

*LILITH grabs up some of the cards in the bowl, throws them on the floor as she reads them out.*

LILITH Boring. Lame. Boring. Soooooo boring. Oh, that one's quite good, we'll put that back in for later. Ah, here's the one I was looking for. 'Tell a friend, lover or stranger what you like most about them. That's very sweet isn't it? Shall we all do that?

*Audience sharing 1 min*

EVE Lil, if I had to say all the things I liked about you we'd be here til the sun came up.

LILITH Well, I don't know about you but I haven't got anywhere else to be.

EVE You're reckless—

LILITH We're supposed to be making with the compliments love.

EVE I mean that as a compliment! So many people get straightjacked by mortgages and taxes and petrol prices and all that everyday bullshit and they stop calling their friends, stop living. They crawl up into a ball and start a four or five decades before they ever hit the grave. I love being around you, you make me excited about the world. Even if you think it's about to end. Especially if you think it's about to end.

LILITH It's so strange that you say that. I see myself as agonisingly neurotic, I try and assess every decision I make on how it's going to impact other people, the ideologies and philosophies it reflects and espouses, how it relates to my star sign, how it might affect the future. So I see myself as anything but reckless. But it's strange isn't it, that really each of us exists as three people; the way we perceive ourselves, the way others perceive us and the way we believe others perceive us.

Those three selves rarely match up. When I describe you to other people, I say 'Eve is like a lit match in a fireworks factory; volatile, exciting, colourful, adventurous, beautiful,' but when you describe yourself –

EVE Insecure, wishes she was smarter, anxious, eager to please, Hexakosioihexekontahexaphobic...

IVAN What was that now?

VICTOR Hexakosioiphexekontahexaphobia is the fear of the number 666. And she says *I'm* irrational because I like having my mobile close by.

LILITH So you, like most people, see yourself as almost directly opposite to how I see you, so we all walk around in this weird dual state of perceived versus actualised identity. It's like a perpetual existential crisis, it's a wonder anyone ever manages to pay bills on time or get the groceries with all that going on in their heads. And that's just the internals, well before we ever start getting onto wider societal issues like the beauty myth.

EVE God, I hate it when the only thing people say about me is how pretty I am. I know it's well intentioned, but I don't really feel I can take credit for winning a genetic lottery. And besides, beauty is a weapon whose blade will only ever blunt and never sharpen. I know beauty is a form of power but every morning I wake up and I'm incrementally less powerful than I was the day before.

VICTOR Jesus E, don't be so fatalistic.

EVE It's not the same for you. Women are always evaluated by their appearance, whether they choose to be models or politicians or neurosurgeons there are always going to be a disturbingly large number of people who assess the sum totality of their worth by briefly glancing at their epidermis. And every morning I find new wrinkles silently stealing onto my face when I sleep, hair emerging from follicles that used to be quiet and compliant. People who tie their sense of self-worth to their intellect or their charm don't have to worry about that fading with age.

LILITH I don't know, if you met some of my Alzheimer's clients I'm not sure that you'd be saying that.

EVE Okay, fair enough, maybe right at the end we all get our playing fields leveled, but ever since I was little and I scored that fucking chocoflakes commercial...

LIL, IVAN and VICTOR all sing

Chocoflakes they taste so great / chocoflakes make no mistake / Chocoflakes the perfect way to start...your...day!

EVE        Yeah, great. Thanks for that. Ever since I landed that commercial my parents have been shepherding me to every goddaman child beauty pageant and casting call on earth and every time I get some ad or crappy third bit TV role people tell me how beautiful I am and it's so superficial and dull and it makes me want to rip my face off and scream and spit fire, like Scorpion in Mortal Kombat when he did that final fatality, you know the one.