

1.04 Back at the Ranch

(Conference call ring sounds)

Abby: Hey, Em, what's up?

Emily: Not much. Avoiding summer reading. It's been a couple of days and I figured I could try to go over some stuff with you. If you're not busy?

Abby: No, I'm good. I was going over the roommate survey.

Emily: Anything good on it?

Abby: The usual. Messy or clean, morning person or night owl, crap like that. There is a section where you can add your own question though. I was trying to think of something really weird to do. Morgan is always good at stuff like that.

Emily: Too bad you guys aren't going to the same school.

Abby: We'd kill each other as roommates. It's like sharing a room with your sister.

Emily: Sister?

Abby: Yeah. Why? You an only child?

Emily: No, it's just—nevermind. Anyway, I'm super jealous that you guys get to take off at the end of the summer. This place is a big brown blob.

Abby: Well not always, that's what the podcast is for. Weird stuff goes on here.

Emily: I guess.

Abby: I know what you mean though, it's like the worst fishbowl in the world down here. It's not like NAU is much better but, at least there's green things up there.

Emily: Closer to Vegas too, right? That'll come in handy.

Abby: If I can get into that sort of thing. What's up though?

Emily: Right so, I've been doing some research on the Peralta mine. I tried searching even the weirdest corner of the blogosphere for anything new on Rose and there's nothing since they found her water pack on Tuesday. I figured we needed some more to give the listeners, so, Morgan and I could tag team on a segment about the Peralta history.

Abby: She'd probably go for the subject matter but she's kind of a lone wolf.

Emily: Yeah. I already tried calling her and she didn't pick up.

Abby: I think she said she was going out tonight. Probably the weekly cheer squad dinner. Eve is probably getting high in the desert to experimental techno as we speak.

Emily: She texted me to say she could read my aura over the phone and it was the color of a squished kumquat.

Abby: How'd she get your number?

Emily: It's probably better I don't ask.

Abby: (laughing) True, true. Peralta mine sounds like gold though—no pun intended. Okay, maybe a little intended. Weren't there maps on the stones or something?

Emily: Yeah. I'll go over it on the next podcast. The Peralta Stones.

Abby: Awesome. That'll probably bring some serious hits in.

Emily: And bump up the morale to find Rose.

Abby: Yeah. That too. All the same goal.

Emily: So what are your plans for the night?

Abby: Nonexistent.

Emily: I'm hoping to hear a news report that Eve's party got busted.

Abby: It never happens. I'm not even sure she has them. But I don't run in the right crowds to know.

Emily: Right crowds?

Abby: The GSA and Rainbow Alliance and stuff.

Emily: Ah. Why not? I mean, you don't have to answer that. That was kind of rude.

Abby: No, it's cool. I just—you know I've never really liked anyone. Who knows? Maybe, you know? But even if there was some kind of Straight Alliance—

Emily: Please god never say that again.

Abby: Well if there was it's not like I'd go to that either.

Emily: Sexuality not a huge question mark for you?

Abby: I just don't have time to bother with dating and who I'd want to date. I'll deal with it in college, where that stuff is supposed to happen.

Emily: Well, who knows? Maybe you could meet someone at the grocery store tomorrow and just get floored, you know? No need to plan it, I get that. But maybe don't run from it either?

Abby: I won't. I'm just not chasing anything. But if music swells and birds chirp when I make eye contact with my soul mate, I'll be sure to get their number.

Emily: Well I didn't mean exactly that. Just...don't shut yourself off, if you can help it.

Abby: (noncommittal hum)

Emily: Sorry. It's not my place. We like, barely know each other.

Abby: No, it's cool, seriously. I'm just super distracted like 90% of the time. Honestly it's probably easier talking to you about this stuff.

Emily: Really?

Abby: Well, Morgan gets really pissy in the face when I mention using Tinder or something. I guess she just doesn't like date talk. And I'm not about to talk to Eve about anything.

Emily: Well, I'm all ears if you ever do need to talk.

Abby: I'll take you up on that. But right now I'm a happy bachelorette. No strings, no ball and chain.

Emily: Single life is something.

Silence

Abby: Huh? Yeah. Single life. Whoo.

Emily: Right.

Abby: Sorry. Kind of out of it. I'm debating whether or not to friend the editor on one of the student magazines at Northern.

Emily: Oh.

Abby: I don't want to seem too eager or like, get too invested in the wrong one you know? I don't know if there's any sort of rivalry and I don't want to end up backing the wrong horse and—I'm seeming too eager, right?

Emily: Spoken as your new friend who wants to make a good impression?...Yeah, you are.

Abby: At least you're honest. Shocking as it may seem, Morgs was always way too nice. She'd probably let me go to school in a garbage bag if I asked how I looked it.

Emily: Weird—or, not weird. I guess.

Abby: She's a good friend. Maybe kind of rough around the edges.

Emily: Hard to believe she's a cheerleader sometimes.

Abby: But not hard to believe she was the only one not nominated for homecoming queen. What about you?

Emily: What?

Abby: Single life. Circling back. Any significant others?

Emily: No. Closest thing I've had to that recently is some girl who agreed to go to Chipotle after like two weeks of intermittent talking on Her.

Abby: You like her?

Emily: Eh. She was quiet and I think she judged me for getting the sofritas burrito bowl.

Abby: Vegetarian?

Emily: Yeah.

Abby: How dare you?

Emily: Har. Har.

Abby: I'll remember that for whenever we get food.

Emily: Get food?

Abby: Yeah, you know. We'll probably go out at some point right? Can't spend all summer just talking into a computer.

Emily: Right.

Abby: I just need to find time. Between the podcast and this college stuff I feel like I've got a rollercoaster in my head or something...Morgan was always better at the metaphors.

Emily: Well what are you doing right now?

Abby: This roommate questionnaire.

Emily: How long have you been working on that?

Abby: Not sure. I want to go through last semester's issue of The Stone and Flag too.

Emily: Which is?

Abby: One of the magazines on campus. They only do creative nonfiction pieces. It's really interesting. I would so need to work on my writing though.

Emily: I think you can relax a little, you're a good writer.

Abby: Tell Morgan thanks for spreading the compliments.

Emily: Actually, that one came from me.

Abby: Well, thanks too then.

Emily: I think I know a way to get you to believe me.

Abby: Do tell.

Emily: You back away from the computer, ma'am, and we get that food we talked about.

Abby: How on earth is that going to calm me down?

Emily: You'll remember there's more than just four walls and constantly refreshing your email.

Abby: Listen, Morgan's tried the same thing. I just have to get some stuff done.

Emily: Well Morgan's not me, come on. We can go to Chipotle or Panda Express or Subway—

Abby: None of those places are remotely related.

Emily: Exactly. Options. The world is our oyster. It's Friday night. Clearly Morgan has things to do, so why not you too?

Abby: I don't know.

Emily: I promise the computer will be there tomorrow and no one is going to send something important at 7pm on a Friday. Please? I'll be losing you in August.

Abby: Losing me huh?

Emily: Well, yeah. You know. You're pretty cool, you know?

Abby: Trying to charm me into dinner madame?

Emily: Only if it's working.

Abby: Alright fine, but we're going to Gloria's. None of that Tex Mex crap.

Emily: You know we live in Tex Mex central right?

Abby: Yeah, and also are way too close to the border to not have good, real Mexican food. I'll text you the address.

Emily: Yes, ma'am.