

FELICIA / TAMIKA / NOAH

INT. TAMIKA & NOAH'S LIVING ROOM – EVENING

Felicia sits on the edge of the couch, tense. TAMIKA, 49, pours sweet tea. NOAH, 55, watches quietly from his recliner.

TAMIKA

I just don't understand why you're fighting this so hard.

FELICIA

Because it's my body. That feels like a good place to start.

NOAH

(slow, measured)

It's not a fight if your husband is asking for something reasonable.

FELICIA

Reasonable to whom? Him? Or everybody who gets to sleep at night without this conversation on replay?

TAMIKA

Felicia, Ty didn't marry you to keep waiting. A man his age knows what he wants.

FELICIA

Funny. When he wanted me at twenty-seven, suddenly y'all had *concerns*.

Beat.

NOAH

That was different.

FELICIA

How? Because I was young and he was old enough to be my uncle? Or because his networth is in the millions?

TAMIKA

(lower, firm)

Watch your tone.

FELICIA

I'm not being disrespectful. I'm being honest. Neither one of you wanted me to marry him at first.

NOAH

We wanted you protected.

FELICIA

And now that I'm married, I'm... what? A responsibility?