

PLAYS FOR
New Audiences

A Division of Children's Theatre Company

*Anne of Green
Gables*

by Ashley Griffin

Based on the novel by Lucy Maud Montgomery

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*For my bosom friend
and kindred spirit,*

Mandee Kulaga Parker

*And for her daughter,
Who she would have loved to have read this story to.*

NOTE

This show is designed to be a strong ensemble piece with the entire company onstage the whole time creating transitions (a la "Our Town,") and locations, listening to the piece, and reacting to it (even if they're not directly involved in a particular scene.) Actors who don't have as many lines might be integral to the physical storytelling.

Anne's story is at its heart about the importance of community, and it's vital that this piece find its voice as a communal telling.

Cast List

Teacher (Older Anne) – Female, late teens/early 20’s. Wise, energetic and utterly magical.

Student 1 (Younger Anne) – Female. Takes on the role of YOUNGER ANNE (ages from 11 to around 15.) A passionate dreamer.

Student 2 (Marilla Cuthbert) – Female. Takes on the role of MARILLA (40’s-50’s.) Stern but loving.

Student 3 (Matthew Cuthbert) – Male. Takes on the role of MATTHEW (40’s-50’s.) Shy but loving.

Student 4 (Diana Barry) – Takes on the role of DIANA (ages from 11-15.) Sensible but always up for fun.

Student 5 (Gilbert Blythe) – Takes on the role of GILBERT (ages from 13-17) Smart, charming and a bit mischievous.

Student 6 (Rachel Lynde) – Takes on the role of RACHEL (40’s-50’s.) Nosey and outspoken.

Student 7 (Muriel Stacey) – Takes on the role of MS. STACEY (20’s-30’s.) Intelligent, and caring.

Student 8 (Ruby Gillis) – Takes on the role of RUBY (ages from 11-15.) – Sensitive and romantic.

Student 9 (Jane Andrews/Mary Joe) – Takes on the role of JANE/MARY JOE (ages from 11-15.) – Humble and practical.

Student 10 (Josie Pye) – Takes on the role of JOSIE (ages from 11-15.) – A true mean girl.

Student 11 (Prissy Andrews) – Takes on the role of PRISSY (around 15.) – Hardworking and a little self-involved.

Student 12 (Lucilla Harris) – Takes on the role of LUCILLA (around 20). Hardworking and kind.

Student 13 (Moody Spurgeon MacPherson) – Takes on the role of MOODY (ages from around 12-16.) A terrible worrier.

Student 14 (Minnie May Barry/Flora Jane Spencer) – Takes on the role of MINNIE MAY/FLORA JANE SPENCER (ages from around 5-8) and FLORA JANE – Sweet and energetic.

Student 15 (Mr. Phillips/Doctor) – Takes on the role of MR. PHILLIPS (20’s.) – A harsh, self-centered schoolteacher.

Student 16 (Mr. Allan) – Takes on the role of MR. ALLAN (20’s.) – A kind, young minister.

Student 17 (Mrs. Allan) – Takes on the role of MRS. ALLAN (20’s.) – A truly good person. Empathetic and wise.

Student 18 (Mrs. Barry) – Takes on the role of MRS. BARRY (30’s.) – Uptight and proper.

Student 19 (Mr. Barry) – Takes on the role of MR. BARRY (30’s-40’s.) – Proper and efficient.

Student 20 (Miss Josephine Barry) – Takes on the role of AUNT JOSEPHINE (60’s-70’s.) – Seemingly stuffy but secretly fun. Strong and in charge of every situation. Very wealthy.

Student 21 (Mrs. Spencer) – Takes on the role of MRS. SPENCER (30’s-40’s.) – Seeming charitable but a bit self-absorbed.

Student 22 (Stationmaster/Mrs. Blewett) – Takes on the role of Mrs. Blewett (40’s) - harsh and mean and the Stationmaster – jovial and professional.

NOTE: This show is meant to have a flexible cast size with roles being doubled, tripled (or more) as needed. With the exception of **TEACHER (OLDER ANNE), YOUNGER ANNE, MATTHEW** and **MARILLA**, all roles may be cast any gender, with pronouns being changed as needed. All roles may be played by performers of any age...but **OLDER ANNE** should appear older than the other performers and **MINNIE MAY** younger.

Prologue

*A large one room schoolhouse on Prince Edward Island in the early 1880's. The **TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)**, in her early 20's, stands in front of her classroom of **STUDENTS**, all of whom are younger than her (though they may play characters of varying ages throughout the show.) The **STUDENTS** are listening to their **TEACHER** with rapt attention.*

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

(Reading dramatically) "So groaned Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain, not knowing he should die a holy man." And that is the tale of Lancelot and Elain.

*The **STUDENTS** erupt in thunderous applause.*

STUDENT 5

Ms. Shirley – is it true you almost drowned acting out the story of Elaine?

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

Now where did you hear that?

STUDENT 9

That's not true! She was too busy winning the Avery Scholarship!

STUDENT 14

Did you really win the Avery, Ms. Shirley?

STUDENT 5

You can win the Avery AND almost drown!

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

I did not almost drown, I simply got stuck on the pilings when the boat sank –

STUDENTS

You did?!

STUDENT 8

Oh, how romantic!

STUDENT 10

Well, what would you expect from an orphan!

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

(Smiling, under her breath) You sound just like Josie Pye.

STUDENT 7

Are you really an orphan, Ms. Shirley?

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

Yes.

STUDENT 10

She wasn't even born here!

STUDENT 1

How did you come to Avonlea?

STUDENT 4

Please tell us!

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

You just want another story!

STUDENTS

Yes!

STUDENT 1

Stories are so much nicer than geometry.

STUDENTS

Please?!

STUDENT 4

Please tell us your story.

STUDENT 1

We'll help you Ms. Shirley. How does it start?

*A beat. The **TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)** sighs and acquiesces.*

CONT.

Scene 1 – Mrs. Rachel Lynde Is Surprised

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

Mrs. Rachel Lynde –

*Several **STUDENT'S** hands shoot up into the air. The **TEACHER** looks and chooses **STUDENT 6** to portray **RACHEL LYNDE**. Someone throws **STUDENT 6** some article of clothing (a hat, an apron, a shawl) that will come to represent "**RACHEL**". **STUDENT 6** puts it on and "becomes" **RACHEL**. **NOTE**: Every **STUDENT** will have a unique costume piece for any character they're portraying. When they are wearing it, they are that character. When they are not, they are their "student" self. As the scenes and settings change, the **STUDENTS** create the locals by moving set pieces and furniture in choreographed, holistic transitions. All should be onstage for the entire show.*

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

-Lived just where the Avonlea main road dipped down into a little hollow that was traversed by a brook. It was an intricate, headlong brook in its earlier course through the woods; but by the time it reached Lynde's Hollow it was a quiet, well-conducted little stream, for not even a brook could run past Mrs. Rachel Lynde's door without due regard for decency and decorum;

RACHEL

It probably was conscious that Mrs. Rachel kept a sharp eye on everything that passed, from brooks and children up, and that if she noticed anything odd or out of place she would never rest until she had ferreted out the whys and wherefores thereof.

STUDENT 20

Anybody who went out of or into Avonlea had to pass over that hill road and so run the unseen gauntlet of

ALL

Mrs. Rachel's all-seeing eye.

RACHEL

She was sitting there one afternoon in early June.

STUDENT 2

Her husband sowing his late turnip seed on the hill field beyond the barn;

STUDENT 3

(Jumping up and taking a costume piece) And Matthew Cuthbert!

STUDENT 19

Ought to have been sowing his away over by Green Gables.

STUDENT 12

Mrs. Rachel knew that he ought –

RACHEL

Because she had heard him tell Peter Morrison the evening before in William J. Blair's store over at Carmody that he meant to sow his turnip seed for the next afternoon.

STUDENTS

And yet –

*Everyone turns and watches **MATTHEW** slowly making his way in a makeshift buggy (created by the **STUDENTS**) across the stage, right in front of **RACHEL'S** view.*

RACHEL

Here was Matthew Cuthbert, at half-past three on the afternoon of a busy day, placidly driving up the hill; moreover, he wore a white collar and his best suit of clothes, and he had the buggy and the sorrel mare, which betokened that he was going a considerable distance. Now, where was Matthew Cuthbert going and why was he going there?

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

Had it been any other man in Avonlea Mrs. Rachel might have given a pretty good guess as to both questions. But Matthew was the shyest man alive and hated to have to go among strangers or to any place where he might have to talk. Mrs. Rachel, ponder as she might, could make nothing of it and her afternoon's enjoyment was spoiled.

RACHEL

Accordingly after tea Mrs. Rachel set out for Green Gables.

The STUDENTS begin to create the path to, and the kitchen of Green Gables from things in the room.

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

The big, rambling, orchard-embowered house where the Cuthberts lived was a scant quarter of a mile up the road from Lynde's Hollow. To be sure, the long lane made it a good deal further. Matthew Cuthbert's father, as shy and silent as his son after him, had got as far away as he possibly could from his fellow men without actually retreating into the woods. Green Gables was built at the furthest edge of his cleared land and there it was to this day, barely visible from the main road along which all the other Avonlea houses were so sociably situated.

STUDENT 7

Mrs. Rachel stepped into the backyard of Green Gables. Very green and neat and precise was that yard, set about on one side with great patriarchal willows and on the other with prim Lombardies.

RACHEL knocks, then steps into the Green Gables kitchen.

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

Marilla Cuthbert,

The TEACHER, with great honor, dubs STUDENT 2 as MARILLA.

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

Sat in the east kitchen window, greened over by a tangle of vines. This was where she sat, when she sat at all,

MARILLA

For she was always slightly distrustful of sunshine, which seemed to her too dancing and irresponsible a thing for a world which was meant to be taken seriously.

RACHEL

There were three plates laid on the table, so Marilla must be expecting some one home with her brother Matthew, but the dishes were every-day dishes and there was only crab apple preserves and one kind of cake, so the expected company could not be any particular company. Yet what of Matthew's white collar and the sorrel mare? Mrs. Rachel was getting fairly dizzy with this unusual mystery about quiet, unmysterious Green Gables.

MARILLA

(Turning to RACHEL) Good evening, Rachel. Won't you sit down? How are all your folks?

RACHEL

We're all pretty well. I was kind of afraid *you* weren't, though, when I saw Matthew starting off today. I thought maybe he was going to the doctor's.

MARILLA

(The corner of her lip twitching into an almost smile.) Oh, no, I'm quite well although I had a bad headache yesterday. Matthew went to Bright River. We're getting a little boy from an orphan asylum in Nova Scotia and he's coming on the train tonight.

STUDENT 13

If Marilla had said that Matthew had gone to Bright River to meet a kangaroo from Australia Mrs. Rachel could not have been more astonished. She was actually stricken dumb for five seconds.

RACHEL

(After a beat of five seconds) Are you in earnest, Marilla?

MARILLA

Yes, of course.

STUDENT 1

She said, as if getting boys from orphan asylums in Nova Scotia were part of the usual spring work on any well-regulated Avonlea farm instead of being an unheard of invention.

STUDENT 5

Mrs. Rachel felt that she had received a severe mental jolt.

STUDENT 4

She thought in exclamation points.

RACHEL

What on earth put such a notion into your head?

STUDENT 10

This had been done without her advice being asked, and must perforce be disapproved.

MARILLA

Well, we've been thinking about it for some time. Mrs. Alexander Spencer –

STUDENT 21 *grabs the role of* **MRS. SPENCER.**

MARILLA

Was up here one day before Christmas and she said she was going to get a little girl.

MRS. SPENCER

I did!

MARILLA

So Matthew and I have talked it over. We thought we'd get a boy. Matthew is getting up in years, you know. His heart troubles him a good deal. And you know how desperate hard it's got to be to get hired help. So in the end we decided to ask Mrs. Spencer to pick us out one when she went over to get her little girl. We heard last week she was going, so we sent her word to bring us a smart, likely boy of about ten or eleven. We decided that would be the best age – old enough to be of some use in doing chores right off and young enough to be trained up proper. We mean to give him a good home and schooling. They're coming on the five-thirty train tonight. So Matthew went to Bright River to meet him. Mrs. Spencer will drop him off there.

MRS. SPENCER

Of course I go on to White Sands station myself.

RACHEL

Well, Marilla, I'll just tell you plain that I think you're doing a mighty foolish thing. You're bringing a strange child into your house and home. Why, it was only last week I read in the paper how a man and his wife up took a boy out of an orphan asylum and he set fire to the house at night – set it *on purpose*, Marilla – and nearly burnt them to a crisp in their beds. If you had asked my advise in the matter – I'd have said for mercy's sake not to think of such a thing.

MARILLA

I've had some qualms myself. But Matthew was terrible set on it. I could see that, so I gave in. It's so seldom Matthew sets his mind on anything...And as for the risk, there's risks in pretty near everything a body does in this world.

RACHEL

Well, don't say I didn't warn you if he burns Green Gables down or puts strychnine in the well – I heard of a case over in New Brunswick where an orphan asylum child did that and the whole family died in fearful agonies. Only, it was a girl in that instance.

MARILLA

Well, we're not getting a girl,

STUDENT 5

Said Marilla, as if poisoning wells were a purely feminine accomplishment.

STUDENT 22

Mrs. Rachel would have liked to stay until Matthew came home with his imported orphan. But reflecting that it would be a good two hours at least before his arrival she concluded to go up the road to Robert Bell's and tell them the news.

RACHEL

(To herself as she leaves Green Gables) Well, I'm sorry for that poor young one and no mistake. Matthew and Marilla don't know anything about children. There's never been one at Green Gables, for Matthew and Marilla were grown up when the new house was built – if they ever *were* children, which is hard to believe when one looks at them. My, but I pity that orphan, that's what.

CONT.

Scene 2 – Matthew Cuthbert Is Surprised

Everyone turns their attention to **MATTHEW**.

STUDENT 1

“The little birds sang as if it were the one day of summer in all the year.”

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

Matthew enjoyed the drive, except during the moments when he met women and had to nod to them –

STUDENT 13

For in Prince Edward Island you are supposed to nod to all and sundry you meet on the road whether you know them or not.

STUDENT 4

Matthew dreaded all women except Marilla and Mrs. Rachel; he had an uncomfortable feeling that the mysterious creatures were secretly laughing at him.

STUDENT 11

He may have been quite right in thinking so, for he was an odd-looking personage, with an ungainly figure and long iron-gray hair that touched his stooping shoulders, and a full, soft brown beard which he had worn ever since he was twenty. In fact, he had looked at twenty very much as he looked at sixty, lacking a little of the grayness.

STUDENT 12

When he reached Bright River there was no sign of any train; he thought he was too early, so he tied his horse and went over to the station house.

MATTHEW

Will the five-thirty train would soon be along?

STATIONMASTER

It’s been in and gone half an hour ago. But there was a passenger dropped off for you – a little girl. She’s sitting out there on the shingles. I asked her to go into the ladies’ waiting room, but she informed me gravely that she preferred to stay outside. “There was more scope for imagination,” she said. She’s a case, I should say.

MATTHEW

It’s a boy I’ve come for. Mrs. Spencer was to bring him over from Nova Scotia for me.

STATIONMASTER

(Whistles) Guess there’s some mistake. Mrs. Spencer came off the train with that girl. Said you and your sister were adopting her from an orphan asylum and that you would be along for her presently. And I haven’t got any more orphans concealed hereabouts. You’d better question the girl. I dare say she’ll be able to explain – she’s got a tongue of her own, that’s certain.

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

Unfortunate Matthew was left to do that which was harder for him than bearding a lion in its den – walk up to a girl – a strange girl – an orphan girl – and demand of her why she wasn’t a boy.

MATTHEW shuffles towards the platform. **STUDENT 1** has placed herself on a chair on top of one of the desks to better see the story being acted out. Now the other **STUDENTS** part, leaving her alone, center stage. **TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)** hands her her own, old carpet bag, and she becomes **YOUNGER ANNE**.

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

Matthew was not looking at her and would not have seen what she was really like if he had been, but an ordinary observer would have seen this:

STUDENT 4

A child of about eleven, garbed in a very ugly dress of yellowish gray.

STUDENT 5

Extending down her back, were two braids of very thick, decidedly red hair.

STUDENT 2

So far, the ordinary observer; an extraordinary observer might have seen that her big eyes were full of spirit and vivacity; that her mouth was expressive; in short, our discerning extraordinary observer might have concluded that no commonplace soul inhabited the body of this stray woman-child of whom shy Matthew Cuthbert was so ludicrously afraid.

YOUNGER ANNE *stands up, one hand gripping her carpet bag, the other held out to MATTHEW. She speaks quickly and seriously. MATTHEW slowly takes her hand as she speaks.*

YOUNGER ANNE

I suppose you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables? I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming for me. I had made up my mind that if you didn't come for me tonight I'd go down to that big wild cherry tree at the bend, and climb up into it to stay all night. It would be lovely to sleep in a wild cherry tree all white with bloom in the moonshine, don't you think? You could imagine you were dwelling in marble halls, couldn't you? And I was quite sure you would come for me in the morning if you didn't tonight.

STUDENT 16

Matthew could not tell this child with the glowing eyes that there had been a mistake. And she couldn't be left at Bright River anyhow, no matter what mistake had been made, so all questions and explanations might as well be deferred until he was safely back at Green Gables.

MATTHEW

I...I'm sorry I was late. The horse is over in the yard. Give me your bag.

YOUNGER ANNE

Oh, I can carry it. I've got all my worldly goods in it, but it isn't heavy. And if it isn't carried in just a certain way the handle pulls out – so I'd better keep it because I know the exact knack of it. It's an extremely old carpetbag.

The STUDENTS create a buggy.

YOUNGER ANNE

Oh, I'm very glad you've come, even if it would have been nice to sleep in a wild cherry tree. (*A beat.*) We've got to drive a long piece, haven't we? Mrs. Spencer said it was eight miles. I'm glad because I love driving. Oh, it seems so wonderful that I'm going to live with you and belong to you. I've never belonged to anybody – not really. I don't suppose you ever were an orphan in an asylum, so you can't possibly understand what it is like. It's worse than anything you could imagine. Mrs. Spencer said it was wicked of me to talk like that, but I didn't mean to be wicked. It's so easy to be wicked without knowing it, isn't it? There is so little scope for the imagination in an asylum – only just in the other orphans. It *was* pretty interesting to imagine things about them – to imagine that perhaps the girl who sat next to you was really the daughter of a belted earl, who had been stolen away from her parents in her infancy by a cruel nurse who died before she could confess. I used to lie awake at nights and imagine things like that, because I didn't have time in the day. (*A beat.*) Isn't that beautiful? What did that tree, leaning out from the bank, all white and lacy, make you think of?

MATTHEW

Well now, I dunno...

YOUNGER ANNE

Why, a bride all in white with a lovely misty veil. I've never seen one, but I can imagine what she would look like. I don't ever expect to be a bride myself. I'm so homely nobody will ever want to marry me – unless it might be a foreign missionary. I suppose a foreign missionary mightn't be very particular. But I do hope that someday I shall have a white dress. That is my highest ideal of earthly bliss. I've never had a pretty dress in my life that I can remember – but of course it's all the more to look forward to, isn't it? This morning when I left the asylum I felt so ashamed because I had to wear this horrid old wincey dress. All the orphans had to wear them, you know. A merchant in Hopeton last winter donated three hundred yards of wincey to the asylum. Some people said it was because he couldn't sell it, but I'd rather believe that it was out of the kindness of his heart, wouldn't you? When we got on the train I felt as if everybody must be looking at me and pitying me. But I just went to work and imagined that I had on the most beautiful pale blue silk dress. I felt cheered up right away. (*A beat.*) This Island is the bloomiest place. I just love it already, and I'm so glad I'm going to live here. I've always heard that Prince Edward Island was the prettiest place in the world, and I used to imagine I was living here, but I never really expected I would. It's delightful when your imaginations come true, isn't it? But those red roads are so funny. When we got into the train at Charlottetown and the red roads began to flash past I asked Mrs. Spencer what made them red and she said:

MRS. SPENCER

I don't know and for pity's sake don't ask me any more questions! You must have asked me a thousand already!

YOUNGER ANNE

I suppose I had, too, but how are you going to find out about things if you don't ask questions? And what *does* make the roads red?

MATTHEW

Well now, I dunno.

YOUNGER ANNE

Well, that is one of the things to find out sometime. Isn't it splendid to think of all the things there are to find out about? The world wouldn't be half so interesting if we knew all about everything, would it? There'd be no scope for imagination then, would there? But am I talking too much? People are always telling me I do. And I *can* when I make up my mind to it, although it's difficult.

STUDENT 7

Matthew had never expected to enjoy the society of a little girl. And, although he found it rather difficult to keep up with her brisk mental processes he thought that he 'kind of liked her chatter.'

MATTHEW

Oh, you can talk as much as you like. I don't mind.

YOUNGER ANNE

Oh, I'm so glad. I know you and I are going to get along together fine. It's such a relief to talk when one wants to and not be told that children should be seen and not heard. And people laugh at me because I use big words. But if you have big ideas you have to use big words to express them, haven't you?

MATTHEW

Well now, that seems reasonable.

YOUNGER ANNE

Is there a brook anywhere near Green Gables? I forgot to ask Mrs. Spencer that.

MATTHEW

Well now, yes, there's one right below the house.

YOUNGER ANNE

It's always been one of my dreams to live near a brook. I never expected I would, though. Dreams don't often come true, do they? But just now I feel pretty nearly perfectly happy. I can't feel exactly perfectly happy because (*She holds up one of her braids.*) Well, what color would you call this?

MATTHEW

It's red, ain't it?

YOUNGER ANNE

(*With a sigh that seems to come from her very toes*) Yes. Now you see why I can't be perfectly happy. I don't mind the other things so much. I can imagine that I have lovely starry violet eyes but I *cannot* imagine that red hair away. It will be my lifelong sorrow. (*A beat.*) Which would you rather be if you had the choice - divinely beautiful or dazzlingly clever or angelically good?

MATTHEW

Well now, I - I don't know exactly.

YOUNGER ANNE

Neither do I. But it doesn't make much real difference for it isn't likely I'll ever be either. It's certain I'll never be angelically good. Mrs. Spencer says - oh, Mr. Cuthbert!

STUDENT 12

That was not what Mrs. Spencer had said. They had simply rounded a curve in the road and found themselves in the "Avenue."

STUDENT 22

The "Avenue" was a stretch of road four or five hundred yards long, completely arched over with huge, wide-spreading apple-trees.

STUDENT 14

the boughs the air was full of a purple twilight and far ahead a glimpse of painted sunset sky shone like a great rose window at the end of a cathedral aisle.

TEACHER (OLDER ANNE)

Its beauty seemed to strike the child dumb. She did not speak for another three miles.

MATTHEW

I guess you're feeling pretty tired and hungry. But we haven't very far to go now.

YOUNGER ANNE

(*With a deep sigh*) Oh, Mr. Cuthbert, that place we came through - what was it?

MATTHEW

Well now, you must mean the Avenue. It is a kind of pretty place.

YOUNGER ANNE

Pretty? Oh, *pretty* doesn't seem the right word to use. Nor beautiful, either. They don't go far enough. Oh, it was wonderful. It's the first thing I ever saw that couldn't be improved upon by imagination. (*Putting her hand on her heart*) It just satisfied me here. They shouldn't call that lovely place the Avenue. There is no meaning in a name like that. They should call it - let me see - the

White Way of Delight. Isn't that a nice imaginative name? When I don't like the name of a place or a person I always imagine a new one and always think of them so. Are we really almost home? I'm glad and I'm sorry. I'm sorry because this drive has been so pleasant and I'm always sorry when pleasant things end. Something still pleasanter may come after, but you can never be sure. And it's so often the case that it isn't pleasanter. That has been my experience anyhow. But I'm glad to think of getting home. You see, I've never had a real home since I can remember. Oh, isn't that pretty!

STUDENT 13

They had driven over the crest of a hill. Below them was a pond, looking almost like a river. The water was a glory of many shifting hues – the most spiritual shadings of crocus and rose and ethereal green, with other elusive tints for which no name has ever been found.

STUDENT 15

Above the bridge the pond ran up into fringing groves of fir and maple.

STUDENT 12

Here and there a wild plum leaned out from the bank like a white-clad girl tiptoeing to her own reflection.

STUDENT 22

From the marsh at the head of the pond came the clear, mournfully-sweet

STUDENT 4/STUDENT 5/STUDENT 14

Chorus of the frogs.

MATTHEW

That's Barry's pond.

YOUNGER ANNE

Oh, I don't like that name, either. I shall call it...the Lake of Shining Waters. Yes, that is the right name for it. I know because of the thrill. When I hit on a name that suits exactly it gives me a thrill. Do things ever give you a thrill?

MATTHEW

(Thinking) Well now, yes. It always kind of gives me a thrill to see them ugly white grubs that spade up in the cucumber beds. I hate the look of them.

YOUNGER ANNE

(A beat) Why do other people call it Barry's pond?

MATTHEW

I reckon because Mr. Barry lives up there in that house. Orchard Slope's the name of his place. *(A beat.)* We're pretty near home now. That's Green Gables over –

YOUNGER ANNE

Oh, don't tell me. *(She grabs his arm and closes her eyes.)* Let me guess. I'm sure I'll guess right.

She opens her eyes and looks around.

STUDENT 6

They were on the crest of a hill.

STUDENT 15

The sun had set some time since, but the landscape was still clear in the mellow afterlight.

STUDENT 16

To the west a dark church spire rose up against a marigold sky. Below was a little valley and beyond a long, gently-rising slope with snug farmsteads scattered along it.

STUDENT 4

From one to another the child's eyes darted, eager and wistful.

STUDENT 20

At last they lingered on one away to the left, far back from the road, dimly white with blossoming trees in the twilight of the surrounding woods.

YOUNGER ANNE

(Pointing) That's it, isn't it?

MATTHEW *slaps the reins delightedly.*

MATTHEW

Well now, you've guessed it! But I reckon Mrs. Spencer described it so's you could tell.

YOUNGER ANNE

No, she didn't – really she didn't. All she said might just as well have been about most of those other places. But just as soon as I saw it I felt it was home. Every little while today a horrible sickening feeling would come over me and I'd be so afraid this was all a dream. But it *is* real. And we're nearly home.

STUDENT 9

The yard was quite dark as they turned into it and the poplar leaves were rustling silkily all round it.

They transition out of the buggy and into the parlor of Green Gables.

PURCHASE PERUSAL FOR FULL SCRIPT