

FELICIA / TYRONE

EXT. TY & FELICIA'S MANSION – FRONT DRIVEWAY – NIGHT

Luxury. Stillness.

TYRONE (30) paces near a sleek black SUV, fists clenched, jaw tight.

FELICIA steps outside, hesitant but composed.

FELICIA

Tyrone... slow down. You're gonna wake the neighbors.

TYRONE

Let them wake up. Maybe somebody should hear what it's like living with him.

FELICIA

Lower your voice. Please.

TYRONE

(smiles bitterly)

You always say please. That how you survive around here?

FELICIA

I'm not here to fight you. I'm here to calm things down.

TYRONE

Yeah. You're good at that.

Beat. He looks her over—too long.

FELICIA

Don't.

TYRONE

Don't what?

FELICIA

Look at me like that.

TYRONE

Like what? Like someone who walked into my life and somehow made it softer?

FELICIA

I didn't ask to be in the middle of whatever this is.

TYRONE

No. You just married it.

Silence.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

You know what gets me? He listens to you. He never listened to me.

FELICIA

He listens because I don't yell.

TYRONE

Nah. He listens because you're young. Because you're beautiful. Because you make him feel like he didn't waste his life.

FELICIA

That's not fair.

TYRONE

Neither was growing up with a man who loved money more than his son.

He exhales, angry, vulnerable.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Then you show up. Walking around this house like you belong here.

FELICIA

I'm trying to belong.

TYRONE

And you do. That's the problem.

Beat. Too close now.

FELICIA

Tyrone... I need you to take a step back.

TYRONE

(scoffs)

You ever think maybe I just want what he got?

FELICIA

What—me?