

**INT. WRIGHT HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE DAY**

Camille moves between the counter and the stove, whipping up a couple pecan pies. Monica enters.

**MONICA**

Hey.

**CAMILLE**

Hi.

**MONICA**

Need any help?

**CAMILLE**

I can manage.

Monica nods and moves to the barstool.

**CAMILLE** (cont'd)

Your sister's bringing the baby over. You should try to be here.

**MONICA**

Yeah. Can't wait to see him  
(she falls silent, then) I just saw Quincy.

**CAMILLE**

How is he?

**MONICA**

Engaged.

**CAMILLE**

To that stewardess?

**MONICA**

Yeah, you met her?

**CAMILLE**

His mother had a cookout a few weeks ago. He could do a lot better if  
you ask me.

Camille looks up, studies Monica for a moment.

**MONICA**

So what do I do?

**CAMILLE**

Find out where they're registered and send them a gift.

**MONICA**

(disgusted) Whatever.

**CAMILLE**

You didn't want my opinion in the first place, so why even ask?

**MONICA**

There you go.

**CAMILLE**

What do you want me to tell you, Monica, to go beat that girl up? To go have sex with him? I'm not going to do that. Yes, I believe thinking of other people is important and yes I'd rather bake a pie than shoot a dumb jump shot.

Monica stares at her mother. There's no going back.

**MONICA**

So that's why we can't get along? Because I'd rather shoot a "dumb" jump shot?

**CAMILLE**

You're the one always turning your nose up at me.

**MONICA**

No I don't.

**CAMILLE**

Oh, yes. The superstar female athlete whose mother is nothing but a housewife.

**MONICA**

That's not it.

**CAMILLE**

Don't tell me you aren't ashamed of that because I know.

Monica stares at her mother.

**MONICA**

I remember when I was eight years old, you spent like four hours cooking up this fancy meal. And I guess you and Dad got your wires crossed or something because he walks in with a couple of pizzas. And you didn't say anything. You just threw the whole meal into some tupper-ware and tossed it in the fridge. You never stood up for yourself. Ever. If I was ashamed, it was because of that.

**CAMILLE**

That's ridiculous.

**MONICA**

What's ridiculous is not being a caterer so your husband can feel like a man knowing his woman's home cooking and ironing his drawers.

WHAP!

Camille's humiliation is immediate and she cuts off Monica with a SLAP.

Camille curses herself for losing it.

**CAMILLE**

Dammitt, Monica!

Monica is stunned, hurt.

**MONICA**

I'm sorry.

Camille stares at her daughter, devastated.

**CAMILLE**

Is that really all you think of me?

Monica can't answer.