

INT. RITA'S BOUTIQUE – AFTERNOON

Sunlight pours through the front windows. Racks of elegant, trendy clothing line the space.

FELICIA flips through a rack of WHITE dresses—silk, linen, lace. RITA, stylish and observant, watches from behind the counter.

RITA

All-white party?

FELICIA

(turns)

Is it that obvious?

RITA

You only touch white when you're trying to make a statement or erase something.

FELICIA

(smiles)

I like a clean slate.

RITA

Uh-huh. Who you trying to convince—me or you?

Felicia pulls out a fitted white dress and holds it up to herself.

FELICIA

I need something grown. But not... married-grown.

RITA

That's a narrow lane.

FELICIA

Tell me about it.

RITA

What kind of energy are we going for? "Untouchable"? "Soft luxury"? Or "I woke up like this but hired help"?

FELICIA

(laughs)

I want effortless. Like I didn't try. Even though I clearly did.