

## Side - Anne and Rachel Lynde

**MARILLA:** Anne, this is Mrs. Rachel Lynde.

**ANNE:** (*Going on in excitement.*) —and there's going to be a picnic in a few weeks with boating on the pond, and we are all supposed to bring baskets. You will help me with mine, won't you? Because I've never been a particularly good cook.

**RACHEL:** My, my. She certainly can chatter on right enough. Come here, child. Well, they certainly didn't pick you for your looks, that's sure and certain. She's terribly skinny and homely, Marilla. Let me have a look at you. Lawful heart, did you ever see such freckles? And that hair, red as carrots. Come here, child, I say.

**ANNE:** (*Crosses to RACHEL.*) I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! How dare you call me skinny and ugly? How dare you say I'm freckled and red-headed? You are a rude, impolite, unfeeling woman!

**MARILLA:** Anne!

**ANNE:** (*To RACHEL.*) How would you like to have such things said about you? How would you like to be told that you're fat and clumsy and probably haven't a spark of imagination? I don't care if I do hurt your feelings, for you have hurt mine even worse than Mrs. Hammond's drunken husband ever did. I'll never forgive you for it.

**RACHEL:** Did anybody ever see such a temper?! Well, I don't envy your job bringing that up, Marilla.

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

**RACHEL:** Well, I see that I'll have to be more careful what I say after this since the feelings of orphans brought from goodness knows where have to be considered above everything else. If it were me, I'd give her a talking to with a two foot birch switch. Her hair matches her temper! I'll be taking my leave right now.