MOM. He left something for you, Iris. A leather pouch. He wore it every night while he worked.

IRIS. Why haven't you ever given it to me?

MOM. I was afraid it would make you sad. All these years I've tried to protect you from that.

IRJS (simply). Please don't. Not anymore. (MOM stares at her, then gently touches IRIS' face.)

MOM. You're right. It's time it was yours. (MOM starts to exit, as IRIS lifts her cocoa from the table.) Careful. speaks to MOM offstage.) That's hot. (IRIS nods and sips the cocoa. Then she

IRIS. Sometimes I get mad at him, Mom. Sometimes I I've waited so long for him to come home. wish I could find him and make him tell me why he left.

MAN we saw earlier enters. His name is MISTER MAT-TERNOT.) (MUSIC UNDER, as from the direction MOM exited, the

IRIS. Mom—? MISTER MATTERNOT. Your waiting is over, Iris. (IRIS turns and sees MATTERNOTA You've been selected

MISTER MATTERNOT/You needn't call for your mother. You needn't think of your father, anymore-

IRIS (growing more frightened). What are you doing here? You were lost—you were looking for someone— (MAT-TERNOT approaches IRIS.)

MISTER MATTERNOT. And I've found her

IRIS. But I don't know who you are- (IRIS tries to run off to find her MOM. MATTERNOT stands in her way.)

> IRIS. Yes, but I don't-MISTER MATTERNOT. You're a special girly scared, staring up at MATTERNOT.) told you can find missing things. (IRIS is confused, 'Iris. I'm

MISTER MATTERNOT. And because you've been chosen. you are special,

IRIS. Chosen by whom?

MISTER MATTERNOT. Why, by the rulers of Nocchosen to make the voyage. land without their permission. But you, Iris, have been turno—the Great Goods. No one can travel to Great Is-

IRIS. I don't want to visit Great Island. I want to know what's happened to my month, where did she-?

MISTER MATTERNOT. Listen to me, Iris, you have not to live there. been chosen to visit kréat Island. You have been chosen

RIS. Live there? What are ??

MISTER MATTERNOT. They have, you see, only the have you. You will be their daughter. ment, they have never had a little girl. Now, they will BEST of everything on Great Island-but, until this mo-

IRIS. I don't want to be their daughter! (IRIS runs again in the direction her MOM left.) I belong here with my

crying, holding tightly onto MOM as she speaks.) perately. MOM does not respond at first, but then puts her arms gently around IRIS, sympathetically. IRIS is her PastCoat. IRIS throws her arms around MOM, deslooks the same as before, however, she is not wearing (As IRIS says this, MOM appears and faces her. She