

BREEDERS

by
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EXT. RESTAURANT - WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

A shady, patio restaurant is filled with a noisy lunch time crowd, mostly male.

The MAITRE'D, gay and fussy, holds court over the reservation list.

Two young MOTHERS, pushing strollers, approach him.

THERESA, 30, a sharp brunette, pushes her three month old daughter, KATIE. Theresa's tits bulge against her silk top as she juggles a diaper bag.

MOLLY, 30, a soft blond with a wicked smile, pushes her son, MATTHEW. Molly's large breasts also strain against her shirt.

THERESA
(to Maitre'd)
Two please.

The Maitre'd stares at the women and their babies, his worst nightmare manifest.

MAITRE'D
Ah...

MOLLY
Is there a problem?

MAITRE'D
This way.

He grabs some menus and leads them to a quiet table in a far, far corner of the patio. He disappears. The women settle in.

THERESA
Any further away and we'd be eating
in the parking lot.

MOLLY
Nice patio, though.

THERESA
Yeah. I love our little lunches.

Theresa and Molly gaze lovingly at their babies asleep in their strollers and as they gaze, dark stains appear on their shirts. Their engorged breasts leak milk through their bras.

THERESA
(looking at her shirt)
Oh, my God. Here we go. One look at
Katie and I squirt everywhere.

Molly looks down at her own damp shirt.

MOLLY

I hear ya. Do you have a breast pad?

THERESA

Sorry. All out.

MOLLY

Too late anyway.

Both women dab at their tops with their napkins.

WAITER

Ahem...

Theresa and Molly look up.

A WAITER, 30ish, stares at them with disgust. A button has popped open on Theresa's shirt. Her breasts peek out.

The waiter averts his eyes as Theresa buttons her shirt.

WAITER

Can I get you something to drink?

THERESA

(to Molly)

How about a beer? It's good for your milk, you know.

The waiter recoils.

MOLLY

Yeah, where did I read that?

THERESA

(to waiter)

Two Coronas, please.

The two women exchange wicked smiles as they watch him leave.

Chairs scrape across tile as the Maitre'd seats two gay guys at a nearby table. The men glance from the sleeping babies to the women.

Molly and Theresa smile at them but they bury themselves in their menus.

THERESA

(to Molly)

You know, when I'd been nursing Katie five weeks my nipples were so sore I seriously thought they'd fall off...I almost stopped breast feeding.

The guys at the next table look up from their menus and stare at her in disbelief.

THERESA

(louder)

One night it got so bad I was in tears. They were cracked and bleeding. By the way, that nipple cream is crap. It doesn't work at all.

MOLLY

I know. It's a total scam.

The guys at the next table exchange looks.

THERESA

Anyway, I ended up in front of the TV with Katie attached to one boob and a six pack of Corona at my side. I drank the whole thing. I felt great and Katie slept through the night for the first time.

Molly and Theresa roar with laughter and dip rosemary bread into olive oil.

The two guys at the next table watch them with loathing.

A waiter appears with the beers and pulls out his pad.

WAITER

Are you ready to order?

MOLLY

Two grilled vegetable salads, please.

She grabs a hunk of flesh on her thigh.

MOLLY

Got a little weight to lose.

The waiter practically flees from their table. The guys at the next table whisper to each other.

Theresa and Molly sip their beers and survey the other diners in the restaurant, all guys except for one WOMAN at a table full of men. She watches Theresa and Molly with amusement.

The gay guys at the next table share a whispered joke, stealing glances at Theresa and Molly. Snatches of their conversation waft over.

GUY
Breeders...

Theresa and Molly catch this word and look at each other.

THERESA
Breeders. God, I hate that word.

MOLLY
Me, too.

THERESA
Who in the hell do they think they are, anyway? They must think they were immaculately conceived, or something.

MOLLY
There are two poor mothers out there who have the stretch marks to prove they weren't.

Theresa and Molly look at each other in silent understanding, then turn to their kids.

THERESA
You think they're too warm?

Molly flashes a wicked smile and nods.

MOLLY
Definitely.

Molly pulls Matthew's leggings off. He wakes up with a howl. And Theresa tugs at Katie's. She screams.

THERESA
Oh, dear. Now look what we've done.

The whole restaurant stops and stares at the women and their crying children.

The guys at the next table, faces full of loathing, watch.

Theresa and Molly pull their babies out of their strollers and bounce them in their arms. This makes them scream louder.

Their waiter appears.

WAITER

Could you please keep your children quiet? You're disturbing the other guests.

He marches away. The guys at the next table smugly return to their menus. Theresa and Molly exchange looks.

THERESA

(to Molly)

There's only one thing a mother can do in this situation.

MOLLY

Yup.

The women unbutton their shirts, pull out their breasts and push hard brown nipples into the sucking mouths of their babes. They settle pastel blankets over their shoulders.

The guys at the next table watch in horror. The younger one gestures wildly for their waiter. He's nowhere. The older one gets up and steams over to the Maitre'd.

The women sip their beers and watch as he points in their direction.

The Maitre'd moves across the restaurant and appears at their table.

MAITRE'D

What do you think you're doing?

THERESA

We were asked to quiet down our children.

MAITRE'D

But, but...not like that.

MOLLY

We're covered.

MAITRE'D

Don't be ridiculous. Everyone knows what you're doing.

THERESA

Fine. Then we'll stop.

Theresa pulls the blanket off her shoulder and Katie from her breast. Molly does the same with Matthew. Both babies shriek.

A table of six rises and leaves.

MAITRE'D
Make them stop.

THERESA
And how do you suggest we do that?

Their waiter appears with their salads.

MAITRE'D
(to waiter)
Take those away. These women are
leaving.

MOLLY
No, we're not.

She grabs the salads from the waiter and plonks them back on
the table.

MOLLY
And I'll tell you why. My friend
Theresa, here, practices law in
Beverly Hills and would be more
than happy to sue you silly. Right,
Rese?

THERESA
It's what I live for.

MOLLY
And I'm a journalist...Need I say
more?

The Maitre'd digests this information.

The babies cry.

The guys at the next table get up and leave.

The only other woman in the restaurant watches, amused.

The Maitre'd opens his mouth then shuts it. He adjusts his
tie and strolls away.

The only other woman in the restaurant laughs out loud then
raises her glass to Theresa and Molly. They raise their beers
and wink at her. Then, putting their babies back to their
breasts, they turn to their salads.

THERESA
This dressing is delicious.

MOLLY

Absolutely yummy...Where should we
go next week?

THERESA

How about Hugo's on Santa Monica?
The place is crawling with 'em.

MOLLY

It's a date.

Both women stuff forkfuls of roasted eggplant into their
mouths.

THE END