

KIM. No.

MATRON. We don't need your charts. You are the best proof we will ever need.

KIM. Carl loves me.

MATRON. Carl hates you. He always did.

(CARL enters with a present behind his back.)

CARL. Shut your eyes.

KIM. Oh come on.

CARL. Do it, or you won't see.

KIM. That makes no sense at all.

CARL. Kimmie.

(She shuts her eyes.)

CARL. No peeking. I mean it, I'll get so angry. Hands out. Okay. Are you ready?

KIM. What is it?

(He has a ring on a necklace. Places it in her hands.)

CARL. Open.

(She opens her eyes.)

KIM. Oh. Oh my. Oh.

CARL. It's yours.

KIM. I can't take that.

CARL. I want you to. Wear it. Please.

KIM. I can't take this, it's your dad's!

CARL. No. It's mine. When he died, he gave it to me. Look: it's encoded, see, you need a microscope to read it all, but you can tell.

KIM. It's him.