

1.03 The Closet

(Sound of voice call phone ring)

(Phone rings until call disconnects, phone begins ringing again)

Morgan: Oh my god, what do you want?

Eve: I figured the ringing phone was an obvious one. Hi, how are you?

Morgan: Hoping I'd get a solid 24 hours away from you.

Eve: (like the song) I'm just knock-knock-knocking on the closet's door.

Morgan: What?

Eve: I'm the out phone line, calling for you.

Morgan: Not this again.

Eve: Don't act as if I'm not 500% on the money here.

Morgan: I'm going to uninstall this stupid call software from my computer—

Eve: And risk hurting your girlfriend's feelings?

(No response)

Eve: Nothing?

Morgan: If I say 'she's not my girlfriend' I play into a cliché. If I don't then you tell me I didn't deny it.

Eve: Well you didn't.

Morgan: Is there something you need? Seriously?

Eve: You know you can hang up at any time? I'm not the only person in this group that can push buttons.

Morgan: Believe me, I ask myself constantly why she asked you on here with your base level computer skills.

Eve: iTunes feeds are trickier than you think. But, that doesn't answer my question.

Morgan: I didn't hear one.

Eve: Implied question. Why not just hang up on me?

Morgan: Because you'll call back.

Eve: I think it's because you actually want to talk to me.

Morgan: HA. Okay.

Eve: You want to talk to me because you want me to ask.

Morgan: Ask what?

Eve: You're not going to admit it without prompting so you want me to bug it out of you.

Morgan: Um, you called me?

Eve: And we're still talking.

Morgan: Are we though? Is this really talking?

Eve: It can be. You know it's safe with me right?

Morgan: Okay seriously, are we talking about the One Ring here, or...?

Eve: How long did it take you to realize you like girls?

(long pause)

Eve: And suddenly we're not talking.

Morgan: Eve...

Eve: It's okay, seriously. You can talk about it.

Morgan: So you can blackmail me?

Eve: First of all, I know you're a slightly above average cheerleader—

Morgan: Bitch.

Eve: --But that doesn't mean you've got some world renowned reputation to protect. High school is over, M. Second, I wasn't inviting you to my party just to mess with you, I'm serious.

Morgan: What part of that was serious?

Eve: The part where you need some kind of outlet before you blow rainbows out of your ears.

Morgan: We all get it, okay? You can stop talking about rainbows.

Eve: But I haven't even started on my list of snapback puns.

Morgan: And you wonder why I don't think you're serious?

Eve: It's Abby right? I've seen the heart eyes in study hall.

Morgan: Can we just leave it? Please? I'm not up for your weird psychological torture.

Eve: Again, this is me trying to help.

Morgan: How? Honestly how? All you've done for like 5 minutes is crack jokes and act cool about being cryptic. Crushing on your best friend isn't a fun Lifetime movie, it really, really sucks.

Eve: I know I'm not the most—sensitive person, okay? I get that. The only reason I tease in front of her is because she would miss her own nose falling off her face.

Morgan: She's focused.

Eve: On the wrong thing. Podcast, college, podcast, college.

Morgan: Yeah, we're all busy.

Eve: And by my calculations 2 of the 3 remaining people involved noticed, immediately. The elf is annoying but clearly not blind.

Morgan: Is there a point to this? She asks for the fifth time.

Eve: A few actually. One of them being, don't be afraid to be you. I won't let any bad shit happen to you. I'll be your gay guru—

Morgan: I don't even know if I'm gay.

Eve: Queer guru then. Lady loving guru. Girl on girl guru.

Morgan: I get it.

Eve: The other big-ticket item here is that your feelings aren't your fault. Don't do the cliché 'I feel so guilty for ruining our friendship' thing. You didn't wake up and say 'Hey I want to ruin my mental health today by realizing I want my best friend.'

Morgan: Yeah well, it's a little more complicated than that.

Eve: Why? Because she's also a girl?

Morgan: You know how straight girls get when a girl crushes on them.

Eve: Do you know she's straight?

Morgan: I've known her since kindergarten.

Eve: And she's known you, yet here we are.

Morgan: Whatever.

Eve: It's Friday night, okay? You can waste your time like Abby, tracking hit counts for the past 48 hours and staring at old news reels of Rose Chavez that will make you want to cry, or you can come blow off some steam.

Morgan: And what happens when somebody recognizes me.

Eve: They say 'cool, she's here.' The jocks don't exactly frequent these things, remember? And I will remind you: high school is over.

Morgan: I don't know.

Eve: What are you scared of? Really?

Morgan: It's just...a change.

Eve: Do you know why people have those dreams where they're in their underwear?

Morgan: I know what self consciousness and anxiety is, thanks.

Eve: It's because there's nothing more painful than being yourself in front of the wrong people.

(pause)

Eve: No one at this party is going to look at you different. We've all been there.

Morgan: And if Abby finds out?

Eve: Then we get the ball rolling.

Morgan: Not exactly what I had in mind.

Eve: Okay look, I will personally make it my mission to keep her from finding out before you're ready. These parties are invite only for a reason. Unless Abby just also happens to be wandering by the Mammoth Canal tonight at 11, I think we're good.

Morgan: Knowing her it's a possibility.

Eve: Please? Just relax a little. It's Friday night. You're 18. Cut the cord and have some fun.

Morgan: I'm not sure how much fun I'm going to have with you.

Eve: I'm actually a lovely person.

Morgan: Fine. Text me the address.

Eve: There are no addresses. Only locations.

Morgan: I'm regretting this already.