Little Women

One Act written by: **Marisha Chamberlain**

Audition Date: Monday, November 2, 3:30-5:30 PM

Please be familiar with the attached scenes to read in groups.

Callbacks: Immediately following auditions, 5:30 PM (by invitation only)

Commitment and Audition Expectations

We are excited to welcome students in grades 9-12 to audition for *Little Women*! Before auditioning, please carefully consider academic, athletic, extracurricular, work, and personal commitments.

Because *Little Women* is a play, there are significantly fewer acting roles than in a musical, and not every student who auditions will be cast onstage. Students should audition only if they are willing to accept the role they are offered, whether onstage or in a technical position such as stage management, lights, sound, crew, props, or costumes.

By auditioning, students are committing to the production, not to a specific role. If you are only interested in a particular acting role, please think carefully before auditioning.

Student/Parent Acknowledgment

I have reviewed the rehearsal schedule and considered my academic, athletic, extracurricular, work, and family commitments before auditioning. I understand that auditioning is a commitment to the production, not a guarantee of any specific role. If cast, I am willing to accept the role assigned to me and fulfill my responsibilities as a member of the company.

Student Signature: _____

Parent Signature: _____

Date: _____

Character Descriptions in *Little Women* (One-Act) by Marisha Chamberlain

In Marisha Chamberlain's one-act adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women*, the four March sisters are each portrayed through select scenes that highlight their personalities, growth, and relationships.

Jo March – *Tempestuous, rebellious, and creative*
Jo is the eldest sister, known for her fiery spirit, independence, and love of writing. She often challenges family expectations and resists social norms, but her inner warmth and loyalty to her siblings shine through. In the play, Jo's scenes reveal her ambition, her desire for self-expression, and her evolving understanding of responsibility and love.

Meg March – *Motherly, gentle, and self-sacrificing*
Meg is the second sister, characterized by her nurturing nature and quiet strength. She often takes on a caretaking role for her family, especially when their father is away. Meg's moments in the play show her devotion, her willingness to give of herself, and her gradual self-discovery as she balances her duties with her own needs.

Beth March – *Shy, kind, and fragile*
Beth is the youngest of the three older sisters, gentle and reserved, with a tender heart but a tendency toward illness. Her scenes emphasize her innocence, her deep affection for her family, and her quiet resilience in the face of hardship.

Amy March – *Spoiled, ambitious, and refined*
Amy is the youngest sister, often seen as pampered and self-centered, but also intelligent and artistic. Her moments in the play show her desire for beauty, comfort, and social standing, as well as her capacity for growth and self-awareness.

Marmee March – *The guiding, loving mother*
Marmee is the central figure holding the family together. She offers guidance, encouragement, and moral support, embodying the play's themes of love, family, and individuality.

Other characters – *Laurie, Mr. Laurence, Mr. Brooke, Aunt March, Hannah, and Father*

Little Women Rehearsal Schedule

We will start rehearsing at the Upper School and move to the Lower School after Thanksgiving holidays.

PLEASE CIRCLE/ INDICATE ANY REHEARSALS YOU ARE NOT AVAILAVLE FOR THE ENTIRE REHEARSAL.

Monday, November 9th Upper School Choir Room 3:30-5:30pm

(Read Through and Measurements)

Wednesday, November 11th Upper School Choir Room 3:30-5:30pm

Friday, November 13th Upper School Choir Room 3:30-5:30pm

Monday, November 16th- Upper School Choir Room 3:30-5:30pm

Wednesday, November 18th- Upper School Choir Room 3:30-5:30pm

Thursday, November 19th- Upper School Choir Room 3:30-5:30pm

Monday, November 30th- Lower School Theatre 4:00-6:00pm (Off Book)

Tuesday, December 1st- Lower School Theatre 4:00-6:00pm

Wednesday, December 2nd- Lower School Theatre 4:00-6:00pm

Monday, December 7th- Lower School Theatre 4:00-8:00pm

Tuesday, December 8th- Lower School Theatre 4:00-8:00pm

Wednesday December 9th- Lower School Theatre 4:00-8:00pm

Friday, December 11th- Opening Night 7:00pm (Call Time 6:00)

Saturday, December 12th Closing 7:00pm (Call Time 6:00)

Mr. Laurence (old), Brooke, Laurie, Aunt March

JO. *(Growls:)* A sorry, sorry performance! *(Turns, notices the newcomers.)* My word! Look who's here. *(Bows.)* The end!

MARMEE. Mr. Laurence, our old friend!

OLD MR. LAURENCE. Please forgive the intrusion, Mrs. March. I heard you gave your supper to the poor.

*(*OLD MR. LAURENCE, LAURIE, *and* BROOKE *produce Christmas supper in baskets.)*

MARMEE. Oh, how splendid of you! Children, this is Mr. Laurence, who lives just across the way and—

OLD MR. LAURENCE. My grandson. And his tutor.

LAURIE. I do admire your boots, Miss March.

JO. Call me Jo. You climb trees, don't you, Mr. Laurence?

LAURIE. I do. And I'm not Mr. Laurence. Call me Laurie.

BROOKE. *(To* MEG:*)* I'm Brooke, the boy's tutor.

MEG. Margaret.

BROOKE. Margaret. So pleased to meet you, Margaret!

JO. Just plain Meg. Call her Meg—and let's be ourselves! *(To* LAURIE:*)* I did so hope we'd have an excuse to meet you.

MEG. *(Takes Brooke's basket.)* Thank you. And this is Amy—

AMY. *(Takes Laurie's basket from* JO *and unpacks.)* Look, Jo. Smoked chicken! Look! Real, actual mincemeat!

MARMEE. Dear Mr. Laurence! How can I thank you?

OLD MR. LAURENCE. As it happens, I like music...

MARMEE. Beth? Listen to this.

OLD MR. LAURENCE. I love music, and sometimes I hear someone in this house play when I sit at my window...

MARMEE. She's a bit bashful.

(In answer, BETH *plays: "Pat a Pan.")*

OLD MR. LAURENCE. You play beautifully.

BETH. But I'm afraid the old piano won't stay in tune.

OLD MR. LAURENCE. Won't it, now?

*(*AUNT MARCH *enters.)*

MEG. Merry Christmas, Aunt March!

AUNT MARCH. I hear you have no presents and no dinner and so I— *(Views supper.)* I see. It seems you need nothing.

MARMEE. Aunt March, our kind neighbor, Mr. Laurence—

OLD MR. LAURENCE. Of course! We are acquainted. Charmed, as always, Georgetta. Beth is playing piano for us.

AUNT MARCH. Yes, I know all that.

OLD MR. LAURENCE. No, but she plays with real feeling.

LAURIE. *(Aside to* JO:*)* You climb trees, too, don't you?

AMY. Don't answer that!

JO. Hush, Amy. If you want a real lady, there she is.

AUNT MARCH. Josephine, come here to me. Whatever are you wearing? Is this what you call your Christmas best?

OLD MR. LAURENCE. *(Offers his arm.)* Georgetta, you must sing for your supper! Beth?

*(*BETH *plays. All sing "Pat a Pan.")*

Willie, bring your pipe and come,
Robin, bring your fife and drum.
We'll have music as we play,
Tu-ra-lu-ra-lu. Pat-a-pat-a-pan.
We'll have music as we play
For a Christmas should be gay!

(Lights down.)

Marmee. Meg. Jo. Beth

JO. I'm warning you, Laurie—not another word.

LAURIE. You'll feel better when someone comes for you.

JO. I'd like to see anyone try!

LAURIE. Well. I believe I'll just slink home.

*(*LAURIE *exits.* JO *and* MEG *go in to* BETH.*)*

MEG. *(Feels* BETH*'s forehead.)* Shall we call the doctor again?

JO. He's been already. He'll come again tomorrow.

(Music: Piano duet.)

MEG. Listen, Jo. Laurie's joined his grandfather playing. However he offended you, he's trying to beg your pardon.

JO. Of course I forgive him. I always do.

MEG. Do you think Beth can hear it while she sleeps? I wish Marmee were with us.

JO. Yes.

(Lights down.)

(Late night. Lights up on MARMEE *and* MEG *in their nightgowns at* BETH*'s bedside.* MEG *tends* BETH.*)*

(Music: Piano duet from far off.)

MEG. Marmee, I'm so glad you're home.

MARMEE. I came the instant I got Jo's telegram.

MEG. Listen. They've been playing all night. Oh, Marmee—when I knew you were coming, I felt sure she'd improve.

MARMEE. I'd like to think my love was that powerful.

MEG. When will father be well enough to travel?

MARMEE. Not for some time yet.

*(*JO *enters with fresh bowl of water and towel.)*

JO. Let me, Meg. I'd do anything, *anything* to make her well.

MARMEE. So would we all, Jo. But it's out of our hands.

(Music.)

MEG. Marmee's asleep. May I close my eyes a minute, Jo?

JO. Please do. I'm quite awake.

(Music.)

BETH. Jo?

JO. Yes, Beth! It's me!

BETH. Hello, Jo.

JO. Oh, Beth, do you recognize me? Are you with us again?

BETH. Jo, I—I—

JO. Beth, please stay with us. I'll love you ever so much more than before. Don't go! I'd miss you too terribly.

BETH. Oh, Jo. And I'll miss...

JO. Yes? What will you miss?

BETH. I'm going to miss, oh, the piano, and sun on the trees.

JO. You must think of what you will miss. You must fight.

BETH. I'm going to miss you, Jo.

JO. Don't. Listen, Beth. I'll stay right with you. Yes, we'll be the stay-at-home daughters and keep house for Father and Mother in their old age—think how nice that will be—*please.*

BETH. Sshh, Jo. Don't wake the others.

JO. Or a journey? I'll take you to lands far away. I mean it.

BETH. I know you do. It's just that I'm so very tired.

JO. A sunny place where you can get better—

BETH. There is a place, Jo. But I think I have to go alone.

JO. No, Beth. Don't say that.

BETH. I can't.

JO. I'll even put aside my wildness and my silly writing. I promise, Beth. Only don't go tonight. Oh, Beth, stay.

BETH. I can't—someone is calling me—

JO. Oh, Beth. Listen to the music. Laurie and his grandfather are playing for you. Do you hear?

(No answer. BETH *dies.)*

JO. Good-bye, Beth, Good-bye.

(Kisses BETH. *Goes to wake* MARMEE *and* MEG.*)*

Mother? Meg? She's gone.

(Lights down.)

Scene 4: Love and Heartache

(Winter. The house is in mourning. JO *sits at the piano, trying to summon her patience to play, gives up and goes.)*

*(*AMY *enters, sets a vase of flowers on the piano, sits down, plays with ease.* HANNAH *rushes in with pipe and pipestand sets them on the mantle.)*

AMY. I've been practicing Beth's carol. Laurie's helping me.

*(*AMY *picks out melody: "Pat a Pan.")*

HANNAH. I've cleaned Father's study, dusted all his books.

AMY. He won't arrive home today, Hannah. His letter said he'd arrive at Christmas.

HANNAH. A mere two weeks! *(Exits.)*

AMY. *(Takes pipe and sniffs it.)* Father's tobacco!

*(*AMY *returns to the piano.* BROOKE *enters.)*

AMY. Mr. Brooke!

BROOKE. Forgive me for barging in—

AMY. You're home, Mr. Brooke! Is Father with you?

Marmee, Hannah

JO. I'm not! And if turning up my hair makes me one—there! *(Pulls off her hairnet, shakes out hair.)* In the beginning, you're just a young creature and you hardly know you're a girl you're so busy learning to walk and run—

BETH. And ride if there's a horse handy—

MEG. Beth, you're not helping.

JO. And suddenly they tell you, not that you're grown, but that you're a lady and you'd best be still so someone will pick you out and claim you, like a doll from a toy shop shelf.

MEG. Well, perhaps. But what else can you do?

JO. Make my own living.

MEG. You'll work dreadfully hard.

JO. Well, I look forward to it! I'll do just as much as I'm allowed... I wonder what that Laurence boy is doing now?

(JO goes to the window.)

BETH. Preparing for Christmas alone with his grandfather.

JO. That does sound lonely. I guess I wouldn't change places with him tonight. Wish we could meet him, though.

MEG. Well, you can't. He's rich and we're poor.

JO. Here's Marmee! Strike up! Stoke the fire. She's home! Three cheers and halleluiah!

(BETH plays. MARMEE *enters.)*

BETH. Hurrah! She's home!

MEG. Merry Christmas, Marmee! Let me take your cloak.

MARMEE. Glad to find you so merry, my girls!

JO. *(Indicates birthday chair.)* Sit here.

MARMEE. It's not my birthday...

BETH. You'll see!

MARMEE. *(Takes her shoes off.)*Where are my slippers?

JO. Just you wait.

MARMEE. Where's Amy?

MEG. She's on some mysterious errand.

AMY. *(Enters.)* Here I am. Merry Christmas, Marmee.

*(*MARMEE *opens her arms.* AMY *runs to her.)*

MARMEE. Merry Christmas!

JO. *(Presents box.)* Now! Open this first. You need them.

MARMEE. Slippers! New slippers?!?

JO. First rate army issue!

MARMEE. Jo, dear, thank you! And from Meg.

MEG. *(Presents box.)* Gloves!

MARMEE. Lovely! Children. How did you manage this?

BETH. *(Presents package.)* You know what we did!

*(*MARMEE *opens handkerchiefs.)*

MARMEE. You spent your Christmas dollars on me?

BETH. I hemmed them myself, but the stitching's crooked.

MARMEE. Handkerchiefs, hemmed with your own hands. *(Dries her eyes.)* Thank you, Beth. And from Amy.

AMY. *(Presents bottle.)* It's the large bottle of cologne, not the small one, though I was terribly tempted by drawing pencils, but instead—see? It's the prettiest present of all—

JO. Oh, really?

MARMEE. Now, Amy—

AMY. —and I'm truly trying not to be selfish any more!

HANNAH. *(Offstage:)* Pudding! Pudding!

MARMEE. You've all been so very generous. Supper?

HANNAH. *(Enters with the pudding.)* And here we are!

JO. Hurrah for Hannah!

AMY. Hurrah for the pudding!

HANNAH. And applesauce, and hot tea, and cream.

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—

JO. Oh. Well, it's good you told us before we began eating!

MEG. Yes, we'll give them our supper.

AMY. Our *whole* supper?

HANNAH. Oh, Mother March—on *Christmas Eve*—

MARMEE. I know, Hannah—but they have *nothing.*

MEG. Yes, we *will* go.

AMY. *(Sighs.)* All right. I'll carry...I'll carry the pudding!

JO. Good! And firewood—I chopped a stack of firewood—

BETH. Let me push the wheelbarrow.

JO. Capital, Marmee! If you and the little girls take supper to the Hummels, Meg and I will set up for the play.

MARMEE. The play? What play? Might there be a hero in the play? Might there be a villain in red boots?

JO. It's a new play, Marmee.

MEG. Don't tell her the plot, Beth. Promise, Amy?

AMY. I'll not reveal a word.

*(*LAURIE *appears upstage of the house.* MARMEE, BETH *and* AMY *exit.)*

(Music. JO *and* MEG *begin to assemble the set for the play: a rickety tower made of piled-up furniture.)*

Jo, Amy, Meg, Beth, Marmee

AMY. We know what it was called. *(To* JO:*)* You think you can see right through me, don't you? You think you know everything. You think you run the world.

JO. You've dumped my drawers out, haven't you? You've messed with my pen and papers?

AMY. No, I haven't. *(To* MEG:*)* The play had a story?

*(*JO *rushes up to her garret.)*

MEG. Well, first the prince comes on in satin robes. And then some little elves, all in green...

*(*AMY *yawns.* JO *comes down from garret.)*

JO. Drawers are fine. Nothing wrong with my writing stuff...

BETH. *(To* MEG:*)* A prince and elves, and what else?

JO. Beth, where's your book? The storybook that I just finished writing for you?

*(*BETH *searches the piano top. Shakes her head.)*

JO. *(To* AMY:*)* You've got it, haven't you? *(*AMY *shakes her head.)* You know where it is, then?

AMY. No, I don't.

JO. *(Takes her by the shoulders.)* That's a lie! Where is it?

AMY. I don't know where it is because it isn't anywhere. *(Gestures to the fireplace.)*

JO. What? You've burnt it? You've burnt it up?

*(*AMY *nods.)*

JO. *(Shakes* AMY, *boxes her ears.)* You wicked, wicked girl! I finished that book. I can't write it again and I'll never forgive you as long as I live!

*(*MEG *and* BETH *rush to them and separate them.)*

MEG. Amy, how could you!

AMY. *(Uncertain:)* You know how mean she was!

MEG. That's no excuse! She can be sorry for being mean, but you can't bring her book back.

BETH. Oh, Jo. Your lovely storybook. I'm sure she's sorry.

AMY. Well, all right, I *am* sorry.

*(*MARMEE *enters.)*

JO. It doesn't matter if she's sorry!

AMY. Don't talk about me like I'm not in the room. Meg—

MEG. I won't comfort you, Amy.

MARMEE. What's all this?

BETH. Oh, Marmee! Amy has gone and—

MEG. Jo and I went off to the theater and Amy wanted to go, too, but wasn't invited. Jo was sharp about it—and so—

AMY. And so I threw Jo's book into the fire, and I feel like I murdered something and all I can say is I'm sorry.

MARMEE. I see. Well, Amy?

AMY. I am sorry. I'm truly, terribly sorry. *(Crosses to* JO, *stands in front of her.)* Please forgive me, Jo. I'm very sorry.

JO. I'll never forgive you. She doesn't deserve it.

MEG. Laurie's at the door. Come to take you skating, Jo.

JO. I can't. Tell him what happened. I can't see anyone.

MARMEE. Go with Laurie, dear. Don't think—just go.

*(*JO *grabs her cloak, exits.)*

AMY. I shall go, too.

MARMEE. Amy, do you really wish to make things worse?

AMY. I'm not invisible. I want to show her I'm sorry.

*(*AMY *grabs her cloak, exits.)*

MARMEE. Jo will want to forgive her. They'll find a way.

Laurie, Jo

BROOKE. I don't think the secret will keep! Congratulate us, Sister Jo.

JO. Oh, no! Amy! Somebody do something! *(Falls on the floor.)* John Brooke is acting dreadfully and Meg likes it!

(Blackout.)

(Lights up in the garret, where JO *reads on the couch and eats apples.* LAURIE *ascends the stairs, throws himself down beside her and bites into an apple.)*

LAURIE. It's going to be a romantic Christmas.

JO. Harumph.

LAURIE. Seriously, Jo, you're just grumbling out of habit. Put your book down. We aren't little children any more.

JO. I don't like the look on your face. We're only sixteen.

LAURIE. And Meg is seventeen.

JO. Which is very much too young for—for anything.

LAURIE. There's something I must say. Must ask you.

JO. I have a suspicion what it is. Laurie, don't!

LAURIE. I must. We've got to have it out.

JO. Well, I don't plan to listen.

LAURIE. You must. Think of all we are to each other. We do everything together. Jo, I've loved you ever since I met you.

JO. Well, I love you, too, of course, Laurie, but not love with a capital L. That's not—

LAURIE. Oh, but I mean love with a capital L.

JO. I never meant to entangle you—

LAURIE. I want to be entangled.

JO. But you know my views on—on—

LAURIE. Marriage. You say you're against it. But girls are so strange you never really know. So I must ask, will you, Jo?

JO. Don't say it—

LAURIE. Marry me, Jo.

JO. I can't say "Yes" truly, so I won't say it at all. I'm happy as I am and love my liberty too well and not only that—

LAURIE. What? Say it all!

JO. I have to stay home with Father and Mother. I can't go off on my own and leave them. I promised Beth.

LAURIE. Why, Jo, why? You aren't made for that!

JO. I promised. Not only that—I don't think I'll ever marry.

LAURIE. Oh, there'll come a time when you'll care for somebody and love him tremendously and live and die for him. You will, it's your way, and I shall have to stand by—

JO. Oh, I doubt that very much. I've done my best. I'll never marry you and the sooner you believe it, the better for both of us—so now we've had it out!

(LAURIE storms down the stairs. JO repairs to the garret.)

Scene 5: Homecoming

(FATHER and MOTHER enter; LAURIE exits the house and meets them outside.)

FATHER. Just a moment! Where are you going, young man?

LAURIE. To the devil!

MARMEE. What's the matter, Laurie?

LAURIE. Jo! *(Turns to FATHER:)* Sir?

(MARMEE goes in.)

FATHER. I've been wanting to meet you, Laurie.

LAURIE. Mr. March! *(They shake hands.)* I'll leave you to your family, sir.

Father, Marmee, Laurie, Jo, Amy, Meg

JO. Don't say it—

LAURIE. Marry me, Jo.

JO. I can't say "Yes" truly, so I won't say it at all. I'm happy as I am and love my liberty too well and not only that—

LAURIE. What? Say it all!

JO. I have to stay home with Father and Mother. I can't go off on my own and leave them. I promised Beth.

LAURIE. Why, Jo, why? You aren't made for that!

JO. I promised. Not only that—I don't think I'll ever marry.

LAURIE. Oh, there'll come a time when you'll care for somebody and love him tremendously and live and die for him. You will, it's your way, and I shall have to stand by—

JO. Oh, I doubt that very much. I've done my best. I'll never marry you and the sooner you believe it, the better for both of us—so now we've had it out!

*(*LAURIE *storms down the stairs.* JO *repairs to the garret.)*

Scene 5: Homecoming

*(*FATHER *and* MOTHER *enter;* LAURIE *exits the house and meets them outside.)*

FATHER. Just a moment! Where are you going, young man?

LAURIE. To the devil!

MARMEE. What's the matter, Laurie?

LAURIE. Jo! *(Turns to* FATHER:*)* Sir?

*(*MARMEE *goes in.)*

FATHER. I've been wanting to meet you, Laurie.

LAURIE. Mr. March! *(They shake hands.)* I'll leave you to your family, sir.

FATHER. Only if you'll promise to return this evening and help us celebrate Christmas.

LAURIE. I'll do my best. *(Exits.)*

MARMEE. Girls! Someone's here to see you. Meg? Amy? Jo?

*(*MEG *and* AMY *enter.)*

AMY. Yes, Mother?

MEG. What is it?

*(*MEG *and* AMY *rush to* FATHER *and embrace him.)*

MEG. Oh, my heavens, Father!

AMY. It's Father!

FATHER. Hello, my dear Amy. Let's look at you, Meg.

AMY. Father, you're home! You're home!

FATHER. Ssssh. Where is she? My lieutenant? *(Goes to the bottom of the stairs.)* Guess who's home, Jo?

JO. *(Flies down the stairs and into his arms.)* Father! Is it really you? Oh, Father! You look absolutely well!

FATHER. And you! You look fierce and wonderful.

*(*MARMEE *puts her finger to her lips, leads* AMY *and* MEG *out, leaving* JO *and* FATHER *alone together.)*

FATHER. How's my Jo?

JO. *(Salutes.)* Me, I'm fine. Perfectly fine. Fine.

FATHER. You don't seem quite... There's something.

JO. Everyone is leaving. Beth's gone. Meg is going. And now, I've sent Laurie away—I can't marry him. I really can't.

FATHER. No, perhaps not.

JO. I'm too young to marry. I always meant to...do things.

FATHER. Well, say no for now. What things will you do?

JO. Oh, I'll sweep and work in the garden...and iron the curtains, and clean the carpets—

FATHER. Hmmm. And what about adventures? What happened to writing?

JO. Nothing. I don't care for it—it's childish.

FATHER. Very strange. I don't know this young woman. Something of a drudge, I'd say. Rather an *old poke.*

JO. Don't say that of me, Father! I just—I can't help it.

FATHER. I believe you could do anything you set your mind to. Really, Jo—you're trying my patience.

JO. Oh, no. Please ignore me. Don't pay me any mind.

FATHER. Jo, Jo, forgive your old Father. Something terrible is weighing on you. You really must tell me. Come, 'fess up.

JO. Well, it's just I promised Beth that I'd take her place and stay here at home with you and Mother and give up my wildness and my silly scribbling.

FATHER. Ah, I see. And how did Beth respond?

JO. She was too weak to answer. I don't like to remember it.

FATHER. 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?

JO. No, I suppose not.

FATHER. 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.

JO. Yes. When I think of it, I believe she'd want me to go on.

FATHER. So go back to your writing again.

JO. Yes, I will. I'll go on and do it! I'll go on and write whole books and be a writer!