

## 1.22 Reality

**Abby:** Hey.

**Morgan:** Hi.

(awkward pause)

**Morgan:** How's your day?

**Abby:** Good. Fine. Great. How's yours?

**Morgan:** Uh, good.

**Abby:** What's um, what's up?

**Morgan:** I just, wanted to talk to you about something. If you're free.

**Abby:** Yeah, shoot, no problem. What's up?

**Morgan:** It's not podcast stuff.

**Abby:** Since when do we only talk about podcast stuff?

**Morgan:** Well, we don't I just—I know that's been on your mind recently, a lot.

**Abby:** It's not 24/7.

**Morgan:** No, I just—I didn't want to catch you in the middle of working on podcast stuff and have that on the brain or something.

**Abby:** It's not like I'm super absorbed in it constantly that I wouldn't notice things in my day-to-day life. I'm not self obsessed.

**Morgan:** Uh...

**Abby:** Sorry. I'm just, stressed, a little, I guess. I don't even have the right to be either, so that is just stressing me more.

**Morgan:** Well, I can call back later.

**Abby:** No, come on. We never talk anymore.

**Morgan:** I'm not sure what I want to talk about is going to help with your stress levels.

**Abby:** I could use a distraction.

**Morgan:** Well, okay. Band aid time. I....like girls.

(pause)

**Abby:** Not the distraction I was hoping for.

**Morgan:** What?

**Abby:** No! I didn't mean it that way. That came out totally wrong.

**Morgan:** Uh, well....

**Abby:** That's—awesome! I'm excited for you, that's great.

**Morgan:** Yeah the factory processed enthusiasm is really selling it.

**Abby:** Honestly, I think it's great.

**Morgan:** You do?

**Abby:** Yes. It's awesome.

**Morgan:** You're 100% okay with it?

**Abby:** Duh, yeah.

(pause)

**Morgan:** You already knew, didn't you?

**Abby:** What?

**Morgan:** When that girl who sat at our lunch table in 10<sup>th</sup> grade came out you had a whole speech written down to tell her how proud you were of her. So either this is secretly monumentally bothering you or you already knew. I'm hoping it's the second one.

**Abby:** I...may have known.

**Morgan:** Who told you? Eve? Emily?

**Abby:** Neither, but while we're on the topic why was I the only one who didn't know?

**Morgan:** My parents don't know.

**Abby:** Oh great, lump me in with Cheryl and Craig. The same people you had me help hide your first kiss from.

**Morgan:** I'm just saying, you're not the last to know. You're actually one of the first.

**Abby:** But not the first.

**Morgan:** Is that a huge issue?

**Abby:** A little, honestly. I was going to lie and brush it aside for later conversations but it's been eating at me for 24 hours that you not only didn't tell me, but apparently actively kept it from me?

**Morgan:** If you knew all of it, you'd know why.

**Abby:** I do know why.

**Morgan:** No, you don't—

**Abby:** I know it's because you think you like me.

(pause)

**Abby:** Somehow I'm totally numb to that part at the moment, it's not even fazing me. What's got me so freaked is that the biggest rock in my life is suddenly, just...gone.

**Morgan:** What do you mean?

**Abby:** You're the one person who's always been constant, the only person ever just right there, right when I needed you. And that's what was going to get me through these first few months at college—

**Morgan:** You've got your 80 clubs—

**Abby:** I'm only doing them to distract myself from the fact that I wouldn't have you. I've been obsessing over college because if I don't and keep it all inside I'll just end up blowing up and crying. And now I don't even have you.

**Morgan:** It's not like you lost me at all.

**Abby:** But I did! My best friend didn't feel comfortable enough with me to tell me how she felt. You'd rather make yourself miserable than risk being honest with me. That fucking hurts. You're gone already, like emotionally checked out of talking to me. I had to find out through other people.

**Morgan:** So you're pissed I didn't come running to you the second I had questions about myself?

**Abby:** We both know this is way past 'questions.' And, yeah, I know how it sounds, and it makes me feel so guilty because it's like why am I entitled to this? But I just am. It's just how I feel.

**Morgan:** How does me coming out end up being about you?

**Abby:** It's not about me.

**Morgan:** But it is. Like thanks for being a normal, decent person and being okay with me being—whatever I end up being. But your biggest focus is how it makes you feel? You just said yourself I was miserable and you're pissed because it makes you feel guilty.

**Abby:** That's not what I'm saying.

**Morgan:** It is though. I was terrified you were going to hate me for ruining our friendship but you're actually just mad that for once something with me wasn't about you.

**Abby:** Don't put words in my mouth.

**Morgan:** What else is it then? Please, list your grievances with how I chose to handle my feelings.

**Abby:** Well we can start with your fuck buddy.

**Morgan:** Oh Jesus Christ.

**Abby:** Because I'm sure that was a healthy outlet.

**Morgan:** It was, actually. Eve was super helpful, she still is.

**Abby:** You over your feelings for me then, is it all about her?

**Morgan:** What are you, jealous?

**Abby:** Don't even go there.

**Morgan:** Eve has been an awesome friend to me—

**Abby:** With benefits.

**Morgan:** If that's what you want to focus on then sure.

**Abby:** I don't get it, you hated her.

**Morgan:** She was new and acted like a dick but she's actually a person under it all and offered to help me.

**Abby:** Great. Cool. Anything else we want to get out on the table?

**Morgan:** Do you see me freaking out because you've been spending time with Emily? No.

**Abby:** So not the same thing.

**Morgan:** Isn't it though? She's got a huge crush on you.

**Abby:** That's between me and her.

**Morgan:** Well be sure to keep a detailed journal of every thought and feeling you have because apparently we have to turn them into each other at the end of the month for evaluation.

**Abby:** Knock it off.

**Morgan:** Oh, and for the record, since you and your gal pal felt like being bumps on a log making goo goo eyes at each other instead of doing something: Eve and I went to the police with the stuff.

**Abby:** What?

**Morgan:** Yeah, we decided you getting pissed was a little less important than a girl's life.

**Abby:** It wasn't just your information to share.

**Morgan:** And you weren't *entitled* to keep it a secret! You don't own all the information in life Abby. I know you just really want to get internet famous and get invited to VidCon and jumpstart that precious career but this is a girl's life we're talking about. A human being! Someone had to do something.

**Abby:** Good to know you and Eve are partners in crime in every aspect.

**Morgan:** Sure. Whatever.

**Abby:** So glad this talk went well.

**Morgan:** Same.