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.