

Anne and Matthew Audition Scene (From the Musical)

(Sitting on a goods wagon is a GIRL is waiting with all her might and man. MATTHEW CUTHBERT appears, passes the GIRL sitting on the goods wagon. He is looking for the stationmaster. He looks everywhere. Eventually he becomes aware that someone is following him wherever he goes. It is the little GIRL. MATTHEW finally sidesteps her shyly, looks up and down the track and finally consults his watch.)

GIRL (ANNE): If you're looking for the five-thirty train it's been and gone.

MATTHEW: Oh.

ANNE: Half an hour ago.

MATTHEW: It's. uh. only twenty past five. (Looks around some more.)

ANNE: If you're looking for the stationmaster, he told me to tell you he's gone home.

MATTHEW: He told you. To tell me?

ANNE: I suppose you are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert. Mrs. Spencer told me what you looked like. I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming for me. The stationmaster said the train was early because they had a new engineer that wasn't very experienced.

MATTHEW: There must be some mistake.

ANNE: Yes. He said usually the five-thirty train is half an hour late, regular as clockwork. If you hadn't come for me I was going to walk down the track to that big wild cherry tree. See it?

MATTHEW (He looks obediently.): Oh yes.

ANNE: And I was going to climb into that beautiful tree and stay all night. Wouldn't that be lovely? Am I talking too much? People are always telling me I do. Mrs. Spencer said my tongue must be hung in the middle, it flaps so. If you say so, I'll stop. I can stop when I make up my mind, although it's awfully difficult.

MATTHEW: No, you can talk all you want. I don't mind.

ANNE: Oh, I'm so glad. It seems so wonderful that I'm going to live with you and belong to you.

MATTHEW: I'll let Marilla do it.

ANNE: I beg your pardon?

MATTHEW: Oh. Ah. Let me help you with your bag.

ANNE: Oh, I can carry it. It isn't very heavy. It's an excruciatingly old bag. Thank goodness I'll never have to use it again. Mr. Cuthbert, which would you rather be if you had your wish? Divinely beautiful, or dazzlingly clever, or angelically good?

MATTHEW: Well no, I don't rightly know. (Exits.)

ANNE: Oh, neither do I. But it would be nice to think you had a choice.