GWEN

It wasn't meant to be a universal statement. Just a personal one. I don't know who I am anymore. I was never planning to have kids. Working was my thing. Then I met Sean and the plan changed.

BREE

Boy did it.

GWEN

I always assumed I'd go right back to work after each baby was born. And I did with the first, even with postpartum. But then I got laid off after the twins were born and the cost of day-care was more than any of the jobs I was finding. Sean's career was skyrocketing, he made partner so, a few months turned into a few years, turned into a decade. But now, the kids are older and I want, I *need* to get back out there. But out there has changed. And it's hard and I'm sad and I'm frustrated and terrified of being irrelevant so I say things like just a mom when, believe me, I know there is no such thing. And I'm aware that everyone sees me as this ultra competitive Pinterest mom who volunteers for everything and tripled the revenue for the PTA and annoys all her friends selling products on Facebook. But the truth is, I'm going out of my mind. I have all these organizational and creative skills and I need somewhere to put it besides the latest craze in slime making!

BREE

You'll find the right job. You can't quit trying.

GWEN

I know. But it's demoralizing. Every time I'm rejected by someone half my age with half my skill set. So, yes, I'm sitting here freaking out because I'm either really drunk or my Paint Night painting looks like a giant fuzzy vagina.