

- Ava: We were thirteen years old, and it was barely a stutter.
- Connie: It took him twenty minutes to get through the Lord's Prayer.
(Ava throws down her spoon.)
- Ava: You know what, Connie? You're a jerk.
- Connie: Oh yeah? Well, you're a loser.
- Ava: Maybe I'm a loser, but at least I've never traded my body for a chili trophy.
- Connie: I've heard you don't do much at all with your body.
- Ava: Excuse me?
- Connie: That's what all the men say. Frigid as a popsicle.
- Ava: Oh, is that so? Well, you know what? I'm not frigid. Just because I don't give it out all over town like it's candy and every night is Halloween!
- Connie: Oh, so I give it out like candy?
- Ava: If the shoe fits, Willy Wonka.
- Connie: You're just a sad, lonely spinster.
- Ava: There's no such thing as a spinster anymore. It's not 1930. It's called feminism. Look it up.
- Connie: You're pathetic.
- Ava: You're crooked.
- Connie: You can't cook.
- Ava: You're a cheater.
- Connie: Lemon.
- Ava: Con artist.
- Connie: Loser.
- Ava: Crook.
- Connie: Underachiever.

Ava: Unethical weasel.

Connie: Unfashionable farm girl. Enjoy your participation ribbon!

Ava: Enjoy your sexually transmitted disease!

Connie: You're a sad little orphan.

(Ava lunges.)

Ava: Shove it, Connie!

(Ellen grabs Ava and pulls her back. Tucker does the same to Connie.)