

## 1.16 How the Other Half Lives

(Ringing sound, somebody sighs like mentally preparing)

**Abby:** Hey. There. You.

**Eve:** This isn't totally awkward already.

**Abby:** It wouldn't have been if you hadn't just pointed it out.

**Eve:** You and I never talk.

**Abby:** We did in history. That's why we're talking now.

**Eve:** I remember it as this crazy girl asked me every day if the homework was due. Which it was, every day.

(Abby laughs)

**Abby:** I'm easily distracted.

**Eve:** Drooling over your posters of Anderson Cooper and Lois Lane?

**Abby:** If by that you mean honing my ability to relate real time events to people through various channels of media?

**Eve:** Jesus.

**Abby:** I don't like to romanticize it. I wasn't born or destined to do journalism. I'm fascinated with the process and I know it's something desperately needed. People need to get info to people.

**Eve:** And the glory and tradition doesn't entice you at all?

**Abby:** I'd love to be known for my work, yeah. But I see this as a function in culture, like a doctor or a fire fighter.

**Eve:** Doesn't mean you can't admit that you love what you do. You don't have to be a painter or some shit to say "yeah, this is my calling." And I do, for the record, think it's your calling.

**Abby:** I didn't take you for the type with a spiritual side.

**Eve:** I'm full of many surprises, my friend.

**Abby:** Like the fact that you've recently been much nicer while Morgan's gotten a lot meaner?

**Eve:** (laughs) I knew there was an angle. Should we do a press conference?

**Abby:** I know my best friend, Eve. Yeah, she's been acting funny for a few weeks but I haven't seen her so ready to rip out a throat since states last year.

**Eve:** So what? She's competitive.

**Abby:** Exactly, who is she competitive with? And why?

**Eve:** Couldn't tell ya.

**Abby:** Okay. That sounds fake, but okay.

**Eve:** And winner of the 12 months late to the internet meme is...

**Abby:** Please? Do you know something?

**Eve:** I know she's pissed at Emily.

**Abby:** Yeah, I'm pretty sure everyone, including our listeners, know that.

**Eve:** Well there's your answer.

**Abby:** Why?

**Eve:** Maybe because Emily has been gunning for your right hand man spot forever now? She's super eager to please? Also she for sure wants to make out with your face.

**Abby:** Oh please.

**Eve:** You certainly like applying that journalistic instinct to everything but what goes on in your own life.

**Abby:** What does that mean?

**Eve:** The fact that you have to ask that. Stop making yourself obtuse.

**Abby:** I'm not being—

**Eve:** Are you interested in Emily's advances? Let's start there.

**Abby:** What advances?

**Eve:** Dude.

**Abby:** Okay I...may have picked up on...some of it.

**Eve:** And?

**Abby:** I don't know. It doesn't bother me.

**Eve:** It doesn't?

**Abby:** No, I mean she's nice. But she's younger and I've got college in the fall...

**Eve:** And all these reasons have nothing to do with the fact that she's also a girl.

**Abby:** I don't know what I am, okay? But I know what I'm not at least. Yes, I've thought of scenarios with Emily and have been pretty okay with it.

**Eve:** And you don't want to do anything about it because....?

**Abby:** Because I'd prefer to keep 'journalistic instincts' out of it and just let it happen without investigating the shit out of it.

**Eve:** Well it won't happen unless you actually let it.

**Abby:** What are you, my therapist?

**Eve:** Apparently I'm everyone's feelings guru.

**Abby:** So Morgan has talked to you about stuff.

**Eve:** Doctor-patient confidentiality.

(silence)

**Eve:** Does it bother you?

**Abby:** She's been my best friend since elementary school, of course it bothers me that she can't talk to me about things.

**Eve:** Is that the only reason it bothers you?

**Abby:** What else about it should bother me?

(Eve sighs)

**Eve:** Not my place to say. Let's just move on to the part where you put me in time out.

**Abby:** I'm not putting you in time out. I mean, you've been slightly muted—by which I mean, you don't *start* things at least. But you've still got like no filter.

**Eve:** So?

**Abby:** So, maybe please chill out? I'm trying to do something I can put on a resume. And if it's nothing but the three other hosts ripping into each other that's going to look awful.

**Eve:** It's pretty run of the mill if you ask me. That's what those round tables on like CNN are for.

**Abby:** Well we're more like news anchors than political talking heads.

**Eve:** Fair point.

**Abby:** I'm happy you and Emily talked. She hasn't spoken to me since then and I'm really hoping you didn't say something to get her pissed at me.

**Eve:** We actually cut it short, so I didn't get through my entire list of E-themed insults.

**Abby:** So helpful.

**Eve:** No, I didn't say anything that I can think of that would make her ignore you.

**Abby:** Well she's not ignoring me, yet. I just figured she would have told me how it went.

**Eve:** It was typical.

**Abby:** How reassuring.

**Eve:** Compared to what happened the other day, it was tame. I had stuff to do so I left.

**Abby:** Always so social.

**Eve:** The ladies do love me.

**Abby:** So I hear.

**Eve:** You don't know the half of it.

**Abby:** I'm good with not knowing.

**Eve:** Oh, I'm pretty sure that's true.

**Abby:** Did we accomplish anything here?

**Eve:** I got a slap on the wrist.

**Abby:** You make even that sound sexual.

**Eve:** A gift. But I'll chill. I promise. As much as it gives me hives to say it, Emily is a little too easily excitable and maybe I was pushing her too much.

**Abby:** Character development. Now, what did you get on that history final because I totally bombed it.

**Eve:** We had a final?