

The Argument

“No. Fucking. Way.” Nate’s voice echoed through the mostly empty warehouse as the band stared at Amanda and Amanda stared back.

There was no way this was happening. How did *she* find this place?

Mags ground her teeth together, her nose scrunching and her face growing red from anger. She stood from her spot behind the drums and tore the earplugs out of her ears.

“Get out. Right now.”

Amanda cowered. “Wait- wait I can explain-”

“I don’t want to hear your shitty explanations! Leave! Now!”

Amanda didn’t move. “Please Mags, just- just let me explain- please?”

“Yeah Mags, let her explain, maybe we could finally have a hot girl watch us play.” Nate winked at Amanda, who grimaced in response. He let out a hollering laughter at her noticeable discomfort, which was stopped by a firm kick to the back by Ellie.

“As much as I hate him, maybe Nate’s right Mags, just hear her out for a second,” Ellie spoke softly, her voice was always so different from the rage that escaped her when she sang.

Mags scowled. “You have two minutes – explain yourself, Jones.”

“I uh- look I haven’t told anyone about this place – I haven’t I swear. And I’m not planning to. I’ve- I’ve been coming to watch you guys play for...a couple weeks now?” Amanda paused, looking up at the band who was staring down at her. “I normally come in disguise, and a little late to the show so that you guys wouldn’t notice me...I just...you guys sound so amazing, every time I come it’s like an escape from my real life.”

Things were starting to connect in Mags’ mind. A couple weeks, always late...no. It couldn’t be.

“I didn’t have time to get into my outfit. I kind of just...had to leave. You know?” Amanda finished. She should have more to say, but she didn’t have an excuse.

“How long did you say you’ve been coming?” Mags stared down at her, her eyes wide and slightly confused.

“Uhm- a couple weeks?”

Mags couldn’t help but notice the slight redness to Amanda’s face, was it because she was ashamed? Embarrassed? Or....

“This fucking...disguise, of yours. What does it look like?”

Mags was hyper aware of the growing lump in her throat and hole in her stomach. Something about her bandmates watching her made this worse, she knew they were cluing into this as well.

“Some form of baggy jeans, most of which I stole from my boyfriend – well, ex-boyfriend now. Old band tees that I normally wear as sleep shirts...fishnets that I cut into a top like I saw in a TikTok. And then I got a wig. Well, I repurposed a black wig from my old vampire Halloween costume. And the makeup was easy too, another thing I found on TikTok.”

Amanda rambled; she was anxious. Something about standing in their presence made her nervous. Was it the fact all of them were there? Or would she be acting the same way if it was only Mags, whose face had fallen.

She looked like she was about to cry, or scream, or throw something. There were a few beats before she moved again, raising her hand back to point at the door.

“Leave,” she said, an audible choke in her voice. “Tell no one about this place and just- just leave.”

“Mags, please. I can’t go back home.”

“I don’t fucking care, Amanda!” Mags shoved past Nate and hopped off the stage, advancing towards the blonde. The purple-haired drummer towered over her. It was partially her natural height, partially her massive boots that could probably easily crush Amanda’s skull.

Mags stopped less than a foot away from Amanda, glaring down at her. Glaring down at the girl who practically just admitted to being the girl that Mags thought she could be in love with. God, she was so stupid, falling for someone she’d never even talked to, falling for someone who ended up being one of the worst people she’d ever met.

“Leave before I make you.”

“But- but I- this isn’t how I wanted you to find out.”

“Oh fucking boo hoo princess, just be honest, you *never* wanted me to find out. You wanted to sit all high and mighty on your throne all the way back here and look down on us.”

“You’re making things up! I never wanted to do that!”

“Then tell me Amanda, what *did* you want to do? Huh?”

Their faces were inches apart, Amanda could feel a strange warmth growing in her chest. A warmth she felt every time she’d made eye contact with Mags when she was on stage.

Oh.

Oh.

“What I...what I wanted to do was this.”

Amanda spoke softly as she reached up to Mags's face, where she took her cheeks in her hands and pulled her down. Then gently connected her lips with hers.

End.