

drink. (*OTHERGUY nods and brings a goblet, as well as a small, sealed glass container, on a tray to IRIS.*)

IRIS. One of everything—what do you mean?

GROTTO GOOD. Look around, Iris! Everything here is unrivaled in its goodness. Like, for example, our BOOK. Or this—our DRAPE. Or our CHAIR.

IRIS. You only have one chair?

GROTTO GOOD. Isn't it a beauty? (*He brings it to her and insists she sit in it during the following.*)

GRETТА GOOD. So, you see, Iris, that is why you have only one shoe.

IRIS. What happened to its mate?

GROTTO GOOD. It is now in the Tunnel of the Un-Wanted.

GRETТА GOOD (*sees that IRIS' drink is ready*). Oh, here we are. Thirsty?

IRIS. Very. (*OTHERGUY offers IRIS the goblet. She takes it and looks in it—it is empty; OTHERGUY opens the sealed glass container. He tips it over and pours its contents into the goblet: one long, slow, perfect drop of water. The GOODS nod approvingly, as IRIS looks into the goblet.*) What is this?

GROTTO GOOD. It's a perfect raindrop.

IRIS. This is all the water you have?

GRETТА GOOD. It's all we need. For, at daybreak, another perfect drop will arrive. There's a land near here, where they work all night to see to our pleasure each day.

GROTTO GOOD. So, drink up! (*IRIS looks at them, looks at the goblet, then drinks. She, of course, barely tastes it. As she swallows, the GOODS sigh, awfully, blissfully.*)

GRETТА GOOD. Perfect, isn't it?

IRIS. I guess.

GRETТА GOOD. Now, Iris, we've heard you have a gift for finding things. Is that true?

IRIS. I don't know. Maybe. I don't remember finding *anything*.

GROTTO GOOD. You'll help us find PERFECT THINGS for the island, I'm sure. Now, we've prepared the best of the best for you—

IRIS. What exactly do you *do* here?

GRETТА GOOD. We enjoy our goods in the greatest of ways.

IRIS. Don't you work?

GROTTO GOOD. Certainly not.

GRETТА GOOD. But we are ever on the lookout for flaws. We mustn't let anything that is not the BEST invade Great Island. (*GRETТА sees the pouch which IRIS wears.*) Like this for example. What is the meaning of this old pouch?

GROTTO GOOD. And what's inside?

IRIS. A button. It belongs to a little girl I'm looking for.

GROTTO GOOD. There are no other girls, Iris. You're the only one here.

GRETТА GOOD. Mister Otherguy, show Iris her toy box. (*OTHERGUY raises the lid of the toy box, as IRIS continues to stare at GROTTO.*)

IRIS. There's no one else to play with?

GRETТА GOOD. We're still searching for a little boy.

IRIS. You brought me here because you think I'm perfect?

GROTTO GOOD. Of course we did.

IRIS. I'm not perfect.

GRETТА GOOD (*after a quick look at GROTTO*). Really?