

# THIRTY-LIFE CRISIS

Surviving the 30's, one drunk baby shower at a time.

BASED ON AMAZON'S BEST SELLING BOOK BY: LISA SCHWARTZ



BOAT ROCKER  
MEDIA



GRAND CENTRAL  
PUBLISHING



A3  
ARTISTS AGENCY  
LA/NY/UK

UNTITLED  
entertainment



# THE SHOW

THIRTY-LIFE CRISIS is the story of Lisa Schwartz, a 35-year-old "YouTuber", who is newly single after her internet famous boyfriend came out of the closet, without warning, in front of six million diehard fans. Now, after ten years online, Lisa is forced to face the reality that her career is a ticking time bomb nearing detonation. Like it or not, her success was not only a product of her former relationship, but also her age. This is the story of Lisa's journey to fight for relevancy in a career of filtered posts and total ageism, all while trying to wrap her head around the reality that everyone around her is getting married and having babies. No amount of Zoloft is ever going to be enough to battle this shit storm.

**"Curb Your Enthusiasm" if Larry David was a YouTuber.**

# WHY NOW?

We have all spent the majority 2020 online. Our entertainment, communication, and even our circus of a government, revolves around the internet. Who would Trump be without Twitter? How would we know which “cult classic pan” to buy without YouTube ads? What can I do to fix my sink without Google? Ok...that last part is a lie. Half of my appliances have been patched with masking tape and a prayer. The point is, we are all living in a Black Mirror episode but don't currently have the stomach to watch the dark show. Instead, there is a huge push for nostalgic entertainment. There's a need for laughter and a comfort in the familiar. Account after account are popping up on Instagram, celebrating the generations that grew up without all this technology. Memes about being old, confused by the new trends, it's all there. There's a reason Seinfeld is still so popular. There is a whole generation craving a connection to their past, a ceremonious nod to the original dial-up gang. There is a call to commiserate over the fact that we aren't the young ones anymore. This is the show for the new old folks. If we can't figure out TikTok, we may as well laugh and complain about it. Well, shit, we are have become our parents.

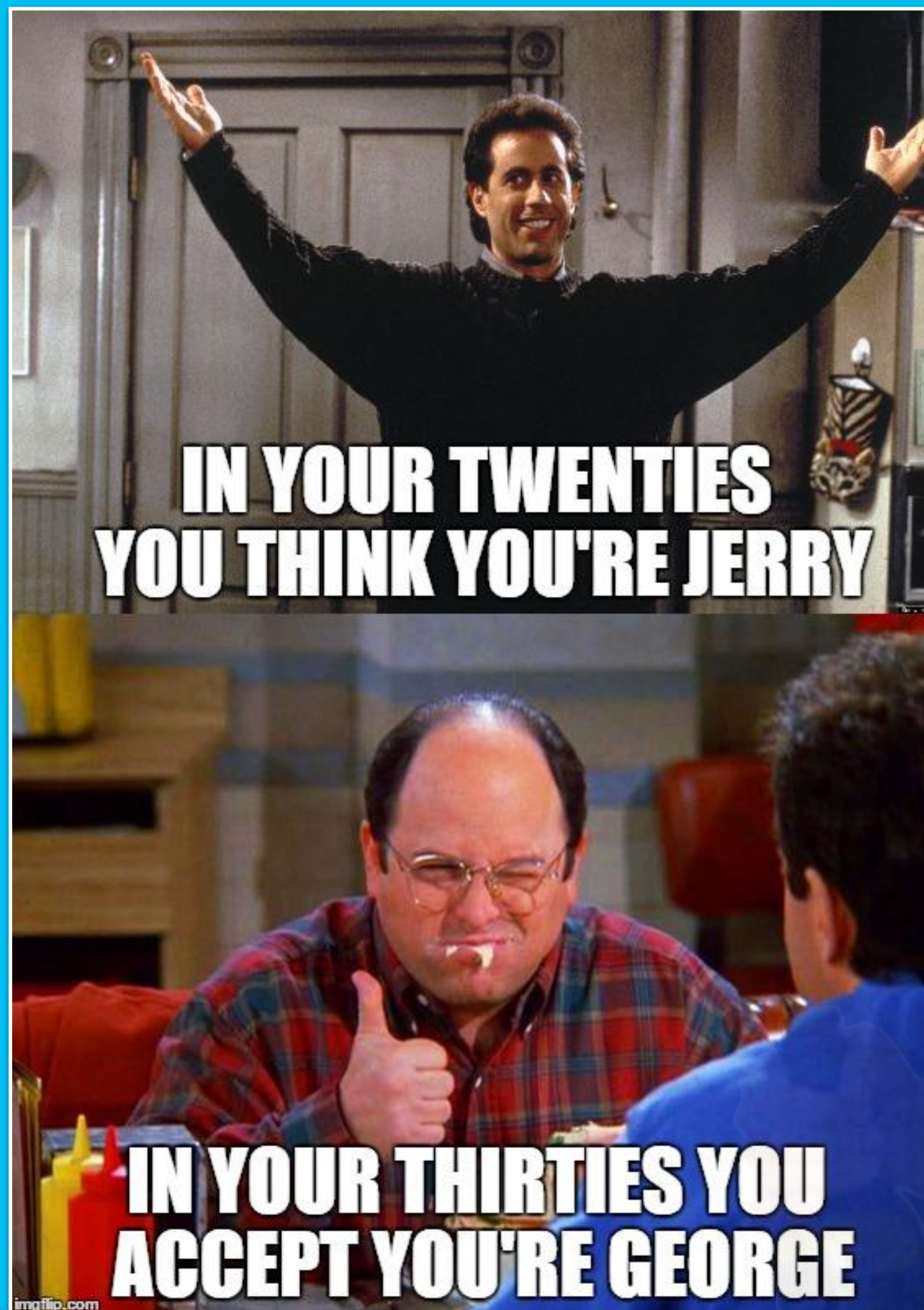


H

@heavybagofbones

i'm tired of shows based around high school can we get coming of age 20 something shit...i wanna see a bitch's card get declined at trader joe's

If you don't know what this is you're not allowed to complain about Netflix loading for 3 seconds



We wanted to be adults so bad.  
Now look at us.  
Just fucking look.

People in their thirties discussing TikTok:



# THE WORLD

YouTube; we all know it, we all use it, but only a handful of us know the ins and outs of having a career in it. I was one of the original “YouTubers”. I watched as it grew from a place for silly cat videos to a platform where ordinary people become famous. I was one of the first to get a paycheck and quit my day job to make videos. I was there when large companies started popping up, taking our money, and calling themselves a “network”. I’ve seen young kids come in, make millions, then waste it all. I’ve been at parties with the best of them, and stuck at events with the worst of them. I went from going to auditions and having people scoff at my job, to being told it’s the only reason I’m worth anything now. This is the new Hollywood, and I’ve lived the insane YouTube version of “Entourage”. Now, at thirty-seven, I’d love nothing more than to find my way far offline. Although that’s probably not likely, I do believe there is no better way to share my experiences than to use my sarcastic and sometimes jaded point of view to give a proper peek into this unique and ever-changing world.

# THE PEOPLE

## **Randi - The Hypochondriac Best Friend**

Raised on Lunchables and Hoarding  
Preschool Teacher by day. Xanned out wife by night.  
On a mission to start the perfect family.

*Think Kristen Schaal or Anna Chlumsky*

## **Jessica- The Boozer Best Friend**

Raised on Jail Visits and Daddy Issues  
Podcaster by day. Local news addict by night.  
On a mission to numb reality.

*Think Ilana Grazer or Nicole Byer*

## **Heidi - The Over Sharing Therapist**

Raised on Feminism and Girl Scouts  
Therapist by day. Combative Face-booker by night.  
On a mission to take down the patriarchy.

*Think Margaret Cho or Wanda Sykes*

## **Lisa - The Everywoman**

Raised on Seinfeld and Jewish Guilt  
YouTuber by day. Drunk dog mom by night.  
On a mission to figure out life.

*Think Kristen Bell AND Larry David*

## **Corny - The Dog**

Raised on table scraps and love.  
Dog by day. Best friend by night.  
On a mission to eat and sleep.

*Think a dog. She's a dog.*

## **Sierra - The Youtube Up-and-Comer**

Raised on internet and validation  
Youtube Star by day. Socialite by night.  
On a mission to make a shit ton of money.

*Think Dove Cameron or Joey King*

## **Kate - The Arch Nemesis**

Raised on J Crew and a Stick up Her Ass  
New mom by day and “every perfect”night.  
On a mission to prove she's got her life together.

*Think Emma Watson or Ellie Kemper*

## **Jennifer - The Spiritual Mom**

Raised on Barstools and and Incense  
“Life Coach” by day. Ready to mingle by night.  
On a mission to make 60's the new 20's.

*Think Goldie Hawn or Beverly D'Angelo*

## **Newman- The Disheveled Manager**

Raised on Challah and Marijuana  
Youtube manager by day. Father of five by night.  
On a mission to keep shit from hitting the fan.

*Think Henry Winkler or Jason Alexander*

## **Shane- The Gay Ex-Boyfriend**

Raised on Insults and and Jenny Craig  
Youtube Star by day. Tinder swiper by night.  
On a mission to find himself.

*Think Paul D. Downs or Andrew Rannells*

## **Ted - The Go-To “Hook-Up” Guy**

Raised on Jeopardy and a House Full of Women  
Uber driver by day. Fresh Prince reruns by night.  
On a mission to cruise on by.

*Think Andy Samberg or Hannibal Buress*

# THE BOOK

Featured in *Glamour Magazine's* "**The Best Summer Books to Read This Season**" List, **#1 Bestseller on *Amazon*** in both Biographies of Comedians and Humor Self Help, **#1 New Audio Book Release on *Amazon*** in Humor Essays.

“A hilarious essay collection perfect for anyone dealing with the challenges, indignities, and celebrations that come with being a thirty-something by actor and YouTube star Lisa Schwartz (Lisbug). Lisa Schwartz's stories and musings are all about watching her friends adult like pros, while she tries to understand why she doesn't want or can't seem to find all the things they have for herself. Like a big sister who's already seen it all, Lisa will take readers through her own life experiences to say that one thing we all need to hear: you are so not alone. Unabashed and unfiltered, Schwartz's voice and candor will appeal to anyone in their thirties who just can't deal with the never-ending Facebook feed of friends' engagement photos and baby pictures, the trials of figuring out where their passion meets their career, and everything in between. This book is your new best friend.”



mildredflowers11



**Yes yes yesssss! Brilliant**

Reviewed in the United States on September 5, 2019

**Verified Purchase**

If you want unfiltered reality slaps to the face and a great laugh THIS IS A MUST READ



Claire



**Great read**

Reviewed in the United Kingdom on October 2, 2019

**Verified Purchase**

I really enjoyed reading this book. Some very funny moments while others were honest and vulnerable. I found this book extremely relatable.



Amie



**Touching, Funny and so Damn GOOD!!!**

Reviewed in the United States on August 31, 2019

It's hard to believe this is Lisa's first book. She's so vulnerable, open and honest with her stories. In a time when everyone seems to be living a perfect 'filtered' life on social media, she isn't afraid to rip off the filters and show us life in all its pain, humor and beauty. I rooted for her every embarrassing, painful and hilarious step of the way. Buy this book for yourself and anyone you love...and anyone you hate. It could be healing for both of you. I can't wait for her next one!!!



shirley lester



**A days read can sum up your life .. if your lucky**

Reviewed in the United States on August 27, 2019

**Verified Purchase**

This book sums up what we all go through and never talk about. And it's done in a way that makes you laugh and cry but most importantly it makes you happy to be alive . Been there done that thanks for sharing. I feel a bit more normal now.



M. Mandel



**Sassy, fun, and honest.**

Reviewed in the United States on September 6, 2019

**Verified Purchase**

Refreshingly honest and a great easy read. Whether or not it reminds you of your own life, you will relate in some way!

Helpful

Report abuse



Amf123



**I literally laughed out loud.**

Reviewed in the United States on September 5, 2019

**Verified Purchase**

Lisa Schwartz is an amazing story teller. This book is hilarious, brutally honest and so touching. A must read!



SWesley



**LOVED IT!**

Reviewed in the United States on August 28, 2019

**Verified Purchase**

So funny, real, and entertaining! LOVE, LOVE, LOVED IT!

# CHAPTER EXCERPT

## Gender Reveal Party—Yes, It's A Fucking Thing

It was a perfect summer day. The kind of day you want to spend drinking with your two best friends by the pool, laughing about the shitty date you went on last night with the guy who dropped the “I live on my ex-girlfriend’s couch” bomb, and planning the next time the three of you can ditch town and drink your body weight in wine. Oh, glorious summer - the sun was bright, the energy was electric, and the three of us... were stuck going to a Gender Reveal Party. Yes, insert that record scratch. I did, in fact say, GENDER REVEAL PARTY. As if the two baby showers we had attended for this fetus wasn’t enough, we had to pretend to care whether it was coming out with a penis or a vagina. Let me tell you, there are very few things I actually care about. Teeny tiny private parts are certainly not one of them.

In recent years, I have come to realize the power of saying no. If I don’t want to do something, I don’t have to. I’m an adult and I owe that decision to myself. The power of no is strong and an empowering thing. The power of obligation and guilt due to years of friendship, however, is stronger. So, we pulled ourselves together and went to the damn party.

We were supposed to dress in the color that represented the sex we thought the baby would come out as. Really, we all just wanted to wear black. Randi wore pink, I wore blue, and Jessica wore yellow. She claims it was because she’s against gender identification, but I’m pretty sure she just didn’t read the invite.

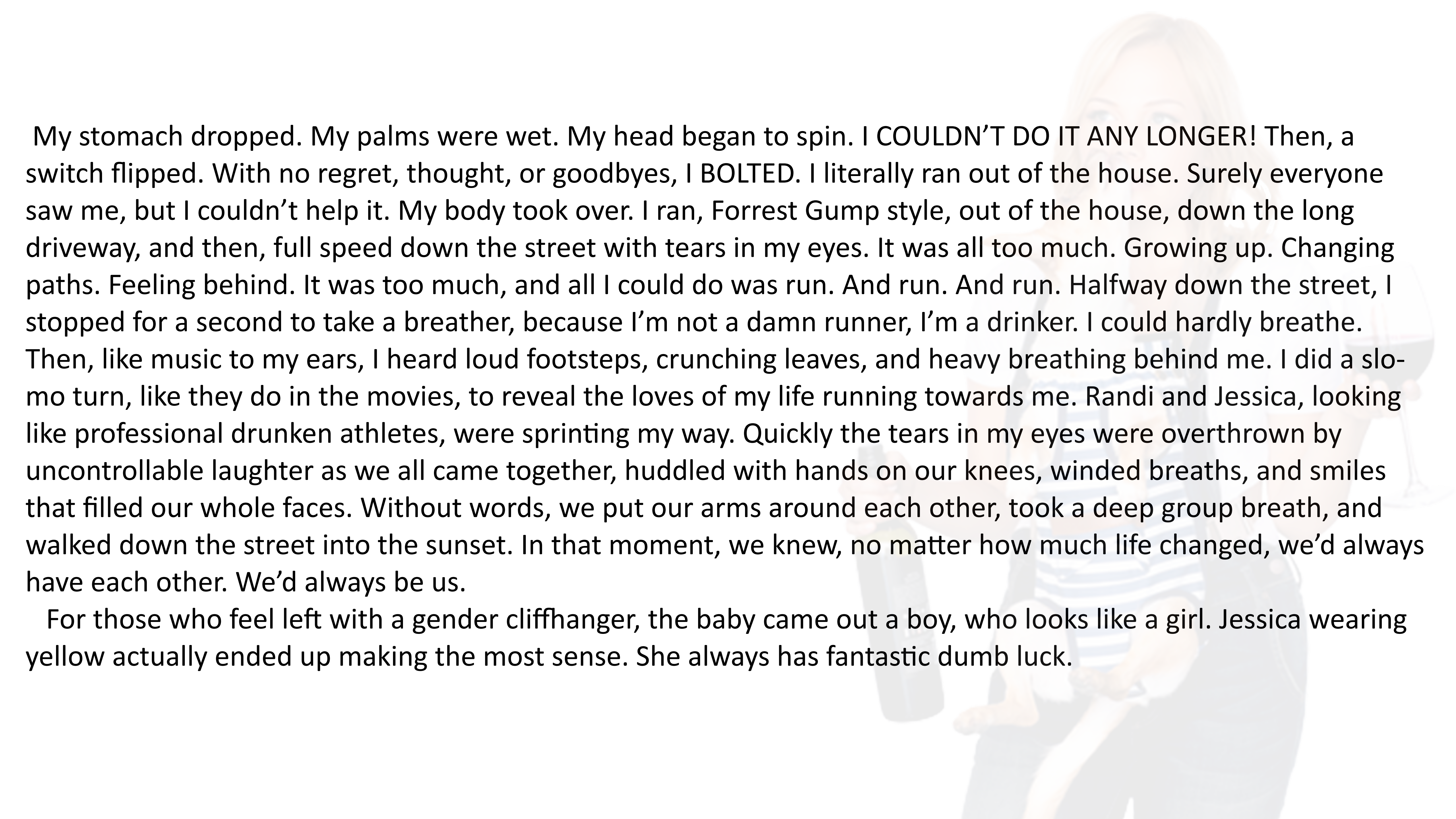
All three of us walked up to the front door, which was obnoxiously covered in those plastic “It’s a boy” and “It’s a girl” signs. My instinct was to vandalize them with “It’s financial suicide with endless diarrhea,” but I refrained. We all took one giant breath, and opened the door into what was to become very similar to what I imagine an acid trip feels like.

The home was small, but it was an actual house. A grownup house, in the suburbs, with a real life white picket fence. My apartment in the city suddenly felt amateur and embarrassing in comparison. We walked in to find the home was packed with balloons, screaming babies, giant wedding rings, toys scattered on the floor doubling as little mini death traps, and the oddly familiar faces of high school classmates who had warped into humans pretending to be adults pretending to have a handle on their monsters pretending to be babies. My heart began to race. What would I say to these now strangers? How would I avoid conversations where I would inevitably reveal my clear disdain for love, marriage, and childbirth? I mean, seriously, do you know you shit yourself when you push that baby out? Your vagina rips and you SHIT yourself! I began to sweat. I wasn't ready. I wasn't prepared. I couldn't handle the accusing stares from these sexually frustrated parents. THEY knew I knew they hadn't had sex in months. I knew THEY knew I'd had sex the night before with that guy who lives on his ex-girlfriend's couch. Don't judge me, he was kind of cute, and she was out of town. Oh man, this wasn't going to end well. This couldn't end well. Was this ever going to end? And then, like the glorious light at the end of the tunnel that you read about in those weird hippie articles on Facebook where the guy comes back from the dead to tell us that he "SAW. THE. LIGHT", my eyes finally focused in on the most stunning sight I had ever seen... a fully stocked bar.

As fast as a teenager snapchats her frenemy giving the weird acne kid a hand-job in the theater rafters at the Sadie Hawkins dance, Randi, Jess, and I raced to the bar. We filled our unusually large cups unusually high with unusually disproportionate amounts of vodka and downed them at an unusually fast pace. Ok that last part was a lie. We pretty much always drink vodka at the speed of light. But, finally... Ahh... That sweet booze relief. Just like that, with color in our cheeks, warmth in our hearts, and numbness in our heads, we finally felt like we could conquer this absurd gender reveal celebration. We threw our arms in the middle of a huddle, like a team of... some sports reference. "Act Like We Care! 1..2..3!" We tossed our hands up in the air with confidence and went our separate ways.

The next hour was filled with saturated small talk that ended in me making some inappropriate dick jokes, as I looked over at Randi who was having a deep conversation with the dog in the corner. Jessica was spending her time drinking gin straight from the bottle with Grandma Jean, the only other reasonable human here. At some point, after my fifth time saying, “We just realized the only thing we really have in common is that we both like boys,” the three of us found ourselves sitting criss-cross applesauce in front of a two-year-old demon-child. She glared at us with hatred as we “goo-gooed” and “gah-gahed” because we didn’t know how to do the baby thing. Her mom chuckled at us as she pointed out how smart her little angel was. I assumed she was implying that the little chunk was smarter than the three of us combined. At this point in our vodka marathon, I couldn’t really disagree with her. The three of us stood up to go fill our cups one more time, and like any natural disaster that sneaks up on an innocent community just trying to live their single beautiful lives, that blob of a child PROJECTILE VOMITED right past us and ALL OVER the gender reveal cake. It was like a horror movie in my head, played in slow motion. The orange-yellow-brown mixture clad with pieces of her soul arched up through the air while jaws dropped, hands shot out, and screams ensued.

I realize this was disheartening for everyone involved, especially the soon to be parents who were dying to know what genitalia their kid was going to dangle around for the rest of their life. I certainly don’t want to take away from the legit distress the mother of that kid blowing chunks probably felt in that moment. And I am sure everyone else at the party was freaked out too, praying their kid doesn’t get whatever fucked up kid sickness that was. (Seriously, kid sicknesses are insane. They get worms in their butts. Legit WORMS IN THEIR BUTTS). I just felt these unavoidable feelings I couldn’t properly process or maturely handle in that very moment. This party was a crash course in what the future held for me, and it threw me for a far bigger loop than I was prepared for. It’s as if all my fears associated with change had been purposely placed right in front of me, in this gender party hell house, packed with judgmental peers, swirled together in a haze of vodka, topped with an explosion of baby barf. I know, the party wasn’t about me, but my anxiety was rearing and there was no stopping it.

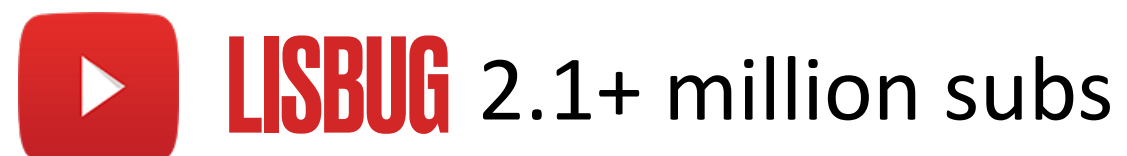


My stomach dropped. My palms were wet. My head began to spin. I COULDN'T DO IT ANY LONGER! Then, a switch flipped. With no regret, thought, or goodbyes, I BOLTED. I literally ran out of the house. Surely everyone saw me, but I couldn't help it. My body took over. I ran, Forrest Gump style, out of the house, down the long driveway, and then, full speed down the street with tears in my eyes. It was all too much. Growing up. Changing paths. Feeling behind. It was too much, and all I could do was run. And run. And run. Halfway down the street, I stopped for a second to take a breather, because I'm not a damn runner, I'm a drinker. I could hardly breathe. Then, like music to my ears, I heard loud footsteps, crunching leaves, and heavy breathing behind me. I did a slo-mo turn, like they do in the movies, to reveal the loves of my life running towards me. Randi and Jessica, looking like professional drunken athletes, were sprinting my way. Quickly the tears in my eyes were overthrown by uncontrollable laughter as we all came together, huddled with hands on our knees, winded breaths, and smiles that filled our whole faces. Without words, we put our arms around each other, took a deep group breath, and walked down the street into the sunset. In that moment, we knew, no matter how much life changed, we'd always have each other. We'd always be us.

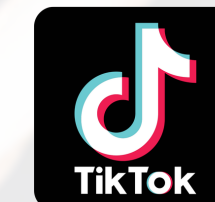
For those who feel left with a gender cliffhanger, the baby came out a boy, who looks like a girl. Jessica wearing yellow actually ended up making the most sense. She always has fantastic dumb luck.

# THE CREATOR

Lisa Schwartz was born in Los Angeles and raised on Seinfeld. Schwartz is best known for her YouTube channel, “Lisbug”, that has garnered more than 2.1 million unique subscribers. She also has been seen hosting various digital segments for ABC’s The Bachelor, Seventeen, ATTN, and Yahoo. Previously, Lisa co-created, wrote, and starred in PARTY GIRL, an original scripted series for Freeform as well as THIS ISN’T WORKING for ABC Digital. She can be heard as the voice of talking Angela on the TALKING TOM AND FRIENDS series on Netflix and Rube in the animated feature film THE LADYBUG. Schwartz has her first published book “THIRTY-LIFE CRISIS”, which immediately shot to number one on Amazon’s comedy and autobiography list. Her Grandma hated the chapters about Lisa’s sex life. Clearly a jealousy thing.



**LISASCHWARTZ.NET**



**OH, NO. I'M TOO FUCKING OLD.**