

CARL. Just the paperwork, it was a formality, come on Kim, don't look at me like that. Please. God, it's hot in here, can't they turn down the climate?

KIM. I like it warm.

CARL. The synthetics don't do well in this heat.

KIM. So, where were you placed?

CARL. Harvard Genetic. It figures, all the signs were there.

KIM. You love making species.

CARL. Just for fun, yeah, little ones. You know what they say, little things give it away. The aptitude. I'm so sorry.

KIM. Why? I'm flawless, remember?

CARL. Have your parents asked for a retest?

KIM. We're not talking.

CARL. Oh.

KIM. Well, my father a little, but my mother wants me dead.

CARL. She does not.

KIM. Worse than dead. Nonexistent. I'm kind of a random number to her.

CARL. You are not. Don't say that. She loves you.

KIM. Here's your ring.

*(She sets down the ring, goes.)*

*(A dark room. Kim's FATHER stands before a committee. He's extremely nervous.)*

FATHER. I just really, really wish to thank you all. For taking this time. It's an honor, it is, to stand before you. The entire board, and don't think I'm not grateful, I am, I am. This is awkward—I believe in the system, it's fair, I'm not asking for—if we could just resubmit her data—hear me out, please, don't get up, don't get up! She's my child. She's bright, loving, witty, precise. If you met her, you'd see that. Her mother and I were matched, going back three generations,