

BETH

Can I tell you a secret?

JO

Anything.

BETH

I never made plans about what I would do when I grew up. And I'm not afraid to die. The hardest part, Jo, is leaving you.

JO

I won't let it happen. You'll get better. You will.

BETH

SOME THINGS ARE MEANT TO BE.
THE TIDE TURNING ENDLESSLY,
THE WAY IT TAKES HOLD OF ME
NO MATTER WHAT I DO.
BUT SOME THINGS WILL NEVER DIE:
THE PROMISE OF WHO YOU ARE,
YOUR MEMORIES WHEN I AM FAR FROM YOU.

ALL MY LIFE I'VE LIVED FOR LOVING YOU.
LET ME GO NOW ...

(SHE lets go of the kite string)

SCENE 4

(THE MARCH PARLOR: #8. Winter 1865.)

AMY returns from Europe with AUNT MARCH. SHE rushes in excited, holding an armful of things. SHE looks different, having left Concord a child and returned a young woman)

AMY

Everybody? I'm home!

AUNT MARCH

Look at this house!

AMY

Marmee! Jo!

AUNT MARCH

We left it in shambles - and it's still in shambles.

AMY

Meg!

(AMY)

(SHE puts down the things she is holding, removes her bonnet)

Did you see the look I gave the coachman, Aunt March? His impertinence! He caught every bump in the road.

AUNT MARCH

One should always be civil to a coachman. You must respect those who have the reins - until you wrench the reins from them.

AMY

Yes, Aunt March.

(SHE shouts)

Jo! Marmee!

AUNT MARCH

And remember, Amy, you're a lady now.

AMY

Yes.... I'm a lady.

(SHE shouts in a ladylike way)

Meg! ... When did this house get so small?

AUNT MARCH

As we grow grand, Amy, the world around us often diminishes in size. I have known people who have almost disappeared before my very eyes.

AMY

(Running to Aunt March, embraces her, almost in tears)

You're such a dear, Aunt March! Thank you for everything.

AUNT MARCH

(Breaking from her)

I'll go see to that wretched coachman.

AMY

Remember, Aunt March, respect those who have the reins.

AUNT MARCH

Very good.

(SHE goes)

MEG

(Surprised. Entering)

Amy?!!