

## Anne of Green Gables

### SIDE 1: MARILLA and ANNE

MARILLA

Well, this is a fine kettle of fish.

ANNE

You don't want me? Because I'm not a boy? No one ever did want me. I might have known this was all too wonderful to be true.

MARILLA

Come now, no reason to cry about it.

ANNE

It's the most tragical thing that ever happened to me!

MARILLA

We're not going to turn you out of doors tonight. You'll stay here while we sort this out. What is your name?

ANNE

Could you call me Cordelia?

MARILLA

Call you Cordelia? Is that your name?

ANNE

No, but I would love to be called Cordelia. It's a perfectly elegant name.

MARILLA

Your name, and no nonsense.

ANNE

Anne Shirley. Plain, unromantic Anne Shirley.

MARILLA

Fiddlesticks, Anne is a perfectly sensible name and hardly one to be ashamed of.

ANNE

Oh, I'm not ashamed. But if you must call me Anne, be sure to spell it with an "E."

MARILLA

What difference does it make how it's spelled?

ANNE

It makes such a difference! Print out A-N-N and it looks absolutely dreadful! But Anne with an "E" is quite distinguished. So if you'll only spell it with an "E," I'll try to reconcile myself to not being called Cordelia.

MARILLA

Very well, Anne with an "E," can you tell us how this came to be that you are here and not a boy?

ANNE

If I was divinely beautiful and had nut brown hair, would you keep me?

MARILLA

No. We want a boy to help Matthew on the farm. A girl would be of no use to us.

ANNE

I could imagine I were a boy.

MARILLA

Take off your hat. You may as well have supper.

ANNE

I can't eat. I'm in the depths of despair.

MARILLA

The depths of despair?

ANNE

Can you eat when you're in the depths of despair?

MARILLA

I've never been in the depths of despair.

ANNE

Couldn't you imagine you were in the depths of despair?

MARILLA

I could not. To despair is to turn your back on God.

**SIDE 2: MATTHEW and ANNE**

ANNE

Are you Matthew Cuthbert? Oh, I'm glad. I was beginning to worry you weren't coming, and I imagined all the things that must have happened. So I had made up my mind that if you didn't, I would go across to that cherry tree and sleep until morning. It would be terribly romantic to sleep in a cherry tree, all white with bloom in the moon's light, don't you think?

MATTHEW

I'm sorry I was late.

ANNE

We've got to drive a long piece, haven't we? I'm glad. It seems so wonderful that I'm to live with you. I've been pinching myself, because I am certain it is all just a dream! I asked Mrs. Spencer about your Green Gables, and it sounds so magical! And I asked her about each tree in your yard, and I was so elated to learn you have plenty of trees. I just love trees. Oh, the roads are so red here! I asked Mrs. Spencer "what makes the roads so red?" And she said she didn't know and "for God sakes stop talking." Am I talking too much now? Would you rather I don't talk? If you say so I'll stop. I can stop when I make up my mind to it.

MATTHEW

Talk as much as you like. I don't mind.

ANNE

I think we're going to be fast friends, Mr. Cuthbert. I can't believe I am leaving the orphan asylum. It is more horrible than you can imagine. Mrs. Spencer said it was wicked to say that, but I didn't mean to be wicked. It's easy to be wicked without knowing it, isn't it? If you had the choice to be divinely beautiful, dazzlingly clever, or angelically good, which would it be?

MATTHEW

I don't know.

ANNE

I suppose for me it'd have to be dazzlingly clever. I know with my temper I'll never be angelically good. And I can't be divinely beautiful because—(*Indicating her hair.*) What color would you call this?

MATTHEW

Red?

ANNE

Red. I know I'm skinny and freckled. And I can imagine that away. I can imagine I have dimpled elbows and a rosy complexion, but I cannot imagine my red hair away. It will be lifelong sorrow. Have you ever imagined what it would be like to be divinely beautiful?

MATTHEW

Well, no.

ANNE

I'm certain I never will be, and Mrs. Spencer says—oh, Mr. Cuthbert! These are the bloomiest trees I have ever seen! What do they call this place?

MATTHEW

The Avenue.

ANNE

No! You can't call a place such as this "The Avenue!" There's no magic in a name like that. I'll call it the White Way of Delight.

**SIDE 3: DIANA and ANNE**

ANNE

Diana, will you promise never to forget me? No matter who comes into your life?

DIANA

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

ANNE

You really love me?

DIANA

Of course.

ANNE

No one has ever loved me, as long as I could remember, except Matthew and Marilla. Will you swear to always be my secret bosom friend?

DIANA

Isn't it wicked to swear?

ANNE

Not to swear a vow. "I solemnly swear to remain faithful to my bosom friend Diana Barry, 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..."

ANNE

"As long as the sun and the moon shall endure."

DIANA

"As long as the sun and the moon..."

ANNE

"Shall endure."

DIANA

"Shall endure." I have to go. Mother doesn't know I've followed her here and she'll be suspicious.

ANNE

Farewell, my beloved friend. Henceforth we must be strangers living side by side. My heart will be forever faithful to thee.

**SIDE 4: GILBERT and ANNE**

ANNE

Thank you, Mr. Blythe. I am indebted to you. Now, if you will excuse me, I must go find my friends. For they are, without a doubt, overcome with fear for my life.

GILBERT

Oh, stop with that mumbo jumbo.

ANNE

Mum-bo jum-bo?!

GILBERT

I was wanting to see you, anyway. I was just at the post office. The exam results are in.

ANNE

I see. Well, congratulations on being first, Mr. Blythe.

GILBERT

Hold on, you silly goose. We tied for first. I thought you'd have it for sure. Our entire class passed.

ANNE

First?

GILBERT

I'm sorry you have to share it with me.

ANNE

I never expected to beat you.

GILBERT

Look, can't we be friends? We aren't children anymore.

ANNE

Dog paddling me to the sand hardly makes up for past wrongs.

GILBERT

I'm sorry for teasing you about your hair. I was a child, Anne!

ANNE

You hurt my feelings excruciatingly.

GILBERT

I only said it because I wanted to meet you so much.

ANNE

I don't want to be friends with you, Gilbert...

GILBERT

Very well. Then I won't ask you again. Good day, Miss Shirley.

ANNE

Gilbert! I wasn't finished! (*A beat.*) Never mind.