

ANNE SHIRLEY

I suppose you are Matthew Cuthbert of Green Gables? I'm glad to meet you. I was afraid I might have to sleep in that cherry tree. Oh, it seems so wonderful that I'm going to live with you. I've never belonged to anybody—not really. Think of all there is to find out! Makes me glad to be alive—in such an interesting world. Mr. Cuthbert, what do those lacy white blossoms remind you of? A bride maybe—with a misty veil. But nobody would ever marry me—except a foreign missionary who couldn't be too particular. Though I'd love to have a dress with great puffed sleeves. Never had a pretty dress—that I can remember. So it's more to look forward to, isn't it? Oh, am I talking too much? People always tell me I do. I can stop when I decide to, although it's very difficult.

MARILLA CUTHBERT

Anne, you're so grown up—never thought I'd see the day. Leaving the Island—going off to the University in Nova Scotia...And Gilbert Blythe—my, he's grown into a handsome lad. Looks like his father. We used to be real good friends, John Blythe and I. People used to call him my beau. I suppose you might have called it...a romance. Nobody'd think so to look at me. But you can never tell about folks—from their outside. Anyway, we had a quarrel. And I wouldn't forgive him. I was angry and I wanted to punish him. He never came back. I've always kind of wished I'd forgiven him when I had the chance.

MATTHEW CUTHBERT

Reckon you're glad we kept her Marilla? My girl! Earned a first-class teacher's license and an Avery Scholarship! (Has a moment of dizziness) Oh, I've been working too hard. I'm getting old. Just keep forgetting. Guess I've worked hard all my days and would rather drop in the harness. I suppose it would be different if we'd gotten that boy. But then, I'd rather have you than a dozen boys, Anne. Just remember that--more than a dozen boys. Reckon it wasn't a boy that took the Avery scholarship, wasn't it? It was a girl--my girl--my girl that I'm so proud of.

RACHEL LYNDE

As I live and breathe! Matthew Cuthbert! In his Sunday suit! On a week day! Where's he going and why? That's what I'd like to know. Doesn't need his Sunday suit to go after turnip seed. And he wasn't driving fast enough to go for the doctor. I'm clean puzzled and won't know a moment's peace till I ask Marilla. If you want my opinion—which I'm sure you don't—that brother of hers is the oddest fellow in all Canada! Can't get a blessed word out of him. Marilla Cuthbert! Where—for heaven's sake—was Matthew going in that buggy?

DIANA BARRY

I'm going to pin your braids up and put a big bow right here. There. I remember at the Christmas

concert, a silk rose fell from your hair. I remember, because Gilbert Blythe tucked it in his pocket. Oh am I not supposed to mention that name? What if Gilbert asks you to dance tonight? Will you accept? Is the old rivalry finally over? I'll probably end up with Moody McPherson stepping on my toes. Oh, I'd like to marry some dashing wicked young man and reform him! But it's not likely.

GILBERT BLYTHE

I'd like to talk with you, Anne. Anne, the trustees voted to give you Avonlea school. I withdrew my application and gave them your name instead. I knew you'd be wanting to stay and help Marilla. I already signed the papers at White Sands. So it won't do any good to refuse. I can be stubborn too, you know. Do you finally forgive me, after all these years? We were born to be friends, Anne. I only teased you because--because I thought you had wonderful red hair. I guess we have a lot of catching up to do, carrots.

MISS STACY, MRS. SPENCER

Miss Cuthbert, I want Anne to join my special class. I'm offering lessons after school--to prepare students for Queen's Academy. Anne is a clever girl, with a wonderful imagination. And, though she gets to daydreaming, she has a genuine talent for writing. I think Anne belongs at Queen's, Miss Cuthbert. Exams are a year away, but in my opinion it's always best to start early. Miss Cuthbert, have you considered Anne's future? Will she always have a home with you at Green Gables? Always is a long time...anything can happen. Shouldn't a girl be fitted out to earn a living?

MR. PHILLIPS, MISS HARRIS, MRS. BARRY

Recess is over. Slates out: time to check your sums. Very good, Ruby. All wrong, Moody, not good enough. And now our new pupil, Miss Shirley. Well, I can see they did not emphasize arithmetic at your former school. Class, it's time to complete our spelling bee. Slates down, close your spelling books. Ruby's first: "category" (listens) Quite wrong. Gilbert: "knowledge" (listens, nods approval) Miss Shirley: "strength" (listens) Miss Shirley, your spelling isn't quite so perfect as you think. Very good Gilbert. Time for your reading books, I'll be in the cloak room helping one of our--older students.