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# Little Women

By Louisa May Alcott

- So you're going to Washington?

- Yes, ma'am.

My son is sick in a hospital there.

This will be an anxious Christmas for you.

I think this one will do. Let's try this.

- Is it your only son?

- No, ma'am.

I had four, but two were killed  
and one is a prisoner.

You've done a great deal  
for your country, sir.

Not a mite more than I ought, ma'am.

I'd go myself if I was any use.

Thank you for the overcoat.

Wait a minute.

I hope you find him better.

Thank you, ma'am. God bless you.

Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas.

Mrs. March,

will you sign this so I can get it off?

Why, what's the matter?

When I see things like that poor old man...

...it makes me ashamed

to think how little I do.

But, my dear, you're doing all you can here,  
and your husband is there.

Yes, I know.

His last son is lying ill, miles away...

...waiting to say goodbye to him,  
forever perhaps...

...while I have my four girls to comfort me.

And a real comfort they are, too,  
aren't they?

I couldn't bear it without them.

- Meg and Jo are working, you know?

- Yes?

Meg is a nursery governess.

- Merry Christmas.

- Merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas.

Remember, Lily,

Santa Claus is watching you.

Come on, Tony.

"We know as well,  
what are the baneful fruits of selfishness...  
"...and self-indulgence.  
Bad habits take root with fearful rapidity...  
"...even in the richest natures.  
"They grow...  
"...and ripen and bear their fruit...  
"...like southern vines and weeds...  
"...almost...  
"...in a single day and night.  
"Crush them, pluck them out pitilessly  
from their very first appearance...  
"...and do not weary...  
"...of the labor of plucking them out...  
"...again and again."

Goodbye, goodbye!

Hold your tongue,  
you disrespectful old bird!

Go on, Josephine.

Josephine!

Where are you off to, Miss?

I didn't think you'd mind.

It was nearly time to leave  
and the girls said they'd be home early...  
...so we could rehearse my play  
for Christmas.

Never a thought about my Christmas.

Flying off without a word of cheer  
or greeting for your poor old aunt.

I'm sorry, Aunt March.

- Merry Christmas.

- Merry Christmas.

Here.

It's a dollar for each. Well, take them.

Thank you, Aunty.

Never mind thanking me.

Just spend it wisely, that's all I ask.

Although it's more than I can expect  
when you're so much like your father...

...waltzing off to war and letting  
other folks look after his family.

There's nobody looking after us.

And we don't ask favors from anybody.

I'm very proud of Father

and you should be, too.

- Don't you be impertinent, Miss.

- I'm sorry, Aunty.

It isn't preachers that are going to win this war. It's fighters!

Yes, Aunty.

- Can I go, now?

- Yeah, go on.

- Did you clean Polly's cage today?

- Yes, Aunty.

Did you wash those teacups and put them away carefully?

Yes, Aunty.

- You didn't break any?

- No, Aunty.

- What about the teaspoons?

- I polished them.

Yes. Very well then.

Wait, just a minute. Come back here.

Look at this. You haven't dusted properly. I want this stair rail dusted and polished before you leave here.

Yes, Aunty.

Higher.

Thank you very much, ladies.

And now I wish you all a very merry Christmas.

Merry Christmas!

School is dismissed.

Amy March! You may close the door.

That'll teach her not to cut up didoes.

- It serves that stuck-up Amy March right.

- What's he going to do to her?

I can see there's nothing for me to do but to stop by and show your mother...

...how instead of doing your sums, you cover your slate with sketches.

And most uncomplimentary sketches.

Please, Mr. Davis, I'll never do it again, sir.

And she'd be so disappointed in me.

Please.

Please.

Well, I should hate to spoil her Christmas...

...and for that reason alone, young lady,

I shall overlook it.

Thank you, Mr. Davis!

You may go.

Thank you, Mr. Davis.

Thank you very much indeed.

Thank you, sir.

Here she is.

- What did he do?

- What did he say?

Come on, tell us. What happened?

I just said that if I ever told my mother  
the way he treated me...

...she'd take me out of his old school.

She's never been "reconciliated" anyway...

...since my father lost his money

and she's had to suffer the "degaridation"...

...of me being thrown in

with a lot of ill-mannered girls...

...who stick their noses

in refined people's business.

Little tiny pussy, I'll tell you a long story.

- Hannah, is it teatime?

- Yes.

- I'll set the table.

- Thank you, Beth.

It'll be a help to me

'cause my bread's raised.

The girls are getting home early.

- Are they coming?

- Just passing the Laurence house.

- Christopher Columbus!

- Jo, don't use such dreadful expressions.

Here comes old Mr. Laurence.

What if he heard you?

I don't care. I like good strong words  
that mean something.

Oh, bother.

Now we're going to have to speak to him.

How do?

It makes my knees chatter

just to look at him.

I feel sorry for that poor boy, shut up alone  
with such an ogre for a grandfather.

- Look, there he is.

- Where?

Don't point, Jo.

He'll think you're waving at him.

He's gone anyway. Well, what if he does?

Jo! Come along, Amy.

- How's my Beth?

- It's cold outside!

Jo just did the most terrible thing.

Beth, come over here.

- He waved at us.

- Is tea ready yet?

Merry Christmas from Aunt March.

- For me?

- Yes, darling, for you.

We got one, too.

- What are you going to do with it, dear?

- I don't know.

Marmee said we ought not  
to spend money for pleasure...

...when our men are suffering so  
in the Army.

A dollar couldn't do the Army much good,  
so I'm going to buy Undine and Sintram.

I've wanted it long enough.

I'm sure Marmee would approve  
if I got some new gloves.

I've darned my old ones  
until I can hardly get them on.

She always says a real lady is known  
by her neat gloves and boots.

I shall get a nice box of Faber's  
drawing pencils. I really need them.

Then I'd like to spend mine  
for some new music...

...that is,  
if you don't think Marmee would mind.

Let's each buy what we want  
and have a little fun.

I'm sure we work hard enough.

I know I do.

It's not the work I mind so much.

It's having to tell Flo King  
how pretty she looks...

...in things I know would look

as well on me.  
What would you do if you were shut up  
all day with an old crosspatch...  
...who flies off the handle  
every move you make?  
Jo, don't use slang.  
Besides, don't forget  
she gave us the dollar.  
I'm sure neither of you suffer as I do.  
You don't have to go  
to that nasty old Davis' school...  
...with impertinent girls who laugh at you  
and "label" your father 'cause he isn't rich.  
"Libel." Don't say "label"  
as if Papa were a pickle bottle.  
I know what I mean  
and you needn't be "statirical" about it.  
It's proper to use good words  
and improve your "vocabilary."  
Aren't we elegant?  
You'd never be thought so with your slang.  
I hope not. I don't want to be elegant.  
- You needn't whistle like a boy.  
- That's why I do it.  
- I detest rude, unladylike girls.  
- And I hate affected, niminy-piminy chicks.  
Birds in their little nests agree.  
Really, you're both to blame.  
You're old enough to leave off boyish tricks  
and behave better, Josephine.  
Now you are so tall and turn up your hair,  
you must remember you're a young lady.  
No, I'm not. And if turning up my hair  
makes me so, I'll wear it down till I'm 100.  
Jo!  
As for you, Amy, your absurd words  
are as bad as Jo's slang.  
Your airs are funny now,  
but you'll grow into an affected goose...  
...unless you take care.  
If Jo is a tomboy and Amy's a goose,  
what am I, please?  
You're a dear and nothing else.  
We're three ungrateful wretches

who don't deserve you.  
Wait until I become a famous author  
and make my fortune.  
Then we'll all ride in fine carriages,  
dressed like Flo King...  
...snubbing Amy's friends and telling  
Aunt March to go to the dickens.  
Let's rehearse.  
We'll start with the fainting scene.  
You're as stiff as a poker in that, Amy.  
Well, I can't help it.  
I've never seen anyone faint...  
...and I don't intend to make myself  
black-and-blue tumbling as flat as you do.  
It's easy if you'll only watch me. Come on.  
- Lf I can drop gracefully, I'll...  
- Now, when I come in...  
...you'll see the horrible look in my eyes  
and you shrink back trembling.  
Go ahead.  
Get into the mood, Amy.  
Now, when I start toward you,  
with wicked intentions...  
Oh, Amy, you...  
...draw back in horror,  
covering your eyes with your hands.  
"Roderigo, Roderigo!  
"Save me, save me!"  
There, now you see? Now, it's easy.  
Now, here I come.  
"Roderigo, Roderigo!  
"Save me, save me!"  
- You were marvelous.  
- That was lovely.  
Glad to find you so merry, my girls.  
- Darling.  
- Marmee.  
- How is your cold, Meg?  
- Much better.  
Beth, dear, kiss me, baby.  
Thank you, Jo. Thank you, dear.  
- You look tired to death, Jo.  
- No, Marmee, I'm not tired.  
- Your slippers are all ready now.



- That's my Bethie, dearie.  
Did you have a hard day, Marmee?  
No, very pleasant, dear.  
But it's good to be home.  
- I have a treat for you.  
- A letter from Father?  
Three cheers for Father.  
"Give them all my dear love and a kiss.  
"Tell them I know they will remember  
all I said to them:  
"That they will be loving children to you...  
"...they will do their duty faithfully,  
fight their bosom enemies bravely...  
"...and conquer themselves so beautifully...  
"...that when I come back to them,  
I may be fonder and prouder than ever...  
"...of my little women."  
I am a selfish girl...  
...but I'll truly try to be better  
and not waste my time in school...  
...so that Father  
may not be disappointed in me.  
I'll try and be what he loves to call me,  
"a little woman"...  
...and not be rough and wild,  
and do my duty here at home...  
...instead of always wanting  
to go to war to help Father.  
I'm not going to be envious anymore,  
if I can help it.  
Now, we'll save the rest till after tea...  
...for it's such a lovely long letter.  
I know everybody must be hungry.  
Let's get something for Marmee  
with our dollar...  
...instead of for ourselves, shall we?  
That's like you, Beth. What shall we get?  
- I'll get her a nice pair of gloves.  
- New slippers, best to be had.  
Some handkerchiefs, all hemmed.  
A beautiful little bottle of cologne.  
She'll like that, and it won't cost much...  
...and then I'll have some left over  
for my pencils.

I've finished with Asia.

And here is Europe.

- Three stitches and you can have Africa.

- Not too long stitches, dear.

If you pass me the scissors,

I'll give you America.

There, you see? You did finish it after all.

You wanted to put it off until tomorrow.

But we never should have

if Jo hadn't made a game of it...

...and thought of talking

of the different countries as we worked.

It was a nice idea, Jo.

Do you remember how you used to play

Pilgrim 's Progress when you were little?

I can see us all now with your ragbags

tied over our backs for burdens.

You have real burdens now,

instead of ragbags.

According to what I heard before tea,

except Beth.

She didn't say. Maybe she hasn't any.

Yes, I have.

Mine is dishes and dusters

and being afraid of people...

...and envying girls with nice pianos.

A piano is a burden.

Good night, my precious.

Good night, Marmee.

- Good night, Jo, my girl.

- Good night, Marmee.

- Good night, darling.

- Good night, my baby.

- Good night, Marmee.

- Good night, Bethie.

- Merry Christmas, Hannah.

- Merry Christmas!

Where's Marmee?

She just went down the street,

but she'll be right back.

She wants you to have your breakfast

when I can get it dished up.

Come round here.

Hide them. Get close.

- Where have you been, Amy?

- What have you been doing?

Don't laugh, Jo.

I only changed the little bottle of cologne...

...for a big one.

I gave all my money to get it.

- Amy.

- Darling.

That was unselfish of you.

You're some pumpkins, Amy.

I felt ashamed, thinking only of myself.

Amy, my prettiest rose.

And I'm so glad,

because mine is the handsomest now.

- Where is Marmee?

- She'll be back any minute. Breakfast!

- Hannah, I'm so hungry.

- Hannah, what is it?

Sausages!

Popovers!

They are my favorites!

Coffee!

Oh, Hannah, you've beat the Dutch.

No need to make such a fuss about it.

I remember when I used to serve it

on your father's table every day.

No?

- Hannah, were we really that rich?

- How was I dressed?

I'd like to tell Jenny Snow

all the pretty clothes I used to wear.

- I can tell her. Diapers!

- Jo!

Two each.

- Isn't this marvelous?

- Look at all the popovers.

She's coming!

Hurry, Beth, strike up.

Amy, open the door.

Come here, Meg. We'll cover these up

and it'll be a surprise.

Enter, Marmee.

- Merry Christmas, Marmee!

- Merry Christmas, my...

Oh, darling!  
Oh, Meg, dear! Thank you!  
And handkerchiefs from Bethie. Thank you.  
Hannah, did you see?  
Amy, my precious, thank you!  
These are from me.  
Jo, my girl.  
Thank you, darlings. Thank you.  
Oh, my girls.  
I can't tell you how happy I am.  
Well, I can tell you how hungry I am.  
Come on, everyone. Pass me those plates.  
- Sit down, Marmee.  
- Marmee, look! Sausages.  
Wait a minute, girls.  
I want to say one word before we begin.  
I've just come from a poor woman  
with a little newborn baby...  
...and six children huddled into one bed  
to keep from freezing, for they have no fire.  
They are suffering cold and hunger.  
My girls, will you give them your breakfast  
as a Christmas present?  
I'm so glad you came back  
before we started.  
I knew you would.  
May I carry some things?  
We shall all go. Take the coffee, Hannah.  
- I'll get some firewood.  
- I'll take the cream.  
I'll take the bread.  
I'll take the popovers.  
Here we are, Mrs. Hummel.  
Gott in Himmel. Good angels come to us.  
Funny angels, in hoods and mittens.  
Do you want some bread to eat?  
Here, I'll give you some bread.  
Strange that Roderigo is not here.  
His note says "promptly on the hour."  
"And why..."  
And why Black Hugo's castle for the tryst?  
I am afraid.  
Who comes here?  
Your Highness, 'tis Mona the hag.

Black Hugo hath betrayed thee.  
I must fly.  
Zara will be waiting.  
My proud beauty!  
She will be mine!  
Black Hugo approaches.  
Withered crone, begone!  
Roderigo, Roderigo!  
Save me, save me!  
And now to carry out my fell design.  
What a fake.  
Well, I told you  
I wasn't going to make myself...  
Have pity. Oh, have pity!  
Bring not upon me the worst of shame!  
Silence, else you'll rue the day  
you spurned Black Hugo's love.  
Make thyself ready for the wedding.  
I shall return within the quarter.  
Ah, me!  
Heaven protect the helpless!  
Zara! My beloved!  
Roderigo, durst I believe my eyes?  
"The pale stars are twinkling  
"The fair moon is rising above  
"My guitar is tinkling  
"But the notes are not sweet  
Till they bring me my love"  
Courage, my fair.  
The good padre waits  
at yonder gate with the horses.  
See, the ladder. All is arranged.  
Liberty! Fly with me.  
Fly with me, my love.  
I will assist you. I will...  
It's all right, everyone.  
Stay where you are.  
Young ladies.  
Will you all please come in to supper?  
Christopher Columbus! What's this?  
Is it fairies?  
- It's Santa Claus?  
- Mother did it?  
- Aunt March had a good fit and sent it?

- All wrong. Mr. Laurence sent it.

- No!

- Who is Mr. Laurence?

The Laurence boy's grandfather.

He lives next door.

He heard what you did

about your breakfast...

...and sent me a nice note...

...saying he hoped I'd allow him to express  
his friendly feeling toward my children...

...and send them a few trifles  
in honor of the day.

The boy put it into his head, I know he did.

He looks like a capital fellow  
and I'm dying to get acquainted.

I'm going to, too.

I wish Father were here.

I'm afraid he isn't having  
such a merry Christmas as we are.

Hello.

How do you do?

I wanted to thank you.

We did have such a good time  
over your nice Christmas present.

What's the matter? Are you sick?

Just a little cold, but grandfather's  
made me stop indoors for a week.

That's too bad.

Can anybody come to see you?

If they would.

Wait, I'll ask Marmee.

Close the window now.

- How do you do, Miss March?

- How do you do, Mr. Laurence?

Mother was so sorry to hear  
that you'd been ill.

My sister, Meg,

sent you some of her blancmange.

It's soft and will slide down easily  
without hurting your throat.

Thank you.

And Beth lent you these until you're well.

I know boys don't like kittens,

but she was so anxious I couldn't refuse.

Maybe they'll help to liven things up.  
It's as dull as tombs over here.  
Won't you come in?  
No, I'm not to stay.  
Please. Just for a few minutes.  
I've ordered tea.  
Christopher Columbus!  
What richness!  
It's just like summer!  
This is marvelous!  
It's so roomy.  
How many, please?  
Two, please. Three.  
How do you like it here after living  
in Europe so long, Mr. Laurence?  
I'm going to Europe.  
- Really? When?  
- I don't know.  
My aunt has rheumatism  
and the doctor thought the baths...  
Not that she hasn't a bath.  
She has a very nice one.  
Did you take any baths  
while you were there?  
- I mean, for rheumatism.  
- No, I'm not troubled with rheumatism.  
Neither am I. But she thought  
that baths wouldn't do me any harm.  
I mean, that is to say, while I was there.  
You see,  
I've always wanted to go to Europe.  
Not for the baths, of course,  
but for my writing.  
You see, my aunt...  
But you don't know Aunt March, do you?  
Well, never mind.  
What were you saying, Mr. Laurence?  
I'm not Mr. Laurence. I'm only Laurie.  
Laurie.  
How do you like it here after Europe?  
It's strange  
after living in schools all my life...  
...but it will be all right  
when I get used to Grandfather.

You know, he...  
Yes, you should have seen him  
before you came.  
- Isn't he a holy terror?  
- You ought to see Aunt March.  
It's too pretty to eat.  
I wish we had things like this over here.  
And I wish...  
It is nice, isn't it?  
My little sister put on the geranium leaves.  
She's very artistic.  
- Amy?  
- Yes. How do you know?  
I often hear you calling to one another...  
...and when I'm alone over here...  
I beg your pardon for being so rude...  
...but sometimes you forget  
to put down the curtains...  
...and when the lamps are lighted,  
it's like looking at a picture...  
...to see you all around the table  
with your mother.  
You always seem to be having  
such good times.  
We'll never draw that curtain anymore.  
And I give you leave  
to look as much as you like.  
I wish instead of just peeping,  
you'd come over and see us.  
We'd have jolly times together.  
Would you let me be in a play?  
I saw some of it the other night.  
That was terrible.  
I want to put on Hamlet  
and do the fencing scene.  
I could play Laertes.  
I took fencing lessons at the academy.  
- Really?  
- Yes, look.  
Look. En garde!  
- Splendid!  
- Here.  
"Come, for the third, Laertes,  
you but dally."



"Say you so? Come on."  
- "Another hit; what say you?"  
- "A touch, a touch, I do confess."  
What is this? What on earth?  
What's going on?  
I don't know, sir.  
"Have at you now!"  
I say...  
- Are you hurt?  
- No.  
- No, nothing ever hurts me.  
- I'm sorry.  
I forgot you were a girl  
and I'm afraid I got a bit too rough.  
What are you talking about?  
I had you bettered if I hadn't slipped.  
That's a good picture of your grandfather.  
He looks pretty grim,  
but I shouldn't be afraid of him.  
Though I can see how his face  
might frighten some people.  
I'll wait upstairs, sir.  
His eyes are kind and I like him  
even though he does bark at you so.  
Thank you, ma'am.  
So you're not afraid of me?  
No, sir, not much.  
But my face will frighten some people?  
- I only said "might."  
- And I bark, do I?  
No, sir, perhaps not all the time.  
But with all that, you like me?  
Yes, sir. I do.  
I do.  
And I like you.  
Grandfather, you should see her fence.  
Come on, let's show him.  
- No. I've been here too long now.  
- I'll see you home.  
No, you stay indoors, young man.  
I shall see Miss March home.  
I want to pay my respects  
to your mother...  
...and thank her for the medicine

she sent my boy.  
I can see it's done him lots of good.  
You get upstairs and do your sums.  
Brooke is waiting for you.  
And see that you behave yourself  
like a gentleman, sir.  
Goodbye, Jo.  
Here they come.  
All dressed up  
and looking as pretty as pictures.  
Amy, how dainty. You look lovely.  
I wish Laurie hadn't asked me to his party.  
I know I shall be frightened.  
You wouldn't want to hurt his feelings  
when he's been so kind.  
Meg, the dress is lovely.  
Thank you, Marmee.  
Jo, you look splendid.  
I feel perfectly miserable with 19 hairpins...  
...all sticking straight into my head,  
but, dear me, let us be elegant or die.  
Does the patch show much?  
It does a little, Marmee.  
But she's going to sit down or else stand  
with her back against the wall.  
Jo, where are your gloves?  
I've stained them, so I'm going without.  
You wear gloves or I don't go.  
I tried to clean them,  
but it only made them look worse.  
I'll carry them  
and hold them crumpled up in one hand.  
- Nobody will see them.  
- Jo!  
I'll tell you.  
We'll each wear one of your nice ones...  
...and carry one of my bad ones,  
then the effect will be fine and easy.  
All right, only be careful of it,  
and don't stretch it.  
And, Jo, dear, do behave nicely  
and don't put your hands behind your back.  
Good night, Marmee.  
Above everything, don't say:

"Christopher Columbus!"...  
...and disgrace us all.  
Hold your tongue, Miss Baby.  
I'll be as prim as I can be and not get into  
any scrapes, if I can help it.  
May I engage you for this dance,  
Miss March?  
No, thank you, I'm not dancing.  
- There's that Kitty Ford.  
- Where?  
There in the pink dress and blue sash.  
I don't see why she's allowed with  
the grownups and I have to stay up here.  
That beautiful piano.  
It's as big as our kitchen.  
What's this? Why aren't you young ladies  
downstairs dancing?  
Mother said we weren't to go down  
with the grownups.  
But can you see anything from here?  
How about you?  
She just likes to listen to the music.  
You just come down with me  
where it's playing.  
- No, sir, please. I...  
- Why not? What's the matter?  
She has an infirmity.  
She's shy.  
I see.  
If it weren't for that,  
she'd be simply "fastidious"...  
...because she plays beautifully.  
She must come and play for me sometime.  
No, she never would.  
It wasn't that I wanted to hear her.  
But that piano down there  
is simply going to ruin for want of use.  
I was hoping one of you young ladies  
would come and practice on it...  
...just to keep it in tune.  
- But if you don't care to come, never mind.  
- Sir.  
We do care. Very, very much.  
So you're the musical one.

I'm Beth. I love it dearly...  
...and I'll come if you're quite sure  
nobody will hear me and be disturbed.  
Not a soul, my child. Not a soul.  
You come, too, young lady...  
...and tell your mother I think  
all her daughters are simply "fastidious."  
Beth, isn't he elegant?  
This is the German, and I'll be hanged  
if I'll let you refuse me all of them.  
Don't you like to dance?  
Yes, I love to dance, but I can't.  
- I mean, I promised I wouldn't.  
- Why?  
- I may as well tell you. You won't tell?  
- Silence to the death.  
You see, I have a bad trick  
of standing in front of the fire...  
...and I scorched my frock  
and I burned this one.  
Where?  
You can laugh if you want to. It is funny.  
I'll tell you how we'll manage.  
There's no one in the hall.  
We could dance there without being seen.  
- You're a trump.  
- And I think you're just perfectly splendid.  
Hello.  
What are you doing up there?  
Come on down.  
No, they can't.  
Have you had refreshments?  
No, thank you, we really don't care for...  
We'll bring some right up. Come on.  
Then when Laurie goes to college,  
what becomes of you?  
I shall turn soldier as soon as he is off.  
I am needed.  
I'm so sorry.  
I mean, I'm so sorry  
for all the mothers and sisters...  
...who have to stay home and worry.  
I have neither and very few friends  
to care whether I live or die.

Laurie and his grandfather  
would care a great deal.  
And we all would be very sorry  
if any harm came to you.  
Would you?  
Here we come.  
Jo!  
Now you've done it!  
- Look at me.  
- It's a shame.  
What a blunderbuss I am.  
What are you going to do?  
I'll ask Marmee.  
Have you two been hiding? I've been  
looking all over the house for you.  
Hannah's here.  
- Is it that late?  
- Time slips away.  
- Good night, Mr. Brooke.  
- Good night, Miss Margaret.  
Miss Margaret?  
- Goodbye. I'm glad you came.  
- We had an elegant time.  
Good night, Amy.  
Good night.  
- Good night, Laurie.  
- Good night, Miss Margaret.  
Laurie!  
Good night, everybody.  
- Don't forget your ice skates tomorrow.  
- I won't.  
- Good night.  
- Good night.  
There, I've done my best.  
If that won't do,  
I'll have to wait until I can do better.  
Why, what are you up to?  
It's a pair of slippers  
I worked for Mr. Laurence.  
He's been so kind about letting me play  
on his beautiful piano.  
I didn't know any other way  
to thank him, Jo.  
- Do you think they're all right?

- They're beautiful.  
And I think you're sweet.  
Hey, isn't that Amy's hair ribbon?  
Yes, but I think  
she was going to throw it away.  
You think?  
You'd better vamoose  
before she catches you.  
Now I'll find out why you come  
to this hole every day.  
Is that why you never have  
any time for me anymore?  
Laurie Laurence, give that to me  
or I'll never speak to you again!  
All right, take it.  
You're a fine one.  
I thought we weren't to have any secrets  
from each other.  
Well, this is altogether different.  
I beg your pardon.  
Of course, it's different. Just like a girl.  
Can't keep an agreement.  
Oh, bilge!  
You'll be sorry.  
I was going to tell you  
something very plummy.  
A secret.  
All about people you know, and such fun.  
- What?  
- Lf I tell you, you must tell me yours.  
- You won't say anything at home?  
- Not a word.  
- You won't tease me about it in private?  
- I never tease. Fire away.  
I sold my story to the Spread Eagle.  
Hurrah for Miss March.  
Hurrah for Miss March!  
The celebrated American authoress!  
I didn't want anyone to know until it's out.  
- Won't it be fun to see it in print?  
- Now, what's yours?  
- I know where Meg's glove is.  
- Is that all?  
- Wait till you hear where it is.

- Where?
- How do you know?
- I saw it.
- Where?
- Pocket.
- All this time?
- Isn't it romantic?

"Romantic"? Rubbish!

I never heard of anything so horrid.

I wish you hadn't told me.

Of all the sickly sentimental...

Why do things always have to change  
just when they're perfect?

Meg always used to tell me everything.

Now she keeps things to herself.

She thinks brown eyes are beautiful  
and John is a lovely name.

He'd better keep away from me  
or I'll tell him what I think of him...

...trying to break up other people's  
happiness and spoil their fun.

It doesn't spoil any fun.

It makes it twice as good.

You'll find out

when someone falls in love with you.

Soft summer day.

Sun setting through the trees.

Your lover's arms stealing around you.

- I'd like to see anybody try it.

- Would you?

I'll get you!

Now I've got you.

Wait!

Look out, look out! Let me in, let me in!

- Hey, look out, Laurie. Don't act like that.

- I'm sorry, Meg.

I'd have beaten her though  
if I hadn't tripped and fell.

You should have seen...

- It's been a most enjoyable afternoon.

- Thank you.

Paying visits has never been  
quite so much fun before.

I hope we may do it again very soon.

Goodbye, Mr. Brooke. Come along, Meg.

- Good afternoon, Mr. Brooke.

- Goodbye, Miss Margaret.

- Good afternoon, Laurie.

- Goodbye, Jo.

- Coming, Laurie?

- All right. See you tomorrow, Jo.

I've never been so embarrassed in my life.

When will you stop

your childish romping ways?

Not until I'm old and stiff,

and have to use a crutch.

Jo!

- Hello, Bethie.

- Hello, Jo.

How's my girl?

There's a surprise.

- Come on and hurry up.

- Come on, Jo.

What is it?

Stop yelling. What is it?

Christopher Columbus!

For me?

Isn't it the most beautiful piano

you've ever seen?

Look, this came with it.

- Quick, read it. See what he says.

- I'll read it.

"To Miss Elizabeth March. Dear Madam."

How elegant.

"I've had many pairs of slippers in my life,

but none that suited me as well as yours.

"I like to pay my debts, so I know

you will allow me to send you something...

"...that belonged

to the little granddaughter I lost.

"With hearty thanks and best wishes...

"...I remain your grateful friend

and humble servant, James Laurence."

Oh, Bethie!

- Isn't he a really sweet old man?

- Look at these lovely brackets.

Look, it opens!

- You'll have to thank him.



- Yes.

I'll go right now.

Well, I wish I may die!

She'd never have gone in her right mind.

Come in.

I came to thank you, sir.

"But when the piece began, the dogs,  
the dames and private ends went mad...

"...and bit the man.

"Around from the neighboring streets  
the wondering neighbors ran...

"...and swore the dog'd lost his wits  
to bite so good a man.

"The wound seemed sore and sad  
to every Christian eye...

"...and while they swore  
the dog was mad..."

Look, Marmee.

Ms. March!

Ms. March. It's one of them  
telegraph things, ma'am.

It's Father.

He's in the hospital.

I must go to Washington at once.

Put those in the corner, dear.

What on earth is keeping Jo?

This is all packed, Marmee.

- I don't believe I've forgotten a thing.

- Thank you, dear.

While I'm away, don't forget the Hummel's.

- We won't.

- We'll do our best, Marmee.

Here we are. Here's some excellent port  
for your husband.

- Thank you. How generous.

- I hope you find this dressing gown useful.

Everything's arranged  
and Brooke will go with you.

There's no need. I'll be fine.

He's all prepared.

He has commissions for me in Washington.

- He'll be of help to you on the journey.

- How thoughtful of you.

It's such a relief to know that Marmee

will have someone to take care of her.  
Thank you, very, very much.  
Not at all, Miss Margaret.  
My kind friend, I can't thank you...  
Laurie's outside with the carriage.  
We'll wait for you.  
The train leaves in an hour.  
Here, ma'am, you'll need this.  
- I couldn't.  
- Please, Marmee, take it.  
Where is Jo?  
- Jo, what kept you?  
- Jo, whatever took you so long?  
Here's the money from Aunt March.  
And there's my contribution.  
\$25. Where did you get it?  
- My dear!  
- It's mine, honestly.  
I only sold what belonged to me.  
Your hair!  
Jo, you shouldn't have done it.  
Aunt March croaked, as she always does,  
when asked for nine pence.  
Marmee, she only sent you  
just money enough for the ticket.  
I knew you would need more...  
...so I happened to be going past  
a barber shop...  
...and I saw some tails of hair  
hanging in the window...  
...with the prices marked on them...  
...and I thought it would do my brain good  
to have my mop cut off.  
And so I did.  
Thank you, dearie.  
Are you ready, Marmee?  
We'll have to hurry to catch...  
Christopher Columbus!  
Well, it's boyish, becoming,  
and easy to keep in order.  
- Marmee, you'll miss your train.  
- Yes, Marmee, come on.  
- Now, girls, go on with your work as usual.  
- We will, Marmee.

Can't we go to the train with you,  
Marmee?

No, I want you all to stay here  
and comfort each other.

Meg, dear, watch over your sisters.

Be patient, Jo.

Jo, don't do anything rash.

Beth, dear, help all you can.

Amy, be obedient.

No, I want you to stay here.

I want to carry away a picture in my mind  
of my brave little women to take to Father.

- Goodbye, my darlings.

- Goodbye, Marmee.

God bless us and keep us all.

Jo, are you awake?

Jo, you're crying.

No, I'm not.

Don't cry, dear.

Father will be all right  
and Mr. Brooke will take care of Marmee.

I'm not crying because of that.

What then?

My hair.

"Yet 'tis whispered that when the gondolas  
glide through those fatal waters...

"...they still run crimson with the blood  
of Lady Viella and her gallant lover...

"...slain by the phantom hand.

"The End."

It gives me the shivers.

I'm pins and needles all over.

It's so exciting and so sad. Who wrote it?

Your sister.

- Really, Jo?

- What?

Let me see.

- And I knew it all the time.

- Isn't that wonderful?

**Here it is:**

Oh, Jo! I can't believe it!

Beth!

Jo's written a story and it's in the paper.

Isn't that marvelous?  
- Really?  
- Look!  
Don't come near me.  
Something's wrong with Beth.  
What is it?  
- I don't know.  
- Where is she?  
In Marmee's cupboard.  
What's wrong? What's going on?  
Darling, what is it?  
Bethie, what is it?  
- What's wrong, Bethie?  
- What is it?  
The baby's dead.  
- What baby?  
- Mrs. Hummel's.  
It died in my lap...  
...before she got back with the doctor, Jo.  
Now, there, there.  
The doctor said it was scarlet fever.  
- Scarlet fever!  
- Hannah!  
You don't think I'll get it, do you, Jo?  
Oh, no, Bethie, of course you won't.  
But Amy must keep away  
'cause she's never had it.  
How does it start, Jo?  
With a sort of a headache and sore throat...  
...and queer feelings all over?  
I don't remember.  
Laurie, give me that doctor's book.  
Jo, I think we'd better get her to bed.  
Come along, Bethie.  
I'll find out what to do.  
- I'll be all right.  
- Of course you'll be all right.  
Here it is.  
Go get Dr. Bangs, will you, Mr. Laurie?  
Have him come over as soon as he can.  
You stay down here, Amy. You're to go off  
to Aunt March's for a spell, just in case.  
I won't! I'll stay right here with Beth.  
Be quiet for once, Amy!

I'm not going to be sent away.  
I advise you to go, Amy.  
Scarlet fever's no joke.  
Well, I don't care!  
I'd rather get scarlet fever and die  
than go to Aunt March's.  
Now, Amy, be a good girl. I'll pop around  
there every day and tell you how Beth is.  
I'll tell you what. Every day,  
I'll come and take you out driving.  
- Well, yes.  
- That's our girl.  
Oh, Bethie, if you should really be ill,  
I'll never forgive myself.  
I let you go to the Hummel's every day  
when I should've gone.  
No, it's my fault.  
I'm the oldest and I should've gone.  
I promised Marmee I'd look after you.  
Don't you think we ought to telegraph her?  
No, we mustn't.  
She can't leave your father and  
it'll only make her all the more anxious.  
Please don't telegraph, Jo.  
Hannah knows just what to do.  
I feel better already.  
If Mrs. March can leave her husband,  
we'd better send for her.  
The girls had the telegram all ready,  
but I wouldn't let them send it.  
And now, the poor lady.  
Oh, Mother.  
What if she shouldn't get here in time?  
Is it that bad?  
She doesn't know me.  
She doesn't look like my Beth.  
How are we going to bear it?  
Mother and Father, they seem so far away.  
I'm here.  
Hold on to me.  
Jo, dear.  
Poor Jo. You're all worn out.  
What does the doctor say?  
We're sending for Marmee.

If she were only here.  
She will be. Grandfather and I got fidgety  
and thought your mother ought to know.  
She'd just never forgive us if Beth...  
Well, if anything happened...  
...so I telegraphed yesterday.  
She'll be here, on the 2:00 train tonight,  
and I'm going to meet her.  
Oh, Laurie! Oh, Marmee!  
I beg your pardon, but you're such a dear.  
I couldn't help flying at you.  
Fly at me again. I rather like it.  
Laurie, you're so silly.  
I'd better go.  
Well, to the railroad station.  
And I shan't spare the horses.  
Bless you, Laurie, bless you.  
If you really want Bethie...  
...please wait until Marmee comes home.  
But, God, please don't...  
...because she's so...  
Please don't.  
If God spares Bethie...  
...I'll love him and serve him all my life.  
If life's as hard as this, I don't see  
how we shall ever get through it.  
What is it? What is it?  
Goodbye, my Bethie.  
Goodbye.  
The fever's turned.  
- She's sleeping naturally.  
- The Lord be praised.  
Marmee's here. She's come.  
It's so wonderful to have Bethie with us.  
Come on, everything's all ready.  
Is she all right?  
She's not very heavy, is she?  
It didn't tire you, did it, dear?  
See the lovely flowers  
Mr. Laurence sent you.  
And my birds.  
I've never been so happy.  
Begging your pardon,  
do the Marches live here?

Wait till she sees what I brought for her.

Father, dear.

Father, is it really you?

I can't believe she's walking.

- Oh, my dear.

- She hasn't walked since she was ill.

Are you expecting someone?

Why, no. What do you mean?

Why can't we stay as we are?

Do you have to go and fall in love...

...and spoil all our peace and fun

and happy times together?

You're not like your old self a bit.

And you're getting so far away from me.

Meg, don't.

Don't go and marry that man.

I don't intend to go and marry any man.

And if you mean Mr. Brooke,

he hasn't asked me.

If he should, I shall merely say

quite calmly and decidedly:

"I'm sorry but I agree with Mother  
that it's too soon."

Oh, Meg! Hurrah for you! You're a trump.

My hair.

Then things will be as they used to be,  
and now that Father's home...

I'll go. I'll get out of the way.

Now don't forget.

If I could only see his face

when you tell him.

Why, Mr. Brooke.

Good day, Miss Margaret.

Won't you come in?

I came to get my umbrella.

That is to see

how your father finds himself today.

Why, he's here in the rack.

I mean, it's very well.

I mean...

I'll tell him you're here.

Oh, please.

Are you afraid of me, Margaret?

How could I be

when you've been so kind to Father?

I only wish I could thank you for it.

You can.

- Shall I tell you how?

- No.

Please don't.

I only want to know

if you care for me a little, Meg.

I love you so much, dear.

Thank you, John.

I agree with Mother, it's too soon.

I'll wait. I don't mind how long

or how hard I have to work...

...if I can only know

I'm to have my reward in the end.

Please, give me a little hope.

I'm afraid I can't.

Do you really mean that?

What's this?

What's he doing here? Get along.

What's going on here? Who is that?

Mr. Brooke.

The Laurence boy's tutor. Then it's true.

He might hear you.

He's been so kind to Father.

Well, he'll be much kinder

if he goes about his own business...

...and leaves you alone. I won't stop.

I'm only thinking of your own good,

Margaret.

You should make a rich match

to help your family.

This rude person has no money,

no position in life.

That doesn't mean he never will have.

So he's counting on my money.

He knows you've got rich relatives.

Aunt March,

how dare you say such a thing.

My John wouldn't marry for money

any more than I would.

I'm not afraid of being poor.

And I know we shall be happy

because John loves me and I love him.



Hoity-toity.

Remember this, young lady:

If you marry this rook or hook or crook,  
he'll take care of you.

Not one penny of my money will he get.

My darling, did you mean it?

I came back for my umbrella  
and I couldn't help hearing.

Then you will give me leave  
to work for you and love you?

Yes, John.

"And there to have given  
and pledged their troth each to the other...

"...and have declared the same by giving  
and receiving a ring and by joining hands...

"...I pronounce that they are man and wife.

"In the name of the Father,  
of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

"Amen."

"God the Father, God the Son...

"...and God the Holy Ghost...

"...bless, preserve and keep you...

"...that ye may so live together  
in this life...

"...that in the world to come  
ye may have life everlasting.

"Amen."

The first kiss for Marmee.

Well, John, you've been a traitor.

I hope you'll take care of her.

You're a lucky fellow, John.

- Goodbye, Amy.

- Goodbye.

Don't mind, Jo.

You've still got me.

I'm not good for much, I know...

...but I'll stand by you...

...all the days of my life.

I know you will.

You don't know

what a comfort you are to me, Laurie.

- Jo...

- No, don't say it.

I will, and you must hear me.

It's no use, Jo.  
You've kept away from me  
ever since I got back from college.  
I studied so hard  
and I graduated with honors, all for you.  
- I know, and I'm so proud of you.  
- Then won't you listen?  
Please.  
I've loved you ever since I've known you.  
I couldn't help it.  
I've tried to show it,  
but you wouldn't let me.  
Now I'm going to make you hear it  
and give me an answer...  
...for I just can't go on so any longer.  
I know I'm not half good enough for you.  
But if you love me,  
you can make me anything you like.  
As though I'd change you, Laurie.  
You should marry some lovely,  
accomplished girl who adores you.  
Someone who would grace  
your beautiful home.  
I shouldn't.  
I loathe elegant society and you like it.  
And you hate my scribbling  
and I can't get on without it.  
And we should quarrel.  
- No, we shouldn't.  
- Yes, we always have, you know.  
Everything would be horrid  
if we were ever foolish enough to...  
Marry? No, it wouldn't, Jo.  
It would be heaven.  
Don't disappoint us, dear. Don't.  
Everybody expects it.  
Grandfather has set his heart on it.  
And I just can't go on without you.  
Please, say you will.  
I can't.  
Laurie, I'm sorry.  
So desperately sorry.  
I'm so grateful to you,  
and so proud and fond of you.

I don't know why I can't love you  
the way you want me to.  
I've tried, but I can't change the feeling...  
...and it would be a lie to say I do if I don't.  
Really truly, Jo?  
Really truly, dear.  
I don't think I'll ever marry.  
Yes, you will.  
You'll meet some good-for-nothing,  
no-account idiot...  
...and you'll fall in love with him,  
and work, live and die for him.  
I know you will. It's your way.  
And I'll have to stand by and see it.  
Well, I'll be hanged if I do.  
Where are you going?  
To the devil, and I hope you'll be sorry.  
Laurie, please...  
Why aren't you in bed? It's late.  
Mother, I want to go away.  
I mean, just for a little while.  
I don't know. I feel restless and anxious  
to be doing something.  
I'd like to hop a little way  
and try my wings.  
Where would you hop?  
To New York.  
I've thought about it a lot lately.  
You can spare me now.  
I could go to Mrs. Kirke's and help  
with the children as part of my board.  
It wouldn't cost much,  
and I'd see and hear new things...  
...and get a lot of new ideas for my stories.  
I don't doubt it.  
Jo, nothing's happened  
between you and Laurie?  
Don't be surprised, dear.  
Mothers have to have sharp eyes...  
...especially when their daughters  
keep their troubles to themselves.  
Oh, Marmee, I'd have told you,  
only I thought it would blow over...  
...and it seemed kind of wrong

to tell Laurie's poor little secret.  
It's only that he's got  
a foolish romantic notion in his head...  
...and I think if I go away for a time,  
he may get over it.  
I see.  
And how do you feel  
about this "foolish romantic notion"?  
I love him dearly as I always have.  
I feel as though  
I've stabbed my dearest friend.  
And yet, I don't want to make a mistake.  
You're right, Jo. I think it would be  
a good idea for both your sakes.  
Now, come to bed, dear.  
I'll talk to Father about it.  
And if he agrees, we'll write to Mrs. Kirke.  
- Good night, dear.  
- Good night, Marmee.  
Now, my dear,  
I think I've told you everything...  
...and it will be a great load off my mind  
knowing the children are safe with you.  
I'm very busy so I'll have Mamie  
show you to your room.  
Mamie!  
I've given you a little inside room.  
It's all I had...  
...but it has a table  
and you can use it for your writing.  
That's great.  
Mamie!  
You must come down here some  
after dinner and be sociable.  
I promised your mother  
I wouldn't let you be homesick...  
...and I have only the most refined people  
in my house.  
Mamie!  
Here I am, Ms. Kirke.  
Mamie, this is Miss Josephine.  
Will you take her up to her room  
and find the children?  
I'll see you later, my dear.

Right this way, please.  
Children, children!  
They ain't a bad lot but, my stars,  
they take a deal of handling.  
Jimmy! Kitty!  
You heard me.  
Come on out, I know where you are.  
The bear's going to eat my baby.  
Save my poor baby.  
My baby! Don't eat my baby!  
Professor!  
I beg your pardon.  
Please. I'm so sorry.  
This is Miss Josephine  
what's got you in charge now.  
- Hello.  
- How do you do?  
- And this is Professor Bhaer.  
- How do you do?  
- Come on, let's finish the game.  
- I want to play some more.  
That is for Miss Josephine to say,  
but we've frightened her already.  
Oh, no, but I didn't expect to meet  
a grizzly bear in the upper hall.  
Mamie, wait.  
The back is too young  
to carry such heavy loads.  
Come on, children, let's play soldiers.  
Tina, you are the general.  
You're the captain. And here, Lieutenant.  
Forward march!  
He's such a lovely man.  
I know he must've been a gentleman  
sometime or other...  
...but he's as poor as a church mouse now.  
What does he do?  
He's a professor, see?  
He learns them how they talk  
in foreign countries.  
I don't know what good it does them  
when they're living right here.  
Good evening, my little friend,  
good evening.

Please, don't stop.  
It was beautiful.  
I've heard you play it often  
and wanted to ask you what it was.  
I'd so like to send it to my little sister.  
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt.  
The words are by Goethe.  
Do you speak German?  
Then I'd better give it to you in English.  
Let's see now.  
"Only who knows what longing is  
"Can know what I suffer  
"Alone and parted far from joy  
and gladness  
"My senses fail  
"A burning fire devours me  
"My senses fail  
"A burning fire devours me"  
I know how he felt.  
Tchaikovsky did, also.  
That is why he wrote this beautiful,  
heartbreaking music.  
If only I could write something like that.  
Something splendid  
that would set other hearts on fire.  
That is genius.  
Do you wish to write, my little friend?  
Yes, that's my longing.  
I've sold two stories already  
since I've been here.  
That is very good.  
I'd like to read them. May I?  
Would you?  
I'd so like to know your opinion.  
I would be very happy.  
You have the ardent spirit. I like that.  
What shall I ask for at the music shop?  
I think I'd better write it down for you.  
Well, now,  
here is a teacher without a pencil.  
Let me sew that button for you  
before you lose it.  
No, I sew on buttons.  
Not very well, evidently.

Well.

- Who was Goldilocks, a little girl?

- Yes.

"And she...

"...went into their house...

"...and saw three chairs.

"Three chairs.

"One was the baby one,  
one was the daddy one...

"...and one was the mommy one.

"So she sat down in the big one...

"And it was too hard."

Miss Josephine,

you're to go to the parlor right away.

Someone to see you.

- Who is it?

- I can't tell you. It's a surprise.

All right, children, that will be all for today.

Now run along and wash your hands  
and faces for tea.

- I'll finish the story tomorrow.

- All right.

- Who is it, Mamie?

- I can't tell you. It's a surprise.

Are these some of your new stories?

Oh, they look...

... creepier than The Duke's Daughter.

Can I read them?

Yes, if you want to.

" The Place of the Coventrys  
or The Secret of a Guilty Heart...

"...by Josephine March."

Then it's true.

- Amy!

- Darling!

- Aunt March!

- Josephine.

I'm so glad to see you.

What took you so long to get down?

Tell me everything.

We can't stop now.

We've got to get to the shipping office  
before it closes.

Shipping office? Aunt March, Europe?

I'm taking Amy with me.  
Well, maybe you can go next time.  
Next time?  
Tell me, is Meg all right?  
And Marmee and Father?  
And how's my Beth?  
She's better again,  
but she isn't rosy as she used to be.  
Oh, my poor Beth.  
Why doesn't she get strong?  
And Laurie?  
Didn't you see them when they were here?  
He and his grandfather  
have been in Europe for weeks.  
Laurie in New York?  
And didn't come to see me?  
I'm sure you can't blame him  
after the way you picked up...  
...and trotted off without so much  
as saying goodbye to any of us.  
I think you've treated everybody  
shamefully.  
Come along, Amy.  
Jo, dear, I wish it were you.  
I know how you've always longed to go.  
No, darling. It's your reward.  
You've always done sweet things  
to please Aunt March.  
Think of all the wonderful things  
you are going to see:  
The Turners,  
the Raphaels and the Leonardos.  
You seem to forget  
waiting cabs cost money.  
That's the trouble with folks  
who never had anything.  
Easy come, easy go.  
We'll be right back, Josephine.  
Goodbye, darling.  
Miss Josephine?  
Yes, Professor Bhaer.  
I have read your stories  
and I would like to return them to you.  
Will you please come in?



Yes, thank you.  
Did you like them?  
Well, Miss March, I must be honest.  
I was disappointed.  
Why do you write  
such artificial characters...  
...such artificial plots, villains,  
murderers and such women?  
Why don't you write a...  
Miss March, please. I am so sorry.  
I didn't want to hurt you.  
I wanted to help you.  
What a blundering fool I am.  
It isn't that.  
Please, don't pay any attention to me.  
Forgive me, please. Come, sit down.  
Forgive me.  
No, it's just that everything seems  
to come at once.  
The rest doesn't matter so much.  
I can bear that.  
But Laurie, I can never get over Laurie.  
Herr Laurie, your friend.  
- Something has happened to him?  
- Yes.  
No, something has happened to me.  
He came to New York  
and he didn't even come to see me.  
What a fool he must be.  
No, it's my fault. But I thought that...  
What does it matter what I thought?  
I've made a mess of it  
as I do of everything.  
But I have tried and when I think  
of Aunt March taking Amy to Europe...  
...when she always promised  
she'd take me...  
...not that I begrudge Amy the trip, but...  
I suppose that's just what I am doing.  
That trip to Europe  
that you so looked forward to.  
That is too bad.  
That is a cruel disappointment, I know.  
On top of it, that stupid professor.

He comes blundering  
and makes things worse.  
No. If I can't stand the truth,  
I'm not worth anything.  
I didn't think those stories  
were so very good.  
But you see...  
... The Duke's Daughter  
paid the butcher's bill...  
... and the Curse of the Coventrys  
was the blessing of the Marches...  
...because it sent Marmee and Beth  
to the seashore.  
Yes, that is what I have thought.  
And then I have said to myself:  
"I maybe have no right to speak."  
But then again, I said to myself:  
"I maybe have no right to be silent."  
Miss March, you have talent.  
- Do you really think so?  
- Otherwise I could not say.  
And you know that.  
And I say to you,  
"Sweep mud on the street first...  
"...before you are false to that talent."

**Say to yourself:**

"I will never write one single line  
which I have not heard in my own heart."  
Say to yourself, "While I am young...  
"...I will write these simple,  
beautiful things that I understand now.  
"Maybe later, when I am a little older  
and I have felt life more...  
"...then I will write  
about these poor wretches...  
"...but I will make them live and breathe  
like my Shakespeare did."  
- Will you do that, my little friend?  
- Yes, I'll try.  
But I don't think I'll ever be a Shakespeare,  
do you?  
But you can be a Josephine March.  
And I assure you that is plenty.

And now,  
don't be disappointed about that trip.  
- Here.  
- Peppermint, good.  
Those of us who have been  
all over the Old World...  
...can find many things in the New...  
...that are beautiful and young.  
Miss March,  
it would give me great pleasure...  
...if I could show you some  
of these things while you are here.  
If you would care to have so.  
Thank you.  
Then you are not angry  
with the blundering professor...  
...who takes the wrong times  
for his lectures?  
How could I be?  
Auf Wiedersehen, my little friend.  
Did you really like it?  
- I never had such a...  
- Happy, my little friend.  
She was divine.  
I don't want to be a writer anymore.  
I want to be a wonderful singer  
and thrill thousands of people...  
...so that they cheer  
and throw flowers at me like that.  
Bravo. Bravo.  
But I wouldn't make up my mind so soon...  
...because at the art museum  
you wanted to be a sculptress...  
...at the circus you thought  
the bareback rider...  
...was the most beautiful thing  
in the world.  
I know, but to sing like that!  
I forgot.  
Something inside me tonight  
makes me want to shout.  
What would you shout?  
I'd say, "Look at me, world.  
I'm Jo March and I'm so happy."

My little friend, you are happy.  
You haven't missed much lately  
your home and your old friends?  
But you're responsible for that.  
Maybe they haven't missed me  
so much either.  
They're so busy with Meg  
and those blessed babies.  
Yes, how are those remarkable twins?  
Wonderful. Meg's so proud of them.  
Have you heard from Europe?  
Nearly every boat  
brings a letter from Amy.  
And your friend...  
... Herr Laurie, have you heard from him?  
Only through Amy. They met at Vichy  
and had a wonderful time together.  
Miss March, I am bold to ask a favor.  
Would you give me the address  
of your father?  
I wish to write him and ask him something.  
Why, yes.  
He'd be so happy to hear from you.  
They almost know you.  
I've told them all about you.  
And they always ask after you  
in their letters.  
- Really?  
- Yes, now I'll show you.  
This is so nice.  
Not I hope...  
It's Beth. She's...  
I must go at once.  
My friend, can I do something for you?  
I'm sure there is something I can do.  
No, there's nothing. Thank you.  
Oh, Jo...  
...to think you're home.  
If Amy were here, we'd all be together.  
She'll be home in the spring, darling.  
And I'm going to have you all well  
and rosy by then.  
Poor Jo, you mustn't be afraid.  
Doesn't that sound funny...

...me saying that to you  
when you've always said it to me?  
You've always reminded me...  
...of a seagull, strong and wild...  
...and fond of the wind and the storm...  
...dreaming of flying far out to sea.  
And Mother always said  
that I was like a little cricket...  
...chirping contentedly on the hearth...  
...never able to bear the thought  
of leaving home.  
But now...  
...it's different.  
I can't express it very well.  
I shouldn't try to, to anyone but you...  
...because I can't speak out  
to anyone but my Jo.  
I'm not afraid anymore.  
I'm learning that I don't lose you,  
that you'll be more to me than ever...  
...and nothing can part us,  
though it seems to.  
Oh, Jo.  
I think I'll be homesick for you  
even in heaven.  
The little loves.  
- I'm afraid they're tiring you.  
- Oh, no.  
It's time for my little regiment  
to take its nap.  
- They're sweet.  
- Yes.  
I think I can sleep now.  
Look, Jo, my birds.  
They got back in time.  
- Bethie!  
- Mother!  
My daughter!  
Bethie!  
Oh, Marmee.  
We mustn't cry.  
We must be glad she's well at last.  
No, Marmee, don't cry.  
If only there were another boat

leaving sooner.

Now, my dear, you've been so brave,  
you must be patient.

We're going back on the very first boat.

I still think you should obey  
your mother and stay.

I know. But I'm sick for home, Aunt March.

I hate all this now.

If it weren't for this, I'd have been there,  
at least to say goodbye.

Laurie, I knew you'd come.

My child!

Mr. Laurence!

Amy, we were in Germany,  
and Marmee's letter had to be forwarded...

...but I came the moment I got it  
because...

Well, you must comfort me now, too.

I'm so thankful you're here.

I haven't known what to do with the child.

Perhaps you can persuade her to stay.

- The elegant young matron.

- Hello, Jo, dear.

I've Sally Moffat's carriage.

I'm making some calls.

You want me to mind the demons  
while you're gone?

No, I want you to go with me.

Jo, dear. It's a lovely day

and I want to talk to you.

Talk to me now.

You know I can't bear calls.

- How's your story coming?

- Sent it off yesterday.

- Without us reading it?

- You can read it when they send it back.

- I had a letter from Amy.

- So did Marmee.

They're in Valrosa now  
and she says it's paradise.

Jo, I'd like to ask you something.

I've been wondering...

...how would you feel...

...if you should hear that your Laurie

was learning to care for somebody else?

Meg, who?

Amy?

I don't know. I can't be sure.

I'm only reading between the lines.

Then you wouldn't mind?

No, Meg. How could I?

I think it would be wonderful, don't you?

Yes, but I wasn't quite sure.

Forgive me, dear...

...but I have so much  
and you seem so alone.

I thought lately  
that maybe if Laurie came back...

No, dear. It's better as it is.

And I'm glad if he and Amy  
are learning to love each other.

You're right about one thing though.

I am lonely and maybe  
if Laurie had come back...

...I might've said yes.

Not because I love him any differently,  
but because...

...it means more to me now  
to be loved than it used to.

Laurie.

Oh, my Laurie!

Jo, dear. Are you glad to see me?

Glad?

My blessed boy!

Words can't express my gladness.

And where's your wife?

They all stopped in at Meg's,  
but I couldn't wait to see you.

They'll be along presently.

Let me look at you.

Don't I look like a married man  
and the head of a family?

Not a bit, and you never will, although  
you have grown bigger and bonnier.

But you're the same scapegrace as ever,  
despite that very elegant mustache.

- You can't fool me.

- You have to treat me with more respect.

Jo, dear, I want to say one thing,  
then we'll put it by forever.  
No, Laurie, please.  
I think it was always meant to be,  
you and Amy.  
It would have come about naturally  
if only you'd waited.  
As you tried to make me understand.  
But you never could be patient.  
So then we can go back  
to the happy old times?  
The way you wanted it,  
when we first knew one another.  
We never can be boy and girl again, Laurie.  
Those happy old times can't come back.  
We shouldn't expect them to.  
We're man and woman now,  
we can't be playmates any longer.  
But we can be brother and sister,  
to love and help one another...  
...all the rest of our lives, can't we, Laurie?  
There they are.  
You look very well, Aunt March.  
After the money spent on my rheumatism,  
I come home on a day like this.  
Heaven's to Betsy. If she ain't dressed  
in silk from head to foot.  
Where is she? Where is Jo?  
- Jo!  
- Amy!  
Doesn't she look marvelous, Jo?  
I'll never forgive myself  
for staying away so long...  
...and leaving you  
to bear everything all alone.  
Darling.  
To think that only yesterday we were  
pulling our hair and buttoning pinafores.  
And now she's a grown-up married lady  
with a bustle.  
You must be famished.  
I'll help Hannah with the tea.  
No, you won't, Marmee.  
You'll sit right here. I'll help Hannah.



It's fun, isn't it, Bethie?

Now that we're all together again.

Oh, dear. I've got to get some milk.

I haven't enough for my babies.

I'll go.

- But it's raining cats and dogs.

- I love it.

Sakes alive! There's the front doorbell.

- Is this the residence of Miss March?

- Why, yes.

- Miss Josephine March?

- Yes.

May I speak with her?

She's out,

but I'm expecting her back any minute.

- Won't you come in?

- Thank you.

No, thank you. She has guests, no.

Thank you very much.

But will you please give this to her  
and tell her Professor Bhaer left it?

Thank you.

Professor Bhaer. Thank you very much.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

- Herr Professor.

- My little friend.

I was just here to leave your book.

I wanted to tell you my friend published it,  
and he has great hopes.

- He thinks...

- Never mind what he thinks.

Did you like it?

My little friend, it has such truth,  
such simple beauty.

In English quick,

I cannot tell you what it gives my heart.

But you were going without telling me.

If I hadn't come back,

I never would've seen you again.

- Come, you're getting wet.

- I couldn't intrude. You have guests.

No, only my family.

My sister has just come home.

She is married to that boy I told you about.

- Herr Laurie?

- Yes.

This is the first time  
we've all been together for a long time.

Please, just one moment before...

I had a wish to ask you something.

Would you...

I have no courage to think that...

But could I dare hope that...

I know I shouldn't make so free as to ask.

I have nothing to give but my heart so full  
and these empty hands.

Not empty now.

Heart's dearest!

Welcome home.