

B. S. PRODUCTIONS

presents the Canadian classic



Credit: The Anne Store

Anne of Green Gables the Musical™

Book by Donald Harron

Music by Norman Campbell

Adapted from the novel by L. M. Montgomery

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES - THE MUSICAL

is presented by arrangement with Concord Theatricals. www.concordtheatricals.com

CALL FOR AUDITIONS

We encourage everyone planning to audition to attend our **music theatre workshop** on Sunday, August 27, 2:00-4:00pm. We'll introduce the show, enjoy some singing, acting and dancing, and give you a taste of what it's like to be part of a B. S. Productions event.

Individual auditions will be held September 27 and 30 at the Sundre Arts Centre. The show needs a large cast, and we're looking for a wide range of ages, male and female. Previous singing and acting experience is desirable, but not required.

If you have not acted in one of our previous shows, or even if you have, we invite you to send us a video recording of yourself singing a favourite song. About 2 minutes would be ample. Use a recorded karaoke-style accompaniment, or accompany yourself if you play piano or guitar. After your song, record yourself reading out loud one of the excerpts on the next page.

Send your video by July 31 to info@bs-productions.ca, or by text to 403-638-6765 and 403-638-8214, or via a private YouTube link.

This video pre-audition is open to anyone interested in auditioning for the show. We think it will be particularly useful for those we haven't met before, but everyone is welcome to submit a video.

In preparation for individual auditions, please learn TWO of the following songs from ANNE OF GREEN GABLES—THE MUSICAL. Tell us which songs you choose, and we will provide you with printed music and a reference recording for practising. Jamie is happy to provide vocal coaching during the summer if you'd like some help to learn your songs.

We ask everyone auditioning to prepare: "Anne of Green Gables" (opening number)

Plus ONE of:

for adult males: "Humble Pie"

for adult females: "Did You Hear?"

for youngsters or teens: "Ice Cream" or "Kindred Spirits" or "Summer"

OR if you have an interest in playing one of the following roles, choose one of these songs:

Anne (age 14-18): "Apology"

Gilbert (age 14-18): "Wond'rin'"

Matthew (age 40-80): "The Words"

Marilla (age 40-80): "The Words" (reprise)

The audition will also include a short spoken scene, which we will give you in advance. Regardless of which songs you choose, or which role you say you are especially interested in, we will consider everyone for all the roles for which you're eligible. We make casting choices based on where we think your skills and talents will be most effective, and contribute best to the show.

You can find recordings of most of the music, sung by professional singers, on [this YouTube channel](#) and on iTunes.

Questions? Concerns? Please get in touch any time: info@bs-productions.ca

We look forward to hearing from you.

Brian Bailey, Director • Jamie Syer, Music Director
B. S. Productions

As part of your video pre-audition, please record yourself reading ONE of the following excerpts from *Anne of Green Gables* by L. M. Montgomery:

Excerpt 1:

Marilla came briskly forward as Matthew opened the door. But when her eyes fell on the odd little figure in the stiff, ugly dress, with the long braids of red hair and the eager, luminous eyes, she stopped short in amazement.

“Matthew Cuthbert, who’s that?” she asked. “Where is the boy?”

“There wasn’t any boy,” said Matthew wretchedly. “There was only her.”

He nodded at the child, remembering that he had never even asked her name.

“No boy! But there must have been a boy,” insisted Marilla. “We sent word to Mrs. Spencer to bring a boy.”

“Well, she didn’t. She brought her. I asked the station-master. And I had to bring her home. She couldn’t be left there, no matter where the mistake had come in.”

“Well, this is a pretty piece of business!” exclaimed Marilla.

During this dialogue the child had remained silent, her eyes roving from one to the other, all the animation fading out of her face. Suddenly she seemed to grasp the full meaning of what had been said. Dropping her precious carpet-bag she sprang forward a step and clasped her hands.

“You don’t want me!” she cried. “You don’t want me because I’m not a boy! I might have expected it. Nobody ever did want me. I might have known it was all too beautiful to last. I might have known nobody really did want me. Oh, what shall I do? I’m going to burst into tears!”

“Well, well, there’s no need to cry so about it.”

“Yes, there is need!” The child raised her head quickly, revealing a tear-stained face and trembling lips. “You would cry, too, if you were an orphan and had come to a place you thought was going to be home and found that they didn’t want you because you weren’t a boy. Oh, this is the most tragical thing that ever happened to me!”

Something like a reluctant smile, rather rusty from long disuse, mellowed Marilla’s grim expression.

Excerpt 2:

Gilbert Blythe wasn’t used to putting himself out to make a girl look at him and meeting with failure. She should look at him, that red-haired Shirley girl with the little pointed chin and the big eyes that weren’t like the eyes of any other girl in Avonlea school.

Gilbert reached across the aisle, picked up the end of Anne’s long red braid, held it out at arm’s length and said in a piercing whisper:

“Carrots! Carrots!”

Then Anne looked at him with a vengeance!

“You mean, hateful boy!” she exclaimed passionately. “How dare you!”

And then—thwack! Anne had brought her slate down on Gilbert’s head and cracked it—slate not head—clear across.

Avonlea school always enjoyed a scene. This was an especially enjoyable one. Everybody said “Oh” in horrified delight.

Mr. Phillips stalked down the aisle and laid his hand heavily on Anne’s shoulder.

“Anne Shirley, what does this mean?” he said angrily. Anne returned no answer. It was asking too much of flesh and blood to expect her to tell before the whole school that she had been called “carrots.” Gilbert it was who spoke up stoutly.

“It was my fault Mr. Phillips. I teased her.”

Mr. Phillips paid no heed to Gilbert.

“I am sorry to see a pupil of mine displaying such a temper and such a vindictive spirit,” he said in a solemn tone.

“Anne, go and stand on the platform in front of the blackboard for the rest of the afternoon.”

When school was dismissed Anne marched out with her red head held high. Gilbert Blythe tried to intercept her at the porch door.

“I’m awfully sorry I made fun of your hair, Anne,” he whispered contritely. “Honest I am. Don’t be mad for keeps, now.”

Anne swept by disdainfully, without look or sign of hearing. “I shall never forgive Gilbert Blythe,” said Anne firmly.

“And Mr. Phillips spelled my name without an e, too.”