

Callball

Act I LITTLE WOMEN Act I



a wonderful library with heaps and heaps of books.
I love books, you know.

LAURIE: Do you? You can come in and use ours any
time, you know.

Jo: Oh—could I? I mean —

LAURIE: Of course! You needn't be afraid of Grandpa.
He goes out every afternoon about this time and —

Jo: *Afraid?* I'm not afraid of anything!

LAURIE: (*Looks admiringly at Jo*) I don't believe you
are! (*Rises.*) Would you like to look at some of the
books?

Jo: (*Rises eagerly*) May I?

LAURIE: Surely! (*Points out over audience.*) Now, those
books over there are —

(*Door-bell rings loudly offstage.*)

Jo: (*Obviously frightened*) Mercy me! It's your grand-
pa! Oh, dear!

LAURIE: (*Laughs*) Well, what if it is? *You're* not afraid
of anything, you know.

Jo: (*Taken back a bit*) Well, I—I think I *am* a little
bit afraid of him—but—but I don't know why I
should be. Marmee said I might come—and I don't
think you're any the worse for it.

LAURIE: (*Promptly*) I'm a great deal better for it—

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and ever so much obliged. I'm only afraid you're tired
talking to me. (WOMAN'S VOICE *offstage*—"I'll tell
Mr. Theodore you're here.") Excuse me a moment!
(*Crosses up to door and speaks offstage.*) Yes—what
is it, Nellie? Oh—the doctor? All right—tell him I'll
come right away. (*Turns to Jo.*) It's the doctor to
see me.

Jo: Maybe I'd better —

LAURIE: No—stay here! I won't be but a minute. Do you
mind?

Jo: Not a bit! I'm happy as a cricket here.

LAURIE: I'll be back as quickly as I can. (*He exits door
at back.*)

Jo: (*Wanders about for a moment looking curiously at
the books on the table, etc. Starts to whistle softly.
Suddenly sees portrait above the fireplace. Stands in
front of it and gazes up at it*) H'm! I suppose that's
a portrait of his grandfather! (*Unseen by Jo, Mr.
LAWRENCE enters door at back and stands listening
and watching Jo. Mr. LAWRENCE is a dignified, but
rather stern-looking old gentleman, dressed in the
clothes of the period.*) H'm! He looks rather nice!
He's got kind eyes! I'm sure now that I shouldn't be
afraid of him if I met him. His mouth is grim and he
looks as if he had a tremendous will of his own. He
isn't as handsome as *my* grandfather—but I like him!

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Jo/Mr. Lawrence

Callback

Act I LITTLE WOMEN Act I

»»»««

MR. LAWRENCE: (*Suddenly*) Thank you very much, ma'am!

JO: (*Turns with a gasp—sees MR. LAWRENCE*) Oh, my goodness! I—I didn't know you were there, Mr. Lawrence. I—I—

MR. LAWRENCE: (*Gruffly*) So you're not afraid of me, eh?

JO: (*Holds her own*) Not—not much, sir.

MR. LAWRENCE: (*Crosses to Jo*) And you don't think me as handsome as *your* grandfather?

JO: Not quite, sir.

MR. LAWRENCE: And I've got a tremendous will, have I?

JO: (*Meekly*) I only said I thought so.

MR. LAWRENCE: But you like me—in spite of it?

JO: (*Frankly*) Yes—I do, sir.

MR. LAWRENCE: (*Chuckles and pats Jo on the shoulder*) Well, I like you, my girl! You've got your grandfather's spirit—if you haven't his face. He was a fine man, my dear—but what is better, he was a brave and honest one, and I was proud to be his friend.

JO: Thank you, sir!

MR. LAWRENCE: Now then, what have you been doing to this boy of mine, eh?

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JO: Only trying to be neighborly, sir. I—I thought if I paid him a call it might cheer him up.

MR. LAWRENCE: You think he needs cheering up a bit, do you?

JO: Yes, sir! He seems a little lonely—and young folks would do him good perhaps. We are only girls—but we should be glad to help if we could.

(*Tea bell jingles offstage.*)

MR. LAWRENCE: Ah! There goes the bell for tea. We have it early on the boy's account. Won't you come into the dining-room with us, and go on being neighborly?

JO: If you'd like to have me, sir.

MR. LAWRENCE: Shouldn't ask you, if I didn't. (*Offers his arm to Jo.*) Will you take my arm?

(*Loud clatter of LAURIE's approaching footsteps offstage.*)

JO: (*Takes MR. LAWRENCE's arm*) Thank you!

MR. LAWRENCE: (*About to escort Jo to door*) This way!

LAURIE: (*Approaching offstage at back*) Oh, Mr. L. / Jo
I'm sorry I kept you. I— (*Enters door and sees MR. LAWRENCE.*) Oh! I didn't know you'd come home, Grandfather.

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