

*Transition. JO tries not cry but can't help it. BETH goes to her.*

START

BETH: Marmee will get to Father in time. I'm sure of it.

JO: It's not that. It's... I miss my hair.

BETH: Oh, Jo. *(Hugging her)* Do you want to hold Rebecca?

*JO nods. BETH goes to get her doll and presents it to JO. BETH sees scissors on the desk and cuts the doll's hair so it's the same length as JO'S.*

JO: Beth!

BETH: Hair always grows back.

JO: But she's a doll.

BETH: Oh. You're right.

JO: Oh, dear one.

*They laugh. JO pulls BETH close to her and hugs her.*

BETH: I like her better this way.

JO: Do you?

BETH: Yes. Now she looks like you.

*Transition. JO turns to the audience.*

~~JO: We see Marmee off the next morning. Mr. Brooke has business near where Father is serving so he's going to accompany her. Which I am very grateful for. It's a long journey and I didn't want Marmee to have to go alone. Though I still think it's horrid that Mr. Brooke has Meg's glove. That hasn't changed in the slightest. With Marmee gone, we try to carry on as best we can. For better or worse.~~

~~*Transition. JO rushes into her room and finds BETH holding her stomach. BETH is weak and pale.*~~

BETH: You've had it, haven't you? The fever?

JO: Yes. Years ago. Both Meg and I did. Why? (*Touching BETH*) Your hands are freezing. Get into bed.

BETH: No. I'm too warm. Oh, my stomach. It hurts.

JO: You're burning up. How can you be so hot and cold at the same time?

BETH: Jo, I went to the Hummel's. The baby had a fever. The moment I arrived Mrs. Hummel rushed out the door to get the doctor and left me with the child.

JO: Beth, under the covers.

BETH: She seemed to be asleep but all of a sudden, the baby gave a little cry and then trembled and then became very still. And I knew, Jo... I knew that the baby was dead.

JO: Beth.

BETH: I held her until Mrs. Hummel came back with the doctor. He said it was scarlet fever. He said they should have called him sooner, but it was too late. It was so sad, Jo.

JO: (*Touching BETH'S face*) Your head.

BETH: The doctor told me to... To...

*She starts to fade.*

JO: (*Calling downstairs*) Meg! Meg, come quick!

BETH: Amy's never had it.

JO: We'll take care of Amy. Don't you worry.

BETH: Can you and Meg have it over again?

JO: I don't care if I do. Serves me right. I should have gone to see that family instead of you.

**END**

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*MEG rushes into the room.*

Feel her head, her hands! What do we do? Amy's never had it.

MEG: We'll send Amy to Aunt March's to keep her out of harm's way.

AMY: Fred? How did you hear about him?

LAURIE: Oh, I hear everything too.

AMY: If I didn't know any better I would say you've been spying on me, Theodore Laurence.

LAURIE: Perhaps.

AMY: *(Checking her watch)* The time has gotten away from me. I have to go.

*As AMY packs up her things, she drops a paintbrush. LAURIE picks it up. Their hands linger on each other for a moment. Finally, AMY pulls away.*

I'll see you at the party then.

*AMY smiles and walks off. As she does she turns back and waves. LAURIE waves back then watches her go.*

START

*Transition. JO and BETH sit together in BETH'S bed. BETH reads from a piece of paper.*

BETH: *(Reading)* 'O my sister, passing from me,  
Out of human care and strife,  
'Leave me, as a gift, those virtues  
Which have beautified your life.

*She struggles to breathe. JO takes over for her.*

JO: *(Reading)* For the touch of grief will render  
My wild nature more serene,  
'Give to life new aspirations  
A new trust in the unseen.'

BETH: You wrote this for me? Have I really been all that to you, Jo?

JO: Of course.

BETH: It's a great comfort to know that someone loves me.

JO: More than anyone in the world. Now...

*She reaches for the book of Sonnets from a table.*

JO:                    You need to rest. Dr. Bangs will be back in the morning to check  
                          on            you.

BETH:                Have you heard from the professor?

JO:                    No.

BETH:                Have you written?

JO:                    No. I don't know what to say.

BETH:                Jo March, you don't know what to say?

JO:                    Hush. You need to rest.

**END**

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*She kisses BETH on the forehead and closes the door behind her. In the hallway MARMEE is standing outside the door.*

MARMEE:            That poem, Jo... It was beautiful.

JO:                    You could have come in.

MARMEE:            I don't want her to see me like this. Oh, Jo. I fear it might be any day now. A mother shouldn't outlive her child. How will we ever get through this?

JO:                    Oh, Marmee. I don't know. I really don't know.

*Transition. The lobby of a hotel. LAURIE is dressed up. He's carrying a small wrist corsage. He watches as men and women come and go. After a moment, he sees AMY dressed beautifully. LAURIE looks at her, struck by her beauty. AMY opens the fan and places it in front of her face. He moves closer and places the corsage on her wrist.*

LAURIE:             You look stunning. The dress. Where is it from?

AMY:                 I made it.

LAURIE:             And the fan. Where is it from?

AMY:                 It was a gift.

LAURIE:             From Fred?