

1.07 Dumb Words That Start with E

(Ringing sound goes for a while, eventually it cuts off, and starts again)

Emily: What?

Eve: Hello to you too.

Emily: What?

Eve: E squared over here is off to a great start.

Emily: What could you possibly want?

Eve: The same thing that your little hamster wheel of a brain wants too: research, answers, website views, the works.

Emily: What?

Eve: Pick a different word.

Emily: Am I having a stroke? Is this me having a stroke?

Eve: Relax Edgar, I'm here on official business. Research call.

Emily: ...I honestly do not know how else to respond to that besides: what?

Eve: Well, I've been assigned to help you with research on our new information.

Emily: That sounds fake.

Eve: Could be real, could be fake. Who knows—

Emily: Um, Abby, probably.

Eve: Look, you need some help sorting through tiny words and file names, don't play Superwoman in front of me. It's me after all. Besides, I figured I'd give those two some breathing room.

Emily: What do you mean?

Eve: The lovebirds.

Emily: Since when are they lovebirds?

Eve: Well, hopefully lovebirds to-be. Listen you've only got 3 friends, if I'm here it can't be that hard to figure out.

Emily: What's the deal with them? Are they like, going on a date or something?

Eve: No, we're getting there. Maybe. Abby wanted to talk to Morgan about something so I bowed out.

Emily: What are they talking about?

Eve: Are you a busy body or are you jealous?

Emily: I don't know, are you an actual asshole to me or are you using the preschool coping method to mask feelings?

Eve: Oh ha, ha.

Emily: I'm not hearing a denial.

Eve: When did you suddenly grow feelings for Abby? Or is it Morgan?

Emily: Fuck off.

Eve: So it can say big girl words.

Emily: Are you actually here for research or to mess with me.

Eve: Well, the only thing I have prepared for you is a list of dumb words that start with E. I want you to rate them on a scale from 1 to 5 how likely you are to respond to the name on the first try.

Emily: Oh Jesus—

Eve: Earwig.

Emily: Seriously?

Eve: Take your time.

Emily: You're obnoxious.

Eve: I could just rattle them off. There's Ebay, ebony, egg, elastic, elementary—

Emily: Are these in alphabetical order?

Eve: ...Eyeball.

Emily: Is this how you picked out the nickname Eve?

Eve: No because my name is actually cool.

Emily: Right.

Eve: Why'd you get a sofritas burrito?

Emily: Did you stalk my Instagram?

Eve: You seem like a white meat girl.

Emily: Well considering I haven't eaten meat since 6th grade...

Eve: You're a vegetarian?

Emily: Hence the sofritas.

Eve: ...shit.

Emily: Problem?

Eve: No. Here's a question...what do you think happened to our missing girl?

Emily: She went missing.

Eve: Yeah but did she get jumped, killed, kidnapped?

Emily: Jesus.

Eve: Off the record.

Emily: I think she's missing and I hope she's okay.

Eve: We'll you're clearly chasing the treasure hunter theory. Ever see a pirate movie? People are always waiting just around the corner to steal your map and anything you know.

Emily: This isn't a movie.

Eve: Wouldn't know that with all the sensationalizing you two do. That's right, I used a journalist word.

Emily: Congrats, you can read a BuzzFeed article. And no, we're not 'sensationalizing' anything.

Eve: Could have fooled me.

Emily: You sound like Morgan.

Eve: And we've circled back to the jealousy thing.

Emily: (takes a breath) I am not jealous, there is nothing to be jealous of. I think we're handling this the best way we know how, and yes I've noticed Morgan's attitude problems.

Eve: There's a thing called fishing for a story.

Emily: The story already exists. We're just trying to help.

Eve: You sound like Abby.

Emily: Mature.

Eve: Have you even dated a girl before? Would you even know how to do that?

Emily: No I have not dated anyone before, yes I have been on dates. It's not that difficult.

Eve: With who?

Emily: None of your business.

Eve: Do I know her?

Emily: First of all: no. Second of all, why do you assume it was a girl?

Eve: I thought you were gay.

Emily: I'm pan.

Eve: Peter.

Emily: For fuck's sake, do you even know what that is?

Eve: A made-up internet way to call yourself gay without committing?

Emily: If we weren't on the computer right now, I'd jump through and kill you.

Eve: That's not what equality is about.

Emily: Pansexuality. You asshole.

Eve: I restate my case.

Emily: I could like anyone.

Eve: Well aren't you high and mighty.

Emily: I just don't care about gender. Some people like a specific gender or more than one gender.

Eve: With what I assume is two dates, tops.

Emily: Yeah because of course I'd need to actually go on a date with someone to judge how sexually attracted I am to them.

Eve: So roughly what is the breakdown of the Emily Alone Time?

Emily: I'm going to seriously fucking kill you. You're gay, that's great, it works for you. There are other identities out there.

Eve: Yada, yada.

Emily: You know you're allowed to not be sarcastic or disaffected about everything. I know it hurts your pride to admit you got schooled.

Eve: Listen, I'm putting you in my phone. Would you prefer Egg Burrito or Ear Condom.

Emily: How did you get my number?

Eve: Wouldn't be your tech gal for nothing. Sadly, I must bid you adieu to go play with grownups.

Emily: Thank god, goodbye.

Eve: Enjoy your—