

# SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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# Anne & Gilbert

Book and Lyrics by  
**Jeff Hochhauser**

Music and Lyrics by  
**Bob Johnston and Nancy White**

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION



**SAMUEL  
FRENCH**  
FOUNDED 1830

NEW YORK HOLLYWOOD LONDON TORONTO

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Pictured left to right: Marla MacClean and Peter Deiwick

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**ANNE & GILBERT: A MUSICAL** had its world premiere on August 4, 2005 at the Victoria Playhouse in Victoria-By-the-Sea, Prince Edward Island, Canada. It was produced for Campbell Webster Entertainment by Campbell Webster and David Malahoff. The director and choreographer was Duncan McIntosh, with musical direction by Lisa St. Clair, orchestrations by Tom Leighton and Bob Johnston, set design by John Craig Dinning, costume design by Phillip Clarkson, and lighting design by Elizabeth Asselstine. The band was Lisa St. Clair, Mark Haines and Julia McLaine, and the cast was as follows:

**JOSIE PYE** . . . . . Natalie Sullivan  
**GILBERT BLYTHE** . . . . . Peter Deiwick  
**MR. SLOANE/STATIONMASTER/REVEREND/PROFESSOR/HEAD WAITER.** . . . . . Erskine Smith  
**RACHEL LYNDE** . . . . . Pam Stevenson  
**ANNE SHIRLEY.** . . . . . Marla McLean  
**DIANA BARRY/REDMOND STUDENT.** . . . . . Sarah Sheps  
**FRED WRIGHT/REDMOND STUDENT** . . . . . Christopher Gillis  
**MARILLA CUTHBERT** . . . . . Laura Smith  
**MOODY SPURGEON MACPHERSON.** . . . . . John Connolly  
**PAUL IRVING** . . . . . Brandon Banks  
**PRILLIE ROGERSON/REDMOND STUDENT** . . . . . Brittany Banks  
**BARBARA SHAW/REDMOND STUDENT** . . . . . Isabel MacDougall  
**ANNETTA BELL/REDMOND STUDENT** . . . . . Whitney Rose  
**ALEC/ANTHONY PYE** . . . . . Jesse Martyn  
**ALONZO/AVONLEA PUPIL** . . . . . Nick Whelan  
**PHILIPPA GORDON/AVONLEA PUPIL** . . . . . Maria Campbell  
**ROY GARDNER/BENJI SLOANE** . . . . . Sean C. Robertson

## CHARACTERS

**ANNE SHIRLEY** – 19. Anne of Green Gables at 19. A beautiful and fiery redhead, charming, impulsive, charismatic and very intelligent. Wise beyond her years about everything and everybody except Gilbert.

**GILBERT BLYTHE** – 20. The best looking and smartest guy in town. He is deeply in love with Anne and determined to win her.

**MARILLA CUTHBERT** – 50s. Anne's guardian. She used to be a lot crustier but her years with Anne have brought out her warmth and humour.

**MRS. LYNDE** – 50s. The town busybody. A loveable know it all.

**JOSIE PYE** – 20. As close to a bad girl as you can get in Avonlea. Sexy, funny and good-hearted underneath her bluster.

**PHILIPPA GORDON** – 20. A beautiful and sophisticated if somewhat giddy heiress.

**MOODY SPURGEON MACPHERSON** – 20, goofy suitor for Anne's who wants to be a minister. The actor in this role must play the fiddle/violin.

**ROY GARDNER** – 22. A handsome and very wealthy college boy. Used to getting what he wants. And he wants Anne.

**DIANA BARRY** – 19. Anne's best friend. Spunky, adorable and very down-to-earth.

**PAUL IRVING** – 10. Anne's favourite pupil. Polite and very smart but desperate to fit in.

**ANTHONY PYE** – 12. Anne's least favourite pupil. Usually in trouble.

**MR. SLOANE** – 50s. Also plays a starchy head waiter and the minister.

**ALEC & ALONZO** – Two rich college boys, madly in love with Philippa. One of them will also play **DIANA's** fiancée **FRED WRIGHT**.

## NOTES ON CASTING

**ANNE & GILBERT** can be performed by a cast of 17 or more.

In a production where a children's chorus is added, the adult cast can be reduced to 14.

## SETTING

**ACT ONE** is set in Avonlea, a small village on Prince Edward Island in the Canadian Maritimes. It is 1881.

**ACT TWO** is set mostly at Redmond University in Halifax. It is 1882.

# SYNOPSIS OF SCENES AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

## Act I

The entire first act takes place in the village of Avonlea, on Prince Edward Island in the Canadian Maritimes. 1881.

### Scene 1: Outside the schoolhouse

“Mr. Blythe” . . . . . Josie and the girls of Avonlea  
“Gilbert Loves Anne of Green Gables” . . . Mrs. Lynde, Mr. Sloane,  
Mrs. Pye  
“Averil’s Ideal” . . . . . Anne  
“Carried Away By Love” . . . . Gilbert, Anne, Moody and ensemble

### Scene 2: The Green Gables kitchen

### Scene 3: Inside the schoolhouse

### Scene 4: Outside the schoolhouse

“You’re Island Through and Through” Gilbert, Anne and ensemble  
“Polishing Silver” . . . . . Anne and Diana

### Scene 5: A small beach cove

“Saturday Morning” . . . . . Gilbert  
“Hello, Gilbert!” . . . . . Josie and Gilbert

### Scene 6: The graveyard

“All You Can Do Is Wait” . . . . . Gilbert

### Scene 7: Green Gables, then the schoolhouse

“A Jonah Day” . . . . . Anne, Josie, Paul, Anthony and students

### Scene 8: The Carmody train station

“Our Duty” . . . . . Marilla and Mrs. Lynde

### Scene 9: Outside the schoolhouse

“Averil’s Ideal” (reprise) . . . . . Diana  
“Someone Handed Me the Moon” . . . . . Anne

### Scene 10: Diana’s wedding

“Blessed Be the Avonlea Bride” . . . . . Ensemble  
“Carried Away By Love” (reprise) . . . . . Anne and Gilbert

## Act II

The entire second act takes place at Redmond University except where indicated. 1882.

### Scene 1: The campus

“The Days Ahead” . . . . . Anne, Gilbert, Phil, Roy and Ensemble

### Scene 2: Old St. John’s Cemetery

“Seesaw Girl” . . . . . Phil, Alec and Alonzo

“When He Was My Beau” . . . . . Marilla

### Scene 3: Underneath a tree, outside the cemetery

“May I Offer My Umbrella?” . . . . . Roy and Anne

### Scene 4: Avonlea

“Gilbert Would Never Compose a Sonnet To My Eyes” . . Diana and  
Anne

“You’re Never Safe From Surprises Till You’re Dead” . . Mrs. Lynde

“Hello, Gilbert!” (reprise) . . . . . Josie

### Scene 5: A ladies’ dressing room

“Hothouse Flower” . . . . . Gilbert and co-eds

### Scene 6: A formal reception

“Just When I’d Given Up Hope” . . Roy, Josie, Gilbert and ensemble

“You’re Island Through and Through” (reprise) . . . . Gilbert, Josie,  
Anne, Moody and ensemble

### Scene 7: Outside the reception

“That Little Fiddle Player” . . . . . Phil, Alec, Alonzo and Moody

### Scene 8: Charlotte’s Café

“Forever In My Life” . . . . . Anne

### Scene 9: Avonlea

“Finale”. . . . . Ensemble

## From the original producers of *Anne & Gilbert*...

*ANNE & GILBERT* is an unusual Canadian theatre story. Since its launch in 2005 it has become the most successful and critically acclaimed new musical in Canada in recent memory. With rave reviews in *Variety*, *The Toronto Star*, *The Ottawa Citizen* and countless other publications, it has accomplished in tiny Prince Edward Island, Canada's smallest province, what few other Canadian musicals have achieved anywhere.

Its popularity in Canadian theatres is owing to a small army of enthusiasts, none more important than the three gifted writers who started it all: Jeff Hochhauser, Bob Johnston and Nancy White. Their adaptation for the stage of L.M. Montgomery's classic novels has been brought to life by many excellent performers, directors and designers.

None of *Anne & Gilbert*'s success would have happened without the original investors in the production: Fred Hyndman, Doug Hall, Peter MacDougald and David Carmody. Their early support made *Anne & Gilbert* possible.

*Campbell Webster*

*David Malahoff*

*Producers/ANNE & GILBERT*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

A musical with a cast of seventeen is a big animal, and before it even gets produced, its writers become indebted to the hundreds of people who help with its development. *Anne & Gilbert* was workshopped in New York, Toronto and Charlottetown at least eight times, and performers took part for the love of theatre. We thank them, and of course the actors, musicians, crew people, administrators and investors who got the show on the road. We especially extend affectionate thanks to our producers, Campbell Webster and David Malahoff who made our dream their nightmare! And we'd also like to extend un gros merci to the following folks and institutions who helped with the writers' creative process.

Albert Ahronheim, The American Musical and Dramatic Academy, Pat Anweiler, Jill Corey, Michael Fletcher, Heidi Ford, Tim French, Maurice & Mary Gallant, Jessica Grové, Howard K. Hamm, Jr., Mark Haines, Carol Hanzel, The Harbourfront Jubilee Theatre, Sean Kemp (for violin advice), Dale Koshida, Jeffrey Landsman, Tom Leighton, John McKellar, Ann Merriam, James Morgan, David Myers (for appreciated musical input), Richard Ouzounian, Erskine & Pat Smith, The Victoria Playhouse, Greg Wanless, Wexford Collegiate School for the Arts, The York Theatre Company, and, of course, the brilliant Lucy Maud Montgomery.

— *Jeff Hochhauser, Bob Johnston and Nancy White*



# ACT 1

## Scene One

*(Outside the school. Late summer.)*

*(JOSIE PYE and a bunch of young GIRLS of various ages look longingly at the school.)*

**GIRLS.**

EVERY YOUNG GIRL IN AVONLEA  
IS ABOUT AS CLOSE TO HEAVEN  
AS SHE CAN BE  
IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHY  
THEN I GUESS YOU DIDN'T HEAR  
MR. BLYTHE  
WHO MAKES THE GIRLS OF AVONLEA SIGH  
MR. BLYTHE  
THE BEST LOOKING BOY ON P.E.I.  
MR. BLYTHE

**JOSIE.**

IS GONNA BE MY TEACHER  
THIS YEAR

**GIRLS.**

ONCE IN A WHILE I'LL BREAK A RULE  
SO TEACHER WILL BE FORCED  
TO KEEP ME AFTER SCHOOL  
PLEASE VACATION END  
FOR THE FUN BEGINS IN FALL  
MR. BLYTHE  
SITTIN' ON HIS DESK RECITIN' RHYMES  
MR. BLYTHE  
NO ONE CUTER IN THE MARITIMES  
MR. BLYTHE  
I NEVER WANT TO GRADUATE  
AT ALL

*(GILBERT comes up the path headed for the school. The GIRLS' eyes light up as he passes.)*

**FIRST GIRL.** Good afternoon, Mr. Blythe.

**SECOND GIRL.** Good afternoon, Mr. Blythe.

**THIRD GIRL.** Good afternoon, Mr. Blythe.

**JOSIE.** *(provocatively)* Hello, Gilbert!

**GILBERT.** *(with a devastating smile)* Goodbye, Josie.

*(GILBERT goes into the school. The GIRLS fairly swoon.)*

**JOSIE.** *(as the rest of the GIRLS sing answer back-up)*

MR. BLYTHE

MR. BLYTHE

YOU'RE NOT JUST BEAUTIFUL

MR. BLYTHE

MR. BLYTHE

YOU'RE NOT JUST WONDERFUL TO SEE

MR. BLYTHE

MR. BLYTHE

IN MY HEART OF HEARTS

**JOSIE & GIRLS.**

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE GILBERT TO ME

EVERY DAY WE'LL DRESS UP AND YOU CAN BET

WE'LL BE TRYING

WE'LL BE VYING

TO BE THE TEACHER'S PET

EVEN WITH THE FLU

WE'LL GO TO SCHOOL EVERY DAY

MR. BLYTHE

NOW YOU'RE MY TEACHER

YOU'RE A MAN

MR. BLYTHE

I'LL DO MY HOMEWORK

WHEN I CAN

MR. BLYTHE

IF ONLY YOU'D GET OVER

*(as if it were a dirty word)*

ANNE!

**JOSIE.** (*GIRLS again sing answer back up.*)

MR. BLYTHE

MR. BLYTHE

YOU'RE NOT JUST BEAUTIFUL

MR. BLYTHE

MR. BLYTHE

YOU'RE NOT JUST WONDERFUL TO SEE

MR. BLYTHE

MR. BLYTHE

**GIRLS.**

MR. TEACHER

**JOSIE.**

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE GILBERT

**JOSIE & GIRLS.**

I LOVE YOU GILBERT

YOU WILL ALWAYS BE GILBERT

TO ME

(*Lights come up inside the schoolhouse.*)

(*GILBERT is addressing the Avonlea School Board which consists of MRS. LYNDE, MR. SLOANE and MRS. PYE.*)

**GILBERT.** I cannot begin to express my gratitude  
that the Avonlea School Board has accepted my appli-  
cation to become your new schoolmaster.  
I love this school.

Seems like only yesterday I was a student here.

**MRS. LYNDE.** It was!

**GILBERT.** That is almost true, Mrs. Lynde!

So it's very difficult to have to tell you this: The White  
Sands School has offered me substantially more money  
and if I'm to save the tuition to attend university next  
year....I cannot afford the pleasure of teaching in  
Avonlea this year.

**MRS. LYNDE.** Well! You're never safe from surprises till  
you're dead!

**MRS. PYE.** Doesn't speak so well of Avonlea that our school-  
masters teach BEFORE they go to university.

**MRS. LYNDE.** (*proudly*) Hush, Mrs. Pye! It's the Canadian way!

**MR. SLOANE.** Not like you, Gilbert, leavin' Avonlea in the lurch only a week before school starts!

**GILBERT.** Mr. Sloane, sir, I would never have accepted the position at White Sands were it not for the fact that ANNE SHIRLEY is available.

**MRS. PYE.** That red-headed orphan from the Cuthbert farm?

**MRS. LYNDE.** That 'red-headed orphan' gave up a full scholarship at Redmond University to stay home and care for Marilla Cuthbert!

I say let's put the hiring of Anne Shirley to a vote!  
AGREED?

**MRS. PYE.** AYE!

**MRS. LYNDE.** AYE!

**MR. SLOANE.** I'M chairman of this committee! I decide when we vote.

**MRS. LYNDE.** Jake Sloane, you're being.....Sloanish!

**MR. SLOANE.** Gilbert! You're fired!

**GILBERT.** Excellent!

**MR. SLOANE.** Is that un-Sloanish enough for you, Rachel Lynde?

**GILBERT.** (*rushing off*) Thank you.

**MRS. PYE.** (*once GILBERT is gone*) I find it embarrassing that the White Sands school pays its teachers 'substantially' more than Avonlea!

**MRS. LYNDE.** They more than likely pay less!

**MRS. PYE.** White Sands pays LESS? I'm lost.

**MRS. LYNDE.**

THE GRASS POPS UP IN THE PASTURE  
THE BREAKERS BREAK ON THE SHORE  
YOU GET YOUR EGGS FROM A CHICKEN  
YOU GET YOUR NEWS AT THE STORE  
SOME THINGS YOU KNOW FOR CERTAIN  
NO ONE QUESTIONS ANYMORE

GILBERT LOVES ANNE OF GREEN GABLES  
 AND THOUGH SHE WON'T ADMIT IT'S TRUE  
 ANNE OF GREEN GABLES LOVES GILBERT TOO

**MRS. PYE.**

HE MET THAT GIRL IN THE CLASSROOM  
 HE LOVED THAT GIRL FROM THE START

**MR. SLOANE.**

THEY SEEMED TO BE BORN TO BATTLE  
 LIKE THE SLOANES

**MRS. PYE.**

AND THE PYES

**MRS. LYNDE.**

ONLY SMART

**ALL THREE.**

SOMEBODY NEEDS TO TELL THEM

**MRS. LYNDE.**

THEY SHOULD NEVER BE APART

*(MRS. LYNDE, MRS. PYE and MR. SLOANE go.)*

*(Outside the school house where DIANA, FRED and TOWNSPEOPLE are walking by.)*

**ALL.**

GILBERT LOVES ANNE OF GREEN GABLES  
 AND THOUGH SHE MAKES A BIG TO-DO  
 ANNE OF GREEN GABLES LOVES GILBERT TOO

**MRS. LYNDE.**

HE WORSHIPS THE GROUND SHE WALKS ON  
 AS ANYONE CAN SEE  
 SHE TREATS HIM LIKE HER DEAR OLD DOG  
 SHE'S FOOLING HERSELF  
 BUT SHE'S NOT FOOLING ME

**MRS. PYE.**

THE GIRLS IN TOWN ADORE HIM  
 THEY WON'T LEAVE GILBERT ALONE

**MR. SLOANE.**

BUT GILBERT WILL CONQUER HIS SWEETHEART

**MRS. LYNDE.**

AS SURE AS A PYE'LL CHEAT A SLOANE

**ALL.**

SOME THINGS ARE WRIT IN GRANITE

**MRS LYNDE.**

SOMEWHERE THIS IS CARVED IN STONE:

**ALL.**

*(as the **GIRLS** sing **MR. BLYTHE**)*

GILBERT LOVES ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

AND ALL OF US HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES IS GILBERT'S OWN

GILBERT LOVES ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

AND THOUGH SHE'LL BE THE LAST TO KNOW

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES LOVES GILBERT SO

GILBERT LOVES ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

GILBERT LOVES ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

AND ANNE OF GREEN GABLES LOVES GILBERT SO

*(Toward the end of the above chorus, a beautiful nineteen year-old redhead comes up the path reading a letter.)*

*(On the last note of the song, she is revealed to be **ANNE SHIRLEY**. And she is **NOT** pleased about what her neighbours are singing.)*

*(**ANNE**'s best friend **DIANA** rushes to meet her.)*

**ANNE.** WHY do they do it, Diana? WHY does half of Avonlea insist that Gilbert and I are in love?

**DIANA.** Oh Anne, it's more than half!

**ANNE.** *(stewing for a moment as she digests this, then)* Well I'm sorry to disappoint you and more than half of Avonlea!

Gilbert is a good chum. That's all!

**DIANA.** Then why are you blushing?

**ANNE.** I am not!

**DIANA.** You always blush whenever anybody mentions Gilbert.

**ANNE.** It doesn't mean I'm in love. It means I'm embarrassed!

**DIANA.** If you say so.

ANNE. I could never love Gilbert Blythe!

I'm too much like Averil.

DIANA. From your short story?

ANNE. From my failed short story!

DIANA. How can you call it failed? It's beautiful!

ANNE. I just picked this up at the post office.

Rejected!

And by CANADIAN WOMAN!

When you've been rejected by CANADIAN WOMAN...  
there's no hope!

DIANA. I've been thinking you might enter it in the Roll-  
ings Reliable Baking Powder Literary Competition.

ANNE. (*a little grandly*) There isn't a WORD in my story  
about BAKING POWDER!

DIANA. But there could be!

You could just slip it in somewhere!

(*defensively*)

It really is an excellent product.

ANNE. To me that story is sacred!

(*Music begins.*)

DIANA. It's my favourite of everything you've written.

ANNE. (*opening her manuscript*) Mine too.

'WHEN AVERIL WAS A SWEET YOUNG THING  
HER FRIENDS WERE ALWAYS WHISPERING  
OF BEAUX THEY'D HAD AND BEAUX TO COME  
BUT AVERIL KEPT HER PEACE  
FOR SHE KNEW THERE WAS MORE TO LIFE  
THAN SETTLING DOWN AS SOMEONE'S WIFE  
SHE MIGHT BE LONELY, THIS SHE KNEW  
BUT SHE HAD THINGS TO DO  
THIS WAS HER CAPRICE  
AVERIL KEPT HER PEACE

WHEN AVERIL WAS BUT SEVENTEEN  
A HANDSOME LAD CAME ON THE SCENE  
AND HE WAS SMART AND FAIR AND KIND

BUT AVERIL TURNED AWAY  
 THE SIGNS WERE WRONG, SHE WANTED MORE  
 WHY HE WAS JUST THE BOY NEXT DOOR  
 AND SHE COULD ONLY FIND ROMANCE  
 IN PERFECT CIRCUMSTANCE  
 JUST LIKE IN A PLAY  
 AVERIL TURNED AWAY

THERE HAD TO BE A TREE  
 THERE HAD TO BE SOME RAIN  
 A STRANGER WOULD APPEAR  
 EXOTIC AND URBANE  
 AND AVERIL WOULD KNOW  
 AND AVERIL WOULD FEEL  
 THIS GENTLEMAN WAS TRULY  
 AVERIL'S IDEAL'

(ANNE & DIANA *sigh.*)

It truly IS my most romantic story!

DIANA. All except the part about Averil being an old maid  
 for sixty years till she finally meets the Dream Man.

That might be all right for you, you're always going to  
 be divinely slim.

I'm going to be fat!

ANNE. DIANA!

DIANA. Well, I am. My mother is fat! Every single one of my  
 aunts is fat!

There's nothing romantic about a fat old maid!

ANNE. (*handing DIANA the manuscript*) I want you to keep it.

DIANA. I'll treasure it always.

But Anne, would you REALLY wait sixty years for some  
 'ideal man'?

Gilbert seems like an awfully good compromise to me!

ANNE.

I THINK I'D NEED A TREE  
 AND YES, I'D WANT SOME RAIN  
 AND HE'D BE STANDING THERE

EXOTIC AND URBANE  
 AND IN A FLASH I'D KNOW  
 AND IN A FLASH I'D FEEL  
 I GUESS I'D BE LIKE AVERIL  
 FINDING MY IDEAL

AND IN A FLASH I'D KNOW  
 AND IN A FLASH I'D FEEL  
 I GUESS I'D BE LIKE AVERIL  
 FINDING MY IDEAL

**DIANA.** But Gilbert just gave up the Avonlea schoolmaster job.  
 For you!

**ANNE.** ME?

**DIANA.** YOU'RE going to teach at Avonlea, HE's going to teach all the way out at White Sands, so you can stay here and look after Green Gables and Marilla!  
 It sounded terribly romantic to me.

*(romantically)*

The handsome young hero gives up

*(pragmatically)*

an extremely convenient job,

*(romantically again)*

for the sake of the woman he loves!

Gilbert would do anything for you, Anne. You have to know that!

*(GILBERT rushes on.)*

**GILBERT.** ALL RIGHT, ANNE....LET ME HAVE IT!

I went behind your back! I didn't consult you first!

BUT IF I HAD ASKED YOU before I did it....what would you have said?

**ANNE & DIANA.** 'Don't you dare under any circumstance!'

*(ANNE gives DIANA a dirty look.)*

**DIANA.** I'm going to excuse myself now.

**ANNE.** Diana....

DIANA. Good luck, Gil! Bye Anne.

(DIANA rushes off. There is an uncomfortable moment.)

GILBERT. Now, Anne, I can come home from White Sands every night because I have a horse.

You, rather appropriately, only have a mule!

(A moment. ANNE seems to be weighing her options.)

ANNE. (finally and firmly) Thank you, Gilbert!

GILBERT. That's it? You're not going to yell at me?

ANNE. No, I am not.

It really was a very generous thing to do.

GILBERT. It was rather, wasn't it?

And yet, somehow I get the feeling you're not altogether pleased!

Especially because it's me who's come to your rescue.

ANNE. (trying really hard to stay calm) Rescue?

GILBERT. In a manner of speaking.

ANNE. If I'm 'not pleased,' it is not because of YOU.

It's....a story rejection.

GILBERT. "Averil's Ideal?"

ANNE. How do you know about that?

GILBERT. Diana let Fred read it and he lent it to me.

ANNE. Diana wasn't supposed to show that to anyone! Did you like it?

GILBERT. (uncomfortably) Ummm,

I've always thought you were a very talented writer.

I think you ought to write about yourself.

ANNE. Who would want to read a book about Anne of Green Gables?

You didn't like it!

GILBERT. Well...no.

It just isn't realistic!

Imagine you, Anne, waiting sixty years for some Mr. Ideal!

ANNE. I can easily imagine that. Considering my options!

**GILBERT.** You're way too smart to live in some fake romantic dream world!

Come on, Anne, whatever reverie you go off in,  
you know in your heart when the chips are down,  
it's me you're going to marry!

*(pause)*

**ANNE.** You egotistical –

**GILBERT.** You wouldn't care to make a small friendly wager?

**ANNE.** A wager, Gilbert?

**GILBERT.** *(taking a gold coin out of his pocket)* I'll bet my lucky gold piece.

My dad gave it to me when I was sixteen.  
Just as his dad gave it to him.

**ANNE.** And the terms of this friendly wager?

**GILBERT.** I will propose marriage to you at some future moment of my choosing –

**ANNE.** It won't be mine!

**GILBERT.** If you say 'no!' you have my word of honour, I will NEVER ask you again!  
And, my lucky gold piece.

**ANNE.** And what could I possibly wager against the easiest gold piece I'm ever going to win?

*(Big smile from ANNE.)*

**GILBERT.** Just your heart, Anne! That's all I've ever wanted.

*(Neither of them notices MARILLA coming down the path.)*

**ANNE.** *(The smile is gone.)* Oh, you THINK you know exactly what a girl wants to hear, don't you?

**GILBERT.** It's a bewildering gift!

**ANNE.** YOU DON'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA,  
GILBERT BLYTHE!

So I will take that wager!

I will take that wager because there is more chance of  
my getting engaged to THAT TREE!

**MARILLA.** ANNE SHIRLEY!

**ANNE.** (*mortified*) Hello, Marilla.

**MARILLA.** Is this the way I brought you up to behave?

**ANNE.** (*She thinks this over, then*) Not exactly.

**MARILLA.** And after what Gilbert's just done for you.

And for me.

Thank you very kindly, Gilbert.

**GILBERT.** Anytime I can be of service, Miss Cuthbert.

(*Under her breath, ANNE imitates him.*)

**MARILLA.** ANNE SHIRLEY!

Gilbert gave up the Avonlea schoolmaster job for you.

It seems to me that you could at least ACT beholden to him,

(*heading home*)

for ONE evening!

(*pause*)

**GILBERT.** (*asking MARILLA*) For one WHOLE evening?

(*After a moment, MARILLA nods and rushes off.*)

**ANNE.** If Marilla says I have to, I suppose I have to!

(*A group of young people have gathered around MOODY SPURGEON, a rather dour looking young man who starts to play his fiddle. One couple after another begin to dance.*)

**GILBERT.** (*suddenly serious*) Since you're in such an obliging state of mind – I plan to keep up my studies, even if I can't go to university yet.

I assume you do too.

**ANNE.** For once you assume correctly.

**GILBERT.** Then let's be study partners. I for one could use the help.

What do you say, Anne?

**ANNE.** That's an offer that makes too much common sense to refuse.

**GILBERT.** Oh, I don't mean to be TOO common sensical! How about a dance?

ANNE. I don't care what Marilla says! I'm not THAT grateful!

GILBERT. Oh, come on, Anne, Moody's started in on his fiddle.

He won't be around to play for us much longer.

ANNE. I know. This time next week he'll be at university.

GILBERT. We'll get there too, Anne. You'll see! Now how about that dance?

ANNE. I really don't care to.

GILBERT.

LOOK AT THE LOVERS  
AREN'T THEY A PICTURE?  
DANCING SO FINE  
UNDER THE MOONLIGHT  
ALMOST AS IN A TRANCE  
UNDER THE SPELL OF THE DANCE  
CARRIED AWAY BY LOVE  
  
THEY HEAR THE MUSIC  
THEY FEEL THE MOONLIGHT  
THEY DON'T RESIST  
LISTEN IT'S CALLING  
DARE YOU TO DANCE WITH ME  
WE'RE NOT THE KIND WHO COULD BE  
CARRIED AWAY BY LOVE

CARRIED AWAY BY STARS IN THE SKY  
CARRIED AWAY BY DREAMS  
CARRIED AWAY BY LOVE, YOU AND I?  
WE'RE NOT THE KIND INCLINED TO GET CARRIED AWAY

GILBERT. (*cont.*)

THERE WILL BE TALK IF UNDER THE MOONLIGHT  
WE ARE THE ONES TALKING NOT DANCING  
PRIVACY'S NOT ALLOWED  
SMARTER TO FOLLOW THE CROWD  
CARRIED AWAY BY LOVE

(ANNE and GILBERT finally join the dance.)

**ALL EXCEPT ANNE & GILBERT.**

LOOK AT THE LOVERS  
AREN'T THEY A PICTURE?  
DANCING SO FINE  
UNDER THE MOONLIGHT  
ALMOST AS IN A TRANCE  
UNDER THE SPELL OF THE DANCE  
CARRIED AWAY BY LOVE

**ALL EXCEPT ANNE.**

UNDER THE SPELL OF THE DANCE

*(During the above, ANNE breaks away from GILBERT  
and goes off.)*

**GILBERT.**

CARRIED AWAY BY LOVE

*(GILBERT and the rest of the YOUNG PEOPLE go off in  
different directions as MOODY finishes his fiddling.)*

*(Lights come up on the Green Gables kitchen.)*

## Scene Two

*(Green Gables kitchen.)*

ANNE. Oh, Marilla, my pupils are just waiting for me to fail!

MARILLA. You will hardly fail completely in one day and there's plenty more days coming.

The trouble with you, Anne, is you'll expect to teach those children everything and reform all their faults right off.

ANNE. It wouldn't be so terrible if I were to be teaching children who didn't know me.

Most of my pupils were my old school mates.

How am I to get them to respect me the way they would a stranger?

How am I to get them to call me 'Miss Shirley?'

MRS. LYNDE. *(barging in and offering an opinion)* You've got to whoop one!

ANNE. MRS. LYNDE!

MRS. LYNDE. As an example!

The first one that acts up, you show your class a whooping they won't forget!

ANNE. I could never whoop, WHIP a child!

MRS. LYNDE. Our teachers always whooped a student, first day of school. Isn't that so, Marilla?

MARILLA. Usually one of the Pyes.

MRS. LYNDE. Now I come to think of it, one year it was YOU, Marilla!

MARILLA. RACHEL LYNDE!

ANNE. *(stunned)* Why, Marilla, what could you have done?

MRS. LYNDE. She was passing love notes with her beau, John Blythe!

*(MARILLA shoots MRS. LYNDE the dirtiest look ever!)*

ANNE. You and Gilbert's father, Marilla? Really?

MARILLA. *(after a moment)* It was a long time ago.

**MRS. LYNDE.** (*Realizes she's said something she shouldn't.*) Now, Anne Shirley, never mind about what's none of your business!

You stop in the woods and lay in a supply of switches.

**ANNE.** I am going to rule by affection, Mrs. Lynde!

**MRS. LYNDE.** SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD!

**ANNE.** Things have changed since your day, Mrs. Lynde.

The Earth has cooled!

**MRS. LYNDE.** You're a very stubborn girl, Anne. We'll see.

Some day you'll get riled up.

People with hair like yours are desperate apt to get riled.

**MARILLA.** You do have a temper.

**ANNE.** If I can't get along without whipping, I won't teach.

I shall try to win my pupils' affection and they will WANT to do what I tell them.

**MRS. LYNDE.** But suppose they don't?

*(With no answer to that, ANNE walks on, shaking her head. MRS. LYNDE cackles. MARILLA shoots her a look that says BIG MOUTH!)*

*(Lights come up on the schoolhouse.)*

### Scene Three

*(Inside the schoolhouse.)*

*(The **GIRLS**, led by **JOSIE** enter as the **BOYS** bring on the school room.)*

**JOSIE & GIRLS.** *(singing defiantly, under **JOSIE**'s instigation)*

EVERY YOUNG GIRL IN AVONLEA  
IS AS CLOSE TO SUICIDE AS A GIRL CAN BE  
IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHY  
THEN I GUESS YOU DIDN'T HEAR

*(**ANNE** enters the classroom. At least one girl drops out of the chorus and takes her seat. **ANNE** crosses her arms. Two more girls drop out of the chorus and sit down.)*

**JOSIE & PRILLIE.**

MR. BLYTHE  
WHO MAKES THE GIRLS OF AVONLEA SIGH  
MR. BLYTHE  
THE BEST LOOKING BOY ON PEI

*(**ANNE** points at **PRILLIE**'s seat. **PRILLIE** loses her nerve, stops singing and sits down.)*

**JOSIE.**

MR. BLYTHE  
AIN'T GONNA BE MY TEACHER  
THIS YEAR

*(She sits down.)*

**ANNE.** 'Mr. Blythe ISN'T going to be your teacher this year.'

Lucky, Mr. Blythe.

I see a new face in our classroom.

You must be Paul Irving.

**PAUL.** Yes, ma'am.

**ANNE.** *(delighted by his manners)* Oh!

My name is...Miss Shirley.

*(**JOSIE** snickers. This causes others to break up. **ANNE** chooses to let this one slide.)*

ANNE. Paul, why don't you introduce yourself to the class?

PAUL. My name is Paul Irving.

I come from the Boston States.

History is my best subject.

And my favourite poet is Yeats.

ANTHONY. 'MY FAVOURITE POET IS YEATS!'

*(There is merriment among the PUPILS.)*

ANNE. THAT'S ENOUGH!

*(to PAUL)*

He's one of my favourites too! Paul, you are what I call a kindred spirit! All right, class, let's get to work.

Annetta Bell,

*(ANNETTA stands up.)*

if you had ten red candies in your right hand, and sixteen green candies in the your left hand, how many candies would you have?

ANNETTA. A mouthful!

*(The STUDENTS laugh. ANNE realizes that something is up.)*

ANNE. Prillie Rogerson,

*(PRILLIE stands.)*

What would you like to be when you grow up?

PRILLIE. A widow.

*(The STUDENTS howl. Now ANNE knows what's up and takes the bull by the horns.)*

ANNE. Josie Pye!

*(JOSIE stands.)*

Spell 'speckled.'

JOSIE. S...P...I can't spell it, but I can give you an awfully good example of it.

ANNE. All right.

JOSIE. Your face.

*(The STUDENTS ooooooh!)*

ANNE. Josie, I am the first to appreciate what an adjustment it must be when a former classmate becomes your school teacher! Especially when she's younger than you are. And she knows all of your tricks!

All of them, Josie! Which makes your new teacher fairly confident, that whether you intend to or not, you are going to have an excellent scholastic year!

And one more thing: another reason you're likely to have a successful school year is because for the first time since you were five,

you won't be able to spend every single moment of the school day throwing yourself at Gilbert Blythe!

Why, who knows, Josie?

This year...you might even finally GRADUATE!

Class, you can close your mouths and open your readers.

*(Lights come up on the schoolhouse exterior.)*

## Scene Four

*(Outside the schoolhouse.)*

*(MOODY is peeking through the keyhole trying to get a glimpse of ANNE as MRS. LYNDE enters.)*

**MRS. LYNDE.** Moody Spurgeon MacPherson!

What are you doing here?

*(He's about to say but MRS. LYNDE has her own opinion.)*

You've come moonin' over Anne Shirley.

Again!

*(MOODY, embarrassed, rushes off. MRS. LYNDE is looking through the keyhole herself as ANNE comes out the door.)*

**MRS. LYNDE.** Did you whoop one?

**ANNE.** No, Mrs. Lynde.

*(The STUDENTS start to file out.)*

Goodbye, Barbara.

**BARBARA.** Goodbye, Miss Shirley.

**ANNE.** Goodbye, Artie.

**ARTIE.** Goodbye, Miss Shirley.

*(Sullen little ANTHONY PYE comes out the door.)*

**ANNE.** Goodbye, Anthony.

*(He ignores her.)*

**ANTHONY PYE,** I SAID 'GOODBYE!'

**ANTHONY.** I heard you!

**MRS. LYNDE.** *(to ANNE)* MMMM HMMM!

*(PRILLIE & JOSIE come out giggling.)*

**PRILLIE.** You wouldn't dare!

**JOSIE.** Wouldn't I?

**ANNE.** Goodbye, Prillie.

**PRILLIE.** Goodbye, Miss Shirley.

ANNE. Goodbye, Josie.

JOSIE. Goodbye, ANNE!

MRS. LYNDE. Should'a whooped THAT one!

*(ANNE decides to let that one go by for now as a triumphant JOSIE rushes off followed by a giggling PRILLIE. During the above, PAUL enters and waits his turn to talk to ANNE. BENJI SLOANE intentionally steps on PAUL's toe. PAUL grimaces silently.)*

ANNE. BENJI SLOANE!!!!

*(MRS. LYNDE swats him with her handbag and chases him off.)*

PAUL. My grandmother keeps telling me: 'Paul, remember you're in Avonlea now!

People aren't quite as outspoken here as in America.'

Grandmother's obviously never met you.

ANNE. I think I'm to take that as a compliment.

PAUL. Oh, yes, ma'am!

ANNE. This must be quite a change from the States!

PAUL. It is different from Boston. But it's where my father grew up.

And my poor little mother is buried here.

*(GILBERT lopes into the schoolyard.)*

GILBERT. ANNE!

ANNE. You've galloped back to Avonlea rather quickly.

GILBERT. I always will.

ANNE. How was your first day educating the young minds of White Sands?

GILBERT. I don't think it any great exaggeration to say: they loved me!

*(a big smile)*

And how was your first day educating the young minds of Avonlea?

ANNE. Well...

Meet Paul Irving. He's new to Avonlea from the Boston States.

(**MOODY SPURGEON** *makes a beeline toward ANNE.*)

**GILBERT.** (to **PAUL**) New to Avonlea?

Young fellow, has your teacher taught you much about our island?

**PAUL.** The subject never came up.

**GILBERT.** Miss Shirley, the boy needs to know!

**ANNE.** And I call myself a teacher!

Gilbert, let's enlighten the boy!

**GILBERT.** Moody!

(**MOODY** *begins a fiddle tune. As the song progresses, many of ANNE's PUPILS, MRS. LYNDE and other TOWNSPEOPLE join them, attracted by the music.*)

**GILBERT.**

IF YOU'RE PLEASED AS PUNCH WITH WHERE YOU LIVE  
AND PROUD OF WHAT YOU DO  
YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH  
AND IF YOU MIND YOUR BUSINESS  
AND YOU MIND YOUR NEIGHBOUR'S TOO  
YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH

**ANNE.**

IF YOU VOTE THE WAY YOUR FATHER DID  
AND HIS OLD MAN BEFORE  
IF YOU FEEL A LITTLE ITCHY  
WHEN YOU'RE TOO FAR FROM THE SHORE

**ANNE & GILBERT.**

IF YOU START PREDICTING RAIN  
THE MOMENT SKIES ARE TURNING BLUE  
YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH  
YOU'RE ISLAND YOU'RE ISLAND  
YOU'RE FROM PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH  
YOU'RE ISLAND YOU'RE ISLAND  
YOU'RE FROM PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH

**JOSIE.** (at **ANNE**)

IF YOU HAVE MORE FRECKLES ON YOUR FACE  
 THAN TURNIPS IN A STEW  
 YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH

**MRS. LYNDE.** (*pulling JOSIE away*)

IF YOU DROP IN UNEXPECTEDLY  
 JUST WHEN THE TEA IS DUE  
 YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH

**ANNE & GILBERT.**

IF YOU MUCH PREFER THE WAY IT WAS  
 WHEN IT WAS YESTERDAY  
 IF YOU'RE JUST A TAD SUSPICIOUS OF PEOPLE FROM AWAY

**ANNE.**

IF YOU'D SAY NO TO MONTREAL

**ALL.**

AND YES TO MONTAGUE  
 YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH  
 YOU'RE ISLAND YOU'RE ISLAND  
 YOU'RE FROM PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
 YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH  
 YOU'RE ISLAND YOU'RE ISLAND  
 YOU'RE FROM PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
 YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH

*(This leads into a big dance, first by GILBERT and then ANNE, then the rest joining in with a step dance.)*

**ALL.**

IF SUNDAY FINDS YOU WITH YOUR FAMILY  
 YAWNING IN THE PEW  
 YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH  
 IF YOU BELIEVE THAT YOUR FARM  
 IT HAS THE FINEST VIEW  
 YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH  
 AND IF YOU THINK THE MAN WHO THINKS HE'S SPECIAL  
 IS A FOOL  
 AND SOMEONE TOO AMBITIOUS WILL TASTE YOUR  
 RIDICULE  
 IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GIVING PRAISE  
 TILL PRAISE IS OVERDUE

YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH

YOU'RE ISLAND YOU'RE ISLAND

YOU'RE FROM PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH

YOU'RE ISLAND YOU'RE ISLAND

YOU'RE FROM PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

YOU'RE ISLAND, YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH

YOU'RE ISLAND

YOU'RE ISLAND

YOU'RE ISLAND

YOU'RE ISLAND

*(PAUL finally 'gets' the step dance.)*

YOU'RE ISLAND THROUGH AND THROUGH

*(Everyone leaves except ANNE & MOODY. MOODY, hoping to get her into a romantic mood, plays a little of "All You Can Do Is Wait" on his fiddle. ANNE applauds enthusiastically when he finishes.)*

**MOODY.** Anne! Everyone in town says you're going to end up Mrs. Gilbert Blythe.

**ANNE.** *(bristling)* NO, I am not!

**MOODY.** I BELIEVE YOU!

No one else does, but I do!

Prove it, Anne!

**ANNE.** Prove it? How?

**MOODY.** By saying you'll be Mrs. Moody Spurgeon MacPherson.

BEFORE YOU SAY NO...

I want you to know that I'm going for the ministry.

**ANNE.** You?

**MOODY.** And I'm giving up the fiddle!

**ANNE.** Oh, don't!

**MOODY.** It isn't dignified!

I have to be dignified if I'm to be the next minister here in Avonlea!

Think of it, Anne! You, me, and a manse!

ANNE. But, I don't love you, Moody!

MOODY. Oh!

ANNE. I don't love you anymore than I love Gilbert.

MOODY. That's a start!

*(rushing off)*

I'll write you from Redmond!

ANNE. My first marriage proposal.

A girl only gets ONE first marriage proposal.

Mrs. Moody Spurgeon MacPherson!

*(She grimaces, about to go off when a breathless DIANA charges on.)*

DIANA. ANNE! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE STILL HERE!

ANNE! FRED JUST ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM!

ANNE. AND?

DIANA. AND I SAID 'YES'!

*(They jump up and down joyously.)*

ANNE. Oh, my dearest of Diana's! When is your wedding date?

DIANA. January! Mum's always promised me an old fashioned Island wedding.

ANNE. Oh, it'll be like a romantic dream. Only colder.

DIANA. And you're going to be my maid of honour, aren't you?

ANNE. Try and stop me!

DIANA. Fred's asking Gil to be his best man.

ANNE. YES! And three-quarters of Avonlea will be saying: 'there's the next wedding'!

DIANA. *(reluctantly)* It's more than three-quarters!

Oh, Anne, I'm so happy!

ANNE.

YOU ARE THE FIRST OF US TO GO  
INTO THAT STRANGE MYSTERIOUS PLACE  
WHERE MEN AND WOMEN ARE  
WHEN NO ONE ELSE IS THERE

NO ONE WILL TELL ME WHAT IT'S LIKE  
NO ONE WILL TELL ME WHAT THEY DO  
AFTER THE BIG ROMANTIC KISS  
IT'S JUST A LITTLE SCARY  
I GUESS YOU KNOW

**DIANA.**

NO, I DON'T

**ANNE.**

DIANA, SURELY

**DIANA.**

NO, I DON'T

**ANNE.**

I THOUGHT, WELL, MADAME  
YOU'RE PRACTICALLY A WIFE

**DIANA.**

I ASKED MY MOTHER, NATURALLY  
SHE TURNED AS RED AS RED CAN BE  
THEN TOLD ME ALL I'D NEED TO KNOW OF MARRIED LIFE  
SHE TALKED ABOUT POLISHING SILVER  
AND PUTTING THE SUPPER ON THE TABLE  
SHE TALKED ABOUT PUTTING UP PRESERVES HE LIKES  
SHE TOLD ME WHAT TO WRITE ON THE LABEL  
HOW TO CARE FOR A BABY  
HOW TO FIRE A MAID  
HOW TO MAKE A PIE THAT'LL MAKE THE GRADE  
SHE TALKED ABOUT RAIN  
SHE TALKED ABOUT DROUGHT  
BUT SHE WOULDN'T SAY WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN YOU BLOW THE CANDLE OUT  
WHEN YOU BLOW THE CANDLE OUT

**ANNE.**

I ASKED MARILLA ONCE, I DID  
ABOUT THE SECRETS WOMEN HID  
AND SHE REMINDED ME  
SHE'D NEVER BEEN A BRIDE  
SENT ME TO MRS. LYNDE INSTEAD

**DIANA. NO!!!**

ANNE.

WHO TOLD ME;  
 'ALWAYS MAKE YOUR BED  
 AND BE SURE YOUR HUSBAND ALWAYS  
 SMOKES HIS PIPE OUTSIDE'

ANNE & DIANA.

THEY TALK ABOUT POLISHING SILVER  
 AND DOING THE WASHING ON A MONDAY  
 THEY TALK ABOUT IRONING HIS SHIRTS JUST RIGHT  
 AND COOKING UP A ROAST EVERY SUNDAY  
 HOW TO PLAY THE PIANO  
 HOW TO TRAIN A PUP  
 AND THE THINGS YOU DO WHEN THE PIPES FREEZE UP  
 THEY TELL YOU 'BE DEMURE'  
 THEY TELL YOU 'BE DEVOUT'  
 BUT THEY NEVER SAY WHAT HAPPENS  
 WHEN YOU BLOW THE CANDLE OUT

ANNE.

I DON'T WANT TO BLOW THE CANDLE OUT

DIANA. Anne, I think it can't be ALL bad. And if you love  
 him –

ANNE.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL IN FOSTER HOMES  
 I USED TO HEAR THE NOISES IN THE NIGHT  
 NOT AT ALL ROMANTIC SAD TO SAY  
 WHAT YOU HEAR WHEN THE DOORS ARE SHUT UP TIGHT  
 THEN IN THE MORNING  
 SILENCES  
 NO TENDERNESS THAT I COULD SEE  
 I DECIDED THEN AND THERE  
 PERHAPS THAT LIFE WAS NOT THE LIFE FOR ME  
 BUT FOR YOU IT WILL BE DIFFERENT  
 DIANA THE PIONEER GODDESS OF LOVE  
 GOING WHERE NONE OF US HAS GONE  
 YOU MUST FIND OUT WHY SOME MARRIED GIRLS  
 GO SMILING THROUGH THE DAY  
 WHILE OTHERS LOOK SO VERY PUT UPON

**DIANA.**

I'LL TELL YOU 'BOUT POLISHING SILVER  
AND DOING THE WASHING ON A MONDAY  
I'LL TALK ABOUT IRONING HIS SHIRTS JUST RIGHT

**ANNE.**

AND COOKING UP A ROAST EVERY SUNDAY

**ANNE & DIANA.**

HOW TO PLAY THE PIANO  
HOW TO TRAIN A PUP  
AND THE THINGS YOU DO WHEN THE PIPES FREEZE UP

**DIANA.**

I'LL TRY TO BE DEMURE  
I KNOW I'LL BE DEVOUT  
AND I'LL NEVER TELL WHAT HAPPENS  
WHEN YOU BLOW THE CANDLE OUT  
ANNE, I WANT TO BLOW THE CANDLE OUT

**ANNE & DIANA.**

WE'LL TALK ABOUT POLISHING SILVER  
*(Lights come up on a small beach cove.)*

**Scene Five**

*(A small beach cove. To this private spot comes a cheerful GILBERT.)*

**GILBERT.** *(as he unpacks a towel and books from his knapsack)*

SATURDAY MORNING

I GO TO THE BEACH AND I'M FREED

THE AIR AND THE SURF AND THE SUN

ARE ALL THAT YOU NEED

IF YOU CAN'T HAVE LOVE

IF YOU CAN'T HAVE LOVE

YOU READ

SATURDAY MORNING

SATURDAY MORNING

I GO TO THE BEACH AND I FIND

THE SAND AND THE WAVES AND THE AIR

REFRESHES THE MIND

IF YOU CAN'T HAVE LOVE

IF YOU CAN'T HAVE LOVE

UNWIND

SATURDAY MORNING

I'M TEACHING MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,

THURSDAY, FRIDAY

AND SATURDAY I TUTOR IN THE AFTERNOON

AND SATURDAY NIGHT I DO

THE SAME THING I DO EVERY OTHER NIGHT

MARKING PAPERS, HELPING OUT AROUND THE HOUSE

ODD JOBS

AN EXTRA ARM

AROUND THE FARM

AND SUNDAY LIKE A FOOL

I TEACH SUNDAY SCHOOL

BUT SATURDAY MORNING

I'VE GOT HIPPOCRATES AND SOCRATES

AND SHAKESPEARE, CERVANTES

AND THOMAS EDISON

AND LOTS OF BOOKS ON MEDICINE

AND LATELY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS  
 I'VE GOT THE HISTORY OF BELLS  
 AND H.G. WELLES' TIME MACHINE WAITS  
 SATURDAY MORNING

*(GILBERT settles down and opens up The Time Machine. He barely reads a word, then)*

**GILBERT.** *(cont.)*

SATURDAY MORNING I GO TO THE BEACH IN THE FALL.  
 THE SPRAY AND THE WIND AND THE CHILL  
 I DON'T MIND AT ALL

*(Here he starts wading into the icy cold water)*

IF YOU CAN'T HAVE LOVE  
 IF YOU CAN'T HAVE LOVE  
 IF YOU CAN'T HAVE ANNE. IF YOU CAN'T HAVE ANNE  
 YOU DO WHAT YOU CAN  
 IF YOU CAN'T HAVE LOVE LIFE'S GRIM  
 BUT SATURDAY MORNING  
 I SWIM

*(GILBERT shivers into the water. JOSIE PYE, with an excited and determined look on her face, steps into the cove and peeks at him. She smiles.)*

**JOSIE.**

HELLO, GILBERT  
 HELLO, GIL  
 I WAS JUST PASSING BY  
 AWFUL NICE TO FIND YOU  
 IT'S QUITE THE LITTLE THRILL  
 TO SEE YOU GIVING ME THE EYE  
 HELLO, GILBERT, MY OLD PAL  
 YOU'RE LOOKING PRETTY FIT TODAY  
 NOTHING GIVES ME JOY  
 LIKE SEEING MY FAVOURITE BOY  
 COVERED IN THE SALTY SPRAY

**GILBERT.** *(V.O. from the back of the hall)*

HELLO, JOSIE, MY OLD FRIEND  
 WHAT AN UNEXPECTED TREAT  
 THE WATER'S PRETTY COLD

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