

AOGG Audition Cut #3: Marilla, Young Anne, Mrs. Blewett, Matthew

MARILLA. Evening, Mrs. Blewett.

MRS. BLEWETT (*nodding*). Miss Cuthbert. I just ran in to Mrs. Lynde at the foot of the hill, and she told me you and your brother had adopted a little boy. Now, Mr. Blewett and I were thinking of getting us a young girl at that orphanage. Do you think they might have a hard-working girl with clear eyes and a strong back?

MARILLA. Well... This is quite a coincidence, Mrs. Blewett – perhaps a providential coincidence. We may be able to work something out right here. You see, we ordered a boy, but they sent this girl.

MRS. BLEWETT (*eyeing ANNE*). Not very stout looking, but wiry. That'll do, I guess. If I take you, you'll have to be mighty good – and smart – and respectful. I'll expect you to earn your keep, make no mistake about that. I got a large family. They quarrel a lot, and the baby's awful fractious. You could take care of the whole lot for me. Yes, I *will* take her off your hands, Miss Cuthbert. If you like, I can take her home right now. (*ANNE is ashen. She practically cowers behind MARILLA.*)

MARILLA. Well, that might be a good thing– (*She sees ANNE trembling.*) –for Matthew and me to think about. You see, we haven't absolutely decided we wouldn't keep her. We'll let you know tomorrow. (*ANNE almost collapses in relief.*)

MRS. BLEWETT. Well, I suppose that'll have to do. Good-night. (*She exits.*)

ANNE. Oh, Miss Cuthbert, did you really say that perhaps you'll let me stay at Green Gables?

MARILLA. Just “perhaps” – and no more. Although Mrs. Blewett certainly needs you more than I do.

ANNE. I'd rather go back to the orphanage than live with her. Oh, please, let me stay here. I'll do anything you ask of me.

MARILLA. Well, you might start by going upstairs and getting dressed for bed. And don't forget to say your prayers.

ANNE. I don't know how.

MARILLA. You've never been taught to say prayers? You love God, don't you?

ANNE. Well... He gave me red hair, so I never cared for Him very much.

MARILLA. Young lady! I can see you need some strong religious training, and we'll start right now with your prayers. Kneel down here with me. (*She and ANNE kneel.*) Repeat after me – “Now I lay me down to sleep–”

ANNE. “Now I lay me down to sleep–” Why must we kneel to pray? Wouldn't we be closer to heaven standing up? (*A pause.*) I'm sorry, Miss Cuthbert. What comes next?

MARILLA. “I pray the Lord my–” (*Changing her mind, then standing.*) Oh, you're old enough to pray for yourself. Just thank God for his blessings and ask him humbly for the things you want.

ANNE. Okay. (*Praying.*) Dear Father, I thank thee for the White Way of Delight and the Lake of Shining Waters. And that's all the blessings I can think of right now.

(*MATTHEW enters. MARILLA motions for him to be quiet.*)

ANNE. As for the things I want, they're so numerous, I will only mention the two most important. Please, *please* let me stay at Green Gables. And please let me be good-looking when I grow up. I remain, yours respectfully, Anne Shirley. (*She stands.*) Good-night. (*She exits toward the upstairs.*)

MARILLA (*after a long pause*). I've never brought up a child before – especially a girl. And I'll probably make a terrible mess of it. But it's about time somebody adopted that child and taught her something. As far as I'm concerned, Matthew, she can stay.

MATTHEW (*pleased, as he puts his pipe away*). Well now...

MARILLA. I'll try to make her useful and train her properly, but don't you go interfering with my methods. I suppose an old maid knows more about bringing up a child than an old bachelor. (*A horse whinny is heard outside.*) I thought you put the mare away.

MATTHEW. Guess I had my mind on that little girl so much, I plumb forgot.

MARILLA. Looks like I've got *two* children to look after instead of one. Come on. You unhitch the wagon, and I'll put up the mare.