

Anne of Green Gables

c. 102,500 words

CASTING BRIEF:

Seeking: Female narrator, neutral American or slight Canadian accent, 20s–30s, with audiobook experience. Actor must have own studio for self-recording. Able to capture the warmth, whimsy, and emotional depth of the novel, and to bring a wide range of characters to life.

Celebrity comps: Rachel McAdams. Saoirse Ronan. Kaitlyn Dever.

Genre: Classic Literature, Coming of Age, Children’s Literature

Contract: SAG-AFTRA independent publisher contract, scale (with P&H) +10%

Publisher: The Merry Beggars

Producer: Common Mode

Record and deliver by: 6/26

Synopsis:

Set on Prince Edward Island at the turn of the twentieth century, the novel tells the story of eleven year old Anne Shirley, a talkative, fiercely imaginative red-haired orphan. She’s sent to Green Gables - the home of middle-aged, childless siblings Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert, who had hoped to adopt a boy to help them work their farm. Rather than sending the orphan girl back, Marilla decides to keep Anne—a decision that will transform their lives. Anne throws herself into everything with passionate intensity: she makes a “bosom friend” in the sensible Diana Barry, feuds with the teasing, young Gilbert Blythe, excels at school despite her dramatic temperament, and finds beauty and wonder in the landscape around her beloved Green Gables.

About the Author:

Lucy Maud Montgomery (1874–1942) was a Canadian author born on Prince Edward Island, the setting she immortalized in *Anne of Green Gables* (1908). The novel was rejected by several publishers before becoming an immediate bestseller, drawing fan mail from readers as celebrated as Mark Twain, and inspiring seven sequels and a multitude of short stories. Montgomery drew on her own experience of PEI’s landscapes, one-room schoolhouses, and tight-knit community life to create a world at once particular and universal. She went on to write eight books in the Anne series, as well as numerous other novels and short stories. Today, *Anne of Green Gables* remains one of the best-loved works in the canon of children’s literature.

Accordingly, after milking, behold Marilla and Anne walking down the lane, the former erect and triumphant, the latter drooping and dejected. But halfway down Anne's dejection vanished as if by enchantment. She lifted her head and stepped lightly along, her eyes fixed on the sunset sky and an air of subdued exhilaration about her. Marilla beheld the change disapprovingly. This was no meek penitent such as it behooved her to take into the presence of the offended Mrs. Lynde.

"What are you thinking of, Anne?" she asked sharply.

"I'm imagining out what I must say to Mrs. Lynde," answered Anne dreamily.

This was satisfactory—or should have been so. But Marilla could not rid herself of the notion that something in her scheme of punishment was going askew. Anne had no business to look so rapt and radiant.

Rapt and radiant Anne continued until they were in the very presence of Mrs. Lynde, who was sitting knitting by her kitchen window. Then the radiance vanished. Mournful penitence appeared on every feature. Before a word was spoken Anne suddenly went down on her knees before the astonished Mrs. Rachel and held out her hands beseechingly.

"Oh, Mrs. Lynde, I am so extremely sorry," she said with a quiver in her voice. "I could never express all my sorrow, no, not if I used up a whole dictionary. You must just imagine it. I behaved terribly to you—and I've disgraced the dear friends, Matthew and Marilla, who have let me stay at Green Gables although I'm not a boy. I'm a dreadfully wicked and ungrateful girl, and I deserve to be punished and cast out by respectable people forever. It was very wicked of me

to fly into a temper because you told me the truth. It was the truth; every word you said was true. My hair is red and I'm freckled and skinny and ugly. What I said to you was true, too, but I shouldn't have said it. Oh, Mrs. Lynde, please, please, forgive me. If you refuse it will be a lifelong sorrow on a poor little orphan girl, would you, even if she had a dreadful temper? Oh, I am sure you wouldn't. Please say you forgive me, Mrs. Lynde."

Anne clasped her hands together, bowed her head, and waited for the word of judgment.

There was no mistaking her sincerity—it breathed in every tone of her voice. Both Marilla and Mrs. Lynde recognized its unmistakable ring. But the former understood in dismay that Anne was actually enjoying her valley of humiliation—was reveling in the thoroughness of her abasement. Where was the wholesome punishment upon which she, Marilla, had plumed herself? Anne had turned it into a species of positive pleasure.

Good Mrs. Lynde, not being overburdened with perception, did not see this. She only perceived that Anne had made a very thorough apology and all resentment vanished from her kindly, if somewhat officious, heart.

"There, there, get up, child," she said heartily. "Of course I forgive you. I guess I was a little too hard on you, anyway. But I'm such an outspoken person. You just mustn't mind me, that's what. It can't be denied your hair is terrible red; but I knew a girl once—went to school with her, in fact—whose hair was every mite as red as yours when she was young, but when she grew up it darkened to a real handsome auburn. I wouldn't be a mite surprised if yours did, too—not a mite."

“Oh, Mrs. Lynde!” Anne drew a long breath as she rose to her feet. “You have given me a hope. I shall always feel that you are a benefactor. Oh, I could endure anything if I only thought my hair would be a handsome auburn when I grew up. It would be so much easier to be good if one’s hair was a handsome auburn, don’t you think? And now may I go out into your garden and sit on that bench under the apple-trees while you and Marilla are talking? There is so much more scope for imagination out there.”

“Laws, yes, run along, child. And you can pick a bouquet of them white June lilies over in the corner if you like.”

As the door closed behind Anne, Mrs. Lynde got briskly up to light a lamp.

“She’s a real odd little thing. Take this chair, Marilla; it’s easier than the one you’ve got; I just keep that for the hired boy to sit on. Yes, she certainly is an odd child, but there is something kind of taking about her after all. I don’t feel so surprised at you and Matthew keeping her as I did—nor so sorry for you, either. She may turn out all right. Of course, she has a queer way of expressing herself—a little too—well, too kind of forcible, you know; but she’ll likely get over that now that she’s come to live among civilized folks. And then, her temper’s pretty quick, I guess; but there’s one comfort, a child that has a quick temper, just blaze up and cool down, ain’t never likely to be sly or deceitful. Preserve me from a sly child, that’s what. On the whole, Marilla, I kind of like her.”

When Marilla went home Anne came out of the fragrant twilight of the orchard with a sheaf of white narcissi in her hands.