

## 1.10 Secondhand Embarrassment

(Ringing sound)

**Emily:** Hey.

**Abby:** Hey! Sorry, called a little earlier than I said I would.

**Emily:** It's totally cool.

**Abby:** I just wanted to talk some stuff out with you before we brought everyone else on.

**Emily:** Oh...cool.

**Abby:** Plus I bet Morgan overslept. She went to the state fair yesterday. She's the queen of sleeping through alarms.

**Emily:** Gotcha.

**Abby:** So anyway. One thing I kinda wanted to talk about before everyone else got here is some of the interview content.

**Emily:** Oh?

**Abby:** Well...don't get me wrong, Morgan is my best friend and I love her. But I can just feel the pissiness coming off her. It's making it kind of hard to run things by her, to be honest. So I wanted like a tester audience.

**Emily:** Sounds good.

**Abby:** And—between you and me—I trust you more than them. Which I want to punch myself for saying because Morgan is my best friend...

**Emily:** Friends don't always make good coworkers. Like with roommates. It happens. My lips are zipped.

**Abby:** Thanks, seriously. But anyway, this next interview we're putting out.

**Emily:** The one I did with the soccer player.

**Abby:** Yeah. I don't want to be *that* person or anything, but...I think it sounds kind of...prying? I mean, your questions were solid, I just get a little...I don't know.

**Emily:** No, it's cool! Lay it on me. I thought it was really intense but in like a cool journalistic way. Like 60 Minutes or something...

**Abby:** I just hear this voice in my head sometimes—honestly it sounds like Morgan—and it tells me to back off but we get some really good info—

**Emily:** I mean, I thought it went well. The questions felt good and Teresa seemed really into it. It's not like she was holding back.

**Abby:** It's just we're starting to generate some hits and I'm afraid of being too...

**Emily:** Don't use the S word.

**Abby:** It's like a journalist's number one fear. The real, true journalists, anyway. You want the news and the facts but you don't want to turn it into a sideshow.

**Emily:** It's not, seriously. It's probably the best interview we've had yet.

**Abby:** Good because I called her like 8 times to get her to finally agree to do it with you.

**Emily:** Well, I hope it paid off. Or will pay off..

**Abby:** Yeah, I mean. So we know she was in Tortilla Flats because she had some kind of contact there. Teresa called them a 'friend' but that's a super umbrella term.

**Emily:** Considering the population there is six, it was pretty easy to narrow down based on Teresa's descriptions. I think Max Detweiler is our guy. He's the only one who fits the type.

**Abby:** Do you think we should use his name on the podcast?

**Emily:** Well that's what we're for right? The police don't know about this guy and if he knows something about Rose we have to share it. Teresa seemed really nervous about him.

**Abby:** Which makes me nervous for us.

**Emily:** Well, there's a reason reporters wear bulletproof vests.

**Abby:** In warzones, not their own backyard.

**Emily:** It will be okay, minus our names and school district, we're basically anonymous.

**Abby:** If you say so...

**Emily:** Listen, it will be fine. If you want I can sleep over at your house for the next week.

(Abby laughs)

**Abby:** My hero. We might not need to go that far. I could settle for maybe a few meals together though, in a highly public place. With security cameras. In daylight.

**Emily:** What a way to convince me.

**Abby:** Seriously though, it might be nice to—

**Emily:** I'm getting an incoming call sound. From my favorite person in the world.

**Eve:** Hello my fellow Americans.

**Emily:** Joy.

**Abby:** Morgan's still not on yet?

**Emily:** Doesn't look like it.

**Abby:** Eve have you heard from her at all?

**Eve:** NO.

**Emily:** Blow out the speakers, please, by all means.

**Eve:** Sorry, I-uh-kicked my chair.

**Abby:** Hmm, I haven't heard from her since yesterday.

**Eve:** Me neither. Not a word. Weird right?

**Emily:** She went to the state fair right? Who'd she go with.

**Abby:** Didn't say. I hope she made it home...

**Eve:** She did—I mean. She probably did. She uses Uber like it's her job. She probably got back. In her own bed. And no one else's.

**Emily:** Okay who did you kill last night and where is the body?

**Eve:** Huh?

**Emily:** You're acting weird.

**Eve:** I think I had a bad drink or something. I was at a party.

**Abby:** You're okay right? No one spiked anything? You should really, really go to the—

**Eve:** No, it's nothing like that. I just get weird sometimes with, uh, absinthe.

**Emily:** Someone brought absinthe??

**Eve:** My friends have exotic tastes but I wouldn't expect a toddler to understand that.

**Abby:** Are you sure you're okay?

**Eve:** I'm grand. Can we get this show on the road?

**Abby:** We have to wait for Morgan.

(Incoming call sound)

**Emily:** Speak of the devil.

**Morgan:** Hey.

**Abby:** Hey, you're okay right?

**Morgan:** Uh yeah. Why wouldn't I be?

**Abby:** I just hadn't heard from you in a while. I got a little nervous.

**Morgan:** Good practice for when the semester starts then. Should I call you every 5 minutes, mom?

**Emily:** Ooookaay, everyone is very grumpy this morning. Let's make this quick. Morgan, Eve, what do you have for us?

(Both Morgan and Eve go to talk at the same time then abruptly stop talking)

**Emily:** This is going so well.

**Abby:** Seriously, what is with you two?

**Eve:** Told you, weird drink.

**Morgan:** I'm just tired.

**Abby:** I've seen you just tired.

**Morgan:** Well maybe this is the college version.

**Emily:** Okay Weird and Weirder, I'm going to go. In the interview we just put up, Teresa mentioned Rose had a 'friend' in Tortilla Flats. I searched all 6 residents and found a Max Detweiler who fits the description pretty closely and he's a known internet conspiracy theorist. I'm thinking he might have given Rose what he thought were clues. But there's something weird about it.

**Abby:** What do you mean weird?

**Emily:** Honestly? I think some kind of blackmail was involved.

**Abby:** Blackmail?

**Emily:** Behavioral patterns seem to indicate—in all honesty—like she was under some kind of stressful relationship.

**Abby:** Like...(hesitant) abuse?

**Emily:** I don't know. Based on what everyone has been telling us she seemed to have been depressed and threw herself into these hikes. Anything could be a factor. But something was causing her some serious stress.

**Abby:** Morgan?

**Morgan:** No idea.

**Abby:** Great. Thanks. Eve, however uncharacteristically quiet, what do you think?

**Eve:** I'm just the tech girl.

**Abby:** Right. Well, Emily this is interesting. But is it concrete enough to put in our next update?

**Emily:** I mean, we could objectively state that her behavior was erratic, which is evident from the interview. We could name this guy as a contact, and see what happens.

**Abby:** We just have to tread careful here. This guy makes me kinda freaked out.

**Emily:** Like I said, I'll protect you with my plastic Chipotle fork.

**Abby:** The day you get me into a Tex Mex place is the day I actually do die.

**Emily:** Umm. It's not Tex Mex. It's Chipotle. We've been over this.

**Abby:** Yeah, yeah.

**Emily:** It's public, it has cameras, and we can go in the daylight.

**Abby:** You do strike a hard bargain. And NOBODY ELSE seems interested in helping right now...so, dinner sounds good.

**Emily:** Great! It's a date—well, you know what I mean.

**Morgan:** Wait, what's going on?

**Abby:** Just show up for the next podcast. A little more awake next time. You too Eve.

**Eve:** I have the reflexes of a panther.

**Abby:** Since you two are so into this, why don't you put your 50% interest together, make 100% and do something productive before then.

**Eve:** Productivity is probably not the issue.

**Abby:** Whatever. Just be ready next week.