

Scene 4

(Lights up. River sound. Summer. Banks of the Lake of Shining Waters. DIANA, JANE, and RUBY are preparing the funeral barge with a black shawl. ANNE enters and lies in it. They step back to admire.)

RUBY. Oh, she does look really dead.

JANE. Eww! Yes.

RUBY. It makes me a little frightened.

DIANA. Me too.

RUBY. Do you suppose it's really right to act like this? Mrs. Lynde says that all play-acting is abominably wicked.

ANNE. *(Still trying to appear dead, but trying to keep things proper.)* Ruby, you shouldn't talk about Mrs. Lynde. This is hundreds of years before Mrs. Lynde was born. *(Sitting up.)* Oh, Jane, you arrange this. It's silly for Elaine to be talking when she's dead.

JANE. All right, Anne

(ANNE shoots her a look.)

Elaine! Come on, girls.

(ANNE resumes her pose.)

Coverlet of gold?

(DIANA covers ANNE with a yellow shawl.)

One white lily?

(RUBY puts an iris in ANNE's hand. ANNE adjusts its angle to a more artistic one.)

Now, she's all ready. We must kiss her quiet brows.

(Whispers.)

Anne... Smile a little. Elaine "lay as though she smiled." *(ANNE smiles.)* That's good. Go on girls...your speeches...

DIANA. Sister, farewell forever.

RUBY. Farewell, sweet sister.

JANE. Now push the flat off.

(They push the boat gently offstage and wave sorrowfully.)

And then we run down to meet it as the Camelot people.

(As the boat is nearly off, ANNE raises her head and smiles her excitement to the girls. Just as the boat clears the stage there is a bump and a scraping sound.)

DIANA. What was that?

RUBY. The boat hit something. I think.

DIANA. Is Anne all right?

JANE. Ruby, run up the bank and look.

(RUBY runs off stage.)

DIANA. Anne? Anne?! Are you all right?

JANE. Shhh, Diana. She doesn't want to be called Anne just now.

DIANA. But I want to know if... Ruby, can you see her? Is she...

RUBY. *(Running back on.)* Oh, no!

DIANA. What?

RUBY. The boat! Oh, my!

DIANA. What, Ruby?!

JANE. Ruby, calm down and tell us...

RUBY. It's leaking! It's leaking! Oh, no!

(She falls in a faint.)

JANE. Oh! She's fainted!

DIANA. Anne!

JANE. Ruby, get up!

DIANA. She's on the shore. Worry about her later. Anne!

JANE. Anne!

DIANA. Anne, the boat's leaking!

JANE. It's sinking!

DIANA. (*Screaming:*) Anne!!!

JANE. She's not getting up. You run down the bank to where the boat drifts up. I'll get Ruby and see if we can get some help.

DIANA. All right. Anne!

(*Lights. Music tag. JANE helps RUBY off.*)

Scene 5

(*Lights up. River sounds continue. Sound of rowing. ANNE and GILBERT roll in, GILBERT rowing. ANNE is wet.*)

ANNE. I had to drift down in the funeral barge—and it started to leak.

GILBERT. Why...

ANNE. We were playing Elaine.

GILBERT. Elaine?

ANNE. (*Duhhh!*) The Lily Maid? From "The Idylls of the King"? Tennyson???

GILBERT. Ahh.

(*They have landed. ANNE jumps out of the boat.*)

ANNE. I'm very much obliged to you.

GILBERT. (*He jumps out as well.*) Anne, look here. Can't we be friends? I'm awfully sorry I made fun of your hair.

(*ANNE turns away GILBERT takes her hand and stops her. She lets him hold her, but doesn't look at him.*)

I only meant it as a joke. I didn't mean to make you mad. Besides, it's so long ago. I think your hair is awfully pretty—honest I do. Come on. Let's be friends.

(*He drops her hand and offers his to shake. ANNE ponders a moment. Looks at GILBERT. Looks away. Ponders. Looks back at him. Remembers. Breaks away.*)

ANNE. No, I'm never going to be friends with you, Gilbert Blythe. I don't ever want to be!

GILBERT. (*Backing away:*) All right!

(*Jumps into his boat.*)

I'll never ask you to be friends again, Anne Shirley.

(*Rows angrily off.*)

And I don't care either!

(*He rows off stage. ANNE is left looking after him. She is about to cry. Almost calls him back. Changes her mind.*)

DIANA. (*Calling from off:*) Anne! Anne!

ANNE. (*Calling to her:*) I'm here, Diana!

DIANA. (*Running on, out of breath. JANE follows shortly after.*) Oh, Anne! Oh, Anne—we thought—you were—drowned. Ruby is in hysterics. We sent her for Matthew and Marilla. Oh, Anne, how did you escape?

ANNE. I climbed up on one of the bridge piles.

DIANA. How did you get here?

ANNE. Gilbert Blythe came along and rowed me to land.

JANE. (*"How romantic!"*) Oh!

DIANA. Oh, how perfectly splendid of him!

JANE. Oh, it's so romantic!

DIANA. Oh, yes!

JANE. Of course you'll speak to him after this.

ANNE. Of course I will not. And I don't ever want to hear the word "romantic" again, Jane Andrews.

(Sound of horse and buggy driving up at a gallop.)

RUBY. *(Voice Off:)* There they are! There they are!

MARILLA. *(Calling from off:)* Anne! Anne!

ANNE. I'm here, Marilla!

(Sound of buggy stopping. JANE runs toward it.)

JANE. Here, Marilla! She's here!

DIANA. She's all right!

(MARILLA, MATTHEW, and RUBY run on.)

She held on to the bridge!

JANE. And Gilbert Blythe came along and rowed her to shore!

MARILLA. *(Touching ANNE's face:)* Anne?

ANNE. I'm really all right, Marilla. I was scared for a while, but I'm all right. Matthew?

(MATTHEW nods at her, knows she's all right. MARILLA's fear turns to anger.)

MARILLA. Will you ever have any sense?!!

ANNE. Oh yes, Marilla, I think I learned a very valuable lesson today.

MARILLA. I don't quite see how!

ANNE. Well, every mistake I make helps cure some problem in me. And this one today is going to cure me of being too *romantic*.

MARILLA. I see.

ANNE. I'm done with romance. I'm quite sure you're going to see a much more sensible Anne from now on.

MARILLA. *(Skeptically:)* Well, I certainly hope so. *(She takes the girls off:)* Come on, Diana. Girls. We'll drive you home.

(Exit all but ANNE and MATTHEW. They look at each other for a moment. ANNE starts off. MATTHEW stops her briefly with a hand on her shoulder.)

MATTHEW. Don't give up all your romance. A little of it is a good thing. *(A quick look toward MARILLA:)* Not too much, of course—but keep a little of it, Anne.

(They exit. Lights. Music tag.)

Scene 6

(Lights up. September evening. Kitchen, Green Gables. MATTHEW is looking anxiously out the window. MARILLA is feverishly sweeping and looking angrily at MATTHEW. MATTHEW sits. MARILLA sweeps at his feet. He escapes and shoots her a look. Goes to the window again. Turns back to his chair.)

MARILLA. This is your doings, Matthew, and I wash my hands of it. If she catches pneumonia sleeping in a strange bed in Charlottetown, don't blame me.

MATTHEW. Hmmp!

(Sound of buggy pulling up. MATTHEW runs back to the window. ANNE runs in wearing coat and carrying bag. She hugs MATTHEW.)

ANNE. Matthew!

MATTHEW. Anne!

ANNE. Marilla!

(Running to hug MARILLA and stopping short as she sees she won't be hugged back. She dives into her report:)

Oh! It was splendid. Charlottetown was so big! And, oh! Diana said her Aunt Josephine Barry was rich, but her house! It was so beautiful! *(To MARILLA:)* We got to stay in the spare room—just like Miss Barry promised. And the fair! I never imagined anything so interesting. There were thousands of people there. And the next day we went for a drive in the park.