

**MARILLA.** You sit down this minute or you'll get the heavens!

*(ANNE looks at MATTHEW. Both do half a step but MARILLA cuts them off sharply.)*

Now stop it. The both of you. I have something to say, although the Lord knows there's not much need to put it into words. Matthew and I...have decided... to keep you. That is, if you'll try to be a good little girl and help Matthew on the farm.

*(ANNE cries.)*

Mercy, child, why are you crying?

**ANNE.** I don't know why I'm crying. I'm so glad! Oh, glad doesn't seem to be the right word at all...it's much more than that...

**MARILLA.** Well, when you find the right word we'll have supper.

*(RACHEL LYNDE knocks at screen door.)*

**MATTHEW.** Oh! I know who that is.

**MARILLA.** Come in, Rachel.

**MRS. LYNDE.** I saw you driving by in the buggy, so I thought I'd come over. Whatever happened to the boy?

**MATTHEW.** We...changed his mind...her mind...well, what I mean is...well...we wanted a girl, so we...got one...

**MARILLA.** Anne, this is Mrs. Lynde come to see you. Isn't that nice of her?

**MRS. LYNDE.** I could tell by the pigtailed flying by in the buggy you hadn't got what you expected. Well, well, well, they didn't pick you out for your looks, that's sure and certain. Come over here, let me have a look at you. Did you ever see such freckles, and hair as red as carrots!

**ANNE.** How dare you call me ugly? How dare you say I'm freckled and red-headed!

**MARILLA.** Anne!

**ANNE.** How would you like to have such things said about you? How would you like to be told that you are fat

and dilapidated and probably hadn't a spark of imagination in you? Oh, I don't care if I hurt your feelings by saying so! I hope I do hurt them. You've hurt mine worse than they've ever been hurt before. And I'll never forgive you for it, never, never, NEVER!

**MRS. LYNDE.** Did you ever see such a temper?

**MARILLA.** Anne, you will apologize to Mrs. Lynde at once, and ask her to forgive you.

**ANNE.** I could never do that! I'm sorry I vexed you, Miss Cuthbert, but I'm glad I said what I just said. It gave me great satisfaction.

**MRS. LYNDE.** Well!!!!

**MARILLA.** You will go straight upstairs to your room and stay there until you're willing to apologize.

*(ANNE stomps upstairs.)*

**MRS. LYNDE.** You've taken on quite a responsibility there, Marilla. I don't envy anyone who has to bring that up!

**MARILLA.** You shouldn't have twitted her about her looks, Rachel.

**MRS. LYNDE.** You don't mean to tell me you're upholding that terrible display of temper?

**MARILLA.** I'm not trying to excuse her, but we must make allowances. She's never been taught what is right. And you were hard on her.

**MRS. LYNDE.** Well, I can see I'll have to be careful what I say around here in future, since the fine feelings of orphans, brought from goodness knows where, have to be given first consideration.

*(starts to exit)*

**MARILLA.** You haven't had your tea, Rachel.

*(MRS. LYNDE hesitates. Then she sits down.)*

We'll just sit here and wait till Anne is willing to apologize.

**MRS. LYNDE.** If you take my advice...me, who's brought up ten children and buried two...you won't wait for

anything. You'll go right outside and cut yourself a good-sized birch switch!

*(MATTHEW is starting to climb the stairs. His boots squeak.)*

MARILLA. Where you off to?

MATTHEW. Hmmm? Oh, well now, I just thought I'd...I'd...

MARILLA. Go upstairs?

MATTHEW. Yes!

MARILLA. You haven't been upstairs in this house since you helped me paper the spare room four years ago.

MATTHEW. I know. I just thought I'd take a look at it.

MARILLA. Mind what the doctor said about climbing stairs.

MATTHEW. Uh-huh.

MARILLA. Matthew! Don't you go interfering. Perhaps an old maid doesn't know much about disciplining children, but I guess she knows as much as an old bachelor. Cup of tea, Matthew?

MATTHEW. No, no, thank you, I think I'll just... *(picks up pail of eggs)* Oh, no! I think I'll go fill the cistern. *(puts eggs down)*

**[MUSIC: "MATTHEW'S EXIT"]**

*(MATTHEW exits.)*

MARILLA. Well, Rachel, as long as you're here, I might as well show you the patchwork pieces I've been saving for the afghans we're making for the Borneo Head Hunters.

*(MATTHEW reappears outside house carrying a ladder.)*

MATTHEW. Anne... Anne... Lady Cordelia de Montmorency! Don't you think you'd better get this thing off your chest and get it over with?

ANNE. Oh, I couldn't, Matthew! You can lock me up in a damp dark dungeon inhabited by snakes and toads.

MATTHEW. Well, now, we're not in the habit of doing that. Come on down; Marilla's dreadful determined, you