

JO
Marmee loves her /life.

AUNT MARCH (CONT'D)
/You don't know what she
loves. Your father cared more
about educating freedmen's
children than taking care of
his family.

JO
But he was right.

AUNT MARCH
You can be right and foolish.

JO
I don't think so.

AUNT MARCH
No one is paying you to think.

JO
Yes, Aunt March.

AUNT MARCH
You might not care about marriage
yet, but I intend to go to Europe
again, and I would like a
companion. Wouldn't you like to be
the person I take?

JO
More than anything!

AUNT MARCH
Then read and don't sneak around. I
don't like sneaks.

48 INT. SCHOOL. SAME DAY. 1862.

48

During a break, one of the school girls whispers to Amy:

SCHOOL GIRL #1
President Lincoln.

AMY
No! Father is fighting for him.

SCHOOL GIRL #2
My father says the war is a
waste, we should just let
them keep /their labor.

AMY (CONT'D)
(shocked)
/It is immoral!

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'd wipe out your debt and give you
five more limes besides.

Amy is seduced, and instantly starts drawing the (very good and accurate) caricature. The girls giggle. Amy gets carried away, drawing a conversation bubble with words "My eye is upon you, young ladies." More laughter. Suddenly, a shadow falls over them, and all the girls look up, scared, and move away. Amy, however, is too wrapped up in her drawing to notice. When she does, Mr. Davis looks down sternly at her.

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

49

Laurie tries very hard to study with his tutor, Mr. Brooke, but it is hopeless. He keeps gazing off.

MR. BROOKE
Latin is a privilege.

LAURIE
I wish it for someone else, then.

MR. BROOKE
Please return to Cicero.

Laurie reluctantly turns to his books. Suddenly, there is a very loud sobbing sound, coming from outside.

LAURIE
Did you hear that?

MR. BROOKE
It's probably an... animal.

The sob sounds again.