

1.11 A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the State Fair

Morgan: What. The. Fuck.

Eve: Chill.

Morgan: Are you shitting me? I thought you were going to be cool. We talked about you being cool.

Eve: 1. Sarcasm is my natural state. 2. Uh, we agreed to me being cool about the gay thing, OBVIOUSLY things have taken a turn since that agreement.

Morgan: Oh, I'm sorry, was me walk of shaming it out of your house at 6 in the goddamn morning not evidence enough that I wanted to keep this a secret?

Eve: Don't get pissy at me because your girlfriend got asked out right in front of you.

Morgan: She didn't.

Eve: Uh, sure sounded like it to me—

Morgan: And she's not my girlfriend.

Eve: Not anymore she's not.

Morgan: Also, I have a right to be pissed.

Eve: Why? Because we, two consenting legal adults made a decision and you're mad about it?

Morgan: I'm just frustrated.

Eve: Did I make you uncomfortable?

Morgan: No, it's not that—

Eve: Did any part of your brain want to say no last night?

Morgan: No, it's not about that—

Eve: Do you regret it?

Morgan: Honestly?

Eve: Duh.

Morgan: I...

Eve: You're not going to offend me. This isn't my first rodeo.

Morgan: I don't know how I feel about it.

Eve: And that makes you frustrated.

Morgan: Basically.

Eve: And that's why you're pissy.

Morgan: (sigh) Yes.

Eve: Okay, well let's break this down.

Morgan: I don't really want to.

Eve: You're going to have a lot of these one night stands in college young lady—at least you better.

(Morgan laughs)

Eve: And this is probably the most healthy and communicative morning after talk you're going to get. So enjoy it while it lasts.

Morgan: Does this come with breakfast?

Eve: It would have if you hung out. But alas, here we are. So, you're frustrated because you don't regret the activities.

Morgan: Yeah. I guess.

Eve: So...you feel like you should regret it?

Morgan: I'm confused.

Eve: That's normal.

Morgan: Doesn't mean I have to like it.

Eve: No but...listen, I'm pretty frustrated too.

Morgan: Why are YOU frustrated?

Eve: Because I...also should regret it and...I don't.

Morgan: Oh.

Eve: I just—I don't want you to think I was trying to take advantage of you. I mean not 48 hours ago I was telling you about how you needed someone, and I could be a friend and then...I went and did that.

Morgan: There were two of us you know. It's not like I'm helpless. I made the decision too.

Eve: I know.

Morgan: I just. It's going to sound stupid and probably piss you off but...emotionally...I feel like I...cheated on Abby. Who I know is not my girlfriend and it's not fair of me to use her as an excuse—

Eve: It's valid. I get it. I feel like I twisted your feelings because I've been trying to help you out with all this and I crossed a major line.

Morgan: I—it's just, this is my first—my first...ya know.

Eve: Doing the horizontal tango with scissors?

Morgan: Lovely. It's just like...it's a first time gone wrong.

Eve: Ouch.

Morgan: No! See, this is why I didn't want to talk about it.

Eve: You can't compartmentalize this stuff. Even if you think it'll hurt my feelings, get it out of the Glaad tuperware containers. Just let it out.

Morgan: I just had an idea in my head. And I know it's probably wrong to fantasize in that way with someone I really have no right to think about like that. But...a girl can hope right? I was really just hoping for like...who knows. Not this though. I mean...my first time with a girl, which is supposed to be this big moment for me and my identity...is half drunk after a sweaty day at the state fair? And I sneak out in the morning? It's like a bucket of ice water just right the fuck onto my head.

Eve: I get it. Seriously.

Morgan: And like, the fact that I feel bad telling you this. Like I actually feel bad for feeling bad. I don't want to feel bad. You're actually...you were...I don't regret it.

Eve: Well...that's, nice.

Morgan: You see why it's easier to shove all this into neatly color coded drawers and not look at it?

Eve: And then you'll end up driving yourself insane. I'm just as conflicted about this as you. But...one thing we do agree on...I don't regret it either.

Morgan: So we both feel guilty about it and kind of weird...but we don't regret it.

Eve: No.

Morgan: Cool.

Eve: Great.

Morgan: Awesome...what now?

Eve: Well, there's three ways this can go from here. Number one: we can pretend it didn't happen from here on out, if you want to talk about it we can, but I won't ever bring it up to you, tease you about it, or ever let Abby or fucking Emily know.

Morgan: Okay.

Eve: Number two: We leave this an open channel. We can talk about it, we can do our best to not be weird about. We acknowledge that we're friends who maybe got a little too friendly once, because it happens.

Morgan: Alright.

Eve: And number three: We maybe explore what neither of us regretting it means...? We don't have to jump into anything and the second you want out or I want out, we end it. But, maybe we could do our own Chipotle run, where I pay?

(Long Pause)

Morgan: Why do you get to pay?

Eve: (speaks as if she's been holding her breath) What?

Morgan: Why do you get to pay?

Eve: I—well, because it was my idea.

Morgan: But what if I wanted to take you out on a date.

(Mood getting lighter, smiling, jokes)

Eve: Well then you can pay but Chipotle was my idea. I need to beat that little turd at her vegetarian game. On her home turf.

Morgan: If you're paying can I get guac?

Eve: Does this mean...do you want to...

Morgan: Option number three?

Eve: Yeah.

Morgan: I guess...it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world to see where—stuff—goes.

Eve: That's—really awesome.

Morgan: Yeah, I kind of don't feel like I want to throw up about it.

Eve: You sure know how to charm a girl.

Morgan: But, can we still keep it a secret?

Eve: Yeah. I get it.

Morgan: Cool.

Eve: Cool.