Script: Part 1

SCENE: The woods surrounding the Hammond house.
ANNE: [reciting lines 10-18, 34-36, 37-45 from Lord Alfred Tennyson's The Lady of Shalott]
Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs forever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbower
The Lady of Shalott.
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "'Tis the fairy Lady of Shalott."
There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down [on] Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott."

MRS. HAMMOND: Anne! Anne!
ANNE: Coming Mrs. Hammond!
MRS. HAMMOND: Anne! Anne Shirley get in here this instant! [to children] It's alright honey. [to Anne] Go on, git, git! Watch it you sloppy girl, that comes right out of my babyies' mouthes.
ANNE: I'm sorry, Mrs. Hammond, but I was rushing so and it's quite heavy. That'll be my share so there won't be any less for the children.

MR. HAMMOND: Not those goll-darn planks!
TOM: What's the matter?
MR. HAMMOND: Not that junk, idiot!
TOM: Cut it out! [to others] Help! Get out here!
ANNE: What happened, Tom?

SCENE: The Hammond Mill.
MR. HAMMOND: Not that junk, idiot!
ONES: He's been in a temper over lunch. Screaming and swearing -- you know how he gets. He wouldn't stop.
ANNE: Someone take the wagon and go for the doctor.
TOM: He won't be needing no doctor.
SCENE: The Hammond house.
ANNE: [whispers] I know you understand. If I hadn't lost myself in the beauty of the day, the only beauty which has now deceived me, poor Mr. Hammond might still be with us.
WOMAN: There, there Nora. He led a good life. You have to think about yourself and your youngens now. Sell the mill and come and live with me.
ANNE: Mrs. Hammond, you must know how
much I want to be of help to you in your time of trial. I consider it a burden I must bear.

MRS. HAMMOND: I was daft when I took you in. It's all your doing. None but yours.

ANNE: I blame myself entirely, Mrs. Hammond. To have to wait and extra hour for lunch is a terrible burden on any man. I shall never overcome my grief. But going back to an orphanage would be more than I can bear. I beg of you, Mrs. Hammond, please let me stay with you.

WOMAN: Orphan children are all the same — trash.

MRS. HAMMOND: Trash. That's right, Anne Shirley. Poor, miserable trash that don't deserve no better.

SCENE: The Fairview Orphanage.

NURSE: Mrs. Hammond, Ma'am.

MRS. CADBURY: Mrs. Hammond. I sent a reply to your letter just this morning. I'm afraid we can not take the girl.

MRS. HAMMOND: But I've already had to divide my own sweet babies among my relatives, Ma'am. She ain't my responsibility no more. You have to take her.

MRS. CADBURY: Come here, child. Tell me what you know about yourself.

ANNE: Well, it really isn't worth telling, Mrs. Cadbury. But if you let me tell you what I imagine about myself, you'd find it a lot more interesting.

MRS. HAMMOND: Uh, she was, uh, twelve last March, Ma'am. Uh, born in Halifax. Both parents died of the fever when she was just three months. I took her in from a neighbor last year to help out with the youngens, but she's been in and out of orphanages ever since she was a wee thing, and she's not too proud for here.

MRS. CADBURY: And what were your parents' names?

ANNE: Walter and Bertha Shirley. Aren't they lovely names? I'm proud they had such nice names. It would be a disgrace to have a father called, well, Hezekiah.

MRS. CADBURY: Doesn't matter what a person's name is, as long as they behave themselves.

ANNE: Well, I don't know. I read in a book once that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, but I was never able to believe it. A rose just couldn't smell as sweet if it was a thistle or a skunk-cabbage.

MRS. HAMMOND: I don't know where she picks up them fool ideas, but she's a bright little thing, ain't she? And she won't be no trouble to you, I can promise you that. Well, this is a real Christian place you folks is running here and I sure am grateful to you for helping me out of this predicament.

MRS. CADBURY: Now, Mrs. Hammond, wait a minute. Mrs. Hammond! We can't take her for at least another month! There are papers to be signed!

MRS. HAMMOND: Lady, I got a train to catch.

SCENE: Bedroom in the orphanage.

ANNE: Katie, I'm glad we have each other. It's so difficult finding a kindred spirit these days.

MRS. CADBURY: Anne Shirley, get undressed at once. Have you no respect for rules and regulations.

ANNE: I'm sorry, Mrs. Cadbury, but I wasn't paying attention.

MRS. CADBURY: You haven't been paying attention for the past six months.

ANNE: Oh, I know I'll improve. It's just that my life is perfect graveyard of buried hopes, now. That's a sentence I read once and I say it over to comfort myself in these times that try the soul.

MRS. CADBURY: I've had a request for two of our girls to live with families in Prince Edward Island. And I've decided that you will be one of them.

ANNE: Oh, thank you, Mrs. Cadbury. Thank you with all my heart.

MRS. CADBURY: I've no wish to reward rebelliousness, but for good of
discipline it seems that I must. Perhaps this
new family of yours can
shatter this dream world you that you live in.
Now, get into your
nightgown and go to bed.
SCENE: The Bright River train station.ii
STATION MASTER: Are you waiting for
someone, Miss?
ANNE: I am, thank you.
STATION MASTER: Would you prefer to sit
in the ladies' waiting room?
ANNE: No, I prefer to sit here. There's so
much more scope for the
imagination. Thank you just the same.
STATION MASTER: As you like, Miss.
SCENE: The Lynde house.
RACHEL: Thomas! Isn't that Matthew
Cuthbert driving that buggy?
THOMAS LYNDE: Appears to be.
RACHEL: Well, he never goes to town this
time of year, and he never wears
a suit except in church.
THOMAS LYNDE: Maybe he's going
courting.
RACHEL: Don't be so utterly ridiculous,
Thomas. He's not going fast enough for a
doctor. Oh, my afternoon is spoiled! I won't
have a moments peace until I know what
that man is up to. Wearing his suit. Marilla
is simply going to have to explain all this.
SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.
MARILLA: Ah, Rachel, good morning. And
how are all the Lyndes?
RACHEL: Oh, we're alright as rain, Marilla,
but I was kind of worried about you when I
saw your brother drive by just now.
MARILLA: Oh, I'm fine. Just fine. Appreciate
the concern.
RACHEL: But he was in his suit and
smoking his pipe.
MARILLA: Well, I don't mind so long as he
smokes his pipe in the great
outdoors and not in my kitchen.
RACHEL: He was in his suit.
MARILLA: Yes, Rachel.
RACHEL: Well, Matthew never goes to town
this time of year.
MARILLA: Matthew wasn't going to town.
RACHEL: Oh, don't keep me in such
suspense.
MARILLA: He was going to Bright River.
We're getting a little boy from an
orphanage in Nova Scotia, and he's coming in
on the afternoon train.
RACHEL: A boy! You can't be serious. Well,
you don't know anything about
raising children. Whatever put such an idea
into your head?
MARILLA: Well, Matthew's getting along in
years. He's not as spry as he once was and
his heart bothers him greatly. Mrs. Spencer
was up here before Christmas and said she
was getting a little girl from the Hopeton
Asylum in the spring. Matthew and I gave it
good consideration. So, we sent word to her
by her niece, Roberta, tell her to bring us a
boy home while she was at it.
RACHEL: I shall be surprised at nothing
after this. Nothing.
MARILLA: We told her to fix us up with a
little boy, eleven or twelve; old enough to do
the chores, and young enough to be brought
up properly.
RACHEL: You know I pride myself on
speaking my mind. And let me tell you,
I think you are doing a mighty risky thing. I
wish you'd consulted me first. Well, it was
just last week, I read in the paper whe
a couple took a boy from an orphan asylum and
he set fire to their house at night, on purpose.
Burnt them to a crisp in their beds.
MARILLA: Well, I won't say that I haven't
had my qualms, Rachel. But Matthew was so
terrible determined and it's so seldom that he
sets his mind on anything that I felt I had to
give in.
RACHEL: And there was another case, six
months ago over in New Brunswick, where
an asylum child put strychnine in the well
and the entire family died, in agony. Only, it
was a girl in that instance.
MARILLA: Well, we are not getting a girl.
SCENE: The Bright River train station.
MATTHEW: Woap.
STATION MASTER: Oh, how do, Matthew?
MATTHEW: Hello, Angus. Is the afternoon
train due soon?
STATION MASTER: Well, been and gone a
half an hour ago. There was a
passenger dropped off for you. She's waiting
for you on the platform.
MATTHEW: She?
STATION MASTER: Not to worry, Matthew. I don't think she bites.
MATTHEW: Well, it's a boy I've come for.
STATION MASTER: Oh, she won't have any trouble explaining. She has a tongue of her own.
ANNE: I suppose you're Mr. Matthew Cuthbert. My name is Anne Shirley. Anne is spelled with an "e." I was beginning to be afraid you weren't coming for me today, so I made up my mind to climb up that big, wild cherry tree and wait for you till morning. It would be lovely to sleep in a cherry tree all silvery in the moonshine, don't you think?
MATTHEW: Oh, yes it would. I mean, no. I mean, there's been a big mistake.
ANNE: Oh, no, there's no mistake: not if you're Mr. Matthew Cuthbert. You are Mr. Matthew Cuthbert, aren't you? Mrs. Spencer told me to wait right here for you, and so I've done, most pleasantly I must say. Oh, this is beautiful country you have here, Mr. Cuthbert.
MATTHEW: I'm sorry I was late.
ANNE: No, no, that's fine, thank you. It's very light and thin, like me. I better hold on to my bag. If it isn't carried in a certain way, the handle falls off. I mastered the trick of it on my journey. It's a very old carpet bag. Not at all the sort of luggage I imagine the Lady of Shallott would travel with, but of course hers would be suited to a horse-drawn pavilion and not a train. Oh, I'm very glad you've come, even if it would have been nice to sleep in a wild cherry tree. We've got a long piece to drive yet, haven't we. Oh, I'm glad, because I love driving. It seems so wonderful that I'm gonna live with you and belong to you. I've never really belonged to anyone before, and the asylum was the worst place I've lived in yet. Mrs. Spencer said it was wicked of me to talk like that, but I don't mean to be wicked. It's just so easy to be wicked without knowing it, isn't it? Am I talking too much? Oh, people are always telling me I do, and I can stop if I make up my mind to do it.
MATTHEW: You can talk all you like. I don't mind.
ANNE: Oh, I know you and I are going to get along just fine, Mr. Cuthbert. I love this place already. I always heard that Prince Edward Island was the most beautiful place in Canada, and I used to imagine I was living here. This is the first dream that has ever come true for me. It's always been one of my dreams to live by the sea. These red roads are so peculiar. When we got into the train at Charlottetown and the red roads began to flash past, I asked Mrs. Spencer what made them red, and she said she didn't know and pity's sake not to ask her anymore questions. Dreams don't often come true, do they Mr. Cuthbert? Just now, I feel pretty nearly perfectly happy. I can't feel exactly perfectly happy because, what color would you call this?
MATTHEW: Red?
ANNE: Red. That's why I can't ever be perfectly happy. I know I'm skinny and a little freckled and my eyes are green. I can imagine I have a beautiful rose-leaf complexion and lovely, starry violet eyes, but I cannot imagine my red hair away. It'll be my life-long sorrow. I read of a girl in a novel once who was divinely beautiful. Have you ever imagined what it must be like to be divinely beautiful? Oh, I have often. Which would you rather be? Divinely beautiful, or dazzlingly clever, or angelically good?
MATTHEW: Well, I don't know.
ANNE: Neither do I. I know I'll never be angelically good; Mrs. Spencer says I talk so much that... Mr. Cuthbert. Mr. Cuthbert, what is this place called?
MATTHEW: The Avenue. Pretty, ain't it?
ANNE: Pretty doesn't seem the right word to use. Nor beautiful either: it don't go far enough. It is wonderful. Wonderful. They shouldn't call this lovely place, "The Avenue!" There's no meaning in a name like that. They should call it, "White Way of Delight." It's far more glorious than I could ever have
imagined.
MATTHEW: That's Barry's pond.
ANNE: Oh, no. This is the Lake of Shining Waters. That's its rightful name. Do things like this ever give you a thrill, Mr. Cuthbert?
MATTHEW: Well, picking up them ugly white grubs in the cucumber bed.
ANNE: Yes, I can see how that could be very thrilling.
ANNE: I've pinched myself so many times today to make sure that this was eal. But it is real and we're nearly home.
MATTHEW: Gid'yup!
SCENE: The Cuthbert house.
ANNE: I'm overwhelmed.
MARILLA: Matthew Cuthbert, who is that?
MATTHEW: It's a girl.
MARILLA: I can see that. Where's the boy?
MATTHEW: There weren't any. Just her. I figured we just couldn't leave her no matter what the mistake was.
MARILLA: You figured? Oh, this is a fine kettle of fish. This is what comes of sending word, instead of going ourselves, Matthew.
ANNE: You don't want me? You don't want me because I'm not a boy? Nobody ever did want me. I might have known this was all too beautiful to be true.
MARILLA: Come, come, now. Don't cry. It is not your fault.
ANNE: This is just the most tragic thing that has ever happened to me.
MARILLA: Well, what's your name?
ANNE: Would you please call me Cordelia?
MARILLA: Call you Cordelia?
ANNE: Don't you think it's a pretty name?
MARILLA: Is that your name?
ANNE: Well, no, it's not exactly my name, though I would love to be called Cordelia.
MARILLA: I don't understand what you mean.
ANNE: Cordelia is a perfectly elegant name.
MARILLA: What is your name child, and no more nonsense?
ANNE: Anne Shirley. Plain, old, unromantic Anne Shirley.
MARILLA: Anne Shirley is a fine and sensible name, and hardly one to be ashamed of.
ANNE: Oh, I'm not ashamed, but if you are going to call me Anne, would you please be sure to spell it with an "e".
MARILLA: What difference does it make how it is spelled?
ANNE: It makes a lot of difference. Print out "A-n-n" and it looks absolutely dreadful, but Anne with an "e" is quite distinguished. So if you'll only call me Anne with an "e", I'll try and reconcile myself to not being called Cordelia.
MARILLA: Very well then, Anne, with an "e", how is it that you happened to be brought and not a boy?
ANNE: If I were very beautiful and had nut-brown hair, would you keep me?
MARILLA: No. We have absolutely no use for a girl. Well, don't stand there gaping. Come along; bring your bag. Now that you're here, I suppose we'll have to put you somewhere tonight. Take off your hat. You must be hungry.
ANNE: I can't eat. I can never eat when I'm in the depths of despair.
MARILLA: The depths of despair?
ANNE: Can you eat when you're that way?
MARILLA: I've never been that way.
ANNE: Can't you even imagine you're in the depths of despair?
MARILLA: No, I can not. To despair is to turn your back on God. This is your room for the night. Wash up and then come down for supper.
ANNE: Yes, Miss Cuthbert.
SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.
MARILLA: I'm taking her straight over to that Spencer woman in the morning. This girl has to go straight back to the asylum.
MATTHEW: I suppose.
MARILLA: Matthew Cuthbert, I believe this child has bewitched you. I can see plain is plain you want to keep her.
MATTHEW: We could hire a boy, and she can be company for you.
MARILLA: I'm not suffering for company, particularly a girl who prattles on without stopping for breath. She's no good
for us. She has to go straight back where she came from.
MATTHEW: Well, we might be of some good to her.
SCENE: Anne's room.
MARILLA: Good night, Anne with an "e".
ANNE: You don't have to say goodnight. It's the worst night I've ever known.
MARILLA: Good night, just the same, child.
ANNE: Goodnight. Miss Cuthbert.

II Script: Part 2
SCENE: Outside the house.
MATTHEW: Little Jerry Buote from the Creek was around. I told him I guess I'd hire him on for the summer.
MARILLA: Hurry up, child!
ANNE: Just fixing Green Gables in my memory. In years to come I'm going to look back on Green Gables as a beautiful dream that will always haunt me. Don't you think it's--
MARILLA: You can think about it as you drive along.
ANNE: I shall never forget your kindness, Mr. Cuthbert.
SCENE: Mrs. Spencer's House.
MRS. SPENCER: Marilla. Marilla, dear. You're the last person I ever expected to see today. I'd imagine you would be getting Anne settled. How are you Anne?
ANNE: As well as a victim of tragic circumstances can be, Mrs. Spencer.
MARILLA: There seems to be some queer mistake, Sarah. We told Roberta for you to get us a boy.
MRS. SPENCER: Oh, Marilla, you don't say. Well, Roberta distinctly said that you wanted a girl.
MARILLA: I knew I should have gone myself.
MRS. SPENCER: I am dreadfully sorry, Marilla.
MARILLA: I suppose the asylum will take the child back.
MRS. SPENCER: Well, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Blewett was up here yesterday asking me if I could get her a little girl. She has such a large family, you know. Ten children and another one on the way, she's simply beside herself for help.
ANNE: Excuse me, Mrs. Spencer, would there happen to be any twins among them?
MRS. SPENCER: Oh, she has two sets of twins. How did you know, child?
ANNE: Twins seem to be my lot in life.
MRS. BLEWETT: Mrs. Spencer!
MRS. SPENCER: And you'll be just the girl.
MRS. BLEWETT: Mrs. Spencer!
MRS. SPENCER: And, oh, look, there's Mrs. Blewett this blessed minute. I call this positively providential. You, who, Mrs. Blewett, Anne Shirley. She'll be just the thing for you.
MRS. BLEWETT: Miss Cuthbert.
MARILLA: Mrs. Blewett.
MRS. BLEWETT: How old are you, girl.
ANNE: Thirteen.
MRS. BLEWETT: Ain't much to you, but you're wiry, and I don't know but the wiry ones can work the hardest. I'll expect you to earn your keep, no mistaking that. And I want you to act smart and be respectful. Alright, I'll take her. My twins have been awful fractious these days and I'm terrible worn out.
MARILLA: Well, now, I don't know. I feel I oughtn't make a decision until I speak to Matthew. I'll just take her home again and talk to him. Good afternoon, ladies.
SCENE: On road.
ANNE: Miss Cuthbert, did you really say it or did I only just image it?
MARILLA: I haven't said anything yet, young lady, except I want to speak to Matthew. Sending you back to the orphanage is one thing. Handing you over to the likes of Matilda Blewett is another.
ANNE: I'd rather go back to the asylum than live with her. Two sets of twins! Oof. Besides, she looks exactly like a gimlet.
MARILLA: Anne Shirley, you should be ashamed of yourself, speaking of a stranger that way. Hold your tongue and don't criticize your elders.
ANNE: I'll try and do anything and be anything you want, if you'll only keep me, Miss Cuthbert.
SCENE: The Cuthbert barn.
MARILLA: Well, aren't you going to say
anything, Matthew? I wouldn't give a dog I liked to that Blewett woman. It makes no sense to keep her. But if we did keep her, I'd expect you not to interfere with my methods. An old maid like me may not know much about raising a child, but I know a darn sight more than a bachelor like you. Oh, she could talk a hind leg of a mule, that's certain. Oh, wouldn't that be a change around here?

SCENE: Anne's room.

MARILLA: Have you said your prayers?

ANNE: I never say any prayers.

MARILLA: What do you mean? Haven't you been taught to say your prayers?

ANNE: Mrs. Hammond told me that God made my hair red on purpose, and I've never cared for him since.

MARILLA: Well, while you are under my roof, you will say your prayers.

ANNE: Why, of course, if you want me to. How does one do it?

MARILLA: Well, you kneel beside the bed.

ANNE: That's the part I never really could understand. Why must people kneel down to pray? If I really wanted to pray, I'd go out into a great, big field, all alone, and I'd look up into the sky. I'd imagine it was the dome of a great cathedral, and then I'd close my eyes and just feel the prayer. What am I say?

MARILLA: Well, I think you are old enough now to think of your own prayer. You thank God for his blessings and then humbly ask him for the things you want.

ANNE: I'll do my best. Dear Gracious, Heavenly Father, I thank you for everything. As for the things I especially want, they're so numerous it would take a great deal of time to mention them all, so I'll just mention the two most important. Please, let me stay at Green Gables. Please, make me beautiful when I grow up.

I remain yours respectfully,

Anne Shirley, with an "e".

Did I do alright?

MARILLA: Yes, if you were addressing a business letter to a catalog store. Get into bed.

ANNE: I should have said Amen instead of yours respectfully. Do you think it will make any difference?

MARILLA: I expect God will overlook it, this time. Good night.

ANNE: Good night, Miss Cuthbert.

MARILLA: That girl is next door to a perfect heathen.

SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.

ANNE: Good morning, Miss Cuthbert. Where's Matthew?

MARILLA: He had his breakfast hours ago. Been in the fields ever since. Why?

ANNE: I see I'll have to be up before the break of day if I'm to say good morning to Matthew. That is if...

MARILLA: If what?

ANNE: Please, Miss Cuthbert, tell me if you're going to send me back. I made up my mind to be patient, but just can't bear it any longer.

MARILLA: Well, you'll just have to bear it because I simply don't know. I though maybe we'd put it on trial for a while, for all our sakes. Would that suit you?

ANNE: If you think it's necessary, Miss Cuthbert.

MARILLA: I do. You may not be happy with two old grumps like us.

ANNE: I know I would be. I'd be happier than even I can imagine at this present moment.

MARILLA: Come. While you're eating your breakfast, I want you to learn that. You need a little religion in your life as bad as you need fattening up.

ANNE: [reciting the opening lines to the Lord's Prayer] "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." That is just like a line of music.

I'm glad you thought of making me learn this, Miss Cuthbert.

MARILLA: Then learn it, then, and hold your tongue.

ANNE: Yes, ma'am.

MARILLA: Oh, good Lord, here comes Rachel Lynde. Anne, take that card into the parlor, and then you come back here on your best behavior. I don't want her knowing you're a heathen.

RACHEL: Good morning, Marilla.

MARILLA: Come in, Rachel.

RACHEL: I'm shocked at this horrendous mistake I've heard about.

MARILLA: I've gotten over the shock, myself.

RACHEL: Couldn't you have sent her back?
MARILLA: Well, we're still considering on it.
RACHEL: Considering on it? What is there to consider? A boy would have
been bad enough but--
MARILLA: This is a friend and neighbor of
mine, Mrs. Rachel Lynde. Anne Shirley.
ANNE: How do you do, Mrs. Lynde?
RACHEL: Well, her looks are certainly
nothing to consider. I mean she's terribly
skinny and homely, Marilla. Come here, child.
Lawful heart! Her hair is as red as carrots!
ANNE: How dare you say I'm skinny and... carrots! You're a rude, impolite, unfeeling
woman, and I hate you!
MARILLA: Anne Shirley!
ANNE: How would you like to have nasty
things said about you? How would you like to
be told that you're fat, and ugly, and a sour
old gossip.
MARILLA: Anne Shirley! Anne Shirley, you
come back at once and apologize!
RACHEL: Mark my words, Marilla. That's
the kind that puts strychnine in the well.
MARILLA: You shouldn't have twitted her
about her looks.
RACHEL: Marilla Cuthbert!
MARILLA: Rachel is too outspoken. But she
is your elder, a stranger, and
my guest, not to mention my friend, all of
them very good reasons for you to have bit
your tongue. She deserves and apology. You
will go to her and you will give it.
ANNE: I can never do that. You can punish
me any way you like. You can lock me up in a
dark dungeon inhabited by snakes and toads,
and feed me on bread and water. I won't
complain. But I cannot ask Rachel Lynde to
forgive me.
MARILLA: If you expect to remain under my
roof, you will apologize to Mrs. Lynde.
ANNE: Then you'll have to apologize to Mrs. Lynde.
MATTHEW: Rachel Lynde deserves what she
gets.
MARILLA: Matthew Cuthbert, don't form
opinions for me. Next you'll be saying she
oughtn't be punished at all.
SCENE: Anne's room.
MATTHEW: I haven't been upstairs in this
house in four years. I guess you're leaving,
then.
ANNE: Oh, Matthew, I'd rather die
than apologize to Mrs. Lynde. It's so humiliating.
MATTHEW: Well, Marilla is a terrible
determined woman. You don't have to be
exactly sorry, you know; you can just be sort
of sorry.
ANNE: I'm not sorry at all.
MATTHEW: I hear Mrs. Blewett's an awful
work-horse. It'll terrible lonesome around
here without you. Couldn't you just kind of
smooth it over?
ANNE: You don't want me to go, do you? I'd
do anything for you, Matthew, if you really
wanted me to.
MATTHEW: Of course I do.
ANNE: I can't let Mrs. Lynde be the cause of
our parting. I don't have to be really sorry. I
just have to remove the disgrace I brought
upon Marilla's good name.
MATTHEW: Don't tell Marilla that I said
anything. She'll say I'm interfering.
ANNE: Wild horses couldn't drag it from
me.
SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.
ANNE: Miss Cuthbert?
MARILLA: What is it?
ANNE: I'm sorry I lost my temper and said
those rude things, and I'm willing to go and
tell Mrs. Lynde so.
MARILLA: I think that's a wise decision. I'll
take you over first thing. Now get up to bed,
and don't forget to say your prayers.
ANNE: Yes, ma'am.
MARILLA: I knew that if we left her alone, she'd come to her senses.

SCENE: Anne's room.
MARILLA: Hurry up, Anne. What are you muttering about?
ANNE: I'm just imagining out what I must say to Mrs. Lynde. Miss Cuthbert, you look so elegant!
MARILLA: You don't make an important visit in kitchen clothes.
ANNE: I think amethysts are lovely. That's what I used to imagine diamonds were like, and then I saw a real diamond in a ladies--
MARILLA: Oh, for goodness sake, child! Bite your tongue, and come along.

SCENE: The Lynde house.
MARILLA: Good morning Rachel. Anne has something to say to you.
ANNE: Mrs. Lynde, I'm extremely sorry I behaved so terribly. I've disgraced my good friends who've let me stay at Green Gables on trial, even though I'm not a boy. I am wicked and ungrateful, and I deserve to be cast out forever. What you said was true; I am skinny and ugly, and my hair is red. What I said about you was true too, only I shouldn't have said it. Please, Mrs. Lynde, forgive me. You wouldn't be so cruel as to inflict a life-long sorrow on a poor orphan. Please. Please, forgive me.
RACHEL: There, there, child, of course I forgive you. I guess I was a bit hard. But you mustn't mind me; I'm known throughout these parts as a woman who speaks her mind. And don't worry about your hair. I knew a girl once who had hair every bit as red as yours, but when she grew up, it darkened into a real handsome auburn.
ANNE: You have given me hope, Mrs. Lynde. I shall always think of you as a benefactress. Rachel: Marilla, what this child needs is discipline and a proper education. The Sunday School picnic is scheduled this week for Barry's field. I want you to take Anne so she can meet some civilized children her own age. Her tongue appears to be hinged in the middle, but she may turn out alright.
MARILLA: I'm sure you're right, Rachel.
RACHEL: And trial or no trial, you ought to put the girl into school.
ANNE: You could imagine you were my aunt.
MARILLA: No, I could not.
ANNE: Don't you ever imagine things different from they are?
MARILLA: No.
ANNE: Oh, Marilla, how much you miss.

III    Script: Part 3vii
SCENE: The Cuthbert living room.
MARILLA: How do you like them?
ANNE: I can imagine I like them.
MARILLA: What's the matter with them?
ANNE: Well, they're not very pretty.
MARILLA: I'm not going to pamper your vanity. These are good and sensible dresses. This one is for Sunday, and the others you can wear to school.
ANNE: I am grateful, but I'd be even more grateful if you'd made this one with puffed sleeves.
MARILLA: I cannot waste material on ridiculous looking frills and furbelows. Plain and sensible is best.
ANNE: I've always dreamed of going to a picnic in puffed sleeves. I'd rather look ridiculous with everyone else than plain and sensible all by myself.
MARILLA: Trust you for that.

SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.
MARILLA: I've looked in every crack and cranny. You might as well face it, Matthew.
MATTHEW: Are you sure it didn't fall behind the bureau?
MARILLA: I moved the bureau. I even checked the cracks in the floor. I know how you feel, Matthew, and in my heart I was prepared to let you have your way, but now I realize that I was right not to be too hasty. We can't keep her, liar and a thief, Matthew, and you know it.

SCENE: Anne's room.
ANNE: Marilla, I'm ready to confess.
MARILLA: What have you to say for yourself?
ANNE: I took the brooch because I was too overcome with irresistible temptation. I was imagining I was Lady Cordelia Fitzgerald, and I just had to wear the brooch over the footbridge of the Lake of Shining Waters, with the wind blowing my auburn hair over to Camelot. I thought I could put it back before you came home, but as I leaned over to look at my reflection in the lake, it slipped from my fingers and sank beneath the rippling waves. The best I can do at confessing. Now may I go to the picnic?
MARILLA: No.
ANNE: I realize the importance of the brooch, Marilla. Was it a keepsake from a tragic romance? You did say I could go if I confessed.
MARILLA: What you can do is pack your bags and start imagining your life with Mrs. Blewett.
SCENE: The Cuthbert foyer.
MARILLA: Rachel Lynde was right. I can't
imagine how I let that child worm her way into my affections. I'm furious at myself for having let this happen.

MATTHEW: Marilla!

SCENE: Anne's room.

MARILLA: What ever made you say that you took it and lost it?

ANNE: You said you'd keep me in my room until I confessed. I just thought up a good confession and made it as interesting as I could.

MARILLA: But it was still a lie.

ANNE: You wouldn't believe the truth.

MARILLA: You do beat all, child. But, I'll forgive you if you'll forgive me. Now, you get dressed for service.

SCENE: The Sunday School Picnic.

MR. BARRY: Hello, Miss Cuthbert.

MARILLA: Good afternoon, Mr. Barry. I'd like you to meet Anne Shirley.

MR. BARRY: Hello. Anne Shirley. How do you do, Mr. Barry?

ANNE: How do you do, Mr. Barry?

MR. BARRY: You should meet my daughter, Diana. She's over there in the garden. Matthew...

MARILLA: For pity's sake, calm down, Anne. And don't make any of your fabulous speeches. Goodness knows what Rachel has told them already.

ANNE: Oh, you'd be excited too, if you were going to eat icecream for the first time in your life.

RACHEL: Ah, Marilla. Anne.


RACHEL: This is the orphan girl that the Cuthberts are looking after. Anne Shirley, this is the Reverend and Mrs. Allan.

MRS. ALLAN: How are you, Anne?

ANNE: Well in body, although considerably ruffled in spirit, thank you.

[to Marilla] There wasn't anything shocking in that, was there, Marilla?

MRS. ALLAN: We must try our best to relieve your jitters. Won't you and Anne join us for tea, Miss Cuthbert?

MARILLA: I've been counting on you coming to Green Gables, now that you've moved into the manse.

REV. ALLAN: I've given Elizabeth tremendous reports about your home baking, and your red current wine, Miss Cuthbert. She is anxious to learn your secrets.

MRS. BARRY: Marilla, I'm so pleased you could come. This must be Anne we've heard so much about. This is my Diana. Perhaps Anne would like some icecream and lemonade, Diana.

MRS. ALLAN: I think she's enchanting.

MRS. BARRY: Will you keep her, then, Marilla?

MARILLA: Well, if she can avoid catastrophe two days in a row, I might have a chance to make up my mind.

SCENE: The three-legged race.

ANNE: Marilla has given me strict instructions not to talk a head off. I do have a habit of chattering on so. Why, if I could imagine myself as a bird, a magpie would probably be the closest thing I could resemble. Oh, Diana, I've always dreamed of being in a three-legged race at a picnic. Would you do me the honor of being my partner?

DIANA: But there aren't any other girls in it.

ANNE: You're a sturdy looking girl, and I'm fast. I know we'd stand a good chance.

DIANA: I guess so.

ANNE: Come on!

GILBERT: Hey, Diana, who's your friend?

DIANA: Anne Shirley.

MR. BARRY: On your marks. Get set. [gun shot] I never expected a daughter of mine to outrun the boys. I'm very proud of you, Diana.

SCENE: Barry's pond.

ANNE: I think we're heroic winners, Diana. Don't you?

DIANA: I think it's a shame that Gilbert had to lose on a count of Moody. Don't you think Gilbert's handsome?

ANNE: He is handsome. But I think your Gilbert is awfully bold to wink at a strange girl.

DIANA: I wish he'd wink at me. He's sixteen, but he's in our class. His father's been ill and he's been away for two years.

ANNE: Good. I mean, I don't want to be the only one who's behind in school.

DIANA: That's Mr. Phillips, our school teacher. He's dead-gone on Prissy Andrews, and Prissy thinks she's queen bee just because she's studying her entrance to Queens. He moons over her something
terrible. That’s Josie Pye, and she moons over Gilbert. Oh, Josie just want attention. I hope she nearly drowns.

ANNE: I wish it had me. It would be such a romantic experience nearly to drown.

DIANA: I heard before that you’re kind of a strange girl, Anne Shirley, but I have a feeling we’re going to get along really well.

SCENE: The schoolhouse.
MR. PHILLIPS: What is your name?

ANNE: Anne Shirley. Anne’s spelled with an “e”.

MR. PHILLIPS: We pride ourselves on our scholastic record. And we hope you will strive to meet our standards.

ANNE: Oh, I’m sure I will, Mr. Phillips. I’ve taught children younger than myself to read before, and both my parents were teachers. I’m positive we’ll have a lot in common.

MR. PHILLIPS: You will share a seat with Diana Barry.

ANNE: Oh, thank you, Mr. Phillips. Diana Barry is my bosom friend.

MR. PHILLIPS: Please take your seat and read your lesson. I must work with my Queens student now. Alright class. Take out your notebooks. Memorize the dictation from yesterday.

GILBERT: Hey, Carrots. [hissing] Carrots!

ANNE: How dare you!

MR. PHILLIPS: Anne Shirley! What is the meaning of this?

GILBERT: It was my fault, Sir. I was teasing her.

MR. PHILLIPS: Stand at the blackboard for the rest of the day. I will not tolerate this kind of indignant temper in my class. "Ann Shirley has a very bad temper." And she will learn to control it. You will write this one hundred times before leaving today.

SCENE: Outside the schoolhouse.

GILBERT: Hey, Carrots. [hissing] Carrots!

ANNE: How dare you!

MR. PHILLIPS: Anne Shirley! What is the meaning of this?

GILBERT: It was my fault, Sir. I was teasing her.

MR. PHILLIPS: Stand at the blackboard for the rest of the day. I will not tolerate this kind of indignant temper in my class. "Ann Shirley has a very bad temper." And she will learn to control it. You will write this one hundred times before leaving today.

SCENE: Outside the schoolhouse.

GILBERT: Anne, wait! I’m sorry for teasing you about your hair. Don’t be mad at me for keeps.

DIANA: Oh, Anne, how could you? Gilbert always makes fun of the girls. He calls me crow-head all the time, but I’ve never heard him apologize before.

ANNE: There’s a world of difference between being called crow-head and being called carrots. I shall never forgive Gilbert Blythe.

The iron has entered my soul, Diana. My mind is made up; my red hair is a curse.

SCENE: Anne’s room.
MARILLA: Anne Shirley. I’ve heard all about it. Now you open your door at once!

ANNE: Please go away, Marilla. I’m in the depths of despair.

MARILLA: Oh, fiddlesticks. Now, you open this door at once! Are you sick?

ANNE: Go away. Don’t look at me.

MARILLA: Oh, don’t play innocent with me. I’m so ashamed I don’t know where to begin. What do you mean by breaking your slate over some boy’s head?

ANNE: He called me Carrots.

MARILLA: I don’t care what he called you. You have no reason to lose your temper. Anne Shirley, what have you done to your hair?

ANNE: Marilla, I thought nothing could be as bad as red hair. Green is ten times worse. You don’t know how utterly wretched I am.

MARILLA: I little know how you got into this fix, but I demand that you tell me.

ANNE: I dyed it.

MARILLA: Dyed it? For mercy’s sake, child.

ANNE: But he positively assured me it’d turn my hair a beautiful raven black.

MARILLA: Who did? Who are you talking about?

ANNE: The peddler we met on the road today.

MARILLA: I absolutely forbid you to—. What’s the use? Well, I hope that this has opened your eyes to see where your vanity has taken you.

ANNE: What shall I do? I’ll never be able to live this down. I can’t face him again. Gilbert Blythe had no right to call me carrots.

MARILLA: You really smashed your slate over that boy’s head?

ANNE: Yes.

MARILLA: Hard?

ANNE: Very hard, I’m afraid.

MARILLA: I know I should be angry. I should be furious. What a way to behave your first day at school! But, it you promise me nothing of the sort will happen again, I won’t say another word about it.

ANNE: You’re not going to send me back?

MARILLA: I’ve come to a decision. Trial is
over. You will stay at Green Gables.

ANNE: Marilla!
MARILLA: I think you may be a kindred spirit after all.

SCENE: The Cuthbert livingroom.
ANNE: I shall never, ever look at myself again.
MATTHEW: Well, you're our girl now, and the prettiest one this side of Halifax.
MARILLA: Alright, now. Stop this nonsense.

SCENE: By a stream.
ANNE: Some girls in books lose their hair in fevers or sell it for money for some good deed. I'm sure I wouldn't have minded losing my hair like that. There's nothing comforting in having your hair cut off because you dyed it.
DIANA: This is the very last of the Queen Anne's Lace for the summer. Don't worry about your hair. No one even notices it anymore.

ANNE: Everytime I look at myself I do penance by saying how ugly I am. I don't even try to imagine it away.

SCENE: The woods beyond the Cuthbert house.
ANNE: Diana, aren't you supposed to be studying?
DIANA: I know, but I had to talk to you right away. That's why I used the white flags.
ANNE: Well?
DIANA: Just let me catch my breath. Mother thought I was upstairs studying, but I was in the pantry getting some cookies, and I overheard her talking with Mrs. Blair. They were talking about what happened with you and Gilbert Blythe, and mother said you have a disposition just like Marilla's. She said something about Marilla having been betrothed once, many years ago, but because of a quarrel, she never married, and she's had to live with her brother ever since.
ANNE: So that's it!
DIANA: What?
ANNE: Poor Marilla's been thwarted in love. It must have been a supremely tragic romance. Did they say anything else?
DIANA: No, but I'll keep my ears open. I have to go, now. Mother doesn't know I'm gone.
ANNE: Good luck on the exam tomorrow.

DIANA: You, too. I hope you stand first.
ANNE: I am endebted to you for life.

SCENE: The schoolhouse.
MR. PHILLIPS: Alright, class. Times up. Place your pencils beside your papers. I'll collect your papers once everyone has left. However, before everyone leaves for lunch, I would like to announce the mathematics half-term results. The three best standings are as follows: first, Gilbert Blythe; second, Anne Shirley; third, Prissy Andrews. I think Miss Andrews has shown excellent progress under my tutelage. Class dismissed.
DIANA: He's only smiling to congradulate you, Anne.
ANNE: I think he was trying to rub it in.

SCENE: On a road.
VARIOUS VOICES: It's Crow-head. It's Carrots. Load up, guys. Load up. Carrots. They won't come; they're chicken. They're going to go through the...
DIANA: Let's take the shortcut through the pasture, Anne. We'll be late.
ANNE: Don't be afraid of the bullies, Diana. We'll be completely civilized and take the road. I have no intention of arriving out of breath for our examination.
VARIOUS VOICES: Hit them! Harder!
ANNE: Charlie Sloan, you meanly little boy, you ought to be horse-whipped!
VARIOUS VOICES: You're right! Carrots! Carrots!
MR. SADLER: This will be the last time I catch you little trouble makers in my pasture. These feilds are not a free-for-all! You frighten my cattle to death and they won't be milked.
ANNE: I've never even set a toenail in your pasture before, Mr. Sadler. I was really attempting to avenge my bosom friend, Diana, from being tortured. Your cattle are such mournful-looking creatures, you can't know how utterly wretched I feel to have you think I'd frighten them.
MR. SADLER: You'll feel wretched alright, missy, if I ever catch any of you on my land again! Now, hop to it before I tan your backside! I intend to put a stop to this, for
once and for all.

SCENE: The schoolhouse.

MR. SADLER: I don't know what education on this Island is coming to, Phillips. You are the worst teacher this school has ever had. The order you keep is scandalous! You're worth half of what they pay you. And I know for a fact that you would never have gotten this post if your aunt wasn't on the board of trustees. I suggest, if you value your job at all, you'll discipline your students a little better, and keep them out of trouble and out of my fields.

MR. PHILLIPS: But, Sir.

MR. SADLER: Goodday, to you.

MR. PHILLIPS: Since you seem to be so fond of the boys' company, we shall indulge your taste for it this afternoon. Take a seat over there, next to Gilbert Blythe. Did you hear what I said?

ANNE: Yes, Sir. I didn't suppose you really meant it.

MR. PHILLIPS: I assure you I did. Obey me at once.

SCENE: The schoolhouse.

MR. PHILLIPS: Alright, let's begin the spelling bee. Miss Andrews, can you give us the spelling of the word chrysanthemum?

PRISSY ANDREWS: Chrysanthemum. C-h-r-y-s-a-n-t-h-a-m-u-m.

MR. PHILLIPS: Perhaps we'll turn our attention to your spelling now that you mathematics is well in hand. Gilbert, chrysanthemum.

GILBERT: Chrysanthemum. C-h-r-y-s-a-n-t-h-a-m-u-m.

MR. PHILLIPS: Hmm. Anne?

ANNE: Chrysanthemum. C-h-r-y-s-a-n-t-h-e-m-u-m.

MR. PHILLIPS: Correct.

SCENE: On a road.

JOSIE PYE: Hey, Anne! How do you spell freckles?

DIANA: Hey, Josie! How do you spell ugly?

GILBERT: Congratulations on the spelling test, Anne. Oh, well at least you're acknowledging me now. That's an improvement.

ANNE: It is impolite to pass a person without at least nodding, and so I nod out of elementary good breeding, nothing more.
MR. PHILLIPS: First, I'm pleased to announce that Anne Shirley and Gilbert Blythe have tied for first place honors in the term finals. And now, the sad news: I'm leaving Avonlea. I shall not be with you in the fall to guide your progress to even greater heights of scholastic achievement. Let us not have tears; partings are a natural part of life. To ease the pain of this news, I have glad tidings. We shall adjourn early this afternoon, make our way to the Spurgeon farm, where Moody's parents have consented to host a celebration in honor of my departure.

MOODY SPURGEON: Nobody told me.

SCENE: The celebration at the Spurgeon farm.

MR. PHILLIPS: Bye.

STUDENTS: Bye. Bye, Mr. Phillips.

DIANA: Father told mother that Mr. Sadler was going to get rid of Mr. Phillips, no matter what. And apparently the trustees are forcing him to leave because of Prissy.

ANNE: I can't help feeling sorry for him, even though he did spell my name without an "e".

DIANA: I wouldn't feel too sorry for him. He's got a position as a private tutor over in Charlottetown.

ANNE: I suppose some people consider it an accomplishment to walk a little picket fence, Diana. I knew of a girl in Marysville who could walk the ridgepole of a roof.

JOSIE PYE: I don't believe it. You sure couldn't, little miss bookworm.

ANNE: Oh, couldn't I?

GILBERT: It's a little risky, don't you think, Anne?

ANNE: Is it indeed, Mr. Blythe?

JOSIE PYE: I dare you! I dare you to walk the ridgepole of Moody's kitchen roof.

DIANA: Don't do it, Anne! Never mind her; it's not a fair dare.

ANNE: I shall walk that ridgepole or perish.

VARIOUS VOICES: She's going to fall. Oh!

DIANA: Oh, Anne! Oh, Anne! Oh, are you killed? Just say one word and tell me know if you're killed!

ANNE: No, but I think I've been rendered unconscious. [to Gilbert] Thank you, Mr. Blythe.

GILBERT: Anne, I'll call a carriage and help you home.

ANNE: That won't be necessary. I'm quite capable of getting there on my own.

GILBERT: I'm going your way. At least let me give you a hand.

ANNE: Thank you, Mr. Blythe, but I am going in the opposite direction. Come along, Diana.

DIANA: Anne, you should have let him help you. You're in no condition to walk home.

SCENE: Nearby forest.

DIANA: Of course you would take the long route when you've sprained your ankle.

ANNE: I wouldn't think of giving Gilbert Blythe the satisfaction of helping me! Why don't we cut through here? It's much shorter.

DIANA: But you told me this forest was haunted.

ANNE: I don't think it's haunted in daylight.

DIANA: That doesn't matter; it's always dark in the forest.

ANNE: Don't be afraid, Diana.

DIANA: What kind of ghosts would you say live in here?

ANNE: I'm not sure there are any. I only imagined it was haunted because it seemed so romantic at the time.

DIANA: What is it? Did you see a ghost?

ANNE: My foot caught on something.

DIANA: Charlie Sloan said that his grandmother saw his grandfather driving the cows home last year.

ANNE: So?

DIANA: His grandfather died two years ago.

ANNE: There's supposed to be a white lady who walked along the riverbank by Mr. Hammond's sawmill, wringing her hands and wailing. The men never actually saw her.

DIANA: Oh, Anne, don't.

ANNE: Perhaps she is now accompanied by
Mr. Hammond who is looking for his lunch. No, I shouldn't have said that. He may follow me here.
DIANA: Oh, Anne, I'm scared.
ANNE: So am I. Deliciously scared. Mrs. Hammond said she once felt the ghost of a murdered child creep up behind her and lay its icy fingers on her hand.
DIANA: Charlie's grandmother is a very religious woman, and I don't think she would lie. Do you think there may be ghosts living in there?
ANNE: It's alright, Diana.
DIANA: [screams]
ANNE: Stop it, Diana, and help me out!
DIANA: Why did we ever come in here, Anne? Are you alright?
ANNE: I twisted my other ankle.
DIANA: What are we going to do?
ANNE: You mustn't be afraid, Diana. I'll be alright here. Run home, find your father, and ask if he'll come back and get me.
DIANA: You'll get carried off by ghosts. I'd never forgive myself.
ANNE: Be brave, Diana. Go. I shall endure till your return, although I may be forced to faint if my imagination gets the better of me.
DIANA: I could never feel as safe as your are, Anne. Bye-bye.
SCENE: The Cuthbert field.
MARILLA: What happened to her?
MR. BARRY: No fear, Marilla. She's alright.
ANNE: Don't be very frightened, Marilla. I fell of the ridgepole at Moody Spurgeon's, and then I twisted my other ankle falling into an old well.
MARILLA: I should have known she would have stopped for summer this way, barely the last day of school.
ANNE: Marilla, look on the bright side: I might have broken my neck. And what would you have done if someone dared you to walk a ridgepole?
MARILLA: I would have stayed on firm ground and let them dare away.
MR. BARRY: Oh, now, Marilla, don't be too hard on her. I think she's doing a pretty good job being hard on herself, especially considering that she took first place in the term results.
ANNE: Tied for first.
But you can have as much as you like. I have to stir up the fire. There are so many responsibilities on a person's mind when they're housekeeping.

DIANA: It's awfully nice, Anne. Much better than Mrs. Lynde's. She brags about hers all the time.

ANNE: [from the kitchen] I'm not surprised that it's better. Of course, Marilla is a famous cook.

DIANA: It doesn't taste a bit like it.

ANNE: [from the kitchen] She's trying to teach me how to cook. But I assure you, Diana, I am a dismal failure. There's no scope of the imagination in cooking. You simply have to go by the rules. Last time I made a cake, I forgot to put the flour in it. I was thinking about the lovely joy about us, Diana. I imagined you were desperately ill with small pox, and when everyone deserted you, I went over to your bedside and nursed you back to life. Then I took small pox and died. And you planted a rosebush by my grave, and watered it with your tears. You never ever forgot the friend of your youth, who sacrificed her life for yours. It was such a pathetic story, and I was crying so, that I forgot to put the flour in the cake. The cake was a dismal failure. The flour is so essential to baking. It bubbled all over the inside of the stove. It was a mess. Marilla was furious. I don't wonder. I'm such a trial to her.

DIANA: Oh, I feel sick. Oh, I've got to go home.

ANNE: Diana, you haven't eaten yet. A piece of cake and another glass of cordial will be just the thing. Please, have some. [Diana falls over] You can't be sick! Wake up!

DIANA: Oh, I feel sick. Oh, I've got to go home.

ANNE: Diana, you haven't eaten yet. A piece of cake and another glass of cordial will be just the thing. Please, have some. [Diana falls over] You can't be sick! Wake up!

DIANA: I've got to go home.

ANNE: No. Lie down. You'll feel better. Now tell me, where does it hurt?

DIANA: I've got to go home. Oh. Oh, I'm awful dizzy.

ANNE: It's probably the small pox epidemic. Don't worry, Diana; I'll never forsake you. I'll nurse you back to health. Please stay until after tea.

SCENE: The Barry house.

DIANA: Oh.

MRS. BARRY: What on earth's the matter, Diana?

RACHEL: She's drunk!

MRS. BARRY: Anne Shirley, what did you give my Diana to drink?

ANNE: Only raspberry cordial, Mrs. Barry.

RACHEL: Cordial, my foot! The girl smells like Jake Griffith's distillery.

MRS. BARRY: Drunk? My daughter is drunk? And Mrs. Lynde, the chairwoman of the temperance society. You are a wicked, wicked girl, Anne Shirley! It was against my better judgement to let Diana associate with an orphan, and I've been proven right. Diana, will never see you again. Leave our property at once!

SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.

MARILLA: Drunk? What on earth did you give her?

ANNE: Only raspberry cordial. She had three glasses of it, but I didn't know it would set her drunk.

MARILLA: You certainly have a genius for trouble. This is current wine, can't you tell the difference?

ANNE: I've never tasted either.

MARILLA: Stop crying. It wasn't your fault. I probably put the cordial in the cellar instead of the pantry. I'll go over and explain.

SCENE: The Barry house.

MRS. BARRY: Marilla, I don't believe a word of it. Anne Shirley is a coniving, manipulative child, and she's pulled the wool over your eyes.

RACHEL: I've always warned you about making that current wine, Marilla. You said it wouldn't have the least effect on anyone. Well, I ask you.

MARILLA: It isn't meant to be drunk three tumbler-fulls at a time. And if I had a child that was so greedy, I'd sober her up with a darn good spanking!

MRS. BARRY: Ah! So it's my Diana's fault, is it?

RACHEL: It's the demon liquor's fault. And as I've told you for years, if you didn't insist on making that current wine--

MARILLA: My current wine is famous all over the Island, Rachel Lynde, as you well know, and the Reverend Allan, himself, is not opposed to taking a bit when he comes calling. And as for
Christian virtue, making a little wine for refreshment is far less sinful than meddling in other people's affairs!

RACHEL: Oh!

MARILLA: [outside house] Of all of the unreasonable, pig-headed, self-important women that I have ever met, she is the worst!

ANNE: I don't think Mrs. Barry is a well-bred woman. I don't believe God, Himself, would entirely meet with her approval.

MARILLA: Anne, you mustn't say things like that, especially in front of the minister's wife. But, if you left God out of it, you'd have it just about right.

SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.

MARILLA: This story will make a fine handle for all those folks who have always been down on my making current wine. I haven't even attempted it in the past three years. That bottle was only for sickness. Oh, don't cry. I don't see it as being your fault. I'm just sorry it happened at all.

ANNE: I can't describe, my heart is broken. The stars in their courses fight against me.

MARILLA: Don't talk such foolishness, child.

ANNE: Excuse me, Marilla!

SCENE: The woods beyond the Cuthbert house.

ANNE: Your mother hasn't relented?

DIANA: I told her it wasn't your fault, and I cried and cried, but it's no use, Anne. We can't ever be friends again.

ANNE: Diana, will you promise never to forget me, no matter what other friends come into your life?

DIANA: I could never love anyone as much as I love you, Anne.

ANNE: Do you really love me?

DIANA: Of course I do.

ANNE: Nobody's ever loved me for as long as I can remember, except for Matthew and Marilla. Will you swear to be my secret bosom friend?

DIANA: But isn't it wicked to swear? We're in enough trouble already.

ANNE: Not when you're swearing a vow. I solemnly swear to remain faithful to my bosom friend, Diana Barry, for as long as the sun and the moon shall endure. Now you say it.

DIANA: I solemnly swear to remain faithful to my bosom friend, Anne Shirley, for as long as the sun and the moon shall endure.

ANNE: Oh, she mustn't.

DIANA: I have to get back; she'll be suspicious.

ANNE: Wilt thou give me a lock of thy jet black tresses?

DIANA: But I don't have any black dresses.

ANNE: Your hair.

DIANA: Alright. I have to go.

ANNE: Farewell, my beloved friend. Henceforth we must be strangers living side by side, but my heart will be ever faithful to thee.

SCENE: The schoolhouse.

MISS STACEY: Would you join us in the classroom? And how about you? You want to join our class?

SCENE: Inside the schoolhouse.

MISS STACEY: Good morning, class. Please, sit down. I am your new teacher, Miss Stacey. I want to begin by saying that I think it's most unfair that the teacher should always have to ask all the questions, and I'm hoping that you'll be enthusiastic enough about my classes that you'll pepper me with questions. I shall do my very best to live up to the standards you were used to under Mr. Phillips. But, I caution you, I am unfailingly strict about punctuality and attention in class. However, I do believe that the best teacher serves as a guide, and I promise you that if you are willing to put yourself under my guidance, I shall do my utmost to help you form strong ideals; ideals which will be the foundation of your future lives. I want to look back on this class as
being the brightest, the most imaginative, the most committed students on Prince Edward Island.

SCENE: The schoolhouse.
MISS STACEY: Please remain after class, Anne. I'd like to have a few words with you. [after class] I'm disappointed in you, Anne. Reading novels during geometry class is a misuse of your time. Moreover, it's a deception.
ANNE: Can you ever forgive me, Miss Stacey? I promise I won't even look at Ben Hur for a whole week as penance, not even to see how the chariot race turned out.
MISS STACEY: I'm returning this to you because I know I can trust you not to let it happen again. Oh, Anne, you know I want to encourage you to read literature, to develop your imagination: it's a precious gift. But not during geometry class.
ANNE: Miss Stacey, I knew you were sympathetic to the human plight the minute we met.
MISS STACEY: I understand you have a plight of your own.
ANNE: Diana Barry. We were bosom friends, but alas, her mother's refused to even let her speak with me.
MISS STACEY: Yes, I had a visit from Mrs. Barry.
ANNE: I can't understand the social persecution of being an orphan. It is a terrible injustice to be falsely accused.
MISS STACEY: Sometimes people don't want to hear the truth, Anne. You see, it frightens them, so they put up walls to protect themselves from it. What we must bear in mind is that all these trials and tribulations that pop up in our lives, well, they serve a very useful purpose: they build character, as long as we can hold on to the lessons we've learned from our mistakes. Remember, we can always start everything fresh tomorrow.
ANNE: That is a tremendous consolation, Miss Stacey.
MISS STACEY: Hmm?

ANNE: Tomorrow is always fresh with no mistakes in it.
MISS STACEY: Well, there's no mistakes in it yet. As far as the truth goes, don't lose heart. Diana will always be your friend. No matter what anyone accuses you of, in the end the truth will set you free.
ANNE: The truth will set you free.
SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.

MARILLA: Did you bring the pudding?

ANNE: Excuse me for a minute, Marilla; here's something I've got to check outside for a moment.

MARILLA: What do you have to check? Oh, that girl.

ANNE: Perhaps we should have the plum pudding without the sauce.

MARILLA: Whatever for? I've never served it without the sauce.

ANNE: I forgot to put the cheese cloth over it last night. I was imagining I was a nun, on my way to the altar to take the vows--

MARILLA: Well, then you were lucky that the mice had sense enough to stay away from it. [knock at door] Oh, goodness gracious. Who could that be now, at this hour just before supper? Oh, Miss Stacy!

MISS STACY: Good evening, Miss Cuthbert. Well, I was just over at the Barry's and, well, I thought I'd take the opportunity to stop by.

MARILLA: What has she done, now? I hope this carfuffle with Diana Barry hasn't made her neglect her studies.

MISS STACY: No. No, no, not at all--quite the contrary. Anne is doing simply excellent work, which is why I'm here. I wondered, would you permit her to join a special class? You see, I intend to give extra classes after school for those students who intend to take the entrance exams at Queens.

MARILLA: The college in Charlottetown? Our Anne?

MISS STACY: She's bright and energetic, and, well, very determined. I think that she could pass for a teacher, or even go on to the university.

MARILLA: Well, I always thought that a girl should learn to make a living; it's a very insecure world. Well, of course she can join the class, if she wants to.

MISS STACY: Well, that is wonderful!

MARILLA: Why don't you stay for supper? I'm just about to set the table.

MISS STACY: Oh, no. Oh, no. I-- Really, I couldn't impose.

MARILLA: Oh, stuff and nonsense! You wouldn't be imposing at all, and then you can tell Anne all about it, yourself.

MISS STACY: Well, alright.

SCENE: The Cuthbert living room.

MISS STACY: That was a delicious din, Miss Cuthbert.

MARILLA: Oh, thank you, Miss Stacy. Anne actually made this plum pudding herself.

MISS STACY: Oh really? Well, I can hardly wait to taste it.

MARILLA: Why don't you stay for supper? I'm just about to set the table.

MISS STACY: Oh, please, do.

ANNE: DON'T EAT IT, MISS STACY!

MARILLA: Anne, what is wrong with you?

ANNE: A mouse drowned in the sauce, Marilla. I was working up the courage to tell you when Miss Stacy came and...

MARILLA: Anne, if you intend to go for teacher, you are going to have to give up your featherbrained ways. You are not interested in anything but your silly daydreams and nothing else.

ANNE: I really am trying to overcome my faults, Marilla. I chatter on far too much. But if you only knew how many things I want to say and don't, you'd give me some credit.

MISS STACY: [laughs]

ANNE: Well, I suppose in the end it was a romantic way to perish, for a mouse.

SCENE: The schoolhouse.

MISS STACY: Marissa.

STUDENT: Thank you.

MISS STACY: Good afternoon. Diana.

DIANA: Thank you, Miss Stacy.

MISS STACY: You're welcome.

ANNE: Aren't you going to be in the Queen's class?

DIANA: Mother says I should concentrate on learning to run a household instead of pouring over books so much.

ANNE: Oh, Diana. I feel as though you've tasted the bitterness of death.

MISS STACY: Alright class. Let's start with the Latin verbs. We'll move on
to algebra after that. Please open your books at page three.

SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.
MARILLA: Now be sure you get Matthew's meals on time, and I should be home tomorrow before supper.
ANNE: Have a lovely time. Do you think you'll meet the prime minister?
MARILLA: Oh, if Rachel has anything to do with it, we'll more than meet him. He shall be subjected to a lecture on the ills of Prince Edward Island, the country, and the world -- in that order. Be good.
ANNE: Bye.
SCENE: The Cuthbert living room.
ANNE: Mrs. Lynde says the country's going to the dogs, the way the government runs things. Do you think that's true, Matthew?
MATTHEW: Rachel Lynde is a Grit.
ANNE: She says, "If women were allowed to vote, we would soon see a blessed change." Which way do you vote, Matthew?
MATTHEW: I vote Conservative.
ANNE: Then I'm a Conservative, too. I'm glad 'cause Gil-- I mean, some of the boys at school are Grits. Ruby Gillis says that when a man is courting, he always has to agree with the girl's mother in religion and her father in politics. Ruby Gillis knows all about courting because she has three older sisters. Did you ever go courting, Matthew?
MATTHEW: Well, I don't know if I have.
ANNE: Never, ever, ever? [he shakes his head no] Why ever not?
MATTHEW: Well, I couldn't do it without talking to a girl.
ANNE: Well, I'm sure there were many broken hearts as a result.
MATTHEW: Oh, go on.
ANNE: Ruby Gillis says when she grows up, she wants to have a line of beaus on a string and make them crazy for her. I'd rather have one in his rightful mind. There are some things in this world that even I cannot hope to understand.
MATTHEW: Well, I don't know if I can comprehend all of them, either.
ANNE: Diana?
DIANA: My little sister's awful sick with the croup, and Mary Joe's babysitting. She doesn't know what to do. And we can't get word to mother and father because they're at the rally still.
ANNE: Don't worry, Diana. Matthew will get the doctor. We're such kindred spirits. I can read his thoughts.
DIANA: Dr. Blair's at the rally, too. Oh, Anne, I'm scared. The baby can't breathe.
ANNE: Get my coat, Diana. Stop crying, Diana. I know exactly what to do for the croup. Ipecac is an expectorant. Mrs. Hammond's three sets of twins all had croup regularly, Diana, and it was me that treated them.
SCENE: The Barry house.
ANNE: She's pretty bad, but I've seen worse. Put some wood in the stove, Mary Joe, and boil some water. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but you might have thought of that before if you'd had any imagination. Diana, get a fresh change of clothes, and I'll keep administering the ipecac. [later]
I've given her the last of the ipecac. Mary Joe, look after the water. We'll change the muster plaster. [still later, to doctor] I gave her every last drop of ipecac, but it wasn't until she coughed up the phlegm that she really began to improve. You must imagine my relief, doctor. Some things cannot be expressed in words.
DOCTOR: Would have been too late by the time I got here. You saved this little baby's life.
SCENE: On a road.
ANNE: I can't go to school. I can barely keep my eyes open. But I hate to stay at home; Gil will get ahead and...
MATTHEW: Gid'yuup!
SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.
ANNE: Good morning.
MARILLA: Afternoon's more like it, Anne.
You slept the day away, though no one's ever been more entitled to it, I hear.

ANNE: Did you meet the prime minister? What does he look like?

MARILLA: Well, he certainly didn't become prime minister on account of his looks, but he's a fine speaker. He shook my hand.

ANNE: How exciting. I can just imagine the thrill of the rally with all those people.

MARILLA: Mrs. Barry was over here before begging to see you. I wasn't about to wake you. You're invited to dinner. I should imagine humble pie is on the menu.

ANNE: Marilla, may I go right now? I'm aching to see Diana.

SCENE: The Barry house.

MRS. BARRY: I'm so ashamed, Anne. You saved my baby's life.

ANNE: I harbor no hard feelings toward you, Mrs. Barry. I hope you believe me once and for all that I never meant to intoxicate Diana.

MRS. BARRY: Of course I believe you, child. I'm so sorry I ever doubted you.

DIANA: Mother says you can come with us to the Christmas ball at Carmody.

MRS. BARRY: And we'd be honored if you'd stay the night with Diana as well. It's a very special occasion, and you would be our guest of honor.

SCENE: The Cuthbert living room.

MARILLA: You can calm down because you're not going. For a woman so adamantly against current wine, I'm surprised she's allowing Diana to go. The ball is for adults, not children.

ANNE: But Marilla, it's Christmas. The minister's gonna to be there. He's giving an address, and that's almost the same as a sermon.

MARILLA: You heard what I said, and you know what I meant by it. There'll be plenty of balls when you're older.

ANNE: I was invited to spend the night. I'm to be the guest of honor.

MARILLA: Ah, well, it's just an honor you'll have to forego, aye? Now off to bed.

ANNE: This is a wound I shall bear forever. Good night.

MATTHEW: You'd have been proud of her presence of mind, the way she saved that Barry baby. Why don't you let her go?

MARILLA: Remember, Matthew, who we agreed would be raising her. Mrs. Barry just wants to ease her conscience, and I'm not going to allow it. And no amount of huffing and puffing from you, is going to change my mind. You'd let her go to the moon, if she had the notion. Well, I don't approve of balls. Just full her head with nonsense.

MATTHEW: Fact is, Marilla, you never went to a ball. Fact is, this whole idea's got you scared to death. That little girl ought to have all the kindness we can give her. We've got no call to raise her as cheerless as we was. It ain't interfering to have an opinion. Besides, it's Christmas. You ought to let her go.

SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.

MARILLA: Alright, you can go. This is all Matthew's doing, though: I wash my hands of it. If you get overheated and catch pneumonia, blame Matthew.

ANNE: Marilla, I dreamt last night that I arrived at the ball in puffed sleeves and everyone was overcome by my regal am--

MARILLA: Regal, my eye. You're dripping dirty, greasy water all over my clean floor! And if I have to listen to anymore of this, I'll just change my mind, that's what I'll do.

SCENE: Lawson's Mercantile

ALICE LAWSON: Well, Mr. Cuthbert, what can I do for you today?

MATTHEW: Well, now, uh... I'd like, uh... Have you got any, uh... Do you have any garden rakes?

ALICE LAWSON: Now, we don't carry garden rakes in the store in December, but I'll check upstairs. We may have one or two in storage. [leaves; returns] The very last one.

MATTHEW: Oh, that's nice.

ALICE LAWSON: Will there be anything else,
Mr. Cuthbert?
MATTHEW: Well, since you suggested, uh... I might want to look at some hayseed.
ALICE LAWSON: Oh, we don't carry hayseed till spring, Mr. Cuthbert.
MATTHEW: Oh, certainly. Of course.
ALICE LAWSON: That'll be 75 cents for the rake, Mr. Cuthbert.
MATTHEW: Uh, while I'm here, uh... I might want to look at, uh... If it wouldn't be too much trouble, uh...
ALICE LAWSON: Yes...
MATTHEW: Sugar.
ALICE LAWSON: Sugar?
MATTHEW: Some sugar.
ALICE LAWSON: Oh, white or brown?
MATTHEW: Well, uh... What would you say?
ALICE LAWSON: Well, we have some nice brown sugar in stock, Mr. Cuthbert. How much would you like?
MATTHEW: Well... Would twenty pounds be enough?
ALICE LAWSON: Yes, I'm sure twenty pounds would be enough. That'll be $1.
MATTHEW: [whispering] I need a dress. With puffed sleeves.
ALICE LAWSON: Puffed sleeves?
MATTHEW: For Anne.
ALICE LAWSON: For land's sake, Mr. Cuthbert, why didn't you say so in the first place? Now, you just come with me to the window.
SCENE: The Cuthbert kitchen.
ANNE: Oh! It's so beautiful!
MARIlla: Brown sugar, indeed. I knew Matthew was up to some foolishness.
ANNE: Marilla, look at the puffs. MARILLA: They're ridiculous. You'll have to turn sideways to get through the doors.
ANNE: This can't be real.
MARIlla: I hope your satisfied, young lady. I don't want you strutting around here vain as a peacock, so now you go upstairs and take that off.
ANNE: I have to thank Matthew.
MARIlla: Twenty pounds of brown sugar.
SCENE: The barn.
MATTHEW: I should have waited till Christmas, but I thought you might want to wear it to the ball. Don't you like it?
ANNE: Like it? It's more exquisite than any dress I could ever have imagined.
MATTHEW: Puffed sleeves.
ANNE: The puffiest in the world. You are a man of impeccable taste, Matthew.
MATTHEW: I don't want to get your dress dirty.
SCENE: The ball.
MRS. BARRY: Diana. Enjoy yourselves tonight, okay? Hello, John, Martha, Elizabeth. How are you?
ANNE: I'm positively certain this will spoil everyday life forever.
DIANA: In three years, I'm going to wear my hair like Alice Bell. She's only seventeen and I think she looks ridiculous. I'm going to wait until I'm eighteen. My, my. Doesn't Gilbert look dashing tonight?
ANNE: Gilbert? I hadn't noticed him.
DIANA: It's too bad you've been so awful to him--he might of asked you to dance.
ANNE: If I wanted him to ask me, which I don't, he certainly would. Gilbert Blythe would stand on his head for me if I asked him to.
DIANA: Ah! He looked right at you again, Anne! I bet you couldn't get him to dance with you.
ANNE: Alright, Diana. If you insist. [goes over to Gilbert] Good evening, Mr. Blythe.
GILBERT: [to a friend] Tell your brother I'll be seeing him at the tobogganing party.
PUNCH WOMAN: A glass of punch?
ANNE: Thank you.
GILBERT: Diana! You look wonderful tonight. Merry Christmas!
DIANA: Merry Christmas to you too, Gilbert.
ANNE: How could you wish that person a merry Christmas?
DIANA: I gather that person didn't ask you to dance, after all. Well, will you give me the pleasure instead?
ANNE: Thank you. I believe I will.
SCENE: A room in the Barry house.
DIANA: I think Gilbert took your dance card.
ANNE: Such a romantic gesture would be utterly beyond his imagination.
DIANA: Well then who? Josie Pie?
ANNE: A secret admirer, obviously.
DIANA: We should get to bed before mother comes down. She said we could sleep in the spare bedroom. Isn't that exciting?
ANNE: Alright, then. I'll race you to see who get the warm side of the bed. Ready? Get set. Go!
SCENE: The spare bedroom.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Oh! Merciful heavens! What is the meaning of this?
DIANA: Aunt Josephine. Mother said you weren't coming until tomorrow.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Is that any reason to try to kill me in my sleep? Diana Barry, you are the worst behaved girl I have ever known. Your parents will certainly hear about this outrage.
ANNE: It's all my fault, ma'am. It was my idea to race.
DIANA: And we didn't know you were in here. Honestly, we didn't. Please don't tell mother, Aunt Jo. We're terribly sorry.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: I most certainly will tell her. She'll want to know the reason why I changed my mind about the music lessons I was going to pay for. You need a few lessons in behavior more than in music, young lady. Now get out of here and let a poor old woman get some sleep.
SCENE: The hallway.
DIANA: This is really dreadful, Anne. I've always wanted music lessons, and she's the only one in the family who's rich enough to pay for them.
ANNE: I'll explain tomorrow. Don't worry, Diana.
DIANA: She'll probably leave in a big huff first thing tomorrow morning. But I don't care. She's only father's great-aunt -- never been close. It was pretty funny, wasn't it? Did you see the look on her face?
ANNE: I can't have you lose your music lessons because of me. I'll just have to have a talk with her.
DIANA: Anne, don't. She'll eat you alive.
ANNE: I've had lots of practice in making apologizes before. Just leave it to me.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: What? Come to finish the job?
ANNE: Sorry I startled you, ma'am.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Who are you?
ANNE: Anne of Green Gables and I've come to confess.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Confess what? I'm not interested in the confessions of assassins who masquerade as little girls.
ANNE: It was all my doing, Miss Barry. Diana would never think of such a thing as racing to a bed and jumping on it. She's far too lady-like, whereas I am merely an orphan who doesn't know any better. So I think you ought to forgive Diana and let her have her music lessons back.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Oh, you do, do you?
ANNE: Yes, ma'am.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Do you have any idea what it's like to be wakened from the few hours of precious hours of sleep granted an old woman in a strange bed by two ferocious, wild girls landing on her head?
ANNE: I don't know. I can imagine it must have been terrifying in the extreme. And if you had any imagination you could have put yourself in our place.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: I haven't been in your place for forty-seven years, thank you very much.
ANNE: Don't you have any imagination, Miss Barry?
AUNT JOSEPHINE: At my age, imagination is a threat to life.
ANNE: Well, we honestly didn't know you were in there, and you scared us half to death. You should just imagine how exciting it was going to be for me to sleep in a spare bedroom, reserved for important company such as yourself. As it was, I had to sleep with Minnie May, and you don't know how she kicks. Mine was the sleep of the bitterly disappointed, Miss Barry. I was forced to lie awake all night with the knowledge that I had cost Diana her career as a world famous concert pianist.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: I suppose your claim to sympathy is as valid as mine. Do you know what I am composing here, Anne of Green Gables?
ANNE: I'm sure I don't, Miss Barry.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: It's a note expressing my outrage to Diana's parents. The trouble is I don't feel outraged anymore. So, what do you suggest.
ANNE: Perhaps if Diana apologized, which she's too frightened to do at this moment.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: I have a better idea. Suppose I reinstate her music lessons in exchange for you coming to visit me in Charlottetown on occasion?
ANNE: Me, Miss Barry?
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Yes, you, Anne of Green Gables. Diana can come along as well. You amuse me, and precious little in this world amuses me at my age.
ANNE: You seem a very interesting old woman to me. You're not an old ogre at all, are you? I didn't mean that. Excuse me, Miss Barry.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: I most certainly am an old ogre, and don't you let on any different. Will you come and see me? Then go tell Diana she can be a concert pianist after all.
ANNE: Thank you, Miss Barry. We appreciate your making up your mind so swiftly.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Good day, Anne-girl.
SCENE: The Hallway.
ANNE: You wouldn't think so to look at her, but she is definitely a kindred spirit, Diana.

DIANA: [reading from letter] "Please find enclosed, two silver bagels. One for you and one for the Anne-girl. I want to become better acquainted with you both. If you come to town for a visit, I will..."
put you up in my very sparest of spare rooms. Yours very truly,
Aunt Josephine Barry."
ANNE: You know, Diana, kindred spirits aren't as scarce as I used to think.
SCENE: The schoolhouse.
MISS STACY: Anne, do you intend to daydream during the Charlottetown exam?
Five minutes, class.
SCENE: In carriage on the way to Aunt Josephine's.
DIANA: Well, don't worry. In two days, it will all be over.
ANNE: This is one of those rare moments when not even my imagination can solve my anxiety.
SCENE: Aunt Josephine's house.
DIANA: Hello, Aunt Jo.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Diana. So, you've come to see me at last, you Anne-girl. Mercy me. You're both so much better looking than you used to be.
ANNE: I'm sure Diana is. My hair is still red.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Come in, come in, John. Take the bags right upstairs. Wipe your feet.
MR. BARRY: Aunt Jo.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: You must be tired from your trip. Nancy will prepare your bath and look after you. I suppose you want to cram for your exam tonight.
ANNE: Miss Stacy made me promise not to open a book, so I won't get the jitters.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: In that case, we can have a leisurely dinner after you've freshened up. And following your exam tomorrow, I've planned a tremendous surprise. Nancy, tell John I will have my tea with him in the palm room.
DIANA: I've never been here before. I didn't know she was this rich.
ANNE: No wonder she has so little imagination. That's one consolation about being poor—you have to dream all this up.
SCENE: The spare bedroom.
DIANA: I wish I could go with you and help you somehow, Anne.
ANNE: Don't make me nervous. I'm trying to imagine away this horrible, fluttery feeling around my heart.
DIANA: I have faith in you. You'll pass alright.
ANNE: I'd rather not pass at all than come out somewhere in the middle. Matthew and Marilla, Miss Stacy. Everyone has such great hopes for me. It would be such a disgrace if—
DIANA: Gilbert came first?
ANNE: I suppose I'd settle for beating Gilbert Blythe, if I had to.
DIANA: Just keep thinking about Gilbert, then.
ANNE: Yes, Gilbert.
SCENE: Queens Academy classroom.
PROFESSOR: Please do not touch your papers until all the examinations have been distributed, or they will be discounted completely. You may now begin.
SCENE: Outside Queens Academy.
ANNE: Ah. For one awful moment, I felt exactly like I did three years ago when I asked Marilla if I was to stay at Green Gables.
MISS STACY: You had me worried there for a moment. I could see you turning green. Oh, but I knew you'd pull through.
ANNE: Well, pass or fail, I'm going to miss you tremendously, Miss Stacy.
MISS STACY: I want to wish you all the luck in the world, Anne Shirley. If anyone deserves to be successful, it's you. I'll be watching out for you, even from Halifax.
ANNE: So, you really are going to leave Avonlea?
MISS STACY: I have my own little set of troubles. Oh, nothing to worry about. Remember, true friends are always together in spirit.
ANNE: Thank you, Miss Stacy, for giving all of us the chance to make something of ourselves. Someone else wants to say goodbye.
MISS STACY: I want to remind you of something you once told me. Tomorrow is always fresh with no mistakes in it.
SCENE: A café Ediner.
DIANA: I was born for city life.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: And what's your opinion, Anne.
ANNE: I hadn't thought seriously about it until now. I think I would probably come to the conclusion that I'd like it for a while, but in the end, I'd still prefer the sound of the wins and the birds across the brook more than the tinkering of crystal.
MADAME SELITSKY: [sings an aria, "Non mi dir, bell' idol mio" from the opera "Don Giovanni" by Mozart]
AUNT JOSEPHINE: What do you think now, Anne?
ANNE: I was wrong. I don't see how I could ever return to common life after this, Miss Barry.
SCENE: Aunt Josephine's house.
ANNE: Madame Selitsky had a definitive alabaster brow, Diana.
DIANA: Did you see Alice Bell there, parading around like she had an alabaster brow?
ANNE: If I had Alice Bell's crooked nose, I wouldn't-- Oh no, I shouldn't have said that. That's uncharitable. I was comparing it to my own nose and that is vanity. Someone complimented me on my nose long ago and I'm afraid I've thought about it far too much ever since.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: I ought to hire you as my court jester, Anne-girl.
ANNE: I wasn't meaning to be funny.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Well, I hope you both enjoyed the matinee.
DIANA: Oh, immensely.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: And you, Anne.
ANNE: Unforgettably.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Then you must stay with me when you come back and study.
DIANA: Maybe I'll come stay with you, too.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: You'd both be welcome! I haven't had so much fun since-- Well, never mind in how long since. I thought Marilla Cuthbert was an old fool when I'd heard that she'd adopted a little orphan girl. But I see now which of us was the old fool.
SCENE: Outside Aunt Josephine's house.
DIANA: Bye, Aunt Jo!
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Bye, girls.
ANNE: Bye, Miss Barry.
DIANA: Bye! Thank you!
ANNE: Thank you for everything!
AUNT JOSEPHINE: It was lovely having you here.
DIANA: Bye!
ANNE: Bye!
SCENE: In carriage on way home.
MR. BARRY: Hello there, Gil. You're on your way home, too?
GILBERT: Yes, sir.
MR. BARRY: Well, I wish we could offer you a ride.
GILBERT: Oh no, that's alright. I'm meeting Moody at the station. Anne, I wish you luck on the exam. I hope you come in first. You've worked hard.
ANNE: Thank you, but I'm sure the first will go to you.
GILBERT: Well, I guess we'll see, won't we.
SCENE: The Barry pond.
ANNE: Ruby, you be Elaine. You're the only one who has golden hair.
RUBY GILLIS: I couldn't lie there and pretend I was dead. I'd die of fright. Honest.
DIANA: You be Elaine, Anne. This is your idea.
ANNE: A red-haired person cannot play the Lily Maid. Tennyson would never approve.
DIANA: Your complexion is just as fair as Ruby's. And anyway, your hair's darker now than just plain old red.
ANNE: Really?
JANE ANDREWS: I'd say it's definitely auburn, and that's sort-of close to blonde.
ANNE: Ruby, keep quiet. You're spoiling the effect. Besides, this is hundreds of years before Mrs. Lynde was born. Diana, you arrange all of this. It's ridiculous for Elaine to be talking when she's supposed to be dead.
DIANA: Alright. Jane, the flowers. Now she's ready. Anne, for gosh sakes, smile a little. It says here, "Elaine lay as though she smiled." That's better. Alright, ladies. Let us send her to her watery grave.

ANNE: [reciting lines 37-41, 132, 141, 143-4 from Lord Alfred Tennyson's The Lady of Shalott]
There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down [on] Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
The broad st[ream bore her far away,
And as the boat-head wound along
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

SCENE: On the lake shore.
JANE ANDREWS: She looked so good with her hair.
DIANA: Anne!
RUBY GILLIS: She drowning! Anne's drowning!
DIANA: We have to go get some help.
RUBY GILLIS: Anne's drowning!

ALL: [screams]
SCENE: Under the bridge.
GILBERT: Anne Shirley. What in heck are you doing?
ANNE: Fishing for lake trout.
GILBERT: For lake trout?
SCENE: The Barry house.
DIANA: Nobody's home.
RUBY GILLIS: It's too late. She's drowned and we're murderers.
DIANA: Matthew. Come on.
RUBY GILLIS: [cries]
SCENE: The Barry pond.
ANNE: Well, if you must know, I was in Diana's skiff but it sprang a leak and I had to climb onto the piling or sink. Now, if you'd be so kind as to row me to the landing.
GILBERT: Ah, I see. Well, then the fact is I rescued you.
ANNE: Help was on the way and I was calmly waiting for it.
GILBERT: You're most welcome.
ANNE: I am grateful for your assistance, Mr. Blythe, even though it was not required. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to find my friends. They are likely overcome with fear for my life.
GILBERT: Well, Anne, wait. Wait a minute. I was just down at the post office to see if the Queens results had been printed.
ANNE: Congratulations on coming first, Gilbert. I'm sure you're very proud of your achievements.
GILBERT: Wait a second, you ninny. We tied for first place. You and I. I figured you'd have it for sure. We all passed--our entire class.
ANNE: First of all two hundred?
GILBERT: I'm sorry you had to share it with me.
ANNE: I never expected to beat you.
GILBERT: Can't we be friends now? This childishness has gone on long enough, don't you think?
ANNE: The fact that you rescued me unnecessarily hardly wipes out past wrongs.
GILBERT: Look, I'm sorry I ever said anything about your hair. You have no idea how sorry. But it was so long ago. Aren't you ever going to forgive me?
ANNE: You hurt my feelings excruciatingly.
GILBERT: I only said it because I--Because I wanted to meet you so much.
ANNE: Why did you turn your back on me at the Christmas ball?
GILBERT: Anne, that was over a year ago.
ANNE: It was a deliberate humiliation.
GILBERT: And I knew exactly what you were thinking, too, Anne Shirley. You and Diana Barry. Look, can we be friends now?
ANNE: Why don't you figure it out, if you're so clever.
GILBERT: Anne, wait a minute.
ANNE: Everyone will think I've drowned.
SCENE: Barry field.
DIANA: Oh, Anne. We thought you were dead. It was all our fault. And Ruby's having a fit. Oh, Anne, how did you ever escape?
ANNE: I climbed underneath the bridge and Gilbert Blythe came along and rowed me to shore.
JANE ANDREWS: Oh, how romantic! Of course you'll speak to him from now on.

ANNE: Of course I will not! I don't ever want to hear the word "romance" again, Jane Andrews. It's easy enough in Camelot, but it certainly isn't appreciated in Avonlea. Oh, I'm sorry I frightened everyone so. It was all my fault.
RACHEL: Well, I'm sure that John Barry will be pleased to hear that he no longer owns a dory, Anne Shirley.
MARILLA: Oh, you do beat all, girl. When are you going to have any sense?
ANNE: I think my prospects are brightening. I just saw the pass list for Queens. For better or for worse I tied, with Gilbert Blythe, for first.
MARILLA: First?
DIANA: Oh, Anne. You must be so proud.
MARILLA: I must say, you've done pretty well for yourself, Anne.
RACHEL: Well, I guess she has done well, Marilla. Far be it from me to be backwards when praise is due. You're a credit to us all and we're all proud of you.
SCENE: A bridge.
MARILLA: Woap.
GILBERT: Good afternoon, Miss Cuthbert.
MARILLA: Good afternoon.
GILBERT: I'm Gilbert Blythe.
MARILLA: Yes. You've grown into quite a young man.
GILBERT: So, you must be very proud of Anne. It's a real challenge keeping up with her at school.
MARILLA: Yes, Matthew and I are both proud. She has the talent to make something of herself. But she's still very young, Gilbert. Good afternoon.

GILBERT: Good afternoon, ma'am.
SCENE: Lawson's Mercantile.

ALICE LAWSON: So, what are you going to recite, Anne?

ANNE: I've decided to give The Highwayman. It's very pathetic. Laura Spencer is giving a comic recitation, but I prefer to make people cry.

ALICE LAWSON: Are you nervous?

ANNE: A little bit, even though I've stood out in public so often. But I feel very well-prepared and that helps.

ALICE LAWSON: Well, this organdy will look elegant under the electric lights at the White Sands Hotel. Oh, mother tried to convince me to audition for a violin solo. Can you imagine? I mean, I haven't picked up a bow in three years. The Charlottetown hospital is a worthy cause and all, but I am not prepared to suffer humiliation for it.

ANNE: We're all amateurs. They may be very sorry they've asked any of us to do it when it's all over.

ALICE LAWSON: Oh, hardly the case with you, Anne. After standing first at Queens, you can do no wrong in this community.

ANNE: Someone ought to tell that to Marilla.

ALICE LAWSON: Well, Mr. Cuthbert is sure proud. He plunks down his money awful quick these days for anything I tell him is pretty and fashionable.

ANNE: Alice Lawson! You devil! Don't you go abusing Matthew's generosity to me. You do have good taste though. I'll see you at the concert.

SCENE: On the road home.

GILBERT: Hello, Anne. Whoa. Can I offer you a ride home? You promised we were going to be friends. Remember?

ANNE: Well, alright. It is rather awkward with all these. It was good of you to stop.

GILBERT: Seems I'm developing quite a habit of getting you out of awkward situations.

ANNE: I thought a lot about what happened at the bridge, Gil. What I mean to say is, it was very rude of me to just run off like that. But I was very overwrought over learning my score--our score. I mean, I wasn't myself.

GILBERT: That's alright. Life's too short to hold grudges, anyway.

ANNE: It's valiant of you to say so. You'll go far with that kind of attitude.

GILBERT: You know what you're going to study at Queens, Anne?

ANNE: I intend on taking my teacher's license in one year instead of two, like Miss Stacy suggested.

GILBERT: Gee, I was imagining you would have a career on the stage. Well, I think you'd make a swell actress, especially as the Lily Maid. I hear you're giving The Highwayman at the White Sands recital.

ANNE: My life is an open book I see. Who told you that?

GILBERT: Well, I have a little confession to make. I was just at the Lawson's myself and Alice told me you were walking home.

ANNE: Oh.

GILBERT: I'm going to try to get you an encore while you're up there so make sure you have a second selection ready.

ANNE: No one is going to encore me.

GILBERT: Well, I have a little confession to make. I was just at the Lawson's myself and Alice told me you were walking home.

ANNE: Oh.

GILBERT: I'm going to try to get you an encore while you're up there so make sure you have a second selection ready.

ANNE: No one is going to encore me.

GILBERT: Well, I would. Especially if I had the honor of escorting you to the concert.

ANNE: Uh, I don't know. I promised the Barry's I'd go with them, but--

GILBERT: I think you're old enough to make up your own mind, Anne.

ANNE: I've always been old enough to make up my own mind. Very well then, Gilbert. I'd be pleased to accept your invitation. Could you let me off at the corner, please. I'm going to take a shortcut and show Diana what I bought.

SCENE: The Cuthbert house.

MARILLA: Well, say something, Matthew. She was holding his hand.

MATTHEW: She'd have to hold his hand if he was helping her out of the
MARILLA: What was she doing in that buggy?
MATTHEW: Nothing worth all this fussing.
MARILLA: She's just a child, Matthew. She doesn't know what she's doing.
ANNE: Hello everyone. Sorry I was late. I stopped over at Diana's and she just loves the material you chose, Matthew.
MARILLA: Anne Shirley, I've just been informed by a reliable source that you were seen at Avonlea crossroads in a buggy with a young man.
MATTHEW: Marilla!
ANNE: He only offered me a ride home. He was just being friendly.
MARILLA: Not according to Rachel Lynde.
ANNE: Rachel Lynde?
MARILLA: Yes. Rachel Lynde saw you.
MATTHEW: Marilla, she ain't done nothing wrong.
MARILLA: Matthew. Remember, in the beginning, I told you not to put your oar in.

SCENE: Anne's bedroom.
MARILLA: I'm sorry I lost my temper, Anne.
ANNE: Marilla, please. I never meant anything to come of all this.
MARILLA: And nothing has, as yet. Anne, you've changed so much: grown so tall and so stylish. You don't belong in Avonlea anymore. I get lonely just thinking about it. You'll be going off into the world to make your way and you don't want to make any ties here that you might come to regret later.
ANNE: No matter where I go or how I change, I'll always be your Anne. Anne of Green Gables.
SCENE: A Field.
ANNE: I want you to give this to him.
DIANA: [reading from letter] "Dear Gilbert, I regret that I will be unable to attend the White Sands concert with you. Sincerely, Anne Shirley." Why won't you go with him?
ANNE: Plenty of reasons why I won't go. I only accepted in first place because he dared me.
DIANA: Well, I think you owe him an explanation.
SCENE: Anne's bedroom.
MARILLA: I hope you don't ruin your dress driving there in the dust. It's far too thin for this damp weather. I'm sorry agreed to it.
ANNE: Thank you, Matthew.
MATTHEW: Well, there's no sense in saying anything to you, Matthew, but those pearls look absolutely ridiculous. I don't know where you get these silly ideas.
ANNE: Rachel Lynde?
MARILLA: Yes. Rachel Lynde saw you.
MATTHEW: Marilla, she ain't done nothing wrong.
MARILLA: Matthew. Remember, in the beginning, I told you not to put your oar in.
MATTHEW: Good luck, Anne!
ANNE: I'll be watching for you both.
SCENE: The White Sands Hotel.
DIANA: Gilbert gave me this in return for your note. He's coming to watch you anyway. I didn't want Jane or Gabby Brothers to see me.
ANNE: [reading from letter] "...to your own opinion. It would have been easier if you told me in person, if you still consider me your friend. Sincerely, Gilbert Blythe." I won't be accused of being a coward, Diana. He doesn't understand. Tell him I'll speak to him the first minute I can steal away tonight.
DIANA: Calm down, Anne.
ANNE: I'm so ashamed. I can't go up on that stage. I can't. I'll be merciless if I fail.
DIANA: You've never failed at anything, Anne Shirley. Go on.
AMELIA EVANS: [reciting lines 76-88 of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's The Wreck of the Hesperus] Ho! ho! the breakers roared
At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.
The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,  
In the midnight and the snow!  
[God] save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

LADY IN YELLOW: Mrs. Evans has just  
completed a European tour.  
LADY IN BLUE: Oh, she's a prodigious  
talent. I was moved beyond words.  

MRS. SPENCER: On behalf of the Charlottetown hospital, I would like to  
offer our indebtedness to Mrs. Amelia Evans for gracing us with such a  
stirring performance in support of today's  
benefit. Thank you. And now,  
ladies and gentlemen, I would like to present  
one of Avonlea's most  
celebrated students, who achieved the  
highest standing in the recent  
entrance examinations to Queens Academy:  
Miss Anne Shirley.

LADY IN BLUE: It will be amusing to see  
what arises from the local amateur actors.

ANNE: [reciting lines 1-6, 25-30 and 85-90  
from Alfred Noyes' The  
Highwayman]

The wind was a torrent of darkness among  
the gusty trees.  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed  
upon cloudy seas.  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over  
the purple moor;  
And the highwayman came riding—  
Riding—riding—  
The highwayman came riding, up to the  
old inn-door.  
"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after  
a prize tonight,  
But I shall [return] with the yellow gold  
before the morning light;  
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me  
through the day,  
Then look for me by moonlight,  
Watch for me by moonlight,  
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell  
should bar the way."

Back, he spurred like a madman, shouting  
a curse to the sky,  
With the white road smoking behind him  
and his rapier brandished high.  
Blood-red were his spurs in the golden  
noon; wine-red was his velvet  
coat;  
When they shot him down on the highway.  
Down like a dog on the highway,  
And he lay in his blood on the highway,  
with the bunch of lace at his  
throat.

AUDIENCE: Encore! Encore!  
LADY IN YELLOW: Dear, you were splendid.  
Go back. They're encoring you.  
ANNE: I can't go back.

LADY IN YELLOW: Yes, you can.  
SCENE: Reception area.  
MARILLA: Anne, I have to admit I was so  
proud.  

MRS. BARRY: Your recitation was as  
magnificent as Mrs. Evans'...  
MRS. BARRY: ...and she's a professional.

DIANA: Well, I overheard that  
romantic-looking young man over there  
asking who the girl on the platform was with  
the lovely titian hair.

MARRILLA: Whatever that means. JOSIE  
PYE: I saw you fawning over Anne  
Shirley.

GILBERT: Well, you sure couldn't get up  
there and give a recital  
like that.

JOSIE PYE: I could be up there on stage.  
GILBERT: Well, I'd like to see that sometime,  
Josie Pye.  

ANNE: It's plain red; it's just a fancy way of  
saying it.

DIANA: Well, he thought you were wonderful  
anyway.  
LADY IN YELLOW: You'll forgive me for  
stealing her away again, won't you?  
There are so many people waiting to meet  
our young Miss Shirley.

ANNE: Will you excuse me? I don't mean to  
be rude, but there is someone I  
absolutely must speak with. I'll return right  
away. I promise.
LADY IN YELLOW: Very well, dear. But hurry up, I have important people waiting.
SCENE: Outside the White Sands hotel.

ANNE: Gilbert! Gilbert!
SCENE: A field, at sunset.
DIANA: I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to talk to him, Anne. Blame me, if you want.
ANNE: It's alright, Diana. Some things just aren't meant to be.
DIANA: Did you see all those diamonds? I wish I were rich and I could spend my whole summer at a hotel eating icecream and chicken salad.
ANNE: You know something, Diana? We are rich. We have sixteen years to our credit, and we both have wonderful imaginations. We should be as happy as queens. Look at that! You couldn't enjoy it's loveliness anymore if you had ropes of diamonds.
DIANA: I don't know about that.
ANNE: I'm content with my string of pearls. Matthew gave them to me with as much love as ever went into any of those stuffy women's jewels. I am happy Diana, and nothing is going to hold me back.
VIII  Script: Part 8
SCENE: Bright River train station.
MARILLA: Hurry up, Anne. Do you think the train is going to wait for you?
ANNE: I'll take it, Matthew. It'll be easier if I go quickly by myself.
MARILLA: Getting emotional over nothing.
ANNE: Nothing? You both mean everything to me.
MARILLA: All this foolishness. You might as well kiss him, too.
STATION MASTER: All aboard!
MARILLA: I'm afraid for her, Matthew. She'll be gone so long. She'll get terrible lonesome.
MATTHEW: You mean, we'll get terrible lonesome.
MARILLA: I can't help wishing that she'd stayed a little girl.
MATTHEW: Mrs. Spencer made a lucky mistake, I guess.
MARILLA: It wasn't luck; it was Providence. He knew we needed her.
MATTHEW: Even with her queer little ways.
MARILLA: I loved her for them.
SCENE: In a carriage, Charlottetown.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: I like people who make me like them. It saves me so much forcing myself to like them. Oh, but I'd be a much happier woman if you stayed at Beechwood with me.
ANNE: There's no other place I'd rather be, Miss Barry.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: I know it's impractical. You need to be near the school. The lady who runs this boarding house is a gentle woman of reduced circumstances. You'll be quite safe. Here we are, Peter.
SCENE: The boarding house.
WOMAN: Miss Barry said you have a creative turn of mind, so I've given you my best room, looking out over the street.
ANNE: Thank you, I'm sure.
WOMAN: Cheer up, now. I've had dozens of students and not lost one of them yet. If there's anything you want, just let me know.
ANNE: Thank you. I can't cheer up. I don't want to cheer up. I'd rather just be miserable.
SCENE: Queens Academy classroom.
PROFESSOR: Those of you who have elected to complete the program for the teacher's license in one year instead of two, have a difficult struggle ahead of you, but you're here because we know you're capable of doing it. These first two weeks will be a probationary period in which you can decide whether you really want to complete the program in a single year. In that sense, these first two weeks will be the most important you spend at Queens. Bear that in mind.
SCENE: Outside Queens Academy.
JOSIE PYE: Anne Shirley! You look positively ill. Whenever your nose and eyes get red, you just seem red all over.
ANNE: Tell me, how are the first year students doing?
JOSIE PYE: Our French professor is a dream. He's the cutest mustache. Come for lunch and I'll tell all. I'm meeting Jane and Ruby and some others.
ANNE: Thank you, but I have other business to attend to.
JOSIE PYE: Gilbert won't be there, if that's what's worrying you.
ANNE: Whatever do you mean?
JOSIE PYE: Gilbert Blythe is a rake, and after his insulting behavior at the White Sands concert, I've decided to completely ignore him. Besides, there are far more dashing young men around here anyway.
ANNE: I'm amazed that Gilbert could even insult you.
RUBY AND JANE: Anne!
RUBY GILLIS: We've been looking all over for you.
RUBY GILLIS: What's second year class like?
ANNE: I don't know anyone. I wish you people had decided to go into second.
RUBY GILLIS: Second? I'll be lucky if I pass first.
JOSIE PYE: I don't care if I don't pass. My father can afford to send me back.
JANE ANDREWS: You know, Anne, Frank Stafford told me that the graduate that receives the highest mark in English Lit. this year wins the Avery scholarship: $250 a year for four years.
ANNE: Are you sure?
JANE ANDREWS: The board of governors is announcing it tomorrow. I'll be you for sure, Anne.
ANNE: I don't know. This is a much bigger pond we are swimming in than in Avonlea.
JOSIE PYE: Will you two goody-goodies control yourselves. There's a lot more to do around here than keeping your nose in the book.
JANE ANDREWS: Come on.
SCENE: A Cafeteria.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: So, you have been here one week and already you are planning to take an arts degree from Redmond College.
ANNE: I fully intend to win that Avery scholarship if hard work can do it.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: I never knew a girl with such ambition, except perhaps myself. But my ambition was money. God knows I've succeeded.
ANNE: I've never really considered money.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Probably just as well, though I can hardly believe I'm saying so. Wealth can be very empty when you don't have someone to share it with. But by the time I realized that, no one would have me except men who wanted my money more than I did.
ANNE: You aren't lonely, though, are you?
AUNT JOSEPHINE: Not with you in town! Now tell me, have you made all kinds of interesting friends your first week here, then?
ANNE: I've a small circle of friends, but no bosom friends, mind you.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: And what about young men in that circle of friends?
ANNE: I've become too practical for romance. Like Marilla, I shall probably end up an old maid. Miss Barry, I didn't mean that.
AUNT JOSEPHINE: It isn't all bad. A married woman could never be as cantankerous as I am free to be. But it's not a circumstance I'd recommend for you. Make a little room in your plans again for romance, Anne—girl. All the degrees and scholarships in the world can't make up for the lack of it.
SCENE: School library.
ANNE: May I leave this for Gilbert Blythe?
MAN: You can take it to him yourself, miss. He's across the hall.
ANNE: Thank you.
STUDENT: Can't you just picture it, Gilbert: Emily Clay, winner of the Avery scholarship?
GILBERT: Don't be too sure.
SCENE: The Cuthbert house.
MARILLA: [reading from letter] "Dear Marilla and Matthew, It hardly seems possible that the term is almost over. I've become so preoccupied with my work, I've almost lost track of time. But here I am with exams looming up before me, and for the time being, they are all there is in the world. But, as Rachel Lynde used to say, 'The sun will go on rising and setting whether I fail in geometry or not.' I think I'd rather it didn't go on if I failed. I miss you both very, very much. Yours lovingly, with all my heart, Anne."
MATTHEW: She sounds unhappy.
SCENE: Outside Queens Academy.
JANE ANDREWS: Oh, cheer up Anne. You have to win at least one of the awards.
ANNE: I'm sure I care anymore.
JANE ANDREWS: That's a fine attitude after all the work you've put in!
ANNE: I have no hope for the Avery. Everyone has practically said that Emily Clay is getting it.
JANE ANDREWS: You'll probably get the gold metal, then.
ANNE: Well, I'm not going to look at the bulletin board. I'm going to go straight to the girls' dressing room.
JANE ANDREWS: I'll come find you.
ANNE: If I fail, just say so, Jane. Don't break
it to me gently, and don't sympathize.

STUDENTS: Hip, hip, hurray! Hip, hip, hurray! Hurray for Gilbert Blythe, winner of the gold metal! Yeah! [clapping, etc.]

STUDENT: Three cheers for Anne Shirley, winner of the Avery!

STUDENTS: The Avery! Hip, hip, hurray! Hip, hip, hurray! Hurray for Anne Shirley, winner of the Avery! Yeah! [clapping, etc.]

SCENE: Beach front.

ANNE: Isn't that breath of mint delicious? I can't bear the thought of leaving here again.

DIANA: Four long years. I'll probably be old and grey when you do come back, Anne.

ANNE: More likely married to a dashingly handsome young man and too busy with babies to be interested in your former bosom friend.

DIANA: Such as who? Moody?

ANNE: I'll pray that someone wonderful comes to Avonlea and sweeps you off your feet.

DIANA: Gilbert's getting the Avonlea school you know.

ANNE: He isn't going to college?

DIANA: His father can't afford to send him so he's going to earn his way. Did you ever explain to him?

ANNE: Some books are better left on the shelf. I wish him luck, though. He's a determined young man.

DIANA: Then as far as you're concerned, he's fair game.

ANNE: Why, Diana Barry! If you were interested in Gilbert Blythe, why didn't you ever say so?

DIANA: Because I thought my bosom friend was in love with him.

ANNE: In love with Gilbert Blythe? Me?

DIANA: Yes, you. Gilbert did say that being smart was better than being pretty.

ANNE: Goodnight, dear, sweet Diana.

DIANA: Goodnight.


ANNE: Matthew! Matthew! What is it?

MATTHEW: I'm alright.

ANNE: Please, Matthew. You need help. We've got to get a doctor.

MATTHEW: I've worked hard all my life. I'd rather just drop in the harness. I got old; I never noticed.

ANNE: If I'd been the boy you sent for, I could have spared you in so many ways.

MATTHEW: I never wanted a boy. I only wanted you from the first day. Don't ever change. I love my little girl. I'm so proud of my little girl.

ANNE: Matthew, don't.

SCENE: The church cemetery.

REV. ALLAN: We have stood here in silent prayer at Matthew Cuthbert's grave, and struggled, each of us, to see the meaning in his life. But the mystery of death prevails. All we know is that we are troubled in our hearts that this evidence of death comes to all of us. In the end, all we know is that we loved him, and we commend his soul to Jesus.

GILBERT: Miss Cuthbert. Anne. I'm very sorry for your loss.

MARILLA: Thank you, Gilbert Blythe.

SCENE: Anne's bedroom.

ANNE: [cries]

MARILLA: There, now. Oh, dear. It won't bring him back.

ANNE: Keep your arms around me, Marilla, for a little while. Tears don't hurt like the ache does.

MARILLA: I know I've been strict with you. I don't know what I'd do if you'd never come. But you mustn't think that I don't love you as much as Matthew did. It's never been easy for me to say, the things from my heart, but you're like my own flesh and blood now. It's not right to cry so. God knows best. Oh, he was always such a kind brother to me.

ANNE: We have each other now.

MARILLA: Yes. Yes.
SCENE: Outside the Cuthbert house.
MR. SADLER: Morning, Miss Cuthbert. And how is Green Gables holding up these days?
MARILLA: Oh, pretty well. I haven't seen you around these parts much lately.
MR. SADLER: Oh, uh, business in Carmody takes all my time, you know what I mean. This sure is a lovely piece of countryside.
MARILLA: It is that. People in Avonlea say it's the prettiest acreage on the north shore.
MR. SADLER: Matthew kept up this place impeccably. You don't want to let it get run down at all. Decreases the value. Now may be a good time to consider selling if you want to get the highest value for your farm.
MARILLA: Well, I can't deny that the thought has crossed my mind.
MR. SADLER: You could certainly retire on what I am prepared to offer you.

MARILLA: Thank you, Mr. Sadler.
ANNE: What did Mr. Sadler want?
MARILLA: He once offered to buy Green Gables and he's still interested.
ANNE: Buy Green Gables? Marilla!
MARILLA: I don't know what else to do. My eyesight is getting weaker. Dr. Spencer says that if the headaches persist, I might lose it completely.
What if I can't run this place? Rachel has kindly offered to let me live with her.
ANNE: But you can't sell Green Gables!
MARILLA: Anne, I would go crazy if there was trouble and I was alone here. I'm sorry that you won't have a home to come to on your vacations. Oh, I never thought I'd live to see the day when I would sell this place. But, we'll survive somehow.
ANNE: You won't have to stay here alone. I'm not going to Redmond.
MARILLA: What do you mean?
ANNE: I'm not going to take that scholarship. I've already decided, but I hadn't told you yet. Mr. Barry said he'd run our fields next year, and I'm going to take the school at Carmody. They need a teacher and I'm sure they'd be glad to have me. I can drive back and forth until the weather gets bad, and then I'll board and come home on the weekends.
MARILLA: I won't let you sacrifice your education for me. I won't allow it, Anne Shirley.
ANNE: I am going to do it. I'm sixteen years old and just as stubborn as you are.
MARILLA: Oh, you blessed girl. I know I ought to stick to it and make you go to college, but I've learned better than to stand in your way. Gilbert Blythe will be teaching, too. Won't he?
ANNE: Yes.
MARILLA: What a nice looking young boy he is. He looks a lot like his father did at that age. We used to be real good friends, he and I. People called him my beau.
ANNE: And what happened?
MARILLA: We quarreled and I wouldn't forgive him when he asked me to. I wanted to after a while, but I was stubborn and I wanted to punish him first. He never came back. I, uh, always felt rather sorry. I, uh, sort of wished that I'd forgiven him when I had a chance.

SCENE: The Cuthbert porch.
RACHEL: Glad to hear you've come to your senses, Anne. Teachers course one year, and off the Redmond the next. I don't believe in women going off to college with the men, cramming their heads full of Latin and Greek.
ANNE: I'm doing my courses by correspondence, Rachel.
MARILLA: With all the work you have to do, teaching over at Carmody and looking after Green Gables? Marilla, talk some sense to the girl.
MARILLA: Mind your own business, for once, Rachel, and leave her alone.
ANNE thrives on studying.
RACHEL: Well, Marilla. She'll kill herself, that's all there's to it.
"Pride goes before the fall."

SCENE: Cuthbert fields.

GILBERT: Woah. Hello, Anne.
ANNE: Taking a short-cut, Mr. Blythe?
GILBERT: Miss Cuthbert said I could find you here. [gives her a letter] Open it.
ANNE: [reading from letter] "We would be prepared to agree to your proposal to engage Miss Shirley under contract for one year in the post of teacher at Avonlea Public School." But that's your post?
GILBERT: I took the liberty of speaking to the trustees about an exchange. I'll be getting Carmody and you can stay at Green Gables.
ANNE: I don't know what to say.
GILBERT: Don't say anything.
ANNE: You'd have to pay for your board. You'll never save enough for college. You can't--
GILBERT: I'll save enough. Besides, I'm keeping up my courses by correspondence.
ANNE: So am I. Thank you, for giving up the school for me, Gilbert. It's very good of you and I want you to know that I appreciate it.
GILBERT: I figure you can give me help with my work, and I'll call it a fair exchange.
ANNE: Aren't you worried I'm liable to break another slate over your head?
GILBERT: I'm more worried I might break one over yours, Carrots. I'll walk you home.

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i Orphan children are all the same -- trash.
ii The Bright River train station.