

## The Break Up

Seeing each other for the first time since the incident, Omara and Derek give half-smiles to each other before sitting down.

“So...” Derek says as he stares deeply in Omara’s dead eyes.

“So, are we drag this out like a season of Scandal, or are we going to cut to the chase,” Omara asks as she folded arms.

Derek opens his mouth like a river as the truth flows out of him, “I admit that what happened between Valarie and myself was wrong. And I’m sorry that it made you feel this way.”

“That’s a start,” Omara states losing up her hardened stance.

“But...” Derek stutters knowing this will start an unholy war.

Omara snarls, “But what?”

Derek hesitated before answering “But we’ve been having problems for a minute. Like, even before Valarie entered the picture.”

“Problems? What problems? Enlighten me, Mr. Stratford,” Omara says in a sarcastic tone.

“The manipulation. The control. Your quick-temper. Your nasty attitude. The power trips. You’re a little much for someone like me,” Derek answers with a lump in his throat.

Omara's eyes tear up. "Am I really that bad? I can be better. Plus, our future is so bright. We can be Edison's answer to Barack and Michelle. Don't you want that?"

"There you go. The obsession with image. Status. Perfection. You. Your girls. The pageantry. You don't want a relationship. You want be a Jay and Bey, and baby, that's draining. That's why we need to let this all go. You understand?" Derek sounds exhausted.

"Fine," screams Omara, startling other patrons in the restaurant. "If you can better than moi, go ahead. Just remember you and that hillbilly will never have a moment's rest while I'm around."

She pushes away from the table, stands up, and storms off. As she walks out the door, she gives Derek a cutting look.

