

HANNAH

Can we not do this here? I would just rather talk in private. Slash, I wasn't really expecting you to show up here, so I wasn't expecting to have this conversation right now.

Okay, fine, whatever. You're one of my best friends here, and normally I feel like I can talk to you about anything. But the last few months I've felt like I really can't. Which sucks, because I've really been struggling to figure out some super important...things about myself. And it's not like I can talk to my parents about it because, like, small Midwestern town...people talk.

And the reason I can't talk to you about any of it is because you're so frustratingly unaware of how confusing and misleading you are sometimes. Like after Viva's? One second you're all, "I don't text you when I'm drunk cause then I'd want to make out with you." And so we do, and then next thing I know you're like, "lol nbd. Doesn't mean anything." Well for me it does. And I think it does for you too.

Like what about when you drunk text me to tell me you saw that one girl who looks like Scarlett Johansson at a party, and then obsess over how hot she is? Or like even when you just make offhand comments like, "ugh, boys are the worst. We should just get married." Like obviously I know that's not what you mean, but... You always just say these things or brush them off like they're nothing, but they don't feel like nothing.