

● Anne of Green Gables

R. N. Sandberg (adapted from
L. M. Montgomery)

Anne of Green Gables is a faithful adaptation of L. M. Montgomery's classic tale of the same name. Telling the story of Anne, the high-spirited little girl who captures the hearts of everyone in the quaint village of Avonlea, this play unlocks the hearts of all.

Two Females

In the first scene, Anne speaks to her friend Diana of the wonderful places she imagines. The scene that follows finds Anne and Diana playing at "ladies having tea." In the third scene, Anne and Diana are headed for a picnic in a small boat.



The woods.

ANNE: Oh, just smell the pine, here. Can't you imagine fairies dancing on the smell as if it were a magic carpet?

DIANA: Not really.

ANNE: I don't know how people live without flowers and trees. I expect people in desolate climates must be extremely depressed all the time. They've nothing lovely to look at or smell.

DIANA: Perhaps, they don't notice. They've never seen them, so they don't miss them.

ANNE: I've imagined all kinds of lovely places even though I've never seen them.

DIANA: Really? I never imagine anything. *(An awkward pause.)*

I think we should be getting back.

ANNE: Would you like a shortbread?

DIANA: It's starting to get dark.

ANNE: Just one, then we'll go. They're very good. Marilla uses extra butter.

DIANA: All right.

ANNE: Marilla's an excellent cook. I even like her vegetables.

DIANA: These are delicious. Like something the Queen might eat.

Can I have another?

ANNE: *(Handing her one.)* Do you really never imagine things?

DIANA: I haven't the knack for it.

ANNE: But you said these were the kind of thing the Queen might eat.

DIANA: That's not real imagining.

ANNE: You mean like fantastic wizards and terrible monsters?

DIANA: Yes.

ANNE: Don't you ever imagine that things are different in your life? Your mother, for instance?

DIANA: I suppose. But that really doesn't take much imagination. *(They look at each other and laugh.)*

ANNE: It can be fun, sometimes, to imagine from real life. Like these woods. Imagine what happens here at the very dead of night.

DIANA: We should go before the light's completely gone.

ANNE: I expect it's pitch black, then. The kind of place that ghosts might choose for their revelry. The way those branches hang down. They seem to be moving even though there's not a breath of wind.

DIANA: Let's go, shall we?

ANNE: Don't you think a haunted wood is very romantic?

DIANA: This wood isn't haunted.

ANNE: You do believe in ghosts, don't you?

DIANA: Charlie Sloane says that his grandmother saw his grand-

father driving home the cows one night after he'd been buried a year.

ANNE: So there could be ghosts here. Look at the way that tree's swaying. It's as if a lady's walking slowly along the bank, nodding her head, wringing her hands, uttering wailing cries. Listen. Do you hear it?

DIANA: Yes.

ANNE: Soft, wailing cries. There's a death in her family. A little murdered child.

DIANA: Oh!

ANNE: There's a light gleaming between the boughs. It's a skeleton.

DIANA: A headless horseman!

ANNE: Do you feel it?

DIANA: What?

ANNE: Something cold on your neck.

DIANA: Yes.

ANNE: Like icy fingers creeping slowly around, slowly around.

DIANA: They're going to squeeze!

(They scream. They run off and collapse on the ground.

They look at each other and burst out laughing together.)

DIANA: That was wonderful.

ANNE: You can imagine, you see.

DIANA: I'm glad you've come to Green Gables.

ANNE: Do you think, Diana — do you think you can like me a little — enough, perhaps, to be my bosom friend?

DIANA: Why, I guess so. It will be jolly to have a friend. There isn't any other girl who lives very near, and my sister's such a little bitty thing.

ANNE: Will you swear to be my friend for ever and ever?

DIANA: I don't mind.

ANNE: We must join hands — so. I'll recite the oath first. I solemnly swear to be faithful to my bosom friend, Diana Barry, as long as the sun and the moon shall endure. Now you say it and put my name in.

DIANA: I solemnly swear to be faithful to my bosom friend, Anne (with an "e") Shirley, as long as the sun and the moon shall endure.

(Anne turns away.)

DIANA: Anne?

ANNE: *(Wiping away a tear.)* It's nothing.

DIANA: *(Hesitates, then.)* It's a raindrop.

ANNE: Yes. A salty raindrop.

DIANA: An ocean raindrop.

ANNE: A flood of them.

DIANA: An ocean of rain.

ANNE: A ferocious storm about to overwhelm us.

DIANA: We'd better run.

ANNE: Yes, run. Run for the palace.

DIANA: Run for home.

(They run off, laughing.)



The dining room. Anne and Diana, who is quite dressed up, enter. They are playing at "ladies having tea."

ANNE: Won't you please come in.

DIANA: Why thank you.

ANNE: Won't you please sit down.

DIANA: Why thank you.

ANNE: I greatly enjoyed our stroll round your lovely Lake of the Shining Waters, this afternoon.

DIANA: Why thank you. I know I shall enjoy your hospitality greatly.

ANNE: Why thank *you!* Oh, this is such fun, isn't it, Diana? Do you know what Marilla said we could have for tea? Fruit-cake, cherry preserves, and raspberry cordial!

DIANA: I love raspberry cordial!

ANNE: Well, then, my dear, may I serve you a glass?
DIANA: I'd be ever so grateful.
ANNE: I shall bring it directly. *(Anne goes to the cabinet.)* Marilla said it was right here.
DIANA: It's been so awful without you at school, Anne. You've missed ever so much. Ruby Gillis charmed her warts away with a magic pebble that she got from old Mary Jo.
ANNE: Here it is, I believe. *(She gets the bottle from the hutch and brings it to the table.)*
DIANA: Charlie Sloane's name was written with Em White's on the porch wall; she was real mad about it. And Gilbert Blythe did the most awful thing to Tillie Boulter . . .
ANNE: *(Interrupts her.)* Please, Diana.
DIANA: You're really being silly, Anne.
ANNE: I shall never forgive Gilbert Blythe.
DIANA: He's truly sorry.
ANNE: Let's not spoil our one afternoon together. *(She hands Diana a glass of cordial.)*
DIANA: All right.
ANNE: I'll get the tea. *(She starts off.)*
DIANA: *(Sipping daintily.)* This is awfully nice raspberry cordial, Anne.
ANNE: *(Off.)* I'm real glad you like it. Take as much as you want.
DIANA: *(Takes a very large drink.)* Mmm, the nicest I ever drank. *(She drains the glass and pours herself another.)* This raspberry cordial is ever so much nicer than Mrs. Lynde's although she brags of hers so much. *(She drinks most of the glass down.)* It doesn't taste a bit like Mrs. Lynde's. *(Drinks.)*
ANNE: *(Re-entering.)* I should think Marilla's would prob'ly be much nicer than Mrs. Lynde's. Marilla is a famous cook. Will you have some more?
DIANA: Thank you.
(As Anne talks, she pours Diana's drink, then proceeds to make and pour the tea and cut and serve the cake and pre-

serves. While Anne talks and does all this, the cordial has begun to affect Diana: she gradually becomes quite woozy and ill. Anne, who is involved with her story and tasks, does not really notice Diana's illness.)

ANNE: Marilla's trying to teach me to cook, but it's uphill work. There's so little scope for imagination in cookery. You have to go by rules. The last time I made a cake I forgot to put the flour in. I was imagining a lovely story about you and me. You had smallpox and I was nursing you back to health. The cake was a dismal failure. Flour is so essential to cakes, you know. Marilla was very cross, and I don't blame her. I'm a trial to her. Last week, Marilla made a pudding sauce to serve to Mr. and Mrs. Chester Ross. She told me to put it on the shelf and cover it, but when I was carrying it I was imagining I was a nun taking the veil to bury a broken heart and I forgot about covering the sauce. When I finally remembered to cover it, I found a mouse drowned in it. I took the mouse out, of course, but Marilla was milking at the time and I forgot to tell her until I saw her carrying the sauce to the table. I screamed, "Marilla, you mustn't use that pudding sauce. There was a mouse drowned in it, and I forgot to tell you." Marilla and Matthew and Mr. and Mrs. Ross all just stared at me.
DIANA: I — I — don't feel so well. I — need to go home.
ANNE: You mustn't dream of going home. You haven't had your tea.
DIANA: I've got to go home.
ANNE: What about your cake and preserves?
(Diana groans.)
ANNE: Lie down for a little and you'll feel better. Where do you feel bad?
DIANA: I'm — I'm awful sick.
ANNE: Oh, Diana, do you suppose you really are taking the

smallpox? If you are, I'll never forsake you. But I do wish you'd stay till after tea.

DIANA: (*Getting up.*) I'm dizzy. (*She falls.*)

ANNE: Diana!



On the bank of the river. Anne and Diana are in a small boat in the water. Diana is happily rowing. Anne is slightly nervous. They wear heavy coats.

DIANA: This is ever so much fun, isn't it Anne?

ANNE: Yes. But I do wish I knew how to swim.

DIANA: This tub may be old as the dawn, but I don't think it's in danger of sinking, just yet.

ANNE: There's an awful lot of water seeping in. Oh, it's cold.

DIANA: Yes, a body wouldn't last five minutes in the water. Not quite the ideal for a picnic. But end of term deserves some kind of celebration.

(Diana pops out of the boat and pulls it on the bank. Anne, who climbs out quickly, holds a picnic basket.)

ANNE: One more week.

DIANA: Yes, you'll know on Friday whether you've beaten Gilbert or not.

ANNE: What's important is we're together again.

DIANA: If you win top scholar will you forgive him?

ANNE: I don't want to discuss it.

DIANA: Think how you felt when my mother wouldn't forgive you.

ANNE: I don't care how he feels.

DIANA: You expect everyone to care about how you feel.

ANNE: Oh we're in luck. Hot cocoa and Marilla's special muffins.

DIANA: He's apologized. He's never teased you again. In fact,

he's been overly nice to you. What does he have to do, Anne?

ANNE: He's just so arrogant.

DIANA: He's sure of himself, that's all. No reason he shouldn't be. He's always been top.

ANNE: Well, he won't be this year. I've mastered geometry and all that's left is the recitation. I'm going to make sure mine is so powerful that no one will have any doubt who is the winner. I'm going to recite "The Lady of Shallot."

DIANA: Oh, that's so romantic! Floating down the river to Camelot, drawn by Lancelot from her seclusion to her death. You'll be wonderful, Anne.

ANNE: I shall be more than wonderful. I shall become the Lady of Shallot. When I finish, everyone will have seen that awful combination of death and beauty reflected right on my face.

DIANA: Oh, that's ghastly! How will you do it?

ANNE: (*Pauses, then looks towards the boat.*) I shall experience her pain, firsthand. Come on. (*She goes to the boat.*)

DIANA: What are you going to do?

ANNE: (*Taking off her coat.*) Down she came and found a boat.

DIANA: Anne!

(Anne takes the paddle out of the boat.)

ANNE: Beneath a willow left afloat,

And round about the prow she wrote — (*Looks at Diana.*)

DIANA: The Lady of Shallot.

ANNE: (*From in the boat.*) Well, push me off.

DIANA: Into the river?

ANNE: Yes.

DIANA: No!

ANNE: Diana, I've got to float down the river, singing my mournful, holy song.

DIANA: And dying!

ANNE: (*Getting up.*) All right, I'll push myself off. I thought as

my bosom friend you'd want to be part of this. This is entering the world of Camelot, of Lancelot, of —

DIANA: The Lady of Shallot.

ANNE: Yes.

DIANA: All right. Lie back down.

(Anne does. She walks slowly toward the boat, starts to undo the rope from shore.)

DIANA: Lying robed in snowy white.

That loosely flew to left and right —

DIANA: The leaves upon her falling light

Thro' the noises of the night —

Beauty and the Beast

Constance Congdon

In this adaptation of the popular children's tale, Belle, a happy and giving young girl, must care for her quarrelsome siblings. When her father is stranded in a foreign land and taken into the castle of an ominous beast, Belle goes to the beast, against her father's wishes, to seek his release. In time, Belle learns to love the beast and becomes more self-reliant.

One Male and One Female (and two nonspeaking parts)

Belle is in the rose garden attending to the rose beds, with the help of one of her attendants, Minion (a monkey), when the Beast, who is falling under Belle's charm, enters.



Belle is in the rose garden. She seems at home there and is working very hard, gardening in bare feet. Minion serves as helper, standing near like a butler, holding a silver platter with gardening tools and Belle's fine slippers. Belle and Minion are wearing smocks over fine garments — smocks made of something serviceable such as sheets from Belle's room that Belle adapted into smocks. Skirt of Belle's gown is tucked up to keep it from getting dirty.

BELLE: These beds need so much work — all these lovely roses getting root bound, it's a shame. Roses are a flower that give back double in beauty what they get in care. *(Pruning rose hips.)* Now, these are rose hips, Gabrielle. Save those, and we'll make tea with them, or if we gather enough, jelly. *(Minion puts rose hips on silver platter.)*