

MISS OVERLOOK. But I've dreamt of such things. And my dreams hold a picture—a picture of a family, a house, a table set for three.

MISTER MATTERNOT. I am a worker, Miss Overlook. I do not dote on wishes and dreams. Nor should you. Be thankful for the *generosity* of the Goods—that they have provided you with a room and a function. Better that than to be thrown into the Tunnel—the home of the angry, forgotten, unremarkable things. At least you and I are *needed* here. (*She stares at him... and then nods.*) You have the paint you requested. But as for seeing the sky, don't think of it again.

well
(MISTER MATTERNOT turns to leave, just as IRIS and MOZART appear at the entrance to the room.)

MISTER MATTERNOT. What are you doing here?

IRIS. We were just...

MOZART. ... *looking*.

MISTER MATTERNOT. For what?

IRIS. For the way to the Tunnel—(*Stops.*)

MISTER MATTERNOT. The way to the what?

MOZART. *Cocoa*. The way to the cocoa.

IRIS. Yes.

MOZART. Is it through here?

MISTER MATTERNOT. I'll have Miss Overlook find you some cocoa.

MISS OVERLOOK. I'd be happy to.

MISTER MATTERNOT. This room is not for the children of the Goods, it is for workers.

MISS OVERLOOK (*to IRIS*). Did you ever find your mother? Your name is Iris, isn't it?

IRIS. Yes.

MISS OVERLOOK. I met you once. You were looking for your mother.

MISTER MATTERNOT. And she found her. The Goods are her parents. Now, it's time to—

IRIS (*opens her pouch and removes the button*). I just remembered, you gave me this button. It had fallen off a little girl's coat. It's my oldest memory.

MISS OVERLOOK. I remember that as well. And you put the button in your pouch.

IRIS. Yes—(MATTERNOT removes one of his gloves and reaches out his hand toward the button.)

MISTER MATTERNOT. It's time you gave me that, Iris. It doesn't belong to you.

IRIS. But, it's my—

MISTER MATTERNOT. I'll return it for you.

IRIS. Do you know/where that little girl is?

MISTER MATTERNOT. Yes, I do.

IRIS. Then, why won't you tell me?

MOZART. We needn't ask his help, Iris. If we find that coat, we'll find her. (*IRIS puts the button back in her pouch.*)

MISTER MATTERNOT. Who told you that?

MOZART. My tailor, if you must know.

MISTER MATTERNOT. Enough, now. There is to be no more discussion of coats and button and—

MISS OVERLOOK. But you were there, Mister Matternot. I remember that as well. You were there the day it happened.

MISTER MATTERNOT (*forcefully*). Do you not know what can happen to you? (*He points in a specific direction—which IRIS and MOZART observe.*) Do you not