

INT. FELICIA'S CLOSET - NIGHT

FELICIA scrolls Instagram. Husband TY (50) enters, already in loungewear.

TY

You okay?

FELICIA

Yeah. Just... thinking. I saw the girls the other day. We're planning a trip—Miami Nights in a couple weeks.

TY

(skeptical)

Another party?

FELICIA

Yeah, and maybe a few more. We talked about saying yes more this year. Reclaiming some of who we were before life got so... planned.

TY

(sits on edge of bed)

You mean before I came along?

FELICIA

No, Ty. Before marriage, pressure, and everyone asking when I'm gonna settle into motherhood like it's a pair of shoes I just haven't broken in yet.

TY

(sighs)

Felicia, we talked about this. You said after your birthday we'd start trying. You're not a kid anymore.

FELICIA

Exactly. And that's why I need this. One year. Or even less. Just the rest of this one. Let me be in control of something.