

1.02: Cowboys and Indians Scooby Gang

Abby: Fuck you guys.

Eve: I'm sorry that I don't buy this hokey crap.

Morgan: And I'm sorry I don't buy into your sensationalizing a—possibly dead—girl's life.

Emily: We're just trying to get a voiceless person heard.

Eve: 1: seriously, who are you? Erin? Emilia? Erica? 2: White man's burden much?

Emily: Chill Elizabeth. How did you even get Eve out of that?

Eve: Wow the historian is a regular Anonymous hacker with her hard-hitting information.

Abby: CHILL. Please. We got through an episode, let's just—take a breather.

Eve: Yeah, you take a minute frosh.

Emily: Again, I'm a junior.

Abby: What did you think Morgan? Really?

Morgan: Don't ask questions you don't want to know the answer to.

Abby: Be serious, please.

Morgan: Listen, I just think we could tone down the Twilight Zone factor a little bit is all. You said you wanted to talk about this and I agreed because, yeah, it's shitty how everyone's more interested in Larry the goddamn alpaca dying two weeks before the State Fair but we don't need to work so hard to grab peoples' attention.

Abby: I know. I'm just nervous you know? I mean, you know how I get with this stuff.

Morgan: Considering you made me memorize and mouth your speech to you last year in Speech Comp, I know public speaking isn't your forte. Which brings me to my next question: Why this way? You've always been an amazing writer.

Eve: (cough) Kiss ass.

Morgan: I'm not kissing ass. You and I both know you're a good writer.

Eve: How she backpedals.

Morgan: Shut up for three seconds you tapeworm--

Eve: Tapeworm?

Morgan: You're a writer. That's how you get your voice heard.

Eve: (testing it out) Tapeworm...

Morgan: The piece you did on the need for a girls flag football team at school was insane. So why this?

Abby: Because people don't want to read anymore. It sucks, and I hate it. Believe me, I shudder at the sound of my own voice and hate that I feel more like a YouTuber than someone bringing real news, but if this is what it takes to get our voices heard, then we're doing it.

Morgan: To get *Rose's* voice heard.

Abby: Yes.

Morgan: (pause) Well then I'm in. For as long as you need me.

Eve: Okay, now you're just setting me up for these.

Emily: I'm with you too Abby.

Eve: Speaking of kiss assess. Chill Enrique, these two are reaffirming their BFF-itude. How the sparks just fly between them. The blazing, sensual heat...of painful platonicism.

Morgan: Not an actual word—

Eve: Shakespeare invented words all the time—

Morgan: And I will literally beat you with a club—

Eve: Did you know he invented elbow? And eyeball? And foul play?

Emily: That last one was two words.

Eve: Thanks, Eggplant.

Emily: Eggplant?

Abby: So business done, while we wait for a hit count...who's got anything fun planned.

Eve: Are we in an elevator?

Emily: Why do you do that?

Eve: Socratic method. And I've got a lovely shindig this evening.

Emily: That you won't invite anyone to.

Eve: Well it's queer folk only.

Emily: And what am I? A queer mouse?

Eve: Queer? No. Mouse? Yes.

Emily: I'm pan, you dick.

Eve: Really?

Emily: Yes.

Eve: But are you really?

Emily: YES! And if you say "prove it" I swear to god.

Morgan: Eve just doesn't like not being the only queer minority in any given group.

Eve: Oh I know I'm not, that's why I invited you Morg.

Morgan: Har, har. Shut the fuck up.

Eve: Why? It's not like your oblivious lady love to-be is even listening.

Morgan: I swear to fucking—

Eve: She is not even paying attention. See, watch. Hey Abby.

(Nothing)

Eve: Yo Absters.

(Nothing)

Eve: Yo, we got an iTunes review.

Abby: Really?

Eve: And there it is. It's like playing Never-Have-I-Ever with a Chihuahua. Secrets are safe.

Abby: (broken up, rambling) Sorry, wasn't listening, gmail, got an email about fall enrollment, whole thing. ...Anyway, to answer my own question I picked my arrival day for school.

Morgan: I didn't do that yet.

Eve: I show up when I want.

Emily: You guys are so lucky you get to leave after summer.

Eve: Earlobe, grown-ups are talking.

Emily: Really? That one was just rude.

Eve: Only for you, babe.

Abby: Oh, by the way Morgan. There's this guy from the tennis team that has been asking me for your number for weeks.

Morgan: Oh.

Abby: Please don't hate me when I say I gave it to him? He's nice, I think you'd like him. He hoards books like you, secretly, also like you.

Morgan: Oh. Awesome.

Eve: Yeah, I don't think he's going to be her type.

Abby: I've known her since kindergarten. I've been there for every crush, I think I've got it covered Eve.

Eve: Well then you'd know she's going to be too busy trying out for the softball team this summer.

Morgan: Seriously?

Abby: (taking it literally) Softball team?

Emily: What Elizabeth is TRYING to say is she should keep other people's' business to herself.

Morgan: Uh, thanks?

Emily: No problem.

Abby: Uh. Sorry I didn't know you were...doing softball? You always liked cheer competitions more than cheering at games so...

Morgan: It's—just—nevermind.

Eve: Invitation stands, Morg.

Morgan: Fuck off.

Emily: Still here, still queer.

Eve: Cute.