

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.