

SIDES (SCENES) FOR AUDITIONS

Actors can prepare according to age and part but for time, may not be asked to read all scenes that are indicated. Directly below: a list of what to prepare. Below that: the scenes to prep.

Anne - (for actors who can play ages 12-16, female, and are willing to learn many lines) *See end of document for other teen parts.*

- [Mathew Brings Anne Home for the First Time](#)
- [Anne Apologizes to Rachel](#)
- [Miss Stacy Talks to Anne about Writing](#)
- [Plus Mini-Scenes Involving Anne in Teen Section Below](#)

Mathew - (for actors who can play middle-aged or a little older, male)

- [Matthew & Anne on initial way home](#)

Marilla - (for actors who can play middle-aged, female)

- [Rachel & Marilla Discuss Adopting a Child](#)

Rachel - (for actors who can play middle-aged, female)

- [Rachel & Marilla Discuss Adopting a Child](#)
- [Anne Apologizes to Rachel](#)

Miss Stacy - (for actors who can play late teens or early 20s, female)

- [Miss Stacy Talks to Anne about Writing](#)

Teens (Diana, Ruby, Josie, Gilbert, Moody, Charlie) - see mini scenes at end. Students are all in the same class and will have to show range to play from age 12/13 to 16/17.

Mr. Phillips - (for actors who can play late teens or early 20s, male)

- Mr. Phillips Teaches Sums (directly below)

MR. PHILLIPS TEACHES SUMS

MR. PHILLIPS: Recess is over. Slates out: Time to check your sums.
(Crosses behind stools. *STUDENTS hold up their slates for his approval.*)

CHARLIE: Sorry, Mr. Phillips. (*MR. PHILLIPS swats him with pointer*)

MR. PHILLIPS: Very good, Ruby. (*Marking huge "X."*) All wrong, Moody.

MOODY: (*Hopeful smile vanishes*) I tried my best, Mr. Phillips.

MR. PHILLIPS: (*Noisily striking slate*) Not good enough, Moody.
(*Continues down row, nodding*) And now our new pupil, Miss Shirley. Well, I can see they did not emphasize arithmetic at your former school. (*Strikes slate.*) (38)

MISS STACY TALKS TO ANNE ABOUT WRITING

[Miss Stacy has been helping students prep for an academy entrance test. As the others leave, she asks Anne (age 15.5) to stay.]

MISS STACY: (*Takes story from briefcase*) I wanted to talk to you, Anne.

ANNE: Miss Stacy, there will be other springs, but if I don't pass the entrance exam – I won't recover enough to enjoy them.

MISS STACY: Anne, you've studied hard – for months.

ANNE: Mrs. Lynde says –

RACHEL: (*Pops on*) Anne Shirley, the sun will rise tomorrow whether you pass geometry or not!

MISS STACY: That's true. Though not very consoling.

ANNE: I want desperately to pass high for Marilla and Mathew – especially Mathew –

MISS STACY: Then don't stay up studying. It will only confuse you.

ANNE: (*To Audience*) Mainly I want to beat out Mr. Gilbert Blythe!

MISS STACY: Anne, this new story is delightful. About real people – about something that could happen right there in Avonlea. No lords and ladies, castles and kings –

ANNE: (*Smiles*) No handsome knight charging forth on a coal-black steed.

MISS STACY: And you skipped all those fancy words.

ANNE: I guess short, plain words can be good too. Like you said.

MISS STACY: Anne, you have the makings of a fine writer. Think about it.

ANNE: There's so much to think about when you're growing up.

MISS STACY: (*Rises*) Come, I'll walk you part way.

ANNE: Because you only have one chance. If you don't do it right, there's no starting over.

MISS STACY: You're bound to succeed, Anne – if you hold fast to your dreams.

ANNE: Miss Stacy, isn't it wonderful to have ambitions?

MISS STACY: The moment you achieve one ambition, another will come popping up -- gleaming in the distance. (75-76)

ANNE APOLOGIZES TO RACHEL

[*At first meeting, Mrs. Rachel Lynde insults Anne's appearance and Anne angrily yells back at her. Marilla demands that Anne (age 12.5) apologize, so they go to Rachel's.*]

MARILLA: Just don't say anything too *startling*! Good day Rachel. (*ANNE turns suddenly, dramatically flinging herself at Rachel's feet – much to Rachel's amazement.*)

ANNE: (*From floor*) Oh Mrs. Lynde – never could I express all my sorrow – even if I used up a whole dictionary! I've disgraced the dear friends who let me stay at Green Gables even though I'm not a boy. I deserve to be cast out by respectable people – forever and ever and ever. (*Crumples*)

MARILLA: (*To audience*) She's certainly enjoying herself enough!

RACHEL: Well, maybe what I said was harsh –

ANNE: Every word was true. My hair is red and I'm freckled and ugly. But what I said was true also! (*More shock; quick glance to Marilla*) Although I shouldn't have said it! Oh Mrs. Lynde, please forgive me or you will inflict lifelong grief on a poor girl. (*To Marilla, offhand*) Was that too startling?

RACHEL: There, there. Get up, child. Of course, I forgive you. I'm such an outspoken person. So you mustn't mind me, Anne.

MARILLA: (*Wry*) Spelled with an E.

RACHEL: (*Stands*) Anne, I once knew a girl with hair as red as yours. But when she grew up, it darkened to a handsome auburn.

ANNE: (*Whirls Left*) Oh Mrs. Lynde, you have given me a ray of hope.

RACHEL: Marilla, she may turn out all right – providing you keep her a while.

ANNE: Mrs. Lynde, do you suppose I'll find a bosom friend in Avonlea?

RACHEL: (*Aghast*) A bosom what?

ANNE: A bosom friend. You know – a kindred spirit – like Mathew. (28-29)

RACHEL & MARILLA Discuss Adopting a Child

[leaving out lines from Anne that interrupt in tandem scene]

RACHEL: As I live and breathe! Mathew Cuthbert! In his Sunday suit! On a week day! Where's he going and why? That's what I'd like to know. Doesn't need his Sunday suit to go after turnip seed. And he wasn't driving fast enough to go for the door. *(Prim and middle-aged, MARILLA enters kitchen, sets table.)* I'm clean puzzled and won't know a moment's peace till I ask Marilla. *(Crossing)* If you want my opinion – which I'm sure you don't – that brother of hers is the oddest fellow in all Canada! Can't get a blessed word out of him. Marilla!

MARILLA: Come in, Rachel! *(To Audience)* I knew she'd be right over.

RACHEL: *(To Audience)* Hmm . . . three plates . . . must be expecting company. But everyday dishes? *(Marilla offers rocker.)* Believe I will set a spell!

MARILLA: *(Suppressing a smile)* Fine evening, isn't it?

RACHEL: *(Fidgets, bursting with curiosity)* Fine. Fine.

MARILLA: *(Toys with Rachel)* How's the family?

RACHEL: Fine. Fine. *(Rocks nervously, then:)* Marilla Cuthbert! Where – for heaven's sake – was Mathew going in that buggy?

MARILLA: *(To Audience)* Thought she'd never ask. *(Turns)* Mathew went down to the station at Bright River. We're getting a young boy from the orphan asylum in Nova Scotia.

RACHEL: Marilla Cuthbert, I think you're actually serious!

MARILLA: Of course. The boy's coming on the train.

RACHEL: *(To Audience)* Adopting a boy! An old maid and a bachelor!

[. . .]

RACHEL: Marilla, what on earth put such a notion into your head?

MARILLA: We've been thinking it over a while. Spencers were getting a five-year-old girl from the asylum and knew all about it. But Mathew and I decided to take a boy – about twelve or so.

RACHEL: Nothing will ever surprise me again. Nothing.

MARILLA: Mathew's getting up in years. His heart troubles him now and again. And finding reliable help is near to impossible.

RACHEL: Lord, isn't that the awful truth! If you want my opinion –

MARILLA: *(Interrupts)* When we heard Mr. Spencer was picking up their girl, we sent word for him to bring us a nice Canadian lad. Old enough to be useful and young enough to be brought up proper.

[. . .]

RACHEL: *(Rises)* Marilla, you're doing a mighty foolish thing bringing a strange child into your home. Last week I read of a couple – took in an orphan boy and set fire to the house – on purpose, Marilla! Nearly burned them to a crisp in their beds.

MARILLA: I don't deny I've had some qualms.

RACHEL: Another adopted boy used to suck eggs! They couldn't break him of it, no way! *(At door)* Well, if you'd asked my opinion – which you *didn't* – I'd have said, "Gracious sakes, don't do such a thing!"

MARILLA: Mathew was terrible set on it, so I gave in. It's seldom he fixes his mind on anything.

RACHEL: *(Coming back)* And I just heard of a case in New Brunswick where an asylum child put strychnine in the well – whole family died in fearful agonies. Only it was a girl in that instance.

MARILLA: We're not getting a girl. Fact is, I wonder at Mrs. Spencer for trying it. I'd never dream of taking a girl to bring up.

RACHEL: Don't say I didn't warn you. *(Outside:)* Poor lad! What those two know about children wouldn't fill a thimble. Well, I'm on my way to the MacPhersons. This will make a sensation! (7-9)

MATHEW BRINGS ANNE HOME FOR THE FIRST TIME

[Riding in buggy to Green Gables from train station, where Mathew has found Anne (age 12.5) instead of the boy he expected]

MATHEW: (Yanks “reins”) Get a move on, Pearl. (They mime travel; clip-clop SOUND of horse FADES gradually.)

ANNE: I just love riding . . . Mr. Cuthbert, what do those white lacy blossoms remind you of?

MATHEW: Well now, I dunno . . .

ANNE: A bride maybe – with a misty veil. But nobody would ever marry me – except a foreign missionary who couldn’t be too particular.

MATHEW: Well now . . . I wouldn’t say that . . .

ANNE: Though I’d love to have a dress with great puffed sleeves. Never had a pretty dress – that I can remember. So it’s more to look forward to, isn’t it?

MATHEW: Well now . . . I suppose it is.

ANNE: (Rattling) Am I talking too much? People always tell me I do. I can stop when I decide to, although it’s very difficult.

MATHEW: Talk as much as you like. I don’t mind. (To Audience, surprised) Truth is, I sort of like her chatter.

ANNE: You and I are going to be kindred spirits. *Indubitably.* (Mathew glances) People laugh at me for using big words. But if you have big ideas, you need big words to express them.

MATHEW: (Enjoying himself) Well now . . . that sounds reasonable enough.

ANNE: Right now I feel almost perfectly happy. I can’t feel totally perfectly happy because – well – what color would you call this? (Holds out braid)

MATHEW: It’s red, ain’t it?

ANNE: Nobody with red hair can be perfectly happy. The freckles – the green eyes – I can imagine them away. But I cannot imagine the red hair away. (Tragic) It will be my lifelong sorrow.

MATHEW: Well, I dunno ‘bout that.

ANNE: (Suddenly awestruck) Oh Mr. Cuthbert! Mr. Cuthbert!

MATHEW: (Stops) Whooooaa, Pearl. (Explains) They call it The Avenue.

ANNE: How poetical. Riding under a canopy of apple blossoms!

MATHEW: Right pretty place – The Avenue.

ANNE: They should call it – White Way of Delight!

MATHEW: Well now, that’s a fine name! Never would’ve thought of that.

ANNE: I always name the things I love. (11-12)

MINI SCENES - for actors who can play 13-16, male/female as indicated

READ ALL (female): Josie, Ruby, Diana | READ ALL (male): Gilbert, Moody, Charlie

JOSIE & GILBERT, AT SCHOOL (act as if ages 12-13)

GILBERT: Josie, who's this Miss Shirley person anyway?

JOSIE: Just an orphan girl from the asylum. Isn't that red hair something awful!

GILBERT: Maybe. *(laughs, teasing)* Then again, maybe not!

JOSIE: *(Stamping her foot, whines)* Gilbert! (37)

GILBERT & CHARLIE, AT SCHOOL (act as if ages 12-13)

CHARLIE: *(Shows slate with comic picture [caricature of their teacher])*
Gilbert - who's this?

GILBERT: Romeo Phillips.

CHARLIE: *(Leaping onto stool)* Romeo, Romeo. Wherefore art thou Romeo?

GILBERT: *(Kneels)* In the cloak room! With Prissy Andrews! (40)

MOODY & CHARLIE PREP FOR ENTRANCE EXAM (ages 15-16)

MOODY: *(Enters with stool)* Seven times zero is zero. Eight times zero is zero.
Nine times zero – *(Sits Down Center)*

CHARLIE: Moody, what are you muttering?

MOODY: Multiplication tables. To steady my nerves. Otherwise, I'll forget everything I know. [. . .]

CHARLIE: *[responding to a student's comments about Latin conjugations]*
What good's Latin anyway? *(Clowns)* Amo, amas, amat.

MOODY: *(Rises)* I know I'll fail English history. And disgrace my parents. I feel it in my bones. *(Slumps back morosely.)* [. . .]

CHARLIE: It's just an exam. If I flunk, I'll try again next year. What good is worrying?

MOODY: At least worrying makes you feel like you're doing *something*! [. . .]

MOODY: *(Exiting with stool)* Capital of Manitoba is Winnipeg. Capital of Alberta is – *(Panic)* Charlie – where's the capital of Alberta!

CHARLIE: Wherever you left it, Moody. *(Follows)* (73-74)

RUBY & DIANA - As ANNE plays Elaine in Camelot (ages 14-15)

ANNE: *(Climbs in boat)* Camelot was hundreds of years ago – before Mrs. Lynde was born. *(Leans back, propped on pillows)*

RUBY: Elaine shouldn't talk when she's lying dead in her funeral barge. *(covering)* Here, Mother's piano scarf – all I could find.

DIANA: *(Presents flower)* I don't have a lily – will an iris do? *(An arm reaches up for flower)*

RUBY: *(Reads from book, soulful)* First, we must kiss her quiet brow –

DIANA: *(Mournful)* Then I say *(checks book)* sorrowfully as possible – "Sister, farewell forever." *(ANNE sits up for kiss)*

RUBY: *(Awed, copies Diana)* "Farewell, sweet sister" *(Kiss)*

DIANA: Smile a bit, Anne. It says here, "Elaine lay as though she smiled" That's better.

RUBY: *(Girls push boat off)* Anne makes a wonderful Elaine. I'd be so nervous –

DIANA, RUBY: *(As boat disappears Left)* Farewe-e-l-l-l.

DIANA: I'd be afraid of drifting out too far.

RUBY: Why is she standing up!

DIANA: OH NO!

RUBY: *(Screams)* The barge is sinking! The barge is sinking!

DIANA: And we left the oars back at the landing –

RUBY: *(Screams)* She'll drown! She'll drown!

DIANA: The boat's sailing around the bend –

RUBY: *(Screams)* HELP! HELP!

DIANA: The boat's going under –

DIANA, RUBY: *(Racing off Left, screaming)* ANNE! ANNE! (69-70)

GILBERT RESCUES ANNE (ages 14-15)

(ANNE is carried on by GILBERT. Bedraggled, wrapped in a piano scarf, Anne wears one shoe and clutches another.)

ANNE: Gilbert Blythe! I am quite able-bodied! Please put me down.

GILBERT: Gladly. (*Noisily dumps her to ground*) And I promise never to rescue you again! Just tell me what happened, Anne.

ANNE: (*Embarrassed*) We were playing Camelot. (*Rises*)

GILBERT: (*Smiles*) I think that scarf looks better on Ruby Gillis' piano.

ANNE: For your information, it's supposed to be a coverlet of gold!

GILBERT: I still don't understand what you were doing on that log piling.

ANNE: The boat began to leak. When I floated near the bridge I grabbed hold of a log piling so slippery I almost fell in –

GILBERT: And that's when I rowed by. Luckily.

ANNE: Thank you, Gilbert. (*Shakes hand stiffly.*) I'm very much obliged. (*Strides past*)

GILBERT: (*Grabbing an arm*) Look here, Anne. Can't we be friends? I'm sorry I made fun of your hair that time. It was only a joke. Besides, that was years ago. Let's be friends. Please?

ANNE: (*Tempted, but:*) I vowed never to befriend you, Gilbert Blythe!

GILBERT: Fine! I'll never ask you again, Anne Shirley! (*Angry, exits Left*)

ANNE: Fine with me too! (*watches with regret*) I have so many different Annes in me. If there was just the one, life would be so much easier. (*Perks up*) Though not half so interesting. (70-71)

DIANA & ANNE GET READY FOR CONCERT (ages 15-16)

[*Diana fixes Anne's hair in Anne's bedroom*]

DIANA: Are you nervous?

ANNE: Trembling.

DIANA: You were encored at the Christmas concert. Everyone raved.

ANNE: That was a school program. This is for fancy summer tourists –

DIANA: What are you going to recite?

ANNE: "Maiden's Vow" – it's so pathetic. And I like to make people cry.

DIANA: I'm going to pin your braids up. And put a big bow right here.

ANNE: (*Holds flower*) This is the last rose from Mathew's garden – I saved it. Mathew loves white roses.

DIANA: At the Christmas concert, a silk rose fell from your hair. I remember because Gilbert tucked it in his pocket. Or am I not supposed to mention that name?

ANNE: I don't mind. (*Admits*) I've been sorry I acted so stuck up.

DIANA: What if Gilbert asks you to dance tonight? Will you accept?

ANNE: (*Hopeful*) I don't know – I might –

DIANA: So the old rivalry is finally over?

ANNE: (*Smiles*) Maybe . . .

DIANA: Tonight I'll probably end up with Moody stepping on my toes.

ANNE: Just think, Diana. By the time we're twenty you'll be married with a houseful of children. And I'll be off teaching in a country school somewhere in Nova Scotia.

DIANA: (*Dramatic*) I'd like to marry some dashing wicked young man and reform him! (*Matter of fact*) But it's not likely.

ANNE: Maybe we could be old maids together – and friends forever.

DIANA: I think I'll stay fifteen. Twenty sounds so old and grown up! (79-80)