

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?