

ANNABEL LEE. But water is like a rush of music—it is the common language of the world. (To IRIS.) Isn't that right, Iris?

IRIS. Well, I don't remember if—

ANNABEL LEE. When you're on the water, your heart pounds with delight. And your past is a tide which crashes inside and you speak aloud the story of your life. (To IRIS.) Isn't that so, Iris? (Silence. IRIS stares at ANNABEL LEE.)

IRIS. I can't say.

ANNABEL LEE. But, Iris—

IRIS. I have no story to tell.

MOZART. But what about your past? What's the first thing you remember?

IRIS. The face of Mister Matternot. A woman standing with him. And this button.

ANNABEL LEE. And that's all?

IRIS. That's all. (A huge crash of thunder/crack of lightning, followed by the SOUND of rain. IRIS, ANNABEL LEE and MOZART stare at the sky in wonder.)

MOZART. Look at that.

ANNABEL LEE. I've never seen the sky that color. What would you call that?

IRIS. Stormy sky blue-black.

ANNABEL LEE. It's so lovely.

MOZART. And so... wet. (IRIS and ANNABEL LEE are about to playfully grab MOZART and push him toward the water, as a VOICE is heard, nearby.)

VOICE OF MISTER MATTERNOT. IRIS? IRIS, IS THAT YOU? (They freeze. ANNABEL LEE and MOZART turn to IRIS.)

MOZART (whispers). Who's that?

*and  
well*

IRIS (whispers). They'll take me back to the Great Goods. ANNABEL LEE. Hide, Iris. We'll take care of it. MOZART. We will?

(ANNABEL LEE gestures for MOZART—still wearing his piano—to run offstage. She then exits, opposite IRIS hides behind the large shell, as MISTER MATTERNOT and MISTER OTHERGUY rush on, looking around.)

MISTER OTHERGUY. I heard her voice. I know I did.

MISTER MATTERNOT (coddling out). THE GOODS ARE VERY DISPLEASED WITH YOU, IRIS. (No response.) If

you don't let me bring you home, I'm afraid they'll punish you. They'll throw you into the Tunnel of the Un-Wanted and you'll never be found again. (No response.)

IRIS? (OTHERGUY realizes IRIS must be behind the shell. He signals to MATTERNOT and they begin to approach the shell, slowly, from either side. As they are about to look behind it and find IRIS, a VOICE comes from a distant place, offstage.)

VOICE OF ANNABEL LEE. Here I am! (MATTERNOT and OTHERGUY turn in the direction of the VOICE. IRIS too, peeks up—briefly—from behind the shell.)

MISTER OTHERGUY. Over there! (MATTERNOT and OTHERGUY start to rush off in the direction of the VOICE, as a PIANO plays a quick phrase of MUSIC from a distant place, offstage, opposite. MATTERNOT and OTHERGUY stop, turn in the direction of the piano.)

MISTER MATTERNOT. What was that? (As MATTERNOT and OTHERGUY start to rush off in the direction of the PIANO, the VOICE OF ANNABEL LEE calling "Here I am!" and the phrase of Mozart MUSIC begin to repeat