

Friends, With Kids (Excerpt) by Chloe Whitehorn

Alice pulls Cole into a janitor's closet and they are instantly kissing. Cole breaks away to ask:

COLE

Can I--?

ALICE

Yes!

(She pulls him back to her. They kiss as he starts removing her shirt. Then she pushes back.)

What are we doing here?

COLE

I would have chosen something more romantic, or comfortable even, but you pulled me into the janitor's closet, so I figure, some sort of school girl fantasy? At least it's not as uncomfortable as those troll chairs--oh wait, here's some.

ALICE

I don't mean IN here, I mean--

COLE

What are we doing? Right. Well, currently talking, and I can't find any argument why talking is a *bad* thing. Unless, well, if we're just going to talk, we could pick a less unconventional environment. Maybe a coffee shop.

ALICE

I'm thinking too much.

COLE

Intelligence is sexy.

ALICE

My ruminating over pulling a boy half my age into a janitor's closet in my daughter's elementary school in the middle of the day to have my way with him, consensually of course.

COLE

Of course. I fully acquiesce. Green lights all the way.

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ALICE

That is a turn on for you?

COLE

This is the stuff of fantasies really.
All that's missing is the librarian
glasses and your hair in a bun that
you could dramatically shake out
letting your hair down.

ALICE

This is ridiculous. I don't know
what I was thinking.

COLE

You're kind of dangerous huh?

ALICE

You think this is dangerous? No.
Dangerous is driving down the highway
at 110 mph when you realize that
sadness that never goes away is
probably depression and you are
suicidal and it's raining and dark
and the world is going by so fast
and it would be so easy to just let
go of the wheel... but there are
kids at home who need you to be safe
and there and continue to pretend
you're fine and you just have to
grip the wheel and get there. That's
dangerous.

COLE

Ah, so this is just like... a
potential mid-life crisis? You don't
actually want *me*.

ALICE

Oh I want you.

COLE

You want me because I'm fit and twenty-
three and--

ALICE

Because this
(gesturing to indicate
his whole body)
Is the sort of thing I wanted the
last time I knew who I was.

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COLE

So you're just not attracted to guys
your own age?

ALICE

Twenty-something guys are like, a
separate entity. Like my mind cannot
wrap around the idea that they turn
into forty year old men. They're
like two different beings. Like
chimpanzees and gorillas, or horses
and... cows.

COLE

Wow.

ALICE

Is it like that for you with women?

COLE

Like girls my age are like grapes
and women are like--

ALICE

Don't say fine wine, don't say fine
wine.

COLE

Fine wine.

ALICE

And there you go.

COLE

No. I don't have a type. I just
like...

ALICE

Women?

COLE

You.

ALICE

I gathered. That's why we're here.

COLE

No, we're here because you are on
the verge of living your own "Eat
Pray Love"--

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ALICE

I would have said "Under the Tuscan Sun" but still impressed with your middle-aged women's literary knowledge, and pleased you didn't go with "Bonfire of the Vanities" or worse "Thelma and Louise".

COLE

And I was lucky enough to be--

ALICE

In the right place at the right time?

COLE

What you wanted the last time you knew who you were. I do have a problem with this though.

ALICE

That I'm married? My kids? My lack of sexy underwear?

COLE

How am I supposed to get to know you if you don't know you?

ALICE

Are you sure you're twenty-three? That's awfully insightful.

COLE

You wanna maybe, go grab a coffee or something?

ALICE

Or a bunch of caramels. Sorry, that's probably too old a--

COLE

As arbitrary as drinking coffee. I know.

ALICE

You know my pop culture references.

COLE

Bit of a turn on for you huh?

ALICE

Yeah.

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COLE

So, shall we?

ALICE

Yes. But first.

(She grabs him and
kisses him
passionately.)