

Marilla and Rachel Audition

*SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.*

RACHEL: Yohoo. Marilla.

MARILLA: Ah, Rachel, good morning. And how are all the Lyndes?

RACHEL: Oh, we're alright as rain, Marilla, but I was kind of worried about you when I saw your brother drive by just now.

MARILLA: Oh, I'm fine. Just fine. Appreciate the concern.

RACHEL: But he was in his suit and smoking his pipe.

MARILLA: Well, I don't mind so long as he smokes his pipe in the great outdoors and not in my kitchen.

RACHEL: He was in his suit.

MARILLA: Yes, Rachel.

RACHEL: Well, Matthew never goes to town this time of year.

MARILLA: Matthew wasn't going to town.

RACHEL: Oh, don't keep me in such suspense.

MARILLA: He was going to Bright River. We're getting a little boy from an orphanage in Nova Scotia, and he's coming in on the afternoon train.

RACHEL: A boy! You can't be serious. Well, you don't know anything about raising children. Whatever put such an idea into your head?

MARILLA: Well, Matthew's getting along in years. He's not as spry as he once was and his heart bothers him greatly. Mrs. Spencer was up here before Christmas and said she was getting a little girl from the Hopeton Asylum in the spring. Matthew and I gave it good consideration. So, we sent word to her by her niece, Roberta, tell her to bring us a boy home while she was at it.

RACHEL: I shall be surprised at nothing after this. Nothing.

MARILLA: We told her to fix us up with a little boy, eleven or twelve; old enough to do the chores, and young enough to be brought up properly.

RACHEL: You know I pride myself on speaking my mind. And let me tell you, I think you are doing a mighty risky thing. I wish you'd consulted me first. Well, it was just last week, I read in the paper where a couple took a boy from an orphan asylum and he set fire to their house at night, on purpose. Burnt them to a crisp in their beds.

MARILLA: Well, I won't say that I haven't had my qualms, Rachel. But Matthew was so terrible determined and it's so seldom that he sets his mind on anything that I felt I had to give in.

RACHEL: And there was another case, six months ago over in New Brunswick, where an asylum child put strychnine in the well and the entire family died, in agony. Only, it was a girl in that instance.

MARILLA: Well, we are not getting a girl.