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# Life Happens

By Ashley Greyson

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(WOMEN MOANING)

**DEENA:**

that's good.

**KIM:**

**MAN:**

**DEENA:**

Do you have... You know...

(KIM MOANING)

**KIM:**

Two seconds,  
I'll be right back.

**BOTH:**

No. Crap!  
Dude, I've been looking  
for that nightie everywhere.

**KIM:**

it's not mine?  
I've had it forever.

**DEENA:**

on your boobs anyway.  
Thanks.

**DEENA:**

have in there anyway?  
I didn't even  
hear you come in.  
Oh, I'm with that  
Australian surfer  
with the neck tattoos.  
Ooh! Checkmate!  
What about you?  
Who do you have in there?  
Uh...  
Beet face.  
You're having

anonysex with a guy  
you met in  
the Costco parking lot?

**DEENA:**

he couldn't stay over  
'cause I got to get  
up early to write.  
Oh, totally.  
God, where is that stash?  
I know it's somewhere.  
Oh! Found them!  
There's only one left.  
How did that happen?  
We just bought these!  
Dibs!  
I'm ovulating!  
What?  
It's true!  
I never work out  
on the fifteenth day  
of my cycle because  
I get pains in my side,  
and if you remember  
correctly, Kim, I did  
not work out yesterday.  
What?  
What am I supposed to do?  
Raw dog a random?  
Don't be a douche nozzle!  
Pull and pray, baby!  
(SIGHS)

**MARC:**

were you gonna  
do me, or what?  
(HIP-HOP MUSIC  
PLAYING ON RADIO)  
(INAUDIBLE)  
Three o'clock, dude.  
That sleaze weasel's  
eyegasming  
all over your face.  
Really?

Yeah.

Hey!

Hi!

Stoplights, huh?

Yeah. Stoplights.

I love them. (GIGGLES)

So do we.

It's crazy!

Crazy.

I'm Ivan and this  
is my friend, Ivan.

Well, hello, Ivans.

Hello.

So, we're headed to  
this little party up in  
the hills this evening.

You girls wanna join?

Why don't you

give us the details?

(BABY CRYING)

Is it too much to ask  
for a date with a guy

other than the one

I gave birth to?

Oh, come on.

Where is my friend

who shares

my mutual suffering

of high self-esteem?

**KIM:**

milk, puke and  
diaper ointment.

Oh, hey, Billy,

will you come help me  
with Max's stroller?

Sure, Kim.

Okay. There you go.

Thank you.

(BILLY GRUNTS)

Hey!

Hey.

I found a job on Craigslist  
that pays \$150 an hour.

It's called Naked  
Human Sushi Platters.  
I start tomorrow.  
You want the details?  
Laura, I love you,  
but raw fish? Nudity?  
What would Jesus say?  
Let's leave  
the Lord out of this.  
Oh, God.  
Hey! I found a job  
on Craigslist that  
pays \$150 an hour.  
It's called Naked  
Human Sushi Platters.  
I start tomorrow.  
You want the details?  
No, I think I'm good.  
Oh, Dr. Katie's on.

**DEENA:**

Dr. Katie's on?  
Hi, buddy.  
As a sexpert,  
I recommend regular sex  
once a week, at least.  
If you can't procure sex,  
visit your gynecologist,  
and he can suggest  
certain solutions.  
(MAX VOMITS)  
Oh! Oh!

**BOTH:**

Max, my favorite shirt!  
Baby puke is pretty  
much just breast milk.  
Just hand me the napkins.  
I saw Kelly Ripa  
eat breast-milk cheese  
on LIVE! The other day,  
with a pickle on it.  
That's disgusting.  
It also comes

in dolphin, bear,  
monkey and worms.

Worms? Ew.

Laura, it is so  
weirdly hypocritical that  
you watch this stuff.  
It's like an anorexic  
watching Top Chef.  
Make fun of me all you want  
for being a virgin,  
okay, but at least  
you'll never hear me say,  
"I had sex with  
some guy last night  
and he didn't call me,"  
or "I got pregnant again,"  
or "I got chlamydia."

Ooh! Snap.

Ask your insurance provider  
if they'll cover this.

(VIBRATING)

(ECHOING)

You need it, Kim.

Oh, I really need to  
get more sleep.

(WHIRRING)

Hey.

Hey!

I made this for you.

Thank you.

You are saving my life.

Have you seen  
the baby monitor?

Uh, yeah, I think  
it's in the rotter.

That's what  
three hours of sleep  
a night'll do to you.  
Yeah, here it is. Rotting.

So, tonight is  
Marc's night with Max,  
which means I have  
no morning duty,  
which means Mommy

is gonna get hammered  
tonight. Yeah!  
Are you sure  
that's safe?  
I'll pump and dump  
and use my new  
Milkscreen strips.  
They let you know  
when it's safe to  
breast-feed again.  
It's the best  
invention ever.  
Mom of the year  
right here yo.  
(CELL PHONE BEEPING)  
Oh, God. Francesca.  
"In addition to  
my diuretic pills,  
"go by the mall  
and pick up something  
"young and hip looking  
for me to wear to  
the greyhound party."  
(GAGGING)  
Will you guys meet me  
at the mall later?  
Can't,  
I have naked sushi.  
Yes. And that  
woman is hideous.  
You shouldn't have  
to deal with her.  
She has you running  
around like a chicken!  
I know, but I'm a  
chicken with paychecks  
and benefits.  
See you guys later.  
Bye.  
Bye.  
Wait. Breakfast.  
Oh, God, thank you.  
Thank you. Bye.  
Marc, I swear to God,

you're the most  
unreliable person I know.  
Why are you always late?  
What do you expect?  
I'm driving across  
town from Venice.  
Well, I've got  
a million things to do  
and that's all before work.  
So, here's  
the diaper bag,  
his diapers,  
bottles, toys,  
he should be fine.  
What's the matter with you?  
(SIGHS)  
We need to talk.  
Crap! Crap! Laura! Laura!  
I got the e-mail  
from LA Weekly, man!  
I can't read it,  
I can't read it.  
You have to read it for me,  
you have to read it for me.  
Sit, sit, sit.  
Read, read, read.  
(EXHALES)  
"Dear Ms. Deena Gold,  
thank you so much for  
your recent submission,  
" 'A Self Made  
Woman's Lifestyle:  
" 'Separating Yourself  
from the Bitches.'  
"As you know,  
we review thousands of  
submissions weekly.  
"Unfortunately,  
we cannot accept..."  
(SIGHS) I'm gonna stab  
myself in the face.  
Please don't.  
"However, we think the  
excerpt from your book,



" 'A Self Made  
Woman's Lifestyle:  
" 'Separating Yourself  
from the Bitches... " '  
That title is way too long...  
However, however.  
"Will be the perfect  
inaugural headliner  
"for our online edition  
featuring new voices."  
(LAUGHS)  
Oh!  
Oh, I'm in!  
Okay, get up,  
I have work to do.  
Okay. Here we go.  
Marc, I thought we were  
gonna at least try to  
raise the kid together.  
It'd be career suicide  
to turn down a  
Hawaiian Tropic pro-tour.  
You understand that?  
Can we get your scrawl?  
Oh, yeah, sure.

**BOY:**

Sure.  
See? I'm blowing up.  
What about when  
you come back?  
Well, if I come back.  
I got things, you know?  
I think he's  
better off without me.  
I'm doing  
the right thing here.  
I'm ripping it off fast,  
like a Band-Aid. Okay?  
Peace, all right? Okay.  
All right. Be well.  
(GURGLING)  
(SHUSHING)

**KIM:**

slab of hamburger  
that's been  
mushed into a human.  
This was, like,  
my one day a week  
to feel like  
a normal human being.  
Now, I'm like,  
seriously a mom now,  
like seven days a week.  
That is kind of  
how it works.  
Well, I know,  
but what am I gonna do?  
Look, lots of women have  
been exactly where  
you are right now.  
You can still have  
everything you've  
always wanted,  
and your kid is gonna  
respect the hell  
out of you for it.  
Huh?

Let's get a massage.

(MOANING)

I am so getting  
one of these when I get  
my first big paycheck.  
I don't care how  
nouveau riche it is.

(MAX CRYING)

Oh, it's okay. It's okay.

Oh, God, yes!

(DEENA MOANING)

That's okay, baby.

I guess I can  
breast-feed in here.  
And it's the perfect  
place to find something  
hideous for your boss.  
You know, it used to  
be that a very select,

few lucky people  
got to see my boobs,  
and now I whip them  
out everywhere  
like they're udders.  
So wean him.  
Breast milk is free  
and I'm broke.  
Oh, God! This is so hard.  
Nobody tells you  
it's gonna be so hard!  
Yes, they do, Kim.  
That's pretty much  
all people say.  
Not to mention  
I haven't had contact  
with a man in over a year.  
Well, I think  
we have a winner.  
All right.  
Let's just go.  
Don't get mad at me  
for saying this,  
but I think you'd  
feel better if you'd  
go back into launching  
your doggy mall.  
How am I supposed  
to do that?  
What about Francesca?  
What's the point of  
working for the bitch  
if she's not gonna invest?  
I just think part of  
what's getting you down,  
Kim, is that, you know,  
you're not  
really doing anything.  
I mean, career-wise,  
career-wise.  
I have been making inroads  
with Francesca, okay?  
I mean...  
Fine, not specifically,

but we're in  
the same industry.  
She might invest.  
Okay.  
Okay, I have an idea.  
Let's get into  
some old-school trouble.  
Really?  
Yeah.  
Let's drop Max off  
with Laura, get Brazilians,  
pick up some  
really hot dudes.  
Okay.  
Good.  
Well, Laura can't.  
She's got Bible  
school fellowship.  
Oh, that sucks.  
I know.  
Deena! Deena!

**DEENA:**

Oh, my God,  
I haven't seen you  
since last year!  
I know.  
Kings of Leon backstage.  
Kaleb still talks about  
that night in room 210.  
Oh, my God.  
We were such groupies,  
man, it was...  
Gross!  
Gross! Yeah.  
You look amazing,  
I mean, obvi, you always do.  
So do you, you look great.  
Thanks, I really need that.  
I just broke with  
my boyfriend.  
He said I was cheating  
on with my BlackBerry.  
What are you doing?

You still managing bands?  
What's happening?  
I'm doing it all.  
I'm repping bands,  
and I'm consulting  
on a clothing line  
with a girl from Paris.  
Are you doing  
anything tonight?  
No.  
One of my bands is  
opening up for  
Bon lver tonight.  
Come, come, come.  
It'll be so much fun!  
I love Bon lver,  
he's so good.  
I'm a big fan!  
We'll make a night of it!

**BOTH:**

have vodka soda no ice!  
Why did you walk away?  
Who was that pop-tard?  
I told you about her, dude.  
I met her at  
that Type A seminar  
when you were pregnant.  
She's funny.  
You'd like her.  
She's nice.  
I bet I'd love her.  
Thanks for  
introducing me and Max.  
What did you say to her?  
I gotta go.  
Sweetie, I've been  
waiting for you.  
Did you get me my  
slamming little outfit,  
size zero for the party?  
Yep. I went to the  
hippest store at the mall.  
Uh-huh.

Oh, by the way, Benny,  
the little terrier's  
doggy parents called,  
and they said that  
he pee-peed  
in his crate again.  
Francesca,  
he's just a puppy...  
We can't go against what  
the dog parents want.  
You know that.  
You know that.  
Anyway, we have  
a new celeb client.  
His name's Sprewell  
or something.  
He's in some Disney movie  
and some Asian cartoons.  
I never saw them.  
I'm ready to dictate.  
All right. Darling SJP...  
Thank you so much  
for your generous donation.  
How are you and the twins?  
I'm sure that  
you'll be with us  
for our star-studded  
spectacular event...  
Okay, what was after the...  
Is that a...  
Is that a baby  
on your back?  
Is it not bring  
your baby to work day?  
(LAUGHS NERVOUSLY)  
I'm just kidding.  
Francesca meet Max,  
Max meet Francesca.  
I didn't know  
you had a baby.  
I never would have hired you  
if I knew you had a baby.  
I'm so sorry, Francesca,  
but I promise you won't

even know he's here.  
He's just the most  
mellow little guy,  
and I wouldn't  
have brought him,  
but I had  
this situation...  
It doesn't matter  
how well-behaved it is!  
This is a place of business.  
You can't bring your baby  
to a place of business.  
I know. I'm really sorry,  
Francesca...  
Save your song and dance  
for someone who cares.  
Just get out of my sight  
before I fire you.  
Francesca...  
Just go now.  
Okay. I'm sorry.  
She better be.  
Yes, Tinsly doesn't  
like the baby either.  
Tinsie doesn't  
like the babies.  
No babies for Tinsly.  
Gimme a kiss.  
Give Mommy a kiss  
right here.  
Tinsly, I love you.  
You're the only one  
who understands me.  
Hey. Hi, you little guy.  
How are you?  
Hi, Pop Pop.  
Hi, baby.  
Boy, the last time  
I saw you this depressed  
was when you got  
stood up on prom night.  
I got it.  
You got it?  
Yeah. I got him.

I got him.  
I don't have my purse.  
You got it? Okay.  
You hanging in there?  
I don't know what  
I'm doing, Pop Pop.  
(DOOR OPENING)  
How do you lose your shoes  
caught in a rug?  
I'm starving!

**DEENA:**

(FAINT DANCE MUSIC PLAYING)  
(GROANS)  
Yeah, marshmallows!  
Whoever invented  
Rice Krispy treats  
is a genius.  
Housewives, dude.  
The undersung heroes.  
But, seriously.  
How do you make them?  
In a pot?  
Nobody uses pots anymore.  
We'll put them in a bowl,  
and then we'll put them  
in the microwave.  
I have a bowl!  
(SCREECHING)  
(GROANS)  
Four minutes  
and 20 seconds.  
(BOTH WHOOPING)  
(MAX CRYING)  
God, you've gotta  
be kidding me!  
(MAX CONTINUES CRYING)  
(WHIRRING)  
Where the heck  
are my keys?  
(ANNOUNCER CHATTERING  
ON RADIO)  
Found them. Bye.  
Hey.



Hi.  
Are there any  
more burritos?  
I don't think there are  
any more, dude, sorry.  
Guess I'll just eat  
a hot sauce packet.  
So, how are you?  
(GRUNTS) I've been better.  
How about you?  
How's naked sushi?  
They actually wanted  
me to be naked,  
so I quit,  
but I already  
have another job,  
Valet of the Dolls.  
I think I've seen that on  
Hollywood's Sleaziest Jobs.  
It's that girl's  
valet company, right?  
Yeah. \$25 an hour  
just to park cars,  
plus tips.  
I saw a woman  
wearing a full burqa  
going into a bikini  
waxing place today,  
and I thought of you.  
Okay, I would love to  
stay and hang out  
with you, sweetheart.  
I'm sorry this  
stupid thing doesn't work,  
but I gotta go get dressed.  
You know what? Me too.  
Me three.  
But, guys!  
Somebody has to babysit.  
Well, dude, I stayed with Max  
for the last weird dog event.  
No, you didn't! It was  
that adopt an incontinent  
cocker spaniel thing,

and you hit on Simon Rex  
in the bathroom.

Shit!

**KIM:**

I would give anything  
not to go tonight,  
but, unfortunately,  
if I wanna keep my job,  
I have to be out  
the door in six minutes.  
Please, can you  
just work it out  
amongst yourselves?  
Play for it?  
I never win.  
Chicken? (CLUCKS)  
Fine.  
Here. Deal.  
You can be kind  
of scary sometimes.  
No, you didn't do  
a burn card, dude. Redo.  
Redo. Redo that.  
Okay.  
All in.

**DEENA:**

Sorry for not being sorry.  
Guess it's just me  
and you, kid. Ante up.  
Hey.  
Hey.  
Just checking on you.  
You know, it's not  
fun in there at all.  
Really?  
Yeah.  
Come in when you're done.  
Okay.  
Hey! You're Deena's friend.  
Rocking event!  
And such a great cause.  
It's Stanton.

Jayde Stanton  
plus three.  
Right. Okay.  
Yeah. Who let the dogs in?  
(IMITATES DOG BARKING)  
Barry Robert Philips.  
Francesca's one of my dearest  
and closest friends.  
Of course she is.  
Enjoy.  
Thanks.  
Who put the dogs in...  
Woof, woof. What's up?  
Listen, we are on the list...  
Probably under Wellingood.  
Saul, first name.  
Saul Wellingood.  
Saul Wellingood.  
I'm sorry,  
it's not on the list.  
Why don't you  
check our friend,  
Leakin comma Rufus?  
Rufus Leakin?  
Guys, come on,  
that's not even funny.  
Here's the truth,  
we're not on the list,  
but my grandfather  
was a racing greyhound.  
And he passed away  
due to greyhound bloat.  
He was very close to me,  
and my grandmother  
and he died of  
greyhound bloat.  
They said to  
wait up front.  
It's gonna be three of us.  
That's all, just us  
three, there's not  
a lot of guys here.  
And we just wanna  
pay tribute

to all of those  
that have lost their  
lives to the bloat.  
They're harmless.  
I promise.  
Speak for yourself.  
I'm sorry.  
Yeah. I'm Johnny Danger.  
You know what? It's fine.  
Fantastic!  
Yes! Whoo!  
Do I get a...  
Thank you very much.  
Thank you.

**SERGEI:**

party people!  
Your name?

**WOMAN:**

Okay.  
Hey, sorry.  
Oh, sorry.  
Forgot my stamp.  
Oh.  
Thank you.  
When you get done  
with the clipboard,  
maybe I can buy you a drink?  
It's actually  
an open bar, so...  
Even better. I can  
request you a drink  
and then serve it to you  
on a little drink napkin.  
Okay.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
Okay. I'll see you  
inside. Thank you.  
Hi. Sorry.  
Yoga pose, plus baby.  
Good for inner core.  
Tests balance.

Lunges, plus baby,  
adds twenty pounds.  
Cuts your reps in half.  
Oh, oh!  
No, it's so gross! God!  
Let's go get cleaned up.  
You like being naked,  
Max, don't you?  
Yes, you do.  
You and every other man.  
Huh? Hee!  
(COOING)

**DEENA:**

workout video, colon.  
Bench press  
makes baby nauseous.  
Keep this on the DL, Max.  
This shit's gonna  
make me a millionaire.  
Kim. This...  
This dress you got me,  
you would actually  
really wear this?  
Yeah.  
People have been giving me  
weird looks all night.  
Maybe it's my coat.  
Do I still look  
21 -year-old hot?  
You look the same as always.  
Oh, thanks, sweetie.  
We made a shitload of money  
for those greyhounds.  
I'm convinced  
that in our lifetime,  
we're gonna see  
the eradication  
of greyhound bloat.  
In our lifetime.  
You're such a sheeple.  
You're bringing  
the whole party down.  
Give... That's my coat.

Go get a drink.  
God, you're boring.  
Are you sure?  
I think so.  
Okay. Thanks, Francesca.  
You're welcome.  
First thing in the morning,  
I need you to focus  
on that PETA event.  
Okay.  
All right?  
Hi!  
And don't ever bring  
your baby to work again.  
All right? Yeah. Yeah.  
Again, I'm really  
sorry about that.  
It just, it makes me  
crazy nowadays that  
people have children  
when there are so many dogs  
that need forever homes.  
Yeah. I understand...  
Doesn't it drive you  
crazy when you see  
pictures of Heidi Klum  
and she's bounced back  
so quick after  
having four kids?  
Hey, gorgeous.  
Barry Robert Philips!  
Oh, my God,  
you're gorgeous.  
I'm kind of mad  
at you, though.  
Laura!

**LAURA:**

Kim. Thank goodness  
you are done.  
Can we please,  
please go home?  
Come on. Let's stay.  
I'm not in sweatpants,

and I never get to go out.

(GROANS)

Ooh! He's cute!

Who?

Over there.

Oh, my God!

I know!

I met him outside.

He's walking  
over here right now.

What?

Yeah. I'm gonna  
go to the bathroom.

Good luck.

No. Laura, don't go.

Don't leave me!

Work it out.

Work it out.

Hey.

Oh!

Hi!

Hi.

I didn't see you  
coming over here.

I was just texting somebody.

Well, I'm Nicholas.

I didn't get a chance  
to introduce myself earlier.

(CHUCKLES)

And you are?

Kim. Sorry. Kim.

Kim is my name.

Hi, Kim.

Hi.

So, you work for  
the Greyhound Association?

Well, I work for  
the woman who throws  
these weird dog events.

And she also has  
a dog walking company,  
so I sort of  
am a dog walker  
slash personal assistant,

slash loser,  
peon, mole person.  
Did you always wanna be  
a loser, peon, mole person  
when you grew up?  
Well, ever since  
I was little,  
I've always wanted to open  
the world's first doggy mall.  
I even commissioned  
an architectural model.  
(LAUGHS) What the hell  
is a "doggy mall"?  
You know, it's like  
a full-sized mall,  
but all the stores  
cater to dogs.  
Okay.  
Whatever. My plans are  
kind of on the back burner.  
Why are they on  
the back burner?  
Because  
life happens.  
Well...  
Cheers.  
To life happening.  
Lift the baby  
and feel the burn.  
Then, go into a slow squat  
to get your ass  
lifted like no other.  
I feel like I haven't  
flirted with a girl in,  
like, five years.  
So, you're flirting with me?  
Is that what's going on?  
You're flirting.  
I am not flirting!  
Yes, you are.  
You're blushing.  
Well, you're  
sweating profusely.  
You're breaking out in hives.



Am I really?  
No, I'm kidding.  
No. It's not funny.  
I sometimes do  
break out in hives  
if I get, like...  
It's not contagious.  
It's just like, if I  
get nervous or something.  
Come on.  
Clearly I'm the one  
who should be nervous.  
Dude.  
Sergei's on the phone  
with his old lady.  
His kid has diarrhea.  
Hi.  
Hi.  
He's freaking out.  
Unbelievable.  
The one night  
I decide to go out  
since the kid was born  
and he has to get sick?  
Is it coincidence?  
I don't think...  
I swear he's out to get me.  
Yeah, I can tell.  
I can see it in  
his eyes, you know?  
You know, with those  
creepy, little baby hands...  
He's vindictive.  
It's over. It's all over,  
my sex life, my guys'  
nights out. This is...  
It's done. It's done.  
Promise me you will  
sooner cut off your  
balls than have kids.  
Oh, hi.  
Hi.  
I'm gonna get my car.  
(SIGHS)

All right,  
we gotta go then.  
We?  
Yes!  
Sorry. Sergei  
used to be normal.  
Kids! What a buzzkill, huh?  
But I had a great time.  
I'm just awkward.  
What are you... What?  
Oh, sorry,  
you have something on the...  
Oh, that's just puke.  
It's baby puke.  
My roommate has a baby.  
And, sometimes,  
you know, sometimes...  
That's what they do.  
Kids! What a buzzkill, right?  
(DISTORTED)  
So, listen...  
Hey.  
Laura!  
We have to go.  
I thought you  
really wanted to stay.  
Yeah, remember,  
I have to do that thing.  
What thing?  
Bye. We gotta go.

**LAURA:**

**KIM:**

Max's probably sleeping.  
Oh, my God.  
Oh, my God.  
Oh, my God.  
Let me sleep,  
you freaks.  
Wake up.  
You have to hear this.  
Kim was talking to  
a guy, and she lied

about having a baby.

What?

I didn't mean to.

It just came out.

But you should

have seen him.

He was really hot.

Like a Greek statue.

Don't say that.

Those guys suffer

from small cocks.

Only because the small

penis was seen as

a sign of refinement.

Big ones were vulgar.

Plus the Olympics

were done naked,

so they didn't want

shit flapping around...

What?

Guys! I feel horrible.

I lied about being a mom.

I lied to get

a guy to like me.

I'm one of those lame

girls who jack it up

for the rest of us.

Dude, he would

have turned tail

if he knew anyway,

and that is the truth.

Are you sure?

Yes. Totally.

Well, you guys didn't

even exchange e-mails.

Yeah, maybe.

You're never gonna

see this guy again, man.

He looked fine,

so what, whatever.

Right. You're probably right.

I am right.

Yeah. Right.

Yes.

Yeah.  
Right?

**LAURA:**

Guys!  
Kim!  
I don't know.  
I do.  
(ALL LAUGHING)

**SERGEI:**

not so great news for you.  
Melanie's lawyers  
are requesting  
that you keep  
paying for her facials,  
because it was your idea  
to move to Los Angeles  
and that's what  
makes her skin so dry.  
But, you know, I get...  
Wait. Can she do that?  
We all told you  
she was a bitch.  
Nobody told me  
she was a bitch.  
Not to your face,  
but we all thought it.  
So, how long is she  
gonna drag this out for?  
(SIGHS) Unfortunately, in  
the state of... Gummi Bear?  
No. I'm good.  
Green. No, orange.  
Unfortunately,  
in the state of California,  
you have got to wait six...  
Now, this is all  
lawyer speak, okay? Jargon.  
But you have to wait  
six months, I think,  
from the time you...  
You have to wait.  
Come on, I just wanna

move on with my life.  
I want the same thing, Nick.  
You think I don't want that?  
You think I don't want you  
to sow your wild oats?  
I need you out there, man!  
Bringing in  
some new pussy blood!  
I mean, bringing in new...  
Get new...  
New pussy and new blood.  
Separately.  
You know, newness,  
new chicks.  
Look, my point is,  
I've got to live vicariously  
through someone. Right? Okay?  
And look at you,  
you're handsome,  
it makes sense.  
What are my other options?  
Henri?  
Come on, look at that guy.  
He's a hot mess.  
Yeah.  
He's into some  
funky shit, man.  
You should hear  
some of his stories,  
they're amazing.  
So, how did this happen?  
My parents got divorced  
and I said to myself,  
"I'm not gonna let  
this happen to me," and...  
Listen, divorces are  
never easy, you know.  
I mean, sometimes they can be.  
Yours is not. Definitely not.  
The point is,  
you need to take  
care of yourself.  
You know? Do something  
to keep your mind

off of things.  
Look out for you.  
What about that girl  
you met the other night?  
The little cutie at  
the bar at that dog thing?  
The bloat?  
She didn't have the bloat.  
But, you know...  
I didn't get  
her number, but  
I know who she works for.  
(CELL PHONE BEEPING)

**AUTOMATED VOICE:**

One new message.  
Yeah. Hi, darling, listen,  
we have a new client.  
A single doggy daddy  
with a 250-pound  
mastiff named Bishop.  
You know what they say  
about men with big dogs...  
I think that's the  
expression. Anyway...  
Bishop?  
Hi, buddy.  
Sit. Sit.  
Sit. Sit. Good boy.  
Sorry. Who's a good boy?  
Who's a good boy? Hi, there.  
Hey!  
(SCREAMS)  
You!  
You!  
What are you doing here?  
This is my house!  
Are you stalking me?  
I swear this is  
just a coincidence!  
Really? You expect me to...  
Okay. I'm... (LAUGHING)  
I can't keep this up,  
I'm so...

You ran out so fast  
the other night,  
I didn't get your number,  
so I just called  
and requested you.  
And I thought  
that it'd be funny.  
And you would think  
I was funny and then  
we'd laugh and ha-ha...  
(EXCLAIMS IN SURPRISE)  
It played out  
so much more romantic  
in my head.  
Do you still want me  
to walk your dog?  
No. I just got  
done walking him.  
It's a nice place.  
Did you just move in  
or something?  
I'm in a sort of  
transition right now.  
It's a long,  
boring story, trust me.  
That must be your  
roommate's baby?  
I take him to work sometimes  
when she's busy.  
He's a handsome little guy.  
(CHUCKLES)  
Hi, buddy.  
Uh-huh.  
(LAUGHING)  
Anywho, now that  
I got you here.  
Would you like to go  
to dinner on Friday?  
I said yes.

**DEENA:**

Yeah. And I kinda asked him  
to bring a friend for you.  
Please go with me.

I can't do this alone.  
Sure, I'll be a part of  
the get Kim laid brigade.  
The friend better be  
hot and lvy League.  
Did you scratch again?  
I scratched again.  
Jesus, Kim.  
Dude, I had a window.  
Maybe I should  
have come clean.  
Why? Out of some sense  
of moral obligation?  
No, I mean, he obviously  
really likes me enough  
to track me down.  
It was kind of romantic,  
and now I'm being  
a sleaze ball.  
Come on. Guys have been  
doing this crap for years.  
Hit it and quit it.  
It's not like you're  
gonna marry him.  
Oh! Gosh!  
Where the heck  
did I put my keys?  
Oh!  
Yes!  
What?  
Oh, it's for  
Valet of the Dolls.  
You look like  
a prostitute.  
You look  
like Jennifer Aniston  
in Friends with Money.

**KIM:**

The Night Porter?

**DEENA:**

Marilyn Manson?  
Are you going



trick or treating?  
Happy Halloween.  
Did you kill him with  
a candlestick holder?  
Hey, Laura,  
what's "make love"?  
Something your girlfriend  
does while you bang her.  
Are you really a virgin?  
You guys are random.  
(BOTH LAUGHING)  
All right. Watch this.

**WOMAN 1:**

is so important to us  
"for developing your  
infant's cognitive skills.

**WOMAN 2:**

And it's a great way  
of training at any time.  
(LAUGHS)  
Sorry, guys. I'm sorry.  
Why is that lady late?  
Oh, sorry,  
sorry, guys.  
Welcome.  
Hi.  
I just wanna invite you  
to get comfortable and relax.  
Okay. Sorry, guys.  
(GRUNTS)  
Okay, let's pick up  
where we left off.  
Hester.  
Hi, I'm Hester.

**MOM:**

And I've been doing yoga  
for a really long time,  
and I just thought  
it'd be great to bring  
some om to the womb.  
As most of you know,

I'm Patti,  
and we love this class,  
because it falls  
perfectly between  
Lil' Gym and  
Survival Swim class.  
And you?  
I'm sorry.  
You could just share  
with us both of your names  
and what brings  
you here today.  
I'm Kim.  
Hi, Kim.

**HESTER:**

Hi. And this  
is my baby, Max.  
And I'm here  
because I have a date,  
and I wanna get  
into slamming shape,  
and what other  
exercise classes  
can you bring a kid to?  
Right?

Okay.

(ALL CHANTING)

(CRYING)

Sorry.

(SHUSHING)

You are making quite  
a name for yourself  
with our female readers.  
That last column on  
why men who are married  
to high-powered women  
with multiple degrees  
often cheat  
with exotic dancers  
to mollify their  
own power insecurities  
caught the eye of  
one of my contacts

at Seal Press.  
The same publishing company  
who did Gender Outlaws?  
That's the one.  
They're interested in  
hearing your book pitch.  
Come on!  
Holy flying  
mother of God!  
Oh!  
Hey! I just wanted to  
say you have nothing  
to worry about.  
You have a lovely figure.  
Oh, thanks.  
Seriously.  
Don't you just  
love these classes?  
I think it's so  
important to have  
the support of other moms.  
And JJJ just loves it.  
JJJ?  
Jessica Jennifer Justice.  
My husband Brock and I  
were always laughing,  
with a name like that,  
she's gonna be a lawyer!  
And what about  
this little guy?  
What are you gonna be?  
Well, I was probably  
just gonna let him decide.  
Do you know how many  
kids in my high school  
committed suicide  
'cause they didn't know  
what they wanted to do?  
Direction is really  
the greatest gift  
we can give them.  
Are you guys  
free for a playdate?  
Okay, chubbo, there you go.

You, little fatty.

**PATTI:**

your friend Max?

Whatever.

How did you do that?

That thing has literally  
never turned on.

We have that same one.

It sticks,

you gotta jam the button.

Oh, my God, thank you!

So where are you

and your husband going

on your big date tonight?

It's a guy that I just met.

I'm not married.

Oh!

Wow! How do you think

that's gonna affect Max?

You know, having

a constant stream of men  
coming in and

out of your life?

Well, I wouldn't

necessarily call it

a constant stream of men,

I mean, I wish, right?

God, a single mother!

That is a cross to bear.

I think about

that all the time,

how hard this would be

to do alone.

I mean, I know I'm so

lucky to have Brock.

Do you have family

at least to help?

Actually, my parents died

when I was little,

so I was raised by

my Pop Pop.

Oh, my God,

you poor thing!

No, no, it's fine.  
I've always  
kind of done things  
a little differently.  
It's kinda like my thing.  
Winston Churchill,  
St. Augustine,  
Floyd Mayweather, 50 Cent,  
Jack Nicholson, Barack Obama  
and my cousin Taylor  
were all bastards  
and they turned out  
just fine.

Women carry the baby,  
they birth the baby,  
they feed the baby.

Fathers are  
totally antiquated.  
(NERVOUS LAUGH) I don't  
actually think that  
fathers are antiquated.  
Really? That's so weird,  
'cause I'm pretty sure  
it was you  
who helped me come up  
with my chapter of  
"Fathers Are Antiquated."

Patti, meet Deena.  
Deena, this is Patti.

Hi!

Hi.

Look at me. After  
I had JJJ, I just realized  
I couldn't do it all.  
I mean, you gotta  
shift your priorities.  
It's a full time job,  
even with a husband,  
being a mom.  
I was trying to go to work,  
then go to a playdate,  
then go to Mommy and Me,  
change a diaper,  
still see friends,

I was gonna lose my mind.  
I was gonna lose my mind.  
Yeah, it does seem  
overwhelming sometimes,  
especially now  
that he's getting  
so much bigger.  
I know, 'cause then  
they know when  
you're not there, right?  
Whoa, whoa.  
Why are you both  
propagating these myths?  
We live in a time  
where women can  
finally have it all.  
Sexual empowerment,  
a great career,  
money, family  
and a man at home  
with dishpan hands  
if she so desires, or not.  
This is a really,  
really exciting time  
for women.  
Says the woman who  
doesn't have kids.  
Right, Kim?  
Oh, you know what?  
I gotta go.  
She needs a nap and  
I gotta start dinner,  
but thank you  
so much for this.  
And please, promise me  
you're gonna call me  
and you're gonna  
come to Caf Chez Bb,  
because you're gonna love it.  
There's babies,  
and moms and coffee,  
and it's crazy  
and it's cathartic.  
Sure. Okay.

Okay. Love it.  
Let us walk you out.  
Oh! Mickey.  
So, call me next week  
or something?  
This was so good.  
Great. Thank you.  
It was so fun.  
Say bye.  
(IMITATES KISSING)  
Oh, I think  
they are in love.  
See you later. Bye.  
Okay. Bye.  
I thought  
she'd never leave.  
What a sanctimommy!  
Can you be nice?  
What? Like she was to you?  
"A cross to bear"?  
Are you kidding me?  
Okay, she didn't  
mean it like that.  
And, you know,  
I could use a couple  
of mom friends.  
Why?  
Because, Deena,  
believe it or not,  
there are certain things  
that I can't get from you.  
Like what?  
Okay.  
You know I've never  
taken Max's temperature  
because we thought  
that you had to do it anally.  
Well, she just gave me  
these little strips,  
and all you do is like  
stick it on his forehead.  
And she also fixed  
the bouncing chair  
and, I don't know,

other stuff.  
Christ, Kim,  
pretty soon you're gonna be  
watching soap operas  
in your sneaker clogs  
and talking about  
Max's bowel movements  
like they're fine art.  
Well, it's not like  
you don't have  
separate friends.  
I heard you telling  
Jayde or whatever about  
your big meeting and  
you didn't even tell me.  
Whatever. She's obviously  
way more fabulous than I am.  
Dude,  
we just haven't been home  
at the same time.  
I mean, what do  
you wanna know?  
Well, nothing now,  
because I have  
to go, all right?  
We'll talk about it  
later at the group date.  
Okay.  
(DEENA'S CELL PHONE RINGING)  
Hey.  
Yikes, who died?  
Oh, sorry, it's nothing.  
What's up?  
I just scored us VIP passes  
for The National  
at a private venue.  
You're kidding me?  
No, I'm for real serious.  
I can't tonight, man,  
I got plans.  
I got another call  
coming in, tchese!  
Hey, I just scored  
VIP passes for The National



at a private venue.  
No way, take me.  
This seat is taken.  
Move on, please.  
Thank you. Move along.  
Oh, hey.  
Hey.  
Group date!  
Oh. Sorry.  
Yay!  
Yay.  
How was the rest  
of your day?  
Well, work sucked.  
I breast-fed in  
a gas station bathroom,  
so that was awesome.  
I just dropped  
Max off with Laura.  
So you wanna hear  
about my meeting?  
Oh, right. I'm sorry,  
I totally forgot.  
Pauline got me  
a meeting to...  
Can I get a glass  
of water, please?  
...pitch "Separating Yourself  
from the Bitches,"  
which clearly  
you're not interested in  
hearing about,  
so I'll just shut up.  
Deena, I'm sorry,  
please forgive me  
for having other  
things on my mind,  
like the fact that this  
guy is about to show up  
and I'm gonna have  
to blatantly lie  
to him all night.  
I know,  
but I'm here for support

'cause you can't do  
it alone, remember?  
Great. Yes, I know,  
but it's just not  
the Deena show, okay?  
(SCOFFS)  
Okay.  
(EXHALES)

**NICHOLAS:**

Hey, Kim.  
Hi!  
Hi.  
Hi, how are you?  
Nice to see you.  
Nice to see you, too.  
You remember  
my friend, Henri?  
Right. From the  
other night, yeah.  
Are you French?  
No. (EXCLAIMS)  
Baby, you are the sexiest  
thing I have ever seen.  
So this must be  
your roommate with the baby?  
Yep.  
This is Max's mom,  
my roommate with the baby.  
Nicholas, meet Deena.  
Hi.  
Deena,  
this is Nicholas.  
She didn't tell me  
that she told you  
about my baby.  
Whoops!  
Actually, I met him.  
He is so cute.  
He is cute.  
It must be just so nice  
to live with  
a built in babysitter.  
It is so nice to have

someone you can rely on  
for pretty much everything.  
Yeah! I can see you.  
Child on your hip.  
Born to be a mom.  
And I see you.  
Mustache on your face.  
Profiled on  
To Catch a Predator.  
Whoa!  
(NICHOLAS CLEARS THROAT)  
Should we go get a table?  
Yes.  
Should we sit somewhere?  
So, no stretch marks?  
Not one? How did  
you manage that?  
Oh, no, there's  
a cream I saw...  
Yeah, Henri,  
you know what?  
Will you help me  
carry some drink menus back?  
Yeah.  
This one. I like this one.  
(LAUGHS NERVOUSLY)  
Are you kidding me?  
He could have  
been anyone's kid.  
Why did you make him mine?  
I'm sorry, it just came out!  
Please, you have to  
go along with it.  
Okay. You wanna  
see the Deena show?  
The truth is,  
I was sleeping with  
loads of guys  
when I got pregnant.  
But I think the father is  
an Australian pro surfer.  
(LAUGHING) Obviously,  
she's kidding.  
No, I'm not.

Obviously, she knows  
that the father is Marc,  
and to his credit,  
he has good genes.  
He ditched me.  
That's intense.  
Well, he just wasn't in  
the right frame of mind  
to be a father and,  
personally,  
I think that  
it's for the best.  
I mean,  
just because two people  
have a kid together  
doesn't mean that  
two people have  
to be together.  
It's always  
the kid who suffers!  
Yeah. That's actually  
a good point.  
Frankly, it's so much better  
without him around,  
'cause I'm ready to  
get back in the game.  
I'm a player at heart.  
Fantastic. It is hot  
how honest you are.  
So many women try to  
pass themselves off  
as virginal,  
you know it's not true.  
Well, our roommate Laura  
is actually a virgin.  
If it's true, fine.  
But if it's not, why lie?  
"Practice is the best  
of all instructors."  
"Publilius Syrus.  
First century.  
Well, Publilius,  
you certainly can't pretend  
once you give birth,

'cause you get  
super loose, like...  
(BLOWS RASPBERRY)  
That's only if  
you don't do Kegels!  
Kamikaze shots  
for the table!  
Thank you.  
Deena, you can't drink  
because you're breast-feeding.  
Remember?  
Tell that to  
Shakespeare's mom.  
Ah! Indeed.  
In Shakespeare's time,  
water was basically  
non-potable,  
and so beer was  
the only thing that  
people could drink,  
including nursing mothers.  
Yeah, I read that  
New Yorker article, too.  
Whatevs, I'm good to go.  
I pump and dump all the time.  
Sure it's frowned upon,  
but, you know,  
I just picked up a new  
box of Milkscreen strips,  
so it's all good.  
Right, Kim?  
Pump? Pump your breasts?  
Oh, my gosh!  
Oh, shots!  
Thank you, Henri.  
Pump it.  
Pump it.  
So, how did you  
two girls meet?  
We met in college.  
It was the same  
Spanish class.  
Yeah, the difference  
is I actually learned

to speak Spanish,  
because I had  
a Cuban boyfriend  
who really liked it  
when I stuck my fingers  
straight up his ass.  
I thought that was  
something that you  
promised yourself  
you were never gonna  
tell anybody about yourself.  
We're among friends,  
sharing together,  
loving one another.  
(LAUGHING)  
Right. Right. Well.  
I, Kim, never learned  
anything in college,  
because I was too  
busy reliving my past.  
You know,  
the normal hick stuff,  
riding cows,  
slaughtering pigs,  
fantasizing  
about my cousin Brad.  
He was your second  
cousin by marriage!  
Still inappropriate!  
Don't mind Kim here.  
She's just a little bitter,  
because I've become  
a sweatpant-wearing loser mom  
with little mommy friends,  
who's lost all sense  
of self and ambition.  
Well, I guess I'm  
just a self-righteous,  
know-it-all bitch.  
I feel like dancing.  
Scoot over.  
Okay.  
It's lonely over there.  
Are you okay?

Yeah. That?

Her and I just  
have this...

You know,  
like witty banter thing.  
It's nothing serious.  
Yeah. It's fun to watch,  
but it's a little scary.  
I'm sorry.

(BOTH LAUGHING)

Okay. I've had enough.

And I'm ready to go.

No. No. I thought that  
that was a wonderful  
thing to tell him.

No, forgive me.

"Thou know'st that  
this cannot be said  
"A sin, nor shame,  
nor loss of maidenhead  
"Yet this enjoys  
before it woo,  
"And pampered swells  
with one blood made of two."

Oh!

Okay. Just because

I know that's John Donne  
does not mean

I'll forgive you.

Kim, let's go! Ten seconds.

Ten!

Okay!

Nine!

I guess we got the annoying  
prerequisite group  
date out of the way.

Six.

I would love to go  
out with just you.

I would love that, too.

Yeah?

Yeah.

Three, two...

Friday?

Friday sounds great.  
Kim, come on!  
Okay, Jesus!  
Sorry.  
Okay.  
Bye, Deena.  
Oh, my gosh,  
fantastic date!  
So, you're gonna drive me  
to my car tomorrow,  
right, drunkie?  
Yeah.  
(RAP MUSIC  
PLAYING ON RADIO)  
(SWITCHES RADIO OFF)  
(SWITCHES RADIO ON)  
(SWITCHES RADIO OFF)  
You can be a real jerk,  
you know that?  
(LAUGHS) Hey, Kettle,  
what's up, you're black.  
Oh, please. "I don't  
know who the father is"?  
And then the finger thing?  
And don't think  
I didn't notice  
that huge dig about  
me losing my ambition.  
Oh, yeah,  
that was right before  
you called me  
a self-righteous bitch!  
Man, what are we doing,  
dude, huh?  
We haven't  
fought like this since  
I bought those  
high-waisted jeans  
you said you wanted.  
Yeah, and that was  
seriously messed up!  
You knew I was  
saving up for them  
for like months.



Okay. What is  
the big deal, man?  
The big deal is that  
I like this guy! A lot.  
And now it's not  
just some, like,  
little accidental lie.  
It's a huge,  
complicated mess.  
We acted like  
total mental patients.  
I thought it was awesome!  
Well, I didn't, okay?  
Okay. Well...  
You know how I feel  
about it all, you know,  
don't get  
emotionally involved.  
Stick to the game plan.  
Bone and bolt.  
It's a good  
chapter subheading.  
Right after  
"How to never let a man  
"stand in the way  
of a friendship."  
(SWITCHES RADIO ON)  
(CELL PHONE RINGING)  
(SIGHS)

**RECEPTIONIST:**

he's ever gonna propose?  
I'm, like,  
the perfect girlfriend.  
I cook, I clean,  
I wear sexy underwear...  
Psst.  
Hang up the phone.  
Hang it up.  
What's your name?  
Rita.  
Pick up a new hobby,  
like skydiving or  
dirt bike riding.

Don't tell him about it,  
but just start  
leaving your gear  
around the house.  
When he asks you  
about it, just say,  
"Oh, what? That?  
That's my parachute.  
"Oh, that's my  
motorcycle helmet,  
"did I not tell you  
about that?"  
You'll have  
a ring on your finger  
within the month.  
Treat 'em mean,  
keep 'em keen.  
Live by it.  
(DEENA'S CELL PHONE BEEPS)  
(SIGHS)

**AUTOMATED VOICE:**

You have one  
new voice message.  
Hi, there.  
I was hoping you'd pick up.  
I'd really love  
to hear your voice.  
I mean, I heard your voice  
on the answering machine,  
and it made my day.  
But to hear your real,  
un-prerecorded voice  
in person, that's  
what I was hoping for.  
I guess, technically,  
if it's on the voice mail,  
it's not in person,  
but I digress.  
Uh...  
Wonder what  
you're doing right now.  
Taking care of  
your little man?

Using that incredible  
brain of yours to  
finish your book?  
Using that lean body to  
work on your exercise video?  
Conquering the world?

(EXHALES)

Maybe you were  
thinking of me?

Uh...

I would like to see you.  
If that isn't clear  
from this message,  
I am free on Thursday,  
I am free on Friday.  
Saturday is  
a good day for me...

**AUTOMATED VOICE:**

Message deleted.

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Let's see what  
we're dealing  
with here, buddy.

Yo.

We cool?

Yeah, we're cool.

Good.

You still down to  
babysit tonight?

Sure.

Did you give Henri  
my number?

Don't you mean Ohn-ree?

I'm not calling him

Ohn-frickin'-ree. He's not  
even French. Did you?

Yeah. Nicholas  
asked me for it.

Oh, great, because  
now he's like stalker  
obsessed with me, dude.

It's awesome.

**MRS. CRENSHAW:**

I am literally dying.

Gotta call you back.

We're just so...

It's so exciting.

So many weeks in  
the best seller list  
for an author like you.

I totally knew it.

We're so proud of you.

Thank you.

Are you coming to  
Vegas this weekend?

Oh, my God!

Yeah.

Oh.

Mmm-hmm.

Deena Gold?

Yes.

We're ready for you.

Deena Gold?

Yeah.

Oh, my God,

I love your column.

I read it religiously.

I would love to  
take you out to lunch  
and get advice on  
a guy I'm seeing.

Sure!

Great.

Good luck in there!

Thanks.

Call me!

Okay. So then that happened.

Do you know who that is?

Yeah.

She's a really great girl.

Come on.

Okay.

I can't believe  
she knew who I was.

Hi, babe. I'm just  
calling to tell you

that I'm not gonna  
be able to talk today.  
I'm, like, super busy,  
so don't even try  
to get a hold of me.  
Good-bye.  
Hi.

**Be back by 6:**

Okay. I will.  
They're very strict.  
Okay. Thank you, Pop Pop.  
Thank you, I love you.  
You're a life saver.  
I love you. Bye.  
Hi, Max. How are you?  
I know, it's horrible.  
He robbed me blind.  
Do you know  
that I actually had  
to vacay this year  
in Palms Springs  
instead of Hawaii?  
Sounds horrible.  
Well, I have such  
good taste in everything,  
except when it comes  
to the men I marry.  
(LAUGHS DRYLY)  
Sweetie, she looks good.  
She looks like  
an obese supermodel.  
Thanks, Francesca.  
I kinda wanted to  
talk to you about  
my doggy mall.  
Remember when I first  
started working here,  
I mentioned it and  
you said you might...  
You know...  
So,  
I was just thinking that  
now might be a good time

to invest and...

Oh!

I have to wee-wee.

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

**FRANCESCA:**

what'd I say? No phones  
in the office. Remember.

Turn that off.

Don't answer it.

Dude, where are you?

Call me, call me,

call me, call me, call me!

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Ah!

Hello?

Please stop.

Hi. Yes, can we get  
four grilled cheese  
sandwiches please?

What? No.

Wrong number. God!

Stop! Stop laughing.

(SIGHS)

**AUTOMATED VOICE:**

Leave a message.

Mom. Dad. It's me, Deena.

Um...

Long time no speak.

Well, I just wanted

to let you know

that your wayward

black sheep daughter

has in fact sold a book.

I'm sure you

won't read it, but...

I just wanted to let you know

before someone else did. So...

That's it.

(CLEARS THROAT) Call me.

Or not.

Hey, Jayde.

Hey, girl, hey.

What are you  
up to tonight?  
Whoa. It's like  
we share the same brain.  
There's a party on Sunset,  
a fashion show downtown  
and then an art  
opening on La Cienega.  
All right, buddy,  
okay. Sorry.  
Just wait one  
second, buddy.  
Deena! Deena!  
Hello, are you here?  
Hey!  
Hey.  
Whoa! What are you wearing?  
Nocturnal car wash.  
Sunset and Vine.  
Have you seen Deena?  
No.  
Are you kidding me?  
Oh, my God!  
I can't believe how  
much my life blows.  
Can you watch Max?  
I can't. I gotta  
pay the rent.  
Sorry. I'm sure  
Deena'll be back soon.  
Oh...

**ON VOICEMAIL:**

you reached Deena Gold, leave  
a message after the beep.  
(DOORBELL RINGING)  
Oh! Hey, Billy.  
Hi. My mom told me  
to bring this over. It got  
delivered to our place.  
Billy?  
Yeah?  
How old are you?  
Twelve.

Do you wanna make 50 bucks?

Sure.

(SIGHS)

Hi.

Wow!

Oh, my God.

I'm so overdressed.

I thought we were  
going to someplace nice.

Hey. Come on,  
this place is nice.

I mean, it's not...

It's not this nice,  
but they got

great onion rings.

Really. Here, sit down.

You look really pretty.

Thank you.

I'm sorry I was late.

I was...

Well, I was taking  
care of Max.

Deena must be so grateful.

Uh-huh.

Listen, I kinda needed  
to talk to you about  
the other night.

No apology necessary.

I mean, you met my friends.

Deena is  
nowhere near as bad as  
those freaks, so...

Right. It's not  
really about that.

Are you good?

Is everything okay?

Hope you two  
are hungry.

Thank you!

You're welcome.

Mmm-hmm.

Let me know if you  
need anything else.

Thank you.



Sorry, I hope you don't mind,  
but I ordered every  
appetizer on the menu.  
Surprised?  
I always do that!  
Come on,  
nobody always does that.  
No, I really do.  
My friends always  
make fun of me.  
They're so much  
better than entrees.  
I know, right?  
Smaller portions.  
More variety.  
Get out.  
Cheese sticks.  
(LAUGHS)  
While you go ahead  
and finish chewing that  
amazing cheese stick,  
I'm gonna throw  
coolness to the wind  
and tell you that  
I like you.  
And I hope that  
doesn't freak you out,  
but I just... I like you.  
And it would be great  
if you would  
say something kind  
back to me right now.  
I'm sorry,  
this is just so hot.  
I'm sorry.  
What I really wanted  
to do was be an athlete,  
but it turns out  
I can't run, I can't jump  
and I can't catch.  
So that kind of excluded me  
from those things.  
So I took up my new calling,  
which was musical theater,

and I did  
a little thing called  
The Pirates of Penzance.  
You may have heard of it.  
I might have dominated it.  
Just saying.

I'd like to see you  
in some tights.  
You and my grandma, both.

(LAUGHS)

What about you?  
I wanna talk more  
about you in tights.  
Not a chance.

(LAUGHS)

Sorry. It's Deena.  
If you gotta get it,  
go ahead.  
No, you know what?  
It's cool.  
It's probably nothing.  
Sometimes she forgets  
that I have a life too, so...  
God, it must  
be interesting.

What do you mean?  
You know, just  
living with  
somebody so unestablished  
who has a baby, that's all.  
So, by interesting,  
do you mean awful?

I just mean that  
you would think  
that having a baby  
would force  
someone to grow up.  
It just doesn't seem like  
that's happened for Deena.

(LAUGHS NERVOUSLY)

You don't really  
know anything about her.  
I'm not trying to  
insult Deena at all.

I mean, having a baby  
and living with roommates,  
relying on them for  
everything, that's horrid.  
All I'm saying is that  
I think that you  
must be a saint  
for dealing  
with somebody who  
so clearly  
desperately needs it.  
I just hope that  
Deena understands that  
and realizes that  
she couldn't do  
it without you.  
I'm sorry. Will you excuse me?  
I need to go to the restroom.  
What is he talking about?  
Relying on  
people for everything.  
Well, he's making  
this very easy.  
There's no  
emotional attachment.  
Just a little bone and bolt.  
A little nookie,  
a quick roll in the hay,  
that's all this is anyway.  
Okay. Let's do this.  
Wait, wait, wait.  
I just want you to know,  
if you wanna take this slow,  
I'm okay with it.  
(LAUGHS)  
Yeah, it seems that way.  
Okay, let's get naked.  
Hey. Get outta here.  
(CELL PHONE RINGING)  
You feel amazing.  
Really?  
Like normal amazing,  
or just...  
Like amazing, amazing.

(LAUGHS)

Come here.

Help, help. I'm so  
bad at these things.

(MOANING)

Oh, God.

What the...

It's not what you think.

Well, what do I think?

It happens.

Breast milk just happens?

It's tribal, you know,  
like, from living with Deena.

You know how women

who live together

get their periods

at the same time?

No. I didn't know that.

How do you not know that?

You're a grown man!

Sorry, but no!

Well, it's like that.

I get breast milk,

and it squirts

when I get excited.

It's a compliment, really.

(SCOFFS)

He's your baby?

He's your baby.

Well, the first hour

that I met you,

you said that

kids were a buzzkill!

No, I didn't.

Yes, you did.

And then you

were so judgmental

about the whole thing!

Well, even if I did,

I didn't realize

we were talking about you.

Well, I didn't think

it mattered, okay?

This wasn't

supposed to be serious.

(SCOFFS)

Right. Right.

So, what was I?

Just some conquest?

Just some random guy?

Oh, what was it  
that Deena said?

"Getting back into the game,  
always a player at heart"?

That's you, huh?

Awesome.

So...

You've never lied  
about anything because  
you thought it made  
things seem easier?

No.

Well, I guess  
you're a better  
person than I am.

Good-bye.

(SNIFFLING)

What's going on?

Hello? Wait, sir! Sir!

Wait! Sir, stop!

Stop, stop.

Wait, sir,

just a second. Stop!

He's fine. He's sleeping.

'Cause that

neighbor kid you hired  
kinda freaked out, Kim.

He'd never been  
around a baby before.

If I hadn't come home,  
they would have  
called social services.

Where the fuck were  
you tonight? You were  
supposed to babysit!

What? Are you  
out of your mind?

There is nothing,

there is absolutely nothing  
that excuses your behavior.  
So I wasn't here,  
so you be here, Kim.  
It's your child.  
How dare you!  
How dare you judge me!  
You have no idea  
what it's like.  
If it had been me that night,  
if it had been me who  
stole the last condom...  
What?  
This could have been you.  
Wow, Kim.  
Who are you?  
I don't know.  
(WOMEN LAUGHING)

**DEENA:**

**JAYDE:**

What are you listening to?  
Is it that guy Henri?  
Give, give.  
Let me listen.  
Oh, my God.  
This guy is crazy.  
Listen to the voice mail.  
No!  
I know.  
Wait, the end's gross.  
I thought that  
was the best bit.  
Save it.  
Totally.  
For sure.  
He's a freak.  
(CELL PHONE RINGING)  
(SIGHS IN FRUSTRATION)  
(MAX GURGLING)  
(CELL PHONE RINGING)  
Hello?  
Oh, my God,

there you are!  
I've been 911 -ing  
you all day.  
Where have you been?  
The customers are  
starting to complain.  
Francesca, are you  
ever going to invest  
in my doggy mall?  
Oh, God, the doggy mall,  
the dog mall.  
All I hear about  
is the stupid dog mall.  
Maybe I'd talk to you  
about that dog mall  
if you actually did  
your job once in a while.  
You know what, Francesca?  
I am so sick of letting  
you treat me like shit.  
Consider this my  
five minutes' notice.  
You... But you  
can't just quit.  
And you know what else?  
You're not 21 -year-old hot.  
That's very rude.  
Good-bye.  
(SIGHS)  
(SIGHS IN RELIEF)  
Hi. I brought you  
some magazines  
and sandwiches.  
Godmothers,  
extra spicy  
with the works.  
Are you gonna emerge  
from the darkness  
anytime soon?  
Is Deena here?  
No.  
She's avoiding me?  
Yeah.  
My best friend thinks

I'm a despicable person,  
I lost the first guy  
who's liked me  
in a really long time  
and I'm the worst mom ever.

When I get sad,  
I like to think of  
good things that are  
unrelated to my problems.

Like whales, or those  
little yellow chickens  
from Easter, puffs.  
Those are called Peeps.

Laura, I know you're  
just trying to help,  
but can you please  
just leave us alone?

Kim.

(MAX CRYING)

(SHUSHING)

I don't mean to sound harsh,  
but you're kind of  
just lying around  
like you're giving up  
on life or something.

That's easy  
for you to say!

Why? Because my life  
is so perfect?

I have no skills,  
except that I'm pretty.

People think I'm dumb.

I live in a world  
where I'm considered  
a weirdo

because of my beliefs.

I'm not saying that  
my problems are as  
serious as yours.

I mean, heck no.

But everything's relative.

You need to be  
happy for Max.

(SIGHS)



(PHONE RINGING)

Can I help you?

Hey, beauty. I heard.

What do you say we go out

and get into some

old-school trouble?

I'm just really focused

on my career right now.

Yeah. So am I.

But I wake up every morning

with a raging boner

with your name on it.

Come on, let me be your

"man with dishpan hands."

How did you...

I googled you.

Oh, my God, it's you!

Rita, the receptionist!

I'm marrying

my skydiving instructor,

and it's all because of you!

Congratulations.

Thank you!

What do you think, buddy?

Hey!

Hey.

You made it!

You are late.

I had to stop for these.

I don't believe in flowers.

I think they're a

trite symbol developed

to keep women needy.

I only agreed to

let you meet me here

so you would

stop pestering me.

Yeah, I know.

You're aware of

the conditions?

No talking. No touching.

No disturbing my workflow.

What if I violate

those terms?

I said, no talking.  
Are you looking  
to be punished?  
I promise to  
leave you alone.  
If you agree to stop by  
American Apparel afterwards  
and try on  
a few things for me.  
You are such a perv.  
Deal.  
I didn't know  
a place like this existed.  
This place is awesome.  
The second JJJ gets in here,  
she completely falls asleep.  
I get to relax,  
I can do my drawing...  
Oh, wow, you draw?  
You seem shocked.  
Are you propagating the myth  
that stay-at-home moms  
have to give up  
all their passions?  
I'm sorry.  
It's okay.  
I actually am writing  
a children's book,  
it's called "Tickle,  
Tickle Little Pickle."  
My husband Brock  
says it's gonna be  
the laughing stock  
of the Internet,  
but, you know what,  
I like it.  
I can show it to  
you if you want.  
You don't have to.  
Yeah, I'd love to see it.  
Are you sure?  
Yeah.  
Okay.  
Okay, so that's it.

Yeah. The pickle looks  
a little demented now,  
but it's a prototype.  
I'm thinking on taking down  
the squirrel things,  
because right now  
it looks like  
it's actually trying  
to kill the pickle.

Wow. This is  
a pretty rock and roll  
little kids' book.  
I think there's  
something there.  
What do you think, buddy?

(LAUGHS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

(PANTING)

(MOANING)

DEENA ON BABY MONITOR:

Oh, God! Keep doing...

Oh, keep doing that!

Oh, don't stop that! Oh!

Oh, God!

Pussy master!

Pussy master, yes!

Oh, yes, pussy master!

(MOANING)

Oh, pussy master! Yes!

Oh, yes, you're

a pussy master!

(SIGHING)

(MAX CRYING)

(GROANS)

To speak or act in  
an evasive way, 11 letters.

Prevaricate.

Well, hello there.

How'd you sleep?

Horrible. I just now  
got Max to sleep.

How did you sleep,  
pussy master?

Kim. Nicholas

asked about you.  
I think he'd like  
to hear from you.  
Great.  
Tell him I said hi.  
You don't have to be  
so hard on yourself, Kim.  
You know you made  
a mistake, you're  
human, big whoop.  
So is he.  
Oh, my gosh!  
I've been chosen  
for a reality show!  
I get to live in a mansion!  
(SQUEALS)  
What?  
Yeah. America's Last Virgin!  
I found out about it,  
and I sent my picture in  
and I'm in!  
Wait. What show?  
America's Last Virgin.  
They find 20 virgins,  
all over the age of 21.  
And they have us  
live in a house  
where there's  
porn playing 24/7,  
and you share  
a room with a male model.  
And then,  
you go out on dates  
and the dates,  
they try to tempt you  
into losing your virginity.  
And the last virgin  
standing wins \$100,000!  
It's perfect, right?  
Deena, I figured  
you're always saying  
take things as they come.  
It's like that  
chapter in your book,

"Grab Life By The Balls."

So I totally  
grabbed my balls.

I mean,  
I thought it was gross,  
but I get it now. You get it.  
I knew I was saving myself  
for something this special!

(SHRIEKS)

Oh!  
That sounds like  
a recipe for rape.  
Did she just make it  
sound like I inspired her  
to do that?

Hey, Deena,  
can I talk to you  
for a minute, outside?

Alone?

Yeah.

Pussy master!

(EXHALES)

I'm gonna move out.

Wow. Okay.

I'm gonna pay you  
the next month's rent,  
so that will  
give you enough time  
to figure out  
what you wanna do.

Uh...

Is this like about  
last night? Because  
we were loud...

I know things  
have been awkward  
between us...

It's not that.

You and I had this plan  
to be fabulous and  
conquer the world.

And I'm sorry that  
I relied on you...

Kim, you don't

have to feel...  
Please, just  
let me finish.  
I think that  
the really scary part  
has been realizing that  
maybe I don't need  
to conquer the world.  
Maybe I'm okay  
with hanging out  
with the lame moms  
at Caf Chez Bb.  
Maybe I'm more  
than okay with it.  
Maybe I like it.  
So what are you gonna do?  
Doggy mall?  
Yeah, I'm starting to  
think that whole idea was  
childish and unsanitary  
and maybe even unsafe.  
I honestly don't know.  
Deena, I'm so happy  
for you and your success,  
and I adore you.  
I adore you.  
But you have to focus  
on your career now,  
and I need...  
I need to focus  
on being a mom.  
And I just worry that  
if I don't move out now...  
That we might  
not stay friends.  
(SOBS)  
So, it's a one bedroom,  
one bath,  
but there's a nice  
little nook over here  
that would be  
great for a nursery.  
Wanna see it?  
We'll take it.

Do you wanna discuss it  
with your husband?  
Nope. It's just us.  
All right, then.  
Let me show you the backyard.  
There's a sandbox  
and a swing set...  
Did you hear that, buddy?  
There's a sandbox!  
(BLOWS RASPBERRY)  
He's getting so heavy.  
You're getting so heavy.  
Is that your truck?  
Max, can you say "truck"?  
Truck?  
That's a bunny.  
(RATTLES)  
Kisses. Kisses for you.  
(CELL PHONE RINGING)  
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.  
You sweet little thing,  
you were just walking!  
Oh, my God,  
you sweet little monkey!  
I'm so proud of you!  
Oh, my God! My baby.  
(GASPING)  
Henri! Henri,  
Henri! It came!  
Oh, my God!  
Oh, my God! It came!  
Baby, maybe we should  
get a joint bank account.  
Oh, man, I grew up  
in a trailer.  
They pay a lot of money  
for self-help books.  
It's not  
a self-help book, punk.  
It's a sociological study.  
Oh, it's a sociological  
study. You're rich.  
Oh, my gosh, that's hot.  
You're so rich.

I love that.  
I've never had sex  
with a rich woman before.  
Outside, anyway...  
Never had sex...  
And sober.  
Whoa, whoa!  
Okay, just one finger.  
(DEENA LAUGHS)  
You eat it.  
You eat it. I'm good.  
I'm sorry for being late.  
I'm so, so sorry.  
How's the little dude?  
How are you?  
So, let me guess,  
you didn't get  
your contract  
and now you think  
you can just waltz  
back into our lives?  
No, that's not it.  
I read this  
rad book when I was on tour  
called Pregnancy and Beyond.  
Uh-huh.  
Read the whole thing,  
cover to cover.  
It had gnarly stuff  
about smegma, I almost  
stopped reading it.  
Then I kept reading it,  
and it started to talk about  
how they start  
to develop these,  
like, sick personalities.  
And it made me wanna,  
like, not miss out on  
all that good stuff.  
And the truth is,  
I nearly lost my abdomen  
in a shark attack.  
There's nothing  
like a brush with death



to make you realize  
what the important  
things in life are.  
And I wanna see my kid.  
Okay?  
I'm not gonna go  
through this again, Marc.  
I want another  
shot at being a dad.  
Can you understand that?  
I think I'd be a good dad.  
(LAUGHING)  
(SQUEALING)  
Come here.  
Come here, little buddy.  
You gonna be a little  
hell raiser, aren't you?  
You gonna be  
a little hell raiser?  
A little outlaw?  
A little bandit?  
He's a good boy.  
(MAX BABBLING)  
What's that?  
Bad boy?  
Bad!

**MARC:**

(EXHALES)  
Hey!  
Hey!  
How are you?  
Good. Good.  
How are you?  
Good.  
Where's Max?  
Is he in college yet?  
Actually, he's with Marc.  
Really?  
Yep.  
He came crawling back,  
and now he takes him  
whenever I go to work.  
Wow.

Yeah.  
I gotta tell you,  
I miss seeing Max every day.  
And you.  
Yeah. Me too.  
So...  
My dad called me.  
That's great, Deena.  
I bet that feels  
really good.  
Yeah.  
What are we doing?  
I miss you.  
I miss you!  
I've got so much  
to tell you.  
Come in, come in.  
What?  
Oh, my God!  
Dude, the place  
looks outta sight!  
It's Henri, man.  
He's all over it.  
(GASPS)  
You bought  
the massage chair!  
I love that thing.  
I wanna be buried with it.  
This is awesome!  
Whatever happened  
to waiting at least  
two years before  
moving in with a guy?  
Well, the rules are,  
there are no rules.  
When multiple orgasms  
are involved. (MOCK GASPS)  
Shut up! I thought  
those were a myth!  
So did I, dude.  
So did I.  
Well, I e-mailed Nicholas.  
And?  
And nothing.

I mean, I wasn't  
expecting a response  
after the crap  
that I pulled, but...  
I just wanted  
to clear the air.  
Good.  
So, listen.  
I got a huge advance  
check for my book.  
Wow, dude,  
you are killing it!  
And I want to  
invest a portion of it.  
Okay.  
See, I've been  
working on this project  
that I want to piggyback  
off the book release.  
I need you to  
partner with me, 50-50.  
It feels great.  
But I'm not surprised at all.  
I knew I'd make it  
past round four.  
I was born to win this.  
The golden crotch  
remains intact!  
Oh, my gosh!  
You guys, I can't be late.  
We have to go.  
Come on. Come on!  
Hi, look at you!  
Take your hand?  
Let's go. Let's go!  
Come on. Baby, let's go.  
It's so much fun.  
I know.  
Ready, one, two...  
Ready?  
Hey! We made it.  
Hey.  
Thanks for coming,  
everybody.

Kim, front and center.  
Patti, thanks for coming.  
Jayde, get your  
weights up. Great.  
Here we go, guys.  
We're gonna start  
with a lift and touch.  
Lift and touch.  
Get those arms tight.  
Get those loose knees.  
Henri, out of here!  
(HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)  
Lift up and down.  
There we go. Looking good.  
Oh, my God!  
We look like such tools.  
I love it!  
I know, I can't believe  
we're gonna be on demand,  
dude, it's so good.  
Who knew we'd be able  
to capitalize on me  
getting knocked up?

**HENRI:**

Yep.  
Nicholas and I  
got burritos.  
We're gonna  
shoot a little pool.  
Is that cool?  
Cool. Yep.  
What? Nicholas is here?  
Kim.  
What am I gonna do?  
I'm gonna hide.  
Kim.  
I can't hide.  
Max is here! Oh, my God!  
Kim! Kim.  
Oh, Jesus, how do I look?  
You look beautiful.  
It's gonna be okay.  
Okay.

Hey. Oh!

Hey.

Hi.

Henri?

What?

Do you wanna go in  
the other room and  
feel me up?

Yeah, I do.

Okay.

Bye, Deena.

Don't feel her up.

(LAUGHS NERVOUSLY)

I got your e-mail...

Yeah.

And I don't think  
that you are a...

"A flaming piece of shit,"  
or "A pox on  
the face of dignity."

You don't?

I understand why  
someone might not  
tell someone something,  
because they are afraid of  
the way they might react.  
All right. This is hard.

I'm  
married.

Oh!

No, technically,

I'm separated.

She moved out  
before you and I met.

Actually, I'm four days away  
from being legally divorced.

But this year  
was rough for me.

And I met you, and  
you just made it better  
and I didn't

want to do anything  
to screw that up. And...  
I should have told you.

So, then,  
we're both liars.  
But, for the record,  
you were first.  
Well, that's  
a great foundation  
for a relationship,  
don't you think?  
Not that I'm suggesting  
that we would  
have a relationship,  
I was just making  
a statement, like an  
observation that doesn't...

Aw...

My ovaries just  
skipped a beat.

Mine too.

(LAUGHS)

Let's shoot  
some sticks, yo!

Bros vs. Hoes.

You ready for this?

Ladies, you should  
know that we are  
pretty good at this.

Oh, you have no idea.

That's a big check, mister.

**NICHOLAS:**

Come on. Come to Deena.

Hey, don't put it  
on the table!

What?

Oh, I'm sorry,  
you're not a baby.

You're like a person.

You're like  
a real person now.

All right. Okay.

Let's do this.

Sorry, Max.

I rack 'em really,  
really tight.

Break it.

All right, you got  
a mean mommy here.

Ready? Go on,  
Kim, break.

Okay, I'll break.

Yeah, you can. Come on.

You can do it. You can  
do it. You can do it.

(ALL CHEERING)

Lost again!

So did we lose?