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Nina Dallas is three or four years old, smiling at the camera as it comes into focus.

Tom Wreke is holding her- in his military fatigues. His brown hair is buzzed short- and Nina turns to look at him, slapping at the side of his head with her open palm.

Tom laughs in surprise- nearly dropping her, but he manages to keep a hold.

**NINA DALLAS**

Toto...

**TOM WREKE**

Yes, honey?

**NINA DALLAS**

Your fluffy's gone.

Nina rubs her palms over the shorn hair, and Tom's laughing. He kisses her on the palm.

**TOM WREKE**

I got a haircut, yes.

Nina frowns, before pulling on the strap of her birthday party hat- the pink ribbon tied onto the white elastic band a little crooked. Tom adjusts it for her, with one gentle finger. Nina's voice is petulant, bordering on the edge of whining. She crosses her arms, pouting.

**NINA DALLAS**

But I like you when you're fluffy.

Tom chuckles. His voice is teasing, light.

**TOM WREKE**

Do you still like me, even when I'm not fluffy?

Nina ponders that for a minute, one chubby little hand touching her mouth in thought. She nods eventually, before leaning in to kiss him on the cheek.

**NINA DALLAS**

Yes, because I wuv you.

Tom smiles, kissing her gently on the crown of her head, avoiding her birthday hat carefully.

**TOM WREKE**

I 'wuv' you too, sweetheart.

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Tom has his arm around a man with a shocking resemblance to him- though his hair is much longer, dark curls brushing down against his shoulders.

He lets go when another man appears- only his light blue poplin shirt and black slacks visible, as Charles tilts his head up to kiss him.

Tom picks up a knife, cutting a slice of white and pink frosted cake- putting it on a little paper plate.

He scrapes the side of the knife against the edge of the plate, a little pile of frosting and cake crumbs accumulating in a pile.

Charles ties his hair up with- the pink ribbon, from Nina's birthday party hat. She's clinging to his leg, and he smiles down at her with warm eyes.

**NINA DALLAS**

Carry me!

**CHARLES DALLAS**

Of course, baby.

Charles leans down to scoop up Nina.

Tom offers her a forkful of cake- to which Nina promptly grabs a hold of the fork in her tiny fist, and chomps down on it.

Mercifully, she avoids biting into the tines, drawing back grinning.

**NINA DALLAS**

Thank you Toto.

**TOM WREKE**

No problem, princess.

**NINA DALLAS**

It was yummy.

**TOM WREKE**

I'm glad you like your cake! Your daddy Daryl made it just for you-  
all by himself. Isn't that special?

**NINA DALLAS**

A-huh. Because I'm special.

**TOM WREKE**

You certainly are! One very special little girl.

**NINA DALLAS**

And everyone loves me soooo much.

**TOM WREKE**

You've got that right, kid.

Charles is smiling fondly as he watches the two of them interact. He  
kisses Nina on the cheek, and she laughs.

**CHARLES DALLAS**

We should get a family portrait!

The camera swivels- being handed off to someone else, capturing high  
heels and long, pale legs for a moment. It clicks, refocusing on the  
three men in front of the photographer. Charles is cuddling Nina  
close, Tom with his arm around his brother's shoulders, and the last  
man- presumably Daryl, with black hair and long eyelashes, sliding his  
arm around Charles' waist. They're scrunched up close, as if to fit  
into frame- or just enjoying the closeness. All of them are wearing  
party hats- even Tom's found himself with one, light blue with silver  
stars and polka dots spattered across the surface.

They grin at the camera, Nina blowing it a kiss, before waving.

**NINA DALLAS**

Bye bye! See you next time!

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