

**LIAM.** Daphna? You're shedding again! Fucking "Daphna."  
Can we just – Her name is Diana. Diana. I know she wishes she were this like barbed wire hopping, Uzi-toting Israeli warlock superhero: Daphna; but actually, *Diana Feygenbaum* grew up in Schnecksville, Pennsylvania, in an armpit town doing swim team badly and hysterically sobbing when she didn't get picked to be cheerleader, in her closet, *with* the door closed – that's a true story, by the way, and her screenname, when we were younger, her like AIM screenname, ok, was PrincessDiana88. She's as Israeli as Martin van fucking Buren, but she thinks because our grandfather survived the Holocaust and because her disgustingly hideous hair probably grows the same as it did for all the other women in the history of our family who actually suffered, that somehow means *she's* suffered *too*, but the truth is, PrincessDiana88 has suffered about as much as, as, as this fucking, this pillow.

**MELODY.** Are you done?

**LIAM.** No! I'm not done. Why is everyone – I'm not saying *anything* that isn't true. Why is everyone pretending like *Daphna* is like, this like, lovely, gorgeous, big-hearted girl? Uhm, she's not. You want to play pretend, you play pretend, but I'm done. I am fucking done fucking pretending, because the truth is, I am horrified. She is horrifying. Just listen to her, every other word that comes out of her mouth is some unbelievably offensive insult that we're supposed to pretend not to hear? I'm not deaf.