ANNE OF GREEN GABLES AUDITION MONOLOGUES

Anne, at the train station:
Hello, my name is Anne Shirley, but please call me Cordelia. I think Cordelia is a much better name for me, don't you think? I am truly honored and excited to be going to Green Gables with you, Mr. Cuthbert. I feel I'm the most fortunate girl in the whole universe ... or at least in the whole dominion of Canada. *(She walks to the edge of the platform and continues "rehearsing.")* Hello, my name is Anne Shirley, but please call me Cordelia-

Anne:
I'll never forgive you, Gilbert Blythe! Never! *(DIANA puts her arm around ANNE and starts to speak.)* No, you mustn't speak to me, Diana. You must honor your mother's orders. Oh, I have been humiliated beyond belief. *(Looking at the slate.)* And look at this. Mr. Phillips left the "e" off my name! That settles it. I'm never coming to school again. Nobody - not even Marilla can make me.

Oh, Diana, now we won't ever see each other again. But in the years to come, thy memory will shine like a star over my lonely life. *(Matter-of-factly.)* I read that somewhere. *(Again, dramatically.)* Wilt thou give me a lock of thy jet-black tresses in parting to treasure forevermore? *(DIANA nods, takes out a pair of small scissors and cuts a lock of her hair which she gives to ANNE.)* Now you must go, lest we be seen together. Fare-thee-well, my beloved friend. Henceforth, we must be as strangers, though my heart will ever be faithful to thee.

Rachel:
Well, Marilla, I'll tell you plain that I think you're doing a mighty foolish thing - bringing a strange child into your home - not knowing a single thing about him. Why just last week I read in the paper about a man and his wife that took a boy out of the orphanage, and he set fire to the house - on purpose. And I heard of another case where an adopted boy sucked all the eggs he gathered. But the worst one - they say that over in New Brunswick an orphan poured poison down the well and the whole family died in fearful agony. Only it was a girl in that instance.

Look, there's Matthew and the boy pulling up now. Hard to see him in this light, but looks like the first thing you're going to have to do is give him a haircut. I'll just slip out the side door so you and Matthew can be alone with the new boy. And I won't breathe a word about this. I'll let you two break the news. (*She starts to·leave.*) Oh, and Marilla - if I were you, I'd keep the lid fastened real tight over the well.

Marilla, instructing Anne:
You've never been taught to say prayers? You love God, don't you? *(ANNE shrugs.)* 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, 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. Now, go upstairs. *(She watches ANNE go.)*

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. 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.

Matthew:
Help yourself. Anne should have put this stuff away when they finished. That's not like her. Marilla would be mighty upset if she came home to a messy kitchen. *(He begins to put things away into the cupboard.)* Mighty good fruitcake. And cookies. I think Anne made these herself.

Jerry, truth to tell, I was always a little afraid of women - girls, too. Still am for that matter. But Anne's - different. She adds a lot around here. And she's softened Marilla up a mite, too. (*A little laugh.)* 'Course, Marilla won't admit that.

Well - better be getting back to work. Hold on there. Not with that bottle you don't. (*MATTHEW takes the bottle from JERRY and examines it.)* That's wine. Homemade currant wine. We only serve this up on rare occasions. Wonder what it's doing out. A glassful or two of that stuff would make you drunk, Jerry. Mighty drunk. Let's go.

Gilbert:
The incident on the river last summer? *(Laughing)* Oh, when you and the other girls were acting out the Tennyson poem and your flatboat started to sink. Well. I couldn't let you drown, could I? I'm just glad I happened along when I did.

Anne, has it ever occurred to you that we might possibly ... be friends? I'm awfully sorry I made fun of your hair that time. Besides, that was so long ago. I think your hair is awful pretty now. Honest, I do. *(ANNE appears to be melting ever so slightly, but then .. distant memory resurfaces, and a pained expression crosses her face.)*

All right. And I'll never ask you to be friends with me again, Anne Shirley. Goodbye.