

FRANK - Hey!

SHELLY - Hey. Hi.

FRANK - Oh, my God. How you feeling? Please tell me it's not a student. Is it a student?

SHELLY - No. I'm not actually pregnant. No, I would never sleep with a student.

FRANK - Good.

SHELLY - Without protection. By the way, did that twin say anything to you about me?

FRANK - No. He doesn't talk to me about you at all.

SHELLY - Yeah. Okay.

FRANK - You know why? He's dating a cheerleader.

SHELLY - (SIGHS) Games.

FRANK - I think it's because you're 20 years older than him.

SHELLY - But in bed, it's like numbers don't matter. Except for the number of pumps.

FRANK - What? I'm sorry. You count pumps?

SHELLY - I like stats.

FRANK - That's crazy.

SHELLY - Hmm. Isn't it weird, though? How, like, we're at work...

FRANK - Yeah.

SHELLY - We're just, like, seeing these kids grow up and then one day it's just like, bam, they're 18 and you can fuck 'em.

FRANK - No.

SHELLY - How that's just, like, a thing?

FRANK - It's really not a thing.

SHELLY - Or how you're like, "Slow down! "Don't run in the hallways."

FRANK - Yeah.

SHELLY - And then you're like, - "Do you have a condom?"

FRANK - Creeping on them and trying to...

SHELLY - I want that teenage dick, you know? I want that teenis.

FRANK - Holly, why are you texting me that you're pregnant? I... I gotta be in class.

SHELLY - Can you just wait one second? 'Cause it's all gonna make sense...