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# APPENDICES

**INT. NEW YORK. PUBLISHING OFFICE. 1868.**

JO Excuse me.  
JO I was looking for the Weekly Volcano office... I wished to see Mr. Dashwood?  
Mr. Dashwood stares silently.  
JO A friend of mine desired me to offer a story, by her, she wrote it - she'd be glad to write more if this suits.  
MR. DASHWOOD Not a first attempt, I take it?  
JO No, sir; she has sold to "Olympic" and "Scandal" and got a prize for a tale in the "Blarney Stone Banner."  
MR. DASHWOOD A prize?  
Jo Yes.  
MR. DASHWOOD Sit. We'll take this.  
JO You will?  
MR. DASHWOOD With alterations. It's too long.  
JO You've cut - I took care to have a few of my sinners repent.  
MR. DASHWOOD The country just went through a war. People want to be amused, not preached at. Morals don't sell nowadays.(pointedly)  
Perhaps mention that to your "friend."  
JO What do you - that is, what compensation -  
MR. DASHWOOD We pay twenty-five to thirty for things of this sort. We'll pay twenty for that.  
JO(money over art)You can have it. Make the edits.  
Jo hands over the story, Mr. Dashwood hands over the money, business done.  
JO(then)Should I tell my, my friend that you'll take another if she had one better than this?  
MR. DASHWOOD We'll look at it. Tell her to make it short and spicy. And if the main character's a girl make sure she's married by the end.(casually)Or dead, either way.  
JO Excuse me? But he's on to the next bit of business.  
MR. DASHWOOD What name would she like put to the story?  
JO Oh, yes - none at all if you please.  
MR. DASHWOOD Just as she likes, of course.  
JO Good morning, sir. Good day.

**3 EXT/INT. BOARDING HOUSE. NYC. DAY. 1868.**

JO (to the cat) My Beth would like you very much.  
FRIEDRICH (O.S.) Good afternoon, Miss March  
JO (she straightens up) Good afternoon, Professor. FRIEDRICH You're on fire. JO Thank you. FRIEDRICH (suddenly animated) You're on fire!  
FRIEDRICH (laughing) I have the same habit, you see?  
MRS. KIRKE Kitty and Minny are waiting!  
JO My students need me. FRIEDRICH Always working. JO (joke-dramatically) Money is the end and aim of my mercenary existence. FRIEDRICH No one gets ink stains like yours just out of a desire for money.  
JO (embarrassed, retreating) Well my sister Amy is in Paris, and until she marries someone obscenely wealthy, it's up to me to keep the family afloat. Goodbye. FRIEDRICH (staring up after her) Goodbye.

**EXT. PARIS PROMENADE. DAY. 1868.**

AUNT MARCH The decadents have ruined Paris, if you ask me. These French women couldn't lift a hairbrush.  
AUNT MARCH AMY! I said, "These French women couldn't lift a hairbrush." AMY Oh yes! Very true, Aunt March. AUNT MARCH Don't humor me, girl. What do they write, your troublemaking family? AMY Mother doesn't say anything about Beth. I feel I should go back but they all say "stay." AUNT MARCH You can do nothing if you go back. The girl is sick, not lonely.  
AUNT MARCH And you shouldn't go home until you and Fred Vaughn are properly engaged.  
AMY Yes, and until I've completed all of my painting lessons, of course. AUNT MARCH What? Oh, yes, yes. Of course.AMY STOP THE CARRIAGE! LAURIE! LAURIE! LAURIE I thought you liked that sort of thing! AMY NO. Where's your Grandfather? LAURIE Don't tell your mother! AMY Are you chasing some young girl across Europe? LAURIE (darkening) No. AMY (dropping her playfulness) I'm... I couldn't believe Jo turned you down. I'm so sorry. LAURIE (crisp) Don't be, Amy. I'm not. AUNT MARCH (O.S.) AMY! AMY MARCH! YOU COME BACK HERE RIGHT THIS INSTANT! AMY (to Laurie) Oh, Aunt March! AUNT MARCH Il faut GO! Allons-y! AMY (calling after Laurie) Come to the New Year's Party! It's a ball and everyone will be there, including Fred - Pick me up at the hotel at eight - the Chavain! Dress for festivities! Top hats and silks! LAURIE I will! I'll wear my best silk! AMY It's Laurie! AUNT MARCH I know.

**INT. TAILOR SHOP. AFTERNOON. 1868.**

SALLIE (to the clerk) Twenty yards of the blue silk as well as the pink. Someone will be by for it later. SALLIE Oh Meg! That would look so lovely on you. I know just the dressmaker to send you to. You'll be the prettiest wife in Concord. MEG Oh no, John needs a new coat for winter and Daisy and Demi need new clothes and -- SALLIE -- and his wife needs a new dress. MEG (trying to hide her embarrassment) I can't... it's, I just can't. SALLIE He'll be so pleased with how you look that he'll forget all about the expense. MEG (equivocating) I don't suppose it's such an extravagance. SALES CLERK Will twenty yards do? MEG (deciding) Yes. Thank you.

**EXT. MEG MARCH'S HOUSE. DAY. 1868.**

MEG (ashamed) Fifty dollars, what was I thinking?

DAISY AND DEMI Mommy -- mommy!

**EXT/INT. MARCH HOUSE. 1868.**

MARMEE (O.S.) Beth! Beth?

**INT. GERMAN BEER HALL. NIGHT. 1868.**

JO I'm sorry, I only speak English... YOUNG MAN Come dance!

**THE PAST. INT. CONCORD. MARCH HOUSE. JO & MEG'S ROOM. 1861.**

MEG I know just who I'll dance with! AMY Who will you dance with, Jo? JO You know I never dance. BETH I can't dance. AMY Why can't we all go to the party?! It's not fair! AMY My nose will simply not look refined. BETH (to no-one) I like your nose. AMY (reaching to Jo) Now, Jo -- JO -- don't touch me, thanks! I already feel ridiculous I don't want to look it! AMY You could be pretty if you tried. JO Don't want to, won't do it. BETH I don't want to go but I wish I could hear all the music. JO I'll keep it all in my head and try to sing it for you when I get home. AMY What a queer smell - it's like... burnt feathers. JO There, now you'll see a perfect little ringlet. JO Meg, I'm so sorry!

**INT. GARDINER'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 1861.**

MEG Don't stare, don't put your hands behind your back, don't say Christopher Columbus, don't say Capital, don't shake hands, don't whistle. SALLIE Meg March! You look so pretty!

**INT. GARDINER'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY. CONCORD. NIGHT. 1861.**

JO I won't disturb you? LAURIE Not at all; I don't know many people, and felt rather strange at first, you know. JO So do I. LAURIE Miss March, isn't it? JO Yes, Mr. Laurence, but I'm not Miss March, I'm only Jo. LAURIE And I'm not Mr. Laurence, I'm only Laurie. JO Don't you dance? LAURIE I don't know how you do things here yet - you see, I've spent most of my life in Europe. JO EUROPE! That's CAPITAL! (she catches herself) I shouldn't use words like that. LAURIE Says who? JO Meg. She's my older sister. JO She reminds me to be good so Father will be proud of me when he returns. LAURIE Where is he? JO Volunteered for the Union Army. I wanted to go fight with him. I can't get over my disappointment in being a girl. LAURIE Jo ... would you like to dance? With me? JO I can't, because... LAURIE Because what? JO You won't tell? LAURIE Never! JO I scorched my dress, see? Meg told me to keep still, so no one would see it. You can laugh if you want to. It's funny, I know. LAURIE Never mind that; I'll tell you how we can manage.

**INT. GARDINER'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 1861.**

MEG How will I get home?! LAURIE Well, let me take you. It's right next door. MEG No, thank you, we cannot accept. LAURIE You must take mine. Please! MEG No, it's so early -- you can't mean to leave yet. LAURIE I always leave early - I do, truly. JO What choice do you have?

**INT/EXT. MARCH HOUSE. NIGHT. 1861.**

MARMEE (laughing) Goodness gracious, what have you done! MARMEE Oh Meg - You'll kill yourself for fashion one of these days. Hannah! We need ice! MARMEE Come in come in! Apologies for the chaos: I enjoy baking in the middle of the night! Don't mind the clutter, Mr. Laurence, we don't. LAURIE Laurie, please. JO (calling over) Can I call you Teddy?! LAURIE Yes! MARMEE You must be part of the girls' theatricals! AMY (pointedly) I'm Amy. LAURIE Hello. MARMEE They could use an extra player, although you'll have to fight Jo for the male roles or play a girl. Here, have a scone. MARMEE (cracking herself up) Laurie, how are your ankles? Do you need ice? LAURIE (laughing) No, thank you, ma'am. Instantly, she sees his loneliness, his lack of a mother. MARMEE Oh, just call me Mother, or Marmee. Everyone does.

**THE PRESENT. EXT./INT. NEW YORK BOARDING HOUSE. NIGHT. 1868.**

FRIEDRICH (read to camera) For the writer in the attic: Because you enjoyed the play so much tonight, I wanted you to have this. It will help you study character and paint it with your pen. I would love to read what you're writing, if you'll trust me. I promise honesty and whatever intelligence I can muster. Yours, Friedrich

**INT. PARIS. BALLROOM. 1868.**

AMY Laurie. LAURIE (bleary, looking up) Amy. AMY I waited an hour for you. LAURIE I feel caught. LAURIE Amy, please! AMY Do you want to know what I honestly think of you? LAURIE What do you honestly think of me? AMY I despise you. LAURIE (almost laughing) Why do you despise me? AMY Selfish people do like to talk about themselves. LAURIE Am I selfish? AMY - ah you like that, you old vanity - with all these good things to enjoy, you can find nothing to do but dawdle. LAURIE (making fun of her)

I'll be good for you, Saint Amy, I'll be good! AMY Aren't you ashamed of a hand like that? LAURIE No, I'm not. AMY It looks like it's never done a day of work in its life. And that ring is ridiculous. LAURIE Jo gave me this ring. AMY I feel sorry for you, I really do. I just wish you'd bear it better. LAURIE You don't have to feel sorry for me, Amy. You'll feel the same way one day. AMY (with significance) No, I'd be respected if I couldn't be loved. LAURIE (drunken meanness) And what work have you done lately, oh great "artiste" - or have you been too busy imagining how you'll spend Fred Vaughn's fortune? FRED VAUGHN, ladies and gentlemen! AMY Fred, I'm, I'm so sorry.

**INT. BOARDING HOUSE DRAWING ROOM. NYC. DAY. 1868.**

JO Those are just stories, of course, but I'm working on a novel. FRIEDRICH And your novel, it will be like this? JO It sells. FRIEDRICH Why don't you sign your real name? JO My mother wouldn't like it, it's too gory for her. FRIEDRICH Yes? JO (explaining) I want to help with the money I make and not worry her. FRIEDRICH I don't like them. JO ... FRIEDRICH Honestly, I think that they're not good. JO (fumbling) But, I, they're published in the papers, and, people have always said - I'm considered talented - FRIEDRICH Oh I think you're talented, which is why I'm being so blunt. JO I can't afford to starve on praise. FRIEDRICH Are you upset? JO Of course I'm upset! You just told me you didn't like my work! FRIEDRICH I thought you wanted honesty. JO (stuck) I... do. FRIEDRICH Has no one ever talked to you like this before? JO I've been rejected plenty of times. FRIEDRICH No one, and I'm not. JO Then why are you acting like it? FRIEDRICH He was the greatest poet who ever lived. He smuggled his poetry in popular works. JO I'm no Shakespeare. FRIEDRICH Thank goodness, we already have him. JO If you know so much about it, why don't you do it yourself? FRIEDRICH I'm not a writer. I don't have the gifts you have. JO But, I'll be, but... FRIEDRICH Yes? JO (not sure of herself) No one will forget Jo March. FRIEDRICH I can believe it. An energy between them and then she kills it definitively. JO We are not friends, you are not my friend. And I don't want your opinion because I don't like you very much so just don't talk to me anymore, thank you.

**INT. BOARDING HOUSE. DAY. 1869.**

MRS. KIRKE Josephine, this came for you. MARMEE Dear Jo, Our Beth has taken a turn for the worse. Please, come home as soon as you can. JO (breathes, crumpling the note) Beth.

**THE PAST. INT. ATTIC OF THE MARCH HOUSE. MORNING. 1861.**

BETH They're beautiful! JO (whispered to herself) Merry Christmas, world. JO (calling out) Merry Christmas! JO I got carried away with our delicious revenge play last night. POISON! MEG (putting down her sewing) I wish I had heaps of money and plenty of servants, so I'd never need to work again. JO You could be a proper actress on the boards! AMY (prancing) I have lots of wishes, but my favorite one is to be an artist and go to Paris and do fine pictures and be the best painter in the world. BETH (cuddling up to Jo) That's what you want too, isn't it Jo? To be a famous writer? JO Yes, but it sounds so crass when she says it. BETH My wish is to have us all to be together with Father and Mother in this house - that's what I want. JO What about your music, Queen Bess? BETH (blushing) I only do that for us, I don't need anyone else to hear it. AMY (trying to shape her nose) You must not limit yourself. MEG (standing, ending it) Mother proposed not having any presents this Christmas because our men are suffering in the army. We can't do much, but we should make our little sacrifices and do it gladly. JO Don't play mother just because she's not home. AMY Don't Jo; it's so boyish. JO I hate affected little chits! AMY Watch my nose! My nose! It's already no good! HANNAH (entering) I know you don't care what I think, but you don't want your mother to find you like this, do you? HANNAH Goodness only knows. Some poor creature came a-beggin', and your ma went straight off to see what was needed. JO I wish she could help other people at a time convenient to us. BETH (holding her doll) Joanna and I are very hungry. AMY Dolls don't get hungry, Beth. JO (holing up the pages) I've re-written the climax and we need to set it to memory. Amy, get the costumes. JO Not quite. (to Amy) Miss Michelangelo, can you please rehearse the fainting scene? JO Hannah... HANNAH I'm not acting. JO I didn't even say anything! HANNAH I knew what you were going to say and I'm not acting.

**EXT/INT. CONCORD. MARCH HOUSE. CONTINUOUS. 1861.**

MARMEE Merry Christmas, girls! All the girls shriek and crowd around her. MARMEE I'm so glad to see you so happy. MARMEE Jo, you look tired - were you up again all night writing? Amy, come kiss me! How are my girls? JO What? MEG What is it? MARMEE Not far from here lives a poor young woman, Mrs. Hummel. Her five children are in one bed to keep from freezing, and there is nothing to eat. My girls, will you give them your breakfast as a Christmas present? BETH Is this where you say that Father would want us to? MARMEE Yes.

**INT. LAURENCE HOUSE. FORMAL DINING ROOM. DAY. 1861.**

MR. BROOKE (while being served) Thank you. (then to his host) And thank you, Mr. Laurence, for including me. MR. LAURENCE You're welcome. Perhaps you could tutor my

grandson in manners as well as mathematics. LAURIE (quietly to himself) What are they doing?

**INT. HUMMEL HOUSE. DAY. 1861.**

MRS. HUMMEL Ach, mein Gott! It is good angels come to us! MARMEE I'm back! We brought food and blankets and sweaters. And we brought some medicine. These are my girls!

**INT. MARCH DINING ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. 1861.**

JO No, it's old Aunt March! HANNAH Mr. Laurence sent it. MEG (surprised) The Laurence boy's grandfather? Why? HANNAH He saw you giving your Christmas breakfast away and wanted you to enjoy the day. AMY But I thought he was a mean old man! MARMEE That's so generous of him. JO His grandson Laurie put the idea into his head! I know he did. We should make friends with him. BETH Boys scare me. And that big old house scares me. AMY (gorging on sweets) Jenny Snow says that Mr. Laurence disowned his son after he went off with an Italian woman, and now his grandson is an orphan and he spends all of his time in that house locked up with his tutor. MARMEE (sharply) He is a very kind man who lost his little girl when she was only a child, and now his son as well. BETH His daughter died? That's so sad. AMY But doesn't Laurie just seem so romantic? He's half Italian. MARMEE I am not responsible for this feast, but I have got a surprise. MEG/JO/BETH/AMY A letter! / from Father! / Is he coming home? / Three cheers! JO Don't I wish I could go. BETH (on her mother's lap) When will he come home? MARMEE He will stay and do his work faithfully as long as he can, and we won't ask for him back a minute sooner than he can be spared. (reading) "Give them all my dear 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. JO What ho! Minion! I need thee! MARMEE (V.O.) ...A year seems a very long time to wait before I see them but remind them that while we wait we may all work, so that these hard days need not be wasted.... MEG Born of roses, fed on dew, What charms and potions canst thou brew? MARMEE (V.O.) ...I know they will be loving children to you, do their duty faithfully, fight their enemies bravely... AMY Hither I come, from my airy home, afar in the silver moo -- AHHHHH! JO (breaking character). Don't laugh! Act like it's all right! Just keep going! Beth play! MARMEE (V.O.) ...and conquer themselves so beautifully... MARMEE Brava! Brava! MARMEE (V.O.) ...that when I come back to them I may be fonder and prouder than ever of my little women."

**THE PRESENT. INT. TRAIN. DAY. 1869.**

RAILROAD PORTER Your stop, ma'am. JO Thank you.

**INT. BOARDING HOUSE. KITCHEN/LAUNDRY. NEW YORK. DAY. 1869.**

FRIEDRICH She's gone? Why? MRS. KIRKE I don't know. She just left. FRIEDRICH But she didn't say if she was coming back? MRS. KIRKE We didn't have a heart to heart, Professor. (to a maid) What are you doing? Why are you just sitting there? Go dust something. And what about the girls? She was the best teacher they ever had. FRIEDRICH I know...

**THE PAST. EXT. CONCORD TOWN ROAD. MORNING. JANUARY, 1862.**

AMY Or New Year's, wouldn't that be exciting? JO We're a bunch of ungrateful minxes! AMY Well I have to go to school and I don't have any limes. MEG I know what it is to want little things and feel less than other girls. AMY Between that and the drawings I should wipe out my debt. BETH I'm just glad that mother doesn't make me go to that school with all those girls... JO (reminded) Beth, after your shopping, I need you to work your way through the new sums and spelling and I'll check it all when I get home. MEG Hurry! I'll be late!

**INT. AUNT MARCH'S HOUSE. CONTINUOUS. 1862.**

AUNT MARCH Is there a reason you stopped reading Belsham? JO I'm sorry, I'll continue. AUNT MARCH (examining her) You mind yourself, dearie, one day you'll need me and you'll wish you had behaved better. JO (carefully) Thank you, Aunt March, for your employment and many kindnesses, but I intend to make my own way in the world. AUNT MARCH No one makes their own way, not really, least of all a woman. You'll need to marry well. JO So the only way to be an unmarried woman is to be rich. AUNT MARCH Yes. JO But there are precious few ways for women to make money. AUNT MARCH That's not true. You could run a cat house, or go on the stage. Practically the same thing. JO (says nothing) AUNT MARCH Other than that, you're right, precious few ways for women. That's why you should heed me. JO So I can get married. AUNT MARCH No, so you can live a better life than your poor mother has. JO Yes, but he was right. AUNT MARCH It is possible to be right and foolish. JO I don't think so. AUNT MARCH Well, you're not paid to think. AUNT MARCH (softening slightly) I know you don't care much about marriage now. I can't say I blame you, but I intend to go to Europe one more time, and I need a companion. How would you like to be the person I take? JO I'd like that more than anything! AUNT MARCH Then read and don't sneak around. I don't like sneaks.

**INT. SCHOOL. THE SAME DAY. 1862.**

SCHOOL GIRL #1 President Lincoln. AMY No! Father is fighting for him. SCHOOL GIRL #2 Everyone benefited from the system, including you Marches - why should only the south be punished? AMY Perhaps we should all be punished. SCHOOL GIRL #1 The Marches love a cause. SCHOOL GIRL #3 Fine, just do Mr. Davis. AMY I don't know if I should.

SCHOOL GIRL #1 I'll wipe out your debt and give you five more limes besides. Amy is seduced, and instantly starts drawing the (very good and accurate)

**INT./EXT. MR. LAURENCE'S HOUSE. DAY. 1862.**

MR. BROOKE Sit down. Sit down, Laurie. Latin is a privilege. Please, you have to learn this. I can't afford to lose this position. Just return to Cicero. LAURIE There's a girl out there. MR. BROOKE No, there is not. LAURIE YES! Mr. Brooke, there is a girl! LAURIE Hello there! Are you hurt? AMY (sniffing but yelling) I'm Amy. LAURIE Hello Amy, I'm Laurie! AMY I know. You brought my sister back from the dance - I would have never sprained MY ankle, I have lovely small feet. Best in my family. But I can never go home again, I'm in such trouble. Look. AMY Mr. Davis hit me.

**INT. LAURENCE HOUSE. LIBRARY. DAY. 1862.**

AMY (doing a voice) Tell the servants that I want this painting purchased for me! IMMEDIATELY! SERVANT (indicating Amy) She's in here... LAURIE A fellow can't live on books alone. JO I could. AMY (playing innocent) Just a drawing and then... Mr. Davis hit me. JO Christopher Columbus, look at that. LAURIE That's my grandfather. Are you scared of him? JO I'm not scared of anyone! He looks stern, but my grandfather was much more handsome. MARMEE Jo! We do not compare grandfathers! MR. LAURENCE You think he's more handsome, hey? JO Oh, no. You are very handsome. I didn't mean... MR. LAURENCE (cracking half a smile) I knew your mother's father. You've got his spirit. JO Thank you, sir. MARMEE You are not to attend that school any more. JO Good, that man has always been an idiot. MARMEE Jo will teach you. JO ME?! I already teach Beth! MEG You're a good teacher. MR. BROOKE (trying with Meg) Yes, women being taught at home is much more proper, I believe. MEG (turning to him) Only because the schools for women are so poor. MR. BROOKE Indeed, quite right. AMY I wish all the girls would leave his horrible school and that he would die. MARMEE You did wrong, Amy, and there will be consequences. (to Laurie) Thank you so much for taking care of Amy. My girls do have a way of getting into mischief. LAURIE So do I! MARMEE (smiling) Then you should run over and we'll take care of you. MR. LAURENCE Is she the quiet one? MEG That's our Beth. MR. LAURENCE (pretend business-like) Tell the little girl to use our piano. LAURIE And Jo, borrow any book you'd like! MARMEE We must be going. Girls? JO/AMY/MEG Thank you/ Please come over/Many thanks/Our apologies. MR. BROOKE Oh, Miss Meg! You forgot your glove! MR. LAURENCE Well, back to work, back to work.

**THE PAST. INT. MARCH ATTIC. DAY. 1862.**

MEG (finishing) A NEW PLAY, written by Miss Jo March, will appear at the Barnville Theatre, in the course of the next few weeks, which will surpass anything ever seen before on the American stage. JO Starring the greatest actress from here to the Mississippi River, Miss Meg March. MEG WEEKLY REPORT Meg- Good. Jo- Bad. Beth- Very Good. Amy- Middling. JO Mr. President and gentlemen, I wish to propose the admission of a new member. One who highly deserves the honor, would be deeply grateful, and would add immensely to the spirit of the club. I propose Mr. Theodore Laurence! JO (breaking formality) Come now, let's have him. AMY He's a real boy! MEG We don't want any boys. This is a club for ladies. BETH I think we should do it, even if we are afraid. I say yes. It's Laurie! JO Now then, everybody vote, and remember that it's our Laurie and say "AYE!" JO And, as there is no time like the present! LAURIE Ladies, please - this is my stratagem, I deserve the blame: Jo only gave into it after lots of teasing. JO Hear hear! LAURIE I merely wish to say, that as a slight token of my gratitude and as a means of promoting friendly relations between adjoining nations, I propose this set of keys for a little post office I've made in the forest by the pond. LAURIE Allow me to present four copies of the key, and with many thanks for your favor, take my seat as part of the club.

**INT. MARCH HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 1869.**

JO (leaning down to the children) Daisy and Demi! You've gotten so big! MEG I wish you were here to teach them... JO (hugging Meg) I'm here now... HANNAH It's so good to have you home! I think the loneliness got to Beth, though she ain't said anything. JO Beth, where is Beth? MARMEE She's upstairs. Oh, my Jo. We all thought she was better but the fever had weakened her heart. JO Take this and find her the best doctor you can. MARMEE No, you need this money to live in New York. JO (shaking her head) I'm not going back. I'm using the rest to take her to the sea and get her strong. JO When is Amy coming home? MARMEE We didn't want to worry her. JO (sharply) Does she not know? MEG Beth insisted we not tell her because she didn't want to ruin Amy's trip. JO (rueful) Amy has always had a talent for getting out of the hard parts of life. MARMEE Jo, don't be angry with your sister...

**THE PAST. INT. MARCH HOUSE. EVENING. 1862.**

MEG (O.S.) Jo! Jo, where are you? I can't find my other glove! JO (hollering) TAKE MINE! MEG (O.S.) Jo we're going to be late! AMY Where are you going? JO (entering) You're not invited. AMY You are going somewhere with Laurie, I know it! JO Yes, we are, now stop bothering. MEG Do you have the tickets? JO Yes! Hurry up! AMY You're going to the theatre with Laurie. Meg, please, can I come? MEG I'm sorry, dear, but you weren't invited. JO You can't go Amy, so don't be a baby and whine about it. AMY I've been shut up in here and I never get to go anywhere. Beth has her piano but I'm



so lonely! BETH (from the piano) I can teach you chords. MEG I like him, he's kind. AMY I'll pay for myself! JO You will not come. MEG I'm sorry, my sweet, but Jo is right. Next time. JO (leaving) Come, Meg, stop petting her! AMY You'll be sorry for this Jo March! You will! You'll regret this!

**INT. MARCH LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 1862. CONTINUOUS**

JO (yelling down as she runs up the stairs) Meg you're a million times better than she was - although she was a terrific fainter! MEG (hollering back) I thought he was very wellmannered. JO (from upstairs) Hold on, let me just get this idea down. MEG Beth what's your favorite eye color? BETH (quickly) Purple. MEG (wrapped up in her own story) Mr. Brooke has blue eyes and an old soul which is much more important than money. JO Has anyone taken my novel? JO Amy... you've got it. AMY No I haven't. JO (grabbing her shoulders) That's a lie! AMY It isn't! I haven't got it - I don't know where it is and I don't care. AMY I BURNT IT UP! I BURNT UP YOUR BOOK! I TOLD YOU I'D MAKE YOU PAY AND I DID! JO You wicked girl! You wicked, wicked girl! I can never write it again! I'll never forgive you as long as I live!

**INT. JO'S ROOM. EVENING. 1862.**

AMY I'm sorry, Jo. MARMEE Amy... AMY (a rush of words) It's just that the only thing you care about is your writing so it's not as if I could hurt you by ruining one of your dresses. And I really did want to hurt you. AMY I am the most sorry for it now. I'm so sorry. MARMEE Don't let the sun go down on your anger. Forgive her. Help each other, and you begin again tomorrow. JO (running from the room) She doesn't deserve my forgiveness. I will hate her! I will hate her forever!

**INT. MARCH HOUSE. KITCHEN. MORNING. 1862.**

LAURIE Good morning ladies! It's brisk and brilliant and I think the last day for the river - get your ice skates! AMY (wailing) Is she going to be like this forever?! MEG (conspiratorially) Go after her. Don't say anything till Jo has got good-natured with Laurie, then take a quiet minute and just kiss her, or do some kind thing, and I'm sure she'll be friends again.

**EXT. RIVER. DAY. 1862.**

AMY Wait for me! Please! AMY Hello! Wait for me! LAURIE Stay near the edge, it's not safe in the middle! LAURIE (to Jo, not seeing Amy) Ready? AMY HELP! HELP! JO Amy! It's AMY! JO Oh god, oh god, dear god please... JO No... no... LAURIE Jo! Get a branch! LAURIE Grab on! JO My sister, my sister, dear God thank you for my sweet sister.

**INT. MARCH HOUSE. AMY AND BETH'S ROOM. EVENING. 1862.**

MARMEE She's asleep. JO If she had died it would've been my fault. MARMEE (cheerfully) She will be fine, the doctor said he didn't even think she'd catch cold. JO What is wrong with me? I've made so many resolutions and written sad notes and cried over my sins but it doesn't seem to help. When I get in a passion I get so savage, I could hurt anyone and enjoy it. MARMEE You remind me of myself. JO But you're never angry. MARMEE (honestly) I'm angry nearly every day of my life. JO You are? MARMEE I'm not patient by nature, but with nearly forty years of effort I have learned to not let it get the better of me. JO (resolutely) I'll do the same, then. MARMEE I hope you'll do a great deal better than me. There are some natures too noble to curb, too lofty to bend.

**THE PRESENT. INT. BETH'S ROOM. DAY. 1869.**

BETH Jo. JO I never should've left. Do you need anything? Here take some water. BETH It's so good to see your face. JO I want you dancing by the time Amy gets back. BETH Good. Is there any news? What does she say? JO She writes that Laurie is there... I'm glad he's with her, he won't respond to any of my letters. BETH Do you miss him? JO (tearing up) I miss everything. BETH I know.

**THE PAST. EXT. LAURENCE HOUSE. SPRING DAY. 1862.**

AMY HURRY UP YOU TWO! MEG IS GOING TO BE GONE FOR A WEEK! LAURIE Coming! JO (to Laurie) You take the other carriage and surprise her - make sure she doesn't fall in love! MARMEE Just be who you are, my sweet Meg. (handing her a necklace) It was mine when I was your age. MEG Oh mother! Thank you! MARMEE I've never understood saving jewelry until marriage - pretty things should be enjoyed. JO (to Laurie, while kneeling and removing a ring from her finger) Yes, pretty things should be enjoyed. AMY (pouting) I wish I could go to the debutante ball. MR. BROOKE (aside to Marmee) Do you think this is a good idea, her going away like this? MARMEE Girls have to go into the world and make up their own minds about things. JO (to Meg) Don't forget about us. MEG I won't Jo, it's only a week! HANNAH (handing a pair of shoes to Marmee) She needs to have some decent shoes. MEG Thank you again for the carriage, Mr. Laurence. I don't know how to repay you. MR. LAURENCE Nonsense! Although, there is one thing - MEG Anything! MR. LAURENCE It occurred to me today that my daughter's piano suffers from want of use. MR. LAURENCE Wouldn't one of your girls like to run over, and practice on it now and then, just to keep it in tune? If they don't care to come, why, never mind. BETH (bursting out) Oh sir, they do care, very very much! MR. LAURENCE (gently) Are you the musical girl? BETH I love it dearly, and I'll come, if you are quite sure nobody will hear me, and be disturbed. MR. LAURENCE Not a soul, my dear. (to the driver) Drive on, and keep her safe!

**INT. ANNIE MOFFAT'S HOUSE. DAY. 1862.**

ANNIE Now what dress will you wear tonight, Meg? MEG (ashamed, but hiding it) I will wear this one. SALLIE That one? Can't you send home for another? MEG I haven't got another. SALLIE Only the one? Oh, that's so /funny. ANNIE (jumping in) /Not at all. There's no need of sending home, Daisy - I'm going to call you Daisy now - I've got a sweet pink dress laid away, and you will wear it to please me, won't you, Daisy? MEG If it's alright. ANNIE Of course!

**INT. ANNIE MOFFAT'S HOUSE. DAY. 1862.**

ANNIE Everyone is in love with you, Daisy! You have to keep my dress. MEG I can't keep your dress! ANNIE Have fun, little Daisy. MEG (trying to be normal) Laurie! I didn't know you were going to come! LAURIE It was supposed to be a surprise. MEG And what a lovely surprise it is. LAURIE Why are they calling you "Daisy"? MEG It's just like playing a part, to be Daisy for a little while. LAURIE What would Jo say? LAURIE You wouldn't actually marry one of these men, would you? MEG I might. LAURIE (re: her champagne) You'll have a terrible headache tomorrow. MEG It's a good thing that it's still tonight, then. (then) Do you like the way I look? LAURIE No I don't. MEG You...you are the rudest boy I ever saw!

**INT. MOFFAT BALLROOM. NIGHT. 1862.**

LAURIE Please forgive me and come dance. MEG (still hurt) I'm afraid it would be too disagreeable for you. LAURIE I don't like your dress, but I think you are just... splendid. MEG I know it's silly, but please don't tell Jo. Let me have my fun tonight. I'll be desperately good for the rest of my life.

**THE PRESENT. INT. MEG'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT. 1869.**

MEG I'm sorry, John. The silk was the first real expense. JOHN (making the best of it) Fifty dollars, while a lot, is not, I suppose, too much for a dress, with all the notions that are needed to finish it these days. MEG Well, it's not exactly even a dress yet... It's just the fabric. JOHN Oh, I see. MEG (working herself up) I know you are angry, John. I don't mean to waste your money, but I can't resist when I see Sallie buying all she wants, and pitying me because I don't. I try to be contented, but it is hard, and, and... (honestly and quietly) I'm tired of being poor. JOHN I was afraid of this. I do my best, Meg. MEG Oh, John, my dear, kind, hardworking boy. I didn't mean it! It was so wicked, so untrue and ungrateful, how could I say it! JOHN (sadly) Perhaps you meant it. MEG No! Not a bit! We'll figure out a way to get you your coat as well, and then won't we be grand, the two of us? JOHN (pats her hand, rises) I can't afford it, my dear. MEG John, but -- JOHN I need to go to bed. JOHN (pausing, but not turning around) And I really am very sorry that you have had to do without so many beautiful things. And that you're married to someone who can't give them to you.

**INT. PARIS. ARTIST'S STUDIO. DAY. 1869.**

LAURIE Hello Amy! AMY (not turning around) I don't want to see you. LAURIE Oh, Amy I'm so sorry for how I behaved. Please? Forgive me? AMY Someone has to do it. LAURIE So when do you begin your great work of art, Raphaella? AMY (finally turning) Never. LAURIE What - why? AMY (grim) I'm a failure. Jo is in New York, being a writer, and I am a failure. LAURIE That's quite a statement to make at twenty. AMY Rome took all the vanity out of me. And Paris made me realize I'd never be a genius. I'm giving up all my foolish artistic hopes. LAURIE Why should you? You have so much talent and energy. AMY Talent isn't genius, and no amount of energy can make it so. I want to be great, or nothing. I won't be a common-place dauber, so I don't intend to try anymore. LAURIE What women are allowed into the club of geniuses anyway? AMY The Brontes? LAURIE That's it? AMY I think so. LAURIE And who always declares genius? AMY Well, men, I suppose. LAURIE They're cutting down the competition. AMY That's a very complicated argument to make me feel better. LAURIE Do you though? Feel better? AMY I do think that male or female, I'm a middling talent. LAURIE Middling talent? Then may I ask your last portrait be of me? AMY All right. LAURIE Now that you've given up all your foolish artistic hopes, what are you going to do with your life? AMY Polish up my other talents and be an ornament to society. LAURIE Here is where Fred Vaughn comes in, I suppose. LAURIE You are not engaged, I hope? AMY No... LAURIE But you will be, if he goes down properly on one knee? AMY Most likely, yes. AMY He's rich, richer than you, even. LAURIE I understand queens of society can't get on without money. But it does sound odd coming from one of your mother's girls. AMY I've always known that I would marry rich. Why should I be ashamed of that? LAURIE There is nothing to be ashamed of, as long as you love him. AMY Well, I believe we have some power over who we love, it isn't something that just happens to a person. LAURIE I think the poets might disagree. AMY Well. I'm not a poet, I'm just a woman. And as a woman I have no way to make money, not enough to earn a living and support my family. AMY Even if I had my own money, which I don't, it would belong to my husband the minute we were married. If we had children they would belong to him not me. They would be his property. So don't sit there and tell me that marriage isn't an economic proposition, because it is. It may not be for you but it most certainly is for me. AMY That will be Fred now. (to Laurie) How do I look? Do I look all right? LAURIE You look beautiful. You are... beautiful.

**THE PAST. EXT. BEACH. DAY. 1862.**

LAURIE This is Fred Vaughn, (a handsome young man) and his sister Kate, (a prim looking girl) and of course you know Mr. Brooke - and this is Meg, Amy, Beth and Jo. FRED (British accent) So pleased to meet you. AMY Oh, how elegant. AMY (suddenly intense) Remember the name "Amy March." I'm going to come find you one day in London. FRED Oh, I certainly will!

EXT. BEACH. DAY. 1862.

LAURIE (whispering to Jo) I know something you don't know. JO (whispering back) Tell me this second! LAURIE (devilish) Has Meg perhaps mislaid a glove? JO (sharp) Mr. Brooke has it? (Laurie nods) How do you know? LAURIE Saw it. JO Where? LAURIE Pocket. JO All this time? LAURIE Yes, isn't it romantic? JO No, it's horrid. LAURIE I thought you'd be pleased. JO At the idea of anybody coming to take Meg away? No, thank you. LAURIE You'll feel better about it when somebody comes to take you away. JO I'd like to see anyone try it! LAURIE So would I! JO (V.O.) "We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it, if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers."

**THE PRESENT. EXT. SEASHORE. DAY. 1869.**

JO "What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known and loved because it is known?" (to Beth) How great is that?! BETH (nods, then) I love to listen to you read, Jo, but I love it even better when you read the stories you've written. JO (self-conscious) I don't have any new stories. BETH Why not? JO Haven't written any. BETH You have pencil and paper. Sit here and write me something. JO Uhh. I can't, I don't think I can anymore. BETH Why? JO It's just, no one even cares to hear my stories anyway. BETH Write something for me. You're a writer. Even before anyone knew or paid you. I'm very sick and you must do what I say. BETH Do what Marmee taught us to do. Do it for someone else.

**THE PAST. EXT/INT. UNION ARMY SOLDIER'S FUND. DAY. 1862.**

MARMEE If you're walking to Vermont, there is Mrs. Sewell in Keene New Hampshire who will give you room and board. SUSAN ROBBINS You should go home to the girls, I can take care of this. MARMEE I need to be here. I've spent my whole life ashamed of my country. SUSAN ROBBINS No offense meant but you should still be ashamed. MARMEE I know, I am. MARMEE Can I help you sir? ASA MELVIN Hello Ma'am. MARMEE Have you sons in the Army? ASA MELVIN Yes, ma'am; I had four, but two were killed; one is a prisoner, and I'm going to the other, who is very sick in a Washington hospital. MARMEE You have done a great deal for your country sir. ASA MELVIN Not a mite more than I ought, ma'am. I'd go myself, if I was any use; as I ain't, I give my boys. SOLDIER Mrs. March? MARMEE Yes? SOLDIER Telegram from Washington Ma'am.

**INT. MARCH FAMILY HOME. EVENING. 1862.**

MARMEE Is Jo back yet from Aunt March? AMY No, I haven't seen her. MARMEE (worried) I can't miss the last train... LAURIE (hugging Beth) What can I do? MR. LAURENCE (to Marmee) If I may be of any more assistance, please tell me. I will look in on the girls every day, without fail. MARMEE Thank you, for everything. MR. LAURENCE I have always admired your husband, and I pray for a quick recovery. MEG (looking up) Oh - I'm, I'm sorry. MR. BROOKE I came to offer myself as escort to your mother. Mr. Laurence has commissions for me in Washington, and it will give me real satisfaction to be of service to her there. MEG Thank you. MARMEE While I'm gone, Hannah is in charge - and please remember to check on the Hummel's, it will be a difficult winter for everyone... JO Will this be enough for the train? MARMEE Twenty five dollars! That isn't like Aunt March to be so generous. JO I didn't go to Aunt March, couldn't bear to. MARMEE Where did you get the money? JO I only sold what was my own. BETH Your hair! JO It doesn't affect the fate of the nation, so don't wail. MARMEE (leaning close to Jo) I am so proud that you are my daughter. JO (just to her mother) I was crazy to do something for Father. It'll be good for my vanity, anyway. Jo runs to Laurie, hugging him. They now look like twin boys, and they both ruffle each other's hair. MARMEE My girls: I love you more than words can say. Be good to each other. Pray for Father's recovery. I will come back as soon as I can.

**INT. MARCH HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT. 1862.**

AMY Oh, Jo. Is it Father? JO No... It's my hair. AMY (getting emotional too) I would feel the same way. JO I know you would.

**THE PRESENT. EXT. PARIS. GARDEN. DAY. 1869.**

AMY Laurie, when are you going back to your grandfather? LAURIE Very soon. AMY You've said that a dozen times in the past month. LAURIE Short answers save trouble. AMY He expects you, so why don't you do it? LAURIE Natural depravity, I suppose. AMY Natural indolence, you mean. LAURIE I'll only plague him if I go, so I might as well stay and plague you a little longer. LAURIE You can bear it. In fact, I think it agrees with you. AMY What are you doing? LAURIE (cheeky) Looking at you. AMY (stern) No, I mean what do you intend. To do. LAURIE Oh you mean with life? AMY Yes. LAURIE What would you have me do? AMY Go back and work for your grandfather and make something of yourself. AMY Here. LAURIE (he picks it up, touched) When did you do this one? AMY It was the day at the beach, when I met Fred for the first time. LAURIE When is he coming back? AMY (inexplicably embarrassed) A week or two... he has

business in London. LAURIE Don't marry him. AMY What? LAURIE Don't marry him. AMY Why? LAURIE You know why.... AMY No, Laurie, that's mean, it's just mean of you... LAURIE Why? AMY I have been second to Jo my whole life in everything and I will not be the person you settle for just because you cannot have her. I won't do it, not when, not when I've spent my entire life loving you.

**THE PAST. INT. MARCH HOUSE. EARLY MORNING. 1862.**

AMY I'm making a mold of my foot for Laurie to remind him I have nice feet. MEG Mr. Brooke writes that Father is still very weak, but improving. Mr. Brooke also says Mother is the best nurse a man could have... JO (annoyed) I wish all the letters were from Mother, and not Mr. Brooke. MEG I'm grateful for any letters. BETH I think the deep purple is very fitting for Mr. Laurence, do you agree Amy? AMY (glancing over) Quite. And the design is very cunning. BETH I had to thank him somehow for allowing me to play the piano at his house all the time. MEG I'll go into town for groceries - Jo, can you go look into getting more firewood? BETH You all haven't been to see the Hummel's. We should go. JO Oh Bethy we barely have enough to feed ourselves. Besides, I have to finish this story. BETH But I always go by myself and you haven't been keeping up with your tasks... JO We work! MEG Don't worry sweet girl, we'll find a time. BETH But it's been weeks. JO We'll go soon. AMY MY FOOT IS STUCK! I CAN'T GET IT OUT! BETH Fine, I'll go myself.

**EXT/INT. MARCH HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON. 1862.**

JO (O.S.) Here she comes! Here's a letter from the old gentleman. AMY Beth look what they got you. BETH (overwhelmed) Jo... read it, I cannot. JO "Miss Beth March, I have had many pairs of slippers in my life, but I never had any that suited me so well as yours. And they will always remind me of the gentle giver. I like to pay my debts, and hope you will accept this gift. Your grateful friend and humble servant, James Laurence." (whoops with joy!) OH BETH!

**EXT/INT. LAURENCE HOUSE. MR. LAURENCE'S OFFICE. DAY. 1862.**

BETH Sir, I wanted to thank you... MR. LAURENCE You remind me so much of my little girl. The piano is yours, I should have given it to you long ago. MR. LAURENCE My child, you're burning. BETH The Hummel's are very sick.

**INT. OUTSIDE BETH'S ROOM. DAY. 1862.**

DOCTOR She's resting. MR. LAURENCE How is she? Is there anything I can do? HANNAH What is it? DOCTOR It's scarlet fever. AMY What's "scarlet fever?" DOCTOR (lowering his voice, to Mr. Laurence) I visited the Hummel's, the baby has died. DOCTOR Have you all had it before? JO Meg and I have, but Amy hasn't! DOCTOR She'll have to be sent away. AMY I don't want to be sent away! HANNAH It's for your own good, child. JO Should we send for Mother? MEG No, we shouldn't worry her. I've never wished for money more than now. JO We'll nurse her and she'll get better. You'll see. She will. She must.

**THE PRESENT. EXT. SEASHORE. DAY. 1869.**

JO "The post office in the forest was a capital little institution, and flourished wonderfully, for many things passed through it: poetry and pickles, tragedies, garden seeds and long letters, music and gingerbread, invitations, scoldings, and even puppies." BETH It's all about us! JO It is. BETH I love it. JO It's just a little story. BETH It's nothing like what you usually write. JO You don't think it's too... boring? BETH No, it is my favorite one yet. JO Really? BETH Write me another. JO Yes ma'am! BETH And keep writing them. JO I will. BETH Even when I'm not here. JO No, don't say that, don't say it. BETH I've had a very long time to think about this, and I'm not afraid. JO No... BETH It's like the tide going out. It goes out slowly, but it can't be stopped. JO I'll stop it. I've stopped it before.

**THE PAST. INT. BETH'S ROOM. LATE AT NIGHT. 1862.**

JO You will get better. Father will get better. And we'll all be together soon. BETH We can't stop God's will. JO God hasn't met my will yet. What Jo wills shall be done.

**INT. AUNT MARCH'S HOUSE. DAY.**

AUNT MARCH Amy? Come here. AMY Yes? AUNT MARCH Come, sit! AUNT MARCH (pointing to her finger) If you are very good, one day this ring will belong to you. AMY (marveling) Really? AUNT MARCH You just keep being a proper young lady and see if it doesn't. You are your family's hope now. Beth is sick, Jo is a lost cause, and I hear Meg has had her head turned by a penniless tutor. It'll be up to you to support them all, and your indigent parents in their old age. So you must marry well and save your family. AUNT MARCH (breezy) That's all I wanted to say to you. You can go finish your...little painting.

**THE PRESENT. INT. FRANCE. RENTED APARTMENTS. DAY. 1869.**

AMY Hello Aunt March! AUNT MARCH That Laurence boy was just here. AMY He was? AUNT MARCH What a disappointment he's turned out to be. It must be the Italian in him. AMY (thrilled) When will he be back? AUNT MARCH He's gone, to London. Why? What do you need to discuss with him? AMY I've just told Fred Vaughn that I wouldn't marry him.

**EXT. MARCH HOUSE. GARDEN. DAY. 1869.**

MEG (embracing him) John. JOHN And there's another thing - you should send your fabric to the dressmaker as soon as possible. MEG No, John, I really can't. I sold the fabric to Sallie. JOHN You did? MEG Yes. JOHN I don't want you to be unhappy. MEG I couldn't be, John Brooke is my husband and I am his wife.

**THE PAST. INT. BETH'S ROOM. DAY. 1862.**

JO What do we do? HANNAH We should send for your mother.

**THE PAST. INT. BETH'S ROOM. EVENING. 1862.**

MARMEE You were right to send for me, my girls - but you've been very good nurses indeed. MEG It's mostly been Jo, she's hardly slept. JO I didn't know what else to do. MARMEE Hannah, go make a clear broth and Jo get ice - we need to cool her. MEG Who is with Father? MARMEE John is staying with him. MARMEE (looking at the bed) We need to change the linens.

**THE PRESENT. INT. BETH'S ROOM. NIGHT. 1869.**

JO (whispering to Beth) Don't go quietly, fight! JO Please fight to the end, be LOUD! Don't just quietly go away!

**THE PAST. INT. BETH'S ROOM. EVENING. 1862.**

JO Marmee! Marmee! JO Merry Christmas, Beth.

**INT. MARCH HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. AFTEROON. 1862.**

LAURIE And here's another Christmas gift for the March family! FATHER (joyfully overwhelmed) My little women. How you've grown, and how proud I am of you. Each of you. Merry Christmas, my dears. MARMEE (crying out of happiness) Thank god, thank god you're home. Now I can be angry with you in person.

**THE PAST. EXT/INT. MARCH HOUSE. MEG & JO'S ROOM. SPRING. DAY. 1865.**

MEG I can't believe today is my wedding day! JO (sadly) Me neither. MEG What's wrong? JO Nothing. MEG Jo... JO We can leave. We can leave right now. MEG What? JO I can make money: I'll sell stories, I'll do anything - cook, clean, work in a factory. I can make a life for us. MEG I want to get married. JO WHY? MEG I love him. JO (angry) You will be bored of him in two years and we will be interesting forever. MEG Just because my dreams are not the same as yours doesn't mean they're unimportant. MEG I want a family and a home and I'm not scared of working and struggling, but I want to do it with John. JO I just hate that you're leaving me. MEG Oh, Jo, I'm not leaving you. Besides, one day it will be your turn. JO I'd rather be a free spinster and paddle my own canoe. (hugging her, crying) I can't believe childhood is over. MEG It was going to end one way or another. And what a happy end.

**EXT. MARCH HOUSE. GARDEN. DAY. 1865.**

MR. MARCH What excessive promises, giving yourself away to get the other. What a thing, what a gift, always given before it is known the cost or the reward. AUNT MARCH Well, I hope you're happy. Now that you've ruined your life, just like your Mother did by marrying your father. FATHER Dear Sister, you are too kind. And thank you for today's festivities. AUNT MARCH You are most welcome. MEG (leaning in to kiss her) Thank you Aunt March. AUNT MARCH Oh, oh, I don't like to be... KISSED! MEG Oh, I'm sorry. AUNT MARCH (back at Meg) You'll be sorry when you've tried love in a cottage and found it a failure! MEG (smiling sweetly) It can't be worse than some people find in big houses. AUNT MARCH I understood your meaning, my dear. AUNT MARCH (to Marmee) I don't miss a THING. MARMEE (taking Aunt March's arm and leading her away) You are not entirely wrong. AUNT MARCH I may not always be right, but I am NEVER wrong. AUNT MARCH Thank goodness, here's the only sane member of the family. I really can't take any more of this. AMY No, she... she wanted me to come. As her companion. JO (stunned) Europe? With you? AMY She wants me to work on my art, and my French, of course. JO Oh... I, that's wonderful Amy.

**EXT. WOODS. DAY. CONTINUOUS. 1866.**

JO Meg married, Amy off to Europe, now that you're a graduate, you'll be off on a long holiday - I'm not good like Beth so I'm angry and restless. LAURIE You don't have to stay here. JO Why? Should we run off and join a pirate ship? JO (panicking) No, Teddy -- please don't. LAURIE It's no use Jo; we've got to have it out.. JO Yes, you are, you're a great deal too good for me, and I'm so grateful to you and so proud of you, I don't see why I... I can't love you as you want me to. LAURIE You can't? JO (helplessly) I can't change the feeling and it would be a lie to say I do when I don't. I'm so sorry, Teddy, so desperately sorry, but I can't help it... LAURIE I can't love any one else. JO It would be a disaster if we married, we'd be miserable! We both have such quick tempers -- LAURIE -- If you loved me Jo, I would be a perfect saint! JO I can't - I've tried it and failed. LAURIE Everyone expects it -- Grandpa and your family, Jo say you will and let's be happy! JO I can't say "Yes" truly so I won't say it at all. JO You'll see that I'm right, eventually, and you'll thank me for it. LAURIE I'll be hanged if I do! JO You'll find some lovely accomplished girl, who will adore you, and make a fine mistress for your fine house. I wouldn't. I'm homely and awkward and odd and you'd be ashamed of me and we would quarrel - we can't help it even now! - I'd hate elegant society and you'd hate my scribbling and we would be unhappy and wish we hadn't done it and everything will be horrid. LAURIE Anything more? JO Nothing more -- except that... (honest) I don't believe I will ever marry. I'm happy as I am, and love my liberty too well to be in

any hurry to give it up. LAURIE (shaking his head) You will care for somebody, and you'll love him tremendously, and live and die for him. I know you will, it's your way, and you will and I'll watch. JO Teddy..

**THE PRESENT. INT. MARCH HOUSE. ATTIC. DAY. 1869.**

MARMEE I hope I'm not disturbing your writing... JO I don't do that anymore. (then) It didn't save her. MARMEE You are much too lonely here, Jo. Wouldn't you like to go back to New York? What about your friend - Friedrich, was that his name? JO (resigned) I ruined our friendship with my temper, just as I ruin everything. MARMEE I doubt a sincere friend would be deterred. JO I wish that were true. If I were a girl in a book, this would all be so easy, I'd give up the world happily. MARMEE Laurie is returning, you know. JO (looking up) He is? MARMEE There was a letter from Amy, she's coming home: She was devastated about Beth and Aunt March is very ill - but Laurie will be accompanying them on the journey home. JO (nodding) That's good of him. MARMEE What is it? JO Perhaps... perhaps I was too quick in turning him down. MARMEE Do you love him? JO If he asked me again, I think I would say yes... Do you think he'll ask me again? MARMEE But do you love him? JO (tearing up) I know that I care more to be loved. I want to be loved. MARMEE That is not the same as loving. JO (crying, trying to explain herself to herself) Women have minds and souls as well as hearts, ambition and talent as well as beauty and I'm sick of being told that love is all a woman is fit for. But... I am so lonely.

**EXT. PARIS. FRANCE. DAY. 1869.**

LAURIE I couldn't let you travel alone with Aunt March being so sick - even if you despise me. AMY Oh, Laurie, I don't despise you. AMY Beth was the best of us. AMY I'm not marrying Fred Vaughn. LAURIE (carefully) I heard... Amy... AMY (rush of words) It was not for you it was for myself. You are under no obligation to say anything or do anything, it was because I didn't love him as I should. AMY You don't have to say anything, we never need to talk about it.

**THE PRESENT. INT/EXT. MARCH HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 1869.**

LAURIE Jo? Wake up! JO Oh Teddy! My Teddy! LAURIE Dear Jo, are you glad to see me then? JO Glad, my blessed boy, is too small! Words can't express it. LAURIE Oh thank heaven, I was worried, well, anyway, I wanted a moment with you alone. JO Yes, of course. Here, come sit. JO (making a joke) How's Amy? JO Did she bother you all the way from Europe with her preening? LAURIE (laughs) Yes, but I love it. JO Where is she now? Did she not come straight home? LAURIE Your mother's got her down at Meg's, we stopped there by the way, and there was no getting my wife out of their clutches?!?! JO Your... your what? LAURIE Now I've done it! It was meant to be a surprise. JO What surprise? LAURIE Well, we were engaged, and we were going to wait... that is to say, now we are man and wife. JO You and... Amy. LAURIE It all happened very fast. JO Are you - in love? LAURIE Yes. (launching in) Jo, I want to say one thing, and then we'll put it away forever. I have always loved you; but the love I feel for Amy is different - you were right - we would have killed each other. JO (still in shock) Yes. LAURIE I think it was meant this way. JO Oh, Teddy. LAURIE No one ever calls me that but you. JO What does Amy call you? LAURIE My Lord. JO That's like her... Well, you look deserving of it. LAURIE Can we - can we still be friends? JO Of course, my boy, always. AMY Laurie told you? JO Yes. JO Amy, I'm so happy for you. It was meant to be. AMY Oh, I'm so relieved - I couldn't write because it all happened so quickly and then, really, I was worried you'd be angry. JO (shaking her head) No, no. AMY So you aren't? Angry? JO Life is too short to be angry at one's sisters. AMY (tearing up) I really miss her... JO I know.

**EXT. MARCH HOUSE. DAY. 1869.**

JO Mr. Laurence? MR. LAURENCE Jo! MR. LAURENCE I couldn't bring myself to... The house doesn't seem right without her and I couldn't go in knowing she wouldn't be there. JO I know I am not half so good as my sister, but I'll be a friend to lean on, if you'll let me.

**INT. AUNT MARCH'S HOUSE. DAY. 1869.**

JO I thought she hated me. AMY She could still hate you and leave you the house! JO What about you and John? MEG No, I don't need a grand estate. JO (looking around) I should sell it, but I'd love to do something that would really make Aunt March turn in her grave. MEG I wouldn't mind that. MEG What will you do? JO I'd like to open a school. We never had a proper school, and now there are women's colleges opening - there should be a school. For Daisy. AMY And what will Demi do? JO I'll open a school for boys and girls, both. AMY What about writing? JO I started something... but I don't think it's very good. AMY Everyone likes what you write. JO (pointedly) No, they don't. MEG I do. JO It's just about our little life. AMY Maybe we don't see those things as important because people don't write about them. JO No, writing doesn't confer importance, it reflects it. AMY I'm not sure. Perhaps writing will make them more important. JO (looking at her, amused) When did you become so wise? AMY I always have been, you were just too busy noticing my faults. MEG Which weren't there, of course.

**INT. MARCH HOUSE. ATTIC./DINING ROOM. EARLY EVENING. 1869.**

MR. DASHWOOD (V.O.) Or, shall I say, your friend can. My apologies for the joke, I couldn't help it. MARMEE (O.S.) Jo! Come down! JO Coming! I'm starving! MARMEE Jo, you might want to wait.. JO But I'm famished. MARMEE Jo, dear, you have a guest. JO I don't know anyone. FRIEDRICH (O.S.) I am so sorry to intrude. JO (she bursts out laughing) It's you!

**THE PAST. EXT. BOARDING HOUSE. NEW YORK. DAY. 1867.**

FRIEDRICH Hello. JO Hello. I'm Josephine March. Jo. MRS. KIRKE (to be delivered without stopping for breath, with infinite cheer and anxiety) Jo! Is that you?! Come in, come in! MRS. KIRKE Your mother says that you're a writer - how wonderful! I keep a diary, you know. This is Kitty and Minny. SMILE GIRLS. I see you've met our professor, he's a very accomplished man, actually, it's an interesting group here, lots of intellectuals and Europeans. You know I never thought I'd run a boarding house but here I am! How is that sweet mother of yours? She always had such great height, I never had that, she could reach anything...

**BACK TO THE PRESENT. 1869.**

FRIEDRICH Jo, I hope it is all right, I got your address from Mrs. Kirke - LAURIE Who are you? (to Amy) Who is he? FRIEDRICH (backing away) I'm so sorry to intrude, I was close by and thought I'd, but I'll be going... AMY - Please stay! We have more than enough room. LAURIE Can someone tell me who he is!? FRIEDRICH I don't want to be a burden. MEG It's no burden at all. JO (still stunned) Yes, of course. Please. LAURIE (proprietary) I'm Laurie. And who are you? FRIEDRICH I am Friedrich Bhaer. JO (explaining) We were at the same boarding house together in New York. HANNAH Oh JO, he's VERY handsome. FATHER (to Friedrich) And you intend to stay in New York? FRIEDRICH No, I've been offered a professorship in California - and as I have nothing keeping me here, I thought I might go West. It is new there, and they are less particular about immigrants. FATHER Perhaps I should go West... MARMEE You aren't an immigrant, so perhaps you should stay home. FATHER Oh, I'm going.

**INT. MARCH HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 1869.**

FRIEDRICH This is a beautiful instrument. Which one of you plays? JO It was my sister, Beth. AMY We all play a little. MEG But none so well as her... FRIEDRICH It is very hard to lose a sister. I'm sorry. FATHER Do you play? FRIEDRICH I do, yes. MARMEE It would make us so happy if you played now, she wouldn't want the piano to sit silent. FRIEDRICH I don't wish to offend. FATHER Not in the least. FRIEDRICH Jo, if you ever come to California, I would love to see you. JO I don't know that I will, but thank you. FRIEDRICH (hurting, but accepting) Well, yes... goodbye. JO Goodbye. JO What?! Why are you all looking at me like that? FATHER What a wonderful man. I hope he comes again, he would be a terrific friend for me. AMY (crying out) Oh Father, he wasn't here for you! FATHER No? AMY Jo! You love him! JO I do not! AMY You do too! I may be half as smart as you are but I can see it so plainly, you love him. I have never seen you happier. What else is love? Doesn't she love him Mr. Laurence? MR. DASHWOOD That's a good instinct, you love him. AMY Go get him. Laurie prepare the horses. We can catch him before he gets to the train. MEG (standing) I'm coming too. JO I'm not going! MEG You are. Amy is right. LAURIE I never thought I'd prepare a carriage to help Jo March go after a man, but I like it. JO He's moving to California! AMY That's a fiction. He was practically begging for a reason to stay. JO But it's raining outside. AMY It doesn't matter! Put on a better dress. Follow me. AMY LAURIE. STOP STANDING THERE AND GO GET THE HORSES READY. LAURIE (jumping to action) Yes, my love.

**INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT. NIGHT. 1869.**

MRS. DASHWOOD You never ask about my mother even when you know I've seen her. MR. DASHWOOD I assume she's still alive. MRS. DASHWOOD But I ask after your mother. MR. DASHWOOD And I have no idea why. MRS. DASHWOOD You're willfully missing the point. MR. DASHWOOD That's true. MR. DASHWOOD What have they gotten into now? MRS. DASHWOOD I have no idea. DASHWOOD GIRL #3 Tell me you have the rest of the book! AMY GO! Find him! DASHWOOD Frankly, I don't see why she didn't marry the neighbor. JO Because the neighbor married her sister! DASHWOOD Right, of course. So, who does she marry? JO No one. She doesn't marry either of them. DASHWOOD No. No, no, no, that won't work at all. JO She says the whole book that she doesn't want to marry. DASHWOOD WHO CARES! Girls want to see women MARRIED. Not CONSISTENT. JO It isn't the right ending. DASHWOOD The right ending is the one that sells. DASHWOOD If you end your delightful book with your heroine a spinster, no one will buy it. It won't be worth printing. JO I suppose marriage has always been an economic proposition. Even in fiction. DASHWOOD It's romance! JO It's mercenary. DASHWOOD Just end it that way, will you? JO Fine.

**THE PRESENT IS NOW THE PAST. OR MAYBE FICTION. EXT. TRAIN. EVENING. 1869.**

FRIEDRICH Jo! FRIEDRICH Jo, why are you crying? JO Because -- because you are going away. FRIEDRICH I would never leave if you wished me to stay. JO I wish you would stay. FRIEDRICH But, but I have nothing to give you but my full heart and these empty hands. JO (she puts her hands in his, and steps under the umbrella) They aren't empty now.

**THE PRESENT. INT. PUBLISHING HOUSE. NEW YORK CITY. DAY. 1870.**

DASHWOOD (O.S.) I love it. It's so romantic. "Your hands aren't empty now." It makes me emotional. JO Thanks. DASHWOOD We can call the chapter "Under the Umbrella." JO (has to admit) It's good. DASHWOOD Perfect! Now there is the question of the contract... I'm prepared to give you 5% of the royalties. JON So I get 5% of the profit? DASHWOOD 5% of the net profits. After I recoup. JO What about a payment, upfront? DASHWOOD (shaking his head) I'm taking the risk in printing this book. JO Yes, but, but it's my book. DASHWOOD If it works, then we'll both make money. If not, then I won't go under. JO So I get nothing? If it fails? DASHWOOD No, I'll give you \$500 dollars right now to buy out the copyright. JO The copyright? DASHWOOD It's the right for re-printing, that sort of thing, sequels, the characters for other stories. JO Might that be worth something? DASHWOOD Well, again, only if it's a success. JO I see. It seems like something I would want to own. DASHWOOD Doesn't your family need the money more immediately? JO They do, which is why I wanted upfront payment. DASHWOOD I'll only pay for the copyright. JO You keep your \$500, and I'll keep the copyright, thank you. Also, I want ten percent of royalties. DASHWOOD Five point five percent and that is very generous. JO Nine percent. DASHWOOD Six percent -- and that's it. JO If I'm going to sell my heroine into marriage for money, I might as well get some of it. DASHWOOD Six point six percent. JO Done. DASHWOOD And you don't need to decide about the copyright now. JO I've decided. I want to own my own book.