

Little Women Monologues  
Auditions: Tuesday, May 21st 7pm-9pm  
Please choose ONE monologue to perform at auditions.

JO. In the beginning, you're just a young thing, just another young creature of the universe and you hardly know you're a girl, you're so busy learning to walk and run, and ride if there's a horse handy...or it not, the limb of an apple tree. You want what you have. You want more!

JO. The time of year was Christmas! (Sings in mock-operatic style as Hugo)  
There is a lady named Beautiful Zara,  
I love her so much I would kill or I'd die.  
She loves a fellow who's called Roderigo.  
The witches' curse on Roderigo I cry:  
Curse Roderigo! Curse Roderigo!

AMY. Last Christmas we had plum pudding and cranberries and oysters and presents all around. This year we have corn pudding with raisins. Raisins, mind you. At least Jo and Meg are old enough to go out to parties, but Beth and I will have to stay here at home with our raisins.

MEG. I didn't mean any of that, Jo. Marmee, I want to 'fess up. It's true. I romped, I flirted, I drank Champagne- I let them dress me up in borrowed frippery- But then, standing at the punch bowl, I started to feel peculiar. The gossip! They all think that you have "plans" for us, Marmee, that you want us to know Laurie because he has money so he'll marry us- I mean, one of us-

BETH. Marmee! The Piano! Do you think it's real? (Reads note) "For the little musician, from Old Mr. Laurence." What's this? (picks up storybook) From Jo? My book of stories from Jo. Thank you, Jo, oh thank you!

LAURIE. Letters! One for Jo, one for Beth- three for Meg. (To JOE and BETH) An I've got a funny secret. Oh, I don't know about you Beth- you've impressed everyone else with your fever, but not me. I mean it, Beth. I'm not impressed. I want you to give me a different show. Show me Grendel with his arm torn off, dragging Beowulf down to the water depths. (BETH laughs) That's better. Now Cleopatra, driving a herd of elephants.

BROOKE. Thank you for defending me! You do care for me? So you won't send me away, but let me stay and be happy? May I? And shall we tell them all at Christmas? I don't think the secret will keep! Congratulate us, Sister Jo.

MARMEE. Girls, there's something weighing on my mind. Mrs. Hummel and her five children, just 'round the corner? Well, I stopped in to see them just now, only to find all six of them and the newborn baby huddled in one bed to keep from freezing, for they have no fire. No food there, either-

AUNT MARCH. I came to call on your father. (BROOKE flees to the dining room) And who was that? And what is "Father's friend" saying to make you blush like a peony? That boy's tutor? Making a proposal? You don't mean to marry his tutor?! If you do, not one penny of my money goes to you. Highty tighty! He's poor, I'll wager, and has no rich relations. Well, I wash my hands of the whole affair! I'm done with you- with all of you forever!

OLD MR. LAURENCE. Uninvited! A rogue and a beggar! Sit down, dear girl. I didn't come to frighten you, I came to hear you play- No, NO, please don't say a word! Ssshh. Play. ( Beth plays) Very nice.

FATHER. Jo, Jo, forgive your old Father. Something terrible is weighing on you. You really must tell me. Come, 'fess up. Well, I'm going to answer for her. Mother and Father will take care of each other. Birds were meant to fly the nest. If I stayed home with my parents, would I be standing here now with my daughter, Jo? You're growing up. There's no stopping it. And as for your "silly scribbling," why, Beth would call it "writing," wouldn't she? She was always proud of your writing. So go back to your writing.