

KIM. What if they read us, and there's a flaw, a bad pairing, a disease that might come back?

CARL. Hey! This isn't allowed.

KIM. Or no disease, what if it's just a tendency, like too much leadership, or disloyalty, or indecision, what if it's something like that?

CARL. Can we just—look, let's read another poem.

KIM. Would you hate me?

CARL. No. I'd just stop seeing you.

KIM. Oh.

CARL. Come on, that's not going to happen. If we were a bad match, we wouldn't like each other so much. We wouldn't come to the park every day and stare outside. You wouldn't write me poems. On real paper.

KIM. What if I'm a dead pairing?

(He jumps up.)

CARL. I know what you need. An ice cold soy cone. With fruit scent emitters, just like in the old days. Stay here, I'll get it.

(He goes.)

KIM. In the old days they had fruit. Just plain fruit.

(Home. The MOTHER waits, impatient. The FATHER returns.)

MOTHER. Where have you been?

FATHER. A walk, I was just walking.

MOTHER. You went to the committee.

FATHER. I did not.

MOTHER. You promised you wouldn't go.

FATHER. I went for a walk! I told you!

MOTHER. It's illegal to complain.

FATHER. Don't you think I know that? I went for a walk!