

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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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.
(checking 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 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

What. Is. Happening right now. My god. No. No, I do not.

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

Good guy zombies? They eat flesh, Norman. That's never heroic. You can't redefine zombies. Next.

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)

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--

(spotting 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)
Okay. Where's Louie? I got him that Hot Wheels he wanted.

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