

at each other.) It's a song I work on at night. Only at night. (With one finger, he plays the first few phrases of the Serenade in G—the Allegro movement from "Eine kleine Nachtmusik." He stops—abruptly—one note prior to completing the second phrase. He looks back at them.) But, that's it. I can't seem to finish it, because when the sun rises... the melody vanishes. If only I could stop time—if only I could find a way to make the sun wait just a few seconds more before rising—I think the song would come to me.

ANNABEL LEE. I know that feeling. Something just out of reach, like my ship— (IRIS removes the button from her pouch and shows it to them.)

IRIS. Like when I hold this button in my hand. (She closes her eyes, as the "Still Life" is illuminated once again. The MUSIC which accompanied it plays softly, under, as IRIS describes it.) There is a table. And on the table, a vase. And in the vase, an iris.

MOZART. Is it a memory?

IRIS. I'm not sure. This button belonged to a little girl. If I can find her, maybe she'll tell me. (The "Still Life" vanishes. The MUSIC FADES.)

ANNABEL LEE. Is she on this island?

IRIS. I've looked everywhere—and I've found a lot of things for the Great Goods and I found the two of you—but I can't find that little girl.

MOZART (as he searches once again for the final note of his melody). If she's that elusive, she must be worth the search. Like a melody which hovers in the ether—anonymous and unknown—until it is captured and rendered unforgettable.

IRIS (looking at MOZART's tiny piano). That's it.

ANNABEL LEE. What? (IRIS approaches MOZART and points to something on his piano.)

IRIS. May I see that note?

MOZART. That is not, technically, a note. It is rather a key.

IRIS. Then, it's perfect. May I have it?

MOZART. Have it?

IRIS. Just for a moment—yes.

ANNABEL LEE. Iris, what are you—

MOZART. But I may need it. It may be part of the melody I'm searching for—

IRIS (pointing to another one). Then give me that one—or that one—or that one. Surely you can do without one of your notes. (MOZART looks at her, then chooses a key from the piano and hands her the thin, ivory top of it, saying—)

MOZART (reluctantly). Here. (A reprimand.) And, as I said, it is not, technically, called a note. It is—rather— (IRIS inserts the piano key into ANNABEL LEE's lock, and frees her from the chain, saying—)

IRIS.—a key.

ANNABEL LEE (happily tossing the chain aside). Thank you, Iris! And thank you, Motes! Now, if we find my ship, we can go in search of that little girl.

MOZART. Did you say "ship"?

ANNABEL LEE. Yes.

MOZART. As in wood which floats precariously over deep, freezing water?

ANNABEL LEE. Yes.

MOZART (moving away). Could you point me to Vienna?

ANNABEL LEE. Are you afraid of the water?

MOZART (taking his "key" back from IRIS). I prefer to be anchored to a piano bench.