

CARL. Hey! Don't tear it!

KIM. That's what's fun about paper.

CARL. But your poem.

KIM. That one's bad.

CARL. I liked it. Only, I can't really read this, the way you do it by hand.

KIM. It's imprecise.

CARL. Don't say that. I like it. It's so, well, antique.

KIM. People used to write this way.

CARL. People used to get diseases, too.

KIM. You ever go outside?

CARL. Between domes? That's dangerous.

KIM. Why? People used to.

CARL. Sure, but come on, there's mud and stuff out there. You'd get dirty.

KIM. I'd like to. Just to try. Wouldn't you?

CARL. Sure.

KIM. Look, there's a storm out there. See? I think that's rain.

CARL. Rain is so wet.

KIM. Do you think we're matched?

CARL. Sure. I mean, I hope so. I like you.

KIM. Doesn't mean we're matched.

CARL. It's a sign, though.

KIM. What if we're not matched? Would you still see me?

CARL. You shouldn't talk about that.

KIM. I'm just asking. Would you want to?

CARL. We can't know, we shouldn't worry about it. Not now.

---