

CARL. His entire genome. Three billion base pairs. He had it written out for me, when he got sick. So I'd have every bit of him. Who he was.

KIM. It's written on the ring.

CARL. All of him. His entire sequence. This is my dad. Take it.

KIM. He was more than just this. This isn't him.

CARL. This is who he was.

(A beat. She puts the necklace on.)

CARL. Kim. I know we'll be paired. I can just tell. We're a match. I know it.

(JASMINE enters, holding a stack of wood. She dumps it on the stage, breathing hard.)

JASMINE. Ooh, that is heavy! You want to smell a real tree? This one's seen better days. Here. Sniff!

(JASMINE tosses her a piece of wood.)

KIM. Smells dark. Like rain.

JASMINE. I thought we could steal some, figure out how to make paper. Paper comes from wood, right, somehow? That way you could write.

KIM. They'll know.

JASMINE. We steal stuff all the time! They never find out.

KIM. I thought they knew everything.

JASMINE. You're late, they're asking for you. We got to clear ten more acres, a new dome is going in.

KIM. For us?

JASMINE. In your dreams. Vacation getaway for the committee, that's what I heard. They work ever so hard. They deserve their streams and fish ponds and pretty woods.

KIM. There's already woods here.

JASMINE. These woods aren't precise. Look sharp!