

1.13 Rumor Has It

(Ringing sound)

Emily: Hey, what's up? Did we have a call today?

Abby: No, I just saw you were online.

Emily: Okay. Cool. No, yeah. I just didn't want to forget or something. Been kind of scatterbrained trying to do summer reading.

Abby: Ah.

Emily: And I already sent an email to Lockheart about doing *Honor Girl* as my student's choice book. She says I can't do it because it's a graphic novel but, considering she didn't respond to my impassioned rebuttal on the need for queer coming of age stories...Sorry, I get frazzled. You were calling me.

Abby: (laughing a bit) No, by all means, keep going.

Emily: This must sound so childish to you now, huh?

Abby: I mean, it's literally only been 12 months since I was doing it, so not really.

Emily: Yeah but you can age five years in that time, all things considered. Go through changes, realize things about yourself, I mean I'm sure last year Morgan wasn't—

Abby: Wasn't what?

Emily: Uh, snippy? I mean I don't know her but she's...on edge, you know?

Abby: That's actually why I called you.

Emily: (deflated) To talk about Morgan?

Abby: Well, I mean professionally. Podcast stuff. She has been on edge for like...

Emily: Since the beginning?

Abby: Well yeah. I mean she's always kind of been that way. She supports me on all the weird crap I come up with but there usually isn't the underlying judginess.

Emily: In the form of vitriolic sarcasm and flat out refusal to help?

Abby: She's not that bad. Yet. I think she's just kind of distracted.

Emily: (mumbles) I'll say...

Abby: I mean college is a big deal, and I know I've kind of dominated conversations with her about school and made her read my personal essay for the Journalistic Society chapter like three times but...things got kind of awkward right?

Emily: If you wanted to apply an understatement to it, yes, that would be the one I'd go with.

(Abby sighs)

Abby: Do you think Eve has anything to do with it?

Emily: I mean, she's always an instigator.

Abby: She was weird too though.

Emily: She was very Team Morgan yesterday and those two always seemed like frenemies at best.

Abby: Which makes me even more confused because they have absolutely nothing in common.

(Awkward silence)

Abby: I swear going through weird emotional rollercoasters with your best friend is worse than an actual relationship. Well, not that I have a basis for comparison, but.

Emily: Best friends can be as close as significant others sometimes, just minus the intensity of feelings. 'Love is friendship set on fire' as they say. So on, so on...

Abby: Well I feel like a tool for being the annoying, jealous best friend. We talked about needing to prepare for this in college. We were both going to get new friends and probably talk less. I just didn't expect it to happen right now, with someone who isn't in college.

Emily: If it really bothers you that much there is something we could do to make you feel better.

Abby: Does it involve gorging myself in burritos and breaking into my dad's Bud Light stash?

Emily: Okay, I'm going to need you to love yourself a little bit and not drink Bud Light.

Abby: Since when are you a beer snob?

Emily: Don't need to be a snob to know Bud Light is crap. And, minus the Bud, we can certainly do that. But I had something else in mind.

Abby: Go on.

Emily: A movie? Just you and me?

Abby: How's that going to help?

Emily: Well, Morgan and Eve have gone off to frolic and get up to shenanigans. Why don't we do the same?

Abby: Isn't there a saying about how an eye for an eye is bad?

Emily: We're not keying their car Thelma and Louise style. I mean (somewhat mumbling) we could go for the whole...you know...Thelma and Louise vibe...

Abby: Huh?

Emily: Nothing just, you know, freedom, no cares, yada, yada.

Abby: Hmm, well I could clear my schedule.

Emily: Gee thanks.

Abby: Can we get beer at the movie theatre?

Emily: Probably not, but considering it's a time honored lesbian stereotype we could sneak it in.

Abby: But I thought you were pan? And I'm...well, available?

Emily: Available?

Abby: Well, I know what I'm not at least. Ya know?

Emily: Nothing wrong with that. But Thelma and Louise is a pretty fun vibe...

Abby: Fine, for a day we'll pretend.

Emily: Right.

Abby: Do I get to pick the movie?

Emily: Since you're the one having the bad day, sure.

Abby: It's not a bad day, it's just...frustrated.

Emily: Morgan's your friend, whatever's bothering her, she'll tell you. Just get a little mindless. We'll have a nice fun date and—well, a nice fun, gathering—of us.

Abby: (snickering) Right. (tone change) You don't have any like, guesses, about Morgan, do you?

Emily: Guesses?

Abby: I just feel like there's something I'm missing or like I missed her saying something important? It just weirdly feels like everyone else knows something. Like getting chills.

Emily: I, uh...No. We never really talk one on one. Eve would never tell me either, if she does know.

Abby: Okay. Brainless movie time.

Emily: Great.