

ANNE:

That tree over there. What does it make you think of? (*pause*) A bride, of course, with a misty veil. I don't ever expect to be a bride myself. I'm so homely nobody would ever want to marry me – except maybe a foreign missionary. Not only am I homely, I'm also thin. I love to imagine I'm nice and plump with dimples in my elbows. Am I talking too much? People are always telling me I do. Would you rather I didn't talk? (*pause*) Oh, thank you. I can already tell we're kindred spirits, Mr. Cuthbert. I can hardly wait to see Green Gables. Mrs. Spenser said there's a brook nearby. That makes me almost perfectly happy.

MATTHEW:

Come on in. We can have a little bite to eat before we get back to work. The girls just finished up a tea party. Anne should have put this stuff away when they finished. That's not like her. Marilla would be mighty upset if she came home to a messy kitchen. Well, Jerry, truth to tell, I was always a little afraid of women – girls, too. Still am for that matter. But Anne's – different. She adds a lot around here. And she's softened Marilla up a mite, too. 'Course, Marilla won't admit that. Well – better be getting back to work.

MARILLA:

I've never brought up a child before – especially a girl. And I'll probably make a terrible mess of it. But it's about time somebody adopted that child and taught her something. As far as I'm concerned, Matthew, she can stay. I'll try to make her useful and train her properly, but don't you go interfering with my methods. I suppose an old maid knows more about bringing up a child than an old bachelor. I thought you put the mare away. Looks like I've got *two* children to look after instead of one. Come on. You unhitch the wagon, and I'll put up the mare.

RACHEL:

Well, Marilla, I'll tell you plain that I think you're doing a mighty foolish thing – bringing a strange child into your home – not knowing a single thing about him. Why just last week I read in the paper about a man and his wife that took a boy out of the orphanage, and he set fire to the house – *on purpose*. And I heard of another case where an adopted boy sucked all the eggs he gathered. But the worst one – they say that over in New Brunswick an orphan poured poison down the well and the whole family died in fearful agony. Only it was a girl in that instance.

MR. PHILLIPS:

Quiet, everyone. Let me remind you while it is still early in the year that you must study hard at all times. Whether you finish school at Avonlea this year – or next – or beyond that – your ultimate goal is to pass the entrance examinations to Queen’s Academy in Charlottetown. Now, I know some of you cannot afford to go to Queen’s, and others may have parents who will not allow you to go. But for now, assume that someday you will be taking those exams and that you will do your best to pass them. Who knows – perhaps one day an Avonlea student may win the coveted Queen’s gold medal – or better yet, the Avery Scholarship, highest of all scholastic honors in the maritime provinces. Now, work on your fractions.

DIANA:

Everything went off so well. I can’t believe they encored me back on. And your recitation simply brought the house down. And Gilbert Blythe was splendid, too. He looked at you the whole time he was reciting. Oh Anne, isn’t it wonderful that we can stay up as long as we like? “Curfew shall not ring tonight!” Why don’t we go to the bedroom and read. It’ll be special since we get the *spare* room tonight. Then we’ll put on our nightgowns and read far into the night. This is such fun.

GILBERT:

Hello, Mrs. Allen... Anne. Miss Stacy let me bring your books and assignments to you. Why’d I do it? Maybe it’s because I don’t want you to have any excuses when I score higher than you on the Queen’s entrance examination. We’ll see. When you and the other girls were acting out the Tennyson poem and your flatboat started to sink. Well, I couldn’t let you drown, could I? I’m just glad I happened along when I did. Anne, has it ever occurred to you that we might possibly... be friends? I’m awfully sorry I made fun of your hair that time. Besides, that was so long ago. I think your hair is awful pretty now. Honest I do.