

MRS. PAROO

Well, Winthrop, Amaryllis asked you to her party. Are you goin' or aren't you?

WINTHROP

No.

MRS. PAROO

No what?

WINTHROP

No, thank you.

MRS. PAROO

You know the little girl's name.

AMARYLLIS

He won't say Amaryllis because of the "s" because of his lisp. He's ashamed.

MRS. PAROO

We know all about his lisp, Amaryllis. Well, Winthrop.

AMARYLLIS

I'll bet he won't say it.

(Tiptoeing closer to WINTHROP, SHE tries to peer into his face)

WINTHROP

No thank you, Amaryllith.

(AMARYLLIS hops up and down giggling gleefully)

AMARYLLIS

Amaryllith - Amaryllith.

(SHE moves closer to WINTHROP, stoops and looks up into his face as HE continues to stare at his feet. She turns to MRS. PAROO with surprise)

He's crying.

Start

— *(WINTHROP bolts out of the room. MRS. PAROO follows him)*

Why does he get so mad at people - just because he lisps?

MARIAN

It's not only because he lisps. That's just part of it, Amaryllis.

AMARYLLIS

What's the other part?

MARIAN

Never mind, dear. It's just that he never talks very much.

AMARYLLIS

Not even to you and your mother?

MARIAN

No, dear. We all have to be a little patient.

AMARYLLIS

I'm patient. Even though he doesn't ever talk to me — but I do him — every night — I say goodnight to him on the evening star. You have to do it the very second you see it, too, or it doesn't count. "Goodnight, my Winthrop, goodnight. Sleep tight."

(Starts to cry)

MARIAN

There, darling, don't cry, you have lots of time.
If not Winthrop, there'll be someone else.

AMARYLLIS

Never! I'll end up an old maid like you.

(Catches herself)

I'm sorry, Miss Marian. Can I play my cross-hand piece?

MARIAN

May I play my —

AMARYLLIS

May I play my cross-hand piece?

MARIAN

You may.

AMARYLLIS

See, without a sweetheart you have no one to say goodnight to on the evening star.

MARIAN

I know, Amaryllis. For the time being just say goodnight my — someone. You can put the name in when the right someone comes along.

AMARYLLIS

All right. It's better than nothing.

...n't you?

...shamed.

...o his face as HE
...ith surprise)

...him)

MARIAN

Yes it is... now you can play your cross-hand piece.

AMARYLLIS

(Settling herself)

Stop

Now I *may* play my cross-hand piece.

8 - *Goodnight, My Someone*

(Marian, Amaryllis)

(As AMARYLLIS plays, MARIAN goes to window. The TRAVELLER closes in leaving her in the window, looking at evening star)

MARIAN

GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE,
GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE.
SLEEP TIGHT, MY SOMEONE,
SLEEP TIGHT, MY LOVE.
OUR STAR IS SHINING
ITS BRIGHTEST LIGHT
FOR GOODNIGHT, MY LOVE,
FOR GOODNIGHT.

SWEET DREAMS BE YOURS, DEAR,
IF DREAMS THERE BE;
SWEET DREAMS TO CARRY YOU
CLOSE TO ME.
I WISH THEY MAY,
AND I WISH THEY MIGHT.
NOW GOODNIGHT, MY SOMEONE,
GOODNIGHT.
TRUE LOVE CAN BE WHISPERED
FROM HEART TO HEART,
WHEN LOVERS ARE PARTED, THEY SAY.
BUT I MUST DEPEND ON A WISH AND A STAR,
AS LONG AS MY HEART
DOESN'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE.

SWEET DREAMS BE YOURS, DEAR,
IF DREAMS THERE BE.
SWEET DREAMS TO CARRY YOU
CLOSE TO ME.