I FEEL BAD: ALL DAY. EVERY DAY. ABOUT EVERYTHING.

[I FEEL BAD #1: I Don't Want To Look Like My Mother]

"Pilot"

Written by

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I Feel Bad: All Day. Every Day. About Everything. 1/12/18 1.

ACT ONE

INT. TARGET STORE - DAY

EMET is shopping with her kids. Baby JAKE is in his car seat in the cart. LILY (11) and LOUIE (9) are loudly making arguments for why they need various items.

LILY
Mom, can we please get this cereal? We ran out before I got to try it.

LOUIE
If Lily’s getting something, I want Gatorade, I get dehydrated faster than most people--

EMET
Guys, you try this every time and the answer is still “no”--

EMET (V.O.)
Here’s the thing every mom knows: We feel bad about something every single day--

EMET
Hey, watch out for the display--

As Lily and Louie argue, they back into a display, knocking over paper towels. Emet steps back, sighing as the kids sheepishly clean up. An OLDER WOMAN rounds the corner.

EMET (V.O.)
Like getting shamed by grocery store trolls who get some kind of sick joy from making you feel like a bad parent--

OLDER WOMAN
Looks like you can’t control your kids.

EMET
(very casually)
Oh, those aren’t my kids.

Emet cheerfully walks away, pretending not to know the kids. The woman looks confused and a little disappointed.

EMET (V.O.)
I refuse to give anyone that joy. Suck it, lady!

INT. GAMEBLAST - EVENING

Emet is at her desk, on the phone with her son, Louie.

EMET (V.O.)
We feel bad that we can’t always be there--
EMET (INTO PHONE)
Hey, bud, I’m working late, I can’t make your game. I’ll make the next one, okay?

Emet hangs up. TOM, who happens to be a little person, is delivering mail to the cubicles. Emet looks at him wistfully.

TOM
I get it, lady -- you’ve got working-mom guilt, you miss your kid-- but you’re not getting a hug.

EMET
Please, I wasn’t thinking that.

EMET (V.O.)
I totally was. I just wanna give him a Rice Krispie treat and hear about his day.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- KITCHEN
Emet is with Lily, Louie and the baby.

EMET (V.O.)
And sometimes we feel bad about not wanting to be there--

The baby is crying, Louie and Lily are hounding Emet.

LILY/LOUIE
Why can’t you make my lunches more pinteresting?/Mom. Mom. Mom. Mom--

David enters, Emet puts the baby in his seat.

EMET
I just need to grab something real quick.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- GARAGE
REVEAL Emet, lying down in the backseat of her car, listening to a podcast, eating a bag of pretzels. She’s in heaven.

LADY ON PODCAST (O.S.)
And now it’s time for my favorite murder.

EMET (V.O.)
The last time I experienced this much pleasure in the back seat of a car I was also trying to have fun and avoid kids-- but in a very different way.
INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- KITCHEN

Emet holds baby Jake, she and David pack school lunches. Louie is there, rambling on.

EMET (V.O.)
I never know what I’ll feel bad about on any given day, but I know it’s coming--

LOUIE
And I had a scary dream but then it got funny but I can’t remember why it was funny, I just somehow know it was funny--

Louie, as monotone as Napoleon Dynamite, rambles on as Emet and David mutter “uh-huh.”

EMET (V.O.)
When you have your first kid, you think about those genius babies who started doing calculus in their crib and say “Wow, maybe that’s gonna be my kid.” Well, it’s not. Your kid is going to be more like this:

LOUIE
--and then when I woke up and I was hot ’cause I think I was running in my dream--

EMET (V.O.)
I mean, Louie is awesome. And I feel bad about not always wanting to hear his stories, but, ohhhh my god, right?

EMET
(interrupting Louie)
Louie, no offense, but you’ve got to learn to get to the point, kid.

LOUIE
(thinking, then cheerfully)
Uhhh-- oh! Can we go to a water park this weekend since there’s a heatwave?

EMET
See how easy that was? And no. Water parks are gross. They’re infested with brain eating amoebas and pedophiles.

Emet’s mom, MAYA, enters and takes Jake as Louie crosses off.

MAYA
It’s true, they go right up your nose and burrow in there.

(MORE)
MAYA (CONT’D)
The amoebas, not the pedophiles. Poor Louie, he’s probably craving family time.
I don’t understand how you career women can leave your kids.

DAVID
Now, Maya -- you were a stay-at-home mom but you still managed to screw up Emet.
(closing with Emet)
Right?

EMET
Oh, absolutely. Good point, honey. And it’s not just about quantity time, mom, it’s about quality time, okay?

Lily enters, wearing makeup with bright pink lips.

MAYA
The quality is obvious.
(baby talk, to Jake)
Now where did grandpa wander off to?

EMET (V.O.)
It also doesn’t feel great when my mom thinks she’s won a round.

Maya exits with Jake. David looks at Lily, wide-eyed.

DAVID
Did I tune out during one of our parenting discussions again? Is she allowed to have that on her face? Because I have definitely have an opinion now--

EMET
Well, don’t judge yet. She still has to suck into an empty shot glass to get her lips all plumped up to complete the look.
(then)
Dude, of course she’s not allowed to wear makeup! I’ll handle it, you hustle Louie along.

David leads Louie upstairs. Emet to Lily, quietly:

EMET (CONT’D)
Is this because I let you watch five minutes of Showgirls? I knew that would come back to bite me.
LILY
No. Some of my friends want to wear
makeup to Garnet’s pool party Saturday--
I was practicing with yours.

Emet’s friend, Marco, enters.

MARCO
‘Morning! The door was open--
(off Lily’s face)
Oo, loving the bold lip--
(Off Emet’s look, Marco covers)
By bold lip I mean you look like an angry
clown with a shrimp allergy.

EMET
Thank you, Marco.
(then, to Lily)
Lily, I get it. There’s a lot pressure on
women around how we look. I mean, when I
see some lady on Instagram who’s popped
out four kids showing off her stupid
ripped abs while balancing her newborn in
warrior pose, do I feel it, too? Yeah.
But I know that how we look is the least
important thing about us. You’re a little
young for makeup, okay? But, I did get
you that cover up dress you wanted--

Emet reaches for a dress and hands it to Lily, who sighs.

LILY
Okay. Thanks. I guess I’ll try it on.

Lily exits into the bathroom.

EMET
I handled that. See, I could have one of
those lame mom blogs.

MARCO
Yeah, you’re amazing, can we do me, now?
’Cause my soon-to-be ex-husband came over
with his fat, scary sister and they took
half my shirts. Apparently if you’re gay,
clothing is community property.

EMET
That’s too bad, you had such good shirts.

MARCO
I know. What do you mean “had” good
shirts, you don’t like this?
Emet does not. Lily re-enters wearing the cover up.

EMET
Hey! You look great. See, you don’t need makeup, you’re perfect just the way you--

Lily twirls and then sticks out one leg and then the other, posing for their perusal. CLOSE UP: Lily’s legs are very hairy. Emet’s eyes widen, noticing for the first time.

EMET (CONT’D)
--are.

LILY
Thanks! I gotta get ready for school.

Lily bounds up the stairs. Emet sighs.

EMET
Okay, I know I just told my kid she’s too young for makeup, but, I think she might need to shave her legs.

MARCO
Uh, what happened to "looks don’t matter?"

EMET
Well, Marco, that is lie you tell to children to protect them from how much the world sucks. Looks shouldn’t matter. But I had the same issue growing up and I was picked on mercilessly by little mean girls with smooth, seal-like bodies. Lily’s cursed with my genes. I just don’t want her to go through what I did.

MARCO
I’m glad I’m childless. And hairless. Coffee?

Marco crosses off. Emet sighs and goes back to packing the lunches. She reaches into the fridge and rummages around.

EMET (V.O.)
So, my daughter had inherited one of my most aggravating physical traits and it was up to me to point it out. You’d think that would be bad enough. But then this happened--

EMET
Why do I buy all this fruit? No one eats it. Thirty bucks, right in the trash.
GABRIEL, her dad, enters.

GABRIEL
There you are-- we gotta get going, Maya.

Gabriel gives Emet a little love tap on the butt. Emet straightens, startled. Gabriel is also startled.

EMET
Dad! What the hell?

GABRIEL
Sorry. I thought you were your mother.

Marco, holding their coffees, has witnessed all this.

MARCO
This is like the start of the worst rom-com ever.

EMET
What are you saying? I look like mom?

GABRIEL
You also sound like her sometimes.

EMET (V.O.)
And there it is. My feel bad for the week: My dad smacked my ass because he thought I was my mother. Kill me now.

Maya reenters to see Emet’s annoyed look.

MAYA
What? What’s with the face?

BLANK SCREEN. CHYRON: “I Feel Bad #1: I Don’t Want to Turn Into My Mother.” As a cartoon doodle forms of Emet peering into the mirror, concerned, her mom’s face looking back at her, various voices utter “feel bads:” “I hate other people’s kids” “I get sick of being needed” “I lie to my kids” “I kill the mood...” etc. More voices join in, building to a cacophony of “I feel bad” utterances. The “look like my mother” caption flies off and is replaced by the text: “I FEEL BAD: ALL DAY. EVERY DAY. ABOUT EVERYTHING.”

INT. EMET’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Emet is alone in the kitchen. David enters.

EMET (V.O.)
The morning’s events had raised some tough questions, and I needed answers.
DAVID
The kids are ready, I can drop them off on my way to work.

EMET
Let me ask you something-- do you find my mother attractive?

DAVID

EMET
Then how can you be attracted to me? I kinda look like her and I’m only going to look more like her as I get older.

DAVID
This feels like a circular logic trap.

EMET
I’m sorry. Never mind. You know what? I just need a more objective opinion.

Emet kisses David and exits. David to himself:

DAVID
How could “no, I’m not attracted to your mother” possibly have been the wrong answer?

INT. GAMEBLAST -- DAY

A video game company, very Silicon Valley -- ping-pong tables, nap pods, balance ball chairs. A few employees are gaming on virtual reality headsets (dodging things we can’t see.) We track past this into a conference room where Emet sits at the head of the table, surrounded by nerdy guys, all video game artists in their early 20’s, of various ethnicities. Emet doodles the “I Don’t Want to Look Like My Mother” sketch from the credits. Storyboards for a video game surround them. NORMAN rambles like Louie did earlier.

NORMAN
So, in my dream, I was chasing this old lady but instead of feasting on her guts I actually helped her--

EMET (V.O.)
(as Norman drones on)
As head artist at a video game company, I lead a team of sweet but awkward nerds who were too emotionally inept to lie for the sake of fitting into society.

(MORE)
EMET (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So, if I’d really become as mom-ish as my mom, these guys would let me know.

EMET
Norman, is there a point to this story?

NORMAN
Oh. Yeah. So, I don’t think there’s a fresh way to execute a zombie video game, unless, just like in my dream... the zombies are the good guys.

EMET

ROHIT
We can up the "ick" factor with twice the blood and flesh chunks.

EMET
Guys -- these pitches seriously blow. We have one week to get the artwork together for this game, we’ve gotta dig deeper, okay? But, uh, right now, I want to shift the conversation just a little. Something happened this morning, I’m a little in my head about it, so I want you to be brutally honest with me. Just be honest, okay? Would you have sex with me?

They guys stare at her confused.

ROHIT
I’m pretty sure the video they made us watch said this is when we call H.R.

EMET
No, oh my god, don’t worry, I’m not saying I want to or that I’d ever do it with you guys, gross, I’m married, happily, thanks. I’m saying hypothetically, if we crossed paths out in the world, am I the kind of person you’d find desirable? I just need an objective opinion. So, please, fire away.

ROHIT
I’m a ‘yes.’ You do have a nice face--

EMET
Thank you, Rohit. I appreciate your honesty.
CHEWEY
--yeah, but her face doesn’t seem so fresh. I like a fresh face.

ROHIT
That’s true. I’d like to retract my previous statement. I also like a fresh face.

EMET
Fresh face, okay, sure, sure--

HIDESHI
Well, I think you guys are crazy.

EMET
(perking up)
Hideshi, you feel strongly about something? Please, speak up.

HIDESHI
Guys, think about it. It’s like pizza. If it’s around, you eat it even if you don’t really want it, because, hey, it’s pizza.

The guys murmur in agreement, talking over each other.

JERRY
Dude, that’s a ridiculous analogy. It’s not like pizza. It’s like pizza you ordered the night before and it’s been lying around in your living room versus pizza that’s hot and fresh.

(looking to Emet)
That’s what you mean, right? Do we want... older pizza?

Emet starts PACING the room and TIDYING UP, picking up the guys’ snack food trash.

EMET
I don’t even know what I mean anymore, but I don’t want pizza for a long time!
(laughs, then, annoyed)
I mean, seriously, when the hell did nerds get so picky?!

NORMAN
Nerds are cool now. We date models.

Norman picks up a remote control and sends a DRONE airborne.
NORMAN (CONT’D)
I’m sending Hodor to the kitchen for more Cheez-it’s, any takers?

EMET (V.O.)
What do they know? These guys spend their days drawing girl video game characters with bowling ball-sized boobs and tiny waists. Their minds are broken.

EMET
Okay, let’s just get back to work. Where were we?

ROHIT
You were crapping on our ideas.

EMET
Well, don’t put it like that, that makes me sound critical. I’m not critical. I’m unfiltered and quippy.

NORMAN
You’re critical. It’s why I wouldn’t hypothetically “do it” with you. I don’t want my performance ripped apart.

The guys jump, agreeing with Norman. Emet notices the trash in her hands.

EMET
Have I been cleaning up after you guys?

HIDESHI
Yeah. You always do that.

EMET
Oh my god.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM

Emet enters with a sensible black handbag over her shoulder and comes face to face with Maya-- holding a similar bag.

EMET (V.O.)
It’s an ego blow for any woman to realize she’s getting long in the tooth, or boob, if you will, but looking like my mom wasn’t what was really bugging me. No, I was becoming her. And that just couldn’t happen. Not me. Not cool, chill, fun me, dammit. It had to end.

David enters and kisses Emet. Then, for her benefit, to Maya:
DAVID
Maya. You look fetching. I’m smitten with your appearance today.

MAYA
What’s wrong with you?

EMET
(quietly)
David, thanks, but I’m kinda past that.

DAVID
(gritted teeth)
Wish you’d told me earlier.

He crosses off quickly, uncomfortable. Maya turns to Emet:

MAYA
Jake is asleep. I gave him one of your shirts to cuddle with since you’re never here. Better than nothing, I guess.

EMET
Mom, you know, that’s exactly the kind of critical talk that I need you to put the brakes on. Because I’m realizing that I’ve picked up your habits, okay? I shoot down ideas at work way too fast, I even criticize the kids, I mean, I pretty much told Louie his stories are boring--

MAYA
What are you suggesting. I’m the reason you’re terrible?

EMET
There it is again. And yes. You are.

MAYA
I guess you think it’s so easy to raise kids without being a little critical?

EMET
Yes. It’s called modern parenting. It’s why we have toys without lead paint and babies who sleep just fine without having booze rubbed on their gums.

MAYA
Well, I say it’s not as easy as you think. So good luck with that.

Maya heads for the door. Lily comes downstairs, in pajamas.
LILY
Hi, mom.

EMET
Hi, Lil. Hey, I wanted to mention something, it’s no big deal, but when you were trying on your dress for the pool party today--

EMET (V.O.)
And there it was. My mom’s words, coming back to haunt me. Pointing out my eleven-year-old’s genetically-cursed, hairy legs? That suddenly seemed pretty critical.

LILY
What?

EMET
You know what? I forgot what I was going to say.

LILY
That’s okay. It happens to Grandma all the time.

EMET
(sarcastic)
Awesome.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- EMET AND DAVID’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emet is ready for bed. David enters.

EMET (V.O.)
I didn’t want to be critical of Lily, but I wasn’t exactly letting it go, either.

DAVID
(putting arms around her)
Lily and Louie are finally sleeping. We get a little “us” time.

EMET
I love them the most when they’re asleep.
(they kiss, Emet breaks away)
Hey, have you noticed how hairy Lily’s legs are?

DAVID
(breaking away)
Wow, your pillow talk sucks.

EMET
I know she seems young, but I was about twelve when I had to start shaving.

DAVID
Emet. She’s a kid. Even the image of that is disturbing, like that Indonesian toddler who chain smokes.

EMET
Yeah, well, girls mature faster these days. It’s all the hormones in the chicken or something, sometimes it even gives them boobs at nine.

DAVID
Chicken gives you boobs? I eat chicken every day. Do men get chicken boobs? Why isn’t the media covering this more?

EMET
David. Focus.

Beat. Emet gently pokes at David’s chest, checking for boobs.

DAVID
You focus!
(then)
You’re worrying for nothing.
EMET
No, I’m worrying because Garnet Dorsey never invites Lily to anything and if she’s mocked at her pool party, she’ll be devastated. You don’t understand because you’re not a girl. You don’t know how much all this stuff affects us, even if we want to be above it. You don’t get it.

DAVID
That’s not true-- Sunway Airlines made me head of customer complaints because I do get women. The other week, we lost a lady’s luggage -- I listened very sympathetically then offered her a travel voucher and boom -- I’d emotionally satisfied a lady. I’ve got the touch. (off her look)
Yeah, I don’t get it, you should probably ask a girl.

EMET
Yeah. Probably.

EMET (V.O.)
Simone was the only fun single girlfriend left in my life. The others had run screaming. But she embraced my condition. Motherhood, that is. And if this was something more than a case of a little peach fuzz, my closest childhood bud would definitely let me know.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM - THE NEXT EVENING

We’re CLOSE ON a hairy little leg doing an enthusiastic hip-hop dance move. REVEAL Lily, performing for Marco, SIMONE (African-American, late 30’s, think Kym Whitley) and Emet, who stare, wide-eyed, with plastered-on smiles. Lily finishes and they clap. Beaming, Lily bows and runs out of the room.

SIMONE
Uh-uh. That’s not peach fuzz. If a peach looks like that, it’s gone bad and needs to be thrown out. I say tell the girl.

EMET
Usually, I’d have no problem with that, I mean, I can talk to Lily about anything. (MORE)
I Feel Bad: All Day. Every Day. About Everything. 1/12/18 16.

EMET (CONT’D)
The other day, we had a very real conversation about cell phones and how sometimes boys send certain pictures to girls--

SIMONE
(pulling out phone)
I’m pretty sure you and I had that exact same conversation. And, by the way, he sent me another one--

EMET
Simone. Focus.

MARCO
We can look at that later.

EMET
The thing is, pointing out something Lily isn’t even self-conscious about just feels messed up. It’s what my mom would have done and I can’t be like that with Lily. Remember my prom?

SIMONE
Yeah, when she told you your dress made you look pregnant--

EMET
--But that at least the actual pregnant girl at prom wouldn’t feel so alone--

MARCO
Okay, that is cold. But-- this is totally different. You’re just trying to help your kid not get picked on.

EMET
I know. So-- I was thinking. What if there’s a way to not be critical of her and help her at the same time? Like, say, if Lily were to become self-conscious all on her own with a little nudge in the right direction?

SIMONE
So-- you somehow want to get Lily to notice her leg hair and want to do something about it of her own volition?

EMET
Yeah. That way, I am not a critical mom, I’m just coming to her aid when she asks for help. So, you guys in? I need ideas.
MARCO
Let’s see, gaslighting your kid into wanting to shave her legs, or wine bar. Simone?

SIMONE
Ooo, wine bar.

They get up to go, Emet calls after them.

EMET
You’ll be back. You can never resist my domestic drama--
(sadly, to self)
I wanna go to a wine bar.

INT. GAMEBLAST - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The guys are around the table. Emet enters.

EMET (V.O.)
My kids weren’t the only ones I had been critical of lately. Being a female boss isn’t always easy. You have to balance being tough with being fun, or everyone calls you the “b” word. And that’s if you’re lucky.

EMET
Hey-- who wants to throw the football around? Huh? I know you guys like that and yes, it sometimes annoys me, but you know what? Let’s make it fun in here.

Emet grabs a nerf football and tosses it. It hits Hideshi and bounces off his head.

NORMAN
(raising hand)
Sorry, what’s happening?

EMET
I just want you guys to know I think you are special and your ideas are valid. So, I would like to hear some things you feel I’ve unfairly shot down and this time, I’m gonna listen.

A beat as they take this in. Chewey raises his hand:

CHEWEY
Well-- even when our ideas end up sucking, it’s hard to come up with them.
(MORE)
CHEWEY (CONT'D)
Shouldn’t there be some sort of reward
for our efforts?

EMET
Absolutely, Chewey. Rewards for effort. I
don’t know why I ever said “no” to that.
What else?

NORMAN
Google lets their workers bring pets to
the office. I’ve always wanted to do that
and you said it was a bad idea.

EMET
Okay. But, I said that because this group
tends to get distracted.

HIDESHI
Well, yeah, if we’re worried about our
pets at home how can we focus?

EMET
I focus and I have actual kids at home.

NORMAN
Not seeing how that’s the same.

EMET
I don’t know, Norman. I have a baby who
needs me for food and I’m not complaining
about wanting the baby here. Do any of
you also have to make food with your
body?

NORMAN
No. But I can beat box.

Norman does a pretty cool beat box. The guys are impressed.

EMET
Really? That’s more impressive? It’s a
man’s world. Okay, look. If pets are so
important to you, lets bring pets! Who
else has a suggestion?

JERRY
I think we should be able to dress a
little more on the casual side.
EMET
We’re video game artists, we already look like crap, Jerry, but hey, we don’t have a dress code— as long as you keep all your private bits covered, I don’t care what you wear.

JERRY
Awesome.

EMET
See? I can be open and non-judgemental. This is who I am.

Emet sits, proud of herself. Chewey raises his hand.

CHEWEY
I forgot my storyboards at home.

EMET
What the hell, man? That’s not cool.

CHEWEY
But I worked really hard on them. You said we get rewards for effort.

EMET
(sighs)
I think I have some candy in my purse.

Emet rummages around in her bag, Chewey beams.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- KITCHEN

Emet is there with David, Louie and Lily, who are having a snack. Marco enters with a burly guy, STU, who is wearing a sleeveless t-shirt — he has a ton of chest and back hair.

MARCO
Hey, Emet, I brought my buddy Stu over to help you move that dresser.
(sotto, to her)
Let the gaslighting begin.

EMET
(stilted, acting)
Great! Thank you for doing this, Stu.

STU
No problem, always happy to help a friend of a friend.
DAVID
What dresser? You didn’t ask me. I could have helped.

EMET
You have a bad back.

DAVID
I do?

MARCO
So, Stu, we’re probably going to get pretty hot, so you might want to take off that sweater.

STU
I’m not wearing a sweater.

MARCO
(re: body hair)
Then what the heck is that? Am I right kids? That needs to go!

Marco laughs. David shoots him a look.

DAVID
Marco. Jeez, man.

STU
(quietly)
Why are you doing this? I just want to help.

MARCO
(quietly)
Just go with it, drinks are on me later. (for kids benefit again)
Well, Stu, you can’t blame me for noticing. Even my dog is less shaggy.

Lily looks at Stu, thoughtfully. Then:

LILY
Mom? I have a question.

EMET
(hopefully)
Yes, honey?

LILY
Can we get a dog?

LOUIE
Yeah! Can we?
Emet sighs. Marco throws up his hands and rolls his eyes.

    MARCO
    Let’s go, Stu.

    STU
    What about the dresser?

They exit. David turns to Emet.

    DAVID
    So, now I have to move some dresser alone? I’m so confused.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- LILY’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lily is reading Harry Potter. Emet comes in holding a book.

    EMET
    Hi, sweetie. I know you love to read, I found a really cool book called “Your Changing Body.” I thought I’d just leave it here for you.

    LILY
    Thanks.

When Lily doesn’t look up, Emet opens the book.

    EMET
    I’m just going to open it up to a random page. Oh, this is good: “Body hair is normal but lots of females remove it from places such as legs and underarms.” Isn’t that fascinating?

    LILY
    Mom? I’m at a really good part, I’m just gonna stick with Harry Potter.

    EMET
    Oh, okay, sure. You go ahead and stick with... “Harry.”

Emet puts the book aside and exits.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- KITCHEN

Emet is sitting with Simone.

    EMET
    Lily’s a little less suggestible than I thought.

    (MORE)
EMET (CONT'D)
Which is great for life-- drugs and sex, blah, blah, blah but bad for this plan.

SIMONE
We should just sneak into her room and shave her legs in her sleep.

EMET
Simone-- first of all, anything that starts off with sneaking into a kid’s room at night is a bad idea--

SIMONE
Oh yeah? What about the toothfairy? The toothfairy sneaks in there, takes her tooth, this is just her leg hair. We can leave her money if that makes it better.

EMET
Huh. She does like money.
(then, snapping out of it)
No! Still no. We can’t do that. Can we?
(then, quickly)
What am I saying. We can’t.

SIMONE
I tried. That pool party is in two days. What are you gonna do?

EMET
I don’t know. Maybe it’ll rain.

INT. GAMEBLAST -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Emet walks in to see that the guys are dressed quite casually -- sandals, shorts, sweats, one of them is in an adult onesie. No one has shaved and a few have greasy hair.

EMET
Whoa. Why does it look like everybody’s about to fly coach in here?

ROHIT
This is our less restrictive clothing. You said we could be comfy, remember?

EMET
(re: their sandaled feet)
Jesus. There are more bare toes in this room than in Quentin Tarantino’s mouth. Okay, well, yeah. I did say it was okay.

Emet clocks Hideshi, who has his dog with him.
EMET (CONT’D)
Cool. Pets. We’re doing that too.

Norman enters with a snake across his shoulders.

NORMAN
Sorry I’m a little late.

EMET
Oh, it’s fine, after all you did have an audition for a Nicki Minaj video. Seriously, Norman? A snake?

NORMAN
Not everyone is a dog person.

Emet rubs her head like she’s getting a headache.

EMET
Well, I went over everyone’s boards, unfortunately, we have a lot of re-working to do. But here are some Starbucks gift cards for doing all the hard work that didn’t work out but was still… hard. Yay.

Emet passes out the cards, hating this. Hideshi’s dog barks at the snake.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- THE NEXT MORNING

Emet, holding Jake, is looking out of the window at the sky.

DAVID
What are you doing?

EMET
Checking for a rain clouds.
(off his look, covering)
California is in a draught. I just worry about the environment, you know?

Lily enters.

LILY
Mom, I’m gonna go get ready, can I please borrow some of your cherry lip balm?
That’s not real makeup.

EMET
Yeah, fine. But just the lip balm.
(mutters as she looks out window, as Lily exits)
(MORE)
EMET (CONT'D)
If only she loved getting into my razors as much as my makeup--
   (getting idea)
Oh!

DAVID
What?

EMET
Nothing. Hey, can you take Jake? I want to see if Lily needs anything.

DAVID
   (taking Jake)
Sure.

EMET
Actually, this would be a good time to do skin-to-skin with him.

DAVID
Yeah. Maybe. Or maybe some other time.

EMET
What’s the big deal, you just take off your shirt, strip him to his diaper and just smush him up against you. The books say it’s bonding. You never did it much with our other kids, maybe that’s why they’re so clingy with me.

DAVID
I hear you, but skin-to-skin is hard for me. My father didn’t even really deal with me until I was two. He always said men hold their liquor, not babies. So that’s where I’m coming from.

EMET
I know. But you do want Jake to call you when you’re old, right? So-- maybe slap him on ya.

Emet rushes off.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- LILY’S BATHROOM

Emet enters with hair removal products. She puts an electric razor near the sink and a bottle of hair remover on the counter. Lily enters. Emet checks for David, then casually:
EMET
Hey, I’m gonna shower in here later, the drain is slow in my bathroom. I just put some of my stuff in here.

LILY
Okay.

EMET
Cool. So. Yeah. If you’re curious and want to try anything, feel free to ask me. No biggie, though. Only if you want to. I’m just around the corner. I can help you. If you’re interested, that is. Just come get me, okay?

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM -- LATER

Emet is playing a board game with David and Louie. The baby is in his seat. Marco enters.

MARCO
Your door was locked, I used my emergency key because it’s an emotional emergency--

LILY (O.S.)
Mom! I need help in here. Mom!

EMET
Hold that thought, I’ll be right back.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- LILY’S BATHROOM

Emet knocks on the bathroom door.

EMET
Lily? Do you need me?

LILY (O.S.)
Something happened.

Lily opens the door. She has no eyebrows.

EMET
Oh, no.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- LILY’S BATHROOM

Emet and eyebrow-less Lily are where we left them. Louie crosses past and sees Lily.

LOUIE
Hey! She gets to have no eyebrows but you wouldn’t let me shave slits in mine when all the rappers were doing it?!

EMET
Louie -- go away, and don’t say anything about this.

(Louie crosses off, to Lily)
Okay, what happened?

LILY
I don’t know! I used the lotion you left in here ‘cause it smelled good. I put it on my face but then it started tingling a little so I washed it off and -- my eyebrows were just gone.

EMET
Honey, I told you to ask me if you wanted to try anything. That’s not lotion. It’s hair remover.

(taking bottle from her)
You can read a whole Harry Potter book but not the back of a bottle?

LILY
I wasn’t really listening to you, I was thinking about the party--

DAVID (O.S.)
Everything okay up there?

EMET
(calling to him)
Great -- yes, we’re good!

Emet checks out Lily’s face. Marco walks in.

MARCO
You left me with David and Louie and you know I have nothing to say to them--

(clocking Lily)
Wow. I am not as plugged in to youth trends as I thought I was.
EMET
Okay, Marco, we’ve had a little incident and I need you to distract David--

MARCO
What? How? I told you, we don’t talk!

EMET
Just tell him about your “emotional emergency”, whatever you were going to tell me. Go, please--

Marco rushes off. Emet turns to Lily:

EMET (CONT’D)
You didn’t happen to get that lotion anywhere else, did you? Like your legs?

LILY
No.

EMET
Yeah, all right. Come on.

Emet leads Lily out of the bathroom.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM

David has taken off his shirt and holds Jake. Marco enters.

MARCO
David. Hi. What’s the haps, homie?

DAVID
Hey, Marco. I’m just doing this baby bonding thing Emet always wants me to do. I gotta go show her so I get credit for it--

David starts to cross off to find Emet, Marco stops him.

MARCO
Oh! She’s busy with Lily, girl talk. You know, my ex George and I wanted kids. We fertilized the eggs of a Brazilian model and froze the embryos. But, obviously, it’s not going to happen now. Maybe I wouldn’t have been a good dad, anyway.

DAVID
Hey, you’d be a good dad. Trust me, you’ll surprise yourself. I used to be pretty uncomfortable with intimacy. But look at me now-- I’d do anything for this little guy.
MARCO
That’s really sweet. My poor little frozen half-Brazilian babies. Brazilians hate the cold, you know. I’m sorry. I’m just going through some things.

Marco, a little emotional, goes in for a hug. David embraces him, Jake on his other side. He’s uncomfortable.

DAVID
Well, this is a lot.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- LILY’S BEDROOM

Emet and Lily stand at Lily’s dresser. Emet tries to brush Lily’s hair over her forehead.

EMET
How mad are you? Like, furious, or, just a little? I can’t tell without the eyebrows.

LILY
Mom--

EMET
Don’t worry, we can totally cover this. Look, I screwed up, okay? I didn’t want to make you self-conscious or be critical of you--

(off Lily’s hair)
I can’t get your bangs to hide this, your forehead is so long your hairline is miles from your browline--

(off Lily’s look)
That is not a criticism, just an observation. Anyway. There’s no easy way to say this. You have a little more leg hair than you used to, and--

LILY
Yeah. I know.

EMET
You do? Oh. Well, look, kids can be total jerks and I didn’t want anyone to make fun of you--

LILY
They already have.

EMET
Really? When?
LILY
I wore shorts to volleyball practice the other day. Grayson said something to me.

EMET
The kid with the giant cheek mole? He should talk. I’m so sorry, Lily. That happened to me when I was a kid and I get how much it sucks.

LILY
Yeah. But it was okay. I just told him to shut up and get over it.

EMET
You did? How do you like that? You’re nothing like me. You’re way better than me. At your age, I would have been crushed. Look-- I guess I should have just brought it to you, but I didn’t want to make you feel bad--

LILY
Uh, if you had, I could have told you it was no big deal and maybe I’d still have my eyebrows. That makes me feel bad.

EMET
You’re also a lot more astute than I was. And more forgiving?

Emet looks at Lily sheepishly as Simone enters.

SIMONE
Marco texted me that there’s something I gotta see up here--
(spotted Lily)
Oh. Okay. Your aim is way off but it’s a start.

LILY
I could tell everyone to back off before, but this-- I can’t tell anyone to ignore this-- I’m a freak.

SIMONE
Please. Every woman has something she’s covering up or enhancing.
(indicating herself)
You think this is all real?

Simone pulls out a couple of extensions out of her hair.
SIMONE (CONT’D)
Or these?

Simone pulls off her eyelashes.

SIMONE (CONT’D)
I’d keep going, but you look a little scared. Are you? I can’t tell without the eyebrows.

EMET
Your brows will grow back. Until then, how about we pencil them in with some liner?

LILY
So-- I get to wear makeup?!

EMET
Just this once. I guess I owe you.

Lily squeals, excited. Simone holds up her lashes.

SIMONE
I’m gonna need a touch up myself.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- FAMILY ROOM

David is still holding Marco and Louie.

MARCO
You know, you’re actually very compassionate. I didn’t think we had anything in common. But I feel like we’ve really bonded.

DAVID
Great. Not sure about the baby, but I guess I’ll be hearing from you when I’m old.

Marco pulls away and looks confused as Emet enters.

EMET
David, there’s been an incident, I don’t want you to freak out-- right now, I really need you help me with Lily’s makeup.
DAVID
All right, listen. I’m all in on this modern dad stuff -- I read the parenting books, I cuddle with the baby, cuddle with your friends, I’ve even practiced for dance class with Lily, but, I feel like I need to draw the line at makeup.

EMET
I just want you to help me use your leveling tool.

DAVID
Oh. I can do that, sure--

EMET
Good, ‘cause I need to get Lily’s eyebrows even.

DAVID
What now?

EXT. POOL PARTY -- LATER THAT DAY

David and Emet look on as Lily cannonballs into the pool.

EMET
Well, our daughter has drawn-on eyebrows, hairy legs and is perfectly happy. She’s more self-assured than I was at her age.

DAVID
And why do you think that is?

EMET
I did let her watch a lot of Oprah when she was a baby.

DAVID
I don’t think she has all that confidence for no reason. I think it’s because you happen to be a very good, very supportive mom. When you’re not tricking her. Or making her lose her eyebrows.

EMET
Aw, that’s nice, thank you. (beat, then)
Of course, one day she probably won’t want to be anything like me. Now I feel bad again.

DAVID
Well that didn’t last long.
EMET
Never does.

INT. GAMEBLAST - CONFERENCE ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Emet enters. The guys are still dressed down, some have pets, they’re talking over each other and the room is in chaos.

EMET (V.O.)
Being critical might not be a great trait in a parent, but in a boss? I realized it was vital. This “b” word was back.

EMET
Guys -- I know I said I was done being hard on everyone, but there’s a certain someone in here who had such a ridiculous idea that I can’t let it pass. It was me. Yeah. My idea to respect all your ideas? So stupid. See, I was afraid I was turning into my mom, so I kind of over-corrected. But, it’s my job tell you when you’re blowing it. So, really, this is the one place where I can be like my mom. And all these changes to our workday? They suck. So, I’m shutting it down.

HIDESHI
Thank god.

EMET
Really? You’re not mad?

NORMAN
Actually-- with all your coddling, rewarding and validating, you were starting to remind us of our mothers.

ROHIT
We need boundaries! Look at us!

EMET
You know, I sometimes forget, you’re Millennials. Your parents have ruined you in a totally different way. Which is a pretty good cautionary tale to not be too full of praise for my kids or I’ll raise a bunch of needy, emotionally fragile “yous.” Just kidding, I love you guys. Sometimes. Hey, I am happy to go back to kicking your asses. After your childhoods of being way too loved, someone has to prepare you for the real world.

(MORE)
EMET (CONT’D)
Awful things like marriage. Kids. Can’t go into those with your head up your asses.

ROHIT
I’m not getting married. My mom says no woman will ever be good enough for me.

EMET
Rohit, your mom lied. Almost any woman is good enough for you. Let that sink in. Or one day, when you’re building a drone in your apartment, you’re gonna be lonely enough to add some lady parts, and that lady drone and you will register at Crate and Barrel and we’ll all come to your weird, robot wedding. Don’t let that happen, man. Wow, this actually feels great, I can’t be this honest with my own kids-- who else needs a reality check?

Several hands go up.

INT. EMET’S HOUSE -- KITCHEN - DAY

Marco is holding Jake. Simone is doing Lily’s eyebrows. Marco checks out Simone’s handiwork while Emet unpacks takeout.

MARCO
Oo, very Joan Crawford, I like it.

SIMONE
I wasn’t going for Joan Crawford.

MARCO
Then you need to start over.

Maya and Gabriel enter.

GABRIEL
Hello, everyone!

Maya stares at Lily, then at Emet.

MAYA
Something’s different.

EMET
I don’t know what you mean.

MAYA
(looks at Lily, then shrugs)
EMET
Mom, I told you they don’t need more toys.

MAYA
You don’t know what they need.

Maya walks over to where Louie is playing in the living room. Gabriel walks into the kitchen.

MARCO
I’ve got to head out, who’s taking little man?

EMET
Dad, I’m going to walk Marco out could you watch the Jake?

GABRIEL
I was just diagnosed with cataracts in both eyes, so yes, but not very well.
(to a grocery bag)
Come here, little Jakey. I’m kidding. But it is quite bad.

EMET
Wait -- you can’t see well?

GABRIEL
Not at all. Your mom’s been doing all the driving.

EMET
(to Marco and Simone, hushed)
You guys! He can’t see well! I don’t look like my mom yet!

Marco and Simone do little cheers. We ANGLE ON Maya, in the living room, who is helping Louie play with the toy. David enters and gives Maya a little love tap.

DAVID
Hey, babe, how ‘bout we take a real break and go to a movie tomo--

Maya turns around. David lets out a little yelp. Emet, Marco, Simone and Gabriel stand frozen, taking this in.

EMET (V.O.)
Well, that doesn’t feel great.

END OF EPISODE