Mary's ex-husband, BLAKE, an edgy, disheveled, unstable, white man in his mid-twenties, pushes through the doorway.

Shocked and grim-faced, Mary retreats a couple steps to the stairs behind her; Blake moves with her, crowding her, opening the door all the way.

He holds out a dozen roses; smiling wildly. The flowers shield her pregnancy.

 BLAKE

 Happy Valentine's Day!

Blake shakes the roses, cheerfully, extending them to Mary.

 BLAKE

 Take 'em.

 MARY

 Get away from me!

 BLAKE

 Still love you, Mary.

 MARY

 Want to go back to jail?

Blake inches toward her, separated only by the flowers; he leans in to kiss her; she turns her face away.

 BLAKE

 (whispering)

 I'll be good.

Mary swats the roses; they scatter on the floor around their feet.

Blake stares down at his ex-wife's swollen belly. His face scrunches into a horrific scowl. His twisted look darts from her belly to her face.

She stares back frozen, terrified.

Michael and Sienna appear at the top of the stairs; they stop when they see Mary and Blake.

 MICHAEL

 (seriously)

 What's going on?

Blake and Mary look upstairs simultaneously, aggressively and helplessly, respectively.

Sienna, dressed in cute pajamas, shies away from Blake's angry gaze; she slides behind and hugs Michael's leg, peeking out nervously at the stranger.

 BLAKE

 Hey, Sienna -- It's me -- Daddy.

Sienna clings more tightly to Michael's leg, staring down anxiously, wide-eyed.

Blake, smiling oddly, stretches his arms out, inviting his daughter to come down to him.

 BLAKE

 Come give me a big hug.