood there, looking like she didn't care if they played again or not. But she didn't put down her guitar, either.

"All right." Jonathan glanced at her. "You want to?"

She shrugged her shoulders and moved her left hand along the frets, noiselessly.

"Ok. Same song. Now ^{follow} follow me."

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And again they were into it. The piece throbbed along. She stayed with them. As they reached the end of the song, Jonathan was sweating, his heart was pounding, and he was panting to the beat. She was good, dammit. He tried to act casual. He slid his right hand into the front pocket of his jeans, shifted his weight to his left foot, and thrust his left hip out. His left hand was strangling the neck of his guitar.

“If we let you play Friday, can we count on you to stay with us?”

“Yes.”

“You won’t mess around?”

“No.”

“Ok.”

She walked away. He called after her: “Nine-thirty sharp. The Cantab. Be familiar with what Sledge gives you.”

She didn’t turn around. She raised her hand. She kept walking, snapping her fingers to some beat Jonathan couldn’t hear.

“Impertinent bitch,” he muttered.

Summary: Jonathan, a rock musician, encounters a woman who challenges his notions about what it means to be a man. As a result, both experience insights that change their lives.

throw away line. Repts prev.

Jonathan meets Vendetta

title? chapt title?

more formal than rest of voice

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And she had this annoying left-of-center smile. Like she knew something he didn't. Or like she knew some secret about him.

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"Wait'll you hear this girl. She's got something special." Sledge was talking faster than usual.

Inserted: S

Comment: Not sure these are things a guy would notice? Makes me question authenticity of voice.

Lose nil by cutting → hair color + physical descriptions don't reveal character.

Also, why is long brown hair not right for a rock band? Seems like a typical rocker, no?

Inserted: Her guitar, already tethered to the amp, hung free against her chest.

Inserted:

Some better when you read it.

Comment: No need to introduce all band members upfront – bit of info dump. we understand this is band practice without this.



What happened to Teddie?

Age? 17-18.
Rex = 72

"Ok," Jonathan scowled. "Let's play 'Your Eyes.' Do you know it?"

Inserted: ,

~~Yeah. She knew it.~~

She moved right in, just the way Teddie used to. She must have memorized the CD. It was so easy, ~~just like having Teddie there (as long as he didn't look at her and her stringy hair).~~ The old energy was coming back. Surprising. He hit hard on the melody, she was right there. The pulse was back. Yes. And then she was pulling him.... off beat.... he tugged back. Why couldn't she hold the beat? She had the attention span of something with a small attention span. They started to stumble over each other in an undignified mess.

Inserted:

Comment: Rep above.

Inserted: And just like that

Step

Comment: Awk. why does inability to hold beat suggest short attention span? "something with small attention span" = throwaway, says nil.

"Cut!" Jonathan made an angry distortion on his guitar.

Wrex's keyboard went silent. "What's wrong, man?"

"We were moving. Why'd you stop?" Sledge shot a short tantrum on his drums.

"What do you mean, 'why?'" Jonathan was mad. "The bitch was messing us all up!" The bitch just stood there, looking at Wrex, at Sledge, looking at him.

Comment: When does she get a name?

"Jonnie," whined Sledge, "I told you she could add something interesting. Give it a chance, will you?"

~~"I don't think so."~~

~~"What's the matter? Afraid to try something new?"~~

"I just don't want to have to fight my musicians, that's all. It's about playing together."

Vendetta was listening to the whole thing, with that awful little grin, like she knew she was going to be Jonathan's new bass.

Jonathan turned to her, trying to feign patience. His lower jaw jutted forward, then back.

"We need to build slowly. We gotta get the tension to sneak up. To pull it off, we have to move

together like one brain so the listener doesn't know something's happening until it's happened.

You have to stay right with me." He paused. "Can you do that?"

"Yeah. I can do that. Can you do this?" And she fingered the theme, then struck a skipping little riff that brought her back to the beat, only off -- off not even half a beat, like a hiccup. Like a stupid hiccup.

"Yeah. That'll drive you right in a circle. It goes nowhere. We're wasting each other's time here." As he turned away, he thought, "And wipe that smirk off your face. And get a haircut."

Comment: ?

This was one damned irritating woman.

"Come on, man." It was Sledge's voice. "She really can get the sound we've been looking for. Where are you gonna find somebody that can play like her?"

"We'll find somebody."

"By Friday?"

"Sure, ~~by Friday~~." Jonathan was determined to do what it took to find somebody, anybody else, ~~by Friday~~.

Inserted: else

Handwritten note: tell us what's happening on Friday

"Let's just give it one more shot," Sledge suggested. "It'll only take a few minutes. Maybe we can work this thing out."

Vendetta just stood there, looking like she didn't care if they played again or not. But she didn't put down her guitar, either.

"All right." Jonathan glanced at her. "You want to?"

She shrugged her shoulders and moved her left hand along the frets, noiselessly.

"Ok. Same song. Now follow me."

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And again they were into it. The piece throbbed along. She stayed with them. As they reached the end of the song, Jonathan was sweating, his heart was pounding, and he was panting to the beat. She was good, dammit. He tried to act casual. He slid his right hand into the front pocket of his jeans, shifted his weight to his left foot, and thrust his left hip out. His left hand was strangling the neck of his guitar.

“If we let you play Friday, can we count on you to stay with us?”

“Yes.”

“You won’t mess around?”

“No.”

“Ok.”

She walked away. He called after her: “Nine-thirty sharp. The Cantab. Be familiar with what Sledge gives you.”

She didn’t turn around. She raised her hand. She kept walking, snapping her fingers to some beat Jonathan couldn’t hear.

“Impertinent bitch,” he muttered.

Comment: a lot of swearing for YA?

Susan

16:11

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Summary: Jonathan, a rock musician, encounters a woman who challenges his notions about what it means to be a man. As a result, both experience insights that change their lives.

Comment [s1]: Summary doesn't seem like YA

~~Jonathan meets~~ Vendetta

Right away, he didn't like her. ~~In the first place,~~ she looked all wrong. She was way too small, and she didn't have any shape at all, hardly. (Her hair was brown and thin, too long. He wondered why she didn't do something with it -- cut it, maybe, or at least fluff it up a little.) shorter

And she had this annoying left-of-center smile. Like she knew something he didn't. Or like she knew some secret about him.

Where had Sledge dug her up, anyway?

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2 as needed abt slipping

Comment [s2]: Replace with better verb

maneuvered

The girl Sledge had brought to audition looked around the cramped rehearsal space. Her guitar, already tethered to the amp, hung free against her chest.

"Wait'll you hear this girl. She's got something special." Sledge was talking faster than usual.

Comment [s3]: Does he say that right in front of her, or does he pull Jonathan aside?

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“Ok.” Jonathan scowled. “Let’s play ‘Your Eyes.’ Do you know it?”

Yeah. She knew it. *POV? Does she nod?*

She moved right in, just the way Teddie used to. She must ~~have~~ memorized the CD. It was so easy, just like having Teddie there (as long as he didn’t look at ~~her this new girl’s~~ and her stringy hair). The old energy was coming back. Surprising. He hit hard on the melody, ~~she~~ she was right there. The pulse was back. Yes.

Comment [s4]: If you use “her”, misplaced modifier

And then she was pulling him.... off ~~beat~~, ~~he~~ ~~He~~ tugged back. Why couldn’t she hold the beat? ~~She had the attention span of something with a small attention span~~. They started to stumble over each other in an undignified mess.

Comment [s5]: Crossed off because he doesn’t know that that’s the reason she’s doing it

Comment [s6]: good

“Cut!” Jonathan ~~made~~ ~~strung~~ an angry distortion on his guitar.

Comment [s7]: not sure what term works here

Wrex’s keyboard went silent. “What’s wrong, man?”

“We were moving. Why’d you stop?” Sledge shot a short tantrum on his drums.

“What do you mean, ‘~~why~~Why?’” Jonathan ~~was~~ mad. “The bitch was messing us all up!”
The bitch just stood there, looking at Wrex, at Sledge, ~~looking~~ at him.

Comment [s8]: use a physical tag that shows he’s mad; don’t tell us. Also his words will tell us but nice to have physical tag along with that.

“Jonnie,” whined Sledge, “I told you she could add something interesting. Give it a chance, will you?”

~~“That wasn’t interesting. That was messing up on purpose. I don’t think so.”~~

Comment [s9]: I’m not sure what to add here, but what I’m trying to do is have Jonathan explain what she did wrong. “messing up on purpose” isn’t accurate but hopefully you know what to put here...

“What’s the matter? Afraid to try something new?”

“I just don’t want to have to fight my musicians, that’s all. It’s about playing together.

Comment [s10]: Does he glance at the new girl? Scowl at her? Put his guitar down?

~~“That was her doing her own thing.”~~ Vendetta was listening to the whole thing, with that awful little grin, like she knew she was going to be Jonathan’s new bass.

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Jonathan turned to her, trying to feign patience. His lower jaw jutted forward, then back.

“We need to build slowly. We gotta get the tension to sneak up. To pull it off, we have to move together like one brain so the listener doesn’t know something’s happening until it’s happened.

You have to stay right with me.” He paused. “Can you do that?”

“Yeah. I can do that. Can you do this?” And she fingered the theme, then struck a skipping little riff that brought her back to the beat, only off -- off not even half a beat, like a hiccup. Like a stupid hiccup.

“Yeah. That’ll drive you right in a circle. It goes nowhere. We’re wasting each other’s time here.” As he turned away, he thought, *“And wipe that smirk off your face. And get a haircut.”*

Formatted: Font: Italic

~~This was one damned irritating woman.~~

“Come on, man.” It was Sledge’s voice. “She really can get the sound we’ve been looking for. Where are you gonna find somebody that can play like her?”

“We’ll find somebody.”

“By Friday?”

“Sure, by Friday.” Jonathan was determined to do what it took to find somebody, anybody else, by Friday.

“Let’s just give it one more shot,” Sledge suggested. “It’ll only take a few minutes. Maybe we can work this thing out.”

Vendetta just stood there, looking like she didn’t care if they played again or not. But she didn’t put down her guitar, either.

“All right.” Jonathan glanced at her. ~~“You want to?”~~ *“If you’re in, then play like you’re in. We’re a band, not a one-man show.”*

Comment [s11]: Something like that

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She shrugged her shoulders and moved her left hand along the frets, noiselessly.

“Ok. Same song,” Jonathan said. “Now follow me.”

And again they were into it. The piece throbbed along. She stayed with them this time.

As they reached the end of the song, Jonathan’s ~~was sweating, his heart was pounding, and he was panting to the beat.~~ Sweat dripped down his back. She was good, dammit.

He tried to act casual. He slid his right hand into the front pocket of his jeans, shifted his weight to his left foot, and thrust his left hip out. His left hand was strangling the neck of his guitar.

Comment [s12]: Tough?

“If we let you play Friday, can we count on you to stay with us?”

“Yes.”

“You won’t mess around?”

“No.”

“Ok.”

Comment [s14]: We need to see her body language, facial expressions (smug? Indifferent? Smiling?) Does she brush back her hair? Etc.

She walked away. He called after her: “Nine-thirty sharp. The Cantab. Be familiar with what Sledge gives you.”

Comment [s15]: love it there!

Formatted: Highlight

She didn’t turn around. She raised her hand. She kept walking, snapping her fingers to some beat Jonathan couldn’t hear.

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“Impertinent bitch,” Jonathan muttered.

I liked this! I thought you did a good job setting the scene and introducing the characters.

Voice is good. I need to think about Jonathan. Might want to add a couple more hints as to what

he’s like (to soften him up a little-make the reader like him a little more). I’m not sure it’s

necessary but it’s a thought. so that we can empathize w/him

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Is Teddie a girl? How old is everyone (not sure this is YA)?

Nice job.

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Globiana-

Whenever I run into a story about young people in a band, I assume it will be foolish and juvenile. Here, you're broken the mold. I really like the characterization of the band members and the new player.

You've initiated a wonderful tension, man/woman, band leader/newcomer. It will prove to be a rewarding study. I hope it does not devolve into a maudlin happy I-told-you-so story. Human nature is difficult to capture. I hope you're up to it. Good start.

Good luck.

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Jonathan meets Vendetta

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her chest. ~~(The opening sentence describes an anonymous girl. You might want to let the reader in that she's a part of the audition right away.)~~

“Wait’ll you hear this girl. She’s got something special.” Sledge was talking faster than usual. *(More visual. How did he approach the narrator?)*

“Ok.” Jonathan scowled. “Let’s play ‘Your Eyes.’ Do you know it?”

Yeah. She knew it.

She moved right in, just the way Teddie used to. She must have memorized the CD. It was so easy, just like having Teddie there (as long as he didn’t look at her and her stringy hair). The old energy was coming back. Surprising. He hit hard on the melody, she was right there. The pulse was back. Yes. *(new para)* And then she was pulling him.... off beat.... he tugged back. Why couldn’t she hold the beat? She had the attention span of something with a small attention span. They started to stumble over each other in an undignified mess.

“Cut!” ^{ANGRY} Jonathan made an angry distortion on his guitar.

Wrex’s keyboard went silent. “What’s wrong, man?”

“We were moving. Why’d you stop?” Sledge shot a short tantrum on his drums.

“What do you mean, ‘why?’” Jonathan was mad. “The bitch was messing us all up!” The bitch just stood there, looking at Wrex, at Sledge, looking at him.

“Jonnie,” whined Sledge, “I told you she could add something interesting. Give it a chance, will you?”

“I don’t think so.”

“What’s the matter? Afraid to try something new?”

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“I just don’t want to have to fight my musicians, that’s all. It’s about playing together.”

Vendetta (*You might want to let the reader know her name earlier*) was listening to the whole thing, with that awful little grin, like she knew she was going to be Jonathan’s new bass. (*She plays bass. You might want to get that in earlier, too.*)

Jonathan turned to her, trying to feign patience. His lower jaw jutted forward, then back. “We need to build slowly. We gotta get the tension to sneak up. To pull it off, we have to move together like one brain(,) so the listener doesn’t know something’s happening until it’s happened. You have to stay right with me.” He paused. “Can you do that?”

“Yeah. I can do that. Can you do this?” And she fingered the theme (*on the bass?*), then struck a skipping little riff that brought her back to the beat, only off -- off not even half a beat, like a hiccup. Like a stupid hiccup.

“Yeah. That’ll drive you right in a circle. It goes nowhere. We’re wasting each other’s time here.” As he turned away, he thought, “And wipe that smirk off your face. And get a haircut.”

This was one damned irritating woman.

“Come on, man.” It was Sledge’s voice. “She really can get the sound we’ve been looking for. Where are you gonna find somebody that can play like her?”

“We’ll find somebody.”

“By Friday?”

“Sure, by Friday.” (*New para*) Jonathan was determined to do what it took to find somebody, anybody else, by Friday.

“Let’s just give it one more shot,” Sledge suggested. “It’ll only take a few minutes. Maybe we can work this thing out.”

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Vendetta just stood there, looking like she didn't care if they played again or not. But she didn't put down her guitar, either.

"All right." Jonathan glanced at her. "You want to?"

She shrugged her shoulders and moved her left hand along the frets, noiselessly.

"Ok. Same song. Now follow me."

Great
And again they were into it. The piece throbbed along. She stayed with them. As they reached the end of the song, Jonathan was sweating, his heart was pounding, and he was panting to the beat. She was good, dammit. He tried to act casual. He slid his right hand into the front pocket of his jeans, shifted his weight to his left foot, and thrust his left hip out. His left hand was strangling the neck of his guitar. *(Try to figure a way to let the reader know that the song ended, and then, he began to act cool.)*

"If we let you play Friday, can we count on you to stay with us?"

"Yes."

"You won't mess around?"

"No."

"Ok."

She walked away. He called after her: "Nine-thirty sharp. The Cantab. Be familiar with what Sledge gives you."

She didn't turn around. She raised her hand. She kept walking, snapping her fingers to some beat Jonathan couldn't hear.

"Impertinent bitch," he muttered.

YOUNG ADULT (NO TITLE): BY GLOBIANA

Good internal tension. Story has real potential.

Summary: Jonathan, a rock musician, encounters a woman who challenges his notions about what it means to be a man. As a result, both experience insights that change their lives.

Jonathan meets Vendetta

Right away, he didn't like her. In the first place, she looked all wrong. She was way too small, and she didn't have any shape at all, hardly. Her hair was brown and thin, too long. He wondered why she didn't do something with it -- cut it, maybe, or at least fluff it up a little.

And she had this annoying left-of-center smile, like she knew something he didn't. Or like she knew some secret about him.

Where had Sledge dug her up, anyway?

Jonathan slung his guitar strap over his shoulder and across his back, twisted to catch it, and fastened the free end to the bottom of his guitar. He carefully stepped among the mike stands, speakers, monitors, and cables, and plugged into the amp. The others had finished checking their instruments and equipment. Wrex fiddled with his keyboards; Sledge arranged his sticks and settled into position among his drums. The girl Sledge had brought to audition looked around the cramped rehearsal space. Her guitar, already tethered to the amp, hung free against her chest.

"Wait'll you hear this girl. She's got something special." Sledge was talking faster than usual.

Redundant

some x2

How so?

Combine the.

Choose one.

stronger verb

JULIE

YOUNG ADULT (NO TITLE): BY GLOBIANA

"Ok." Jonathan scowled. "Let's play 'Your Eyes.' Do you know it?" *he asked her directly.*
~~Yeah. She knew it.~~ *She nodded confidently.*

She moved right in, just the way Teddie used to. She must have memorized the CD. It was so easy, just like having Teddie there ~~(as long as he didn't look at her and her stringy hair)~~. The old energy was coming back. Surprising. He hit hard on the melody, she was right there. The pulse was back. Yes. And then she was pulling him.... off beat.... he tugged back. Why couldn't she hold the beat? She had the attention span of ~~something with a small attention span.~~ *a goat* They started to stumble over each other in an undignified mess.

"Cut!" Jonathan made an angry distortion on his guitar.

Wrex's keyboard went silent. "What's wrong, man?"

"We were moving. Why'd you stop?" Sledge ~~shot~~ a short tantrum on his drums. *verb choice?*

girl "What do you mean, 'why?'" Jonathan was mad. "The bitch was messing us all up!" The ~~bitch~~ just stood there, looking at Wrex, at Sledge, looking at him. *Does Vendetta react to Jonathan's outrage?*

"Jonnie," whined Sledge, "I told you she could add something interesting. Give it a chance, will you?"

"I don't think so."

"What's the matter? Afraid to try something new?"

"I just don't want to have to fight my musicians, that's all. It's about playing together."

Vendetta was listening to the whole thing, with that awful little grin, like she knew she was going to be Jonathan's new bass.

Jonathan turned to her, trying to feign patience. His lower jaw jutted forward, then back.

"We need to build slowly. We gotta get the tension to sneak up. To pull it off, we have to move

YOUNG ADULT (NO TITLE): BY GLOBIANA

together like one brain so the listener doesn't know something's happening until it's happened. You have to stay right with me." He paused. "Can you do that?"

"Yeah. I can do that. Can you do this?" And she fingered the theme, then struck a skipping little riff that brought her back to the beat, only off -- off not even half a beat, like a hiccup. Like a stupid hiccup.

"Yeah. That'll drive you right in a circle. It goes nowhere. We're wasting each other's time here." As he turned away, he thought, "And wipe that smirk off your face. And get a haircut."

This was one damned irritating woman.

"Come on, man," ^{urged} ~~it was~~ Sledge's voice. "She really can get the sound we've been looking for. Where are you gonna find somebody that can play like her?"

"We'll find somebody."

"By Friday?"

"Sure, by Friday," Jonathan was determined to do what it took to find somebody, anybody else, ^{then} by Friday.

"Let's just give it one more shot," Sledge suggested. "It'll only take a few minutes. Maybe we can work this thing out."

Vendetta just stood there, looking like she didn't care if they played again or not. But she didn't put down her guitar, either.

"All right." Jonathan glanced at her. "You want to?"

She shrugged her shoulders and moved her left hand along the frets, noiselessly.

"Ok. Same song. Now follow me."

JULIE

YOUNG ADULT (NO TITLE): BY GLOBIANA

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"If we let you play Friday, can we count on you to stay with us?"

"Yes."

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"No."

"Ok." *she nodded by tipping up her chin.*

She walked away. He called after her: "Nine-thirty sharp. The Cantab. Be familiar with what Sledge gives you."

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*GOOD DESCRIPTION OF MUSICIANS READYING AND PLAYING INSTRUMENTS.
START WITH JONATHAN'S ANTICIPATION/EXCITEMENT/EXPECTATIONS FOR AUDITIONS.
COMPARE VENDETTA TO X# OF OTHER POTENTIAL BANDMATES.
WHAT HAPPENED TO TEDDIE? INJURED TEMPORARILY?
LEFT?
FIRED?
DIED?
HAVE JONATHAN ASK HOW MUCH OF THEIR MUSIC SHE KNOWS SO FAR. WILL SHE BE READY?
WHAT IS THE RELATIONSHIP AMONG JONATHAN, SLEDGE, AND WREX? SHOW US THEIR INTERACTION.*