

GRETTA GOOD. We'll be fine, Grotto dear. We've chosen the best of the best.

GROTTO GOOD. But what do they do—these children? That's all I'd like to know. And what if she says something to me? (GRETTA shrugs: "I don't know.") Mister Otherguy? (OTHERGUY shrugs—imitating GRETTA.) Oh, my good.

*(The door flies open quickly, revealing IRIS. She now wears an overlay of clothing which is similar to the Great Goods—elegantly eccentric, very different from her Nocturno attire. She wears one very shiny shoe. GOODS gesture for her to take a step into the room. She does so. She stands stiffly, with a pleasant, forced smile on her face. The clock chimes, once. For a moment, they all just stand and nod at each other. Finally, IRIS turns to GROTTO and speaks in as friendly a way as possible.)*

IRIS. Hello. I'm Iris. What an odd place this is. (GROTTO nods at her for a moment, then turns quickly to OTHERGUY.)

GROTTO GOOD. My good, she said something to me. (OTHERGUY gestures for GROTTO to respond.)

GROTTO looks at IRIS, looks at GRETTA, looks back to IRIS... then finally speaks, smilingly, definitively.) You are a girl.

IRIS. Yes.

GROTTO GOOD (smiling throughout). And now you are here.

IRIS. Yes, I am.

GROTTO GOOD. And I am speaking to you.

IRIS. Yes, you are.

GROTTO GOOD (still smiling). And now I am finished. *(Turns to his wife.)* Gretta?

GRETTA GOOD (walks toward IRIS, calmly). You must forgive my husband. He's never spoken to a little girl before. You are the first one to ever arrive on Great Island.

IRIS. I see.

GRETTA GOOD. But you are welcome here, Iris. More than welcome, you are treasured.

GROTTO GOOD. You will now be the greatest of our goods.

GRETTA GOOD. Have you nothing to say?

IRIS. Umm... thank you...

GRETTA GOOD. And?

IRIS. And where's my other shoe?

GROTTO GOOD. Oh, my.

GRETTA GOOD. You are wearing the finest shoe under the sky. Have you looked at it?

IRIS. Yes, I have, and it's beautiful—maybe the most beautiful shoe I've ever seen but, still, one of them is missing and the one I'm wearing really hurts my foot. Is there another pair I could wear?

GROTTO GOOD. Oh, my.

IRIS. They don't have to be as nice as these—

GROTTO GOOD. Oh, my.

IRIS. Just a little more comfortable, so I can—

GRETTA GOOD. Iris.

IRIS. Yes, Mother Good?

GRETTA GOOD. There are no other shoes for you. We have only what's BEST on this island and to ensure the value and importance of each item, we have only one of everything. *(To OTHERGUY.)* Bring her something to