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# Little Women

By Robin Swicord

MRS. MARCH

So you're going to Washington?

**MAN:**

Yes, Ma'am. My son is sick in a hospital there.

MRS. MARCH

Oh. This will be an anxious Christmas for you. I think this one will do. Let's try this. Is it your only son?

**MAN:**

No, Ma'am. I had four, two were killed. One is a prisoner.

MRS. MARCH

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

**MAN:**

Oh, not a might more than I ought to, Ma'am. I'd go myself if I was any use. Thank you for the overcoat.

MRS. MARCH

Wait a minute. I hope you find him better.

**MAN:**

Thank you, Ma'am. God bless you. Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas.

MRS. MARCH

Merry Christmas.

**(00:**

**SHOP ASSISTANT:**

Oh, Mrs. March. Will you sign this so I can get it off? Why, what's the matter?

MRS. MARCH

When I see things like that poor old man it makes me ashamed to think how little I do.

**SHOP ASSISTANT:**

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

MRS. MARCH

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.

**SHOP ASSISTANT:**

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

MRS. MARCH

I couldn't bear it without them. Meg and Joe are working, you know?

**SHOP ASSISTANT:**

Yes?

MRS. MARCH

Meg is a nursery governess.

**SHOP ASSISTANT:**

Oh.

(at the Nursery)\*\*

**CHILD ONE:**

Merry Christmas.

**CHILD TWO:**

Merry Christmas.

**CHILD TWO:**

Merry Christmas.

(00:

**MEG:**

Remember Lilly, Santa Claus is watching you.

**CHILD FOUR:**

Come on Tony, let's go over to the blackboard.

(at Aunt March's)\*\*

**JO:**

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. Al\_c Almost in a single day and night. Crush them. Pluck them out pitterlously from their very first appearance and do not weary of the labor of plucking them out again and again.

(00:

(Bird talks)\*\*

(00:

**AUNT MARCH:**

Hold your tongue! Disrespectful old bird. Go on, Josephine\_c.  
Josephine? Uh! Where you off to, Miss?

**JO:**

Oh, I didn't think you'd mind. It was nearly time to leave and the girls all said they'd be home early so we could rehearse my play for Christmas.

**AUNT MARCH:**

Never a thought about my Christmas. Flying off without a word of cheer or greeting to your poor old aunt.

**JO:**

Oh, I'm sorry, Aunt March. Merry Christmas.

**AUNT MARCH:**

Merry Christmas. Here! It's a dollar for each. Well, take 'em.

**JO:**

Thank you, Auntie.

**AUNT MARCH:**

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 lettin' other folks look after his family.

**JO:**

There's nobody looking after us, and we don't ask favors from anybody. And I'm very proud of Father. And you should be too.

**AUNT MARCH:**

Hoity Toity. Don't you be impertinent, miss!

**JO:**

Oh, I'm sorry, Auntie.

**AUNT MARCH:**

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

**JO:**

Yes, Auntie. Can I go now?

**AUNT MARCH:**

Oh, go on. Did you clean Polly's cage today?

**JO:**

Yes, Auntie.

**AUNT MARCH:**

Did you wash those tea cups and put them away, carefully?

**JO:**

Yes, Auntie.

**AUNT MARCH:**

You didn't break any?

**JO:**

No, Auntie.

**AUNT MARCH:**

What about the teaspoons?

**JO:**

I polished them.

**AUNT MARCH:**

Oh, very well then. 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.

**JO:**

Yes, Auntie.

**(00:**

(Children singing in the classroom)\*\*

**(00:**

MR. DAVIS

Thank you very much Ladies. And now I wish you all a very merry Christmas.

**CHILDREN:**

Merry Christmas. Good-bye.

MR. DAVIS

School is dismissed.

**GIRL:**

Margaret.

MR. DAVIS

Amy March, you may close the door.

CIKLD 1/B

That'll teach her not to cut up Didoes.

CIKLD 2/B

Just serves that stuck up Amy March right.

CIKLD 3/B

What's he gonna do to her?

MR. DAVIS

I can see there's nothing for me to do but stop by and show you mother how, instead of doing your sums, you cover your slate with sketches\_c and most uncomplimentary sketches.

**AMY:**

Oh, please Mr. Davis. I'll never do it again, sir. And she'd be so disappointed in me. Please, please.

MR. DAVIS

Well, I should hate to spoil her Christmas. And for that reason alone, young lady, I shall overlook it.

**AMY:**

Oh, thank you, Mr. Davis.

MR. DAVIS

You may go.

**AMY:**

Oh, thank you, Mr. Davis. Thank you very much indeed. Thank you,

**sir.0:**

**CHILDREN:**

Here she is. What did he do? What did you say? O, come on. Tell us. What happened?

**AMY:**

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 any way, since my father lost his money. And she's had to suffer the degrading of me being with a lot of ill-

mannered girls who stick their noses into refined people's business.

(Beth singing at the piano at home)\*\*

**(00:**

**BETH:**

Oh, Hello. Little tiny little thing. I'll tell you a long story\_c  
Oh, Hannah, is it tea time? I'll set the table.

**HANNAH:**

Thank you, Beth. It will be a help to me 'cause my bread's raised. Girls're getting home early.

**BETH:**

Are they coming?

**HANNAH:**

Just passed the Laurence house.

**JO:**

Christopher Columbus.

**MEG:**

Joe! Don't use such dreadful expressions. Here comes old Mr. Laurence. What if he should hear you?

**JO:**

I don't care. I like good strong words that mean something. Oh, bother. Now we're gonna have to speak to him.

MR. LAURENCE

How do you do?

**AMY:**

Makes my knees chatter just to look at him.

**JO:**

I feel sorry for that poor boy shut up all alone with such an old ogre for a grandfather. Oh, look. There he is.

**AMY:**

Where?

**MEG:**

Don't point, Joe. He'll think you're waving at him.

**JO:**

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

**MEG:**

Jo!

**LAURIE:**

Hey! Hey! Hey!

(Jo runs indoors. The girls all chatter at once)\*\*

**(OO:**

**BETH:**

Jo.

**JO:**

Merry Christmas from Aunt March.

**BETH:**

For me?

**JO:**

Yes, darling. For you.

**AMY:**

We got one, too.

**MEG:**

What are you going to do with it, dear?

**BETH:**

I don't know. Marmee said we oughtn't spend money for pleasure, when our men are suffering so in the army.

**JO:**

A dollar couldn't do the army much good, so I'm going to buy Undine and Sintram. I've wanted it long enough.

**MEG:**

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. And she always says that a real lady is known by her neat gloves and boots.



**AMY:**

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

**BETH:**

Then \_c Then I'd like to spend mine for some new music. That is, if you don't think Marmee would mind.

**JO:**

Let's each buy what we want and have a little fun. I'm sure we work hard enough.

**MEG:**

Well, 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.

**JO:**

Well, what would you do if you were shut up all day with a fussy old crosspatch who flies off the handle every move you make.

**AMY:**

Joe, 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 your dresses and label your father because he is not rich.

**JO:**

"Liable", "liable". Don't say "label" as if Papa were a pickle bottle.

**AMY:**

I know what I mean and you needn't be "statirical" about it. It's proper to use good words and improve your "vocabilary".

**JO:**

Aren't we elegant?

**AMY:**

You'd never be thought so with your slang and manners.

**JO:**

I hope not. I don't want to be elegant.

**AMY:**

Well, you needn't whistle like a boy.

**JO:**

That's why I do it.

**AMY:**

Oh, I detest rude unladylike girls.

**JO:**

I hate affected, niminy-piminy chits.

**BETH:**

Birds in their little nests agree.

**MEG:**

Really, you're both to blame. You're old enough now to leave off boys tricks and behave better, Josephine. Now you're so tall and turn up your hair, you must remember you're almost a young lady.

**JO:**

No, I'm not. And if turning up my hair makes me so, I'll wear it down until I'm a hundred.

**MEG:**

Jo! As you for you, Amy, your absurd words are as bad as Joe's slang. Your airs are funny now, but you'll grow into an affected little goose unless you take care.

**BETH:**

Look. If Jo's a tomboy and Amy's a goose, what am I, please?

**MEG:**

You're a dear, and nothing else.

**JO:**

We're\_cWe're three ungrateful wretches, who don't deserve you. Oh, 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 \_c and telling Aunt March to go to the dickens. Come on. Let's rehearse. We'll start with the \_c um\_c oh, the fainting scene. You're as stiff as a poker on that Amy.

**AMY:**

Well, I can't help it. I've never seen anyone faint, and I don't intend to make myself all black and blue tumbling flat as you do.

**JO:**

Oh, it's easy, if you'll only watch me. Come on.

**AMY:**

If I can drop gracefully, I'll...

**JO:**

Now, now. When I come in you'll see the horrible look in my eyes, and you shrink back trembling. Go ahead, go ahead. Well, get into the mood Amy. Get into the mood. Now\_c now\_c when I start towards you\_c with wicked intentions\_c Oh Amy! \_c.you\_c you draw back in horror, covering your eyes with your hands. Roderigo! Roderigo! Ahh\_c Save me! Save me!

(Jo screams and faints.)\*\*

(Clapping of hands.)There you are now. See? Now, it's easy. Now, here I come! Haahaa\_c...\*\*

**AMY:**

Roderigo! Roderigo! Oh\_c.. Save me! Save me! Oh!\_c Oh!\_c

(Amy screams and faints on the sofa)\*\*

(Laughing and chatter)\*\*

**(00:**

MRS. MARCH

Glad to find you so merry, my girls. AMY Darling.

**GIRLS:**

Marmee.

MRS. MARCH

How's your cold, Meg?

**MEG:**

Much better.

MRS. MARCH

Beth deary. Kiss me baby. Thank you, Jo. Thank you, dear! You look tired to death, Jo.

**JO:**

No, Marmee. I'm not tired.

**BETH:**

Mmm. Warm. Your slippers are all ready.

MRS. MARCH

Oh. That's my Bethy. Deary.

**BETH:**

Did you have a hard day, Marmee?

MRS. MARCH

No. Very pleasant, dear. But it's good to be home. I have a treat for you.

**BETH:**

A letter from father!

(All chatter together)\*\*

MRS. MARCH

"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, 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."

**AMY:**

I\_c. I am a selfish girl, but I'll truly try to be better and not waste my time in school, so that father mayn't be disappointed in me.

**JO:**

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.

**MEG:**

I'm\_c I'm not going to be envious anymore, if I can help it.

MRS. MARCH

Now we'll save the rest till after tea, for it's such a lovely long letter. I know everybody must be hungry.

**BETH:**

Let's\_c. Let's get something for Marmee with our dollar instead of for ourselves, shall we?

**GIRLS:**

Oh\_c

**JO:**

That's like you, Beth. What shall we get?

**MEG:**

I shall get her a nice pair of gloves.

**JO:**

New slippers! Best to be had!

**BETH:**

Some new handkerchiefs, all hemmed.

**AMY:**

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.

**(OO:**

(Everyone sewing)\*\*

**JO:**

I'm finished with Asia.

**BETH:**

And here's Europe.

**AMY:**

Three more stitches and you can have Africa.

MRS. MARCH

Not too long stitches, dear.

**MEG:**

If you pass me the scissors, I'll give you America.

MRS. MARCH

There, you see, you did finish it after all. You wanted to put it off until tomorrow.

**BETH:**

Oh, but we never should have if Joe hadn't made a game of it, and thought of talking of the different countries as we worked.

MRS. MARCH

It was a nice idea, Jo. Do you remember how you used to play Pilgrim's Progress when you were little things.

**JO:**

I can see us all now. With your rag bags tied over our backs for burdens.

MRS. MARCH

You have real burdens now, instead of rag bags, according to what I heard before tea. Except Beth\_c she didn't say. Maybe she hasn't any?

**BETH:**

Yes, I have. Mine are dishes and dusters, and being afraid of people, and envying girls with nice pianos.

**JO:**

A piano is a burden.

**(00:**

(Everybody sings "Abide with Me")\*\*

**(00:**

MRS. MARCH

Good night, my precious.

**MEG:**

Good night, Marmee.

MRS. MARCH

Good night, Joe, my girl.

**JO:**

Good night, Marmee.

**AMY:**

Good night, darling.

MRS. MARCH

Good night, my baby.

**BETH:**

Good night, Marmee.

MRS. MARCH

Good night, Bethy.

**(00:**

(Church bells ring out Christmas.)\*\*

(00:

**JO:**

Merry Christmas, Hannah.

**HANNAH:**

Oh, Merry Christmas.

**JO:**

Where's Marmee?

**HANNAH:**

She just went down the street. But she'll be right back. She wanted you to have your breakfast when I can get it dished up.

**JO:**

Come round here. Get behind. Hide them. Get close. Get close. Where have you been, Amy?

**MEG:**

Amy, what have you been doing?

**AMY:**

Don't laugh, Jo. I only changed the little bottle of cologne for a big one. I gave all of my money to get it.

**BETH:**

Amy!

**MEG:**

Darling! That was unselfish of you.

**JO:**

You're some pumpkins, Amy.

**AMY:**

I felt ashamed thinking only of myself.

**BETH:**

Amy, my prettiest rose.

**AMY:**

And I'm so glad, because mine's the handsomest now. Where's Marmee.

**JO:**

She'll be back any minute. Breakfast!

**AMY:**

Oh, Hannah. I'm so hungry.

**JO:**

Oh, Hannah, what is it? Sausages!

**MEG:**

Sausages.(Chatter over all the delicacies.)

**BETH:**

Popovers.

**AMY:**

They're my favorite!

**JO:**

Coffee! Oh! Hannah, you've beaten the Dutch?

**HANNAH:**

You needn't make such a fuss about it. I can remember when I used to serve it on your father's table everyday.

**JO:**

No!

**AMY:**

Oh, Hannah. Were we really that rich? How was I dressed? I'd like to tell that Jenny Snow all the pretty clothes I used to wear.

**JO:**

I could tell her! Diapers!

**MEG:**

Jo!

**AMY:**

Jo!

**JO:**

Two each. Look at all the pop-overs!



**MEG:**

She's coming!

**JO:**

Hurry up! Beth, strike up. Amy, open the door. Come here, Meg. We'll cover these up and then it'll be a surprise.

(Piano playing)\*\*

**(00:**

**AMY:**

Enter Marmee.

**GIRLS:**

Merry Christmas, Marmee.

MRS. MARCH

Merry Christmas, my \_c. Oh darlings! Oh, Meg, dear! Oh, thank you. Oh, and handkerchiefs from Bethy. Thank you dar\_c. Oh, Hannah, did you see? Oh, Amy, my precious. Thank you.

**JO:**

These are from me.

MRS. MARCH

Oh, Jo. Jo, my girl! Oh, thank you, darlings. Thank you. Oh, my girls. I can't tell you how happy I am.

**JO:**

Well, I can tell you how hungry I am. Come on, everyone. Pass me those plates. Marmee, look! Sausages.

MRS. MARCH

Wait a minute, girls. I want to say one word before we begin. I've just come from a poor woman with a little new-born baby and six children huddled into one bed to keep from freezing for they have no fire. They're suffering cold and hunger. Oh, my girls, will you give them your breakfast as a Christmas present?

**JO:**

I'm so glad you came back before we started.

MRS. MARCH

I knew you would.

**AMY:**

May I carry some things, Marmee?

MRS. MARCH

We should all go. Take the coffee, Hannah.

**JO:**

I'll get some firewood.

**MEG:**

I'll take the greens.

**BETH:**

I'll take the bread.

**AMY:**

I'll take the pop-overs. (In the room of Mrs. Hummel)

MRS. MARCH

Here we are, Mrs. Hummel.

MRS. HUMMEL

Ach, Gott in himmel. Good angles come to us.

**JO:**

Funny angels in hoods and mittens.

**GIRLS:**

You want some bread to eat? Here, I'll give you some\_c. Look here.

(Lots of chatter)\*\*

**(00:**

(The play. Clapping of hands)\*\*

**(00:**

**AMY:**

Strange. Roderigo is not here. His note says "promptly on the hour".

Voice backstage

And why?

**AMY:**

And why? That's Hugo's castle for the tryst. Oh I am afraid. Who comes here?

**BETH:**

Ah, your highness. 'Tis Mona, the hag. MARGARET: Hugo hath

betrayed me.

**VOICE:**

I must fly.

**JO:**

Haha. Zara will be waiting. Haha. My proud beauty. Haha. She will be mine. Black Hugo approaches. Haha. With ere I be flown. Be gone. Haha\_c. Ah-hah!

**AMY:**

Roderigo! Roderigo! Save me! Save me! Ah\_c.

**JO:**

And now to carry out my fell design. What a fake!

**AMY:**

Well, I told you I wasn't going to make myself\_c.

**JO:**

Sh\_c

**MEG:**

Come on. Get on the window sill.

**AMY:**

Have pity! Oh, have pity! Bring not upon me the worst of shame.

**JO:**

Turn, else you ruin the day you spurn Black Hugo's love. Make thyself ready for a wedding. I shall return within the quarter.

**AMY:**

Oh me. Oh, heaven. Protect the helpless.

**JO:**

Zara! My beloved!

**AMY:**

Roderigo! D'ost I believe my eyes?

**JO:**

(Roderigo sings and plays guitar. Audience applauds.) Hurry, 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 \_c oh\_c.

**VOICE:**

Everything's alright.

**JO:**

It's alright, everyone. Stay where you are.  
(Great confusion)\*\*

**(OO:**

**HANNAH:**

Young ladies, will you all please come in to supper.  
(Everyone talking joyously together.)\*\*

**JO:**

Christopher Columbus! What's this?

**AMY:**

Is it fairies?

**BETH:**

It's Santa Claus.

**MEG:**

Mother did it.

**JO:**

Aunt March had a good fit and sent it.  
MRS. MARCH  
All wrong. Mr. Laurence sent it.

**AMY:**

Oh, no.LITTLE

**GIRL:**

Who's Mr. Laurence?

**JO:**

The Laurence boy's grandfather. He lives next door.  
MRS. MARCH  
He heard what you did about your breakfast and sent me a nice  
note this afternoon saying he hoped I would allow him to express

his friendly feelings toward my children and send them a few trifles in honor of the day.

**JO:**

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.

**BETH:**

Oh, I wish father were here. I'm afraid he isn't having such a merry Christmas as we are.

(Jo throws snowball on Laurie Laurence's window.)\*\*

**(OO:**

**LAURIE:**

Hello.

**JO:**

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?

**LAURIE:**

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

**JO:**

Oh, that's too bad. Can anybody come to see you?

**LAURIE:**

If they would.

**JO:**

Wait. I'll ask Marmee. Close the window though.

(Jo rings door bell)\*\*

**LAURIE:**

How do you do, Miss March?

**JO:**

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 "blanc-mange". It is soft and will slide down easily without hurting

your throat.

**LAURIE:**

Thank you.

**JO:**

And \_c um \_c Beth lent you these until you're will. I \_c I know boys don't like kittens but she was so anxious I\_c. I couldn't refuse.

**LAURIE:**

Well, maybe they'll help to liven things up. It's as dull as tombs over here.

**JO:**

Huh?!

**LAURIE:**

Won't you come in?

**JO:**

Oh, no. No, I'm not to stay.

**LAURIE:**

Oh, please. Just for a few minutes. I've ordered tea.

**JO:**

Oh? \_c Christopher Columbus! What richness. Oh! Just like summer. Oh! This is marvelous. Oh, it's so roomy. Oh\_c.

**LAURIE:**

How many, please?

**JO:**

Two, please. Three. And how do you like it here, after living in Europe so long, Mr. Laurence?

**LAURIE:**

Oh\_c.

**JO:**

I'm going to Europe.

**LAURIE:**

Really? When?

**JO:**

I don't know. You see, my Aunt March has rheumatism, and her doctor thought that the baths\_c. Oh, not that she hasn't a bath\_c. She has a very nice one. Did you take any baths while you were there? I mean, for rheumatism.

**LAURIE:**

No. No, I'm not troubled with rheumatism.

**JO:**

Nope. Neither am I. But she thought that the 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 March \_c\_c. Oh, but you don't know Aunt March, do you? Ah well, never mind. Now, what were you saying, Mr. Laurence?

**LAURIE:**

I'm not Mr. Laurence. I'm only Laurie.

**JO:**

Well, Laurie. Well, how do you like it here after Europe?

**LAURIE:**

Well, it's strange after living in schools all my life. Oh, it'll be alright\_c when I get used to grandfather. You know, he's \_c

**JO:**

Oh, yes! You should have seen him before you came.

**LAURIE:**

Isn't he a holy terror?

**JO:**

Oh, you oughta see my Aunt March!

**LAURIE:**

Oh, it's too pretty to eat. I wish we had things like this over here.

**JO:**

And I wish \_c. It is nice, isn't it? My little sister put on the

geranium leaves. She's very artist.

**LAURIE:**

Amy?

**JO:**

Yes. How do you know?

**LAURIE:**

Why, I often hear you calling to one another. And\_c when I'm alone over here, I \_c I beg you pardon for being so rude, but \_c sometimes you forget to put down the curtain. When the lamps are lighted, its like looking at a picture to see you all around the table with your Mother. You always seem to be having such good times.

**JO:**

We'll never draw that curtain anymore. And I give you leave to look as much as you like. I wish, though, instead of just peeping, you'd come over and see us. We'd have jolly times together.

**LAURIE:**

And would you let me be in a play? I saw some of it the other night.

**JO:**

Oh, that was terrible. I want to put on "Hamlet" though, and do the fencing scene.

**LAURIE:**

I could do Laertes. I took fencing lessons at the academy.

**JO:**

Really?

**LAURIE:**

Yes! Look! Look! On guard!

**(OO:**

**JO:**

Splendid!



**LAURIE:**

Here.

**JO:**

Oh! "Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally."

**LAURIE:**

"Say you so. Come on."

**JO:**

"A hit; what say you?"

**LAURIE:**

"A touch. A touch. I do confess."

MR. LAURENCE

What is this? What on earth? What's going on?

**MR. BROOKE:**

Don't know, sir?

**LAURIE:**

"Have at you, now."

**JO:**

Oh?

**LAURIE:**

Oh, I say. Oh, I say. You hurt?

**JO:**

Oh, no. Nothing ever hurts me.

**LAURIE:**

I'm sorry. I forgot you're a girl, and I'm afraid I got a bit too rough.

**JO:**

Oh, what are you talking about? Oh, I had you bettered, if I hadn't slipped. Oh, that's \_c 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.

**(00:**

**MR. BROOKE:**

I'll wait upstairs, sir.

**JO:**

His eyes are kind and I like him, though he does bark at you so.

**MR. LAURENCE**

Thank you, ma'am. So you're not afraid of me, eh?

**JO:**

No, sir. Not much.

**MR. LAURENCE**

But my face will frighten some people.

**JO:**

Oh, I\_c. I only said "might", sir.

**MR. LAURENCE**

And I bark, do I?

**JO:**

Oh, no, sir. Perhaps not all the time.

**MR. LAURENCE**

But with all that you like me, eh?

**JO:**

Oh, yes, sir. I do. I do. I do.

**MR. LAURENCE**

And I like you.

**JO:**

Oh, sir.

**LAURIE:**

Grandfather, you should see her fence. Come on, let's show him.

**JO:**

Oh, no. I've been here too long now.

**LAURIE:**

Well, I'll see you home.

**MR. LAURENCE**

Oh, no, no, 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 you behave yourself like a gentleman, sir.

**LAURIE:**

Good bye, Jo.

**(00:**

(Inside the March house)\*\*

**(00:**

**HANNAH:**

Here they come. Here they come. All dressed up and looking as pretty as pictures.

MRS. MARCH

Oh, Amy. How dainty! You look lovely.

**BETH:**

Oh, Marmee, I wish Laurie hadn't asked me to his party. I know I shall be frightened.

MRS. MARCH

You wouldn't want to hurt his feelings when he's been so kind.

Oh, Meg, the dress is lovely. Meg: Thank you, Marmee.

MRS. MARCH

Jo, you look splendid.

**JO:**

Well, I feel perfectly miserable with 19 hairpins all sticking straight into my head. But, dear me. Let us be elegant or die.

MRS. MARCH

Does the patch show much?

**MEG:**

It does a little, Marmee. But she's going to sit down or stand with her back against the wall. Jo, where are your gloves?

**JO:**

Oh, well, I've stained them so I'm gonna go without.

**MEG:**

You wear gloves, or I don't go.

**HANNAH:**

I tried to clean them but it only made them look worse.

**JO:**

Oh, here. I'll carry them. I'll hold them crumpled up in one hand. Nobody'll see them.

**MEG:**

Oh, Jo.

**JO:**

Well 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.

**MEG:**

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.

**MARMEE:**

Have a nice time, dear.

**AMY:**

And above everything, don't say "Christopher Columbus" and disgrace us all.

**JO:**

Oh, hold you tongue, Miss Baby. I'll be as prim as I can be, and not get into any scrapes\_c if I can help it.

**(00:**

(Dancing)\*\*

**(00:**

**MAN:**

May I engage you for this dance, Miss March?

**JO:**

No, thank you. I'm not dancing.

**AMY:**

There's that Kitty Ford.

**BETH:**

Where?

**AMY:**

There, with the pink dress and the blue sash. I don't see why she's allowed with the grown-ups and I have to stay up here.

**BETH:**

Oh, that beautiful piano. It's as big as our kitchen.

MR. LAURENCE

Um\_c What's this? Why aren't you two young ladies downstairs dancing?

**AMY:**

Mother said we weren't to go down with the grown-ups.

MR. LAURENCE

But can you see anything from here? How about you?

**AMY:**

She just likes to listen to the music.

MR. LAURENCE

You just come down with me where it's playing.

**BETH:**

Oh, no. No, sir. Please.

MR. LAURENCE

Why not? Well, my dear child, what's the matter?

**AMY:**

She has an infirmity.

MR. LAURENCE

Mmm?

**AMY:**

She's shy.

MR. LAURENCE

Oh, I see.

**AMY:**

If it weren't for that, she'd be simply fastidious because she plays beautifully.

MR. LAURENCE

Oh, she must come and play for me sometime.

**AMY:**

No. She never would.

MR. LAURENCE

Oh, 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 you young ladies would come and practice on it. Just\_c. Just to keep it in tune, you know. Well, if you don't care to come, never mind.

**BETH:**

Oh, sir. We do care, very, very much.

MR. LAURENCE

So. So you're the musical one.

**BETH:**

I'm Beth. I love it dearly and I'll come if you're quite sure no-one will hear me and be disturbed.

MR. LAURENCE

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".

**AMY:**

Beth, isn't he elegant?

(00:

**LAURIE:**

This is the German, and I'll be hanged if I let you refuse me all of them.

**JO:**

Oh, no. No.

**LAURIE:**

Don't you like to dance?

**JO:**

Oh, yes. I love to dance, but I can't. I \_c I mean, I promised I wouldn't.

**LAURIE:**

Why?

**JO:**

Oh, well, I may as well tell you. You won't tell?

**LAURIE:**

Silence to the death.

**JO:**

Well, you see, I have a bad trick of standing in front of the fire and I scorch my frocks, and I burned this one.

**LAURIE:**

Where?

**JO:**

Oh, you can laugh if you want to. It is funny.

**LAURIE:**

Look! I'll tell you how we can manage. There's no one in the hall. We can dance out there without being seen.

**JO:**

You're a Champ.

**LAURIE:**

This is regularly splendid. Oh. Thank you.  
(Dancing)\*\*

(00:

**JO:**

Oh, hello.

**LAURIE:**

What are you two doing up there? Come on down.

**AMY:**

No.

**LAURIE:**

Well, have you had refreshments?

**BETH:**

No, thank you. We really don't care for \_c. Ouh!

**LAURIE:**

We'll bring some right up. Come on.

(In the garden)\*\*

**MEG:**

And then when Laurie goes to college, what becomes of you?

**MR. BROOKE:**

I shall turn soldier as soon as he is off. I'm needed.

**MEG:**

Oh. Oh, I'm so sorry. I mean, I'm so sorry for all the mothers and sisters who have to stay home and worry.

**MR. BROOKE:**

I have neither. And very few friends to care whether I live or die.

**MEG:**

Laurie and his grandfather would care a great deal. And we\_c we all would be very sorry if any harm came to you.

**MR. BROOKE:**

Would you?

(By the stairs)\*\*

**JO:**

Here we go!

(Chatter)\*\*

**LAURIE:**

Oh, Jo. Jo.

**AMY:**

Now you've done it!

(Exclamations)\*\*

**JO:**

Meg's gloves! Oh, look at me!

**LAURIE:**

What \_cIt's a shame.

**JO:**

What a blunder bus I am!



**AMY:**

What are you going to do?(In the garden)

**MEG:**

I'll ask Marmee.

**LAURIE:**

Oh? Have you two been hiding. I've been looking all over the house for you. Hannah's here.

**MEG:**

Oh? Is it that late?

**LAURIE:**

Well, time slips away, you know?

**MEG:**

Good night, Mr. Brooke.

**MR. BROOKE:**

Good night, Miss Margaret. (Picking up a glove.) Miss Margaret!  
(In the foyer)\*\*

**(00:**

**BETH:**

Good night.

**LAURIE:**

Good night, Beth. I'm glad you came.

**AMY:**

We had an elegant time.

**LAURIE:**

Good night, Amy. Good night, Jo.

**MEG:**

Good night, Laurie.

**LAURIE:**

Good night, Miss Margaret.

**MEG:**

Laurie \_c..

**LAURIE:**

Good night, everybody. Jo: Don't forget to bring your ice-skates tomorrow.

**LAURIE:**

I won't. Good night.

Everybody

Good night.

(Jo writing)\*\*

(00:

**JO:**

There. I've done my best. If that won't do, I shall have to wait until I can do better. (Jo climbs down the outside of the house.) Why? What are you up to?

**BETH:**

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 alright?

**JO:**

They are beautiful, and I think you are sweet. Hey, isn't that Amy's hair ribbon?

**BETH:**

Yes. Yes, but I think she was going to throw it away.

**JO:**

You think! You better vamoos before she catches you.

(In front of Newspaper Office)\*\*

(00:

**LAURIE:**

Now I'll find out why you come down to this hole every day. Just have to tell me why you never have time for me any more.

**JO:**

Laurie Laurence. Give that back to me, or I'll never speak to you again.

**LAURIE:**

Alright. Hm! Take it. You're a fine one! I thought we weren't to have any secrets from each other.

**JO:**

Well, this is all together different.

**LAURIE:**

Ye\_c Oh!

**JO:**

I beg your pardon.

**LAURIE:**

Sorry.

**LAURIE:**

Of course it's different. Just like a girl! Can't keep an agreement.

**JO:**

Oh, bilge.

**LAURIE:**

You'll be sorry. I was gonna tell you something very plummy. A secret. All about people you know, and such fun.

**JO:**

Oh, what?

**LAURIE:**

If I tell you, you must tell me yours.

**JO:**

You won't tell anything at home, will you?

**LAURIE:**

Not a word.

**JO:**

And you won't tease me about it in private?

**LAURIE:**

I'll never tease. Fire away.

**JO:**

I sold my story to the Spread Eagle.

**LAURIE:**

Hurrah for Miss March! Hurrah for Miss March! The celebrated American authoress.

**JO:**

I didn't want anyone to know until it's out.

**LAURIE:**

Wouldn't it be fun to see it in print?

**JO:**

Now, what's yours?

**LAURIE:**

I know where Meg's glove is.

**JO:**

Oh, is that all?

**LAURIE:**

Wait till you hear where it is.

**JO:**

Where? How do you know?

**LAURIE:**

I saw it.

**JO:**

Where?

**LAURIE:**

Pocket!

**JO:**

All this time?

**LAURIE:**

Isn't it romantic?

**JO:**

Romantic? Rubbish! I never heard of anything so horrid. I wish you hadn't told me. Of all the sickly, sentimental\_c Oh why do things always have to change just when they're perfect. Meg always used to tell me everything, and now she keeps everything to herself, and thinks brown eyes are beautiful. John is a lovely name. He 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 all their fun!

**LAURIE:**

It doesn't spoil any fun! 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 steeling around you.

**JO:**

I'd like to see anybody try it.

**LAURIE:**

Would you? Oh!\_c.. I'll get you\_c... (Laurie chases Jo) Now I've got you\_c.. Wait\_c..  
(Everyone chatters)\*\*

**JO:**

You should have seen\_c.

**MR. BROOKE:**

It's been a most enjoyable afternoon, Miss Margaret.

**MEG:**

Thank you. Paying visits has never been quite so much fun before.

MR. BROOKE

I hope we may do it again, very soon.

**JO:**

Good-bye, Mr. Brooke. Come along, Meg.

**MEG:**

Good afternoon, Mr. Brooke.

**MR. BROOKE:**

Good-bye, Miss Margaret.

**MEG:**

Good afternoon.

**LAURIE:**

Margaret. Good-bye, Jo.

**MR. BROOKE:**

Coming Laurie?

**LAURIE:**

Right. See you tomorrow, Jo.

**MEG:**

I've never been so embarrassed in my life. When will you stop your childish romping ways.

**JO:**

Not until I'm old and stiff and have to use a crutch.

**(OO:**

(Jo wipes the tears from her face as Beth approaches)\*\*

**BETH:**

Jo.

**JO:**

Hello Bethy.

**BETH:**

Hello, Jo.

**JO:**

How's my girl? (Chattering)

**GIRLS:**

It's a surprise. (Chattering)

**JO:**

What is it? Christopher Columbus!

**BETH:**

For\_c For me?

**AMY:**

Look. This came with it. Quick. Read it. See what it says.

**JO:**

I'll read it. "Miss Elizabeth March. Dear Madam."

**AMY:**

Isn't that elegant.

**JO:**

"I've had many pairs of slippers in my life, but none has suited 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, Beth! Isn't he a really sweet old man? (Chatter) Look. It opens. It opens.

**AMY:**

You'll have to thank him.

**BETH:**

Yes. I'll go right now.

**HANNAH:**

Well, I wish I may die. She'd never gone in her right mind.  
(Laurence House)\*\*

**(00:**

MR. LAURENCE

Come in.

**BETH:**

I\_c I came to thank you, sir.

(Joe reads her story while Amy does a drawing of the scene)\*\*

**(00:**

**HANNAH:**

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

MRS. MARCH

It's father.

**AMY:**

Mother.

MRS. MARCH

He's in the hospital. I must go to Washington at once.

(Packing) \*\*

MRS. MARCH

Put those in the corner, dear.

**BETH:**

Alright, Marmee.

MRS. MARCH

What on earth is keeping Joe?

**MEG:**

This is all packed, Marmee. I don't believe I've forgotten a thing.

MRS. MARCH

Thank you, dear. Now, girls, while I'm away, don't forget the Hummels.

**GIRLS:**

We won't. We'll do our best, Marmee.

MR. LAURENCE

Here we are. We're here to take some port to your husband.

MRS. MARCH

Oh. Thank you. How generous!

MR. LAURENCE

And I hope he finds this dressing gown useful.

MRS. MARCH

Thank you.

MR. LAURENCE

Well, everything's arranged, and Brooke will go with you.

MRS. MARCH

There's no need. I'll be allr\_c.

MR. LAURENCE

Oh, he's all prepared. He has commissions for me in Washington.

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

MRS. MARCH

How thoughtful of you!

**MEG:**

It's such a relief to know that Marmee will have someone to take care of her. Thank you very, very much.

**MR. BROOKE:**

Not at all, Miss Margaret.



MRS. MARCH

My kind friend. I can't thank you.

MR. LAURENCE

Laurie's outside with the carriage. We'll wait for you. The train leaves in about an hour.

**HANNAH:**

Here, ma'am. You'll need this.

MRS. MARCH

Oh, I couldn't.

**AMY:**

Oh, Marmee. It'll quiet your nerves.

MRS. MARCH

Where is Jo? Jo! What kept you?

**AMY:**

What ever took you so long?

**JO:**

Here's the money from Aunt March. And um there's my contribution.

MRS. MARCH

\$25. Where did you get it? My dear?

**JO:**

Oh, it's mine, honestly. I only sold what belonged to me.

MRS. MARCH

Your hair! Jo, you shouldn't have!

**JO:**

Oh well, Aunt March croaked as she always does when asked for ninepence. And Marmee, she only sent you just money enough for the ticket. And I knew you'd need more, and so, well I happened to be going past a barber shop, and I saw some tails on hair hanging in the window with the prices marked on them, so I thought it'd do my brain good to have my mop cut off. And so I did.

MRS. MARCH

Thank you, deary.

**(00:**

**LAURIE:**

Are you ready, Marmee? We'll just have to hurry to catch\_c..  
Christopher Columbus!

**JO:**

Well. It's boyish, becoming, and easy to keep in order. Marmee,  
you'll miss your train.

**AMY:**

Yes, darling.

MRS. MARCH

Now, girls. Go on with your work as usual.

**GIRLS:**

We will, Marmee.

MRS. MARCH

Do everything that Hannah tells you.

**BETH:**

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

MRS. MARCH

No. No. I want you all to stay here and comfort each other. Meg,  
dear, watch over your sisters. Be patient, Jo. Beth, dear, help  
all you can. Amy, be obedient. No, 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. Good bye, my darlings.

**GIRLS:**

Good-bye, Marmee.

MRS. MARCH

God bless us and keep us all.

(Girls wave)\*\*

(Lying in bed)\*\*

**(00:**

**MEG:**

Jo, are you awake. Jo, you're crying.

**JO:**

No, I'm not.

**MEG:**

Don't cry, dear. Father'll be alright, and Mr. Brooke will take  
care of Marmee.

**JO:**

I'm not crying because of that.

**MEG:**

What is it then?

**JO:**

My hair.

(Jo reads her story) \*\*

**JO:**

\_c. "The End"

**(OO:**

**AMY:**

Oh, it gives me the shivers. I'm pins and needles all over.

**MEG:**

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

**LAURIE:**

Your sister.

**GIRLS:**

Really? Jo? Oh, no! You did? Let me see.

**LAURIE:**

And I knew it all the time.

**MEG:**

Isn't that wonderful.

**AMY:**

Here it is. "By Miss Josephine March." Oh, Jo! I can't believe it. Beth! Beth! Jo wrote a story. It's in the papers. Isn't that marvelous. Look.

**BETH:**

Don't come near me.

**AMY:**

Meg. Jo. Something's wrong with Beth.

**MEG:**

What is it?

**AMY:**

I don't know.

**MEG:**

Where is she?

**AMY:**

In Marmee's cupboard.

**LAURIE:**

What's wrong? Why'd she go in there?

**JO:**

Darling, what is it? Bethy, what is it?

**MEG:**

What's wrong, Bethy?

**JO:**

What is it?

**BETH:**

Oh, Jo. The baby's dead.

**JO:**

What baby?

**BETH:**

Mrs. Hummel's. It died in my lap before she \_c. before she got back with the doctor. Jo!

**JO:**

Oh my poor Beth.

**BETH:**

The doctor said it was \_c.. it was scarlet fever.

**MEG:**

Scarlet Fever?

**AMY:**

Hannah! Hannah!

**BETH:**

You don't think I'll get it, do you, Jo?

**JO:**

Oh, no, Bethy. Of course you won't.

**BETH:**

But\_c. But Amy must keep away, cause\_c\_c cause she's never had it. How does it start, Jo? With a sort of a\_c a headache? and sore throat? and \_c and queer feelings all over?

**JO:**

I don't remember. Laurie, give me that doctor's book, will you?

**MEG:**

Jo, I think we'd better get her to bed. Come along, Bethy.

**JO:**

I'll find out what to do.

**BETH:**

I'll be alright, Meg.

**MEG:**

Come on Bethy.

**LAURIE:**

Of course you'll be alright.

**JO:**

Oh, here it is.

**HANNAH:**

For land's sakes! Go get Doctor Bangs, will you, Mr. Laurence?

**LAURIE:**

Alright.

**HANNAH:**

Have him come over as soon as he can.

**LAURIE:**

Yes.

**HANNAH:**

You stay down here Amy. You're to go over to Aunt Mrch's for a spell, just in case.

**AMY:**

No, I won't. I won't. I'm going to stay right here with Beth.

**JO:**

Oh, be quiet for once, Amy.

**AMY:**

I'm not going to be sent away as though I were in the way.

**LAURIE:**

Well, I advise you to go. Scarlet Fever's no joke, miss.

**AMY:**

Well, I don't care.

**LAURIE:**

Oh.

**AMY:**

I'd rather get Scarlet Fever and die, than go to Aunt March's.

**LAURIE:**

Now, Amy. Be a good girl. I'll pop around every day and tell you how Beth is. And I'll tell you what! Every day I'll come and take you out driving. Mm?

**AMY:**

Well \_c.. Yes.

**LAURIE:**

That's our girl!

**JO:**

Oh, Bethy. If you should really be ill, I'll never forgive myself. I let you go to the Hummels every day when I should have gone.

**MEG:**

No, it's my fault. I'm the oldest, and I should have gone. I promised Marmee I'd look after you. Don't you think we ought to telegraph her.

**HANNAH:**

No. We mustn't. The poor lady can't leave you father. And it would only make her all the more anxious.

**BETH:**

Oh, please don't telegraph, Jo. Hannah knows just what to do. I \_c. I feel better already.

(Doctor by Beth's side) \*\*

**(01:**

DR. BANGS

If Mrs. March can leave her husband, we'd better send for her.

**HANNAH:**

The girls had the telegram all ready, but I wouldn't let them send it, and now the poor lady \_c.

**JO:**

Oh, Mother! Mother! What if she shouldn't get here in time?

(Jo runs up to the attic) \*\*

**(01:**

**LAURIE:**

Oh, Jo, is it that bad?

**JO:**

She doesn't know me. She doesn't look like my Beth. How am I gonna bear it? Marmee and Father being so far away.

**LAURIE:**

I'm here. Hold on to me. Jo, dearest. Oh, poor Jo. You're all worn out. What does the doctor say?

**JO:**

We're sending for Marmee. If she were only here.

**LAURIE:**

She will be. Grandfather and I got fidgety and thought your

mother ought to know. She'd just never forgive us if Beth \_c well, if anything happened, so I telegraphed yesterday.

**JO:**

You?

**LAURIE:**

She'll be here on the two o'clock train tonight, and I'm going to meet her.

**JO:**

Oh, Laurie. Oh, Mother. Oh. Oh, I beg your pardon, but you're such a dear. I couldn't help flying at you.

**LAURIE:**

Fly at me again. I rather like it.

**JO:**

Laurie, you're so silly.

**LAURIE:**

I better go. Well. To the railroad station! And \_c And I shan't spare the horses.

**JO:**

Oh, bless you, Laurie. Bless you.

(Jo kneels to prey) \*\*

**JO:**

If you really want Bethy, please wait until Marmee comes home. But, oh God, please don't \_c because she's so \_c well, please don't\_c

(Jo paces the room) \*\*

**(01:**

**MEG:**

If God spares Bethy, I'll love him, and serve him all my life.

**JO:**

If life is as hard as this, I don't see how we ever should get through it.

**MEG:**



Hannah! Hannah!

**HANNAH:**

What is it? What is it?

**JO:**

Good-bye, my Bethy. Good-bye.

DR. BANGS

The fever's turned. She's sleeping naturally.

**HANNAH:**

Lord be praised.

**JO:**

Marmee's here. She's come.

(Downstairs) \*\*

**(01:**

**AMY:**

Isn't it wonderful to have Bethy downstairs at last. Come on. Everything's all ready. Be careful.

(Jubilant chatter) \*\*

**JO:**

And see the lovely flowers that Mr. Laurence sent you.

**BETH:**

Oh. And my bird\_c I've never been so happy.

**LAURIE:**

Begging you pardon. Do the Marches live here?

**GIRLS:**

Hello.

**LAURIE:**

Wait'll she sees what I brought for her.

**GIRLS:**

Oh, Father.

(Jubilant chatter) \*\*

**MEG:**

Bethy.

**HANNAH:**

Land sakes! She's walking.

MRS. MARCH

Oh, my dear.

MR. MARCH

My Bethy.

**BETH:**

Father.

MRS. MARCH

Oh, my darling.

**AMY:**

She hasn't walked since she was sick. She ? downstairs.

(Meg humming a tune) \*\*

(01:

**JO:**

Are you expecting someone?

**MEG:**

Why\_c Why, no. What do you mean?

**JO:**

Meg. Meg. 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\_c. you're getting so far away from me, I \_c Oh, Meg. Don't. Don't go and marry that man.

**MEG:**

I don't intend to go and marry any man. And if you mean Mr. Brooke, he hasn't asked me. But if he should, I shall merely say, quite calmly and decidedly, "I'm sorry, but I agree with Mother that it's too soon."

**JO:**

Oh, Meg. Hoorah for you.

**MEG:**

Jo. My hair.

**JO:**

And then things'll be as they used to be. And now that Father's home, well \_c  
(Door bell rings) \*\*

**(01:**

**JO:**

I'll go. I'll get out of the way. Now don't forget. Oh! If I could only see his face when you tell him.

**(01:**

**MEG:**

Why, Mr. Brooke.

**MR. BROOKE:**

Good day, Miss Margaret.

**MEG:**

Won't you come in?

**MR. BROOKE:**

I \_c I came to get my umbrella. .. er\_c. that is \_c.. that is, to see how your father finds himself today.

**MEG:**

Why\_c he's here in the rack. I mean, it's very well. I mean \_c.. I'll tell him you're here.

**MR. BROOKE:**

Oh, please. Are you afraid of me, Margaret?

**MEG:**

Why \_c. How could I be, when you've been so kind to father. I only wish I could thank you for it.

**MR. BROOKE:**

You can. Shall I tell you how?

**MEG:**

Oh, no. Oh, please don't.

**MR. BROOKE:**

I only want to know if you care for me a little, Meg. I love you so much, dear.

**MEG:**

Oh, thank you, John. But \_c. I agree with Mother. It's \_c. It's too soon.

**MR. BROOKE:**

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.

**MEG:**

I'm afraid I can't.

**MR. BROOKE:**

Do you really mean that?

(01:

**AUNT MARCH:**

Huh? What's this? Footsy, wootsy. Get along. Get along. Shi! Shi! What's going on here? Who's that?

**MEG:**

Mr. Brooke.

**AUNT MARCH:**

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

**MEG:**

Shh. Please, Aunt March. He might hear you. And he's been very kind to father.

**AUNT MARCH:**

Oh? He has? Well, he'd be much kinder if he'd go about his own business and leaves you alone.

**MEG:**

Shh.

**AUNT MARCH:**

I won't stop! I'm only thinking of your own good, Margaret. You

should take a rich man so you can help you family. This person has no money, no position in life.

**MEG:**

Oh. But that doesn't mean he never will have

**AUNT MARCH:**

Oh? So he's counting on my money? He knows you've got rich relatives!

**MEG:**

Aunt March! How dare you say such a thing! My John wouldn't marry for money any more that I would. I'm not afraid of being poor. And I know we shall be happy, because John loves me, and\_c and I love him.

**(01:**

**AUNT MARCH:**

Hoity, toity! You remember this, young lady. If you marry this rook, a hawk, a crook, you take care of you. Not one penny of my money will he get.

**MR. BROOKE:**

My darling! Did you mean it?

**MEG:**

John?

\*\*

**MR. BROOKE:**

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.

**MEG:**

Yes, John.

(Wedding ceremony) \*\*

**(01:**

**MINISTER:**

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. 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.

**MEG:**

The first kiss for Marmee.

**AUNT MARCH:**

Well, John. You've got a treasure. I hope you you'll take good  
care of her.

**LAURIE:**

Good-bye, Amy. Bethy, good-bye. Oh. Don't mind, Jo. You've still  
go me. Oh. I'm not good for much, I know. But, I'll stand by you,  
all the days of my life.1:16:16

**JO:**

I know you will. You don't know what a comfort you are to me,  
Laurie.

**LAURIE:**

Jo.

**JO:**

Oh, no. Laurie. Don't say anything.

**LAURIE:**

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. And I studied so  
hard. And I got graduated with Honors. It was all for you.

**JO:**

I know. And I'm so proud of you.

**LAURIE:**

Then won't you listen. Please. Oh. I've loved you ever since I've  
known you. I couldn't help it. I tried to show it, but you  
wouldn't let me. But now I'm going to make you hear 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 could make me  
anything you like.

**JO:**

As though I'd change you, Laurie. Darling, you should marry \_c. You should marry some lovely accomplished girl who adores you. Someone who would grace your beautiful house. 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.

**LAURIE:**

Oh, no, we shouldn't.

**JO:**

Oh, yes. We always have. And everything would be so horrid if we were ever foolish enough to \_c.

**LAURIE:**

Marry? Oh, no. It wouldn't be, Jo. It'd be heaven. Oh, don't disappoint us, dear. Don't. Everyone expects it. Grandfather's set his heart on it, and I just can't go on without you. Please, say you will.

**(O1:**

**JO:**

I can't. Oh, 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'll be a lie to say I do if I don't.

**LAURIE:**

Really truly, Jo?

**JO:**

Really truly, dear. I don't think I'll ever marry.

**LAURIE:**

Oh, yes. You will. Yes, you will. You'll meet some good-for-nothing, no-account idiot, and you'll fall in love with him, and work and 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!

**JO:**

Laurie, where are you going?

**LAURIE:**

To the devil, and I hope you'll be sorry.

**JO:**

Laurie, please \_c.

(Jo at window sill) \*\*

**(01:**

MRS. MARCH

Jo, why aren't you in bed? It's late.

**JO:**

Mother. Mother, I \_c I want to go away. I mean, just for a little while. I don't know. I \_c I feel restless, and anxious to be doing something. I'd like to hop a little way, and try my wings.

MRS. MARCH

Where would you hop?

**JO:**

To New York. Oh, I've thought about it a lot lately. You can spare me now, and I can go to Mrs. Kirke's and help her with the children for part of my board. It wouldn't cost much and I'd\_c. I'd see and hear new things and get \_c. get a lot of new ideas for my stories.

MRS. MARCH

I don't doubt it. Jo, nothing's happened between you and Laurie? Don't be surprised, dear. Mother's have to have sharp eyes, especially when their daughters keep their troubles to themselves.

**JO:**

Oh, Marmee. I would have told you. Only I thought it would blow over. And \_c it seemed kind of wrong to tell Laurie's poor little secret. Oh. It's only that he's got a foolish romantic notion in his head, and I think \_c. I think that if I go away for a time, he may get over it.

MRS. MARCH

I see. And how do you feel about this foolish romantic notion?

**JO:**

I love him dearly, as I always have. And I feel as though I've \_c as though I've stabbed my dearest friend. And yet, I \_c I don't want to make a mistake.

MRS. MARCH



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. If he agrees, we'll write to Mrs. Kirke. Good night.

**JO:**

Good night, Marmee.

**(01:**

(in New York) \*\*

**(01:**

MRS. KIRKE

Now, my dear, I think I've told you everything. And it shall 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 have. But it has a table, and you can use it for your writing.

**JO:**

That's good.

MRS. KIRKE

Mamie! You must come down here some after dinner and be sociable. I promised your mother I wouldn't let you get homesick. And I've only the most refined people in my house. Mamie!

**MAMIE:**

Here I am, Mrs. Kirke.

MRS. KIRKE

Oh, Mamie. This is Miss Josephine. Will you take her up to her room and find the children.

**MAMIE:**

Yes. Ma'am.

MRS. KIRKE

I'll see you later, my dear.

**MAMIE:**

Ah, right this way, please. Children, children. They ain't a bad lot, but all my stars, they take a deal o' handling. Minnie. Kitty. You heard me. Come on out. I know where you are.

**(01:**

**CHILDREN:**

(Scream)

**TINA:**

He's gonna get me. He's gonna get me. Eat Mamie, don't eat my baby.

(01:

**MAMIE:**

Professor. Professor.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh. Oh, I beg your pardon, please. I'm so sorry.

**MAMIE:**

This is Miss. Josephine. What's got you in charge now. And this is Professor Bhaer.

**PROFESSOR:**

How do you do?

**JO:**

How do you do?

**TINA:**

I want to play some more.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, that is for Miss Josephine to say. But I'm afraid we frightened her already.

**JO:**

Oh, no. But I didn't expect to meet a grizzly bear in the upper hall.

**PROFESSOR:**

Ha, ha, ha, yes. Oh, no, no, Mamie, wait, wait. The back is too young to carry such a heavy load. Come on, children, let's play soldiers. Tina, you're the general. You are the captain, and here lieutenant. Forward, march. So we sing the chorus, from Atlanta to the sea, while we are marching to the linen closet.

**MAMIE:**

Oh, he's such a lovely man. I know he must have been a gentleman

sometime or other. But he's as poor as a church mouse now.

**JO:**

What does he do?

**MAMIE:**

Oh, he's\_che's a professor, see. You know, learns 'em how they talk in foreign countries. I don't know what good it does 'em when they're livin' right here.

(01:

(01:

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, oh, good evening, my little friend. Good evening.

**JO:**

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.

**PROFESSOR:**

"Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt." The words are by Goethe. Do you speak German? Oh, well, then I better give it to you in English. Let me see now. Ah, "Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt" Yah, yah, yah. "Only who knows what longing is can know what I suffer."  
"weiYA\_Awas ich leide"@ "Alone and parted far from joy and gladness. My senses fail. Burning fire devours me".

**JO:**

My senses fail. A burning fire devours me. I know how he felt.

**PROFESSOR:**

Tchaikovsky did also. That's why he wrote this beautiful heart-breaking music.

**JO:**

Oh, if only I could write something like that. Something splendid that would set other hearts on fire.

**PROFESSOR:**

That is genius. Ah, you wish to write, my little friend?

**JO:**

Yes, that's my longing. I've sold two stories already since I've been here.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, that's very good. I like to read them. May I?

**JO:**

Oh, would you? I'd so like to know your opinion.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, I would be very happy. You have that ardent spirit, right? I like that.

**JO:**

Oh, what shall I ask for at the music shop?

**PROFESSOR:**

"Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt".

**JO:**

"Nur wer die\_c"

**PROFESSOR:**

"Sehnsucht"

**JO:**

"Sehnsucht"

**PROFESSOR:**

Haha. I think I better write it down for you. Oh, no. Here is a teacher without pencil?

**JO:**

Oh, let me sew that button for you, before you lose it.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, no. I sew on buttons. I, I \_c

**JO:**

Not very well, evidently.

**PROFESSOR:**

Well,

(in the nursery) \*\*

**(01:**

**JO:**

Who was Goldilocks? A little girl?

**TINA:**

Yes.

**JO:**

And she\_c

**TINA:**

And she\_c

**JO:**

\_cwent into their house.

**TINA:**

\_cwent into their, into their house.

**JO:**

\_cand saw three chairs.

**TINA:**

\_cand saw three chairs.

**JO:**

\_cthree chairs.

**TINA:**

\_cthree chairs. One was a baby one. One was the Daddy one. And one was the Mommy one.

**JO:**

Uh huh. So she sat down in the big one.

**TINA:**

And it was too hard and she\_c

**MAMIE:**

Miss Josephine, you're to go down to the parlor right away. Someone to see you.

**JO:**

Who is it?

**MAMIE:**

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

**JO:**

All right, children, that'll be all for today. Now run along and wash your hands and faces for tea.

**TINA:**

I'll tell you the story tomorrow.

**JO:**

All right. Who is it, Mamie?

**MAMIE:**

I can't tell you. It's a surprise. Is these some of your new stories? Oh, they look creepier than Duke Storber. Can I read them?

**JO:**

Yes, if you want to.

**MAMIE:**

"The Priest of the Coventries" or "the Secret of a Guilty Heart" by Josephine March.

(Down in the parlor) \*\*

(01:

**JO:**

Then it's true. Amy.

**AMY:**

Darling.

**JO:**

Oh, ma\_c

**AUNT MARCH:**

Now, Josephine.

**JO:**

Oh, I'm so glad to see you.

**AUNT MARCH:**

Sit down here.

**JO:**

Tell me everything.

**AUNT MARCH:**

We can't stop now. We've got to get to the shipping office 'fore it closes.

**JO:**

Shipping office, Aunt March? Europe?

**AUNT MARCH:**

Taking Amy with me. Well, maybe you can go next time.

**JO:**

Next time? Well, tell me, um, is Meg all right and, and Mummy and father? And how's my Beth?

**AMY:**

She's better again but she isn't rosy as she used to be.

**JO:**

Oh, my poor Beth. Why doesn't she get strong? And, and Laurie?

**AMY:**

Why didn't you see them when they were here? He and his grandfather have been in Europe for weeks.

**JO:**

Laurie in New York? And didn't come to see me?

**AUNT MARCH:**

I'm sure you can't blame him. After the way you picked up and trotted off without so much as saying good bye to any of us. I think you've treated everybody shamefully. Come along, Amy.

**AMY:**

Oh, Jo, dear. I, I wish it were you. I know how you've always longed to go.

**JO:**

Oh, no, darling. It's your award. You've always done sweet things to please Aunt March, and think of all the wonderful things you're going to see. The 'Turner's, and 'LaFiero's, and 'Leonardo's.

**AUNT MARCH:**

Amy, you seem to forget waiting cabs cost money. That's the trouble with folks who never had anything. Easy come, easy go. Be right back, Josephine.

**JO:**

Good bye, darling.

**(01:**

**PROFESSOR:**

Miss Josephine, Miss Josephine.

**JO:**

Yes, Professor Bhaer.

**PROFESSOR:**

I have read your stories, and I would like to return them to you. Will you please come in?

**JO:**

Ah, yes. Thank you. Did you like them?

**PROFESSOR:**

Well, Miss March, I must be honest. I was disappointed. Why do you write such artificial characters, such, such artificial plots, villains, murderers, and, and, and such women? Why don't you write a\_c?

**JO:**

(cries)

**PROFESSOR:**

What? Oh, Miss March, please. I'm so sorry now. Oh, I didn't want to hurt you. I, I wanted to help you. What a blundering fool I\_c

**JO:**



No, it isn't that. Oh, please don't pay any attention to me, please.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh. Forgive me. Now. Please come, sit down. What?. Forgive me.

**JO:**

Oh, no, no. It is just that everything seems to come at once. Oh, the rest doesn't matter so much. I can bear that. But Laurie, I can never get over Laurie.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, herr Laurie. Your friend? Something has happened to him?

**JO:**

Yes.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh.

**JO:**

Oh, no, no, no. Something's happened to me. He came to New York and he didn't even come to see me.

**PROFESSOR:**

What a fool he must be!

**JO:**

Oh, no. No, it's my fault. But I thought that\_cOh, why does it matter what I thought? I 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\_c. Well, I suppose that's just what I'm just doing.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, that trip to Europe. That's you so looked forward to. That is too bad. That is a cruel disappointment, I know. And on top of it, that stupid professor comes blundering and makes things worse.

**JO:**

Oh, no, no. No, if I can't stand the truth, I'm worth anything. Oh, I didn't think those stories were so very good. But you see,

well, the Duke's Daughter paid the butcher's bill and the Curse of the Coventries was the blessing of the Marches, because it sent Marmee and Beth to the seashore.

**PROFESSOR:**

Yes, that's what I have thought. And then, I had said to myself. I, I maybe have no\_c no right to speak. But then again, I said to myself I maybe have no right to be silent. For Miss March, you have talent.

**JO:**

No. Do you really think so?

**PROFESSOR:**

Otherwise, I could not say it. And you know it. Und 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, and, and maybe later, when I'm a little bit older, and I have, have felt life more, then I will write about these poor wretches, but I will make them live and, and breathe like my Shakespeare did." Will you do that, my little friend?

**JO:**

Oh, yes. I'll try, but I don't think I'll ever be a Shakespeare. Do you?

**PROFESSOR:**

But you can be a Josephine March. And I assure you that is plenty.

**JO:**

Ah.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, and now don't be disappointed about that trip. No. Here.

**JO:**

Oh, peppermint. Good.

**PROFESSOR:**

Those of us who have been all over the old world can find many things here in the new that are beautiful and young if\_cMiss

March, it would give me a great pleasure if I could show you some of these things while you are here if you would care to have so.  
And\_c

**JO:**

Oh, thank you.

**PROFESSOR:**

Well, then you are not angry with the blundering professor who takes the wrong times for his lectures.

**JO:**

How could I be?

**PROFESSOR:**

Auf Wiedersehen, my little friend.

(After the Opera) \*\*

(01:

**PROFESSOR:**

Did you really like it?

**JO:**

I've never had so much fun.

**PROFESSOR:**

I'm so happy, my little friend.

**JO:**

She was divine. I don't want to be a writer any more. I want to be a wonderful singer. And thrill thousands of people so that they cheer and throw flowers at me. Like that.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, Bravo, bravo. But I wouldn't make up my mind so soon. Because at the art museum you wanted to be a sculptor, and at the circus you thought the bareback rider was the most beautiful thing in the world.

**JO:**

I know but to sing like that. (sings) Oh, I forgot. Oh, there's something inside me tonight that makes me want to shout.

**PROFESSOR:**

And what would you shout?

**JO:**

I'd say, "Look at me, world. I'm Jo March, and I'm so happy." Oh.

**PROFESSOR:**

My little friend so happy. Then you haven't missed much lately your home and your old friends?

**JO:**

But you, you're responsible for that. Oh, but maybe they haven't missed me so much, either. They're so busy with Meg and those blessed babies.

**PROFESSOR:**

Yes, yes. How are those remarkable twins.

**JO:**

Wonderful. Meg is so proud of them. La, la, la\_c

**PROFESSOR:**

Have you heard from Europe?

**JO:**

Yes. Nearly every boat brings a letter from Amy. La, la, la\_c

**PROFESSOR:**

And your friend? Her Laurie, have you heard from him?

**JO:**

Only through Amy. They met at Vichy and had a wonderful time together.

**PROFESSOR:**

Miss March, I am going to ask a favor of you. Could you give me the address of your father? I wish to write him and ask him something.

**JO:**

Why, yes. He'd , 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.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, really?

**JO:**

Yes. Now I'll show you.

**PROFESSOR:**

This is so nice. Not, I hope.

**JO:**

It's Beth. She's\_c Oh, I, I must go at once.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, my friend, can I do something for you? I am, I am sure there is something I can do.

**JO:**

No, there's, there's nothing. Thank you.

(At home) \*\*

**(01:**

**BETH:**

Oh, Jo, to think you're home. If Amy were here, we'd all be together.

**JO:**

She'll be home in the spring, darling. And I'm going to have you all well and rosy by then.

**BETH:**

Oh, 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. Ah, you've always reminded me of a sea gull, Jo. Strong and wild, and fond of the wind and 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, I can't express it very well. I shouldn't try to. Anyone but you. Because I, I can't speak out to anyone but my Jo. But I'm not afraid any more. 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\_ceven in heaven.

(by Beth's bed) \*\*

**BETH:**

Little love.

(Everyone around Beth's bed.) \*\*

**MEG:**

I'm afraid they're tiring you.

**BETH:**

Oh, no.

**MEG:**

But it's time for my little regiment to take its nap.

**BETH:**

They're sweet. I think I can sleep now. Oh, look, Jo. My birds.  
They got back in time.

**JO:**

Bethy, Bethy. Mother!

MRS. MARCH

Bethy.

MR. MARCH

My daughter.

MRS. MARCH

Bethy, Bethy.

**JO:**

No, no. Marmee. No. We mustn't cry. We must be glad she's well at  
last. No, Marmee, don't cry.

(In Europe) \*\*

**(O1:**

**AMY:**

If only there were another boat leaving sooner.

**AUNT MARCH:**

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.

**AMY:**

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 good bye. Laurie, Laurie. Oh, I knew you'd come.

MR. LAURENCE

My child.

**AMY:**

Mr. Laurence.

**LAURIE:**

Amy, we were in Germany dear, and Marmee's letter had to be forwarded, but I came the moment I got it, because, well, you must comfort me now, too.

**AUNT MARCH:**

I'm thankful you're here. I haven't known what to do with the child. Perhaps you can persuade her to stay.

(Jo ironing on the porch) \*\*

**JO:**

Ah, the elegant young matron.

**MEG:**

Hello, Jo, dear. I'm setting off in the little carriage and I'm going to make some calls.

**JO:**

And you want me to mind the little demons for you while you are gone?

**MEG:**

No. I want you go with me? Oh, do dear. It's a lovely day and I want to talk with you.

**JO:**

Well, talk to me now. You know I can't bare calls.

**MEG:**

How's your story coming?

**JO:**

Sent it off yesterday.

**MEG:**

Without us reading it?

**JO:**

Well, you can read it when they send it back.

**MEG:**

Oh, Jo, I had a letter from Amy.

**JO:**

So did Marmee.

**MEG:**

They're in Val Rosa now, she say it's at a paradise. Jo, I want to ask you something. I've been wondering. How would you feel if, if you should hear that your Laurie were learning to care for somebody else?

**JO:**

Meg, who? Amy?

**MEG:**

Of course I don't know. I, I can't be sure. I'm only reading between the lines. Then you wouldn't mind?

**JO:**

Oh, no, Meg. How could I? I think it would be wonderful. Don't you?

**MEG:**

Yes, but I wasn't quite sure. Oh, forgive me, dear. But, but I have so much and you, you seem so alone. I thought lately that maybe if Laurie came back.

**JO:**

Oh, no, no, dear. It's better as it is. And I'm glad if he and Amy are learning to love each other. Oh, you're right about one thing, though. I am lonely. And maybe if Laurie had come back, I might have said yes. Not because I love him any differently, but because\_cwell, because it means more to me now, to be loved, than it used to.

(Jo is asleep on the attic sofa) \*\*

**(01:**

**JO:**



Laurie, oh, my Laurie.

**LAURIE:**

Oh, Jo, dear. Are you glad to see me?

**JO:**

Glad? Oh, my blessed boy. Words can't express my gladness. And where's your wife?

**LAURIE:**

Oh, they all stopped in at Meg's, but I couldn't wait to see you. They'll be along presently.

**JO:**

Oh, let me look at you.

**LAURIE:**

Oh, don't I look like a married man, and the head of a family? Huh?

**JO:**

Not a bit. And you never will. Though you have grown bigger and bonnier.

**LAURIE:**

Ah.

**JO:**

But you're the same scape grace as ever. Despite that very elegant mustache, you can't fool me.

**LAURIE:**

Oh, really, Jo. You ought to treat me with more respect. Really! Ah, Jo, dear, I want to say one thing and then put it back forever. Ah\_c

**JO:**

Oh, no, darling, if you\_c I think it has always meant to be. You and Amy. And it would have come about naturally if only you'd waited.

**LAURIE:**

As you tried to make me understand.

**JO:**

But you never could be patient.

**LAURIE:**

So then we can go back to the happy old times, the way you wanted, when we first knew one another.

**JO:**

No. We, we never can be boy and girl again, Laurie. Those happy old times can't come back. And 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? Oh, there they are.

**(O1:**

MRS. MARCH

You look very well, Aunt March.

**AUNT MARCH:**

After all the money I've spent on my Rheumatism, I come home on a day like this.

**HANNAH:**

Heaven's to Betsy! If she ain't dressed in silk from head to foot.

**AMY:**

Oh, where is she? Where is Jo? Jo.

**JO:**

Amy.

**LAURIE:**

Doesn't she look marvelous, Jo.

(Everyone exchanges greetings) \*\*

**AMY:**

Poor Jo. I'll never forgive myself for staying away so long and leaving you to bare everything.

**JO:**

Darling. To think that only yesterday we were pulling our hair and buttoning our pinafores. And now she is a grown-up married lady with a bustle.

**AUNT MARCH:**

Spent all my money and didn't have anything decent to eat the whole time.

\*\*

**MRS. MARCH**

You must be famished. I'll help Hanna with tea.

**JO:**

Oh, no, you won't, Marmee. You'll sit right here. I'll help Hanna.

(Jo preying to Beth) \*\*

**JO:**

It's fun, isn't it, Bethy? Now that we're all together again.

**HANNA:**

Oh, dear. Oh, dear. I've got to get some milk. I got nothing for the baby.

**JO:**

I'll go.

**HANNA:**

But it's raining cats and dogs.

**JO:**

I love it.

**HANNA:**

Oh, sakes alive. There's the front door bell.

(At the front door) \*\*

**PROFESSOR:**

How do you do? Is this the residence of Miss March?

**HANNA:**

Oh, yes.

**PROFESSOR:**

Miss Josephine March?

**HANNA:**

Yes, yes.

**PROFESSOR:**

May I speak with her?

**HANNA:**

Well, she's out. But I'm expecting her back any minute. Would you come in?

**PROFESSOR:**

Thank you, thank you. Oh, no, no, no, thank you. She has guests. No. Thank you very much. But uh, will you please give this to her and tell that Professor Bhaer left it. Thank you. Professor Bhaer. Thank you very much. Good bye.

**HANNA:**

**Good bye.1:**

**JO:**

Oh, Herr Professor.

**PROFESSOR:**

My little friend. I\_c I was just here to leave you a book. I wanted to tell you my friend published it, and, and he has great hope. He thinks it\_c

**JO:**

Oh, never mind what he thinks. Did you like it?

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, my little friend, it has such truth, such simple beauty. It\_c In English quick, I cannot tell you what it gives my heart.

**JO:**

But you were going without telling me. If I hadn't come back, I never would have seen you again. Oh, but come. You're getting wet.

**PROFESSOR:**

I couldn't intrude. You have guests.

**JO:**

Oh, no, only my family. My sister's just come home. She's married, you know, with that boy I told you about.

**PROFESSOR:**

Herr Laurie?

**JO:**

Yes.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh.

**JO:**

It's the first time they've been together for a long time.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, please, please. Just, just one moment, before\_c I have a wish to ask you something. Would you\_c oh\_c I\_c I\_c I have no courage to think that\_c but\_c but\_c but could I dare hope that\_cI\_c I\_c I know I shouldn't make so free as to ask. I have nothing to give but my heart so full and\_c and these empty hands.

**JO:**

They're not empty now.

**PROFESSOR:**

Oh, dearest.

**JO:**

Welcome home.

**(01:**

The End