

Audition Scene 2 – Matthew and Anne

(Matthew, a gentle quiet man, has come to the train station to pick up an orphan boy but instead finds Anne. Anne is excited to see him.)

ANNE: Oh. I do hope you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert. You are Mr. Matthew

Cuthbert, aren't you? Mrs. Spencer told me to wait right here for you, and so I've done, most pleasantly I must say.

MATTHEW: Well now, I recon that's me.

ANNE *(brightly, giving her "speech")*: Hello my name is Anne Shirley, but please call me Cordelia, I think Cordelia is a much better, don't you?

MATTHEW: I heard you saying that a little earlier. You were talking kinda loud.

ANNE: Oh, yes, we tend to do that where I come from. I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming for me. If you hadn't, I was going to climb that big cherry tree down the tracks and spend the night in it. It would be lovely to sleep in a cherry tree all silvery in the moonshine, don't you think?

MATTHEW: Oh, yes it would. I mean, no. I mean, there's been a big mistake. You're not a boy.

ANNE: But I can climb all the same. And I wouldn't be the least bit afraid. I'd pretend the blossoms in the moonlight were columns in a castle. Oh, this is beautiful country you have here, Mr. Cuthbert.

MATTHEW: Well now, I guess I can't leave you here. I'll take you home and see what Marilla says. The horse and buggy are over there. I'll carry your bag.

ANNE *(picking up the suitcase)*: Oh, that's fine, thank you, I can manage it. It's very light and thin, like me. All my worldly goods are in it, but it isn't heavy. Now isn't that beautiful?

MATTHEW: What?

ANNE: That tree over there. What does it make you think of?

MATTHEW: Well now, I dunno.

ANNE: A bride, of course, with a misty veil. I don't ever expect to be a bride myself. I'm so homely nobody would ever want to marry me – except maybe a foreign missionary.

Not only am I homely, I'm also thin. I love to imagine I'm nice and plump with dimples in my elbows. Am I talking too much? People are always telling me I do. Would you rather I didn't talk? *(Somewhat unexpectedly MATTHEW finds himself becoming intrigued by the waif before him.)*

MATTHEW: Well now, I don't mind talkative folks so much since I'm kinda quiet myself. Talk as much as you like.

ANNE: Oh, thank you. I can already tell we're kindred spirits, Mr. Cuthbert. I can hardly wait to see Green Gables. Mrs. Spenser said there's a brook nearby. That makes me almost perfectly happy. But I can never be perfectly happy because of this. *(She holds out one of her braids.)*

MATTHEW: Your hair?

ANNE: What color would you call it?

MATTHEW: Red, ain't it?

ANNE *(gloomily)*: Yes, red. That's why I can't ever be perfectly happy. I know I'm skinny and a little freckled and my eyes are green. I can imagine I have a beautiful rose-leaf complexion... and lovely, stary violet eyes,... but I cannot imagine my red hair away. It'll be my life-long sorrow. I read of a girl in a novel once who was divinely beautiful. Have you ever imagined what it would be like to be divinely beautiful, Mr. Cuthbert?

MATTHEW: Well now, no I haven't.

ANNE: Will your sister like me even though I'm not divinely beautiful?

MATTHEW: I doubt that'd bother her much, but something else might. Might bother her a whole lot. We'd better get home.