

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

Anne Meets Matthew

The train station platform.

(ANNE again sits on the crates with her hat and carpet bag; waiting a bit apprehensively. MATTHEW CUTHBERT enters. He is quiet and shy - but intelligent and warm-hearted, with a wisely clever sense of humor. He smokes a pipe - a man of few words but a heart of gold. MATTHEW looks at ANNE; smiles; then looks down the railroad tracks - waiting for the train. ANNE continues to look at MATTHEW. MATTHEW notices and is uncomfortable - he again looks down the tracks waiting for the train. Finally ANNE stands, picks up her carpet bag, and crosses to MATTHEW. MATTHEW turns around and is startled to find ANNE standing right next to him.)

ANNE *(polite) (confident).*

You must be Mr. Matthew Cuthbert. My name is Anne Shirley.

(ANNE puts down her bag & puts out her hand to MATTHEW.)
(pause)

(MATTHEW looks confused - doesn't know what to say. Finally, they shake hands.)

MATTHEW *(trying to be polite) (confused).*

Well ,...ah...there...ah...there must be some mistake.

ANNE *(undeterred)*

You're Mr. Matthew Cuthbert, aren't you?

MATTHEW

Well, yes but...

ANNE *(pleasantly) (talkin' too much).*

Well if you're Mr. Matthew Cuthbert, there's no mistake. Mrs. Spencer from the orphanage said I should wait right here for you.

MATTHEW *(surprised) (distraught).*

The orphanage?

ANNE *(confident)*

Yes.

(Pause)

(MATTHEW now realizes the mistake.)

MATTHEW *(troubled)*

(not knowing what else to say)

I see.

(The flustered MATTHEW is very distracted, wondering just what he is supposed to do with this girl - not a boy.)

ANNE *(confidently) (talkin' too much).*

The train was early.

MATTHEW *(a bit in a daze)*

I see.

ANNE

(smiling)

It was a long trip, but I made it.

MATTHEW *(still distracted)*

I see I mean,...

(puzzled)

All by yourself?

ANNE *(positive) (talkin' too much)*

Oh, I'm used to it. Besides, if I ever get lonely, I just imagine that my real mother and father are always right there with me.

MATTHEW *(confused)*

(curious, confused)

You ...imagine?

ANNE

Yes. That way, the people you love never leave you.

MATTHEW (*confused*)

I see.

(*Pause.*)(*MATTHEW looks lost.*)

ANNE

(*sensing MATTHEW's hesitancy*) (*polite*)

Is something the matter?

MATTHEW

(*covering*) (*quickly*)

Oh, no ... no ... no, ah

(*MATTHEW decides to let the mistake pass for now. He starts to pick up ANNE's bag.*)

Well, I suppose, we ...ah...

ANNE

(*happily picking up the bag first*)

Oh, I can carry it. It's not heavy. And if it isn't carried in a certain way, the handle falls off.

MATTHEW

Oh?

ANNE

(*happily continues*) (*talkin' too much*)

Not the sort of luggage I would imagine the Lady of Shalott would travel with. Of course, she would travel on a boat.

(*day-dreaming*)

She was divinely beautiful.

(*snaps back*) (*confident*)

So, shall we go?

(*ANNE happily and confidently exits in the direction of MATTHEW's buggy.*

MATTHEW remains for a moment, temporarily dazed; then he follows ANNE off.)