**Girls**

It's actually Horvath, but having your Polish last name properly pronounced is, you know, kind of low on the list of priorities. There's police brutality to worry about and stuff. (scattered laughter) So, this begins the way all stories of jealousy do, all great stories of jealousy which is with my ex-boyfriend and my best friend fucking. And this is not just any best friend. This is the best friend who I would say looks like Brigitte Bardot had a baby with a mermaid. So, um, I guess I'm not what you would describe as, like, a chill girl. I'm not like a cool, relaxed lady.

Like, you would never meet me and be like, "That Hannah, she really goes with the flow like a funky youth. " You would be like, "Has she snorted Adderall in the last 60 minutes?" So when I found out about my ex-boyfriend and my best friend, um, I was weirdly calm, considering that fact. I thought about, um, throwing a bike through his window, but, A, he lives on the third floor. I have very poor upper body strength.

And, B, he probably would have appreciated it and been like, "Thanks for the bike." I thought about sending her a text that said, "How does the wind feel caressing your two faces, young lady?" But instead I sat and cried and thought and ate and wrote and masturbated thinking about Chris Farley, which is a thing from my childhood that I haven't fully worked through yet. But when I heard tonight's theme was jealousy, I knew that I needed an end to my story, a real end, and that end came about 20 minutes before I arrived here when I delivered a very nice and not at all cheap fruit basket to his door, along with a note that said, "Good luck.

I mean it sincerely. In perpetuity, Hannah.' Cos that's a fact.