

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

Aunt March dozes, poodle in her lap, while Jo stands by the bookcase and surreptitiously reads her own book.

She turns the page, trying to be as quiet as possible, but Aunt March wakes up.

AUNT MARCH (O.S.)
JOSY-/PHINE!

JO
(hiding her book)
/Yes!

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
You are not married, Aunt /March.

AUNT MARCH

/Because I was rich and made
sure to keep my money.

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 (CONT'D)

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

Marmee loves her /life.

AUNT MARCH

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

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 (CONT'D)

(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.