

(The ASSISTANT enters with his clipboard.)

ASSISTANT. You should be working.

JASMINE. We are working, can't you tell? Look at all this timber I brought down. With my bare hands.

ASSISTANT. You did not. Really?

JASMINE. Want me to demonstrate on your skinny little trunk?

(The ASSISTANT leaves quickly. JASMINE shouts after him.)

JASMINE. Can't you tell when I'm joking? Hey! You're not being very precise!

(JASMINE goes to KIM.)

JASMINE. It's not so bad. You're not alone. You won't ever be alone with us.

KIM. Jasmine. What if this is all a lie?

JASMINE. I'd better get back to work.

(JASMINE goes.)

(Home. The FATHER and MOTHER sit together, not looking at each other.)

FATHER. I'm going to—

MOTHER. No.

FATHER. But if there's any chance, at all—

MOTHER. Please don't.

FATHER. At least ask, maybe they'll—

MOTHER. It's not—

FATHER. At least hear me out, I'm a senior executive, that has to count, not that I'd ask them to cheat, just reconsider.

MOTHER. It's not done, it's not done, it's not done!

(Beat.)

MOTHER. The system works, it's a good system, it's, it's—