

BRUNCH WITH MOM

Written by

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EXT. CLASSY RESTAURANT PATIO - DAY

SERVERS run frantically with trays of food. Almost every table is fully seated. A CUTE COUPLE CLINKS their mimosas at one table.

A SMALL CHILD runs around another table, yelling. His MOTHER pulls a wooden spoon out of her purse. The child shuts up and sits down and the mother puts the spoon away.

MOIRA, late 50's, overbearing Jewish mother, sits and stares at the empty seat across from her. She glares at her watch. A WAITER, early 20's, approaches her.

WAITER

Are you ready to order?

MOIRA

Oh no. I'll just have some more water, thank you.

WAITER

There are a lot of people waiting for tables ma'am. If you're not going to order any food-

MOIRA

More water.

She shoves an empty glass into Waiter's chest.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

ALAN, late 20's, masculine preppy writer-type, enters. He walks past the Waiter and they exchange smiles. Alan sits in the empty chair across from Moira.

ALAN

Hi, Mom.

MOIRA

What's the matter with you?

Alan tenses.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

You haven't seen your mother in God knows how long and you don't even hug her.

Alan sulks and picks up the empty glass in front of him.

ALAN

Nice to see you too, Mom.

MOIRA

I feel like I've been sitting here for hours waiting for water. Where is our waiter? Are you thirsty?

ALAN

I'm okay.

MOIRA

You're thirsty.

ALAN

Okay.

MOIRA

Look at you. You're too thin. When's the last time you ate? It's a good thing I asked you to brunch.

ALAN

I asked you to-

MOIRA

Oh, you and your semantics.

Waiter walks over with a menu. He hands it to Alan and their hands touch. Moira glares at the Waiter and clears her throat.

WAITER

Good morning, sir. Can I start you off with something to drink?

MOIRA

He'll have a lemonade.

ALAN

Actually, how are your mimosas?

WAITER

Potent.

ALAN

Great. I'll take-

MOIRA

A lemonade. And when you get the chance, I'd like a water. Thanks.

WAITER

I'll give you two a minute.

Waiter scribbles something on his notepad and leaves.

MOIRA

What happened to my chubby little
bubbala? Look at you. You're so
thin. Are you eating?

ALAN

I plan on it.

MOIRA

Don't sass your mother. I only want
to hear good things from you.

ALAN

There's actually something I really
wanted to tell you.

Alan reaches into his messenger bag and starts to pull out a
book.

MOIRA

So, when are you gonna give me
grandkids?

Alan groans.

ALAN

Mom.

MOIRA

What? It's about time you settle
down with a nice girl.

ALAN

Mom.

MOIRA

She doesn't even have to be Jewish.

ALAN

Mom!

Waiter returns with a water and a lemonade. He places the
drinks on the table.

WAITER

Are you two ready to order?

MOIRA

Do you have a children's menu? Oh
wait, I don't need one because I
don't have any grandkids.

Alan sinks in his chair. The Waiter taps his pen on his pad.

WAITER

So, you're not ready to order yet?

MOIRA

No, we are. He'll have the chowder
and I'll have the-

ALAN

Actually, I'm not sure what I want
yet.

MOIRA

That's what your mother's here for.

ALAN

I'm gonna need some more time.

Waiter nods and shoves his notepad in his apron. He leaves
the table.

MOIRA

I know you're confused right now,
but if you just listened to your
mother, you could be happy.

ALAN

But Mom, I am happy.

He pulls a book labeled "lesson plan" out of his messenger
bag and puts it on the table. Moira drinks her water.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I got my dream job.

MOIRA

You're a doctor?

ALAN

No.

MOIRA

Of course. You're in medical
school. You're guaranteed a job
after graduation.

ALAN

I am going to school but-

MOIRA

I can't believe it. My son, the
doctor.

ALAN

No, Ma.

Moira scoots her chair over to the next table and leans over a PRETTY WOMAN, 24.

MOIRA

Can you believe it? My son, Doctor Alan Lipschitz.

ALAN

It's actually just Mr. Lipschitz.
I'm a substitute teacher.

Moira scoots back to her table, clenching the sides.

MOIRA

I didn't know they had those at medical school.

ALAN

I teach at Jefferson Middle School.

MOIRA

I thought you said you got a job?

ALAN

I'm a substitute teacher.

MOIRA

And I'm a substitute model. Let's think of other ways to say "I don't do anything" and disappoint your mother.

ALAN

This is what I've always wanted to do.

MOIRA

Stab me in the heart, why don't you?

She throws her arms in the air and slams her palms on the table.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

This is why I make decisions for you.

She takes a deep breath, reaches over the table, and squeezes Alan's cheek.

MOIRA (CONT'D)

You confuse mediocrity with
success. Where's our waiter?

Alan pulls away from her and looks around the busy
restaurant.

ALAN

I don't like chowder, you know.

MOIRA

Give it time, you'll learn to like
it.

ALAN

I've tried it before. It's just not
for me.

MOIRA

You father didn't like fish either
before he met me.

ALAN

Chicken of the sea my ass.

MOIRA

It took me months just to get him
to eat salmon.

ALAN

I can't even stand the smell.

Alan covers his mouth and gags.

MOIRA

Whoever even heard of Lipschitz
that doesn't have lox with his
bagels?

ALAN

Ma, I'm not gonna get the chowder.
I hate fish.

MOIRA

Whether you love it or hate it, if
you eat it long enough you don't
even taste it.

ALAN

How is Dad?

MOIRA

That pot of chowder simmered down
years ago.

ALAN
That great, huh?

MOIRA
At least he's a success, managing
the First Second Avenue Bank and
providing for his beautiful wife.

ALAN
Is he even happy?

MOIRA
He's successful. You should try to
be more like your father.

ALAN
Well, I'm not Dad.

Waiter approaches with a mimosa and sets it on the table.

MOIRA
We didn't order this.

WAITER
It's on the house.

He smiles at Alan.

MOIRA
You can't just give us alcohol
without checking I.D.

WAITER
Ma'am, you're like 60. I don't need
to check your I.D.

MOIRA
How dare you.

ALAN
Mom, you're fifty-nine.

MOIRA
And I don't look a day over thirty-
eight.

ALAN
Sure.

MOIRA
I'd like to speak to a manager.

ALAN
No, Ma.

MOIRA

Excuse me?

ALAN

Are you really gonna complain to a manager about a free drink?

MOIRA

This schmuck has been standing around since you got here and we still haven't gotten our food.

ALAN

We didn't order! Stop trying to tear me down with your "mother knows best" spiel because you don't.

MOIRA

Watch your mouth.

Alan stands.

ALAN

No. You don't know what's best for this waiter, and you don't know what's best for me.

WAITER

Should I give you two another minute?

Alan looks at Waiter, wipes off his chest and sits.

ALAN

No. We're ready to order.

Waiter pulls out a pad from his apron.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Just out of curiosity, what would you recommend?

WAITER

I haven't tried it yet, but our soup du jour smells amazing.

ALAN

I'll have that then.

WAITER

Excellent choice. I'm going to try some at the end of my shift.

Waiter scribbles in his pad, flips it, and turns to Moira.

WAITER (CONT'D)
And for you, ma'am?

MOIRA
I'll have the chicken dinner.

WAITER
We're only serving brunch right
now.

Moira slaps the menu into Waiter's chest.

MOIRA
And a water, when you get the
chance.

WAITER
Okay then. A chicken dinner for the
madam and a clam chowder for the
gentleman.

Waiter shoves his pad in his apron and walks away.

ALAN
Wait, what? The soup, no, what?

Moira smiles and shrugs at Alan. She takes his mimosa, drinks
it, and winks at him.