

(A second hand goes up.)

ASSISTANT. Disrespect for authority. Arrogance.

MATRON. No! Could that be you? Of course it's you! It was true the moment your parents met! When each of you was born, it was decided. No. When you were conceived. This room, my face, the faces around you, it was all determined.

AMANDA. This is garbage.

MATRON. Thank you, Amanda. You're free to go. Joke! All your friends are away at college, and you're here, forever, because we got it wrong? Well, self delusion is in your file.

KIM. I don't belong here.

MATRON. Who said that?

ASSISTANT. Myers, Kimberly. Defiance. Ambition. Excessive creative drive.

MATRON. Ah. Kimberly Myers. Scribbled poetry. Walks in the park. Am I close?

(MATRON picks up Kimberly's suitcase.)

MATRON. Let's have a guess, shall we? What's inside?

KIM. Give it back! That's mine!

MATRON. Clothes, toothbrush, study cube? Reasonable, necessary items? Oh no, not with this one!

KIM. Give it to me!

MATRON. No, this one writes poetry. Don't you? On real paper, right out of the twenty first century! Sketchbook, flowers, a boyfriend's face, an illegal pet! Am I right? Tell you what—if I'm wrong, you'll go home. Is that fair?

ASSISTANT. Very fair.

KIM. Give it back, give it back!

MATRON. Let's see if modern science holds up. If I'm wrong—if you have reasonable items in here, a toothbrush, then you'll go.