

From the full length play:
Anne of Green Gables
Adapted from L.M. Montgomery by Tracy Wells

ANNE SHIRLEY, *precocious eleven year old girl with red hair; female*

MARILLA CUTHBERT, *aging matron of Green Gables; female*

AT RISE: Interior Green Gables, same as scene two. A large pin cushion is on the table.
MARILLA is sewing.

MARILLA

(picks up shawl, unknowingly picking up brooch with it. She turns to put it away, then looks back at pin cushion)

My brooch! Where has it gone?

(Looks about room-under table, on stove/counter, etc.)

I'd swear it was here just a minute ago. In fact, I was looking at it after church with—

(Realizing, marches angrily toward exit)

Anne Shirley, come down here this instant!

ANNE

Is it time to go to the picnic already? My, time sure flies when you're excited to go to a picnic.

MARILLA

(Sternly)

I'd like to know what you've done with my amethyst brooch.

ANNE

(Confused)

I—I don't know what you mean?

(Rushing to table)

Isn't it in your pin cushion?

MARILLA

See for yourself. I may be mistaken, but it appears that my brooch is not in the pin cushion.

ANNE

Then where can it be?

MARILLA

That's a question I hope you could answer for me.

ANNE

I swear I only held it for a moment when you and I were talking. I haven't touched it since.

MARILLA

I find that hard to believe, seeing as it was in the pin cushion when Mrs. Barry and I went outside and now it is missing. You were quite adamant that you thought it was beautiful. Are you sure you didn't take it and hide it in your room?

ANNE

I would never do such a thing, Marilla. I know how much that brooch means to you.

MARILLA

This is the last time I am going to ask you Anne—what have you done with my brooch?

ANNE

I've done nothing with it. I swear.

MARILLA

I believe you are lying to me Anne, and I don't wish to hear anything more from you unless you are prepared to tell the whole truth. Now go to your room until you are ready to confess.

ANNE

What about the picnic? You said I could go.

MARILLA

You're not going to the picnic or anywhere else until you've confessed.

ANNE

Oh, Marilla!

(collapses into sobs, or runs a little bit away)

MARILLA

I didn't misplace it. I put it right here in my pin cushion when I came home. Then I laid my shawl on top and—

(Looks through shawl until she finds brooch)

Oh, no. It appears I've made a terrible mistake.

(sighs)

Anne, please come here.

(ANNE crosses with head down and dragging her feet)

Anne, I have something to tell you.

ANNE

(Lifeless)

No, let me speak first, Marilla. I took the amethyst brooch, just as you said. It looked so beautiful that I was overcome with an irresistible temptation. I decided to pretend I was Lady Cordelia, and went outside to play instead of getting ready for the picnic. I ran all the way down to the Lake of Shining Waters, where I decided to take another look at the brooch.

ANNE (Cont.)

How it gleamed in the sunlight. Then when I was leaning over the bridge, it slipped through my fingers and sank down forevermore beneath the Lake of Shining Waters.

MARILLA

(With a slight smile)

Is that so?

ANNE

It is the best I can do at confessing. Now may I go to the picnic since I confessed?

MARILLA

Well, I don't know. If you took my brooch as you say you did, then I think a fair punishment would be to stay in your room and forego the picnic.

ANNE

(Devastated, throws herself at MARILLA'S feet, crying)

But, Marilla, I only confessed so that I could go to the picnic. I didn't take your brooch, I swear!

MARILLA

I know.

ANNE

(Looking up, confused)

What do you mean, you know?

MARILLA

(Holding up brooch)

It seems as if my brooch was just caught up in the fabric of my shawl. I had it the entire time.

ANNE

(Standing up suddenly)

Does that mean I can go to the picnic after all?

MARILLA

Aren't you angry at me for accusing you of taking my brooch?

ANNE

Of course not. I know how much it means to you, and I can see why you thought I would take it.

MARILLA

All the same, it wasn't right of me to blame it on you, and I'm sorry. Although you shouldn't have confessed to something you didn't do, even if I pushed you to. Please forgive me Anne.

ANNE

(Hugging MARILLA)

Of course I do, Marilla.

(Pulling back, but still holding on)

Now, can we go to the picnic?

MARILLA

(Laughing)

I suppose so. Go get yourself cleaned up and we'll be on our way.

ANNE

Five minutes ago I was so miserable I was wishing I'd never been born and now I wouldn't change places with an angel.

(End of scene.)