ROB: Exactly.

NATALIE: You don’t have to go to the hospital. *(Beat)* What?

DAISY: You were saying something?

NATALIE: I, uh.

ROB: Does she need to lie down?

APRIL: Natalie? What were you going to say?

NATALIE: Well, I knew a girl this one time who was coming home one night…

LIZ: Natalie, maybe…

NATALIE: She was coming home from a bar and, she’d never been to a bar before and, because she was younger than they were, her friends insisted she took a cab home, because they wanted her to be safe, you know, and so she got to her door and the cab drove away, and at some point in between opening the door and closing the door and the cab driving away, while she was getting the key out for the, um. There was. *(Beat)* Anyway, she had this thing happen, where, you know there’s this wall on the inside it’s a very important wall and when it gets hurt, there’s. And there’s blood everywhere, sometimes, you know. But. Um. *(Beat)* But you know, you don’t have to go to the hospital right away if you don’t want to. You just got the shit kicked out of you. You don’t have to do anything if you don’t want to. If you want, you can just sit there. Bleed for a bit, if you’re bleeding. Or if you want you can go to the hospital and you can give a fake name or a fake insurance and then when they’re not looking, you can go, but, you don’t have to go right away. Not if you don’t want to. *(Beat)* She hasn’t even told her mom yet. *(Beat)* What was I saying?

ROB: All right, look—