

it's all precise, both sequences. You've got the file, I've brought a copy, won't you take it? You'll see, going back eighty years, all forebears, there's no deviation. Just think about it, don't decide this moment, you don't have to say a thing, just, please. She's my gem.

*(Morning. A mirror. Kim's MOTHER dresses her.)*

**MOTHER.** A scarf, you need a scarf, red or pink.

**KIM.** Mother. It's ninety degrees out.

**MOTHER.** How about silk? Kimmy, it's your big day. A silk scarf isn't that hot.

**KIM.** Real silk?

**MOTHER.** Of course not, you'd sweat. Here, this one is nano engineered, see, it's weightless.

**KIM.** It's nice. Feels real.

**MOTHER.** It is real, don't be imprecise. Now, let me look at you. Oh my gracious. My little Kim is grown up.

**KIM.** Please.

**MOTHER.** Why shouldn't I gush? This is your day! Charles, Charles, come look at this!

*(FATHER enters.)*

**FATHER.** Well, well, well.

*(He exits.)*

**MOTHER.** Your father is useless, don't mind him. You look stunning. Without flaw.

**KIM.** I don't want to go.

**MOTHER.** Come here. Let me kiss you. This is the last time you'll be my little girl. The very last time I can hug my little baby. Because after today, everything is different. After today you're a person.

**KIM.** Don't cry. Stop.

**MOTHER.** I'm sorry. It reminds me. Of my day.

**KIM.** Mother. If I don't go. Would you be mad?