

GRETTA GOOD. We expect the garment to be the best of the best.

MEMORY MENDER. Good luck, Iris.

GROTTO GOOD. Off we go, now.

IRIS. Goodbye. ~~(The MEMORY MENDER and HIMTOO are gone.)~~

GRETTA GOOD ~~(happily to MOZART)~~. And now, son, before supper, why don't you play us another note?

*(MOZART stares at her, as LIGHTS SHIFT to a dark, forgotten room on Great Island. All that is required is a dirty old brown table with one chair. Nearby are two other dirty chairs, lying about, broken. MISS OVERLOOK sits at the table. She wears dark clothing, similar to MISTER MATTERNOT, MISTER OTHERGUY, etc. She is busy polishing several dark, dirty pots and pans with a wire brush. It is filthy, tedious work. MATTERNOT enters, carrying a large box. He speaks, off-ciously.)*

MISTER MATTERNOT. Miss Overlook, the supplies for the island have arrived from Nocturno.

MISS OVERLOOK. And the paint I requested? Did it arrive?

MISTER MATTERNOT. Your request was denied by the Goods.

MISS OVERLOOK. I only wanted to give this dark room some light.

MISTER MATTERNOT. There is, however, paint which was ordered by the Goods that—due to a flaw in its creation—will be of no use to them. It was to be thrown into the Tunnel. You're welcome to it.

MISS OVERLOOK. What flaw?

MISTER MATTERNOT. It is white. All of it. Each and every can.

MISS OVERLOOK. Why is that?

MISTER MATTERNOT. An accident in Nocturno. The Color Mixer has died. He fell from his Color Wheel during last night's storm—thrown to the ground by a great rush of wind.

MISS OVERLOOK. That's terrible.

MISTER MATTERNOT. He was given no warning. The wind, it is said, remained perfectly silent as it blew through the town. *(He sets the paint in front of her.)* You're an excellent worker, Miss Overlook. The Goods are pleased with you.

MISS OVERLOOK. I've never even met them.

MISTER MATTERNOT. That is a sign of their satisfaction. *(He starts to leave.)* Have a great good evening.

MISS OVERLOOK. Mister Matternot.

MISTER MATTERNOT. I've work of my own to do, excuse me—

MISS OVERLOOK. You once told me that I'd always lived here and always done this work. Is that true?

MISTER MATTERNOT. That is the word of the Goods.

MISS OVERLOOK. I'm not asking the Goods. I'm asking you. Is it true? Have I truly spent my life in this dark, musty room. Have I never seen the sky, never felt the wind?

MISTER MATTERNOT *(challenging her)*. What sky are you speaking of? What wind do you remember?

MISS OVERLOOK *(a pause as she thinks, then quietly)*.

None. None at all.

MISTER MATTERNOT. Then you have your answer.