

IRIS. Not perfect at all.  
GROTTO GOOD. Very well. Tell us something you've

done that wasn't perfect. Some day when you did a bad thing. Something from your past, Iris. (The GOODS look at her.) Well? (Silence. IRIS thinks.)  
IRIS. I can't think of anything.

GROTTO GOOD. You see!

IRIS. But, I know I'm not— (The GOODS leave happily, in a flourish, saying—)  
GROTTO GOOD. Enjoy your toys, Iris!

GRETTA GOOD. And if you find anything that is not the

BEST of its kind—

GROTTO GOOD. We'll discard and replace it immediately!

GRETTA GOOD. A great good pleasure to meet you!  
GROTTO GOOD. A great good pleasure, indeed!

*(MUSIC, as LIGHTS PULL DOWN to isolate IRIS near the toy box. The face of the clock remains lit, as well. MISTER OTHERGUY lifts something out of the toy box: a doll encased in glass. On the side of the glass is a small lock. The doll is dressed identically to IRIS. OTHERGUY holds the doll out to IRIS. IRIS looks at him...then takes it from him. She looks at the doll, then tries to open the lock to take the doll from the case—but it won't open.)*

IRIS. It's locked. How can I play with her if she's locked inside?

*(MISTER OTHERGUY simply shrugs and exits. MUSIC builds as IRIS sits on the closed toy box, her hands*

*end  
here*

*pressed against the glass that houses the doll, as the face of the clock grows brighter and brighter. The clock chimes, once. LIGHTS RISE fully on the room, once again, as MISTER MATTERNOT enters.)*

MISTER MATTERNOT. Hello, Iris.  
IRIS. What day is it today?

MISTER MATTERNOT. It's the BEST day of the week—just like it always is.  
IRIS. And how long have I been here?

MISTER MATTERNOT. You've been on Great Island for one month—the BEST month of the year. (IRIS is silent. She takes off her lone shoe and tosses it aside.) Is something wrong? Are you unhappy?  
IRIS. I don't remember being happier and I don't remember being sadder. But there must have been a time when I had someone to play with.

MISTER MATTERNOT. Iris, the Goods have filled your toy box with the finest toys under the— (IRIS finishes his sentence with him, as she goes to the toy box and pulls out the following items as she describes them.)  
IRIS (simultaneous with MATTERNOT). "...finest toys under the sky." Yes, I know—and maybe you'd like to play with them. Would you like to play cards, well... puzzle, well... here's the PIECE.

MISTER MATTERNOT. What is it you want to do, Iris? (She now begins to play "Jacks"—with the ball and the one—very beautiful—jack.)  
IRIS. I want to—I don't know—I want to go fishing.

MISTER MATTERNOT. But the Goods have already caught a fish—a remarkable fish—