



Kargman, in a Dior dress and boots, at the Carlyle hotel, New York, with her children, (from left) Fletcher, Sadie, and Ivy.

ODD MOM IN

Writer and social-scene stalwart Jill Kargman has spent years mining her native Upper East Side for laughs. Now she's bringing her shtick to the small screen. *Vanessa Lawrence* tunes in.

ONE SATURDAY NIGHT THIS PAST FALL, A SLEW OF MANHATTAN socials—Celerie Kemble and Marina Rust among them—went to the prom. Alighting from a fleet of Uber cars onto a dingy strip of Prospect Avenue in Brooklyn, guests in tuxedos and Jessica McClintock finery headed up a gilded double staircase into a magenta-lit ballroom festooned with hot-pink balloons and gold tinsel. Sporting wrist corsages and boutonnieres, they danced to a cover band and posed for photos under a white-latticed arch. It was the stuff a 17-year-old's dreams are made of—the writer and social-circuit regular Jill Kargman's 17-year-old dreams, to be precise. "This was the prom I never had," says Kargman, who, having attended Taft, a New England boarding school, was deprived of that particular rite of passage. So she threw a prom of her own, a John Hughes black tie-themed dance to celebrate her 40th birthday and that of her husband, Harry.

The final scene from *Pretty in Pink* wasn't the only fantasy Kargman would be living out that night. The evening also marked her public debut as a TV star. "The prom will be filmed for Jill's new scripted comedy *Odd Mom Out*," read the disclaimer in a follow-up e-mail to the invitation. "By attending...you consent to being filmed. So look fierce."

Kargman is an Upper East Side mother of three—but she has never been a typical uptown lady. She is the author of five books, including *Sometimes I Feel Like a Nut*, a collection of essays. *Odd Mom Out*, which debuts in June and will be Bravo's first scripted comedy, cashes in on her outlier status. Kargman plays Jill Weber, a Jewish native New Yorker who marries into a

prominent WASP family. Weber, with her goth-chic wardrobe (not unlike Kargman's own), tattoos (Kargman got two during an early midlife crisis), and her laissez-faire mothering skills, clashes with her glossy, wealthy sister-in-law Brooke (played by *Saturday Night Live* vet Abby Elliott), in particular, and the denizens of the 10021 ZIP code, in general. Kargman says she can relate to her character, though personally she has evolved. "I'm not so insecure about parenting now. I've found my groove," she says over drinks at the restaurant Daniel a few nights after the prom. "But this is about someone who's stressing and feeling like she's doing everything wrong, which is the old me. I'm 40, and I don't give a shit anymore."

Tonight, Kargman is wearing a camel coat, a dark dress, and Chanel shoes; triple loops of Gara Danielle earrings sparkle on her ears, and Chanel and James de Givenchy rings, not to mention a bright pink gel manicure left over from her wild Brooklyn night, light up her fingers. She tells me that she never set out to create a sitcom. "I kind of stumbled toward this blindly." In 2013, she had an idea for a morning talk show called *Wake the Fuck Up* and pitched it to Bravo. It didn't pan out, but network execs Andy Cohen and Lara Spotts were so taken with Kargman that, after batting around ideas for a reality show ("I would never have a camera up my sphincter," Kargman says), they arrived at a fictional (but reality-inflected) half-hour comedy satirizing the Upper East Side in all its glory and excess. Kargman not only stars in the project, she is also an executive producer and the series creator. "What we loved and were committed to

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