

1.05 The Morning After

(Call sound goes for a while)

Morgan: What the fuck?

Eve: Morning sunshine.

Morgan: You woke me up.

Eve: Sleep with your shit on silent. Duh.

Morgan: Sorry I don't expect calls at 7 fucking AM.

Eve: It's almost noon you lazy crap.

Morgan: (dramatic/painful groan)

Eve: That's the spirit. What time did you get in last night?

(Pause)

Eve: Did you pass back out?

Morgan: What time did I get back here? How did I get back here?

Eve: Fuck if I know your life.

Morgan: I'm serious, I don't remember a thing.

Eve: And I'm supposed to help with that how...?

Morgan: What do you remember? What'd I do last night?

Eve: Had fun to make up for months of a stick of repression shoved up your ass.

Morgan: How?

Eve: The usual way.

Morgan: The hell does that mean?

Eve: Would you like me to start chronologically or alphabetically?

Morgan: Oh Jesus.

Eve: Well we rolled in at like 9ish.

Morgan: I remember that.

Eve: Off to a great start then. We had some noms.

Morgan: Someone Grub Hubbed pizza.

Eve: Correct. It was Jess from the volleyball team. Who totally eyefucked you all night, by the by.

Morgan: Fantastic.

Eve: Uh, yeah? You've been blessed with the attentions of a woman? The ultimate goal which none of us are worthy of?

Morgan: Cool story bro.

Eve: She's a lovely lady.

Morgan: I say again.

Eve: Whatever, you hooked up with her so.

Morgan: What?! I what?!

Eve: Well, maybe you did, maybe you didn't. Let's continue you shall we?

Morgan: I really freaking hate you.

Eve: Well, godsend Jess got us some pizza. It's approximately around 10:05 that you had your first drink. After three pieces of pizza, which was smart. What wasn't smart was that first drink was apple pie flavored moonshine. You guzzled that shit.

Morgan: That explains the taste in my mouth.

Eve: Gross. Then we move on to the 11 o'clock hour where your dancing chops came out and clearly thought you should too because, *damn* can you grind.

Morgan: Really?

Eve: This time it was some chick from Queen Creek. I think I invited her? Anyway, it was basically almost PDA.

Morgan: Fantastic.

Eve: When the clock struck midnight is when things got really wild. But, before you get mad at me, the strip poker was your idea?

Morgan: WHAT?! What happened?

Eve: Well it wasn't so much strip poker as it was you just shedding clothes like a snake.

(Groans)

Eve: It was Morgan molting season, for sure. Then the cops showed.

Morgan: Oh fuck, they didn't take me home did they?

Eve: I wouldn't know since you went streaking into the desert on sight.

Morgan: I'm gonna fucking cry, I KNEW I shouldn't have gone out.

Eve: Yeah, the real crazy part is when you hopped onto the dragon and took off into the mountains.

Morgan: ...wait, what?

Eve: Which wasn't as strange as the sky opening up and swallowing you whole, Khaleesi.

Morgan: Uh...

Eve: You passed out at like 11:30 you fucking lightweight. I got you an Uber home by midnight.

Morgan: Are you fucking shitting me?

Eve: Imagine how much more interesting the night would have been my way.

Morgan: You gave me a fucking heart attack.

Eve: At least you're awake right? One great way to get rid of a hangover.

Morgan: I swear to god I'm going to come over there and end you.

Eve: But who will serve as the ominous presence of the only soul that knows your darkest secret?

Morgan: I'm going to send your body parts to your family box by box.

Eve: Jesus. Remind me to put an x on your hand at the next party. No more moonshine for you. Jess did ask for your number though, by the way.

Morgan: Good for her.

Eve: She's actually really hot. Might want to consider it.

Morgan: Why?

Eve: One of the best and most unhealthy ways to get over someone is to displace all that disruptive obsession on someone else.

Morgan: I'm fine thanks.

Eve: Well you might be right about that since you didn't drink nearly enough to fulfill your lost weekend.

Morgan: My what?

Eve: Well you need to get into the horrible coping mechanisms stage. I read this book about a girl in Catholic School in who totally gets fucked over hard by a massive crush on her female best friend and—

Morgan: Yeah, and they're together in the end.

Eve: Well aren't you the little queer researcher. My point here is we need to follow the tropes, they always lead to happy endings. That's why they're called tropes.

Morgan: You know this isn't a gay YA novel right?

Eve: Well not with that attitude it's not.

(rings sounds)

Morgan: What the hell?

Eve: It's called a call. Maybe you are still drunk...

Morgan: Why is what's her name calling?

Eve: There is no rest for the kiss ass. I'm gonna answer.

Morgan: No don't—

Eve: Top of the morning, Ebola.

Emily: Typical. Hey Morgan.

Morgan: Uh, hey. What's up?

Emily: I found some cool stuff this week and I thought we could do a research call. Didn't know the plague in human form would be here.

Eve: Love you too, babe.

Morgan: Uh, yeah. Sure. We can...yeah.

Eve: With that, I bid you adieu ladies. Rub some Advil in that headache champ.

Morgan: GOODBYE Eve.

Eve: Au revoir.

Emily: She's a weirdo.

Morgan: A pain in the ass.

Emily: That too. How are you?

Morgan: Tired.

Emily: You an afternoon sleeper?

Morgan: Sometimes.

Emily: Fun night?

Morgan: (deep sigh) Depends on your definition of fun.

Emily: (laugh) Different type of college prep I guess. Where'd you go?

Morgan: Uh, just to, some bar. The assistant cheer captain has fake id's—Don't tell anyone I told you though.

Emily: I'll be sure not to tell all 4 of my friends, 2 of which you already know.

Morgan: Right. So...research? I didn't exactly do much this week, I'll be honest.

Emily: No worries. My mom works at the Lost Dutchman Museum so I kind of have more brains to pick.

Morgan: Cool.

Emily: So, I tried to compile all the stuff out there on the Peralta Stones. You know those?

Morgan: Uh, heard of them. I think.

Emily: Well they're these slabs of stone people think are actually treasure maps.

Morgan: To the mine?

Emily: Yeah, the Peralta mine—or I suppose cache of gold is more scientifically likely based on the geography of the area—but anyway. That mine became the Lost Dutchman mine.

Morgan: Why are you looking this stuff up?

Emily: Abby wants to do some segments on it. The internet loves stuff like this.

Morgan: Okay but what about Rose Chavez?

Emily: We need attention for her right?

Morgan: Yeah for her.

Emily: So we reel them in with interesting stuff.

Morgan: 'Interesting' stuff? Did Abby say this?

Emily: Yeah, we talked about it a lot last night—

Morgan: Last night?

Emily: Yeah we got dinner.

Morgan: Dinner?

Emily: Yeah. You were out so she was free. She took me to Gloria's.

Morgan: Took you?

Emily: Yeah. Listen she's online so we can put her on here. Might make it easier.

Morgan: Uh. Sure. Yeah. Give her a call.

Emily: Great.

(Ringing sound)

Abby: Hey!

Emily: Hey!

Morgan: Hi.

Abby: Wait, are you guys doing that research call? Someone actually got you to put effort into this?

Morgan: (mumbles) I do put effort in...Just...got some other stuff going on.

Abby: So you have research too?

Morgan: Well—no. But I'm here. And it's a wonder I'm awake right now.

Abby: Fun night?

Morgan: Yeah. Went to Peter's—

Abby: Again? Seriously Morg, one day you guys are going to get caught.

Morgan: It was cool, honestly. This morning...not so much.

Abby: (laughing) You were made for college.

Morgan: Despite what you and Emily think, I do actually have plans for college.

Abby: I'm just teasing. Honestly, you've been kind of quiet so I'm glad you're having fun.

Morgan: I do have fun. I'm just not into the whole millennial internet journalist thing.

Abby: Well, I know I get pretty gung ho.

Morgan: I think it's awesome. It's your passion project. And I'm just here to make sure we do it right.

Abby: Right?

Morgan: Keep the altruism. Help find this girl or at least not do nothing about it.

Abby: We are.

Morgan: I know. Just keeping us on course—never mind. Emily has research, right?

Emily: (feels the awkward) Uhhh...yeah. I talked to you about this a little last night Abby, but I did more research this morning.

Morgan: How was Gloria's?

Emily: The stuffed peppers were amazing.

Morgan: Yeah. I know. Abby and I used to make our parents drag us there every Friday.

Abby: Before you snuck into bars.

Morgan: I didn't—well, I mean—we can go again sometime? Like good old yesteryears, before school.

Abby: Yeah, sure, just text me.

Morgan: Oh. Yeah. Cool. Sounds good.

Emily: Anyway, the stuff I want to present is some of the theories on the Peralta Stones. Everyone loves the idea of a treasure map.

Abby: Yeah. It's super Stand By Me.

Emily: I might be able to grab some pics of them to put up on the site too.

Abby: I was thinking about that. I was considering starting a Patreon or something—

Morgan: A Patreon? For this?

Abby: Yeah.

Morgan: What for?

Abby: So we can keep the podcast going.

Morgan: For how long?

Abby: As long as we can? One day we're going to find out what happened to Rose, then we need to move on.

Morgan: Move on?

Abby: There's other weird crap out there. If we accumulate an audience, we've got a job to keep going.

Morgan: Because of the audience?

Abby: You sure you're feeling okay?

Morgan: Yeah, just tired.

Abby: Well your hungover mood is super charming.

Morgan: Oh...kay? Look, I'm just trying to get at the angle here.

Abby: There's not angle. We've been over this. Get the word about Rose, try to get people who might know things talking, or get people helping. Do our own research since we're way closer to her than the cops ever were. Find some closure. Once that's done rinse and repeat.

Morgan: Right.

Abby: So, Emily, stuff to share.

Emily: Uh...yeah.