

Spotlight Studios Auditions – Little Women

Thank you for auditioning for the Spotlight Performing Arts production of *Little Women*. We really appreciate your time and talent! Please be patient as we assemble the cast list. We will send an email if you are to be offered a part. Please understand that we have a limited number of parts to fill. Depending on audition turn-out, not everyone who auditions will be cast. We hope this doesn't deter you from audition for future shows and we thank you for your understanding.

If you have questions, please call Director John Barthelmes at 585-305-4767 or email him at john.barthelmes@gmail.com.

Rehearsals

All rehearsals take place at Spotlight Studios for the Performing Arts (3 Railroad Street in Fairport). Not all cast members will be called to every rehearsal. A detailed rehearsal schedule will be emailed to the cast.

Performances

Three performances are to be held: At the Spotlight Studios in Fairport, 3 Railroad Street in Fairport
Friday June 13 at 7:00 PM
Saturday June 14 at 2pm and 7:00 PM

Amy March – the youngest sister and a talented artist, Amy is described as a beautiful young girl with blonde hair and blue eyes. She cares about her family, but is also deeply self-centered and vain. In her youth she is a spoiled and is inclined to throw tantrums when things do not go her way. The youngest of the March children, the prettiest and – in her opinion at least – the most important.

Beth March – the gentlest and brightest of the four. She is a quiet young woman who loves playing piano. She is shy and docile and engages with charity.

Jo March – the tomboy of the family, a year younger than Meg, is “rapidly shooting up into a woman” and not liking it. She is not the beauty of the family and her coltish manner and movements do little to add to her femininity. Her best feature is her long thick hair. She is very outspoken and has a passion for writing.

Meg March – the oldest of the March children, a pretty, good-natured girl who, feeling she is a much more mature young lady than her sisters, expresses it in a growing awareness of her clothes and appearance.

Hannah – the housekeeper of the March home. She is a middle-aged woman who has been with the family since Meg was born, and is considered by them all more as a friend than a servant. Her rather abrupt manner and dry humor do not entirely conceal a warm and loyal affection for her adopted family.

Mrs. March (Marmee) – the girls' mother and head of household while her husband is away. She engages in charitable works and attempts to guide her girls' moral characters.

Aunt March – a rich widow. She lives alone in her mansion. She is the girls' great aunt. She is a formidable, autocratic old lady, richly dressed, and walking with a cane. She has a slight limp.

Laurie – a charming and rich young man who lives next door to the March family with his stern grandfather. A tall young man with dark, good looks. Always lively and confident, he dear friend of the family and the girls.

John Brooke – tutor to Laurie, a naturalized citizen (he is English).

Mr. March – the girls' father. Formerly wealthy, it is implied that he helped unscrupulous friends who did not repay the debt, resulting in the family's poverty. A great scholar and a minister, he serves as a chaplain for the Union Army.

Scene 1 – Amy, Meg and Jo – Practicing the Christmas Play

Amy: We'd better go shopping tomorrow afternoon for there won't be any other time, and we still need to rehearse for our play on Christmas.

Jo: Yes, and it has to be extra especially good this year. Marmee always enjoys our Christmas plays, and, with Father away, she needs cheering up as much as possible.

Meg: I don't think I shall act in any more after this one. I'm getting too old for such things.

Jo: Oh, fiddlesticks, Meg! You won't stop as long as you can trail round in a long white gown with your hair down, and wear gold paper jewelry. Besides you're the best actress we've got and there'll be an end of everything if you quit the boards. We could rehearse a bit now. Come on, Amy, let's do the fainting scene. You are as stiff as a poker in that.

Amy: I can't help it; I never saw anyone faint in the whole of my entire life – and I don't choose to make myself all black and blue tumbling flat as you do. If I can go down easily, I'll drop; if I can't, I shall fall into a chair and be graceful – and I don't care if Hugo does come at me with a pistol in that scene.

Jo: Look, do it this way. Clasp your hands so, and stagger across the stage crying frantically "Roderigo! Save me! Save me!" [*She demonstrates in highly melodramatic manner, completing her performance with a harrowing scream*]

[*After a moment or two of uncertainty Amy endeavors to follow Jo's example, but her movements are stiff and jerky, her delivery matter of fact and her final scream a little more than a loud "ow!"*]

Jo: [*hiding her face and groaning in despair*] It's no use! Oh, well, do the best you can when the time comes, and if the audience laughs don't blame me.

Meg: [*trying to play peace keeper*] I don't see how you can write and act such splendid things, Jo. You're a regular Shakespeare!

Jo: Not quite, but I do think that my effort this year, *The Witches' Curse*, is my best yet. What I should really like to try is *Macbeth* – if only we had a trap-door for Banquo. I've always wanted to do the killing part. "Is that a dagger I see before me?" [*She adopts an exaggerated pose of highly theatrical terror, clutching at the air, as she had seen a famous tragedian do*]

[*As she lurches about the room, Meg rises from the fireplace to confront her with the toasting fork*]

Meg: No, it's a toasting fork! [*She advances on Jo, forcing her back into the sofa amid laughter and loud applause from the others*]

Scene 2 – Marmee and Aunt March – Aunt pays a visit

Aunt March: *[Entering]* Well, niece, aren't you going to ask me to sit down?

Marmee: Good evening, Aunt March, do come in and make yourself at home. May I take your cloak?

Aunt March: *[Sitting]* No, thank you, don't intend to stay that long. Just thought I'd come around and see how you and the girls were – can never get any information out of Josephine here.

Marmee: We are all well, I am glad to say. Meg has had a slight cold...

Aunt March: Cold? Not surprised, the way young people go on these days it's a wonder they don't all die of pneumonia.

Marmee: And you are keeping well, Aunt March?

Aunt March: Me? Well? I am never well! My old trouble here, my leg, gives me constant pain, and, of course, I get so little sleep.

Marmee: But Jo tells me that you always sleep soundly for an hour or so every day after dinner.

Aunt March: Nonsense! I am only resting my eyes from the light while she reads to me. I have never really slept for over thirty years – I just lose myself for a little while, that's all.

Marmee: It must be very trying for you, Aunt March.

Aunt March: How's that husband of yours? My nephew?

Marmee: He is well, thank you, and seems to find the rigors of camp life not too difficult to bear.

Aunt March: Beyond me what he wanted to go gallivanting off to the war for at all at his age. Why couldn't he stay at home and be a chaplain?

Marmee: He did what he knew to be the right thing, and, though I miss him dearly, I would not have it otherwise. The men need him, and he feels that he is doing good work among them.

Aunt March: That's questionable! Can't say that his judgment is always unerring. Look how he lost all his money helping that good-for-nothing friend of his a few years ago. I told him, I said to him at the time...

Marmee: May I ask the reason of your visit?

Aunt March: Reason! Mercy on us! That should be plain enough, I should think! Why should an invalid like myself, racked with pain, turn out on a cold winter's night? For no reason other than to wish you a happy Christmas, of course, what else?

Marmee: I – oh – er – thank you, Aunt March, I...

Aunt March: And with my nephew away playing at soldiers, I have no doubt that things will not be so plentiful here at home this year. Now I must go, there are a great many things requiring my attention, and I have not the time to stay here listening to your gossip.

Scene 3 – Marmee and Laurie – Laurie’s first visit

Marmee: Do please come in, Mr. Laurence, it is nice of you to call.

Laurie: Thank you, Mrs. March, I am really here on behalf of my grandfather. He asked me to present his compliments and his apologies. He asked me to say [*thinking hard trying to remember exactly what his grandfather said*] that he feels he has been very remiss in not calling to pay his respects to you, the daughter of his old friend, but he hopes that you will forgive the tardiness of an old man who ventures but rarely into society. And he hopes that you will do him the honor of accepting these two bottles of wine with the compliments of the season.

Marmee: Thank you! Dear me, you did have to learn a long speech, didn’t you?

Laurie: [*relaxing with a laugh*] Yes, it was rather – I was afraid I should forget half of it – oh, and these flowers are from me. I picked them myself in the conservatory.

Marmee: How very sweet of you! They are lovely! Please thank your grandfather most warmly for me. Perhaps you would both like to come and take tea with us one day and meet my family?

Laurie: I should like that very much indeed, Mrs. March.

Marmee: I believe that you have met my daughter, Jo, already?

Laurie: Yes, when the kitten ran into our garden. She is full of life, isn’t she? She told me that she wants to be an authoress.

Marmee: Oh, yes, our Jo is very lively and she is always busy scribbling away up in a little study she has made for herself in the attic.

Laurie: Meg is the pretty one, isn’t she, and Beth the rosy one who stays at home a good deal; and the curly-haired one who sketches and paints is Amy, I believe?

Marmee: For someone who has never really met my girls, you seem to know a great deal about them! Pray how did you discover all that?

Laurie: Why, you see, I often hear them calling to one another, and when I am alone at home I can’t help looking over here at your house; you seem always to be having such good times. Sometimes you don’t draw the curtains, and when the lamps are lighted it’s like a picture to look in and see you all at the table or busy with some household task, I am afraid that I can’t help watching.

Marmee: Do you live alone with your grandfather?

Laurie: Yes, my parents are both dead. Grandpa lives among his books and doesn’t take much interest in what happens outside. Mr. Brooke, my tutor, only comes in during the day so I am rather much alone at times. That’s why I am afraid I have taken to watching all your comings and goings.

Marmee: Well, when you have met my girls there will be no need for you to watch anymore for you must come over whenever you are lonely and join in our simple amusements. I know the girls will make you very welcome.

Laurie: Thank you very much, Mrs. March, it’s good of you to receive me so kindly. I will give your message to Grandpa and tell him.

Scene 4 – Laurie, Jo, Meg and Mr. Brooke, Getting to Know You

Brooke: To your speedy recovery, Miss March!

Meg: Thank you, Mr. Brooke, my ankle feels easier already.

Jo: Now tell me, are you really called Laurie Laurence? It's an odd mouthful of a name.

Laurie: [*Laughing*] No, my first name is Theodore, but I don't like it for the fellows called me Dora – so I made them call me Laurie instead.

Jo: I hate my name too. Josephine is so sentimental! I wish everyone would call me Jo instead. My Aunt March, who I am with every day will call me "Josy-phine." Tell me, how did you stop the boys calling you Dora?

Laurie: I thrashed 'em.

Jo: Well, I suppose I can't very well thrash Aunt March so I shall have to bear it.

Meg: Is Laurie always a good pupil, Mr. Brooke?

Brooke: Perhaps not always, Miss March, for he does not always apply himself as he should, but it is very rewarding when he does, and one begins to see the fruit of one's work.

Meg: I teach, also, but I must confess that I don't really enjoy it. I only wish that I liked it as much as you obviously do.

Brooke: I think you would if you had Laurie as a pupil. He is particularly good at languages. His French is quite fluent and we are now working hard at his German. In a few months, I think...

Meg: German! You are teaching him German?

Brooke: Why, yes, do you speak it?

Meg: No – that is, my father was teaching me before he went away, and although I try to practice myself I am afraid I don't get on very fast alone, for I have no-one to correct my pronunciation.

Brooke: Then perhaps, you will allow me...?

Meg: Oh, no, I... I couldn't bother you to... I... I didn't mean that when I said...

Brooke: No, of course not, I quite understand; but if you will allow me, I will have a word with your mother and see what can be arranged.

Meg: That is very kind of you, Mr. Brooke, I...

Brooke: Not at all, it would give me great pleasure to be of some assistance.

Scene 5 – Meg, Jo, Amy – Getting ready for the Theatre

Jo: I am so looking forward to this visit to the theatre. Do you realize it will be the first time that we have been without the other girls? It's quite an adventure.

Meg: Yes, but I am afraid I feel a little guilty. I haven't had the heart to tell Amy that we are going without her. She is a little jealous of some of the privileges we enjoy as older girls, and I thought she would fret if she knew she hadn't been invited.

Jo: She'll have to know sooner or later, and, anyway, she's going to the theatre with Beth and Hannah next week. Besides, she's had a cold and I know Marmee doesn't want her to go out just yet.

Meg: I know but...

Amy: *[Entering]* Where are you two going?

Jo: Never mind, little girls shouldn't ask questions.

Amy: Do tell me! I think you might let me know!

Meg: Well, dear, you see, Jo and I have been invited...

Jo: Now, Meg, be quiet or you will spoil it all. You can't go, Amy, so don't be a baby and whine about it.

Amy: You're going somewhere with Laurie, I know you are. You were whispering and laughing together last night when I came in here, and you stopped when you saw me. You *are* going somewhere with hi, aren't you?

Meg: We are going with Mr. Brooke and Laurie to the theatre.

Amy: Let me go, too! I've got some money and Mother said I might go. It was mean not to tell me in time. Oh, please let me go!

Meg: Just listen to me a minute and be a good child. Mother doesn't wish you to go out this week as you have had a bad cold and it's not quite well yet. Next week you can go with Beth and Hannah, as arranged.

Amy: I don't like that half as well as going with you and Laurie and Mr. Brooke in the carriage. Please let me! I've been shut up with this cold for ever so long, and I'm dying for some fun. Beth's had her piano given to her, and Jo's had all the excitement about the story and now you're off to the theatre, and I haven't had anything. It just isn't fair! Do take me, Meg! I'll be ever so good.

Jo: If she goes, I won't; and if I don't, Laurie won't like it. Besides it would be very rude to go and drag in Amy when only we have been invited. I should think she'd hate to poke herself in where she isn't wanted.

Meg: Now, Amy dear, do try to understand.

Jo: Here's the carriage! Come on, Meg, we're late already. Leave the silly girl to her tantrum.

Amy: You'll be sorry for this, Jo March! You see if you're not!

Scene 6 – Jo, Beth, Amy – Jo’s book is missing

Beth: Is anything the matter, Amy? You have been so quiet and withdrawn all day. I wondered if you were very upset after that dreadful quarrel you had with Jo yesterday. We could hear you shouting when we were out in the kitchen.

Amy: Well she vexed me beyond endurance.

Beth: It was difficult for Meg and Jo, when Mr. Brooke and Laurie had asked only them to go.

Amy: Yes, I know; but Jo didn’t have to be so horrid about it.

Jo: *[Entering]* Has anyone taken my book?

Beth: What book, Jo?

Jo: The manuscript of my six other stories. I copied them all out ready in case they should be wanted and made them up into a little book. I left it on my desk, but it’s gone; I’ve searched everywhere but I just can’t find it. Are you sure you haven’t seen it anywhere?

Beth: Oh, Jo, how dreadful! Are you quite sure you left it up there?

Jo: Quite. *[Noticing Amy’s silence]* Amy, you’ve got it.

Amy: No, I haven’t.

Jo: You know where it is then.

Amy: No, I don’t.

Jo: That’s a fib!

Amy: It isn’t. I haven’t got it and I don’t know where it is now, and I don’t care.

Jo: *[Taking her by the arms]* You know something about it and you’d better tell at once or I’ll make you.

Amy: Scold as much as you like, you’ll never see your silly old book again.

Jo: *[Alarmed]* Why not? What do you mean?

Amy: Because I’ve burnt it.

Jo: What! My stories that I’ve worked at so hard? You’ve burnt them – now, just when I might be able to see them.

Amy: Yes! I have! I told you I’d make you pay for being so cross and horrid yesterday and I have!

Jo: You wicked, wicked girl! I shall never be able to write them again!

Amy: Let me go you beast! You only had what you deserved!

Scene 7 – Jo, Beth, Meg – Beth falls ill

Beth: You've both had scarlet fever, haven't you?

Meg: Yes, years ago. Why, Beth? Aren't you well, dear?

Beth: It's the baby – Mrs. Hummel's poor little baby – it's... it's dead!

Jo: Dead!

Beth: It died in my lap about an hour ago while I was nursing it.

Jo: Oh my poor dead, how dreadful for you. Meg, why didn't one of us go?

Beth: As soon as I got there I saw in a minute that the poor little mite was worse. The one girl said that her mother had gone for the doctor. Two of the other children were sick as well, so I offered to nurse the baby while she attended to them; but all of a sudden it gave a little cry and trembled and then it lay very still. I tried to warm its feet, and the girl gave it some milk, but it didn't stir – and then I knew it must be dead.

Meg: Don't cry, dear, what did you do?

Beth: I just sat and held the little body till Mrs. Hummel came with the doctor. He examined it and said that the cause of death was scarlet fever, and that he should have been called before. Mrs. Hummel told him that she was poor and had tried to cure the baby herself; then, suddenly, he told me to go home at once. He thinks I may have caught it too.

Jo: Oh, Beth, if you should be sick I never could forgive myself! Meg, what should we do?

Meg: If only mother were at home! You've been in to see the baby several times this last week, haven't you, Beth? And among the other children who are probably going to have the fever too. I'm afraid it's quite likely that you'll go down with it as well, dear. I'm going to call Hannah, she nursed Jo and me through it, and she'll know what to do.

Beth: Don't let Amy come in here, she's never had it and I should have to pass it on to her. *[Meg exits]* Are you quite sure that you and Meg can't have it over again?

Jo: I don't think so – and, anyway, I don't care if I do. Serve me right, selfish pig, to let you go down to the Hummels alone when all I was doing was writing rubbish upstairs.

Beth: You mustn't say that, Jo. It's not rubbish, your stories are being published now and... *[She stops short and puts her hand to her head]* I think I'll go upstairs and lie down for a while.

Jo: Are you feeling worse, pet?

Beth: I feel rather hot and my head aches so – I shall be better lying down.

Scene 8 – Meg and Brooke – Brooke exclaims his love

Meg: I... I think I'd better see if Mother needs me in the dining room. There's rather a...

Brooke: Please don't go! Are you afraid of me Margaret?

Meg: How can I be afraid when you have been so kind to Mother and Father? I only wish I could thank you for it.

Brooke: Shall I tell you how?

Meg: Oh, no, please don't... I'd rather you didn't... I

Brooke: I only want to know if you care for me a little. You see, I love you so much, Meg.

Meg: Thank you, Mr. Brooke, you are very kind, but I... but I... but I don't know.

Brooke: Will you try to find out? I want to know so desperately for I can't go to work with any heart until I know just what your feelings are for me.

Meg: I'm not sure that I...

Brooke: I'll wait; and, in the meantime, you could be learning to love me. Would you find that a very hard lesson, Meg?

Meg: Not if I choose to learn it, but...

Brooke: Please choose to learn. I love to teach, and this would be so much easier than German.

Meg: I... no... I think it would be better if we remained just friends as we were.

Brooke: But, Meg, do you really mean...?

Meg: Please, I don't want to say any more for the moment, I think...