

INT. SUMMER'S DINNING ROOM

A beautiful cheesy Italian Lasagna, in a take-out container, is set on a perfect place mat at a formally set dining room table littered with more cheap take-out tins. The setting seems perfectly artificial like, JANICE, Summer's divorced, secretly troubled, 39 year old mother.

Summer sits beside her mother's setting at a classic dining room examining the delicious spread with apprehensive eyes.

The formal table sits in a quaint dining room while the physical closeness of the mother and daughter's chairs grossly exaggerates their true relationship.

JANICE

The perfect Italian meal to
celebrate your perfect practice
with the new team.

Summer watches closely as her mother piles on various gourmet take-out items. Oozing cheese, chunky meat sauce, oily vegetables and buttered bread quickly turn to a gross pile of unappetizing food.

SUMMER

Not too much mom. I'm really not
that hungry.

JANICE

There is no way you are not eating
your favorite lasagna from Le Moyen
Italian.

Janice dismisses the plea and serves more scoops that Summer knows create goal precluding pounds.

SUMMER

(firmly)
I'm serious.

WE HEAR Janice's cell phone ring in the kitchen.

JANICE

I have to get that.

Janice puts the serving dish down and rushes to the kitchen.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Le Moyen Italian is your favorite?

Janice returns with her phone to her ear and sits with no regard for her daughter.

JANICE (CONT'D)
 This is Janice. Oh hi Fabian.
 Sure, this is an okay time. Did
 they love it? Fabulous! I knew
 they would love that place.

Summer looks at her oblivious mother and at her oozing plate.

SUMMER
 I'm not going to eat it.

Janice covers the phone with her hand.

JANICE
 (more firmly)
 You listen to me. I spent \$85
 dollars on your favorite meal to
 celebrate your day.

Each word from Janice's mouth burns Summer's ears.

JANICE (CONT'D)
 (Into the phone)
 Oh I'm so thrilled! So I should
 send an agreement tonight. Okay.

SUMMER
 I didn't ask you to.

JANICE
 (Into the phone)
 Fabian, can you please excuse me?

Janice covers the phone.

JANICE (CONT'D)
 (To her daughter)
 But I DID it. For YOU. And you will
 sit here with me and eat your
 favorite lasagna and your favorite
 string beans and mushrooms and you
 will enjoy it.

Summer stares in silent defiance as Janice places the full plate of food in front of daughter and then proceeds to decorate her plate with meager portions. Janice sits in front of Summer and takes a small bite with her fork. She flashes a pageant smile and avoids the obvious with grace.

JANICE (CONT'D)
 (Into the Phone)
 Sorry about that. Okay, so
 agreement out tonight. Signing
 tomorrow?

Summer rises from her chair and exits the dining room.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Get back
here. SUMMER! SUMMER!