Acting Edition

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S LITTLE WOMEN

BY

LAUREN GUNDERSON

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LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S LITTLE WOMEN was a co-commission of four theaters, and was produced as a rolling world premiere: Northlight Theatre (BJ Jones, Walter C Greenough Artistic Director; Timothy Evans, Executive Director), Evanston, IL; TheatreWorks Silicon Valley (Giovanna Sardelli, Artistic Director; Phil Santora, Executive Director), Palo Alto, CA; City Theatre (Clare Drobot, Artistic Director; James McNeel, Managing Director), Pittsburgh, PA; and People's Light (Zak Berkman, Producting Artistic Director), Malvern, PA.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S LITTLE WOMEN premiered at Northlight Theatre in November 2024. The production was directed by Georgette Verdin, with set design by Sotirios Livaditis, costume design by Raquel Adorno, sound design by Christopher Kriz, lighting design by Emma Deane, and properties design by Nicolas Bartleson. The stage manager was Katie Klemme. The cast was as follows:

LOUISA/JO.....Tyler Meredith
MEG.....Janyce Caraballo
BETH.....Demetra Dee
AMY.....Yourtana Sulaiman
MARMEE, AUNT MARCH.....Lucy Carapetyan
LAURIE.....John Drea
JOHN, FRIEDRICH, MR. LAURENCE, MR. MARCH.....Erik Hellman

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S LITTLE WOMEN premired at TheatreWorks Silicon Valley in September 2025. The production was directed by Giovanna Sardelli, with set design by Annie Smart, costume design by Meg Neville, sound design by James Ard, lighting design by Kurt Landisman, and hair and wig design by Y. Sharon Peng. The stage manager was Randall K. Lum. The cast was as follows:

LOUISA/JO.....Elissa Beth Stebbins
MEG.....Emily Ota
BETH.....Lauren Hart
AMY.....Sharon Shao
MARMEE, AUNT MARCH.....Cathleen Riddley
LAURIE.....Max Tachis
JOHN, FRIEDRICH, MR. LAURENCE, MR. MARCH......George Psarras

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S LITTLE WOMEN premiered at City Theatre in November 2025. The production was directed by Kaja Dunn, with set design by Anne Mundell, costume design by Hugh Hanson, sound design and original music by Pan-Pan Gou, and lighting design by Latrice Lovett. The stage manager was Taylor K. Meszaros. The cast was as follows:

LOUISA/JO . . . . . Zanny Laird
MEG . . . . . Annalisa D'Aguilar
BETH . . . . . Alex Manalo
AMY . . . . . Nell Murphy
MARMEE, AUNT MARCH . . . . . Nancy McNulty
LAURIE . . . . . Brenden Peifer
JOHN, FRIEDRICH, MR. LAURENCE, MR. MARCH . . . . . Juan Rivera Lebron

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT'S LITTLE WOMEN will premiere at People's Light in February 2027.

CHARACTERS

LOUISA/JO – Independent, ambitious, and fiercely determined to pursue her dreams of becoming a writer. Jo is tomboyish, outspoken, and adventurous, with a strong sense of justice and loyalty, but also self-critical and quick-tempered. She is always carrying a notebook or papers and scribbling away. Teens–20s.

MEG – The eldest March sister, responsible, nurturing, and traditional but vibrant and full of romantic dreams. Meg is thoughtful, compassionate, and devoted but also sometimes vain and longing for the ease of wealth that she never had. 20s.

BETH – Quiet, gentle, and musical. She is shy, selfless, and deeply empathetic. She does not dream of a life outside of her home and family, an inward girl, never a woman. Teens.

AMY – The youngest sister who is impatient, artistic, vivacious, charming. Often self-centered and vengeful, but also spirited, creative, determined, and loving. Teens–20.

MARMEE – The mother of the March sisters is wise, nurturing, compassionate, resilient, and patient. She guides her daughters toward selflessness and level-headedness, but also shares their verve, delight for life, family, and independence. 40s–50s.

AUNT MARCH – Fussy, rich, judgmental. 70.

LAURIE – The wealthy, charming neighbor and close friend of the March sisters. He is adventurous, mischievous, and impulsive, with a playful spirit and a love for music and literature. Despite his privileged upbringing, Laurie is kindhearted, loyal, and deeply devoted to the March family, especially Jo. Teens–20s.

JOHN – Laurie's tutor and later Meg's husband. He is intelligent, earnest, hardworking, and respectful, with a strong sense of duty and integrity. Late 20s.

PROFESSOR FRIEDRICH BHAER – A sunny, generous, German immigrant and intellectual. He is cultured, cheerful, and kindhearted, with a love for literature and philosophy. He embodies principles of intellect, integrity, and genuine affection. 40.

MR. LAURENCE – Laurie's prickly grandfather

MR. MARCH – The father of the March girls.

The characters **MARMEE** and **AUNT MARCH** can be doubled, as can the characters **JOHN** and **BHAER**.

The roles of **MR. LAURENCE** and **MR. MARCH** are nonspeaking and optional. Some productions have cast actors to embody these roles, some have double cast with **JOHN**, and some have used shadow or other theatrical effects.

SETTING

Concord, Massachusetts

The March family's cozy home and its surroundings

New York City

The March home is described by Alcott as "an old, brown house, looking rather bare and shabby." The main family room she described as "a comfortable room, though the carpet was faded and the furniture very plain, for a good picture or two hung on the walls, books filled the recesses, chrysanthemums and Christmas roses bloomed in the windows, and a pleasant atmosphere of home peace pervaded it." The March home is a fictionalized version of her home in Concord, which was known as Orchard House.

TIME

1860s (during the Civil War)

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Most of this adaptation is pulled from direct quotations from the novel, or quotes from Alcott's life. Alcott was a radical creative, this play should feel like it.

Interior exposition or description pulled from the text of the novel is indicated by being in "quotations" in a character's line. This novelistic interiority or description should be delivered actively and emotionally, and not as cold fact. Everything is alive and crackling in our story, even the description of a bird, a secret, or a storm.

A NOTE ON FORMATTING

Some formatting and punctuation tips to accomplish the play's rhythms and emphasis.

– En dashes at the end of phrases indicate cut offs.

... Ellipses denote hesitance to speak or uncertainty and need not be instantly cut off.

Stairstep line
    progressions
        denote speedy
            line pick ups.

Sentences interrupted by periods are meant to emphasize the words preceding punctuation and slow. the speaker. down.

SentencesCollapsedLikeThisShouldBeDeliveredRapidlyAsOneWord.

The following formatting in dialogue indicates intended emotional and vocal emphasis:

Normal
Intensified
REALLY INTENSE
THE MOST INTENSE

ACT ONE

Prologue

*(**LOUISA MAY ALCOTT** stands before us. She is so very excited to tell us…)*

LOUISA. "Miss Alcott," the publisher Mr. Niles says. "We want you. To write. A book."

(She's so excited.)

"A book," he says…

(Hates this part.)

"for *girls*."

(Ughhh. She is suddenly not excited. She is frustrated, not cute, not happy.)

Girls? Whyyyy? I don't even "like" girls. Or understand them. Or *know* any, really, except for my sisters, and they weren't the adorable things anyone writes books about, they were just normal, wild, strange, hilarious, brave, wonderful women.

But smaller.

You want a book about *that*?

Yes, he says, he does. Especially if – and here's the kicker – I would like to be *paid*. Money being an annoying relic I must accept in order to pay for the aforementioned sisters.

(Admitting a bit of her affection.)

LOUISA. Whom I do so love.

(The idea starts to blossom…)

Which means that…perhaps the world would too?

(Testing out the idea…)

Write what you know, Miss Alcott. Or *who*.

(The book starts to form in her mind with…)

Perhaps I could start with… Meg.

*(***MEG** *bursts in and* **LOUISA** *starts to become* **JO**.*)*

MEG. Meg enters!

LOUISA/JO. Based on my older sister Anna, the person who knows me best on earth,

MEG. She is gorgeous!

LOUISA/JO. the loveliest and most beautiful – and *knows* it.

*(***MEG** *winks.)*

MEG. Meg is happy to accept the rules of society that define a woman –

LOUISA/JO. except when she shoves it all off and comes back home to me –

MEG. and we dress in paper crowns and put on plays in the attic, because Meg always knows how to play the part –

LOUISA/JO. which is why she will – infuriatingly – be the perfect wife one day.

MEG. You are such a troublemaker.

LOUISA/JO. And it is such fun. Where is my Amy?!

*(**AMY** enters with a delighted gasp or giddy cheer.)*

AMY. AMY HAS ARRIVED!

LOUISA/JO. Based on my youngest sister May, Amy will be –

AMY. The prettiest sister with the finest clothes and most adoring companions and a gobsmacking talent for painting that is unrivaled in all of New England, and a life of travel and romance and – you know what? Why don't I just write it myself to make sure it's done properly.

LOUISA/JO. *Amy.*

AMY. It's *my* life!

LOUISA/JO. It's *my* story, sit down.

AMY. I most certainly will not!

LOUISA/JO. *Meg, help.*

MEG. Of course. *(Using her best angry-mom voice toward Amy.)* AMYDROPIT.

AMY. Sorry.

LOUISA/JO. Thank you.

Now! To the heart of us all. My Beth.

...Beth?

*(**BETH** enters, barely. **JO** has to drag her on, she's so shy.)*

My dearest, very shy but kindhearted sister Beth.

BETH. ...hello.

LOUISA/JO. Yes, Beth shall be remimaged as...actually I don't need to change a thing about her. I think I need only be brave enough to...

BETH. to tell her story truly.

JO. To tell her story truly.

*(***JO** *nods,* **MARMEE** *enters.)*

MARMEE. And what is a girls' story without their mother,

LOUISA/JO. the one who gave me my first fountain pen at fourteen and told me –

*(***MARMEE** *hands her a fountain pen.)*

MARMEE. "Write, my girl, and gain self-possession."

LOUISA/JO. And so I shall. Because the only one left to write is *me*.

A girl who went by Lu instead of Louisa, a boy's name because she always felt meant to be a boy, tough and determined like a boy, who fought for her vision, and freedom and self-possession like boys are told to.

She is me. And I'll call her Jo.

The rest I will tell as I know it. Real and bold and flawed and –

MARMEE. Loving

AMY. And romantic

BETH. And gentle

MEG. And ridiculous

AMY. And romantic

MARMEE. And full of family

BETH. And full of music

AMY. AND ROMANCE PLEASE, LU, LET THEM END WITH HUSBANDS AND KISSING!

MEG.	**BETH.**	**LOUISA/JO.**	**AMY.**
Amy!	Let her tell it.	Would you please *desist.*	*Whaaaat?*

MEG. My goodness, I feel like I've already read it. Are we at the beginning or the end?

AMY. The beginning of course!

MARMEE. Which is where, Lu?

BETH. Yes, where do we begin?

LOUISA/JO. We begin…

at Christmas.

(In a flash we transition to…)

Scene One

(Christmas at the March home. The **SISTERS** *are sprawled on the floor. A Christmas tree decorated in the corner, holly boughs decorating the space, snow outside. Inside, the* **SISTERS** *are complaining.)*

JO. Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents.

MEG. I know, it's so dreadful to be poor. I shouldn't say it but –

AMY. It's true! I don't think it's fair for some girls to have plenty and other girls nothing at all.

BETH. We haven't got *nothing*, we've got Father and Mother, and each other.

JO. But we haven't got Father, not until this war is over.

BETH. He's not home with us, but he is in our hearts.

MEG. And I *do* understand why we ought not to spend money for pleasure, when our men are suffering in the army.

AMY. Yes but *ughhhhh*…

BETH. Now we can make our little sacrifices, and ought to do it gladly.

MEG. Well I'm not glad at all.

"Meg thought regretfully of all the pretty things she wanted."

AMY. "So did Amy."

JO. "Jo thought of so many new books."

BETH. "Beth thought only of music."

JO. Alright! Here's the truth: Mother didn't say anything about using *our* money. And I don't think the little we would spend on ourselves would do the army any good.

We've each got a dollar, and I want to buy some new stories. A writer needs to read.

AMY. And an artist needs supplies! A nice box of Faber's drawing pencils is what I want – *IMeanNeed*.

BETH. I wanted to spend mine on new music.

MEG. Which benefits the whole family, so it's really not selfish at all.

JO. See? That's it. Let's each buy something we want and have a little fun. We work hard enough to earn it.

MEG. I know I do – teaching those tiresome children all day.

JO. Oh you don't have half so hard a time as I do shut up for hours with fussy Aunt March.

BETH. It's terrible of me but I do think keeping things tidy is the worst work in the world. My hands get stiff, and I can't practice.

AMY. I don't believe any of you suffer as I do. You don't have to go to school with impertinent girls, who laugh at your dresses, and call your father poor, and insult your nose.

(The **GIRLS** *gasp at* **AMY** *being insulted.)*

JO. If they insult you again, you come to me, I'm the man of this house.

AMY. Don't say that, Jo, it's so boyish!

BETH. Jo!

MEG. *You are not!*

JO. That's why I do it.

AMY. I detest unladylike girls.

JO. And I hate affected niminy-piminy little chits.

MEG. *STOP*. You are old enough to behave better, Josephine, you're a young lady.

AMY.
HA.

BETH.
Alright now, everyone.

JO. No I'm not and never will be. I can't get over my disappointment in not being a boy.

AMY. Well some of us need to impress upon the world our feminine decorum.

MEG. *Oh hush Amy*, you are altogether too prim and if you won't be warned you'll grow up a fussy little goose.

BETH. If Jo is a tomboy and Amy a goose, what am I?

MEG.
You're a dear and nothing else.

JO.
You are perfect, my love!

AMY.
Beth is the very best of us!

BETH. "The clock struck six and the girls realized how much of the day was lost to their complaining."

JO. Oh my goodness, there is still so much to do about our play for Christmas night.

MEG. NoNoNo, I'm getting too old for such things.

JO.
Nonsense!

BETH.
No! You must!

AMY.
Meg, don't say that.

JO. You are the best actress we've got and there'll be an end to everything if you quit the boards.

MEG.
Fine fine fine, once more for Christmas and then we'll see.

JO.
There we go

BETH.
Yesssssss!

AMY.
Meeeeeg returns!

(They all fall to pieces laughing and chasing each other, just as **MARMEE** *enters.)*

MARMEE. I could hear you from across the yard, my girls! HelloHelloHello!

BETH.	**MEG.**	**JO.**	**AMY.**
Mother! You're back!	Marmee! We wondered where you were.	Marmee's home!	We are complete! We should tell her our plan.

MARMEE. YesYesYes, how are we all faring, and what trouble has Jo gotten you into?

BETH.	**MEG.**	**JO.**	**AMY.**
Since you mention it, Jo did have a thought.	We're fine, Mother. We were wondering about presents though.	*Hey*! We were just thinking of something small for Christmas?	Just a *little* trouble. We know you said no presents but it's Christmas.

MARMEE. *(Shutting them up.) GIRLS.*

(Back to calm **MARMEE.***)*

As I said, there will be no presents for ourselves this year. Except for *one*. I've got a treat for you this Christmas Eve.

BETH.	**MEG.**	**JO.**	**AMY.**
A treat?	You weren't supposed to buy us anything.	What treat?	What is it?!

*(***MARMEE** *pulls out a letter. They gasp.)*

BETH.	**MEG.**	**JO.**	**AMY.**
A letter?	A letter from Father?	*From Father at the front?!*	He finally wrote?!

MARMEE. YesYesYes, if you might calm yourselves long enough to hear it.

AMY.	**MEG.**	**JO.**
I'm so calm!	Please read it, Mother.	Oh read it right away, you must.

BETH. Does it say when he will come home?

MARMEE. No. But we can't ask for him back before he can be spared. Now come and hear. ComeCome.

MEG. "So they all drew to the fire,"

BETH. "Mother in the big chair with Beth at her feet,"

AMY. "Meg and Amy perched on either arm of the chair"

MARMEE. "and Jo leaning on the back,"

JO. "where no one would see any sign of emotion if the letter should happen to be touching."

MARMEE. He says...

'Give them all my love and a kiss. Tell them I think of them by day, pray for them by night, and find my best comfort in their affection at all times. A year seems very long to wait, but I know they will be loving children to you, will do their duty faithfully, and that when I come back to them I may be prouder than ever of my little women.'

(Beat. Then all the **SISTERS** *break.)*

AMY.	**MEG.**	**JO.**
I'm such a selfish pig!	I am a terrible daughter.	We're all just terrible!

BETH. We're complaining while he's fighting in misery.

AMY. I'll try to be better, I truly will.

MEG. As will I! I think too much of my looks and hate to work.

BETH. I promise I won't envy girls with nice pianos.

JO. I'll try not to be so rough and wild.

MARMEE. Girls girls girls, you are good and generous and honest and wouldn't that please your father? As would my next proposal. It's a big one.

MEG.	**BETH**.	**AMY**.	**JO**.
What is it, Mother?	Do tell us.	Is it very stressful?	Anything, Mother.

MARMEE. Alright. Not far away from here lives a poor woman with a little newborn baby. Six children are huddled into one bed and there is nothing to eat. Will you give them your breakfast tomorrow for Christmas? It's not much, but we can do without, can't we?

(The **GIRLS** *check in with each other, they were looking forward to that breakfast.)*

MEG.	**BETH**.	**AMY**.	**JO**.
Yes of course we will!	Yes! that's so sad.	Oh of course.	We must! Of course
And bring blankets!	And extra flour?	And mittens!	And I can build a fire!

MARMEE. I knew it, I knew you would help, thank you, girls, thank you.

AMY. *(Out of earshot from* **MARMEE**.*)* But are we giving them the *whole* breakfast or just the muffins?

MEG.	**BETH**.	**AMY**.	**JO**.
Quiet Amy.	*It's Christmas.*	*I'm hungry!*	*SHHHH.*

MARMEE. "And early the next morning the procession set out hauling baskets and blankets across the snow to the Hummels' home."

BETH. "A poor, bare, miserable room it was,"

AMY. "with broken windows, no fire, ragged clothes,"

MEG. "a sick mother, wailing baby, and hungry children trying to keep warm."

JO. "Marmee gave the mother tea and comforted her."

BETH. "The girls spread the table"

AMY. "and fed the children like so many hungry birds."

JO. "It was a very happy breakfast. Though we didn't eat a thing."

MEG. "And returning home the March women stopped at the sight of their dining room table."

BETH. "Which was surprisingly…full?"

MEG.	**AMY**.	**MARMEE**.	**JO**.
What is it?	Where did this come from?	Oh my goodness.	What?

JO. "There was bread and cake and fruit and distracting French bonbons"

AMY. "and four great bouquets of flowers."

JO. Who did this?

AMY. Is it fairies?

BETH. Or Santa!

MEG. Mother did it, didn't you?

*(***MARMEE** *reads a letter left on the table for them.)*

MARMEE. No, it seems it was Mr. Laurence.

AMY. Mr. Laurence.

JO. That old grandfather?

BETH. From the big house next door?

AMY. It's a house full of men isn't it?

MEG. And we don't know them. What in the world put such a thing into his head?

MARMEE. The note says that he saw our breakfast party to the Hummels and 'hoped I would allow him to express his friendly feeling toward my children.'

MEG.	**AMY**.	**BETH**.	**JO**.
What a miracle!	How awfully kind.	Just beautiful.	You know…

JO. I bet that boy put it into his head, he always looks out that window as if he'd like to know us. He obviously needs some fun in his life.

MEG. Jo, don't make trouble.

JO. I'm making friends! Boys need friends.

MEG. With other boys.

JO. Details for another day.

MARMEE. It's all so terribly kind of them.

BETH. It is, it truly is.

AMY. Play something for them, Beth, and loudly.

JO. Yes! Then those Laurence men are sure to hear our thanks.

MEG.	**AMY**.	**JO**.
Yes let's sing!	Oh yes!	Something for Christmas!

MARMEE. "No one but Beth could get much music out of the old piano, but they made do."

JO. "They always did."

*(***BETH** *plays the piano and they all sing a bit of "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing.")*

(Sometime during the song, **LAURIE** *emerges across the space, listening, smiling, humming along, yearning. All from the large house just up the hill.)*

Scene Two

(A fine room in a fine house all the way in town. **MEG** *and* **JO** *wear dresses and share one pair of white dress gloves between the two of them. The music for a fine party wafts throughout.*[*]*)*

MEG. Is my sash right? My hair looks bad doesn't it? It does, I hate it!

JO. No it doesn't, you can't even tell I burnt it.

MEG. Well *I* can't see it, but everyone *else* will! Can you still smell it?

JO. Nooo –

(Sniffs, yes.)

Nope. And you cannot help but look beautiful. Also a party is supposed to be fun.

MEG. *Not for girls.* Now please try to be proper, at least for tonight. It's a wonder we were invited at all.

JO. Well if you see me doing anything wrong, just wink.

MEG. Winking isn't ladylike, no winking! Just keep your shoulder straight, take short steps not your giant strides, and don't shake hands, it isn't the thing.

JO. Got it, I think.

MEG. Don't think, just smile.

JO. Then let us be elegant or die. "And out they went."

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MEG. "And out they went! Feeling timid for they seldom went to parties."

JO. "Meg was at her ease very soon, but Jo felt as out of place as a colt in a flower garden."

MEG. "Then the dancing began and Meg was asked at once."

JO. *(Happily.)* Of course she was.

(Unhappily.) "And then Jo saw a big redheaded youth approaching and fearing he meant to ask her to dance, Jo leapt behind a curtain and into the next room where she found herself face-to-face with –"

*(***LAURIE** *enters.)*

LAURIE. "The Laurence boy."

JO. "The Laurence boy."

LAURIE. "And the March girl."

JO. "The March girl."

LAURIE. Hello.

JO. Hello!...

I didn't know anyone was here.

LAURIE. Anyone *is*. I mean *I* am, I mean hello, stay if you like, or not, I only came here because I don't know many people and felt rather strange out there so...I hid.

JO. So did I! Both of us. Taking refuge.

LAURIE. Oh, I can leave if you prefer –

JO. No don't go away! Unless you'd rather.

LAURIE. No! I'd much rather stay. Here.

JO. Then here...we are.

(Cuteness.) I think I've had the pleasure of seeing you before. You live near us, don't you?

LAURIE. Next door, Miss March, yes. Big house.

JO. I thought so. We did have such a good time over your delicious Christmas present, Mr. Laurence, thank you again. And I'm not "Miss March," I'm only Jo.

LAURIE. I'm only Laurie. Well, Theodore, but I don't like it.

JO. I hate my name too, Josephine is so sentimental! I wish everyone would say Jo. How did you get everyone to stop calling you Theordore?

LAURIE. I thrashed them.

JO. Well I can't thrash Aunt March. So I'll have to bear it.

(Laughs, cute, then awkward silence.)

LAURIE. Do you…like to dance, Miss Jo?

JO. Oh! Well, if there is plenty of room. In a place like this I'm sure to topple something, so I let Meg sail about instead. She's my sister. Don't you dance?

LAURIE. Sometimes. But I've been abroad a good many years, and don't know how you do things here.

JO. Abroad! Oh, tell me! I love to hear people describe their travels. Germany? England? Did you go to Paris?

LAURIE. We spent last winter there.

JO. Well that is just fantastic.

LAURIE. *(Meaning her too.)* It…is.

JO. "She liked the 'Laurence boy' –"

LAURIE. *(Teasing.)* "and took several good looks at him,"

JO. *(Defensive.)* "so that she might describe him –"

LAURIE. *(Teasing.)* "*several good looks*"

JO. *(Defensive.)* "might describe him *to her sisters*, as boys were almost unknown creatures to them."

LAURIE. Uh huh. "He wondered what she thought of him."

JO. *(To herself, rattling off his features.)* "Handsome nose, fine teeth, polite for a boy, and altogether jolly."

LAURIE. "Isn't she the most interesting girl…"

JO. "Isn't he the most curious boy…"

(Cute awkward silence as **JO** *admires* **LAURIE** *and he senses it. Somewhere a polka begins to play.*[*]*)*

"Jo wanted very much to ask him…everything."

LAURIE. "Instead she shouted –"

JO. Polka! It just started. Why don't you go and dance with someone, Mr. Laurie of the Big House?

LAURIE. If you come I will. There's a hall out there, no one will see us. We can dance as we like. Please.

(He extends his hand. She takes it.)

JO. "And Jo went. Gladly."

LAURIE. "And they had a grand polka. And when the music stopped"

(They stop, laughing.)

JO. "They paused to get their breath –"

(They can't seem to take their eyes off each other.)

LAURIE. "and Laurie was… Laurie was…"

*(***LAURIE** *was utterly smitten with* **JO** *–)*

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MEG. "– surprised when Meg appeared holding her foot." *JO, I'm hurt!*

JO. *Meg?!* Oh no, what happened?

MEG. I've sprained my ankle. I can hardly stand, I don't know how I'm ever going to get home.

JO. I knew you'd hurt your feet with those silly shoes.

MEG. Jo, don't mock me now.

JO. I can get a carriage somehow.

MEG. We can't have a carriage, it costs so much.

LAURIE. Use mine. Please.

MEG. Thank you, no, we couldn't.

(To **JO**.*)* Who is he?

LAURIE. I'm Laurie, you're hurt. My grandfather's carriage just arrived and it happens to be going exactly your way.

JO. His way *is* our way.

LAURIE. Your way *is* my way.

MEG. What are you talking about?

LAURIE. I live across from you.

MEG. You're the Laurence boy?

JO. That he is.

LAURIE. That I am. Please, let me take you home. I insist.

MEG. Oh well... Yes thank you, thank you so much, Mr. Laurence –

LAURIE.
It's just Laurie.

JO.
It's just Laurie.

JO. "And soon the girls rolled away in the luxurious carriage, feeling very elegant. Laurie rode on the box so Meg could keep her foot up."

MEG. Which was very polite of him.

JO. Wasn't it.

LAURIE. Wasn't it.

MEG. *(Reining in their chemistry.)* "And soon they were home, safe and sound."

JO. *(To* **LAURIE**.*)* Thank you again and again.

MEG. *(Reining in their chemistry.)* And good night.

JO. And good night! To you, new friend.

LAURIE. And to you. New friend.

*(***LAURIE** *and* **JO** *smile.* **MEG** *clears her throat loudly. And he goes.* **MEG** *looks at* **JO** *like "What's going on with you and that boy?"* **JO** *scoffs like "Nothing is going on! He's friendly."* **MEG** *looks like "There absolutely is something going on. Do you fancy him?"* **JO** *glares like "Of course not are you mad?! Leave me alone."* **MEG** *cackles and* **JO** *growls just as* **AMY** *and* **BETH** *run on –)*

AMY. Tell us about the party!

BETH. What music did they play?

AMY. Who did you dance with?

BETH. Did you dance with anyone?

AMY. I require a full report!

MEG.
Shhhh you'll wake up Marmee.
Everyone to bed this instant.

JO.
We'll tell you in the morning, you goose.

(They all run off to bed, except **JO**, *who takes one more look at the Laurence house across the way as we move to...)*

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