Mary's husband, Michael, a conservative, African American man in his mid-twenties, wearing a dress shirt, tie, nice slacks and loafers snuggles up behind her.

He wraps both arms around her, rubs her belly, and nuzzles his nose by her neck, breathing deeply, with his eyes closed.

 MICHAEL

 Smells good.

Mary smiles, eases her face next to his as he pulls her more tightly against his body.

 MARY

 Me or the pancakes?

Michael's face presses against her neck, his eyes still closed, breathing her in.

 MICHAEL

 Uh, huh.

The pancakes bubble; Mary flips them over.

She spins around in his arms, beaming. They look into each other's eyes and kiss.

Their biracial daughter, SIENNA, a pretty, shy, six year old yells out from a room upstairs.

 SIENNA (O.S.)

 Dad!

Michael pulls away from his wife, smiling at her.

 MICHAEL

 (sincerely)

 I'm so lucky.

She slaps him playfully with her free hand, abruptly on his chest, startling him.

 MARY

 Damn right!

 SIENNA (O.S.)

 (whines)

 Da-aaaaad.

He wiggles in close to her again, kissing her neck.

 MARY

 (laughing)

 Get your daughter.

 MICHAEL

 But I miss you.

 SIENNA (O.S.)

 (screaming, impatiently)

 Daddy!!

 MARY

 Daddy.

 MICHAEL

 (toward the stairs)

 Coming, Sweetie.

Michael hustles out of the kitchen and up the stairs; Mary grabs the spatula and flips the pancakes onto a plate.