

1-4-24

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.

(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, good-
night. Sleep tight."

(SHE 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.

(SHE catches herself)

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