

1.24 Search and Rescue

(general crowd murmur sounds)

Abby: What's up guys! It's Abby, obviously, and as promised we're coming to you from the latest volunteer search for Rose Chavez based on information the police recently received.

Eve: (coughing) Our information.

Abby: Anyway this is going to be kind of a choppy broadcast so stay with us. We've paired off into teams—

Eve: Guess who's with who.

Abby: And each pair has a mic in case we get separated during the search, this way we can bring you the most extensive coverage. Right now we're waiting to be sorted into specific groups and then given a general cardinal direction to radiate out from.

(more murmurs)

Abby: Eve and Morgan are in the group moving southwest from the start point.

Eve: Adios suckers.

Abby: And Emily and I are moving straight south. You can easily switch between our feeds to keep updated. Thanks for listening everyone and wish us luck!

(some kind of sound to denote switching between feeds [mechanical clicking?]; quieter crowd murmur)

Eve: Somehow I thought this would be more exciting. Not that I want it to get like, bad exciting. Just—the desert really does look the same no matter where you look.

Morgan: Well maybe that'll make spotting her easier.

Eve: Right. How are you doing?

Morgan: Trying to focus on finding her.

Eve: We can multitask. How are you?

Morgan: Pissed. Which is weird because that's not at all how I expected to feel after she found out.

Eve: Well, it's better than the gnawing guilt—

Morgan: Except for the part where I have to go to college in less than a month and have absolutely no way to feel better about it.

Eve: Well, you weren't going to the same school anyway. Think of it like her being on vacation. The absence is bound to make the heart grow fonder, right?

Morgan: Or she just festers in her own self-serving jealousy.

Eve: Harsh.

Morgan: And snuggles up more to Emily.

Eve: Emily isn't even going to a school. If Abby couldn't even make time to figure out her best friend was going through some emotional upheaval while at home during the summer, I doubt she'd manage time for a long distance relationship her first semester of college...probably.

Morgan: Real helpful. Is that how you're making yourself feel better about it?

Eve: You can you stop trying to push it onto me?

Morgan: You're right, you know deep down why you're bothered by Emily giving Abby constant heart eyes.

Eve: This sounds ironic coming from me, but somehow I don't think this is good 'in-the-field-search-and-rescue' talk.

Morgan: They basically already know anyway, might as well give them more fuel for the mailbag segment.

(feed switching sound)

Emily: So...not to distract from the task at hand, but are you doing okay? You seem a little—well—way stressed.

Abby: It's a stressful situation.

Emily: I get that but—you can talk to me you know. Unload a little, I'm a third party.

Abby: Yeah, well not really.

Emily: What do you mean?

Abby: Nothing. Just—we're all too close to the situation.

Emily: Well I'm sorry that it's a 'situation.' Confessions between friends are supposed to be like some kind of heartfelt Lifetime movie moment where you're better for the experience.

Abby: Yeah, well...

Emily: We can at least try and enjoy your last couple of weeks before school? Movies? Chipotle? We can ignore that stuff I said before...it happened. You need a friend.

Abby: I'd like that, I think. It'd be a nice distraction. And, we might...not have to totally...ignore the stuff you said before.

Emily: Wait, really?

Abby: Well, we can talk after this stuff.

Emily: Right. Podcast. Find Rose. We're on it.

Abby: We've crossed down into a gorge guys, we'll let you know if anything comes up.

(feed change sound)

Eve: I am going to miss you, you know.

Morgan: We can Netflix from school just maybe no chill.

Eve: It does suck we can't properly college party together.

Morgan: Well there's a spot on my dorm floor with your name on it. And I'm sure you'll have some crazy end of the semester bash.

Eve: I do have a reputation to maintain.

(pause)

Eve: Promise me you won't let all this crap get you down too much? College is experimentation and fun times. Figure out what kind of ladies you're into, if you've still got an unfortunate attraction to the dumber sex. Maybe you'll even get some dancing skills.

Morgan: Fuck off.

Eve: But I want to hear all about it. All the hook ups and walks of shame and every time someone had to hold your hair back over a toilet.

Morgan: Trust me, you'll probably be the only person I want to know about it.

Eve: An honor. I also volunteer myself as your 'call-with-a-fake-emergency-to-save-you-from-a-bad-date' person. We all need one of those.

(pause)

Morgan: If we don't find something about this poor girl before school it's going to bug me for months.

Eve: Well, it's going to bug a lot of people. I know crap like this can happen in the desert but it sucks so bad and we can't even find a trace of her.

Morgan: I know Abby wants to find out some weird big Laura Palmer conspiracy but...

Eve: I don't care how weird or not weird it is as long as we find something.

Morgan: Yeah...

(feed change sound)

Abby: We've been looking for a while now, nothing yet.

Emily: The path we're heading down would lead us straight to Weaver's Needle, so we have to be on the right track.

Abby: There's some people out here with metal detectors, which is a little distasteful.

Emily: Though it would be the story of the century if she found the mine and was using it for shelter this whole time.

Abby: There's your made-for-tv movie.

Emily: Hey, do you see that?

Abby: What?

Emily: Over by that one rock.

Abby: There are like 8 thousand rocks out here.

Emily: The one with the big crack, to the left.

Abby: Yeah.

Emily: Is that...it looks like something purple.

Abby: That's weird....we're going to take a look guys.

(crowd sounds die down)

Abby: There's something that looks like it might be clothes? Off to the side. We're way off any trail now, for the record, so if there is something out here it wouldn't be surprising that it was missed by other searchers.

Emily: It looks like....

(scream) [echos?.. Then end]