

(MUSIC CHANGES to what will become recognized as the "Still Life" music, as LIGHTS REVEAL Iris' home. ~~It consists, in total, of a white wooden table with three white chairs. On the table is a simple vase. Nothing else. IRIS arrives home. Just before entering the scene, she stops and rolls her pant legs back down. As she does so, she watches, unseen, as her MOM puts an iris in the vase and sets a steaming cup of cocoa on the table. She pulls IRIS' chair away from the table. She goes to the middle chair and touches it, looks down at it. Then, she moves to her own chair, pulls it away from the table, and sits. She looks at the iris in the vase, admiring it. Note: This is the "Still Life"—the image that IRIS will remember throughout the play. IRIS stares at this picture for a long moment, as the music plays, then she enters.)~~

stare  
here

IRIS. Hi, Mom.

MOM. How was the rain?

IRIS. What rain? (MOM looks at her.) Good. Cold. (MOM smiles. IRIS sits, the cocoa in front of her.) Mom, they asked me to be the Fog Lifter.

MOM (knowing this in advance). I'm very proud of you, Iris.

IRIS. And we saw all the thunder they're bottling up.

MOM. This storm means a lot of extra work for me. A lot of wind to be taught.

IRIS. Why doesn't the wind remember how to whistle?

MOM. The wind has no memory. Just like us if we lost our PastCoats. So every storm, I've got to start from scratch. And, this being a big storm, I've got to teach not only whistling—but howling.

IRIS. Did Dad used to help you? (Silence. MOM stares at her.)

MOM. Yes, in fact, he did.

IRIS. And did you ever help him?

MOM. Iris, I've told you, it's better forgotten, it's better not to think about—

IRIS. Did he leave because of me? (Pause, MOM stares at her.) Because he didn't want to be my dad?

MOM (gently). No.

IRIS. Why, then?

MOM. I wish I knew. On the night of the Great Eclipse he went in search of the moon—but it was so dark, Iris, I'm afraid he lost his way and was captured by that black night. I stood at the door, waiting for him—but all that arrived was the wind... moving through the house, not making a sound. Your dad was gone.

IRIS (moving into the center chair). I know you haven't forgotten him. I know he's still part of your coat. (IRIS touches MOM's coat near her heart.) Please, Mom. Tell me about him. (Silence. MOM looks at her, then speaks, a reverie.)

MOM. Every night he roped the moon. And he pulled it down out of the sky. Then he'd give the signal—(Palm open, fingers spread, arm extended—she raises her hand slowly in front of her.)—to raise the sun into place. That was his job. He was the Day Breaker. (Silence, as IRIS smiles at the memory—then grows more serious.)

IRIS. There's another eclipse tomorrow.

MOM. Yes, there is.  
IRIS. And who will find the moon? (MOM stares at IRIS for a long moment.)