



AMY: Oh—Jo! Where are you and Meg going?

Jo: (*Abruptly*) Never mind! Little girls shouldn't ask questions.

AMY: (*Hurt*) You mean thing, Jo March! (*Crosses to MEG at L. c. Coaxingly.*) Meg—do tell me! I should think you might let me go, too. (*Whines.*) I haven't got anything to do—and I'm so lonely.

MEG: I can't, Amy—because you aren't invited.

Jo: (*R. of table. Impatiently*) Now, Meg, be quiet—or you'll spoil it all. (*Turns to AMY.*) You can't Amy—so don't be a baby and whine about it!

AMY: You're going somewhere with Laurie—I know you are. You three were whispering and laughing together over there on the sofa last night—and you stopped when I came in. *Aren't* you going with him?

Jo: (*Irritably as she puts on her gloves*) Yes, we are! Now do be still and stop bothering!

MEG: (*Crosses to L. of table*) Where's my fan, Jo?

Jo: Right there on the table, Meg—on top of the book of stories I'm writing.

MEG: (*Picks up her fan and a large blank book tied with a ribbon*) You shouldn't leave your story-book here, Jo! You know Mother said ——

Jo: I forgot! Stick it in the table drawer for now, Meg, will you? I haven't got time to take it upstairs.



AMY: Oh—Jo! Where are you and Meg going?

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Callball

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MEG: All right! (*Opens table drawer and puts blank book in—closes drawer.*)

AMY: (*Triumphantly*) I know! I know! You're going to the theatre to see "The Seven Castles"! (*Determinedly.*) And I shall go—for Mother said I might see it! I've got my rag-money—and it was mean of you not to tell me in time. (*Flings herself into the easy chair l. c. and sobs violently.*)

MEG: (*Crosses to AMY and tries to soothe her*) Just listen to me and be a good child, Amy! (*Sits on right arm of easy chair and tries to put her arm around AMY who draws away.*) You can go next week with Beth and Hannah and have a nice time.

AMY: (*Sobs*) I don't want to go next week! (*Stamps her feet.*) I want to go to-day with you and Laurie! Please let me! (*Sniffs.*) I've been sick with this cold so long—and shut up in the house. I'm dying for some fun. (*Turns pleadingly to MEG.*) Do—Meg! I'll be ever so good.

MEG: (*Weakening—turns to Jo*) Suppose we take her, Jo. I don't believe Mother would mind if we bundle her up well.

JO: (*Crossly*) If Amy goes—I shan't! And if I don't, Laurie won't like it—and it will be very rude, after he invited only us, to go and drag in Amy. I should think she'd hate to poke herself in where she isn't wanted.

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Callball

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»»»««

AMY: I don't care! I shall go! Meg says I may—and if I pay for myself Laurie hasn't anything to do with it.

JO: You can't sit with us, for our seats are reserved, and you mustn't sit alone—so Laurie will have to give you his place, and that will spoil our pleasure.

AMY: (*Rises*) I don't care.

JO: (*Crosses to AMY*) You shan't stir a step, Amy—so you may just stay where you are!

AMY: (*Stamps her foot and sobs*) Oh, I just think you're mean, Jo March! I want to go! I want to go!

JO: (*Flatly*) Well, you can't! (*Loud whistle offstage.*) There's Laurie now, Meg! (*Crosses up to window and waves her hand.*) Come on—we mustn't keep him waiting. He's got a sleigh. (*Crosses to arch.*)

MEG: (*Rises and goes up to arch*) I'm ready, Jo! (*Turns to AMY.*) Be a good girl, Amy!

AMY: (*Wails*) You'll be sorry for this, Jo March—just you see if you ain't! I'll get even with you for this—you wait and see!

JO: Oh, fiddlesticks! (*Pulls MEG into the hall.*) Come on!

(*JO and MEG exeunt through hall r. There is a door slam offstage. AMY crosses to the window sulkily and looks out watching them go. After a moment she comes back to c. She stands for a moment sniffing and wiping her eyes.*)

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Call base

Act I LITTLE WOMEN Act I



AMY: (*Half aloud*) I'll get even with Jo March—I will!
(*Thinks for a moment—then has a sudden idea. Crosses to the table and opens the drawer and takes out Jo's story book. Looks at it for a moment then starts to tear it in pieces. Suddenly has a better idea. Crosses to the fireplace and kneels in front of it. Throws the story book into the fire and watches it burn. As the flames die out.*) There!

→ Amy (Solmes)

(BETH enters door L.)

BETH: (*Looks at AMY in surprise*) Why, Amy—what are you doing?

AMY: (*Shortly*) Nothing! (*Rises guiltily.*)

BETH: Have the girls gone?

AMY: (*Sits in easy chair*) Yes.

BETH: (*Crosses to organ*) I hope they have a good time.
(*Sits and starts to play something suitable to the period.*)

AMY: I don't!

BETH: (*Stops playing and turns to AMY*) Why—Amy!

AMY: Well, I don't! I think they were horrid not to take me.

(*Sounds of sleigh-bells approaching.*)

BETH: Listen! Maybe they're coming back for you after all. (*Rises and crosses to window. Looks out.*) Oh—Amy!

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Call base