

Meredith:
I thought you'd be asleep by now.

Izzie:
Yeah, well, I'm not. If you wait a few minutes, you can have a piece of cake. Baked it chock-full of love. Actually, chock-full of unrelenting, all-consuming rage and hostility, but it's still tasty.

Meredith:
So you know?

Izzie:
I know.

Meredith:
Well, do you want the long, sordid version, or the short version, where I started sleeping with a guy who turned out to be my boss?

Izzie:
Neither.

Meredith:
Izzie, cut me some slack here.

Izzie:
No. You went to Dartmouth. Your mother is Ellis Grey. You grew up... Look at this house! You know, you walk into the OR, and there isn't anyone who doubts that you should be there. I grew up in a trailer park. I went to state school. I put myself through med school by posing in my underwear. You know, I walk into the OR, and everyone hopes I'm the nurse. Y-you have their respect without even trying, and you're throwing it away for... what? A few good surgeries?

Meredith:
No. It's not about the surgeries. It's not about getting ahead.

Izzie:
Then what? A little hot sex? You're willing to ruin your credibility over that? I mean, Meredith, what the hell are you doing?
Oh, my God. You're falling for him.

Meredith:
I am not.

Izzie:
Oh, you so are.

Meredith:

No, I'm not.

Izzie:

You so are. Damn it, you poor girl.

Meredith:

You know, it's just that he's just so...And I'm just... I'm having a hard time.

Izzie:

Wow, you're all, uh, mushy and... warm and... full of secret feelings.

Meredith:

I hate you! And your cake.

Izzie:

My cake is good. So, um, how hot is the sex?

Meredith:

Izzie!

Izzie:

What? Come on, I'm not getting any. Help a girl out with a few details.