

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The air in the room is thick with tension as CHIMA, a frustrated and weary teenager, confronts his mother, MRS. OKAFOR, who has been using his generation as a point of contention.

CHIMA:

(voice strained)

You keep wielding this "Gen Zee" label against me, as if it's my fault I was born when I was. Every move I make, every demand I have, you see it as some kind of disrespect or entitlement. But that's not fair. I know pain; it's not some foreign concept to me. It's right here, staring at me.

MRS. OKAFOR:

(defensively)

Chima, you're exaggerating. I never said you don't know pain.

CHIMA:

(frustrated)

But you imply it with every argument. And let's be honest, I don't wish you harm, but sometimes I wonder if I'd be better off without you.

MRS. OKAFOR:

(hurt)

Chima, I'm your mother. I do my best for you and your sisters.

CHIMA:

(resolute)

I have four sisters and four stepdads, Mom. Can you blame me for not wanting to come home on Sundays or meet another man I don't even know? I want to be a good son, like Samuel from the Bible, but you're no Samuel's mom. You make it hard.