

EXT. BLYTHE PROPERTY - FAMILY PLOT - LATER

Marilla stands staring at John Blythe's new TOMBSTONE.

John rests next to his parents, and near several other peaceful old Blythe's. Marilla is deep in contemplation.

WIDE as a male figure walks towards her. When he moves closer, we discover it's Gilbert. A few FRESH BRUISES on his face are beginning to show. He's worn out and worn down and has come here to regroup. Gilbert's surprised to discover someone there, but accepting. He gives Marilla her space.

She doesn't notice him at first. Eventually she does...

MARILLA

Gilbert. I'm sorry to intrude.

Gilbert approaches and indicates that she should stay.

GILBERT

Not at all, Miss Cuthbert, please take your time.

They stand in silent proximity. After a long pause...

MARILLA

I wonder how he feels about being so stationary... John was a traveler at heart.

GILBERT

(yes)

I believe the military moved him around a lot in the early years.

MARILLA

He had the life he wanted then -- full of adventure. I'd heard he'd settled in Alberta?

GILBERT

It was a large family for a while. I'm the last. And the only.

MARILLA

I'm sorry.

GILBERT

We moved back here right after I was born. The Prodigal Sons. That's what he used to call us.

(then)

He took me there recently.

(MORE)

GILBERT (CONT'D)

Alberta. He wanted to see it again. It's beautiful.

Marilla nods, imagining. She is steeped in regret.

MARILLA

In school, back when we were acquainted, John talked of big cities, other parts of the world...

(confessing)

It seemed... impossible.

GILBERT

Sounds good to me.

MARILLA

You resemble him in many ways.

For Gilbert, this affirmation is nourishment. Marilla continues, never before sharing what she does now...

MARILLA (CONT'D)

There was nothing he could say to talk me into leaving. I was...

GILBERT

He wanted you to go with him?

MARILLA

I'll always be grateful to him for thinking I was capable. And... I've always wondered...

(suddenly time to go)

I'll take my leave. Please reach out to us if you need anything at all.

GILBERT

Thank you, Miss Cuthbert.

She walks away. Off Gilbert, as he watches her go.