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Bad Moms

By Jon Lucas

AMY:

and I'm a mom.
I had my first kid
when I was 20 years old,
and I've been
running late ever since.
My days are filled with
dropping the kids at school...
Love you.

...then racing to work
where I have meeting,
after meeting,
after meeting.

I usually end up eating
a shitty lunch at my desk,
and I try to work
out once a week.

(SIGHS)

Why do I suck at Zumba?
Most days, I race back to
school for the kids' plays,
and poetry readings
and class projects...

Mom!

...Which I'm always late for.

(MOUTHING) Sorry.

And then
there's PTA meetings,
and volunteering and
parent-teacher conferences.

Jesus, Miss Wiggins
fuckin' hates me.

At least once a day, I feel like
the worst mom in the world,
and I cry in my car.

(WAILING)

Then I shuttle the kids to
piano lessons and soccer games
and dance classes
and doctors' appointments,
before my daily trip
to the grocery store.

Ugh.
This chick seems like
she's got it all figured out.
But I feel like I'm
screwing up all the time.
Still, I love being a mom.
Here, baby. There's your
organic turkey club sandwich,
and Dylan, here's your peanut-free
peanut butter for lunch.
What's peanut-free
peanut butter?
I have no idea.
Baby, here's your American
history project I made you.
I hope you like it.
I love you.
I love you!
Oh, my God, Mom!
Not so loud! My God.
I love my babies so much!
God, they hate me.
Hey, Amy!
Hey, guys.
God, I just don't
know how you do it.
You just leave
your kids all day
and go to work?
You're so strong.
Yeah, thank you.
Don't you miss them?
I do. But I also
need, like, money.
Right.

STACY:

Oh, gosh, you guys, I'm so sorry.
I gotta go.
I'm really late
to work.
Well, you're
always late.
I know. It's basically

the only thing
I'm good at these days.
See you guys later.
God, I just love
how hard she works.
Oh, my God, I love
how hard she works.
I just fuckin'
said that, Vicky.
(TIRES SCREECHING)

AMY:

a super-hip coffee company.
I love my job,
but I'm 32 years old and I'm
the oldest person here by far.
Most of these dudes
just play ping-pong all day.

TESSA:

AMY:

Oh, my God, I am so fucking
hungover, I might actually die.
(CHUCKLES)

That's probably something
you shouldn't tell your boss.

Oh.

Right. Except that I took like a
shitload of pills this morning,
so I don't totally
know where I am yet.

You're at work, Tess.

Oh, perfect.

Yeah.

May I have a vacation?

I'd like to go to Cuba.

Is that allowed?

No.

Good morning.

TESSA:

Good morning, Dale.

I had a dream

last night.

Ooh.

I was naked in a hotel.

I'm talking fully
naked, dick, balls...

Yep, got it.

No glasses. Everything,
fully fucking naked.

We got it.

I walk over to
the coffee maker
and there is a bag of our
coffee in the hotel room.

Cool dream, Dale.

Thank you, Tessa.

(CHUCKLES)

Um...

Is this your
way of saying that
you wanna start selling
your coffee to hotels, now?

No. This is my way of
saying that I want you
to start selling our
coffee to hotels now.

But Dale, I'm already running
sales for supermarkets,
airlines and restaurants.

I mean,

I'm just part-time.

You are?

Since when?

Six years ago!

(LAUGHS) What?

No way.

She's here like every day.

(CHUCKLES)

(CHUCKLES) Oh, I know, but I
have a family and stuff, so...

Hey! You know how important
family is to me.

I got it wrote on
my arm right there.

AMY:

It's dope, right?
So tight.
Oh, shit! I gotta go roller skating.
Do you wanna come?
Yes!
No, Dale!
I have lots
of work to do.
The History Channel
was right.
You guys are the
greatest generation.

AMY:

of Chicago with my two kids,
my dog
and my husband, Mike.
He's a successful
mortgage broker,
but sometimes he
feels like my third child.
Hey, babe.
Hey... Oh! (CHUCKLES)
Look at all the bags you're carrying.
That's hilarious.
You look like a Sherpa.

AMY:

You guys. Thank you
for being super patient.
I appreciate it.
(GROANS)
Here we go, guys.
Thanks, honey.
All right, love.
How was work?
Oh, I had two conference
calls and then I took a nap.
It was exhausting.
I bet. I bet.
Uh...
Dylan, baby, how was
your science quiz?

Oh, I got a D.
A D? But we
worked so hard.
Baby, what happened?
Do you need extra help? Should
we get you another tutor?
Mmm, nah, I'm good.
Mike?
Did you hear? Dylan got a
D on his science quiz.
Way to go, bud.
What? Okay.
Um...
Jane! Oh, my gosh! Wait! How
was your soccer tryouts?
(SIGHS) Coach is posting a list of
who made the team tonight at 9:00,
and I'm so nervous.
Baby, it's okay, relax. You will
make the soccer team, I promise.
Just don't freak out.
(GASPS) I'm freakin' out.
I am, too.
What time is it now?

8:

(SIGHS) Come on!
(COMPUTER DINGS)

Oh, it's 9:

Go, go, go! Hit refresh.
Oh, my God. I made the team.
(SQUEALS) I made the team!
Oh, my God.
I am so relieved.
(WHISPERS) Thank you.
Oh, my God.
(GASPS) Baby,
I'm so proud of you!
Oh, I'm so excited.
Oh, my God.
This is gonna look so awesome
on my college applications.
Baby, it's great,

it's great,
but just remember you're
only 12, so it's...
Wait.
What if I don't play?
What if I'm a loser
benchwarmer scrub?
You're great, you're
gonna be fine, you're...
No! It's not fine, Mom.
Do you understand
how hard it is
to get into
an Ivy League school now?
I mean,
they turn away Asians.
That's a little
racist, but...
Oh, my God! I need to
practice my footwork.
Why'd you let me
eat dessert?
Oh, I know,
because you hate me!
Holy shit.
Hey, babe. It's late.
I'm going to bed.
No.
(GASPS) Oh, my God,
are you...
No, no, no, I was just checking
my prostate. (KEYS CLACKING)
You know, I've always wondered
what kind of porn you like.
Why won't this
fucking window close?
(GASPS)
Oh, my God,
that's a giant bush!
Uh, who the hell
are you?
I'm his wife.
Oh, shit.
Are you masturbating

online with some chick?

No, no!

Well, then,

what are you doing?

(STAMMERING) Uh, um... I
was clicking and then I...

So then I was...

Yes, okay, I was masturbating
online with some chick.

What the fuck!

Why are you doing that?

Hold on a second. I don't think
I've done anything wrong.

This is totally
mainstream now.

Hi, I'm Sharon.

I don't know,

I don't know, Mike.

This really
feels like cheating.

No, no, no, no, no, this is
definitely not cheating, honey.

I've never even
touched her.

Her giant bush
is 2,000 miles away.

But how long have
you been doing this?

Oh, I don't know.

Not long.

Ten months next Friday.

(MOUTHING)

What the fuck?

Ten months?

Do you have
feelings for her?

(EXHALES)

You don't masturbate online
with someone for 10 months
without developing
some feelings.

I mean, I'm not
a monster.

Do you have

feelings for her, Mike?
Yes! Okay? I have feelings for her!
God!
(MIKE SIGHS)
She's actually
a pretty amazing woman.
You know, she runs
her own dairy farm,
she's developing
an app.
Get out!
What?
Get the fuck
out of my house.
So uncool.
(DOOR CLOSES)

SHARON:

I just feel like
Mike is feeling
really trapped right now...
(GRUNTS)
(GROANS)
Okay, so your dad had to go
outta town on a business trip,
so I'm gonna try to do
everything myself today,
which should be fine,
as long as everybody does
what they are supposed to do.
Right?
(WHINING)
Oh, no.
Why is Roscoe
walking like that?
He's fine.
He's totally fine.
(GASPS) Oh, no, buddy!
(CAMERA CLICKS)
(CAR DOOR SHUTS)
Lookin' good, Jeff.
Oh.
Thanks. Yeah, you
been workin' out?

No, not for
like 10 years.
Your beige windbreaker is
really lightin' up my board.
Oh, uh, thanks.
Do you know what I mean?
My vagina.
(SIGHS)
Bye. Jeff!
Emergency PTA meeting tonight.
Tell all your friends.

STACY:

Oh, God.
There goes that little weird
stay-at-home mom.
Emergency PTA meeting tonight.
Tell all your friends.
Oh, I don't have
any friends.
Oh. I'm pretty isolated at home.
I have four kids.
Okay, good. Please move along.
Thank you.
Emergency PTA
meeting tonight.
Thank you
for inviting me.
Oh, my God. She just got all
her sadness all over me.
Oh, shit!
Here comes
the hot widower.
Hey, Jessie.
Hey, guys.

VICKY:

GWENDOLYN:

Cute backpack
you got there.
Oh, yeah.
Uh, I'm such an Elsa.
(ALL LAUGHING)

You're hilarious!
You really are!
God, he's so
fucking hot.
Here you go.

VICKY:

I'm so glad his wife died.
You know what? I saw him install a
car seat yesterday in two seconds.
I'm tellin' you, it was like
boom, boom, click. (MOANING)
It was so hot.
Oh, gosh.
You know what? I think I'd
let him put it in my butt.
I mean, in theory, I'm not
really into the butt thing,
but I would let him
go to town back there.
I'm with you.
Emergency PTA meeting.

AMY:

to get Roscoe to the vet,
so I love you kids, get out,
get out, get out, get out.
I love you so much.
I'm so sorry.
Bye, Mom.
(GASPS)
Oh!
Oh, my God! Oh!
Fuck, it's so hot!
Can you roll down...
Can you roll down the window?
Okay. Okay, okay.
Hey. Hey, babe, listen.
Hi.
There is a emergency PTA
meeting today at 5:00.
It should be about
two to three hours.
Awesome. Awesome.

Okay?
Your dog's wearing a helmet.
Okay, I know.
Yes, it's... Thank you.
Okay.
Fuck!
Your dog has vertigo.
That can't be a thing.
And you are gonna have to
carry him until he gets home.
Are you shitting me
right now?
I don't shit.
But he will, uncontrollably,
for the next 36 hours.
(WHINING)
I'm here.
I'm here. Amy's here.
You missed
the meeting, bro.
Oh, no.
Fuck, fuck, fuck,
fuck, fuck.
(INDISTINCT)
(PANTING)
(GASPS)
(TIRES SCREECH)
I know, I know.
I'm sorry, I'm late.
Get in, get in, get in.
I can't believe I'm gonna be late
to my first soccer practice.
Baby, I'm doing
the best that I can.
Yeah, that's what
makes it even sadder.
Oh, God.
Hey, Dylan. Hey, honey.
How was your day?
I swallowed
a pen cap again.
Oh, God.

DYLAN:

Crap.
Was that a hit-and-run?
Nope.
Nope.
That was nothing.
Jane, go!
Go, go, go, go!
Excuse me, Coach?
I'm so sorry that Jane is late.
It is all my fault.
You look wrecked.
You having a bad day?
Oh, God, it literally
could not get any...
Ah! (GRUNTS)
Shit.
(GROANS)
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)
Hey...
Hi, guys! Guys, um...
For those of you who have been
living under a rock... (CHUCKLES)
I am Gwendolyn James.
I am the president
of the PTA,
but most importantly,
I am the proud mommy
to two beautiful daughters,
Blaire and Gandhi.
Now, I called this
emergency PTA meeting
to address an issue that radically
affects the safety of our children.
The bake sale.
Is this a joke?
Now, this is a list
of the toxic ingredients
that are absolutely banned
from the bake sale.
No BPA,
no MSG, no BHA, no BHT.
Plus no soy, no sesame,
and, of course, no nuts
or eggs or milk or butter

or salt or sugar or wheat.

Okay?

Sorry, what ingredients

can we use?

Anyway, I will be putting together...

Thank you.

...a special bake

sale police force

that will monitor the food. That

will destroy any offensive treats

and prosecute

the wrongdoers.

Yes.

So who will be

my first volunteer

for the bake sale

police force?

I think we're gonna

have Amy Mitchell!

What?

That's what you get

for being late, sweetie.

No.

(ALL GASP)

(CHUCKLES)

What's that now?

I've had a really long day.

I have been

bruised and burned,

knocked unconscious.

I screwed up my daughter's

first day at soccer

and I hand-searched

my son's poo for a pen cap

and my poor dog

has vertigo.

I mean, who knew that that was

even a real thing, you guys?

God, I'm drowning

at work

and my boss

is a fucking moron

and... (CHUCKLES)

Three hours ago

I may or may not
have committed
a felony hit-and-run.

(GASPING)

I can't do this anymore.

I'm sorry.

I'm done.

I quit.

(INDISTINCT MURMURS)

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

Hey, what can I get ya?

Oh, Scotch.

Oh, hey, I know you.

You're that chick that always
picks up my kid from school
when I forget/don't
want to.

Amy Mitchell. Yeah, Carla.

Carla Dunkler.

Jesus, you look like
a bag of dicks.

(CHUCKLES) Thanks.

Hi.

I'm really sorry to interrupt,
but, um, I just have to tell you,
what you did back there
was amazing.

(CHUCKLES) Thank you.

It's Kiki, right?

Yes.

She knows my name.

(STUTTERS)

I feel like

Beyonc Knowles.

Why don't you sit down
and have a drink with us?

What do you mean "us"? Honey, I
was just sitting here by myself.

I would love to,
but I can't.

I have to go to
the grocery store
and then I have to go home and
clean out my son's hamster cage,

'cause he gets so
mad when I forget.
Have a drink, Kiki.
Okay, yeah.

Okay. Yes, I'd like
an apple juice.

Why don't you
have this instead?

Excuse me?

(LAUGHING)

Oh, do you know what my
favorite mom fantasy is?

What?

Uh-oh.

Having a quiet
breakfast by myself.

Oh! That is so hot!

Oh!

Sounds glorious.

Oh.

(SIGHS) Sometimes when I'm
driving all by myself,
I have this fantasy that
I get into a car crash.
Not a big one with fire and explosions,
but just like a little one.

But I do get injured
and I get to go to the
hospital for two weeks
and I sleep all day and I eat
Jell-O and I watch so much TV
and it's all
covered by my insurance.

My kids bring me balloons, and
the nurses rub cream on my feet,
and oh, my God,
it's so amazing.

(SIGHS)

Is that like something you
guys fantasize about, too?

No.

No.

You're bat-shit crazy. Yeah.
And I'm never gonna get

into a car with you.
Is it fun
being a single mom?
Yes!
I go to the casino.
Yeah.
You know, I'm
learning karate now.
Plus, I have, like, a stable
of hot dudes to call right up
whenever I want
some D in my V.
I wanna be a single mom.
No, it's fuckin' awesome.
Bottom line is,
I have to live my life one
quarter mile at a time.
Is that from... Yeah.
The Fast and Furious.
I fucked Vin Diesel when he
was in town doing Furious 6.
You fucked Vin Diesel?
Yeah.
Vincent Diesel?
It might not have been
actually Vin Diesel,
but I definitely
fucked a bald guy.
Salud.
Salud.
Yep.
To Vincent Diesel.
Oh, my God.
Jesus.
Kiki, get your shit together.
Oh, my God.
Do you know what I hate?
Mmm?
There are so many
fuckin' rules now.
Yes, God.
"Don't punish your kids."
"Don't say no to your kids."
Yeah. "Go to your

kid's baseball games."
"Tell your kids
you love 'em."
"Don't fuck the janitor
at your kid's school."
I mean, what the
fuck is this? Russia?
We're killing ourselves, trying to be
perfect, and it's making us insane.
In this day and age, it's
impossible to be a good mom.
(BLOWS RASPBERRY)
Screw it.
Yeah.
Let's be bad moms.
Oh, I'm in.
Right?
Oh, my gosh, okay. This is exciting.
I'm in!
Yes! To bad moms. Whoo!
To bad moms!
Aw.
I love you guys.
Mmm.
Oh, dude.
We love you, Kiki.
We just met, Kiki.
Forever.
I love you forever. I'm
not into this kind of...
Oh, gosh, honey, we
gotta go get you home.
We gotta go.
Yeah, let's go.
We gotta go. No, I can't. I
have to go to the supermarket.
(KIKI SIGHS)
Let's go
to the supermarket!
(INAUDIBLE)
(ALL GASPING)
Oh, my God.
You're so cute.

KIKI:

Oh, I wanna
eat her face.

Hi, bunny.

All right, let's go!

Where is she?

(GROANING)

Oh, it's so bright,
you guys.

Are you okay?

Yeah, I'm awesome.

What did you
do last night?

Nothin'.

But we may need to
find a new supermarket.

(AMY GASPS)

Oh, my God. I made
nachos last night!

Oh.

Amazing.

Mmm.

The cheese is so hard.

(GRUNTING)

Um...

Aren't you gonna
make us breakfast?

Oh.

No.

But what are we
gonna eat?

You guys are really smart.

You can make
your own breakfast.

I'm just gonna
take these to go.

Peace!

All right,
get in the car.

You know what?

On second thought,

let's take your
daddy's special car today.

Won't Dad be mad?

Yeah.

Probably.

(ENGINE REVVING)

(TIRES SCREECHING)

(INAUDIBLE)

Whooh!

That was so awesome!

All right.

(TIRES SCREECHING)

What is she driving?

Have a great day
at school!

Oh, wait, wait, wait!

Your lunch!

(GASPS) Thanks, Mom.

You're the best mom ever!

Aw, I love you, guys!

Is that Arby's?

I love their
hot fish sandwich.

Hey, Amy. Hi.

Hey, we're having
a PTA meeting today
to discuss the upcoming

election at 2:

Will we see you there?

No.

Oh.

That bitch is
playing a dangerous game.

Amy plays football?

Oh, my God.

Oh, thank you.

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Amazing!

Oh, this is Amy.

Amy, where are you? The morning
huddle started an hour ago.

Oh, yeah, Dale, I'm not going to that.

It's a total waste of time.

(SNICKERING)

Are you feeling okay, Amy?

Are you having

a senior moment?

I've actually
never felt better.

I'm having a quiet breakfast
and reading the newspaper
for the first
time in 12 years.

You need to come into
the office right now!

No, I don't. I don't, Dale. I only
work for you three days a week.

If you want me to work more, then
you should pay me to do that.

Okay, Amy, you're kind of
making me look like a dick
in front of everybody
in the office right now.

Have a great meeting!

Goodbye, Dale.

(SIGHS)

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Hello?

Hey, Kiki. It's Amy.

Hi!

Um, I was actually
calling to see,
uh, if you'd like to join
me at the movies today.

Are we allowed to do that?

Well, I don't see why not.

I can't. I mean, I have
to iron Kent's underwear.

What? Why?

I don't know. He likes
really stiff underwear.

Come on, Kiki,
live a little.

(CRYING)

Uh... Okay. Okay, okay.

I'll do it.

(CHUCKLES) Awesome.

Okay, I'll call Carla.

Oh, fun! I like her.

I'm also

very scared of her.

(CHUCKLES) Okay.

Ow! Ow!

CARLA:

Hey, it's Amy.

Um, I'm calling to see
if you'd like to join
Kiki and I at the
movies this afternoon.

I'm already here.

Hey, lady.

Get off your phone.

Guess what?

She dies in the end.

Yeah, cancer gets her.

What?

Yeah, what do you
bitches wanna see?

(SLURPING)

Love is stronger
than space.

You guys, lady boners over here.

(LAUGHS)

(GASPING AND CHEERING)

Cheers, ladies.

Mmm.

Mmm.

This has been
so much fun.

Thank you, girls,
for coming out with me.

Are you kidding me?

This has literally been the
best day of my entire life.

Oh, honey.

My ex is picking up the kid,
so I can go all night if...

Oh. Hey, did you
hear that?

My ex has my kid.

AMY:

a question for you.

Is it hard to share your son with your ex-husband?

(LAUGHS) Fuck no.

No?

Have you seen my kid?

He's like nine feet tall and all he cares about is baseball.

Do you go to all of his games?

No. No, I don't.

(AMY LAUGHS)

The last game I went to was six hours long and the final score was one to two.

So, I'd rather go to Afghanistan than another kids' baseball game.

Cheers.

How do you think that your divorce affected your kid?

How are things in your home, Amy?

Oh, it's fine.

(SCOFFS) Everything's fine.

Ugh.

I caught Mike having an affair online with a woman, and I guess it's been going on for like 10 months.

Oh! Did you drive a spike through his nuts?

(LAUGHING)

No. Here's the truth.

Our marriage has been over for years.

I don't even remember the last time we had sex.

Kent and I have sex every Friday night after Blue Bloods.

(LAUGHS)

I find Tom Selleck's work to be extremely erotic.

I feel like everything that comes out

of your mouth is a cry for help.

(CHUCKLES)

Kiki, you're so weird.

CARLA:

why did you marry this
shithead in the first place?

He sounds like
an asshole.

Because we were
young and in love.

I mean, he wasn't always an asshole.

I promise you.

It's true. Listen, I got
pregnant, we got married.

I was only 20.

You know what? Mike and I
never got our twenties.

Like, you know, the
fun twenties, and...

I feel like
maybe he missed that.

Oh, my God.

Maybe I did, too.

When I was in my twenties, I
would just walk down the street
and it would just be raining
dicks wherever I went.

It was just dick,
dick, dick, dick,
dick, dick, dick,
dick, dick, dick.

It was, like, forecast,
lot of cock!

(INDISTINCT)

Kiki?

Hi. Kent, hi.

What are you
doing here?

I'm just having lunch
with my new friends.

Who's watching the kids?

Rosie.

Isn't that your job?

Whoa! Who the fuck
are you?
Yes. Yes, Kent.
It absolutely is my job, and I
was just about to leave, so,
um, thank you guys
so much.
I can't, uh,
do the math right now.
Just take that and have a
wonderful day, you guys.
I really enjoyed it.
Thank you.
Oh, my...
Nice to meet you,
Ike Turner!
That's really
disturbing.
Yes!
But on the plus side,
she left way too much cash,
so I think I'm gonna
get fucked up!
(GROANS)
Yeah, donut holes!
I love these things.
How much are they?
Um...
Five cents.
How about a dollar?
(GASPS) What?
Hey now, big spender.
(BOTH CHUCKLE)
Thank you.
Mmm.
Why are these so good?
Caramel number six.
Is that what it is?
Mmm-hmm.
They're tasty.
She's adorable.
Thank you.
Mmm-hmm.
Good to see you.

Bye. Bye.

Oh, my, oh, my, oh, my.

What do we have here?

Are these store-bought
donut holes, Amy?

What? No.

Gosh, no,

I made them by hand
and then I put them in the
weird plastic container.

Oh, thank God.

'Cause we do not
allow store-bought
holes.

Seriously, Vicky? AMY:

Oh, come on, Gwendolyn.

Who cares what
food people bring
as long as it
raises money, right?

Oh, did she just... Oh. She did.

Hit her with it, G.

Well, you see,

I care, sweetie.

I don't... I don't know what's
been going on with you,

I mean, with your
weird outbursts
and your terrible style,
but it ends now.

Okay? I run this school,
and no one takes
a class or kicks a ball
or plays a fuckin' clarinet
without my say-so.

And I can make life
a living hell for you
and your dirty
little children.

Do you understand me?

Wow, Gwendolyn, I genuinely think
you should just relax a little bit,
I mean, have a donut hole.

They're delicious.

They're from a gas station.

They're... Mmm.

You have crossed
the line, little girl.

And I am going
to destroy you.

Winter is coming.

(CHUCKLES)

Gwendolyn.

Oh, my God.

You are so fucked.

What...

Bye.

Bye.

Out of my way!

I'm sorry, Gwendolyn.

You psyched for
Mandarin class?

No!

No.

Mandarin class
is so stressful.

Everyone just
barfs the whole time.

Did you say "barfs"?

Yeah.

Oh, my God.

Wha...

Why are we doing this?

What are you doing? Mandarin
class is back that way!

I know.

But we're gonna
play hooky today.

JANE:

afford this place.

AMY:

I've got a plan.

Shh. Get in here, you idiots.

We totally snuck in.

I know! Shh. I can't believe
you have a real job.

You're a lucky girl, Becky. I would never do this for my kid.
Yeah. My mom's pretty cool.
Also, my name's Jane.
Okay.
All right. Showers on the left. Have fun, guys.
Bye, Becky! Shh.
Okay, thanks, Carla.
This place is fancy.
Gosh.
Oh, look.
Free soap.
No, honey, don't take that.
(GASPS) Oh, no, that's some good soap.
Take it, take it.
This is what the tub looks like after your brother takes a bath.
(BOTH LAUGHING)
You look like Kung Fu Panda.
(LAUGHS)
(SIGHS)
This is amazing.
Mmm-hmm.
We should get matching tattoos after this.
(LAUGHS)
I'm really glad we did this, Mom.
I haven't felt this relaxed in, like, ever.
God, you needed a break from school and soccer and...
(GRUNTS)
This whole Dad thing.
What whole Dad thing?
Nothing. Nothing!
(GASPS) Does Dad have a brain tumor?
What? No!
No, no, no, no.
God, no. Um...

Your dad and I are going through
a rough patch right now.

Are you guys
gonna get divorced?

What? No, no, no.

No. We're not getting
divorced right away.

I just want you to know that
no matter what happens,
it's not your fault.

Why would it be
my fault?

Why would you even
say that?

I don't know!

Oh, my God, baby, I'm so sorry!

I suck at this!

I just don't
wanna be weird, okay?

Baby, please don't cry. Please...

No, no, no, no, no.

Honey, I need you to look at
me, just look at me, okay?

Baby, baby...

I need you to know
that your dad loves you.

That I love you.

And I promise you,
you will be fine.

(SOBS)

How do you know?

Because I'm your mom,
and I know you
better than anyone,
and I know what
you're made of.

Oh, honey.

I love you.

I love you, too.

Hey, Coach?

Coach!

Fuck!

Hi, Gwendolyn.

Hi, how are you?

Listen, um,
I wanna talk to you about
the starting lineup of
next week's game. Mmm-hmm.
In particular, Amy
Mitchell's daughter, Jane.
You know I can't discuss
specific players with you.
And you know that
I chair the hiring
and firing committee,
right?
So let's stop clicking around and
let's get to the fucking point.
Please don't get
me fired, Gwendolyn.
My cat just died.
Oh.
And I'm really very
fragile right now.
Bench the little dork.
Yeah, she's fuckin' gone.
I need this. This is my time. Do you
know what I mean? (CELL PHONE RINGS)
(SNAPS FINGERS)
(EXHALES)
Go for Carla.
Hey, it's Amy,
I just found out Mike is staying
with his Internet girlfriend.
Oh, fuck him!
We need to get you laid.
I wanna get laid.
I'm on my way.
I'm so excited.

CARLA:

what are you gonna wear?
It's like a nun's closet.
(GASPS) No, no, wait.
I got it, I got it.
Let's see this!
It's my favorite.
I love it.

No! No! Are you trying
to get laid or adopted?

Oh.

Fair point.

Ooh.

Okay.

That's what a lonely
person gets buried in.

Fuck, you guys, I literally
have nothing, then.

I have mom clothes,
I have work clothes.

Okay, you know, let me get
in there one more time.

I'm gonna find it. Move. Move.

Move, move, get me in here.

I have jackets, I have lots of 'em.

We'll find it.

We'll find something, honey.

Don't get discouraged.

AMY:

You can do this.

I mean, Jesus Christ!

This is something that

Mrs. Doubtfire would wear.

I love that movie.

(GASPS)

Me too.

Okay.

KIKI:

It's such a good film.

Wait a minute,

I see a spaghetti strap.

No, hold on. This was, like, my slutty
Halloween costume from college.

I like the word "slutty."

Put it on.

Just try it.

Try it.

You guys are ridiculous.

I'm telling you...

Holy fuck! Look at your mom bra!

Ooh.
There's so much
surface area.
You can make three regular
bras out of this one mom bra.
This isn't my mom bra.
This is my sexy bra.
(LAUGHS) Shut up!
Don't laugh.
Wait, are you serious?
Yes!
Oh, honey.
Amy.
Oh! That looks like you
just got out of surgery.
Is it that bad?
Yeah, there's just one boob-log.
Yeah.
You don't even
have two tits.
I have this in black. Do you
guys wanna see it in black?
No!
No!
Oh, wow. This bra will be
the death of your vagina.
(ALL LAUGHING)
Oh!

AMY:

You guys, I've only handled
one penis my entire life.
Oh, honey!
What do I do if I get
a guy with a weird dick?
Kent is a never-hard.
Ooh.
What's a never-hard?
Oh, he never
gets fully hard.
So I just have to kind of fold his
penis up like a balloon animal
and shove it up
in my vagina.

That sounds horrible!

AMY:

Sometimes I take the balls
and shove 'em up there, too,
because at least,
you know, they're firm.

Honey, that is a lot of shit
to shove up your cooter.

I mean, I'm just
happy he's circumcised.

(GASPS) What if I get somebody
who's not circumcised?

Run out of the room
screaming.

It's like finding
a gun in the street.

Just scream and
get outta there!

No way, you guys.

Uncut guys are great.

Really?

Oh, they're always
so nice to you,
because they know
their dicks are gross.

How do I handle it?

What, do I just touch it?

Oh, I'll show you. Here.

Let me just, Kiki, do you mind for a sec?

Uh-uh. What?

Just imagine for a second that
this is the hood of the uncut cock
and then this is the penis face.

Okay? Mmm-hmm.

So, what you would
do is very gently,
you would just kind
of try to peel it back
over like that to expose
the head of the cock.

Okay. And then you
would just gently,
you wanna, I'm sorry,

honey, you just wanna kind of,
like it gets
a little tight,
and you gotta
kind of work it,
you know, you gotta work it off.

And then you just go to town
like it's a, you know...

(GRUNTS) You know,
you jerk it off
till you wanna
sit on it.

Okay? What do I do with this?
What? Like, do I put it in a
hair clip or do I just...

No, no, no, no, no, no.

No, no, no, this,
this you can
flick it, suck it,
you know,
rub your face on it.

I don't wanna do that. I don't
wanna rub my face on it.

Okay, well, take care
of this, though. Okay.

'Cause this is like a
big, giant man clit.

This, right here.

If you work this,
it's gonna be like...

(GRUNTS)

(MIMICS EXPLOSION)

Does that make sense, honey?

Yeah, it's great.

Okay. Sure, sure, sure.

Thank you, honey.

I'm not gonna wear this
sweatshirt ever again.

CARLA:

Let's get right down to it.

What kind of guy
are you into, honey?

(GASPS) You know what? I've

never been with a Latin man.
If I were you,
I would start with maybe
like just kind
of fat and Jewish,
and then work yourself
into the Latin guy.
Excuse me.
Okay.
Hi, there.
Hi!
Is this seat taken?
Um, yes.
I mean, yes, no,
like yes, sit, please. Yeah.
What do I do?
Ask him about his hobbies.
Hi.
Hi.
Um, I'm Amy.
Braden.
Braden, nice
to meet you, Braden.
Nice to meet you. I
like your wedding ring.
Shit!
Um... (CLEARS THROAT)
(STUTTERING) Okay, you see,
this is a funny story.
I was, um...
I was grocery shopping
and I found it on the floor,
and I picked it up and...
And then I put it on.
I'm gonna sit somewhere else.
Okay.
Ooh, maybe next time, try it
without your wedding ring.
Oh, that's a great idea! Yeah?
Yes.
Hey, ladies.
Hi! Where are you
comin' in from?
Uh, we live in

Westbury with our kids.
Great. Oh.
Oh, forget it. I'm really nervous, you guys.
You're doing great.
I know, I know. There is...
You're doing great.
Look it, there is so much cock in here...
Yeah... that if you literally...
Just try to act half-normal and you are gonna get laid.
Just don't be such a mom. Okay.
You should eat more soup.
Oh, I loved breastfeeding until my nipples started cracking.
This should prevent the stain from setting, okay?
Tupperware! Pinterest!
Explosive diarrhea!
Does your mom know you're here?
See, it wasn't just about a dolphin getting a new tail.
It was about a family coming together.
What did I say?
(LAUGHS)
Hey! Where are you going?
Oh, my God, you guys.
How'd it go?
Oh, horrible.
What's the matter, hon?
What happened?
I suck at this.
I just wanna go home.
Oh!
I really do.
Amy!
Mmm.
Jessie! What are you guys doing here?
We're just, you know, having

a little girls' night.
Cool, so the husband's at home
with the kids? That's nice.

Oh, mmm...

My husband's not really
in the picture anymore.
Yeah, yeah, she caught him
jerking off with a dairy farmer.

He's a sex criminal.

(CHUCKLES) I don't know where to start.

Are you okay?

I'm actually really,
really good. Yeah.

I'm glad I ran into you.

This is really nice.

Yeah, me too.

Me too.

Okay, creepy.

Let's go.

Let's go, creepy. Yeah.

(CLEARS THROAT)

Okay.

Have fun.

You are so hard.

Really, he's got
a hard body.

Thank you. I think.

I cannot believe Amy is
talking to Jessie Harkness.

I have dreams about
him braiding my hair.

Okay, can you not
stand so close to me?

Because I'm still
trying to get laid.

Yeah, sure. No problem. Okay.

And don't dance walk.

You work at the, uh,
coffee company, right?

What? Yeah. Wait,
how did you know?

I might have asked around
about you a little bit.

Wait. You asked about me? Yeah.

Yeah, I...

Okay, I've kind of always had a thing for you and...

What?

I thought you knew that.

No! I had no idea.

No? You had no idea?

Oh, come on. You're like my favorite mom at the school.

I mean, I honestly don't know how you do it.

You take your kids to all those activities, and you do all those insane projects.

I saw your Richard Nixon, by the way.

That was incredible.

Well, you know what? I do have a little thing for papier-mch.

It was really good.

Thank you.

Oh, and are you kidding me with those lunches?

You know, my daughter's always saying,

"Why can't you make lunch like Dylan's mom?"

Oh, my God,

I love your daughter.

You're making me look bad.

Oh, my God.

Oh, this makes me so happy. (CHUCKLES)

You know what's just really amazing, though, is the fact that your kids are actually nice people.

Meh, eh...

No, no, I'm serious!

Anyone could force their kids to play cello or speak Chinese or, you know, go to a fancy college, or something like that, but what's really

hard is raising kids
who are actually
decent and kind
and somehow
you've done that.
And you should
be really proud.
You're a fuckin'
great mom.
(GROANS) Oh, oh...
(CHUCKLING) Oh, my.
I'm so sorry.
It's fine. Don't worry about it.
And I'm so embarrassed.
You kind of nailed my face, but
we should probably do it again.
Are you sure? Just
no sudden movements.
Just nice and slow.
Carla. Carla!
What, hon?
Carla, look, look,
look, look!

CARLA:

No, Kiki!
Kiki, no, no.
(CELL PHONE VIBRATES)
(CHUCKLES)
Mike!
Hey, babe!
What are you doing?
I wanna get back together.
I never should've left you.
That was a total dick move.
And I feel like we should
just put that in the past
and not talk about it.
Wait, what are you
talking about?
Look, I...
I just needed a break.
Haven't you ever
needed a break?

Of course I have, Mike.

But I didn't break up
our family to do it.

(SIGHS)

I miss the kids.

So much.

Mostly Dylan, but even
Jane a little bit, too.

And the dog,

God, I miss Roscoe so much.

How is he doing?

He's fine.

Thank God.

The bottom line is,

I will do whatever it takes
to keep this family together.

Really?

You'll finally go
to therapy with me?

I knew you were gonna say that!

Therapy is so dumb!

Great. Get out!

Have fun. Bye-bye.

Hey! I'm trying to
do the right thing!

Bye-bye, Mike.

Honestly!

All right, you know what?

Even though it's a total waste of
time and money, I will go to therapy.

But when I say go, I mean, like
actually go, like participate, cry.

I haven't cried since the
Cubbies lost it all in '03.

How do you expect me...

Mike, you know what?

Have fun with your little weirdo
girlfriend on the Internet.

But wait, are we gonna
go to therapy or what?

I'll think about it.

Hey.

(CRYING)

Honey? Honey,

are you okay?
Coach says I'm not starting.
I'm a benchwarmer.
Wait, what?
No, that's impossible.
You're the best
forward on that team.
Oh, my God, my life is ruined.
I'm never going to college.
I might as well
just become a teacher.
Baby, baby,
look at me for one second.
You'll be okay. I promise
you I'm gonna handle this.
Okay?
Okay.
Okay.
Just please
don't make a scene.
Honey, I would
never embarrass you.
(GRUNTS)
Gwendolyn made me do it!
Oh, my God.
Are you kidding me?
What is it with
you moms?
I am a middle school
soccer coach.
All I wanna do
is make enough money to feed my
cats and fill my fuckin' Prius.
Grow some balls! Jesus!
Hey!
How dare you
bench my daughter?
Oh, hi, Amy.
You have no right
to do that.
Oh, actually, I do,
uh, because soccer
is a PTA-sponsored activity
and I am the president

of the PTA. So...

Oh... Okay.

Uh...

Well, um...

Not for long.

Oh, dear.

What does that mean?

That means I'm gonna run
against you for PTA president.

Oh. (LAUGHS)

(WHISPERING) Amy's husband
just recently left her,
so she's kind of having
a mental breakdown right now.

Oh, that's so sad.

Ooh.

You're goin' down.

GWENDOLYN:

the only thing going down is
your husband on another woman.

Well, damn.

KIKI:

a terrible idea, Amy.

There's no way

you can beat her.

Gwendolyn has been president of
the PTA for the last six years.

Kiki, she messed with my kid. I
can't let that stand. Come on!

KIKI:

the different mom groups

are gonna vote

for Gwendolyn.

She's got the attachment moms,

she's got the tiger moms,

the sad moms.

She has the blogging moms.

She's got the CrossFit moms.

Camel toe moms.

She's got the drunk moms.

The moms

that you wanna fuck.
The moms that
used to be dads.
She has the moms that
always have a limb broken.
The hairy moms.
The wearable art moms.
The juicing moms.
Mmm-hmm.
She has the moms
with the huge areolas.
The black moms, the lesbian
moms, the divorced moms.
She even has the divorced
black lesbian moms.
That is a really
hard group to get.
I love those girls.
Plus, Amy, if you lose,
she'll destroy you.
She'll put your kids in all the
dumb classes with all the dum-dums.
She'll give 'em
the crappy teachers.
You can forget about soccer, she
won't even give your kids milk.
But that's all the more reason
we have to bring her down.
I mean,
you guys, she's a bully!
Okay, she wants us all to be
these perfect little Nazi-moms
and our kids to be hyper-stressed
and over-scheduled.
My daughter gets a new rash
every week, and she's 12.
You had me at Nazi.
I say we go punch that
chick right in the tits.
Yes!
Would you like a new
PTA president? Me too!
Hi. Meet the Candidate Night
tomorrow night, 7:30.

Here, honey. Take one.
Vote for Amy. Really?
Amy Mitchell.
PTA president.
Come tomorrow, 7:30,
Meet the Candidate Night.
PTA president.
No! No, thank you!
Take it!
Okay!
Great!
(LAUGHING)
I'll fuck your husband if you don't go.
I'll fuck him!
Vote for Amy!
Carla, get her!
Hey! Hey!
Don't you fuckin' run from me!
Don't you fuckin'...
Ah!
(CHUCKLES)
It's so cute.
So, how many people
do you think are coming
to the Meet
the Candidate Night?
Well, I told all the
moms that I would
bang their husbands if
they didn't show up, so...

AMY:

A lot. My answer is a lot.
Thank you, Kiki.
Oh, Jesus, you guys,
look at the kids.
My daughter
won't stop studying.

CARLA:

All my kid wants to do with
books is rip 'em in half.
I just wish I knew
how I was doing, you know?

Yeah, that's the worst part
about being a mom, though,
is you don't know whether or
not you're doing a good job
until they're fully grown.
And by that point,
it's too late.

(AMY SIGHS) Your kid
is either a nice guy
or he's giving hand
jobs in an alley for rent.
I don't think those
are the only two options.

(BLOWS RASPBERRY)

(CHUCKLES)

Yesterday, I gave
Bernard the wrong juice box
and he called me
a dumb bitch.

Oh, my God.

Okay.

My kid still watches Sesame
Street and he doesn't get it.

(CHUCKLES)

My daughter's
scared of balloons.

My kid eats
butter like an entre.

You gonna eat
your butter?

My daughter stole money
from a homeless woman.

(KIKI SIGHS)

My son failed study hall.

Claire killed
our neighbor's ferret.

I mean, we all pretended like it
was an accident, but it wasn't.

She's a killer.

(LAUGHING)

Ugh.

I know we make fun of them, but
fuck, I love them so much.

KIKI:

I would literally
die for them right now.
Oh, you're making me cry.
(SNIFFLES)

I'm already there.
I mean, oh, my God,
you guys,
children are such a gift.
Every time I think
about that big,
dumb motherfucker
going off to college,
I wanna cry like a baby.
(BLOWS NOSE)

This sucks.
I can't believe
you're making me cook
my own breakfast
every single day.
You're doing awesome, buddy.

You really are.
Hey, so where's
my science project?
Oh, I didn't do it.
What? But it's due today.
Yeah. Yeah.

That's so unfair!
I know. I know.
I'm so sorry.
But you're gonna
actually have to start
doing your own
homework from now on.

I am a slow learner,
remember?
You're not a slow learner.
You're just entitled.
Honey, do you know
what "entitled" means?

No. Because
I'm a slow learner.
It means that Mommy and Daddy
have been spoiling you,

and now you think the
world owes you something,
but it doesn't.
And if you don't learn
how to work hard now,
then you're just gonna grow up to
be like another entitled white dude
who thinks he's awesome
for no reason.
And then you'll start
a ska band,
and it'll be awful, and
you'll be mean to girls,
and you'll grow this ironic
mustache to look interesting,
but you won't actually be interesting,
and I'm not okay with that.
So will you please, please,
just do your own homework?
Fine. Jesus!
Great.
I love you.
So where are
your kids tonight?
Oh, they're staying
at a friend's house.
I gave my kid \$10
and a cell phone
and I dropped
him off at Arby's.
He'll be fine
for hours.
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)

CARLA:

Somebody's here.
Amy for president!

AMY:

Hi. Nice to meet you.
Thank you
so much for coming.
I didn't want her
to bang my husband.

No, she was
just kidding.

Oh.

(MOUTHING)

I wasn't kidding.

Ugh.

Come in, come in. I'm
sorry, nobody's here yet.

Yeah, well, I figured, what with Gwendolyn's
party and everything. (CHUCKLES)

I'm sorry,
what did you say?

Oh, nuts.

You didn't know.

Gwendolyn decided to throw a
competing party at her house.

And she has Martha Stewart.

How would you like to try
these special meatballs?

Now, I don't have anything
nice to say to anyone,

but I have to tell you,
I just love you.

I've always wanted
to be you, actually.

Yes.

Oh.

Martha, sweetheart.

Hi, hi.

Everything
looks so beautiful.

Well, thank you so much,
and how's Blaire and Gandhi?

It's been nice talking to you,
Martha, but I have things to do.

Stop talking to her.

Okay.

Um, ladies? Hi, can I get
your attention, please?

Eyes here so I know you're hearing me.

PARTY GUESTS:

Listen, the program is gonna
begin in about five minutes,

so take your
assigned seats, okay?
Right now. Do it right now.
I can't believe
Gwendolyn would do this.
I'm so sorry, sweetie.
You guys, what are we gonna
do with all this shitty wine?
For the next two hours,
I'm gonna talk to you guys
about the advantages
of year-round school.
We need to change
our children's future
by making them go to
school 365 days a year.
(ALL LAUGHING)
Three, two, one, go!
(GASPS) Catfish!
Did she say it?
Drink again! Drink
again, drink again!
Why am I the one
that's always drinking?
Because you
said the clue word.

KIKI:

you say it.
I don't understand
this game.
It's not a reading game!
(CARLA LAUGHING)
Okay, go.
Amy.

AMY:

Emu!
No. Amy!
(INDISTINCT)
It said fuckin' "emu"!
You're not good at this.
(LAUGHING)

CARLA:

Drink again!
I'm gonna take you
back a little bit.
Genghis Khan.
Do you think he had
year-round schooling?
I think not.
Skip forward a little bit.
Osama bin Laden.
(CELL PHONES RINGING) He
didn't have year-round school.
(INDISTINCT MURMURS) There's
nothing more dangerous
than summer vacation.

GWENDOLYN:

WOMAN:

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
Hi, I'm Amy, nice to see you.
Come in, come in, come in.
Wow, there's
a lot of you.
Ooh.
Are you sure you can't
stay a little bit longer?
I've only got my sitter until 9:00.
Oh.
So I have to
skedaddle right now.
Okay. No, I understand.
I'm a mom.
I had such a great night.
Bye!

WOMAN:

over there.
Well, that ended a lot
earlier than I anticipated.
Yeah.
You don't think
they're all going over
to Amy's party, do you?

(LAUGHS)

Vicky, we had Martha fuckin'
Stewart here tonight.

Who does Amy
have, hmm?

I'll drive. She could
have a point, yeah.

(ALL CHEERING)

This party is raging.
What a turnout.

(GASPS)

Hi, would you ladies
like a Jell-O shot?

Is that...

Is that...

Martha Stewart?

KIKI:

AMY:

Oh, my God.

MARTHA:

I'm cumming.

AMY:

What's in this?

Well, it's bespoke
lingonberry gelatin...

Mmm.

...and a shitload of vodka.

(CHUCKLES)

They're delicious.

I start my day
with six of these.

(ALL LAUGHING)

Drink! Drink!

Drink! Drink! Drink!

(LAUGHING)

Whoo!

(ALL EXCLAIMING)

Whoo!

(CHEERING)

Holy shit.

Is that Jennifer Noonan
peeing behind that car?

STACY:

VICKY:

looks awesome!

I need to go
to this party.

What? Vicky!

Whoo!

Please, shut up!

Just shut up for one second.

I know it's a school night, so we're
just gonna get right down to it.

I wanna introduce you
to your next PTA president...

(ALL CHEERING)

Amy Mitchell!

Yes!

First of all,

I just wanna say this,
that I think that we, as
moms, do way too much stuff.

And if I'm elected, I promise
you we are gonna do way less.

Whoo!

Right? Less PTA meetings, less
luncheons, less fuckin' bake sales,
just less bullshit!

(ALL CHEERING)

AMY:

Wait, wait, wait, wait.

And I think that our kids
need a break, too, you guys.

Come on, now, school starts
way too fucking early, okay?

God, and they have
way too much homework.

I mean, our kids
don't even have time
to be kids anymore,
am I right?

(ALL AGREEING)

And what is up with these five
standardized tests a week?
We should not be teaching our
kids how to be good test-takers.
We should be teaching them
how to be good people!
What is
a standardized test?
So, if you're a mom who's
overworked, overstressed,
or if you're just a mom
who wants to do less...

ALL:

Then just vote for me.
(ALL CHEERING)

ALL:

Amy! Amy! Amy! Amy! Amy!
This basic bitch
right here,
she's gonna win
the election.
No, she's not.
Because I'm going to
hit her where it counts.
You're gonna punch her
in the vagina?
I literally don't know why we
hang out with you anymore.
Do you know the best thing
about mom parties?
They end at exactly

11:

(CHUCKLES)
I made out with
so many women tonight.
I know.

KIKI:

I really
like whippets.

(LAUGHING)

Hello?

Wow. Hey.

What are you doing here?

Well, you kind of

booty texted me.

Uh...

What? It was a great party, Am.

So, uh...

Okay. You got all this, right?

Hi, Jessie. I really

like your clothes.

That was odd.

(INAUDIBLE) (CHUCKLES)

I'm so sorry.

Um...

I actually think Carla may have
booty texted you off my phone.

Oh, okay. (LAUGHS)

Okay, that makes sense
because what she wrote
was fuckin' disturbing.

Sorry.

It's okay.

Um, I don't know.

Should I leave?

No.

Uh...

I was really
hoping you'd say that.

So what exactly
did Carla text you?

Why don't I show you?

(GASPS) Oh.

Okay.

(GASPS)

Oh, yes!

(BOTH MOAN)

AMY:

(JESSIE PANTING)

Oh, that was...

Unbelievable.

I can't...

(BOTH BREATHING HEAVILY)

What was that...

Wow.

That thing you did
at the end?

(LAUGHS)

I don't know.

I kind of came up
with it in the moment.

Was it okay?

Oh, my God, it was amazing!

Yeah?

That was by far the best I've ever had.

Oh, God.

Oh, I was so worried.

You know, it's been awhile
since I've done this.

I think I got pregnant.

(LAUGHS)

Oh, my God.

Really. Hey.

Hi, yeah. Can I go
down on you again?

Oh, yeah,
that'd be great.

Cool.

Okay.

Okay. Okay.

Oh, my God.

Okay.

All right.

Oh.

Mmm.

(GASPS) Oh.

Oh, look at you go.

VICKY:

it's dark in here.

(WHISPERING) God. I still don't
understand what we're doing.

Stop it. You guys never
tell me what we're...

GWENDOLYN:

you so fuckin' stupid?
I like to start by saying that
every marriage is savable.
You just need two people who
are willing to work at it.
Okay?

Mike, Amy, I want you
to look at each other
and say three things that
you like about each other.
Mike?

Can I go second?
Okay. Yeah, sure.

Uh, Amy?
Okay, uh, Mike, I like that
you gave me my children.
Uh, I like that you pick them
up from school sometimes.
It's actually
really helpful.
And, uh, I like that you
came to therapy today.
Okay, Mike. Your turn.

MIKE:

I like your spaghetti.
And you make
pretty good calzone.
Was that three?
That was like one
and then 1A.
You know what? Um...
Let's try some role playing.
All right, Amy, I want you
to pretend to be Mike,
and Mike, I want you
to pretend to be Amy.
Okay? And now
I just want you to
just tell me
about your day.

(IN FALSETTO)

Hi, I'm Amy.
All I did today was, like,

rub lotion on my face
and talk, talk, talk, talk.
Okay. Uh...
Amy, would you like to...
Yes, I would!
Hey, I'm Mike.
Um...
My life is awesome
because my wife takes care of
everything in the world for me.
This is the problem!
Here's the bottom line!
She's a perfectionist.
So what's the point
of even trying, okay?
How is that a problem?
And she hasn't
given me a blowie
since my birthday
five years ago!
Are you fucking kidding me?
Which is so not cool!
Hold on one second!
You want a blowie?
Maybe if you cleaned the
kitchen, made the kids dinner,
cared for someone
other than yourself,
I would give you
so many blowies
your fuckin'
dick would explode.
My dick would never explode
'cause it's indestructible.
Oh, my God, I can't deal with you!
I can't fucking look at you.
I'm...
Mike, I...
I don't love you anymore.
I'm so sorry,
but I just don't.
I'm so sick and tired
of pretending like I do.
That is exactly how I feel.

Okay...

Remember when I said that
all marriages are savable?

Well, it ain't gonna
happen for you guys.

So what do you
think we should do?

Well, as a therapist, I'm not
allowed to tell you what to do,
but as a human being with two
fuckin' eyes in my head,
yeah, I think you should get
divorced as soon as possible.

This is some
catastrophic shit.

I think it's for
the best.

Yeah. Me too.

Can I give you a hug?

Mike. I'm so sorry.

I'm sorry, too.

Mmm.

You gotta watch
out for you first.

Dale, why is there a
security guard in my office?

Hey, Amy, uh,

I'm so sorry,

but we're gonna have to
positively transition you.

Are you firing me?

Yuck. Okay, that's not my word.

I don't like that word.

But, yes,

I'm firing you.

Why?

Well, you quit
coming to the office.

Okay, maybe I've been slacking
off a little bit, but...

Tessa took two weeks off when Jon
Snow died on Game of Thrones,
and he's not
even a real person.

To be fair, we all took two
weeks off when Jon Snow died.
You're the only person that
didn't take two weeks off.
But as a token
of appreciation
for your six years
with the company,
I got you
a very special gift.
You got me
the four-ounce bag?
Couldn't even
splurge for the eight?
(SHRIEKS)
(CELL PHONE RINGING)
What?

PRINCIPAL BURR:

Principal Burr. We need you to come in.
Okay, okay.
I'll be right there,
and I'm very sorry, Principal,
for how I answered the phone.
I'm sorry.
You found what?
I found marijuana cigarettes
in your daughter's locker.
Now, it looks like Sour Diesel
or a little Afghan Kush.
That's impossible.
She's only 12.
It happens. Snoop been
smokin' since he was five.
Those aren't mine.
I mean, Mom, I swear to God,
they're not mine.
Baby, I believe you.
And why were you looking
in my locker anyway?
We were tipped off
by a concerned parent.
Wait a minute.
Was this concerned parent's

name Gwendolyn James?
Hey, listen, I don't know nothin'
about Gwendolyn James, all right?
That woman scares me.
What I do know is this school
is a zero-tolerance school,
so that means that
your daughter's banned
from all extra-curricular
activities.
What does that mean?
That means you're
off the soccer team.
What?
Oh, my God.
Hey, my hands were tied.
Honey, baby, hold on.
That little girl
rolls a real tight jay.
This is all your fault.
Why did you mess
with Gwendolyn James?

AMY:

I am so sorry.
Honey, please,
I didn't mean for this.
Yes, you did
mean to, Mom!
You were sick of
being a mom, so you quit
and you started partying
with your weird,
new friends,
and blowing off work,
and, oh, yeah,
having sex with
Lori Harkness' dad.
So gross!
Honey, I know
that you're mad.
I get it.
You are so selfish, Mom.
You are so selfish and

it frigging sucks, okay?

Baby, I'm so sorry. Tell me,
how can I make this better?

No. I wanna stay
with Dad tonight.
Even he's a better
parent than you.

(SIGHS)

Oh, my God.

Guys! Guys, guys.

Did you hear?

Amy Mitchell's daughter
got busted for drugs.

What? No way!

Yeah.

Look, I am not blaming Amy Mitchell.

I mean, my God, I would never...

Of course... ever

judge another mother,

but I think we really

have to ask ourselves,

do we want someone who is that

reckless and irresponsible

and mentally unhinged alcoholic

to be president of the PTA?

I don't know.

You know what? I never even liked her.

She looks foreign.

Oh, God.

Foreigners.

Listen. I think now

we just need to pray

that Amy's little crackhead

daughter gets the help she needs.

(INAUDIBLE)

Mike, if Janey

needs anything,

and I mean anything,

just please call me.

Babe, it's gonna be fine.

I'm staying at the Waldorf.

They got an indoor-outdoor

pool, room service,

18-hole golf course.

It's killer.
You're staying
at the Waldorf?
God, this is a divorce,
not a luxury vacation, Mike.
It's a safe hotel.
Wait, bye, angel! Have
so much fun with Daddy!
Can I get a hug?
No? Okay. Okay.
Oh, no, buddy, wait.
You're also going?
Dylan, you know
the hotel has TVs.
You don't have
to bring your own.
(ROSCOE WHINES)
Oh, Roscoe,
not you, too.
Oh, the Waldorf's
dog-friendly, so don't worry.
Yeah. So.
Mike, please go.
Yeah.
Bye, kids.
(SIGHS)

PRINCIPAL BURR:

the annual PTA election.
(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)
We will start with
the candidates' statements,
and since only one
bothered to show up,
she will go first.
Gwendolyn,
you have five minutes.
Thank you.
I'll talk as long as I want.
(MAN SCREAMING
ON TV)
God, this movie's
depressing.
(KNOCKING) CARLA: Amy!

Amy, I'm sorry we're late.
Oh, my God!
It's Kiki's fault.
Sorry we're late, honey.
So sorry.
I had to pee.
What's happening?
Why aren't you ready?
What's going on?
What are you talking about?
What are you...
It's the PTA election.
Oh, my God, no. Sorry,
I'm not going to that.
What? Why not?
Oh, I don't know.
Maybe because my husband
left me, my kids left me.
My fucking dog left me.
All the moms
in school hate me,
and I am a complete and
utter failure as a mother.
First of all, you are so
not a failure as a mother.
In fact, you're the best
mother that we've ever seen.
True that.
You give your
kids salad.
You remember your
kids' birthdays.
I mean, I sat here
and watched you wait
until your kid fell
asleep before you got high.
Most moms do that, Carla.
(WHISPERS)
That's most moms, yeah.
Well, whatever. This is the worst
thing I've ever seen you do.
You've quit trying.
We don't quit!
Moms don't quit!

No! Quitting
is for dads!
Uh...
Listen, no matter what
shit is thrown at us,
us moms, we have
to just...
We have to just keep going.
Mmm-hmm.
And do you know why?
Because we have
low self-esteem.
No. No, no.
It's because
we love our kids.
It's because we
love our stupid,
selfish, ungrateful,
little shit-faces!
That's why.
We love 'em so much
that we would do...
Literally anything
for them.
You guys,
I can't win the election.
Oh, my God!
Amy!
Amy! This is not
about the election.
Amy, sit up.
This is about
standing up to the bitch
that hurt your
little girl!
Now, are you gonna sit here and let
Gwendolyn get away with this shit?
Don't do it, Amy.
Fuck that!
Fuck it!
You are gonna rise up like a
small, little white Apollo Creed
and you are gonna look at
Gwendolyn and you are gonna say,

"You can do what you want
to me, I don't care,
"throw it at me,
"but you fucked
with my daughter,
"and now I have to
fight you.
"I will fight you
in the playground.
"I will fight you
in the cafeteria.
"I will even fight you in the
parking lot of Trader Joe's.
"But I will have justice
for my little girl,
"because I am
a fucking mom.
"And we protect
our young."
So get up off
this couch,
turn off
12 Years a Slave
and let's
body slam this bitch.

KIKI:

get those tits up.
Get 'em up.
Get 'em up.
Get your boobs up.
Get those tits right up.
I'm gonna get my tits up.
Get your tits up!
They're getting up, you guys.
They're getting up.
I can see it. Guys, my
tits are gettin' up.
They're getting up. They're getting up.
That's it.
They are up!
(CARLA WHOOPING)
Go, go, go, go!
(TIRES SCREECHING)

(ALL SCREAMING)

Oh, my God.

I can't seem to locate
my safety belt back here.
This is a one-way street!
Move out of the way!
We're on our way to a PTA
meeting, motherfuckers!

Oh, my God,
there's a truck!
Truck! Truck! Truck!

Oh, my God!

(HONKING)

Oh, my God.

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Oh, shit. Oh, fun.

Kent is calling.

Hi, honey.

KENT:

(CRYING)

The kids are going insane.
I can't do this.
You gotta come home right now.
But I can't come home.
I'm going to the PTA
meeting with my friends.
No, no, no, no. I said
come home now, damn it!
And I said,
"I'm going to the fucking PTA
meeting with my fucking friends,"
so stop being such a goddamn
pussy and make it work!
Kiki. Kiki...

(SCREAMS)

That was very exciting.
How good did that feel?
That felt good, didn't it?
It's very exciting!
Yes!

It's very exciting!

(CARLA AND AMY WHOOPING)

And it is for that reason

and the 47 others
that I laid out
for you today
that I humbly
ask for your vote.
All right,
thank you, Gwendolyn.
Uh, well...

Sorry I'm late!
Actually, you're just in time to
give your candidate statement.
What's a candidate
statement?

KIKI:

that's like a speech.
You got one of those, right, honey?
What are you talking about?
You don't have a speech?
(SOFTLY) Of course not!
It's all good.
She's got
a great speech.

AMY:

this public speaking.
Hey, we're sitting here.
Move, move, sorry, move.
(EXHALES)
Okay.
Wow, there's a lot of you.
Introduce yourself.
Hi, I'm Amy Mitchell.
Good.
And I'm running
for PTA president.
(WOMAN COUGHING)
You're doing great.
Just 'cause
they're not responding
doesn't mean they think
you're terrible.
You know...
I know there's a lot of rumors

going around about my daughter.

(WOMEN MURMURING)

That's a bad place
to start.

And I'm guessing a lot of you
think that I'm a bad mom.

Yes.

No, no. No, you know what?

You're right.

Sometimes, I'm too
lenient with my kids.

Sometimes,
I'm too strict.

Well, we overestimated
her, obviously.

Sometimes, I'm so crazy
that I don't even
understand the words
that are coming
out of my mouth.

You see, what works for my daughter
almost never works for my son.

And whenever I think I'm actually
starting to figure my kids out,
they grow up
and I'm back to square one.

So, the truth is,
when it comes to being a mom,
(CHUCKLES)

I have no fucking
clue what I'm doing.

(ALL LAUGH)

And you know what?

I don't think anyone does.

I think we're all bad
moms, and you know why?

Because being a mom
today is impossible!

I never doubted her.

I never doubted her.

She's doing great.

She's a natural.

So can we all just please stop
pretending like we have it figured out

and stop judging
each other for once?
Look, I'm running
for PTA president because...
Because I want our
school to be a place
where you can make mistakes,
where you can be yourself,
where you're being judged
on how hard you work
and not on what you bring
to the fucking bake sale.

(AUDIENCE APPLAUDING)

Yeah!

Yeah!

I want our school to be a place
where it's okay to be a bad mom.

Do you know

what I mean?

My kids haven't had
a bath in three weeks.

That's okay! Listen, we've all been there.

(ALL CLAPPING)

I confiscated my son's weed and
then I smoked the shit out of it!

(YELLS)

What's your number?

I give my kids a Benadryl
every Tuesday night
so I can watch The Voice.

(LAUGHS)

I can't tell
my twins apart!

I let my 7-year-old
watch Mad Max.

I drink margaritas
for breakfast.

I threw my son's
violin in the garbage.

(SPEAKING RUSSIAN)

Oh, honey,
we don't speak Spanish.
I like my nanny better
than I like my husband.

Wait, really?

(WOMEN GASP AND CHEER)

(WHOOPIING)

Yeah, you do!

I don't even have kids!

I just come to PTA meetings
because I'm lonely.

CROWD:

(APPLAUSE)

AMY:

If you're a perfect mom
who's got this whole
parenting thing figured out,
well, then, you should
probably vote for Gwendolyn,
'cause she's amazing.

Yes.

But if you're
a bad mom like me
and you have no fucking clue
what you're doing,
or you're just sick of being
judged all the time...

Then please vote for me.

Thank you.

(LOUD CHEERING AND APPLAUSE)

Oh, my God!

Are you kidding me?

Yes!

ALL:

Amy! Amy! Amy!

Look at that!

This is your PTA president!

ALL:

Amy! Amy! Amy!

Oh, mama.

I feel invigorated.

This is so great!

I still can't believe you won.

I know!

Oh, I'm so happy you guys
dragged me out of the house.
Oh, sweetheart, I didn't
doubt you for a second.
Oh, God, you know,
I forgot what it was
like to have
real friends,
like, true friends.
I know.
Before you guys, my only friend
was that lady on Google Maps.
(LAUGHS)
You're pretty much
the first bitches
to ever talk to me
at this school, so...
I'm so happy we found
each other, you guys.
Me too.
Me three.
Let's hug for
a really long time.
Come on, bring it in.
Bring it in.
(KIKI LAUGHS)
(SAD MUSIC PLAYING OVER CAR
STEREO) (GWENDOLYN SOBBING)
Hey, will you guys
give me, like, a second?
Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.
Yeah, honey. Sure.
Okay.
Sure, take a minute.
Digest it.
Thanks.
What, did you come
to gloat? (SNIFFLES)
No. No, no, I'm just
seeing if you're okay.
I'm fine. Everything's fine.
I'm fine.
Okay. I don't wanna bother you.
No, I'm good.

It's just that the PTA
was the only good thing in my
life and now I've lost that, too.
Come on, Gwendolyn,
your life is awesome.
You have, like,
three boats.
I have four boats.
(LAUGHS) Okay.
But, no... (SCOFFS)
My life is so not awesome.
Gwendolyn, what could
possibly be wrong?
Oh, God.
Okay, well,
for starters...
(SNIFFLES)
My husband was just arrested
for embezzling
\$100 million from
a children's charity.
(VOICE BREAKING)
And I have night terrors.
And I have to take Vicodin every 20
minutes, and I'm not even in any pain.
I'm just addicted
to them now.
I'm pretty sure
my brother-in-law
just joined ISIS,
and he's a Jew!
Oh, and also, my DVR just
stopped recording Castle.
Just out of nowhere.
Like, how the fuck
does that even happen?
And I am the only thing
holding my family together,
so, yeah, it's awesome.
It's just awesome.
Wow.
I had no idea.
Yeah.
You just always acted like

everything was so perfect.

Hey,

I'm really sorry about
what I did to your daughter.

I promise you I will get her back
on the soccer team, all right?

I know that was
a really shitty thing to do.

Yeah.

Even for me.

Listen, we're all
bad moms, right?

Yeah.

That was literally the only
thing you said tonight
that made
any fuckin' sense.

(LAUGHS)

Bye.

Hey, guys. Can I talk
to you for a second?

Yeah.

Look, I just wanna say
I'm really sorry for how
I've been acting lately.
Oh, it's fine. Yeah, it's
just menopause, right?

(CHUCKLES) No.

It's not menopause.

And I'm sorry
for acting so crazy
about the whole
soccer thing.

I'm really trying
to chill out more.

I mean, it's just
soccer. Right?

I got you back on
the soccer team.

Shut up!

Shut up.

Shut your face!

Oh, my God.

Thank you so much, Mom.

(CHUCKLES)

Oh, I love you.

Get in here.

There. Oh, I love you guys
so much.

You're amazing kids.

I promise, I promise
to always be here for you.

Oh.

My babies.

(OVEN DINGS)

Oh...

I almost forgot!

Where is he going?

Why is he

touching the oven?

DYLAN:

Did you just say "frittata"?

You said you weren't gonna
cook for us anymore,

so I taught

myself how to cook.

Oh, honey, I'm so proud of you!

Get in here. I love you.

I love you. Okay, okay,

all right, all right.

Okay, okay, okay,

okay, okay, okay.

All right, okay, let go.

Okay. I gotta go do my homework.

Who are you?

(SONG PLAYING)

I said, "You're holding back"

She said,

"Shut up and dance with me!"

This woman is my destiny

She said, "Ooh-ooh-hoo,

Shut up and dance with me!"

(LAUGHS)

(CELL PHONE RINGS)

Oh, hold on. Sorry, guys.

One sec, one sec.

Hello, this is Amy.

Hey, Amy, it's Dale.
The company is falling apart without you.
Could you please come back?
I will give you
whatever you want.
Whatever?
Whatever I want?
Yes! Yes! Anything.
Okay, um, well,
I wanna double my pay.
I wanna work from
home two days a week.
Oh, and I wanna hire three
women over the age of 12
to fill out my team.
Okay, okay, fine. Anything you want.
Can you start today?
Oh, no, no. No, sorry,
today's not good for me.
I'll start sometime next week.
Thanks. Bye-bye.
(SCREAMS)
Come here.
Love you.
Great day at school.
Love you, Mom.
I love you kiddos.
Be great, okay?
Okay.
Be amazing. Be awesome.
Love you!
(SIGHS)
When did they
get so big?
I don't know.
Hey, what would happen if
I came over Friday night,
brought a great
bottle of wine,
you know,
made you a nice dinner,
maybe ran you a hot bath and
someone just took care of you...
I love you.

...for a change?
What did you just say?
What?
What was that?
I said nothing.
You said nothing.
I meant to say that I...
God, I would love that.
I would love that.
Great.
Yeah.
I'll see you Friday.
Okay.
I'll see you after school.
Be good, okay?

VICKY:

I'm doing amazing.
I slept in late, skipped my
workout, had, like, four donuts.
I told these kids,
"Look, you get yourself
ready for school today."
And my husband totally
Fifty-Shaded me this morning.
Oh.
I've never felt better.
Wow.
Yeah.
Hi!
Did you remember
Maddie's backpack?
(SIGHS)
Shoot. No, I left it
in the car.
Okay, well, let's go get it, dude.
Right?
Chop-chop.
I'm so sorry.
Be right back.
It's not gonna
grab itself.
Hey, Jackson.
I, uh...

I made you lunch today.
It's a hummus
wrap with some kale.
Gross!
Yeah, I know, it sounds
totally disgusting,
but it's supposed to
be good for you, so...
And I'm gonna come to your
baseball game tomorrow night.
For real? I'm gonna stay
the whole stupid game.
Mmm-hmm.
Because...
I love you.
And stuff.

CARLA:

(SIGHS)
Still cannot believe I pushed
that thing outta my chotch.
Hey. What's up,
pretty ladies?
What should we
do today?
How about we
go to brunch?
Mmm.
Oh, how about we go
to Color Me Mine
and make each
other salad bowls?
I love it.
Oh, I got an idea.
Why don't we try something
that doesn't suck?
Hey, bitches! Get in.
Wait.
Holy shit. Wait. Wait.
Wait. Is that...
Well, I have my husband's
plane for the whole day,
so where do you guys
wanna go, huh?

You know what? Gwendolyn's
starting to grow on me, guys.
I'm not gonna lie to you. I think
she's a really good person.
Come on, come on!
Very generous.
(CHATTERING EXCITEDLY)
My role as a mother was
so hit-and-miss. (LAUGHS)
I was a little looser, but
too loose in many ways.
I would give her whiskey.
(LAUGHS)
We left the country when
she was seven years old.
My mom kept telling me that
we were moving up the street.
And then we flew to L.A.
My mother's
a filthy liar.
When I went into
labor and stuff,
I didn't even ask if
it was a boy or a girl.
I just asked
for Demerol.
(LAUGHING)
I heard someone
calling my name.
"Please come to
the service desk."
I thought,
"What's that?"
And I looked around, there
was no Kathryn. (GASPS)
She was three years old.
(LAUGHING) I was three years old.
I'm thinking,
oh, my God, that was bad!
When I was
nine years old,
um, my mom took me to see
Cruising in the theaters
because she loved Al Pacino.

I loved Al Pacino.
Cruising is
a movie about a man
investigating the
underworld of S&M gay clubs
because there was a man murdering
men after raping them.

Al Pacino.

You do stupid
things as a parent
and you're like, "Oh, they're
fine, they're fine,"
and then you're
in the hospital.

Yeah, of course you lie to
your kids, of course you do,
and you go through their things.

You have to.

You go through
my things?

Sometimes you have
to make people happy,
to lie a little bit.

You know?

Easter Bunny. Tooth Fairy.

(CHUCKLES)

Food out for
Santa Claus.

You had me clean
the fireplace that year.

Yeah, well, that was
a good idea anyway.

Like a chimney sweep.

I would just be all,
you know, upset
because of the way

I thought that it had to be.

You know, I was so angry one
day, and I said to her,

"Dominic doesn't like you,
Eric doesn't like you."

You told me to fuck off.

(SNORTS)

"Laura doesn't like you.

Your dad doesn't like you."

You said, "Fuck you, Mom."

Or something like that.

"I don't like you, and the dog doesn't like you."

(LAUGHING)

Yeah, I don't know what I was thinking.

I just really didn't have a clue about...

You were perfect.

(LAUGHS)

Yeah, it kind of worked out for her.

It worked out perfectly.

I had the best childhood.

I loved my childhood.

I had a very happy childhood.

And we would have the best days.

Yeah, it was absolutely like some of the best times of my life.

You were an amazing mom.

(LAUGHING)

Which is fine.

I feel good.

It's nuts being a mom, guys.

(BLOWS NOSE)

Raising kids is an amazing experience.

I did some mistakes, but the end, I can see it's not as bad.

They survived.

In spite of us.

Now, thank goodness...

(LAUGHS)

You know, she turned out to be the wonderful woman that she is.

I think she's perfect.

The love that you had when that kid was born,

that you didn't have...

(SNIFFLES)

It is a miracle.

It's the wife that she is
and the mother that she is,
and I'm really
proud of just her.

Mom.

Yeah.

She's so good, like a mom.

She's so good.

Yeah.

Thanks, Mommy.

So I think she's the
best mom in the world,
and I go, "I wish, you know,
I'd been more like that."

Oh.

I love you.

I love you, hon.

I love you, Mommy.

(LAUGHING)

Aw.

You said it would
be fun, Kathryn.

(SPEAKING RUSSIAN)

Don't touch my makeup.

See this shit?

(LAUGHING)