

FATHER. Fair.

MOTHER. It's very fair, scientific, and it works, there's no crime, no one's unhappy, marriages are, they're very, they're—

FATHER. Good.

MOTHER. Marriages are good, no one marries the wrong person, not ever, it's so—

FATHER. Precise.

MOTHER. It's so precise. That's important. Life should be precise.

FATHER. Yes.

MOTHER. We're blessed. We have a wonderful life. We've been blessed.

*(Beat.)*

FATHER. There's always a chance. That they were wrong. I could ask.

MOTHER. I don't know you. I have no idea who you are.

*(She leaves.)*

*(Outside, cold, JASMINE and KIM huddle together.)*

JASMINE. I went back. All the way home. Walked for two weeks, you know that? You think I could walk two weeks straight, out here, no food, no water, in this weather? I did though. That way. Like I knew which way to go: that way. At night there's stars. Not the holograms, not phony, but real. So cold and bright they hurt your heart, just to look at. Maybe you find water, a stream, not controlled, just goes wherever it feels like going. Maybe there's stuff to eat, if you're not particular. I talked the whole first day. Thought I was talking to myself, keep brave: what's new, how you feeling, how's the day going? Figured out I was talking to my mom. That she was calling me home. I made it. Starved, scared, thirsty, but I found it, my place. Hid outside by the main lock, waited til dark, found a way in. No one was going to stop me, not now. I would have fought a bear at this point. Maybe I did, I was pretty worked up, I might have fought a bear and forgot all about it. Went to my house. Wiped my face, I was a little dirty, I wanted to look good.