

MATRON. No what?

KIM. No ma'am.

MATRON. But you are. You are special. You beat the odds. Less than one hundredth of one percent are declared a genetic catastrophe. Unresponsive to therapy. Resistant to the drug regimen. Billions and billions of people, and only a few ever win. It's like you won the lottery.

KIM. Lottery?

MATRON. Drop it. *(To her ASSISTANT:)* Go ahead.

ASSISTANT. *(Reads.)* Thoughts of suicide negligible. Resentment of authority remains high. Statistical probability of escape attempt is ninety two percent.

MATRON. So. An escapee.

KIM. I didn't do anything!

MATRON. But you would have. And that's a crime. Home? Do you think they want you back there? You're a family tragedy. A ghost. You're going to go back there and fill them with grief?

KIM. The files are wrong!

MATRON. Are they? Then why are you here?

(MATRON gets in her face.)

MATRON. Why do we wait to do the readings? We have the genome at birth. Why bother with schools, why don't we just read everyone at birth and cull the weeds then? Why? To make sure. To have proof. You think you're here because of your genes? Everything about you proves what you are! Everything you've done, said, thought, we gave you eighteen years to prove us wrong, and guess what? We're never wrong!

KIM. I don't belong here!

MATRON. You caused friction between your parents. Brought them to the brink of divorce. You dawdled with poetry instead of learning. You polluted the mind of a young man who deserved better than you!
