

IRIS. Please? (MATTERNOT hands her the pouch. She attaches it around her waist, or over her shoulder. Then, she looks over at MOM, with some final hope of recognition.) Mom...?

MOM (kindly). I do hope you find her, Iris. Whoever she is. Wherever she's gone. (IRIS looks back at MATTERNOT. He holds out his hand, awaiting the coat. She stares at him. She looks down at her coat. She looks over at her MOM, one final time. She wraps her PastCoat around herself very tightly for a moment... closing her eyes... And then, eyes still closed, she slowly removes her goat and holds it out away from her. A long, mournful gust of wind is heard, as MATTERNOT takes the coat in his arms. He then goes to the table and removes the iris from the vase. The table and chairs are taken away. The sound of wind fades. IRIS' eyes remain closed. The three of them stand there in silence for a moment. Then, finally, MATTERNOT speaks.)

MISTER MATTERNOT (gently). Iris. Open your eyes. (IRIS opens her eyes. He stands before her, speaks kindly.) My name is Mister Mattemnot.

IRIS (pleasantly). Hello.

MISTER MATTERNOT. And this is Miss Overlook.

MISS OVERLOOK [formerly MOM]. Hello, Iris. It's a pleasure to meet you.

IRIS. It's nice to meet you, too. Where are we?

MISTER MATTERNOT. A little girl and her mother once lived here. We came to visit them. But now we're on our way to Great Island.

IRIS. Why's it called that?

MISTER MATTERNOT. Because everything on the island—every single thing—is the BEST of its kind. And you, Iris, will continue that tradition.

IRIS (looking at the pouch). And what's this?

MISS OVERLOOK. That's your pouch, Iris. It belongs to you.

MISTER MATTERNOT. One thing more. (He holds up IRIS' PastCoat.)

IRIS. What a wonderful coat. Is that mine, too?

MISTER MATTERNOT. It belonged to the little girl who lived here. (Testing her.) Would you like it?

IRIS. Really?

MISTER MATTERNOT. She won't be needing it anymore. Would you like to wear it?

IRIS. Is it cold where we're going?

MISTER MATTERNOT. Not at all. The temperature on Great Island is always perfect.

IRIS (simply). Then I won't need it. Thank you, anyway.

MISTER MATTERNOT (smiles). As you wish. (To OVERLOOK.) Miss Overlook, I'll see you on Great Island. (MATTERNOT exits, taking the PastCoat with him. IRIS begins to follow him as OVERLOOK sees something on the ground. She reaches down and picks it up: it is a button from Iris' PastCoat.)

MISS OVERLOOK. Iris? (IRIS stops, turns back to her.) Did you drop this? (She holds up the button.)

IRIS. What is it?

MISS OVERLOOK. It's a button.

IRIS. It must have fallen off that girl's coat.

MISS OVERLOOK (hands IRIS the button). Why don't you hold on to it. Maybe you'll find her in your travels.

IRIS. I'll put it in my pouch.

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