

MOTHER. You have to go. This is your day.

(She places a beret on KIM.)

MOTHER. Augmented pigmentation. Catches your mood and gives it back, in color and scent. Someone very smart designed this. Let me breathe you in.

(She takes a deep breath.)

KIM. I smell like fear.

MOTHER. You smell like pride.

KIM. That's you, not me. You're smelling yourself.

(FATHER returns.)

FATHER. The shuttle's here, you should see how they have it decorated! There's flags from all the schools on it! You look nice.

MOTHER. Nice.

FATHER. No, I mean, really, you look, well. Nice.

KIM. Daddy. Don't make me go. I'm scared.

FATHER. Well, here's the thing about that, kid. You can't fail. Cause it's all right there. In every cell of your body. It was there the moment you were born. You know what it's called? Success. Now. Big smile. We'll see you at the party.

(KIM goes. A beat. They drop their smiles.)

MOTHER. I'm ashamed.

FATHER. Shut it.

MOTHER. She gets it from you.

FATHER. I have never been the least touch fearful.

MOTHER. So this comes from me?

FATHER. I won't have you scoffing at my bloodlines.

MOTHER. They're not the best bloodlines. Are they?

FATHER. Are yours?