

Back to college, a good school, it was all a mistake, your mummy misses you. What do you say? Deal?

KIM. Please.

MATRON. Oh oh. Doesn't sound good.

KIM. Don't.

MATRON. I think she may be staying.

KIM. Please.

MATRON. I think science is going to win out.

KIM. Stop!

(MATRON opens the suitcase. Stacks of paper fly out, all over the stage. A silence. MATRON drops the suitcase, smiles, looks around at all the kids.)

MATRON. *(Quietly:)* Welcome home.

(She goes, followed by the ASSISTANT.)

(The park. CARL lies on his stomach, reads one of the poems. KIM lies next to him.)

CARL. This is real paper, isn't it?

KIM. Of course.

CARL. I mean, not gene engineered. From a tree. A real tree.

KIM. Maybe.

CARL. That's so against the rules. Where did you get it?

KIM. My dad. He has connections.

CARL. God, it must be expensive. It feels so different. I can actually tell this was a tree. You know? It smells like trees.

KIM. Do you know what a tree smells like?

CARL. Sure. Like this paper.

KIM. Here.

(She takes the paper, tears it in half.)

