

AMY. He'll be better off without you.

...—Jo—tomorrow—I trust that you will wear something—appropriate.

~~She leaves. Beth looks out Jo's skirt—Jo looks at it, and turns away.~~

BETH. Jo—

~~Jo walks out. Beth looks after both of them, lost; her head hurts.~~

Scene 2

Jo and Amy arrive at Aunt March's and sit. Jo is at her wits' end—but, to revenge herself, she is still wearing her masculine outfit; she may even have added the mustache back in. A clock ticks.

Aunt March is the most gnarled, horrible woman imaginable. She has a large, nasty parrot on her shoulder. The parrot starts a scene with a great big musty SQUAWK! A tense moment as Aunt March eyes Jo's masculine outfit; Amy is mortified and angry: Maybe she tries to snatch the mustache away.

AUNT MARCH. What a...remarkable outfit, Josyphine.

JO. (To Amy as well.) Thank you, Aunt March. I so agree.

She preens in her outfit to goad Amy; Amy would like to kill her.

AUNT MARCH. (An order.) Read to us.

SQUAWK.

JO. I'm not here to work, Auntie, this is a social / (call)

AUNT MARCH. Fordyce's Sermons.

JO. Sermon One: A Lady Knows Her Place.

PARROT. Knows her place—knows her place.

AUNT MARCH. You look well, Amy.

SQUAAAAAAWK.

JO. "A lady prizes presentation."

AMY. Why, thank you, Auntie

Aunt March, Jo, Amy, + Parrot

Aunt March hacks something terrible up.

—so do you!

Aunt March vaguely examines her own phlegm as the parrot

repeats:

PARROT. So do you, so do you!

JO. "A lady speaks with discretion..."

AMY. And Polly is so charming—

Hungry squawk as the parrot lunges for Amy. Amy snatches her fingers back quickly.

AUNT MARCH. Mind your fingers. (Chuckles dryly.)

JO. "A lady behaves cautiously"

AMY. Ahaha. Charming.

PARROT. (Sounding like pure, happy evil.) Charrmmiiiiing.

AUNT MARCH. How does your father fare, child?

AMY. A little better, Aunt March.

AUNT MARCH. Better! Not for long, I'm sure.

PARROT. Not for long, not for long—

JO. "A lady holds her tongue."

AUNT MARCH. He ought never to have gone to the war! But then, we should never have had a war at all.

AMY. Oh, Aunt—

AUNT MARCH. Why should we poke our noses down South? Lincoln ought never to have pressed his agenda!

AMY. Now, Auntie—

JO. "A lady holds her tongue."

AUNT MARCH. We ought to focus on the Union—and put the homeland first!

PARROT. Homeland first, homeland first!

AMY. Let's not talk politics—

AUNT MARCH. But your parents are both the same—your father and his radical abolitionism—

JO. "A LADY HOLDS HER TONGUE"