

Side: Anne and Gilbert

GILBERT: Good afternoon, Anne Shirley.

ANNE: Gilbert.

GILBERT: Pleasant day we're having, don't you think?

ANNE: Unseasonably warm for this time of year, I'd have to say.

GILBERT: Would you like to tell me what happened?

ANNE: If you must know, we were acting out a poem, and I was supposed to be the Lady Elaine floating down to Camelot in my royal barge, but the rowboat sprung a large leak, and I had to climb up on these pilings.

GILBERT: Can I offer my help?

ANNE: Diana went for Matthew.

GILBERT: Fine then... *(Starts to row off.)*

ANNE: But she has been gone an awfully long time. So maybe, if you wouldn't mind...

GILBERT: Certainly. *(Rows over to her and offers his hand. She climbs into his boat. They row in silence to the shore. ANNE gets out of the boat, and GILBERT follows her.)*

ANNE: I'm very much obliged to you, Gilbert.

GILBERT: Look here, can't we please be friends? I'm awfully sorry I made fun of your hair that time. I didn't mean to vex you. I only said it as a joke. It was all so long ago. Besides, I think your hair is awfully pretty now, honestly, I do. Can't we be friends?

ANNE: No, I shall never be friends with you, Gilbert Blythe, and I don't think I ever want to be.

GILBERT: All right. All right! I shall never again ask you to be friends, Anne Shirley, and I don't care either. *(Gets back in his boat and rows away angrily.)*