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Anne of Green Gables

By Unknown

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 imbowers
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,
Little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

Anne!

Anne!

- Coming Mrs. Hammond!

Anne!

Anne Shirley get in here this instant!

It's alright honey.

Go on, git, git!

Watch it you sloppy girl, that comes
right out of my babyies' mouthes.

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.

Oh, here, just take
them and clean them up.

Well, if you'd pay more attention to your chores
instead of pouring over them fool books of yours.

Please! I won't do it again. It was
just so thrilling I couldn't put it down.

Oh, you darn well won't do it again.

And if I catch you reading
any more of them books of yours
while you're supposed to be looking after my

youngens, they'll feed the fire too, missy.
Well, don't just stand there looking daft!
Finish changing Meg and Peter!
Mr. Hammond and the men been waiting
well nigh an hour for their lunch
while you've been dawdling.
I enjoy babies in moderation, Mrs. Hammond,
but twins three times in succession is too much.
What?
I simply couldn't live here
if I hadn't any imagination.
I'll take none of your
cheek, Anne Shirley.
Believe you me, you'll be out on your
backside if I get another word out of you.
Oh, go on. Git going to the mill before
Mr. Hammond takes a whipping to you. Git!
Eat!
Not those goll-darn planks!
What's the matter?
Not that junk, idiot!
Cut it out!
Help! Get out here!
What happened, Tom?
He's been in a temper over lunch.
Screaming and swearing. You know
how he gets. He wouldn't stop.
Someone take the wagon
and go for the doctor.
He won't be needing no doctor.
Katie, I know you understand.
But 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.
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.
And what about the girl?
She's a home child, isn't she?

- Yes.

She'll have to go back to the orphanage.

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.

I was daft when I took you in.

It's all your doing.

None but yours.

I blame myself entirely, Mrs. Hammond.

To have to wait an 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 could bear.

I beg of you, Mrs. Hammond,
please let me stay with you.

Orphan children are
all the same - trash.

Trash.

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

Mrs. Hammond, Ma'am.

Mrs. Hammond.

I sent a reply to your
letter just this morning.

I'm afraid we cannot take the girl.

We're overcrowded as it is.

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.

Come here, child.

Tell me what you know about yourself.

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

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.
And what were your parents' names?
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.
Doesn't matter what a person's name
is, as long as they behave themselves.
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.
I don't know where she
picks up them fool ideas.
But she's a real 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.
Now, Mrs. Hammond, wait a minute.
Mrs. Hammond!
We can't take her for
at least another month!
There are papers to be signed!
Lady, I got a train to catch.
Katie...
I'm glad we have each other.
It's so difficult finding
a kindred spirit these days.
Anne Shirley, get undressed at once.
Have you no respect for
rules and regulations.
I'm sorry, Mrs. Cadbury, but
I wasn't paying attention.
You haven't been paying

attention for the past six months.
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.
We'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.
Oh, thank you, Mrs. Cadbury.
Thank you with all my heart.
It's not my wish to reward
rebelliousness, but...
for the good of discipline,
it seems that I must.
Perhaps this new family of yours can shatter
this dream world that you live in.
Now, get into your
nightgown and go to bed.
Are you waiting for someone, Miss?
I am, thank you.
Would you prefer to sit in
the ladies' waiting room?
No, I prefer to sit here.
There's so much more
scope for the imagination.
Thank you just the same.
As you like, Miss.
Thomas!
Isn't that Matthew
Cuthbert driving that buggy?
Appears to be.
Well, he never goes to
town this time of year,...
and he never wears a
suit except in church.
Maybe he's going courting.
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 'til
I know what that man is up to.

Wearing his suit.
Marilla is simply going to
have to explain all this.
You, who. Marilla.
Ah, Rachel, good morning.
And how are all the Lyndes?
Oh, we're alright as rain, Marilla,...
but I was kind of worried about you when
I saw your brother drive by just now.
Oh, I'm fine. Just fine.
Appreciate the concern though.
But he was in his suit...
and smoking his pipe.
Well, I don't mind so long as he smokes his
pipe in the great outdoors and not in my kitchen.
He was in his suit.
Yes, Rachel.
Well, Matthew never goes
to town this time of year.
Matthew wasn't going to town.
Oh, don't keep me in such suspense.
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.
A boy?! You can't be serious.
Well, you don't know anything about raising
children. Whatever put such an idea into your head?
Well...
Matthew is 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,...
to tell her to bring us a
boy home while she was at it.
I shall be surprised at
nothing after this. Nothing.
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.
You know I pride myself
on speaking my mind.
And let me tell you, I think you're
doing a mighty risky thing.
I wish you'd consulted me first.
Well, it was just last
week, I read in the paper...
where 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.
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.
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.
Well, we are not getting a girl.
Woap.
Oh, how do, Matthew?
Hello, Angus.
Is the afternoon train due soon?
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.
She?
Not to worry, Matthew.
I don't think she bites.
Well, it's a boy I've come for.
Oh, she won't have
any trouble explaining.
She has a tongue of her own.
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?
Oh, yes it would.
I mean, no.
I mean, there's been a big mistake.
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.
I'm sorry I was late.
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 Shalott 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 says 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 my mind up to do it.
You can talk all you like. I don't mind.
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 for pity's
sake not to ask her any more 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?
Red?
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?
Well, I don't know.
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?
The Avenue.
Pretty, ain't it?
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."
This is far more glorious than
I could ever have imagined.
That's Barry's pond.
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?
Well,...
picking up them ugly white
grubs in the cucumber bed.
Yes, I can see how that
could be very thrilling.
Woap.
Green Gables, yonder.
I've pinched myself so many times
today to make sure that this was real.
But it is real and we're nearly home.
I'm overwhelmed.
Matthew Cuthbert, who is that?
It's a girl.
I can see that. Where's the boy?
There weren't any. Just her.
I figured we just couldn't leave her

there no matter what the mistake was.
You figured?
Oh, this is a fine kettle of fish.
This is what comes of sending word,
instead of going ourselves, Matthew.
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.
Come, come. Now don't
cry. It is not your fault.
This is just the most tragical
thing that has ever happened to me.
Well, what's your name?
Would you please call me Cordelia?
Call you Cordelia?
Don't you think it's a pretty name?
Is that your name?
Well, no, it's not exactly my name, ...
But, oh, I would love
to be called Cordelia.
I don't understand what you mean.
Cordelia is a perfectly elegant name.
What is your name child,
and no more nonsense?
Anne Shirley. Plain, old,
unromantic Anne Shirley.
Anne Shirley is a fine, sensible name,
and hardly one to be ashamed of.
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"?
What difference does it
make how it is spelled?
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.

Very well then, Anne, with an "e",...
how is it that you happened
to be brought and not a boy?
If I were very beautiful and had
nut-brown hair, would you keep me?
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.
I can't eat. I can never eat
when I'm in the depths of despair.
The depths of despair?
Can you eat when you're that way?
I've never been that way.
Can't you even imagine you're
in the depths of despair?
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.
Yes, Miss Cuthbert.
I'm taking her straight over to
that Spencer woman in the morning.
This girl has to go
straight back to the asylum.
I suppose.
You suppose? Don't you know it?
She's a nice little thing, Marilla.
Seems a pity to send her back.
She's... she's so set on staying.
Matthew Cuthbert, I believe
this child has bewitched you.
I can see plain as plain
you want to keep her.
We could hire a boy, and
she can be company for you.
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.
Well, we might be of some good to her.
Good night, Anne with an "e".
It's difficult to say goodnight, when
it's the worst night I've ever known.
Good night, just the same, child.
Goodnight. Miss Cuthbert.
Little Jerry Buote from
the Creek was around.
I told him I guess that I'd
hire him on for the summer.
Hurry up, child!
I'm just fixing Green
Gables in my memory.
In years to come I'm gonna
look back on Green Gables
as a beautiful dream
that will always haunt me.
Don't you think it's romantic...
- You can think about it as you drive along.
I shall never forget your
kindness, Mr. Cuthbert.
Marilla.
Marilla, dear. You're the last
person I ever expected to see today.
I'd had imagined you would be getting
Anne settled. How are you Anne?
As well as a victim of tragic
circumstances could be, Mrs. Spencer.
There seems to be some
queer mistake, Sarah.
We told Roberta for you to get us a boy.
Oh, Marilla, you don't say.
Well, Roberta distinctly
said that you wanted a girl.
I knew I should have gone myself.
I am dreadfully sorry, Marilla.
I suppose the asylum
will take the child back.
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.
Excuse me, Mrs. Spencer, would there
happen to be any twins among them?
Oh, she has two sets of twins.
How did you know, child?
Twins seem to be my lot in life.
Anne, you'll be just the girl.
And, oh, look, there's Mrs.
Blewett this blessed minute.
I call this positively providential.
You, who, Mrs. Blewett.
Mrs. Blewett, Anne Shirley.
She'll be just the thing for you.
Miss Cuthbert.
Mrs. Blewett.
How old are you, girl.
Thirteen.
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.
Well, now, I don't know.
I feel I oughtn't to make a
decision until I speak to Matthew.
I'll just take her home
again and talk to him.
Good afternoon, ladies.
Miss Cuthbert, did you really say
it or did I only just image it?
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.
I'd rather go back to the
asylum than live with her.
Two sets of twins! Oof.

Besides, she looks
exactly like a gimlet.
You should be ashamed of yourself,
speaking of a stranger that way.
Hold your tongue and don't
criticize your elders.
I'll try and do anything
and be anything you want, ...
if you'll only keep me, Miss Cuthbert.
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 an old 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?
Have you said your prayers?
I never say any prayers.
What do you mean? Haven't you
been taught to say your prayers?
Mrs. Hammond told me that God made my hair red
on purpose, and I've never cared for him since.
Well, while you are under my
roof, you will say your prayers.
Why, of course, if you want me to.
How does one do it?
Well, you kneel beside the bed.
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 to say?

Well, I think you're old enough
to think of your own prayer. You...
thank God for his blessings and then
humbly ask him for the things you want.
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?

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

I should have said "Amen"
instead of "yours respectfully".

Do you think it will
make any difference?

I expect God will overlook it.
This time.

Good night.

Good night, Miss Cuthbert.

That girl is next door
to a perfect heathen.

Good morning, Miss Cuthbert.

Where's Matthew?

He had his breakfast hours ago.
Been on the fields ever since.

Why?

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...

If what?

Please, Miss Cuthbert, tell me

if you're gonna send me back.
I made up my mind to be patient,
but just can't bear it any longer.
Well, you'll just have to bear it,
because I simply don't know.
I thought maybe we'd put
it on trial for a while...
...for all our sakes.
Would that suit you?
If you think it's
necessary, Miss Cuthbert.
I do.
You may not be happy with
two old grumps like us.
I know I would be.
I'd be happier than even I can
imagine at this present moment.
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.
"Our Father, which 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.
Why, learn it then,
and hold your tongue.
Yes, ma'am.
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.
Good morning, Marilla.
Come in, Rachel.
I'm shocked at this horrendous
mistake I've heard about.
I've gotten over the shock myself.
Couldn't you send her back?
Well, we're still considering on it.
Considering on it?
What is there to consider?

I mean, a boy would have
been bad enough, but..
This is a friend and neighbor of mine.
Mrs. Rachel Lynde. Anne Shirley.
How do you do, Mrs. Lynde?
Well, her looks are
certainly nothing to consider.
I mean she's terribly
skinny and homely, Marilla.
Come over here, child.
Lawful heart! Her hair
is as red as carrots!
How dare you say I'm skinny and...
carrots!
You're a rude, impolite,
unfeeling woman, and I hate you!
Anne Shirley!
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.
Anne Shirley! Anne Shirley, you
come back at once and apologize!
Mark my words, Marilla. That's the
kind to put strychnine in the well.
You shouldn't have twitted
her about her looks.
Marilla Cuthbert!
I'm not making excuses for her. Perhaps
she was never taught what was right,...
but you were too hard on her, Rachel.
I see I'll have to be very
careful what I say from now on.
Oh, I'm not vexed, Marilla. I'm too sorry for
you to leave any room for anger in my mind.
It's obvious to me that the good sense I admire in
you, left you when that child walked in your door!
Goodbye, Marilla. Come down
and see me when you can.
But don't expect me to visit here again
if I'm to be treated in such a fashion.
Goodbye, Rachel.
When I said trial, I had no
idea you'd take me literally.

Of all the people, you
would pick on Rachel Lynde.
She hadn't any right
to say what she did.
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 an apology.
You will go to her, and you will give it.
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 Mrs. Lynde
to forgive me.
If you expect to remain under my
roof, you will apologize to Mrs. Lynde.
Then you'll have to send me back.
Rachel Lynde deserves what she gets.
Matthew Cuthbert, don't
form opinions for me.
Next you'll be saying she
oughtn't to be punished at all.
I haven't been upstairs in
this house in four years.
I guess you're leaving then, hunh?
Oh, Matthew, I'd rather die than apologize
to Mrs. Lynde. That would be so humiliating.
Well, Marilla is a
terrible determined woman.
You don't have to be exactly sorry, you know.
You can just be... sort of sorry.
I'm not sorry at all.
I hear Mrs. Blewett's
an awful work-horse.
And it'll be terrible lonesome
around here without you.
Couldn't you just
kind of smooth it over?
You really don't want me to go, do you?

I'd do anything for you, Matthew,
if you really wanted me to.
Of course I do.
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.
Don't tell Marilla that I said anything.
She'll say I'm interfering.
Wild horses couldn't drag it from me.
Miss Cuthbert?
What is it?
I'm sorry I lost my temper
and said those rude things,
and I'm willing to go
and tell Mrs. Lynde so.
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.
Yes, ma'am.
I knew that if we left her alone,
she'd come to her senses.
Hurry up, Anne.
What are you muttering about?
I was just imagining out what
I must say to Mrs. Lynde.
Miss Cuthbert, you look so elegant!
You don't make an important
visit in kitchen clothes.
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...
Oh, for goodness sake, child!
Bite your tongue, and come along.
Good morning Rachel.
Anne has something to say to you.
Mrs. Lynde,...
I'm extremely sorry
I behaved so terribly.
I 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.
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.
You have given me hope, Mrs. Lynde.
I shall always think of you as a benefactress.
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.
I'm sure you're right, Rachel.
And trial or no trial, you ought
to put the girl into school.
Putting you in school
doesn't mean a decision.
It's just as easy to take
you out as put you in.
I understand, Miss Cuthbert, but it
does give a person reason to hope.
I've seen some shocking
behavior from you, Anne Shirley,
and it does give a person
reason to doubt. Understand?

My temper will never get the better of me again, even though I am red-haired.

I hope not.

Good behavior in the first place is more important than theatrical apologies afterwards. Since, I had to do it, I thought I might as well do it thoroughly. Save your thoroughness for prayer.

And the praying that counts, is the praying that's sincere.

God does not want you for a fair-weather friend.

The only real friend I ever had was Katie Morris, and she was only my window friend.

Window friend?

I discovered her in the window of Mrs. Thomas' bookcase.

It was the only window that hadn't been smashed by her intoxicated husband.

I lived with them before the Hammonds.

I used to wish I knew the spell to step through the glass into Katie's world, which was so beautiful.

I don't think you should have window friends anymore.

My greatest wish, apart from staying at Green Gables, would be to have a bosom friend.

A what kind of friend?

A bosom friend; a really kindred spirit.

I've dreamt of meeting her all my life.

Diana Barry lives over there on Orchard Slope. She's about your age.

Her parents are sponsoring the picnic next Sunday and you can meet her.

Diana of the Lake of Shining Waters.

For mercy's sake child. You set your heart too much on silly names.

What should I call you?

May I call you Aunt Marilla?

No. You can call me just plain Marilla.

I don't believe in calling people names that are not their own.

But you could imagine you were my aunt.

No, I could not.

Don't you ever imagine things differently from what they are?

No.

Oh, Marilla, how much you miss.

How do you like them?

I can imagine, I like them.

What's the matter with them?

They... they're not... they're not very pretty.

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.

I am grateful, but I'd be even more grateful if you'd make this one with puffed sleeves.

I can not waste material on ridiculous looking frills and furbelows.

Plain and sensible is best.

I 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.

Trust you for that.

Have you seen my amethyst brooch?

Yes.

Did you touch it?

I pinned it on yesterday, but just to see what it looked like.

You had no business to meddle with my brooch. Where did you put it?

Back on the pin cushion.

Honestly, Marilla, I didn't mean to meddle, and I promise I'll never do it again.

That's the one good thing about me;

I never do the same wrong thing twice.

The brooch is gone and you were the last one to handle it.

Did you take it out and lose it?

I didn't.

Anne Shirley, you are telling me a falsehood.

Go to your room.

And you will stay in your room until you confess, even if it takes a month of Sundays.

If you let me out for the picnic, I'll

stay in my room as long as you like.
I just have to go to the picnic.
You are not going to the picnic or
anywhere else until you tell me the truth.
If I don't go to the picnic, how will I ever
make a bosom friend, or any friend at all?
That brooch meant a great deal to me;
more than any picnic. Now you go to your room.
I've looked in every crack and cranny.
You might as well face it, Matthew;
She's taken that brooch and lied about it.
I feel worse about that
than the brooch.
Are you sure it didn't
fall behind the bureau?
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 a liar and a
thief, Matthew, and you know it.
Marilla, I'm ready to confess.
What have you to say for yourself?
I took the brooch because I was too
overcome with irresistable 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.
That's the best I can do at confessing.
Now may I go to the picnic?
No.
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.
What you can do, is pack your bags and
start imagining your life with Mrs. Blewett.
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.
Marilla!

What ever made you say that
you took it and lost it?
You said you'd keep me in
my room until I confessed.
So I just thought up a good confession
and made it as interesting as I could.
But it was still a lie.
You wouldn't believe the truth.
You do beat all, child.
But, I'll forgive you
if you'll forgive me.
Now... You get dressed for service.
Hello, Miss Cuthbert.
Good afternoon, Mr. Barry.
I'd like you to meet Anne Shirley.
Hello.

- How do you do, Mr. Barry?
You should meet my daughter, Diana.
She's over there in the garden. Matthew...
For pity's sake, calm down, Anne.
And don't make any of your fabulous speeches.
Goodness knows what Rachel
has told them already about you.
Oh, you'd be excited too, if you were gonna
eat icecream for the first time in your life.
Ah, Marilla. Anne.
Rachel. Reverend Allan. Mrs. Allan.
Oh, this is the orphan girl that
the Cuthberts are looking after.
Anne Shirley, this is the
Reverend and Mrs. Allan.
How are you, Anne?
Well in body, although considerably
ruffled in spirit, thank you.

There wasn't anything shocking
in that, was there, Marilla?
We must try our best
to relieve your jitters.
Won't you and Anne join
us for tea, Miss Cuthbert?
I've been counting on you coming to Green
Gables, now that you've moved into the manse.
I've given Elsbeth tremendous reports about your
home baking, and your red current wine, Miss Cuthbert.
She's anxious to learn your secrets.
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.
I think she's enchanting.
Will you keep her then, Marilla?
Well, if she can avoid
catastrophe two days in a row,
I might have a chance
to make up my mind.
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?
But there aren't any other girls in it.
You're a sturdy looking girl, and I'm fast.
I know we'd stand a good chance.
I guess so.
Come on!
Hey Diana, who's your friend?
Anne Shirley.
On your marks. Get set.
I never expected a daughter
of mine to outrun the boys.
I'm very proud of you, Diana.
I think we're heroic

winners, Diana. Don't you?
I think it's a shame that Gilbert
had to lose on account of Moody.
Don't you think Gilbert's handsome?
He is handsome. But I think your Gilbert
is awfully bold to wink at a strange girl.
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.
Good. I mean, I don't wanna be
the only one who's behind in school.
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 mooned over Gilbert.
Oh, Josie just wants attention.
I hope she nearly drowns.
I wish it had been me.
It would be such a romantic
experience nearly to drown.
I heard before that you're a kind
of a strange girl, Anne Shirley,...
but I have a feeling we're
gonna get along really well.
What is your name?
Anne Shirley.
Anne spelled with an "e".
We pride ourselves on
our scholastic record.
And we hope that you will
strive to meet our standards.
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.
You will share a seat with Diana Barry.
Oh, thank you, Mr. Phillips.
Diana Barry is my bosom friend.
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.
Hey, Carrots.
Carrots!
How dare you!
Anne Shirley!
What is the meaning of this?
It was my fault, Sir. I was teasing her.
You will stand at the blackboard
for the rest of the day.
I will not tolerate this kind of
indignant temperment 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.
Anne, wait! I'm sorry for teasing you about
your hair. Don't be mad at me for keeps.
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.
There's a world of difference between being
called crow-head and being called carrots.
I shall never forgive Gilbert Blythe.
An iron has entered my soul, Diana.
My mind is made up;
my red hair is a curse.
Anne Shirley, I've heard all about it.
Now you open your door at once!
Please go away, Marilla.
I'm in the depths of despair.
Oh, fiddlesticks.
Now, you open this door at once!
Are you sick?
Go away. Don't look at me.
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?
He called me Carrots.
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?

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.

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

I dyed it.

You dyed it? For mercy's sake, child.

But he positively assured me it'd turn my hair a beautiful raven black.

Who did? Who are you talking about?

The peddler we met on the road today.

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.

Well, 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.

You really smashed your slate over that boy's head?

Yes.

Hard?

Very hard, I'm afraid.

I know I should be angry.

I should be furious.

What a way to behave your first day at school!

But, if you promise me that nothing of this sort will happen again, I won't say another word about it.

You're not gonna send me back?

I've come to a decision. The trial is over. You will stay at Green Gables.

Marilla!

I think you may be a kindred spirit after all.

I shall never, ever look at myself again.

Well, you're our girl now, and the prettiest one this side of Halifax.

Alright, now. Stop this nonsense.
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.
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.
Everytime I look at myself I do
penance by saying how ugly I am.
I don't even try to imagine it away.
Diana, aren't you
supposed to be studying?
I know, but I had to talk to you right away.
That's why I used the white flags.
Well?
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.
So that's it!
What?
Poor Marilla's been thwarted in love.
It must have been a
supremely tragic romance.
Did they say anything else?
No, but I'll keep my ears open.
I have to go, now.
Mother doesn't know I'm gone.
Good luck on the exam tomorrow.
You, too. I hope you stand first.
I am indebted to you for life.

Alright, class. Time's 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.
He's only smiling to
congratulate you, Anne.
I think he was trying to rub it in.
Crow-head and Carrots.
Load up, guys. Load up.
They won't come; they're chicken.
I'll take the shortcut through the
pasture, Anne. We can't be late.
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.
Charlie Sloan, you meansly little
bully, you ought to be horse-whipped!
This will be the last time I catch you
little trouble makers in my pasture.
These fields are
not a free-for-all!
You frighten my cattle to
death and they won't be milked.
I've never even set a toenail in
your pasture before, Mr. Sadler.
I was really attempting to avenge my
bosom friend, Diana, for 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.
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, once and for all.
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 we pay you.
And I know for a fact that you had never got
this post if your uncle hadn't be the trustee.
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.
But, Sir.
- Goodday, to you.
Since you seem to be so
fond of the boys' company,...
we shall indulge your
taste for it this afternoon.
Take your seat over there,
next to Gilbert Blythe.
Did you hear what I said?
Yes, Sir. But I didn't
suppose you really meant it.
I assure you, I did. Obey me at once.
Alright, let's begin the spelling bee.
Miss Andrews, could you give us the
spelling of the word chrysanthemum?
-C -h -i...
no, -r -i -s
-a -n -s -m...
-u -m.
Perhaps we'll turn our attention to your
spelling now that you mathematics is well in hand.
Gilbert, chrysanthemum.
Chrysanthemum.
C-h-r-y-s-a-n-t-h-a-m-u-m.
Hmm. Anne?
Chrysanthemum.
C-h-r-y-s-a-n-t-h-e-m-u-m.
Correct.
Hey, Anne! How do you spell freckles?
Hey, Josie! How do you spell ugly?

Congratulations on
the spelling test, Anne.
Oh, well at least you're acknowledging
me now. That's an improvement.
It is impolite to pass a person
without at least nodding,...
and so I nod out of elementary
good breeding, nothing more.
Oh, why don't you get
off your high horse?
Thank you for your heartfelt
congratulations, Mr. Blythe.
But allow me to inform you that next
time I shall be first in every subject.
Anne! You've got more nerve
than a fox in a hen house.
I don't see any need in being civil to someone who
chooses to associate with the likes of Josie Pye.
You're just jealous.
I am not.
Take that back, Diana Barry!
She's jealous of you.
Gilbert told Charlie Sloan that you are the
smartest girl in school, right in front of Josie.
He did?
He told Charlie that being smart
was better than being good-looking.
I might have known
he meant to insult me.
No, he didn't.
It isn't better. I'd much
rather be pretty than smart.
But at least I don't have
to cheat like Josie does.
She doesn't have to cheat; she
just does it because she's a Pye.
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.
Nobody told me.

Bye.

Bye. Bye, Mr. Phillips.

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.
I can't help feeling sorry for him, even
though he did spell my name without an "e".
I wouldn't feel too sorry for him. He's got a
position as a private tutor over in Charlottetown.
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.
I don't believe it. You sure
couldn't, little Miss Bookworm.

Oh, couldn't I?

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

Is it indeed, Mr. Blythe?

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

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

I shall walk that ridgepole or perish.

Oh, Anne! Oh, Anne! Oh, are you killed?

Just say one word and tell
me if you're killed!

No, but I think I've
been rendered unconscious.

Thank you, Mr. Blythe.

Anne, I'll borrow a
carriage and help you home.

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

I'm going your way. At least let me give you a hand. Thank you, Mr. Blythe, but I am going in the opposite direction. Come along, Diana. Anne, you should have let him help you. You're in no condition to walk home. Of course you would take the long route when you've sprained your ankle. I wouldn't think of giving Gilbert Blythe the satisfaction of helping me! Why don't we cut through here? It's a lot shorter. But you told me this forest was haunted. I don't think it's haunted in daylight. That doesn't matter; it's always dark in the forest. Don't be afraid, Diana. What kind of ghosts would you say live in here? I'm not sure there are any. I only imagined it was haunted because it seemed so romantic at the time. What is it? Did you see a ghost? My foot caught on something. Charlie Sloan says that his grandmother saw his grandfather driving the cows home last year. So? His grandfather died two years ago. There's supposed to be a white lady who walked along the riverbank by Mr. Hammond's sawmill, ... wringing her hands and wailing. Man never actually saw her. Oh, Anne, don't. Perhaps she is now accompanied by Mr. Hammond, who's looking for his lunch. No, I shouldn't have said that. He may follow me here. Oh, I'm scared. 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. 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?
It's alright, Diana.
Stop it, Diana, and help me out!
Why did we ever come in here, Anne?
Are you alright?
I think I've twisted my other ankle.
What are we gonna do?
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.
If you'd get carried off by a ghost,
I'd never forgive myself.
Be brave, Diana. Go.
I shall endure until your return,...
although I may be forced to faint if
my imagination gets the better of me.
I could never be as brave
as your are, Anne.
Bye-bye.
What's happened to her?
No fear, Marilla. She's alright.
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.
I should have known that you'd start the
summer this way, barely the last day of school.
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?
I would have stayed on firm
ground and let them dare away.
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.
Tied for first.
Tied for first place? My Anne?

Well, John Barry, it's certain that she didn't injure her tongue. Come on! You clutter up the house too much with outside things. Don't we have enough flowers right outside our door? I want the house to look flowery to impress Diana when she arrives for tea. May I use the rosebud spray tea set, Marilla? No. The everyday set will do for your company. You may have the fruitcake and the cherry preserves,... and there's a bottle of raspberry cordial on the shelf in the kitchen. Now, tell Matthew that Mrs. Allan will drive me back,... but I'll be late coming back from the Ladies Aid Society,... so you must see that Matthew and Jerry's supper is laid out for them. Good afternoon, Miss Cuthbert. Good afternoon, Diana. Now Anne, I trust that you will be responsible for your guest. I'll be the perfect hostess. Have a lovely afternoon, ladies. It's so good of you to invite me to tea this afternoon. Please come in and make yourself comfortable. Why thank you. How is your mother? Very well, thank you. I saw Mr. Cuthbert hauling potatoes to the Lilly Sand's boat this afternoon. Our crop is quite good. We were fortunate to have hired Jerry Buote to help us with the harvest. Have you picked any apples, yet? Ever so many! Marilla has been cooking and baking endlessly. We even have pies and cakes and

preserves to last us for years.
It isn't good manners to tell
your guest what you're serving,...
so I won't tell you what she
said we can have to drink.
Oh, raspberry cordial, right?
Oh, that's my favorite.
You mean you've had it before?
Lots of times. Haven't you?
I must admit, I've never tasted it.
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.
It's awfully nice, Anne.
Much better than Mrs. Lynde's.
She brags about hers all the time.
I'm not surprised it's better.
Of course, Marilla is a famous cook.
Doesn't taste a bit like it.
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 cookery.
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 out a
lovely story about us, Diana.
I imagined you were desperately
ill with small pox,...
when everyone deserted you, I went boldly
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.
Oh, I feel sick.
Oh, I gotta go home.
Diana, you haven't eaten yet. A piece of cake and
another glass of cordial will be just the thing.
Please, have some.
Diana, you can't be sick! Wake up!
I've got to go home.
No. Lie down. You'll feel better.
Now tell me, where did it hurt?
I've got to go home.
Oh, I'm awful dizzy.
It's probably the small pox epidemic.
Don't worry, Diana; I'll never forsake you.
I'll nurse you back to health.
Just please stay until after tea.
What's the matter, Diana?
She's drunk!
Anne Shirley, what did
you give my Diana to drink?
Only raspberry cordial, Mrs. Barry.
Cordial, my foot! The girl smells
like Jake Griffith's distillery.
Drunk? My daughter is drunk?
And Mrs. Lynde, the chairwoman
of the temperance society.
You're a wicked, wicked
girl, Anne Shirley!
It was against my better judgement to let Diana
associate with an orphan, and I have been proven right.
Diana, will never see you again.
Leave our property at once!
Drunk? What on earth did you give her?
Only raspberry cordial. She had three glasses
of it, but I didn't know it would set her drunk.
You certainly have a
genius for trouble.
This is current wine, can't
you tell the difference?
I've never tasted either.
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.
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.
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.
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!
Ah! So it's my Diana's fault, is it?
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...
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!
Oh!
Of all of the unreasonable, pig-headed, self-important
women that I have ever met, she is the worst!
I don't think Mrs. Barry
is a well-bred woman.
I don't believe God himself, would
entirely meet with her approval.
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.
This story will make a fine handle for
all those folks who've 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.
I hate this crying. My heart is broken.
The stars in their courses fight against me.
Don't talk such foolishness, child.
Excuse me, Marilla!

Your mother hasn't relented?
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.
Diana, will you promise never to forget me, no
matter what other friends come into your life?
I could never love anybody
as much as I love you, Anne.
Do you really love me?
Of course I do.
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?
But isn't it wicked to swear?
We're in enough trouble already.
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.
I solemnly swear to remain faithful
to my bosom friend, Anne Shirley,...
for as long as the sun and the moon...
Shall endure.
- Shall endure.
And as long as my
mother doesn't find out.
Oh, she mustn't.
I have to get back.
She'll be suspicious.
Wilt thou give me a lock
of thy jet black tresses?
But I don't have any black dresses.
Your hair.
- Alright.
I have to go.
Farewell, my beloved friend.
Henceforth we must be strangers living side by
side, but my heart will be ever faithful to thee.
Would you join us in the classroom?
And how about you?
Are you going to join our class?
Good morning, class.

Please, sit down.

I am your new teacher, Miss Stacey.

I want to begin by saying that I...

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.

Please remain after class, Anne.

I'd like to have a few words with you.

I'm disappointed in you, Anne.

Reading novels during geometry class is a misuse of your time.

Moreover, it's a deception.

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.

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... to develop your imagination.

It's a precious gift.

But not during geometry class.

Miss Stacey, I knew you were sympathetic to the human plight the minute we met.

I understand you have
a plight of your own.
Diana Barry. We were bosom friends, but alas, her
mother's refused to even let her speak with me.
Yes, I have had a visit from Mrs. Barry.
I can understand the social
persecution in being an orphan.
It is a terrible injustice
to be falsely accused.
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 learn from our mistakes.
Remember, you can always start
everything a-fresh tomorrow.
That is a tremendous
consolation, Miss Stacey.
Tomorrow is always fresh
with no mistakes in it.
Well, with 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.
The truth will set you free.
Did you bring the pudding?
Excuse me for a minute, Marilla. There's
something I've got to check outside for a moment.
What do you have to check?
Oh, that girl.
Perhaps we should have the
plum pudding without the sauce.
Whatever for? I've never
served it without the sauce.
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...
Well, then you were lucky that the mice
had sense enough to stay away from it.
Oh, goodness gracious. Who could that
be now, at this hour just before supper?
Oh, Miss Stacey!
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.
What has she done now?
I hope this carfuffle with Diana Barry
hasn't made her neglect her studies.
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.
The college in Charlottetown? Our Anne?
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.
Well, I've 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.
Oh, that is wonderful!
Why don't you stay for supper?
I'm just about to set the table.
Oh, no. Oh, no. I... I...
Really, I couldn't impose.
Oh, stuff and nonsense! You
wouldn't be imposing at all,...
and then you could tell Anne
all about it, yourself.
Well, alright.
That was a delicious
dinner, Miss Cuthbert.

Oh, thank you, Miss Stacey.

Anne actually made this plum pudding herself.

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

Oh, please, do.

DON'T EAT IT, MISS STACEY!

Anne, what is wrong with you?

A mouse drowned in the sauce, Marilla.

I was working up the courage to tell you when Miss Stacey came and...

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.

I really am trying to overcome my faults, Marilla. I know 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.

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

Here we are Sarah...

- Thank you.

Good Afternoon.

Diana...

Thank you, Miss Stacey.

You're welcome.

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

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

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

Alright class. Let's start with the Latin verbs.

We'll move on to algebra after that.

Please open your books at page three.

Now be sure you get Matthew's meals on time, and I should be home tomorrow before supper.

Have a lovely time. Do you think you'll meet the prime minister?

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.

Bye.

Mrs. Lynde says the country's going to the
dogs, the way the government runs things.

Do you think that's true, Matthew?

Rachel Lynde is a Grit.

She says, "If women were allowed to
vote, we would soon see a blessed change."

Which way do you vote, Matthew?

I vote Conservative.

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?

Well, I don't know I have.

Never, ever, ever?

Why ever not?

Well, I couldn't do it
without talking to a girl.

Well, I'm sure there were
many broken hearts as a result.

Oh, go on.

Ruby Gillis says when she grows up,
she wants to have a line of beaux 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.

Well, I don't know if I can
comprehend all of them, either.

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.

Don't worry, Diana. Matthew will get the doctor.
We're such kindred spirits, I can read his thoughts.
Dr. Blair is at the rally, too. Oh, Anne,
I'm awful scared. The baby can't breathe.
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.
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.
I've given her the last of the ipecac. Mary Joe, look
after the water. We'll change the mustard plaster.
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.
Would have been too late by the time I got
here. You saved this little baby's life.
I can't go to school.
Just can't keep my eyes open.
But I hate to stay at home.
Gil will get ahead and...
'Morning.
Afternoon's more like it, Anne.
You've slept the day away.
Though no one's ever been
more entitled to it, I hear.
Did you meet the prime minister?
What does he look like?
Well, he certainly didn't become prime minister
on account of his looks, but he's a fine speaker.
He shook my hand.
How exciting. I can just imagine the
thrill of the rally with all those people.
Mrs. Barry was over here
before, begging to see you.
But I wasn't about to wake you.

You're invited to dinner.
I should imagine humble
pie is on the menu.
Marilla, may I go right now?
I am aching to see Diana.
I'm so ashamed, Anne.
You saved my baby's life.
I harbor no hard feelings
toward you, Mrs. Barry.
But I hope you believe me once and for all
that I never meant to intoxicate Diana.
Of course I believe you, child.
I'm so sorry I ever doubted you.
Mother says you can come with us
to the Christmas ball at Carmody.
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.
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.
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.
You heard what I said, and
you know what I meant by it.
There'll be plenty of
balls when you're older.
But I was invited to spend the night.
I'm to be the guest of honor.
Ah, well, it's just an honor you'll
have to forego, aye? Now off to bed.
This is a wound I shall bear forever.
Good night.
You'd have been proud of her presence of
mind, the way she saved that Barry baby.
Why don't you let her go?
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 fill her head with nonsense.
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.
And it ain't interfering to have an opinion.
Besides, it's Christmas.
You ought to let her go.
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.
Marilla, I dreamt last night that I
arrived at the ball in puffed sleeves
and everyone was
overcome by my regal entrance...
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.
Well, Mr. Cuthbert, what
can I do for you today?
Well, now, uh...
I'd like, uh...
Have you got any, uh...
Do you have any garden rakes?
Well 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.
The very last one.
Oh, that's... that's nice.
Will there be anything

else, Mr. Cuthbert?

Well, since you suggested, uh...

I might want to look at some hayseed.

Oh, we don't carry hayseed
till spring, Mr. Cuthbert.

Oh, certainly. Of course.

That'll be 75 cents for
the rake, Mr. Cuthbert.

Uh, while I'm here, uh...

I might want to look at, uh...

If it wouldn't be too
much trouble, uh...

Yes...

Sugar.

Sugar?

Some sugar.

Oh, white or brown?

Well, uh... What would you say?

Well, we have some nice brown
sugar in stock, Mr. Cuthbert.

How much would you like?

Well... Would twenty pounds be enough?

Yes, I'm sure twenty
pounds would be enough.

That'll be \$1.

I need a dress.

With puffed sleeves.

Puffed sleeves?

For Anne.

For land's sakes, Mr. Cuthbert, why
didn't you say so in the first place?

Now, you just come
with me to the window.

Oh! It's so beautiful!

Brown sugar, indeed. I knew
Matthew was up to some foolishness.

Marilla, look at the puffs.

They're ridiculous. You'll have to
turn sideways to get through the doors.

This can't be real.

I hope you're satisfied, young lady.

I don't want you strutting around here vain as a
peacock, so now you go upstairs and take that off.

I have to thank Matthew.

Twenty pounds of brown sugar.
I should have waited till Christmas, but I
thought you might want to wear it to the ball.
Don't you like it?
Like it? It's more exquisite than
any dress I could ever have imagined.
Puffed sleeves.
The puffiest in the world.
You are a man of
impeccable taste, Matthew.
I don't want to get your dress dirty.
Diana...
Enjoy yourselves tonight, alright?
Hello, John, Martha,
Elizabeth. How are you?
I'm positively certain this
will spoil everyday life forever.
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?
Gilbert? I hadn't noticed him.
It's too bad you've been so awful to
him. He might have asked you to dance.
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.
Ah! He looked right at you again, Anne!
I bet you couldn't get him to dance with you.
Alright, Diana. If you insist.
Good evening, Gilbert Blythe.
Tell your brother I'll be seeing
him at the tobogganing party.
A glass of punch, Miss?
Thank you.
Diana! You look wonderful tonight.
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas to you too, Gilbert.
How could you wish that
person a Merry Christmas?

I gather that person didn't
ask you to dance, after all.
Well, will you give me
the pleasure instead?
Thank you. I believe I will.
I think Gilbert took your dance card.
Such a romantic gesture would be
utterly beyond his imagination.
Well, then who? Josie Pye?
A secret admirer, obviously.
We should get to bed
before mother comes down.
She said we could sleep in the
spare bedroom. Isn't that exciting?
Alright, then. I'll race you to see
who get the warm side of the bed.
Ready? Get set. Go!
Oh! Merciful heavens!
What is the meaning of this?
Aunt Josephine. Mother said you
weren't coming until tomorrow.
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.
It's all my fault, ma'am.
It was my idea to race.
And we didn't know you were
in here. Honestly, we didn't.
Please don't tell mother, Aunt Jo.
We're terribly sorry.
I most certainly will tell her.
She'll want to know the reason why I've 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.
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.
I'll explain tomorrow.

Don't worry, Diana.

She'll probably leave in a big huff first thing in the morning.

But I don't care. She's only father's great-aunt.- We've never been close.

It was pretty funny, wasn't it?

Did you see the look on her face?

I won't have you lose your music lessons because of me.

I just have to have a talk with her.

Anne, don't. She'll eat you alive.

I've had lots of practice in making apologies before. Just leave it to me.

Alright.

What?

Come to finish the job?

Sorry, I startled you, ma'am.

Who are you?

Anne of Green Gables.

And I've come to confess.

Confess what?

I'm not interested in the confessions of assassins who masquerade as little girls.

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.

Oh, you do, do you?

Yes, ma'am.

Do you have any idea what it's like to be wakened from the few hours of precious sleep granted an old woman in a strange bed by two ferocious, wild girls landing on her head?

I don't know. I can imagine it must have been terrifying in the extreme.

And if you had any imagination, you could put yourself in our place.

I haven't been in your place for forty-seven years, thank you very much.

Don't you have any imagination, Miss Barry?

At my age, imagination
is a threat to life.
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.
I suppose your claim to
sympathy is as valid as mine.
Do you know what I am composing
here, Anne of Green Gables?
Sure I don't, Miss Barry.
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.
Perhaps if Diana apologized, which she's
too frightened to do at this moment.
I have a better idea.
Suppose I reinstate her music
lessons in exchange for...
you coming to visit me in
Charlottetown on occasion?
Me, Miss Barry?
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.
You seem a very interesting old lady to me.
You're not an old ogre at all, are you?
I didn't mean that.
Excuse me, Miss Barry.
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.
Thank you, Miss Barry. We appreciate,
you're making up your mind so swiftly.
Good day, Anne-girl.
You wouldn't think so to look at her, but
she is definitely a kindred spirit, Diana.
"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."
You know, Diana, kindred spirits
aren't as scarce as I used to think.
Anne, do you intend to daydream during the
Charlottetown exam? Five minutes, class.
Well, don't worry. In two
days, it will all be over.
This is one of those rare moments when not
even my imagination can solve my anxiety.
Hello, Aunt Jo.
- 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.
I'm sure Diana is.
My hair is still red.
Come in, come in, John. Take the
bags right upstairs. Wipe your feet.
Aunt Jo.
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.
Miss Stacey made me promise not to open
a book, so I won't get the jitters.
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 that I will have my
tea with him in the palm room.
I've never been here before.
I didn't know she was this rich.
No wonder she has so little imagination.
That's the one consolation about being
poor; you have to dream all this up.
I wish I could go with you
and help you somehow, Anne.
Don't make me nervous. I'm trying to imagine away
this horrible, fluttery feeling around my heart.
I have faith in you.
You'll pass alright.
I'd rather not pass at all than
come out somewhere in the middle.
Matthew and Marilla, Miss Stacey.
Everyone has such great hopes for me.
It would be such
a disgrace if...
Gilbert came first?
I suppose I'd settle for beating
Gilbert Blythe, if I had to.
Just keep thinking about Gilbert, then.
Yes, Gilbert.
Please do not touch your papers until all
the examinations have been distributed,
or they will be discounted completely.
You may now begin.
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.
You've had me worried there for a
moment. I could see you turning green.
Oh, but I knew you'd pull through.
Well, pass or fail, I'm going to
miss you tremendously, Miss Stacey.
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.

So, you really are
gonna leave Avonlea?
I have my own little set of troubles.
Oh, nothing to worry about.
Remember; true friends are
always together in spirit.
Thank you, Miss Stacey, for giving all of us
the chance to make something of ourselves.
Someone else wants to say goodbye.
I want to remind you of
something you once told me...
Tomorrow is always fresh
with no mistakes in it.
I was born for city life.
And what's your opinion, 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 wind and the birds across the brook
more than the tinkling of crystal.
What do you think now, Anne?
I was wrong. I don't see how I could ever
return to common life after this, Miss Barry.
Madame Selitsky had a
definitive alabaster brow, Diana.
Did you see Alice Bell there, parading
around like she had an alabaster brow?
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.
I ought to hire you as my
court jester, Anne-girl.
I wasn't meaning to be funny.
Well, I hope you both
enjoyed the matinee.
Oh, immensely.
And you, Anne?

Unforgettably.

Then you must stay with me
when you come back and study.

Maybe I'll come stay with you, too.

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 heard that she'd adopted a little orphan girl.

But I see now which
of us was the old fool.

Bye, Aunt Jo!

Bye, girls.

Bye, Miss Barry.

Thank you for everything!

It was lovely having you here.

Hello there, Gil.

You're on your way home, too?

Yes, sir.

Well, I wish we could offer you a ride.

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.

Thank you, but I'm sure
the first will go to you.

Well, I guess we'll see, won't we.

Ruby, you be Elaine. You're the
only one who has golden hair.

I couldn't lie there and pretend I
was dead. I'd die of fright. Honest.

You be Elaine, Anne. This is your idea.

A red-haired person cannot play the
Lily Maid. Tennyson would never approve.

Your complexion is
just as fair as Ruby's.

And anyway, your hair is darker
now than just plain old red.

Really?

I'd say it's definitely auburn,
and that's sort-of close to blonde.

Well, alright. It isn't authentic.

Lay the piano cover over me.

Gosh, she really looks dead.

I'm frightened.

Mrs. Lynde says acting is a sin.
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.
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.
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 stream bore her far away.
And as the boat-head wound along
They heard her singing her last song.
The Lady of Shalott.
She looked so good with her hair.
Anne!
She drowning! Anne's drowning!
We have to go get some help.
Anne Shirley...
What in heck are you doing?
Fishing for lake trout.
For lake trout?
Nobody's home.
It's too late.
She's drowned and we're murderers.
Matthew. Come on.
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'll be so kind
as to row me to the landing.
Ah, I see. Well, then
the fact is I rescued you.

Help was on the way and I
was calmly waiting for it.
You're most welcome.
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.
Well, Anne, wait. Wait a minute.
I was just down at the post office to see
if the Queens results had been printed.
Congratulations on coming first, Gilbert.
I'm sure you're very proud of your achievements.
Wait a minute, you ninny.
We tied for first place. You and I.
I figured you'd have it for sure.
We all passed.- Our entire class.
First of all two hundred?
I'm sorry you had to share it with me.
I never expected to beat you.
Can't we be friends?
This childishness has gone on
long enough, don't you think?
The fact that you rescued me unnecessarily,
hardly wipes out past wrongs.
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?
You hurt my feelings excruciatingly.
I only said
it because I...
...because I wanted
to meet you so much.
Why did you turn your back
on me at the Christmas ball?
Anne, that was over a year ago.
It was a deliberate humiliation.
And I knew exactly what you were thinking,
too, Anne Shirley. You and Diana Barry.
Look, can we be friends now?
Why don't you figure it
out, if you're so clever.
Anne, wait a minute.

Everyone will think I've drowned.
Oh, Anne. We thought you were
dead. It was all our fault.
And Ruby's having hysterics.
Oh, Anne, how did you ever escape?
I climbed underneath the bridge and Gilbert
Blythe came along and rowed me to shore.
Oh, how romantic! Of course
you'll speak to him from now on.
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.
Well, I'm sure that John Barry will be pleased to
hear that he no longer owns a dory, Anne Shirley.
Oh, you do beat all, girl.
When are you going to have any sense?
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.
First?
Oh, Anne. You must be so proud.
I must say, you've done
pretty well for yourself, Anne.
Well, I guess she has done well, Marilla. Far be
it for me to be backward when praise is due.
You're a credit to us all
and we're all proud of you.
Woah.
Good afternoon, Miss Cuthbert.
Good afternoon.
I'm Gilbert Blythe.
Yes. You've grown
into quite a young man.
So, you must be very proud of Anne. It's a
real challenge keeping up with her at school.
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.

Good afternoon, ma'am.

So, what are you gonna recite, 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.

Are you nervous?

A little bit, even though I've stood out in public so often.

But I feel very

well-prepared and that helps.

Well, this organdy will look elegant under all 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.

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

Oh, hardly the case with you, Anne.

After standing first at Queens, you can do no wrong in this community.

Someone ought to tell that to Marilla.

Well, Mr. Cuthbert is sure proud.

He plunks down his money awful quick these days for anything I tell him is pretty and fashionable.

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.

Hello, Anne.

Whoa.

Can I offer you a ride home?

You promised we were going to be friends. Remember?

Well, alright then. It is rather awkward with all these.

It was good of you to stop.

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

I thought a lot about what

happened at the bridge, Gilbert.

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.
That's alright. Life's too
short to hold grudges, anyway.
It's a valiant of you to say so. You'll
go far with that kind of attitude.
You know what you're going
to study at Queens yet, Anne?
I intend on taking my teacher's license in one
year instead of two, at Miss Stacey's suggestion.
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.
My life is an open book,
I see. Who told you that?
Well, I have a little
confession to make.
I was just at the Lawson's myself and
Alice told me you were walking home.
Oh.
I'm going to try to get you
an encore while you're up there
so make sure you have a
second selection ready.
Nobody is gonna encore me.
Well, I would. Especially if I had the
honor of escorting you to the concert.
Uh, I don't know. I promised the
Barry's I'd go with them, but...
I think you're old enough to
make up your own mind, 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.
Well, Matthew say something.
She was holding his hand.

She'd have to hold his hand if he was helping her out of the buggy. What was she doing in that buggy? Nothing worth all this fussing. She's just a child, Matthew. She doesn't know what she's doing. Hello everyone. Sorry I was late. I stopped over at Diana's and she just loves the material you chose, Matthew. 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.

- Marilla!

He only offered me a ride home. He was just being friendly. Not according to Rachel Lynde. Rachel Lynde?

Yes. Rachel Lynde saw you. Marilla, she ain't done nothing wrong. Matthew. Remember, in the beginning, I told you not to put your oar in. I'm sorry I lost my temper, Anne. Marilla, please. I never meant anything to come of all this. 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. It doesn't matter where I go or how I change,...

I'll always be your Anne. Anne of Green Gables. I want you to give this to him. "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? Plenty of reasons why I won't go. I only

accepted in the first place because he dared me.

Well, I think you owe
him an explanation.

I hope you don't ruin your
dress driving there in the dust.

And it's far too thin for this damp
weather. I'm sorry, I ever agreed to it.

Thank you, Matthew.

Well, there's no use in saying anything to you,
Matthew, but those pearls look absolutely ridiculous.

I don't know where you
get these silly ideas.

Matthew is proud of the way I look.

Anne!

They're here.

Thank you, Marilla and Matthew.

I mustn't keep them waiting.

Now, mind you keep your
dress clear of the wheel.

Good luck, Anne!

I'll be watching for you both.

Gilbert gave me this in return for your
note. He's coming to watch you anyway.

I didn't want Jane or her
gabby brother to see.

"...to your own opinion.

It would have been easier if you had told me in
person. Hope you can 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.

Calm down, Anne.

I'm so ashamed. I can't go
up on that stage. I can't.

They'll be merciless if I fail.

You've never failed at
anything, Anne Shirley... Go on.

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!
Mrs. Evans has just
completed a European tour.
Oh, she's a prodigious talent.
I was moved beyond words.
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.
It will be amusing to see what
arises from the local amateur actors.
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.
Encore! Encore!
Dear, you were splendid.
Go back. They're encoring you.
I can't go back.
Anne, I have to admit I was so proud.
Your recitation was as
magnificent as Mrs. Evans'...
...and she's a professional.

[Josie Pye:

I overheard that romantic-looking young man over there asking...

[Gilbert:

there and give a recital like her]
who the girl on the platform was with the lovely tizian hair.

[Josie:

[Gilbert:

Whatever that means.
Plain red; it's just a
fancy way of saying it.
Well, he thought you
were wonderful anyway.
You'll forgive me for stealing
her away again, won't you?
There are so many people waiting
to meet our young Miss Shirley.
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.
Very well, dear. But hurry up,
I have important people waiting.
Gilbert! Gilbert!
I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to talk
to him, Anne. Blame me, if you want.
It's alright, Diana.
Some things just aren't meant to be.
Did you see all those diamonds?
I wish I were rich, then I could spend my whole
summer at a hotel eating icecream and chicken salad.
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 its
loveliness anymore if you had ropes of diamonds.
I don't know about that.
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 gonna hold me back.
Hurry up, Anne. Do you think the
train is going to wait for you?
I'll take it, Matthew. It'll be
easier if I go quickly by myself.
Getting emotional over nothing.
Nothing? You both mean everything to me.
All this foolishness.
You might as well kiss him, too.
All aboard!
I'm afraid for her, Matthew.
She'll be gone so long.
She'll get terrible lonesome.
You mean, we'll get terrible lonesome.
I can't help wishing that
she'd stayed a little girl.
Mrs. Spencer made a
lucky mistake, I guess.
It wasn't luck, it was providence.
He knew we needed her.
Even with her queer little ways.

I loved her for them.
I like people who make me like them.
It saves me so much trouble,
forcing myself to like them.
Oh, but I'd be a much happier woman
if you'd stay at Beechwood with me.
There's no other place
I'd rather be, Miss Barry.
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.
Miss Barry said you have
a creative turn of mind, so...
I've given you my best room,
looking out over the street.
Thank you, I'm sure.
Cheer up, now. I've had dozens of
students here and not lost one of them yet.
If there's anything you
want, just let me know.
Thank you.
I can't cheer up. I don't want to
cheer up. I'd rather just be miserable.
Those of you that have elected to complete the
program for a 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.
Anne Shirley!
You look positively ill.
Whenever your nose and eyes get
red, you just seem red all over.
Tell me, how are the

first year students doing?
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 of the others.
Thank you, but I have
other business to attend to.
Gilbert won't be there, if
that's what's worrying you.
Whatever do you mean?
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.
I'm amazed that Gilbert
could even insult you.
Anne!
We've been looking all over for you.
What's second year class like?
I don't know anyone. I wish you
people had decided to go into second.
Second? I'll be lucky if I pass first.
I don't care if I don't pass. My
father can afford to send me back.
You know, Anne, Frank Stockley told me that
the graduate who receives the highest mark
in English Lit. this year wins the Avery
scholarship. \$250 a year for four years.
Are you sure?
The board of governors is announcing
it tomorrow. I'll be you for sure, Anne.
I don't know. This is a much bigger pond
we're swimming in now than in Avonlea.
Will you two goody-goodies
control yourselves.
There's a lot more to do around here
than keeping your nose in the books.
So, you have been here one week
and already you are planning to take
an arts degree from Redmond College.
I fully intend to win that Avery
scholarship if hard work can do it.
I never knew a girl with such

ambition, except perhaps myself.
But my ambition was for money.
God knows I've succeeded.
Never really considered money.
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.
You aren't lonely, though, are you?
Not with you in town!
Now tell me, have you made all kinds of
interesting friends your first week here, then?
I have a small circle of friends,
but no bosom friends, mind you.
And what about young men
in that circle of friends?
I've become too practical
for romance. Like Marilla.
I shall probably end up an old maid.
Miss Barry, I didn't mean that.
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.
May I leave this for Gilbert Blythe?
You can take it to him yourself, Miss.
He's across the hall.
Thank you.
Can't you just picture it, Gilbert:
Emily Clay, winner of the Avery scholarship?
Don't be too sure.
"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."
She sounds unhappy.
Oh, cheer up Anne. You have to
win at least one of the awards.
I'm not sure I care anymore.
That's a fine attitude after
all the work you've put in!
I have no hope for the Avery. Everyone has
practically said that Emily Clay is getting it.
You'll probably get
the gold medal, then.
Well, I'm not going to look at the bulletin board.
I'm gonna go straight to the girls' dressing room.
I'll come find you.
If I fail, just say so, Jane. Don't break
it to me gently, and don't sympathize.
Hurray for Gilbert Blythe,
winner of the gold medal!
Three cheers for Anne Shirley,
winner of the Avery!
Hurray for Anne Shirley,
winner of the Avery!
Isn't that breath of mint delicious?
I can't bear the thought
of leaving here again.
Four long years.
I'll probably be old and grey
when you do come back, Anne.
More likely married to a
dashing handsome young man
and too busy with babies to be

interested in your former bosom friend.
Such as who? Moody?
I'll pray that someone wonderful comes
to Avonlea and sweeps you off your feet.
Gilbert's getting the
Avonlea school you know.
He isn't going to college?
His father can't afford to send
him so he's going to earn his way.
Did you ever explain to him?
Some books are better left on the shelf.
I wish him luck, though.
He's a determined young man.
Then as far as you're
concerned, he's fair game.
Why, Diana Barry!
If you were interested in Gilbert
Blythe, why didn't you ever say so?
'Cause I thought my bosom friend
was in love with him.
In love with Gilbert Blythe? Me?
Yes, you.
Gilbert did say that being smart
was better than being pretty.
Goodnight, dear, sweet Diana.
Goodnight, Anne.
Matthew! Matthew!
What is it?
I'm alright.
Please, Matthew. You need help.
We've got to get a doctor.
I've worked hard all my life.
I'd rather drop in the harness.
I got old, I never noticed.
If I'd been the boy you sent for,
I could have spared you in so many ways.
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.
Matthew, don't.
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 - the death - comes to all of us.
In the end, all we know is that we loved
him, and we commend his soul to Jesus.
Miss Cuthbert. Anne.
I'm very sorry for your loss.
Thank you, Gilbert Blythe.
There, now.
Oh, dear.
It won't bring him back.
Just keep your arms around me,
Marilla, for a little while.
Tears don't hurt like the ache does.
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.
We have each other now.
Yes, yes, yes...
Morning, Miss Cuthbert.
And how is Green Gables
holding up these days?
Oh, pretty well.
I haven't seen you around
these parts much lately.
Oh, uh, business in Carmody takes
all my time, you know what I mean.
This sure is a lovely
piece of countryside.
It is that. People in Avonlea say that it's
the prettiest acreage on the north shore.
Matthew kept up this place impeccably.
You don't want to let it get run

down at all. It decreases the value.
Now may be a good time to consider selling if you
want to get the highest value for your property.
Well, I can't deny that the
thought has crossed my mind.
You could certainly retire on what I
am prepared to offer you for the place.
Thank you, Mr. Sadler.
What did Mr. Sadler want?
He once offered to buy Green Gables
and he's still interested.
Buy Green Gables? 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.
But you can't sell Green Gables!
Anne, I would go crazy if there was
trouble and I was all 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.
You won't have to stay here alone.
I'm not going to Redmond.
What do you mean?
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.
I won't let you sacrifice your education
for me. I won't allow it, Anne Shirley.
I am going to do it. I'm sixteen years
old and just as stubborn as you are.

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?

Yes.

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.

And what happened?

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 always felt rather sorry.

I sort of wished that I'd
forgiven him when I had a chance.

Glad to hear you've come
to your senses, Anne.

Teachers' course one year,
and off to Redmond the next.

I don't believe in women going off to college with
the men, cramming their heads full of Latin and Greek.

I'm doing my courses by
correspondence, Rachel.

With all the work you have to do?

Teaching over at Carmody and looking after Green
Gables? Marilla, talk some sense to the girl.

Mind your own business for
once, Rachel, and leave her alone.

Anne thrives on studying.

Well, Marilla. She'll kill herself, that's all
there's to it. "Pride goes before the fall."

Hello, Anne.

Taking a short-cut, Mr. Blythe?

Miss Cuthbert said I
could find you here.

Open it.

"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!
I took the liberty of speaking
to the trustees about an exchange.
I'll be getting Carmody and
you can stay at Green Gables.
I don't know what to say.
Don't say anything.
But you'd have to pay for your board.
You'll never save enough for college.
You can't...
I'll save enough.
Besides, I'm keeping up my
studies by correspondence.
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 really appreciate it.
I figure you can give me help with my
work, and we'll call it a fair exchange.
Aren't you worried I'm liable to
break another slate over your head?
I'm more worried I might
break one over yours, ...
Carrots.
I'll walk you home.