

## 1.15 Third Wheel

**Eve:** Let's get this over with.

**Emily:** My thoughts exactly.

**Eve:** Good, so we already agree we hate each other. What's next on the this-is-our-get-along-shirt list?

**Emily:** Apologies? Maybe?

**Eve:** Great, what are you sorry for?

**Emily:** Absolutely nothing.

**Eve:** Well we agree on that too, because I've got nothing either.

**Emily:** Seriously? Do you even hear how you talk to me every day?

**Eve:** Yes, I was there.

**Emily:** And you don't think it's at all hurtful?

**Eve:** I haven't seen any tears yet.

**Emily:** Cruel, Eve. What about me bothers you so much?

**Eve:** Would you like the list broken down by categories or alphabetical order?

**Emily:** You're very good at not actually answering questions. Is it because of some weird bro pact? Am I suddenly the enemy to you and Morgan because I actually made a move with Abby?

**Eve:** I would **HARDLY** call a couple of Chipotle dinners and an 8pm viewing of *The Jungle Book* a move.

**Emily:** That's it isn't it? She's jealous.

**Eve:** Trust me, you don't give her much to be jealous about. Besides, we have no factual evidence yet on Abby's preferences.

**Emily:** I beat you there too, because I got a—well a pseudo, confession out of her.

**Eve:** Sounds riveting. You know, I actually think you might actually get off on the idea that somebody envies you.

**Emily:** As if.

**Eve:** No, I think that's it. You want someone to want what you have. Is that really the best way to get attention?

**Emily:** You're one to talk. All you do is say mean things to me, how's that for wanting attention?

**Eve:** Your schoolyard theory doesn't really hold up in court, pal.

**Emily:** It doesn't need to, I know every time I mention it, it bothers you.

**Eve:** You also have this strange need to know everything---

(sound of Morgan somehow distorted so audience knows she's in the same room--morgan and eve distorted/further away)

**Morgan:** Hey.

**Emily:** Is that Morgan?

**Eve:** Adios earworm. I've got to be social now.

(clicking sound).

**Eve:** Do you regularly bust into peoples' houses?

**Emily:** Uhh...still here.

**Morgan:** You only had the screendoor closed. That's the suburban code for come on in.

**Emily:** Can you not hear me? Or are you ignoring me? Whatever, I'm hanging up.

**Eve:** I'm sure you tell that to all the girls.

**Emily:** ....Oooorr I could stay a little bit.

**Morgan:** Well there's only been one girl.

**Eve:** Lucky me.

**Emily:** Holy shit.

**Morgan:** Flirting aside, what the fuck happened today?

**Eve:** Emily is a massive b-i-t-c-h?

**Emily:** Cute.

**Morgan:** I feel like it all blew up though. I know I probably overreacted.

**Eve:** Trying to stop a naïve child from getting herself killed isn't really an overreaction.

**Morgan:** I know, I just. Telling her she was trying to impress Abby and stuff—

**Eve:** Well she was. That was obvious.

(pause)

**Eve:** (sighs) And that bothers you.

**Morgan:** I can't help it.

**Eve:** I know. It's not like we changed our relationship statuses on Facebook or anything.

**Morgan:** But I don't want to stop...this, either. I finally feel good about myself.

**Eve:** My moves have that effect on ladies.

**Morgan:** I'm serious. I never realized how much I was just bottling up in my head until I got some chances to let it out.

**Eve:** And boy do you let it out.

**Morgan:** (laughing) Be serious?

**Eve:** Fine. Let it out.

**Morgan:** The...stuff, we've been doing. I enjoy it. I want to keep doing it. And I think it's helping me unpack some stuff.

**Eve:** Such as?

**Morgan:** Well, whether or not I'm just fixated on Abby because she was the first girl to make me realize something about myself or if I have genuine feelings for her.

**Eve:** And?

(pause)

**Eve:** I see.

**Morgan:** I'm still trying to figure it out. One day I feel completely free of it, like I can imagine myself with anyone and be okay with the idea of her with anyone. And then something will happen that just reminds me how much I really care.

**Eve:** Like Emily's kiss assery?

**Morgan:** It's like: why do you get to come out of nowhere and think you get this? And I know she's not a possession to be gotten.

**Eve:** The squirt's an interloper.

**Morgan:** Basically.

**Eve:** Well, she does have a point. Weird and totally innocent as it was, she has been making moves.

**Morgan:** And we're back to the part where I'm not about to ruin my entire relationship with my best friend. And minus that gnawing guilt in the back of my mind, I'm actually...somewhat stable now? I feel pretty okay with things.

**Eve:** Until Emily does something.

**Morgan:** Essentially.

**Eve:** Well the only way to take action on that is to *take* action.

**Morgan:** (dejected) I know.

**Eve:** But, if you're more into taking inaction right now, I can think of several ways to invoke that escapist mentality we talked about without making you watch Lena Heady for another 2 hours again—although I'd be doing you a favor.

**Morgan:** I prefer other favors.

**Eve:** I will pay for dinner first but only if I get to pick where we go.

**Morgan:** Please don't say Panda Express.

**Eve:** That doesn't sound like me getting to pick where we go.

**Morgan:** Chinese food is super salty and theirs is the crappiest of all anyway. We could try that raw food place, aren't you trying to vegan-up on Emily?

**Eve:** Yeah I took one look at this wheel of smoked gouda at the grocery store yesterday and gave up on that.

(Morgan laughs)

**Morgan:** You're ridiculous.

**Eve:** Since you're judgey, food is just going to have to be a surprise.

**Morgan:** Gee, I wonder what it could be.

**Eve:** Hush. Haul ass, I'm hungry.

(they exit)

**Emily:** Holy shit.