



Act Two

■ SCENE 1

In the darkness we hear ANNE's voice, again reading from the diary.

Anne's Voice. Saturday, the first of January, nineteen forty-four. Another new year has begun and we find ourselves still in our hiding place. We have been here now for one year, five months, and twenty-five days. It seems that our life is at a standstill.

[The curtain rises on the scene. It is late afternoon. Everyone is bundled up against the cold. In the main room MRS. FRANK is taking down the laundry, which is hung across the back. MR. FRANK sits in the chair down left, reading. MARGOT is lying on the couch with a blanket over her and the many-colored knitted scarf around her throat. ANNE is seated at the center table, writing in her diary. PETER, MR. and MRS. VAN DAAN, and DUSSEL are all in their own rooms, reading or lying down.]

As the lights dim on, ANNE's voice continues, without a break.]

Anne's Voice. We are all a little thinner. The Van Daans' "discussions" are as violent as ever. Mother still does not understand me. But then I don't understand her either. There is one great change, however. A change in myself. I read somewhere that girls of my age don't feel quite certain of themselves. That they become quiet within and begin to think of the miracle that is taking place in their bodies. I think that what is happening to me is so wonderful . . . not only what can be seen, but what is taking place inside. Each time it has happened, I have a feeling that I have a sweet secret. *(We hear the chimes and then a hymn being played on the carillon outside.)* And in spite of any pain, I long for the time when I shall feel that secret within me again.

[The buzzer of the door below suddenly sounds. Everyone is startled. MR. FRANK tiptoes cautiously to the top of the steps and listens. Again the buzzer sounds, in MIEP's V-for-victory signal.]¹

Mr. Frank. It's Miep!

[He goes quickly down the steps to unbolt the door. MRS. FRANK calls upstairs to the VAN DAANS and then to PETER.]

Mrs. Frank. Wake up, everyone! Miep is here! (ANNE quickly puts her diary away. MARGOT sits up, pulling the blanket around her shoulders. DUSSEL sits on the edge of his bed, listening, disgruntled. MIEP comes up the steps, followed by MR. KRALER. They bring flowers, books, newspapers, etc. ANNE rushes to MIEP, throwing her arms affectionately around her.) Miep . . . and Mr. Kraler . . . What a delightful surprise!

Mr. Kraler. We came to bring you New Year's greetings.

Mrs. Frank. You shouldn't . . . you should have at least one day to yourselves. (She goes quickly to the stove and brings down teacups and tea for all of them.)

Anne. Don't say that, it's so wonderful to see them! (Sniffing at MIEP's coat) I can smell the wind and the cold on your clothes.

Miep (giving her the flowers). There you are. (Then, to MARGOT, feeling her forehead) How are you, Margot? . . . Feeling any better?

Margot. I'm all right.

Anne. We filled her full of every kind of pill so she won't cough and make a noise.

[She runs into her room to put the flowers in water. MR. and MRS. VAN DAAN come from upstairs. Outside there is the sound of a band playing.]

Mrs. Van Daan. Well, hello, Miep. Mr. Kraler.

1. V-for-victory signal: three short rings and one long ring, Morse code for the letter V; the Allied symbol for victory.

Mr. Kraler (giving a bouquet of flowers to MRS. VAN DAAN). With my hope for peace in the New Year.

Peter (anxiously). Miep, have you seen Mouschi? Have you seen him anywhere around?

Miep. I'm sorry, Peter. I asked everyone in the neighborhood had they seen a gray cat. But they said no.

[MRS. FRANK gives MIEP a cup of tea. MR. FRANK comes up the steps, carrying a small cake on a plate.]

Mr. Frank. Look what Miep's brought for us!

Mrs. Frank (taking it). A cake!

Mr. Van Daan. A cake! (He pinches MIEP's cheeks gaily and hurries up to the cupboard.) I'll get some plates.

[DUSSEL, in his room, hastily puts a coat on and starts out to join the others.]

Mrs. Frank. Thank you, Miepia. You shouldn't have done it. You must have used all of your sugar ration for weeks. (Giving it to MRS. VAN DAAN) It's beautiful, isn't it?

Mrs. Van Daan. It's been ages since I even saw a cake. Not since you brought us one last year. (Without looking at the cake, to MIEP) Remember? Don't you remember, you gave us one on New Year's Day? Just this time last year? I'll never forget it because you had "Peace in nineteen forty-three" on it. (She looks at the cake and reads) "Peace in nineteen forty-four!"

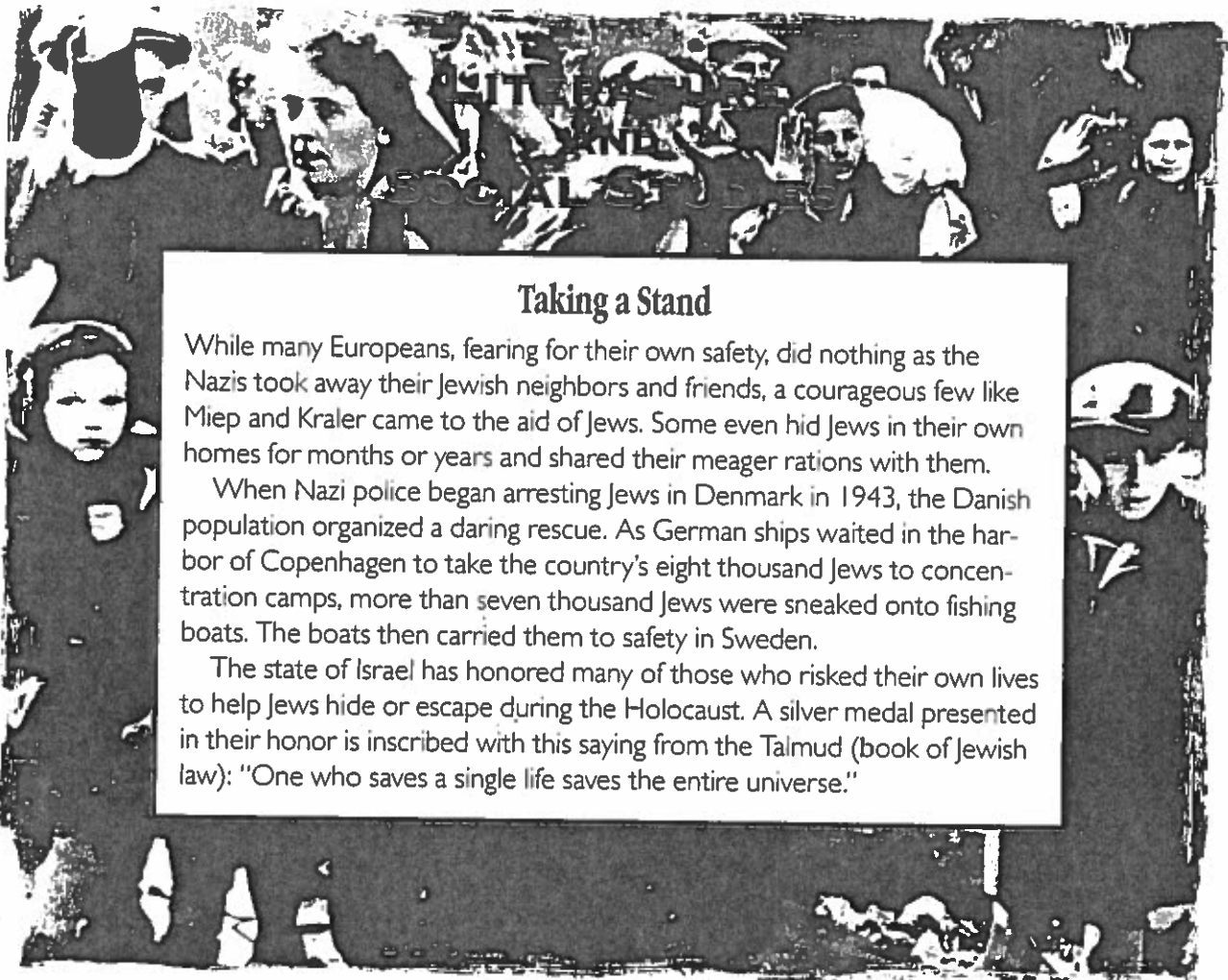
Miep. Well, it has to come sometime, you know. (As DUSSEL comes from his room) Hello, Mr. Dussel.

Mr. Kraler. How are you?

Mr. Van Daan (bringing plates and a knife). Here's the knife, liefje. Now, how many of us are there?

WORDS TO OWN

disgruntled (dis-grunt'ld) v. used as adj.: displeased; annoyed.



Taking a Stand

While many Europeans, fearing for their own safety, did nothing as the Nazis took away their Jewish neighbors and friends, a courageous few like Miep and Kraler came to the aid of Jews. Some even hid Jews in their own homes for months or years and shared their meager rations with them.

When Nazi police began arresting Jews in Denmark in 1943, the Danish population organized a daring rescue. As German ships waited in the harbor of Copenhagen to take the country's eight thousand Jews to concentration camps, more than seven thousand Jews were sneaked onto fishing boats. The boats then carried them to safety in Sweden.

The state of Israel has honored many of those who risked their own lives to help Jews hide or escape during the Holocaust. A silver medal presented in their honor is inscribed with this saying from the Talmud (book of Jewish law): "One who saves a single life saves the entire universe."

Miep. None for me, thank you.

Mr. Frank. Oh, please. You must.

Miep. I couldn't.

Mr. Van Daan. Good! That leaves one . . . two . . . three . . . seven of us.

Dussel. Eight! Eight! It's the same number as it always is!

Mr. Van Daan. I left Margot out. I take it for granted Margot won't eat any.

Anne. Why wouldn't she!

Mrs. Frank. I think it won't harm her.

Mr. Van Daan. All right! All right! I just didn't want her to start coughing again, that's all.

Dussel. And please, Mrs. Frank should cut the cake.

Mr. Van Daan. What's the difference?

Mrs. Van Daan. It's not Mrs. Frank's cake, is it, Miep? It's for all of us.

Dussel. Mrs. Frank divides things better.

Mrs. Van Daan (*going to DUSSEL*). What are you trying to say?

Mr. Van Daan. Oh, come on! Stop wasting time!

Mrs. Van Daan (*to DUSSEL*). Don't I always give everybody exactly the same? Don't I?

Mr. Van Daan. Forget it, Kerli.

Mrs. Van Daan. No. I want an answer! Don't I?

} Together

} Together

Dussel. Yes. Yes. Everybody gets exactly the same . . . except Mr. Van Daan always gets a little bit more.

[MR. VAN DAAN *advances on* DUSSEL, *the knife still in his hand.*]

Mr. Van Daan. That's a lie!

[DUSSEL *retreats before the onslaught of the* VAN DAANS.]

Mr. Frank. Please, please! (*Then, to* MIEP) You see what a little sugar cake does to us? It goes right to our heads!

Mr. Van Daan (*banding* MRS. FRANK *the knife*). Here you are, Mrs. Frank.

Mrs. Frank. Thank you. (*Then, to* MIEP, *as she goes to the table to cut the cake*) Are you sure you won't have some?

Miep (*drinking her tea*). No, really, I have to go in a minute.

[*The sound of the band fades out in the distance.*]

Peter (*to* MIEP). Maybe Mouschi went back to our house . . . they say that cats . . . Do you ever get over there . . . ? I mean . . . do you suppose you could . . . ?

Miep. I'll try, Peter. The first minute I get, I'll try. But I'm afraid, with him gone a week . . .

Dussel. Make up your mind, already someone has had a nice big dinner from that cat!

[PETER *is furious, inarticulate. He starts toward* DUSSEL *as if to hit him. MR. FRANK stops him. MRS. FRANK speaks quickly to ease the situation.*]

Mrs. Frank (*to* MIEP). This is delicious, Miep!

Mrs. Van Daan (*eating hers*). Delicious!

Mr. Van Daan (*finishing it in one gulp*). Dirk's in luck to get a girl who can bake like this!

Miep (*putting down her empty teacup*). I have to run. Dirk's taking me to a party tonight.

Anne. How heavenly! Remember now what everyone is wearing and what you have to eat and everything, so you can tell us tomorrow.

Miep. I'll give you a full report! Goodbye, everyone!

Mr. Van Daan (*to* MIEP). Just a minute. There's something I'd like you to do for me. (*He hurries off up the stairs to his room.*)

Mrs. Van Daan (*sharply*). Putti, where are you going? (*She rushes up the stairs after him, calling hysterically.*) What do you want? Putti, what are you going to do?

Miep (*to* PETER). What's wrong?

Peter (*his sympathy is with his mother*). Father says he's going to sell her fur coat. She's crazy about that old fur coat.

Dussel. Is it possible? Is it possible that anyone is so silly as to worry about a fur coat in times like this?

Peter. It's none of your darn business . . . and if you say one more thing . . . I'll, I'll take you and I'll . . . I mean it . . . I'll . . .

[*There is a piercing scream from* MRS. VAN DAAN, *above. She grabs at the fur coat as* MR. VAN DAAN *is starting downstairs with it.*]

Mrs. Van Daan. No! No! No! Don't you dare take that! You hear? It's mine! (*Downstairs* PETER *turns away, embarrassed, miserable.*) My father gave me that! You didn't give it to me. You have no right. Let go of it . . . you hear?

[MR. VAN DAAN *pulls the coat from her hands and hurries downstairs. MRS. VAN DAAN sinks to the floor, sobbing. As* MR. VAN DAAN *comes into the main room, the others look away, embarrassed for him.*]

Mr. Van Daan (*to* MR. KRALER). Just a little—

WORDS TO OWN

inarticulate (in'är·tik'yōō·lit) *adj.*: unable to speak.

Inarticulate also means "unable to speak understandably or effectively."

discussion over the advisability of selling this coat. As I have often reminded Mrs. Van Daan, it's very selfish of her to keep it when people outside are in such desperate need of clothing. . . . (He gives the coat to MIEP.) So if you will please to sell it for us? It should fetch a good price. And by the way, will you get me cigarettes. I don't care what kind they are . . . get all you can.

Miep. It's terribly difficult to get them, Mr. Van Daan. But I'll try. Goodbye.

[She goes. MR. FRANK follows her down the steps to bolt the door after her. MRS. FRANK gives MR. KRALER a cup of tea.]

Mrs. Frank. Are you sure you won't have some cake, Mr. Kraler?

Mr. Kraler. I'd better not.

Mr. Van Daan. You're still feeling badly? What does your doctor say?

Mr. Kraler. I haven't been to him.

Mrs. Frank. Now, Mr. Kraler! . . .

Mr. Kraler (sitting at the table). Oh, I tried. But you can't get near a doctor these days . . . they're so busy. After weeks I finally managed to get one on the telephone. I told him I'd like an appointment . . . I wasn't feeling very well. You know what he answers . . . over the telephone . . . "Stick out your tongue!" (They laugh. He turns to MR. FRANK as MR. FRANK comes back.) I have some contracts here . . . I wonder if you'd look over them with me . . .

Mr. Frank (putting out his hand). Of course.

Mr. Kraler (he rises). If we could go downstairs . . . (MR. FRANK starts ahead; MR. KRALER speaks to the others.) Will you forgive us? I won't keep him but a minute. (He starts to follow MR. FRANK down the steps.)

Margot (with sudden foreboding). What's happened? Something's happened! Hasn't it, Mr. Kraler?

[MR. KRALER stops and comes back, trying to reassure MARGOT with a pretense of casualness.]

Mr. Kraler. No, really. I want your father's advice . . .

Margot. Something's gone wrong! I know it!

Mr. Frank (coming back, to MR. KRALER). If it's something that concerns us here, it's better that we all hear it.

Mr. Kraler (turning to him, quietly). But . . . the children . . . ?

Mr. Frank. What they'd imagine would be worse than any reality.

[As MR. KRALER speaks, they all listen with intense apprehension. MRS. VAN DAAN comes down the stairs and sits on the bottom step.]

Mr. Kraler. It's a man in the storeroom . . . I don't know whether or not you remember him . . . Carl, about fifty, heavyset, nearsighted . . . He came with us just before you left.

Mr. Frank. He was from Utrecht?

Mr. Kraler. That's the man. A couple of weeks ago, when I was in the storeroom, he closed the door and asked me . . . "How's Mr. Frank? What do you hear from Mr. Frank?" I told him I only knew there was a rumor that you were in Switzerland. He said he'd heard that rumor too, but he thought I might know something more. I didn't pay any attention to it . . . but then a thing happened yesterday . . . He'd brought some invoices to the office for me to sign. As I was going through them, I looked up. He was standing staring at the bookcase . . . your bookcase. He said he thought he remembered a door there . . . Wasn't there a door there that used to go up to the loft? Then he told me he wanted more money. Twenty guilders² more a week.

Mr. Van Daan. Blackmail!

Mr. Frank. Twenty guilders? Very modest blackmail.

Mr. Van Daan. That's just the beginning.

Dussel (coming to MR. FRANK). You know what I think? He was the thief who was down there

2. guilders (gil' dərz): Dutch money.

that night. That's how he knows we're here.

Mr. Frank (to MR. KRALER). How was it left? What did you tell him?

Mr. Kraler. I said I had to think about it. What shall I do? Pay him the money? . . . Take a chance on firing him . . . or what? I don't know.

Dussel (*frantic*). For God's sake, don't fire him! Pay him what he asks . . . keep him here where you can have your eye on him.

Mr. Frank. Is it so much that he's asking? What are they paying nowadays?

Mr. Kraler. He could get it in a war plant. But this isn't a war plant. Mind you, I don't know if he really knows . . . or if he doesn't know.

Mr. Frank. Offer him half. Then we'll soon find out if it's blackmail or not.

Dussel. And if it is? We've got to pay it, haven't we? Anything he asks we've got to pay!

Mr. Frank. Let's decide that when the time comes.

Mr. Kraler. This may be all my imagination. You get to a point, these days, where you suspect everyone and everything. Again and again . . . on some simple look or word, I've found myself . . .

[*The telephone rings in the office below.*]

Mrs. Van Daan (*hurrying to MR. KRALER*). There's the telephone! What does that mean, the telephone ringing on a holiday?

Mr. Kraler. That's my wife. I told her I had to go over some papers in my office . . . to call me there when she got out of church. (*He starts out.*) I'll offer him half, then. Goodbye . . . we'll hope for the best!

[*The group call their goodbyes halfheartedly. MR. FRANK follows MR. KRALER to bolt the door below. During the following scene, MR. FRANK comes back up and stands listening, disturbed.*]

Dussel (to MR. VAN DAAN). You can thank your son for this . . . smashing the light! I tell you,

it's just a question of time now. (*He goes to the window at the back and stands looking out.*)

Margot. Sometimes I wish the end would come . . . whatever it is.

Mrs. Frank (*shocked*). Margot!

[*ANNE goes to MARGOT, sitting beside her on the couch with her arms around her.*]

Margot. Then at least we'd know where we were.

Mrs. Frank. You should be ashamed of yourself! Talking that way! Think how lucky we are! Think of the thousands dying in the war, every day. Think of the people in concentration camps.

Anne (*interrupting*). What's the good of that? What's the good of thinking of misery when you're already miserable? That's stupid!


Mrs. Frank. Anne!

[*As ANNE goes on raging at her mother, MRS. FRANK tries to break in, in an effort to quiet her.*]

Anne. We're young, Margot and Peter and I! You grown-ups have had your chance! But look at us . . . If we begin thinking of all the horror in the world, we're lost! We're trying to hold on to some kind of ideals . . . when everything . . . ideals, hopes . . . everything is being destroyed! It isn't our fault that the world is in such a mess! We weren't around when all this started! So don't try to take it out on us! (*She rushes off to her room, slamming the door after her. She picks up a brush from the chest and hurls it to the floor. Then she sits on the settee, trying to control her anger.*)

Mr. Van Daan. She talks as if we started the war! Did we start the war? (*He spots ANNE's cake. As he starts to take it, PETER anticipates him.*)

Peter. She left her cake. (*He starts for ANNE's room with the cake. There is silence in the main room. MRS. VAN DAAN goes up to her room, followed by MR. VAN DAAN. DUSSEL stays*



Peter. You know just how to talk to them.

looking out the window. MR. FRANK brings MRS. FRANK her cake. She eats it slowly, without relish. MR. FRANK takes his cake to MARGOT and sits quietly on the sofa beside her. PETER stands in the doorway of ANNE's darkened room, looking at her; then makes a little movement to let her know he is there. ANNE sits up quickly, try-

ing to hide the signs of her tears. PETER holds out the cake to her.) You left this.

Anne (*dully*). Thanks.

[*PETER starts to go out, then comes back.*]

Peter. I thought you were fine just now. You know just how to talk to them. You know just how to say it. I'm no good . . . I never can think . . . especially when I'm mad . . . That Dussel . . . when he said that about Mouschi . . . someone eating him . . . all I could think is . . . I wanted to hit him. I wanted to give him such a . . . a . . . that he'd . . . That's what I used to do when there was an argument at school. . . . That's the way I . . . but here . . . And an old man like that . . . it wouldn't be so good.

Anne. You're making a big mistake about me. I do it all wrong. I say too much. I go too far. I hurt people's feelings. . . .

[*DUSSEL leaves the window, going to his room.*]

Peter. I think you're just fine . . . What I want to say . . . if it wasn't for you around here, I don't know. What I mean. . . .

[*PETER is interrupted by DUSSEL's turning on the light. DUSSEL stands in the doorway, startled to see PETER. PETER advances toward him forbiddingly. DUSSEL backs out of the room. PETER closes the door on him.*]

Anne. Do you mean it, Peter? Do you really mean it?

Peter. I said it, didn't I?

Anne. Thank you, Peter!

[*In the main room MR. and MRS. FRANK collect the dishes and take them to the sink, washing them. MARGOT lies down again on the couch. DUSSEL, lost, wanders into PETER's room and takes up a book, starting to read.*]

Peter (*looking at the photographs on the wall*). You've got quite a collection.

Anne. Wouldn't you like some in your room? I

could give you some. Heaven knows you spend enough time in there . . . doing heaven knows what . . .

Peter. It's easier. A fight starts, or an argument . . . I duck in there.

Anne. You're lucky, having a room to go to. His Lordship is always here . . . I hardly ever get a minute alone. When they start in on me, I can't duck away. I have to stand there and take it.

Peter. You gave some of it back just now.

Anne. I get so mad. They've formed their opinions . . . about everything . . . but we . . . we're still trying to find out . . . We have problems here that no other people our age have ever had. And just as you think you've solved them, something comes along and bang! You have to start all over again.

Peter. At least you've got someone you can talk to.

Anne. Not really. Mother . . . I never discuss anything serious with her. She doesn't understand. Father's all right. We can talk about everything . . . everything but one thing. Mother. He simply won't talk about her. I don't think you can be really intimate with anyone if he holds something back, do you?

Peter. I think your father's fine.

Anne. Oh, he is, Peter! He is! He's the only one who's ever given me the feeling that I have any sense. But anyway, nothing can take the place of school and play and friends of your own age . . . or near your age . . . can it?

Peter. I suppose you miss your friends and all.

Anne. It isn't just . . . (*She breaks off, staring up at him for a second.*) Isn't it funny, you and I? Here we've been seeing each other every minute for almost a year and a half, and this is the first time we've ever really talked. It helps a lot to have someone to talk to, don't you think? It helps you to let off steam.

Peter (*going to the door*). Well, any time you want to let off steam, you can come into my room.

Anne (*following him*). I can get up an awful

lot of steam. You'll have to be careful how you say that.

Peter. It's all right with me.

Anne. Do you mean it?

Peter. I said it, didn't I?

[*He goes out. ANNE stands in her doorway looking after him. As PETER gets to his door, he stands for a minute looking back at her. Then he goes into his room. DUSSEL rises as he comes in, and quickly passes him, going out. He starts across for his room. ANNE sees him coming and pulls her door shut. DUSSEL turns back toward PETER's room. PETER pulls his door shut. DUSSEL stands there, bewildered, forlorn.*

The scene slowly dims out. The curtain falls on the scene. ANNE's voice comes over in the darkness . . . faintly at first and then with growing strength.]

Anne's Voice. We've had bad news. The people from whom Miep got our ration books have been arrested. So we have had to cut down on our food. Our stomachs are so empty that they rumble and make strange noises, all in different keys. Mr. Van Daan's is deep and low, like a bass fiddle. Mine is high, whistling like a flute. As we all sit around waiting for supper, it's like an orchestra tuning up. It only needs Toscanini³ to raise his baton and we'd be off in the "Ride of the Valkyries."⁴ Monday, the sixth of March, nineteen forty-four. Mr. Kraler is in the hospital. It seems he has ulcers. Pim says we are his ulcers. Miep has to run the business and us too. The Americans have landed on the southern tip of Italy. Father looks for a quick finish to the

3. **Toscanini** (täs'kä-ně'ně): Arturo Toscanini (1867-1957), a famous orchestra conductor.

4. "Ride of the Valkyries" (val-kir'ēz): lively piece of music from an opera by the German composer Richard Wagner (1813-1883).

WORDS TO OWN

forlorn (fôr-lôr'n') *adj.*: abandoned and lonely.

war. Mr. Dussel is waiting every day for the warehouse man to demand more money. Have I been skipping too much from one subject to another? I can't help it. I feel that spring is coming. I feel it in my whole body and soul. I feel utterly confused. I am longing . . . so longing . . . for everything . . . for friends . . . for someone to talk to . . . someone who understands . . . someone young, who feels as I do . . .

[As these last lines are being said, the curtain rises on the scene. The lights dim on. ANNE'S voice fades out.]

SCENE 2

It is evening, after supper. From outside we hear the sound of children playing. The "grown-ups," with the exception of MR. VAN DAAN, are all in the main room. MRS. FRANK is doing some mending. MRS. VAN DAAN is reading a fashion magazine. MR. FRANK is going over business accounts. DUSSEL, in his dentist's jacket, is pacing up and down, impatient to get into his bedroom. MR. VAN DAAN is upstairs working on a piece of embroidery in an embroidery frame.

In his room PETER is sitting before the mirror, smoothing his hair. As the scene goes on, he puts on his tie, brushes his coat and puts it on, preparing himself meticulously for a visit from ANNE. On his wall are now hung some of ANNE's motion picture stars.

In her room ANNE too is getting dressed. She stands before the mirror in her slip, trying various ways of dressing her hair. MARGOT is seated on the sofa, hemming a skirt for ANNE to wear.

In the main room DUSSEL can stand it no longer. He comes over, rapping sharply on the door of his and ANNE's bedroom.

Anne (calling to him). No, no, Mr. Dussel! I am not dressed yet. (DUSSEL walks away, furious, sitting down and burying his head in his

hands. ANNE turns to MARGOT.) How is that? How does that look?

Margot (glancing at her briefly). Fine.

Anne. You didn't even look.

Margot. Of course I did. It's fine.

Anne. Margot, tell me, am I terribly ugly?

Margot. Oh, stop fishing.

Anne. No. No. Tell me.

Margot. Of course you're not. You've got nice eyes . . . and a lot of animation, and . . .

Anne. A little vague, aren't you?

[She reaches over and takes a brassiere out of MARGOT's sewing basket. She holds it up to herself, studying the effect in the mirror. Outside, MRS. FRANK, feeling sorry for DUSSEL, comes over, knocking at the girls' door.]

Mrs. Frank (outside). May I come in?

Margot. Come in, Mother.

Mrs. Frank (shutting the door behind her).

Mr. Dussel's impatient to get in here.

Anne (still with the brassiere). Heavens, he takes the room for himself the entire day.

Mrs. Frank (gently). Anne, dear, you're not going in again tonight to see Peter?

Anne (dignified). That is my intention.

Mrs. Frank. But you've already spent a great deal of time in there today.

Anne. I was in there exactly twice. Once to get the dictionary, and then three quarters of an hour before supper.

Mrs. Frank. Aren't you afraid you're disturbing him?

Anne. Mother, I have some intuition.

Mrs. Frank. Then may I ask you this much, Anne. Please don't shut the door when you go in.

Anne. You sound like Mrs. Van Daan! (She throws the brassiere back in MARGOT's sewing basket and picks up her blouse, putting it on.)

WORDS TO OWN

animation (an'i-mā'shən) n.: liveliness.

Mrs. Frank. No. No. I don't mean to suggest anything wrong. I only wish that you wouldn't expose yourself to criticism . . . that you wouldn't give Mrs. Van Daan the opportunity to be unpleasant.

Anne. Mrs. Van Daan doesn't need an opportunity to be unpleasant!

Mrs. Frank. Everyone's on edge, worried about Mr. Kraler. This is one more thing . . .

Anne. I'm sorry, Mother. I'm going to Peter's room. I'm not going to let Petronella Van Daan spoil our friendship.

[MRS. FRANK hesitates for a second, then goes out, closing the door after her. She gets a pack of playing cards and sits at the center table, playing solitaire. In ANNE'S room MARGOT hands the finished skirt to ANNE. AS ANNE is putting it on, MARGOT takes off her high-beeled shoes and stuffs paper in the toes so that ANNE can wear them.]

Margot (to ANNE). Why don't you two talk in the main room? It'd save a lot of trouble. It's hard on Mother, having to listen to those remarks from Mrs. Van Daan and not say a word.

Anne. Why doesn't she say a word? I think it's ridiculous to take it and take it.

Margot. You don't understand Mother at all, do you? She can't talk back. She's not like you. It's just not in her nature to fight back.

Anne. Anyway . . . the only one I worry about is you. I feel awfully guilty about you. (She sits on the stool near MARGOT, putting on MARGOT'S high-beeled shoes.)

Margot. What about?

Anne. I mean, every time I go into Peter's room, I have a feeling I may be hurting you. (MARGOT shakes her head.) I know if it were me, I'd be wild. I'd be desperately jealous, if it were me.

Margot. Well, I'm not.

Anne. You don't feel badly? Really? Truly? You're not jealous?

Margot. Of course I'm jealous . . . jealous that

you've got something to get up in the morning for . . . But jealous of you and Peter? No.

[ANNE goes back to the mirror.]

Anne. Maybe there's nothing to be jealous of. Maybe he doesn't really like me. Maybe I'm just taking the place of his cat . . . (She picks up a pair of short white gloves, putting them on.)

Wouldn't you like to come in with us?

Margot. I have a book.

[The sound of the children playing outside fades out. In the main room DUSSEL can stand it no longer. He jumps up, going to the bedroom door and knocking sharply.]

Dussel. Will you please let me in my room!

Anne. Just a minute, dear, dear Mr. Dussel. (She picks up her mother's pink stole and adjusts it elegantly over her shoulders, then gives a last look in the mirror.) Well, here I go . . . to run the gantlet.⁵ (She starts out, followed by MARGOT.)

Dussel (as she appears—sarcastic). Thank you so much.

[DUSSEL goes into his room. ANNE goes toward PETER'S room, passing MRS. VAN DAAN and her parents at the center table.]

Mrs. Van Daan. My God, look at her! (ANNE pays no attention. She knocks at PETER'S door.) I don't know what good it is to have a son. I never see him. He wouldn't care if I killed myself. (PETER opens the door and stands aside for ANNE to come in.) Just a minute, Anne. (She goes to them at the door.) I'd like to say a few words to my son. Do you mind? (PETER and ANNE stand waiting.) Peter, I don't want you staying up till all hours tonight. You've got to have your sleep. You're a growing boy. You hear?

Mrs. Frank. Anne won't stay late. She's going to bed promptly at nine. Aren't you, Anne?

5. run the gantlet (gônt'lit): proceed while under attack from both sides.

Anne. Yes, Mother . . . (To MRS. VAN DAAN) May we go now?

Mrs. Van Daan. Are you asking me? I didn't know I had anything to say about it.

Mrs. Frank. Listen for the chimes, Anne dear.

[The two young people go off into PETER'S room, shutting the door after them.]

Mrs. Van Daan (to MRS. FRANK). In my day it was the boys who called on the girls. Not the girls on the boys.

Mrs. Frank. You know how young people like to feel that they have secrets. Peter's room is the only place where they can talk.

Mrs. Van Daan. Talk! That's not what they called it when I was young.

[MRS. VAN DAAN goes off to the bathroom. MARGOT settles down to read her book. MR. FRANK puts his papers away and brings a chess game to the center table. He and MRS. FRANK start to play. In PETER'S room, ANNE speaks to PETER, indignant, humiliated.]

Anne. Aren't they awful? Aren't they impossible? Treating us as if we were still in the nursery.

[She sits on the cot. PETER gets a bottle of pop and two glasses.]

Peter. Don't let it bother you. It doesn't bother me.

Anne. I suppose you can't really blame them . . . they think back to what *they* were like at our age. They don't realize how much more advanced we are. . . . When you think what wonderful discussions we've had! . . . Oh, I forgot. I was going to bring you some more pictures.

Peter. Oh, these are fine, thanks.

Anne. Don't you want some more? Miep just brought me some new ones.

Peter. Maybe later. (He gives her a glass of pop and, taking some for himself, sits down facing her.)

Anne (looking up at one of the photographs). I remember when I got that . . . I won it. I bet Jopie that I could eat five ice-cream cones. We'd all been playing ping-pong . . . We used to

have heavenly times . . . we'd finish up with ice cream at the Delphi or the Oasis, where Jews were allowed . . . there'd always be a lot of boys . . . we'd laugh and joke . . . I'd like to go back to it for a few days or a week. But after that I know I'd be bored to death. I think more seriously about life now. I want to be a journalist . . . or something. I love to write. What do you want to do?

Peter. I thought I might go off someplace . . . work on a farm or something . . . some job that doesn't take much brains.

Anne. You shouldn't talk that way. You've got the most awful inferiority complex.

Peter. I know I'm not smart.

Anne. That isn't true. You're much better than I am in dozens of things . . . arithmetic and algebra and . . . well, you're a million times better than I am in algebra. (With sudden directness) You like Margot, don't you? Right from the start you liked her, liked her much better than me.

Peter (uncomfortably). Oh, I don't know.

[In the main room MRS. VAN DAAN comes from the bathroom and goes over to the sink, polishing a coffeepot.]

Anne. It's all right. Everyone feels that way. Margot's so good. She's sweet and bright and beautiful and I'm not.



Mrs. Frank.

Peter. I wouldn't say that.

Anne. Oh, no, I'm not. I know that. I know quite well that I'm not a beauty. I never have been and never shall be.

Peter. I don't agree at all. I think you're pretty.

Anne. That's not true!

Peter. And another thing. You've changed . . . from at first, I mean.

Anne. I have?

Peter. I used to think you were awful noisy.

Anne. And what do you think now, Peter? How have I changed?

Peter. Well . . . er . . . you're . . . quieter.

[In his room DUSSEL takes his pajamas and toilet articles and goes into the bathroom to change.]

Anne. I'm glad you don't just hate me.

Peter. I never said that.

Anne. I bet when you get out of here, you'll never think of me again.

Peter. That's crazy.

Anne. When you get back with all of your friends, you're going to say . . . now what did I ever see in that Mrs. Quack Quack.

Peter. I haven't got any friends.

Anne. Oh, Peter, of course you have. Everyone has friends.

Peter. Not me. I don't want any. I get along all right without them.

Anne. Does that mean you can get along without me? I think of myself as your friend.

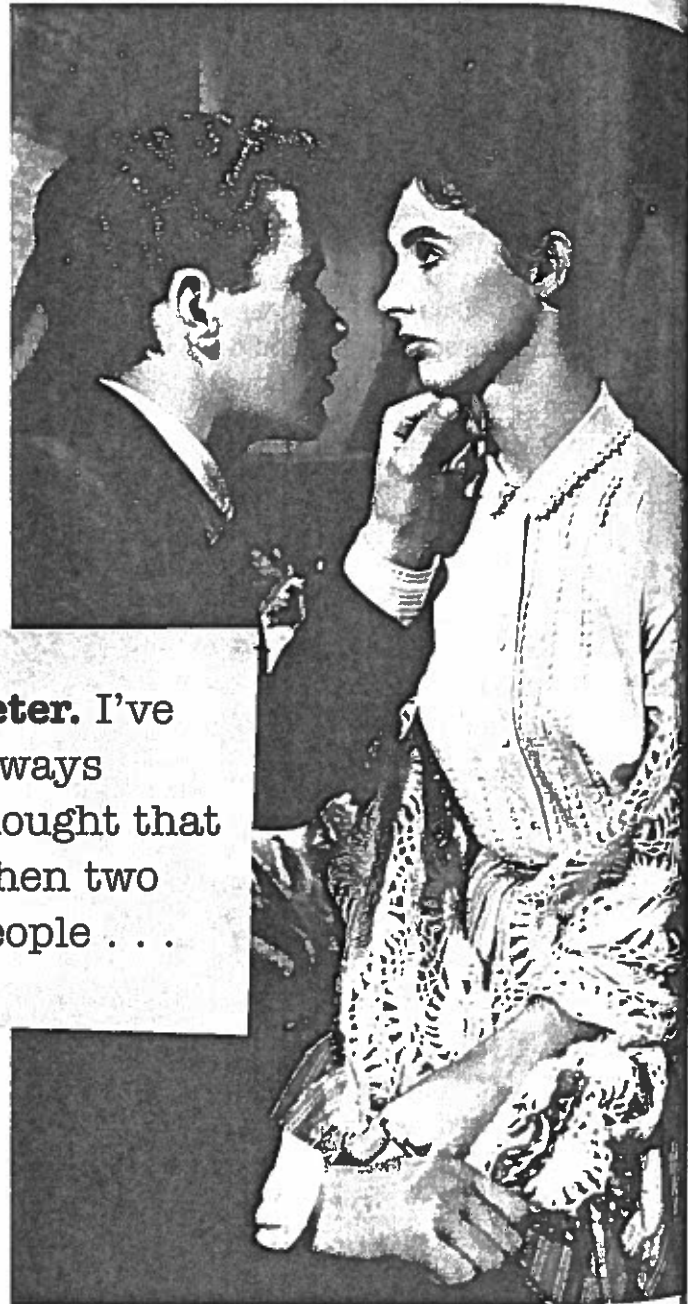
Peter. No. If they were all like you, it'd be different.

[He takes the glasses and the bottle and puts them away. There is a second's silence and then ANNE speaks, hesitantly, shyly.]

Anne. Peter, did you ever kiss a girl?

Peter. Yes. Once.

Anne. *(to cover her feelings).* That picture's crooked. *(PETER goes over, straightening the photograph.)* Was she pretty?



Peter. I've always thought that when two people . . .

Peter. Huh?

Anne. The girl that you kissed.

Peter. I don't know. I was blindfolded. *(He comes back and sits down again.)* It was at a party. One of those kissing games.

Anne *(relieved).* Oh. I don't suppose that really counts, does it?

Peter. It didn't with me.

Anne. I've been kissed twice. Once a man I'd never seen before kissed me on the cheek when he picked me up off the ice and I was crying. And the other was Mr. Koophuis, a friend of Father's, who kissed my hand. You wouldn't say those counted, would you?

Peter. I wouldn't say so.

Anne. I know almost for certain that Margot would never kiss anyone unless she was engaged to them. And I'm sure too that Mother never touched a man before Pim. But I don't know . . . things are so different now . . . What do you think? Do you think a girl shouldn't kiss anyone except if she's engaged or something? It's so hard to try to think what to do, when here we are with the whole world falling around our ears and you think . . . well . . . you don't know what's going to happen tomorrow and . . . What do you think?

Peter. I suppose it'd depend on the girl. Some girls, anything they do's wrong. But others . . . well . . . it wouldn't necessarily be wrong with them. *(The carillon starts to strike nine o'clock.)* I've always thought that when two people . . .

Anne. Nine o'clock. I have to go.

Peter. That's right.

Anne *(without moving)*. Good night.

[There is a second's pause; then PETER gets up and moves toward the door.]

Peter. You won't let them stop you coming?

Anne. No. *(She rises and starts for the door.)* Sometime I might bring my diary. There are so many things in it that I want to talk over with you. There's a lot about you.

Peter. What kind of thing?

Anne. I wouldn't want you to see some of it. I thought you were a nothing, just the way you thought about me.

Peter. Did you change your mind, the way I changed my mind about you?

Anne. Well . . . You'll see . . .

[For a second ANNE stands looking up at PETER, longing for him to kiss her. As he makes no move, she turns away. Then suddenly PETER grabs her awkwardly in his arms, kissing her on the cheek. ANNE walks out dazed. She stands for a minute, her back to the people in the main room. As she regains her poise, she goes to her mother and father and MARGOT, silently kissing them. They murmur their good nights to her. As she is about to open her bedroom door, she catches sight of MRS. VAN DAAN. She goes quickly to her, taking her face in her hands and kissing her, first on one cheek and then on the other. Then she hurries off into her room. MRS. VAN DAAN looks after her and then looks over at PETER's room. Her suspicions are confirmed.]

Mrs. Van Daan *(she knows)*. Ah hah!

[The lights dim out. The curtain falls on the scene. In the darkness ANNE's voice comes, faintly at first and then with growing strength.]

Anne's Voice. By this time we all know each other so well that if anyone starts to tell a story, the rest can finish it for him. We're having to cut down still further on our meals. What makes it worse, the rats have been at work again. They've carried off some of our precious food. Even Mr. Dussel wishes now that Mouschi was here. Thursday, the twentieth of April, nineteen forty-four. Invasion fever is mounting every day. Miep tells us that people outside talk of nothing else. For myself, life has become much more pleasant. I often go to Peter's room after supper. Oh, don't think I'm in love, because I'm not. But it does make life more bearable to have someone with whom you can exchange views. No more tonight. P.S. . . . I must be honest. I must confess that I actually live for the next meeting. Is there anything lovelier than to sit under the skylight and feel the sun on your cheeks and have a darling

boy in your arms? I admit now that I'm glad the Van Daans had a son and not a daughter. I've outgrown another dress. That's the third. I'm having to wear Margot's clothes after all. I'm working hard on my French and am now reading *La Belle Nivernaise*.⁶

[As she is saying the last lines, the curtain rises on the scene. The lights dim on as ANNE's voice fades out.]

■ SCENE 3

It is night, a few weeks later. Everyone is in bed. There is complete quiet. In the VAN DAANS' room a match flares up for a moment and then is quickly put out. MR. VAN DAAN, in bare feet, dressed in underwear and trousers, is dimly seen coming stealthily down the stairs and into the main room, where MR. and MRS. FRANK and MARGOT are sleeping. He goes to the food safe and again lights a match. Then he cautiously opens the safe, taking out a half loaf of bread. As he closes the safe, it creaks. He stands rigid. MRS. FRANK sits up in bed. She sees him.

Mrs. Frank (screaming). Otto! Otto! Komme schnell!⁷

[The rest of the people wake, hurriedly getting up.]

Mr. Frank. Was ist los? Was ist passiert?⁸

[DUSSEL, followed by ANNE, comes from his room.]

Mrs. Frank (as she rushes over to MR. VAN DAAN). Er stiehlt das Essen!⁹

6. *La Belle Nivernaise* (nē-ver'nez'): children's story by the French writer Alphonse Daudet (1840–1897).

7. *Komme schnell!*: German for "Come quickly!"

8. *Was . . . passiert?*: "What's going on? What happened?"

9. *Er . . . Essen!*: "He is stealing the food!"

Dussel (grabbing MR. VAN DAAN). You! You! Give me that.

Mrs. Van Daan (coming down the stairs). Putti . . . Putti . . . what is it?

Dussel (his hands on MR. VAN DAAN's neck). You dirty thief . . . stealing food . . . you good-for-nothing . . .

Mr. Frank. Mr. Dussel! For God's sake! Help me, Peter!

[PETER comes over, trying, with MR. FRANK, to separate the two struggling men.]

Peter. Let him go! Let go!

[DUSSEL drops MR. VAN DAAN, pushing him away. He shows them the end of a loaf of bread that he has taken from MR. VAN DAAN.]

Dussel. You greedy, selfish . . . !

[MARGOT turns on the lights.]

Mrs. Van Daan. Putti . . . what is it?

[All of MRS. FRANK's gentleness, her self-control, is gone. She is outraged, in a frenzy of indignation.]

Mrs. Frank. The bread! He was stealing the bread!

Dussel. It was you, and all the time we thought it was the rats!

Mr. Frank. Mr. Van Daan, how could you!

Mr. Van Daan. I'm hungry.

Mrs. Frank. We're all of us hungry! I see the children getting thinner and thinner. Your own son Peter . . . I've heard him moan in his sleep, he's so hungry. And you come in the night and steal food that should go to them . . . to the children!

Mrs. Van Daan (going to MR. VAN DAAN protectively). He needs more food than the rest of us. He's used to more. He's a big man.

[MR. VAN DAAN breaks away, going over and sitting on the couch.]

Mrs. Frank (turning on MRS. VAN DAAN). And

you . . . you're worse than he is! You're a mother, and yet you sacrifice your child to this man . . . this . . . this . . .

Mr. Frank. Edith! Edith!

[MARGOT picks up the pink woolen stole, putting it over her mother's shoulders.]

Mrs. Frank (*paying no attention, going on to MRS. VAN DAAN*). Don't think I haven't seen you! Always saving the choicest bits for him! I've watched you day after day and I've held my tongue. But not any longer! Not after this! Now I want him to go! I want him to get out of here!

Mr. Frank. Edith!

Mr. Van Daan. Get out of here?

Mrs. Van Daan. What do you mean?

} Together

Mrs. Frank. Just that! Take your things and get out!

Mr. Frank (*to MRS. FRANK*). You're speaking in anger. You cannot mean what you are saying.

Mrs. Frank. I mean exactly that!

[MRS. VAN DAAN takes a cover from the FRANKS' bed, pulling it about her.]

Mr. Frank. For two long years we have lived here, side by side. We have respected each other's rights . . . we have managed to live in peace. Are we now going to throw it all away? I know this will never happen again, will it, Mr. Van Daan?

Mr. Van Daan. No. No.

Mrs. Frank. He steals once! He'll steal again!

[MR. VAN DAAN, holding his stomach, starts for the bathroom. ANNE puts her arms around him, helping him up the step.]

Mr. Frank. Edith, please. Let us be calm. We'll all go to our rooms . . . and afterwards we'll sit down quietly and talk this out . . . we'll find some way . . .

Mrs. Frank. No! No! No more talk! I want them to leave!

Mrs. Van Daan. You'd put us out, on the streets?

Mrs. Frank. There are other hiding places.

Mrs. Van Daan. A cellar . . . a closet. I know. And we have no money left even to pay for that.

Mrs. Frank. I'll give you money. Out of my own pocket I'll give it gladly. (*She gets her purse from a shelf and comes back with it.*)

Mrs. Van Daan. Mr. Frank, you told Putti you'd never forget what he'd done for you when you came to Amsterdam. You said you could never repay him, that you . . .

Mrs. Frank (*counting out money*). If my husband had any obligation to you, he's paid it, over and over.

Mr. Frank. Edith, I've never seen you like this before. I don't know you.

Mrs. Frank. I should have spoken out long ago.

Dussel. You can't be nice to some people.

Mrs. Van Daan (*turning on DUSSEL*). There would have been plenty for all of us, if *you* hadn't come in here!

Mr. Frank. We don't need the Nazis to destroy us. We're destroying ourselves.

[*He sits down, with his head in his hands.* MRS. FRANK goes to MRS. VAN DAAN.]

Mrs. Frank (*giving MRS. VAN DAAN some money*). Give this to Miep. She'll find you a place.

Anne. Mother, you're not putting *Peter* out. *Peter* hasn't done anything.

Mrs. Frank. He'll stay, of course. When I say I must protect the children, I mean *Peter* too.

[PETER rises from the steps where he has been sitting.]

Peter. I'd have to go if Father goes.

[MR. VAN DAAN comes from the bathroom. MRS. VAN DAAN hurries to him and takes him to the couch. Then she gets water from the sink to bathe his face.]

Mrs. Frank (*while this is going on*). He's no father to you . . . that man! He doesn't know what it is to be a father!

Peter (*starting for his room*). I wouldn't feel right. I couldn't stay.

Mrs. Frank. Very well, then. I'm sorry.

Anne (*rushing over to PETER*). No, Peter! No! (*PETER goes into his room, closing the door after him. ANNE turns back to her mother, crying.*) I don't care about the food. They can have mine! I don't want it!

Only don't send them away. It'll be daylight soon. They'll be caught . . .

Margot (*putting her arms comfortingly around ANNE*). Please, Mother!

Mrs. Frank. They're not going now. They'll stay here until Miep finds them a place. (*TO MRS. VAN DAAN*) But one thing I insist on! He must never come down here again! He must never come to this room where the food is stored! We'll divide what we have . . . an equal share for each! (*DUSSEL hurries over to get a sack of potatoes from the food safe. MRS. FRANK goes on, to MRS. VAN DAAN*) You can cook it here and take it up to him.

[*DUSSEL brings the sack of potatoes back to the center table.*]

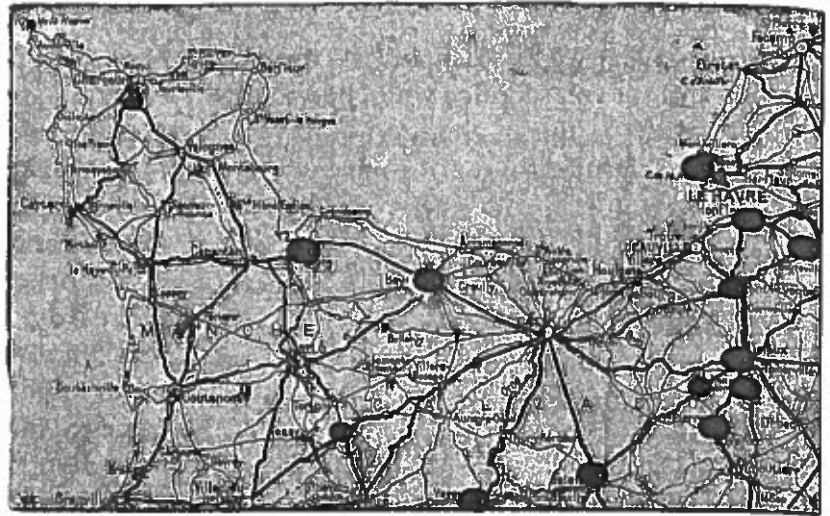
Margot. Oh, no. No. We haven't sunk so far that we're going to fight over a handful of rotten potatoes.

Dussel (*dividing the potatoes into piles*). Mrs. Frank, Mr. Frank, Margot, Anne, Peter, Mrs. Van Daan, Mr. Van Daan, myself . . . Mrs. Frank . . .

[*The buzzer sounds in MIEP's signal.*]

Mr. Frank. It's Miep! (*He hurries over, getting his overcoat and putting it on.*)

Margot. At this hour?



Map kept by Mr. Frank after the Allied invasion of Normandy. Colored pins show the progress of the Allied forces.

Mrs. Frank. It is trouble.

Mr. Frank (*as he starts down to unbolt the door*). I beg you, don't let her see a thing like this!

Dussel (*counting without stopping*). . . . Anne, Peter, Mrs. Van Daan, Mr. Van Daan, myself . . .

Margot (*to DUSSEL*). Stop it! Stop it!

Dussel. . . . Mr. Frank, Margot, Anne, Peter, Mrs. Van Daan, Mr. Van Daan, myself, Mrs. Frank . . .

Mrs. Van Daan. You're keeping the big ones for yourself! All the big ones . . . Look at the size of that! . . . And that! . . .

[*DUSSEL continues with his dividing. PETER, with his shirt and trousers on, comes from his room.*]

Margot. Stop it! Stop it!

[*We hear MIEP's excited voice speaking to MR. FRANK below.*]

Miep. Mr. Frank . . . the most wonderful news! . . . The invasion¹⁰ has begun!

10. the invasion: On June 6, 1944, Allied forces landed in Normandy, a region of northern France, to launch a military campaign against the Germans.

Mr. Frank. Go on, tell them! Tell them!

[MIEP comes running up the steps, ahead of MR. FRANK. She has a man's raincoat on over her nightclothes and a bunch of orange-colored flowers in her hand.]

Miep. Did you hear that, everybody? Did you hear what I said? The invasion has begun! The invasion!

[They all stare at MIEP, unable to grasp what she is telling them. PETER is the first to recover his wits.]

Peter. Where?

Mrs. Van Daan. When? When, Miep?

Miep. It began early this morning . . .

[As she talks on, the realization of what she has said begins to dawn on them. Everyone goes crazy. A wild demonstration takes place. MRS. FRANK hugs MR. VAN DAAN.]

Mrs. Frank. Oh, Mr. Van Daan, did you hear that?

[DUSSEL embraces MRS. VAN DAAN. PETER grabs a frying pan and parades around the room, beating on it, singing the Dutch national anthem. ANNE and MARGOT follow him, singing, weaving in and out among the excited grown-ups. MARGOT breaks away to take the flowers from MIEP and distribute them to everyone. While this pandemonium is going on, MRS. FRANK tries to make herself heard above the excitement.]

Mrs. Frank (to MIEP). How do you know?

Miep. The radio . . . The BBC!¹¹ They said they landed on the coast of Normandy!

Peter. The British?

Miep. British, Americans, French, Dutch, Poles, Norwegians . . . all of them! More than

four thousand ships! Churchill¹² spoke, and General Eisenhower!¹³ D-day, they call it!

Mr. Frank. Thank God, it's come!

Mrs. Van Daan. At last!

Miep (starting out). I'm going to tell Mr. Kraler. This'll be better than any blood transfusion.

Mr. Frank (stopping her). What part of Normandy did they land, did they say?

Miep. Normandy . . . that's all I know now . . . I'll be up the minute I hear some more! (She goes hurriedly out.)

Mr. Frank (to MRS. FRANK). What did I tell you? What did I tell you?

[MRS. FRANK indicates that he has forgotten to bolt the door after MIEP. He hurries down the steps. MR. VAN DAAN, sitting on the couch, suddenly breaks into a convulsive sob. Everybody looks at him, bewildered.]

Mrs. Van Daan (hurrying to him). Putti! Putti! What is it? What happened?

Mr. Van Daan. Please. I'm so ashamed.

[MR. FRANK comes back up the steps.]

Dussel. Oh, for God's sake!

Mrs. Van Daan. Don't, Putti.

Margot. It doesn't matter now!

Mr. Frank (going to MR. VAN DAAN). Didn't you hear what Miep said? The invasion has come! We're going to be liberated! This is a time to celebrate! (He embraces MRS. FRANK and then hurries to the cupboard and gets the cognac and a glass.)

Mr. Van Daan. To steal bread from children!

Mrs. Frank. We've all done things that we're ashamed of.

Anne. Look at me, the way I've treated Mother . . . so mean and horrid to her.

12. **Churchill:** Sir Winston Churchill (1874-1965), British prime minister during World War II.

13. **General Eisenhower:** Dwight D. Eisenhower (1890-1969), commander of the Allied forces in western Europe. He later became president of the United States (1953-1961).

11. **BBC:** British Broadcasting Corporation. People listened to the BBC, illegally, for news of the war that was more accurate than what German-controlled broadcasters offered.

Mrs. Frank. No, Anneke, no.

[ANNE runs to her mother, putting her arms around her.]

Anne. Oh, Mother, I was. I was awful.

Mr. Van Daan. Not like me. No one is as bad as me!

Dussel (to MR. VAN DAAN). Stop it now! Let's be happy!

Mr. Frank (giving MR. VAN DAAN a glass of cognac). Here! Here! Schnapps!¹⁴ L'chaim!¹⁵

[MR. VAN DAAN takes the cognac. They all watch him. He gives them a feeble smile. ANNE puts up her fingers in a V-for-victory sign. As MR. VAN DAAN gives an answering V sign, they are startled to hear a loud sob from behind them. It is MRS. FRANK, stricken with remorse. She is sitting on the other side of the room.]

Mrs. Frank (through her sobs). When I think of the terrible things I said . . .

[MR. FRANK, ANNE, and MARGOT hurry to her, trying to comfort her. MR. VAN DAAN brings her his glass of cognac.]

Mr. Van Daan. No! No! You were right!

Mrs. Frank. That I should speak that way to you! . . . Our friends! . . . Our guests! (She starts to cry again.)

Dussel. Stop it, you're spoiling the whole invasion!

[As they are comforting her, the lights dim out. The curtain falls.]

Anne's Voice (faintly at first and then with growing strength). We're all in much better spirits these days. There's still excellent news of the invasion. The best part about it is that I have a feeling that friends are coming. Who knows? Maybe I'll be back in school by fall. Ha, ha! The joke is on us! The warehouse man

14. schnapps (shnāps): strong liquor.

15. L'chaim! (lā·khā'yim): Hebrew toast meaning "To life!"

doesn't know a thing and we are paying him all that money! . . . Wednesday, the second of July, nineteen forty-four. The invasion seems temporarily to be bogged down. Mr. Kraler has to have an operation, which looks bad. The Gestapo have found the radio that was stolen. Mr. Dussel says they'll trace it back and back to the thief, and then, it's just a matter of time till they get to us. Everyone is low. Even poor Pim can't raise their spirits. I have often been downcast myself . . . but never in despair. I can shake off everything if I write. But . . . and that is the great question . . . will I ever be able to write well? I want to so much. I want to go on living even after my death. Another birthday has gone by, so now I am fifteen. Already I know what I want. I have a goal, an opinion.

[As this is being said, the curtain rises on the scene, the lights dim on, and ANNE's voice fades out.]

■ SCENE 4

It is an afternoon a few weeks later. . . . Everyone but Margot is in the main room. There is a sense of great tension.

Both MRS. FRANK and MR. VAN DAAN are nervously pacing back and forth. DUSSEL is standing at the window, looking down fixedly at the street below. PETER is at the center table, trying to do his lessons. ANNE sits opposite him, writing in her diary. MRS. VAN DAAN is seated on the couch, her eyes on MR. FRANK as he sits reading.

The sound of a telephone ringing comes from the office below. They all are rigid, listening tensely. DUSSEL rushes down to MR. FRANK.

WORDS TO OWN

remorse (ri·mōrs') n.: deep feeling of guilt.

Dussel. There it goes again, the telephone! Mr. Frank, do you hear?

Mr. Frank (*quietly*). Yes. I hear.

Dussel (*pleading, insistent*). But this is the third time, Mr. Frank! The third time in quick succession! It's a signal! I tell you it's Miep, trying to get us! For some reason she can't come to us and she's trying to warn us of something!

Mr. Frank. Please. Please.

Mr. Van Daan (*to DUSSEL*). You're wasting your breath.

Dussel. Something has happened, Mr. Frank. For three days now Miep hasn't been to see us! And today not a man has come to work. There hasn't been a sound in the building!

Mrs. Frank. Perhaps it's Sunday. We may have lost track of the days.

Mr. Van Daan (*to ANNE*). You with the diary there. What day is it?

Dussel (*going to MRS. FRANK*). I don't lose track of the days! I know exactly what day it is! It's Friday, the fourth of August. Friday, and not a man at work. (*He rushes back to MR. FRANK, pleading with him, almost in tears.*) I tell you Mr. Kraler's dead. That's the only explanation. He's dead and they've closed down the building, and Miep's trying to tell us!

Mr. Frank. She'd never telephone us.

Dussel (*frantic*). Mr. Frank, answer that! I beg you, answer it!

Mr. Frank. No.

Mr. Van Daan. Just pick it up and listen. You don't have to speak. Just listen and see if it's Miep.

Dussel (*speaking at the same time*). For God's sake . . . I ask you.

Mr. Frank. No. I've told you, no. I'll do nothing that might let anyone know we're in the building.

Peter. Mr. Frank's right.

Mr. Van Daan. There's no need to tell us what side you're on.

Mr. Frank. If we wait patiently, quietly, I believe that help will come.

[*There is silence for a minute as they all listen to the telephone ringing.*]

Dussel. I'm going down. (*He rushes down the steps. MR. FRANK tries ineffectually to hold him. DUSSEL runs to the lower door, unbolting it. The telephone stops ringing. DUSSEL bolts the door and comes slowly back up the steps.*) Too late.

[*MR. FRANK goes to MARGOT in ANNE's bedroom.*]

Mr. Van Daan. So we just wait here until we die.

Mrs. Van Daan (*hysterically*). I can't stand it! I'll kill myself! I'll kill myself!

Mr. Van Daan. For God's sake, stop it!

[*In the distance, a German military band is heard playing a Viennese waltz.*]

Mrs. Van Daan. I think you'd be glad if I did! I think you want me to die!

Mr. Van Daan. Whose fault is it we're here? (*MRS. VAN DAAN starts for her room. He follows, talking at her.*) We could've been safe somewhere . . . in America or Switzerland. But no! No! You wouldn't leave when I wanted to. You couldn't leave your things. You couldn't leave your precious furniture.

Mrs. Van Daan. Don't touch me!

[*She hurries up the stairs, followed by MR. VAN DAAN. PETER, unable to bear it, goes to his room. ANNE looks after him, deeply concerned. DUSSEL returns to his post at the window. MR. FRANK comes back into the main room and takes a book, trying to read. MRS. FRANK sits near the sink, starting to peel some potatoes. ANNE quietly goes to PETER's room, closing the door after her. PETER is lying face down on the cot. ANNE leans over him, holding him in her arms, trying to bring him out of his despair.*]

Anne. Look, Peter, the sky. (*She looks up through the skylight.*) What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know

what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I *think* myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocuses and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful part about *thinking* yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time. . . . It's funny. . . . I used to take it all for granted. . . . and now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you?

Peter. I've just gone crazy. I think if something doesn't happen soon. . . if we don't get out of here. . . I can't stand much more of it!

Anne (*softly*). I wish you had a religion, Peter.

Peter. No, thanks! Not me!

Anne. Oh, I don't mean you have to be Orthodox. . . ¹⁶ or believe in Heaven and Hell and Purgatory and things. . . I just mean some religion. . . it doesn't matter what. Just to believe in something! When I think of all that's out there. . . the trees. . . and flowers. . . and sea gulls. . . When I think of the dearness of you, Peter. . . and the goodness of the people we know. . . Mr. Kraler, Miep, Dirk, the vegetable man, all risking their lives for us every day. . . When I think of these good things, I'm not afraid anymore. . . I find myself, and God, and I. . .

[PETER *interrupts, getting up and walking away.*]

Peter. That's fine! But when I begin to think, I get mad! Look at us, hiding out for two years. Not able to move! Caught here like. . . waiting for them to come and get us. . . and all for what?

Anne. We're not the only people that've had to suffer. There've always been people that've had

16. **Orthodox:** Orthodox Jews strictly observe Jewish traditions.

to. . . sometimes one race. . . sometimes another. . . and yet. . .

Peter. That doesn't make me feel any better!

Anne (*going to him*). I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith. . . when people are doing such horrible. . . But you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase, the way I was with Mother. It'll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but someday. . . I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart.

Peter. I want to see something now. . . not a thousand years from now! (*He goes over, sitting down again on the cot.*)

Anne. But, Peter, if you'd only look at it as part of a great pattern. . . that we're just a little minute in the life. . . (*She breaks off.*) Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of stupid grown-ups! Look at the sky now. Isn't it lovely? (*She holds out her hand to him. PETER takes it and rises, standing with her at the window looking out, his arms around her.*) Someday, when we're outside again, I'm going to. . .

[*She breaks off as she hears the sound of a car, its brakes squealing as it comes to a sudden stop. The people in the other rooms also become aware of the sound. They listen tensely. Another car roars up to a screeching stop. ANNE and PETER come from PETER'S room. MR. and MRS. VAN DAAN creep down the stairs. DUSSEL comes out from his room. Everyone is listening, hardly breathing. A doorbell clangs again and again in the building below. MR. FRANK starts quietly down the steps to the door. DUSSEL and PETER follow him. The others stand rigid, waiting, terrified.*]

In a few seconds DUSSEL comes stumbling back up the steps. He shakes off PETER'S help and goes to his room. MR. FRANK bolts the door below and comes slowly back up the steps. Their eyes are all on him as he stands there

for a minute. They realize that what they feared has happened. MRS. VAN DAAN starts to whimper. MR. VAN DAAN puts her gently in a chair and then hurries off up the stairs to their room to collect their things. PETER goes to comfort his mother. There is a sound of violent pounding on a door below.]

Mr. Frank (quietly). For the past two years we have lived in fear. Now we can live in hope.

[The pounding below becomes more insistent. There are muffled sounds of voices, shouting commands.]

Men's Voices. Aufmachen! Da drinnen! Aufmachen! Schnell! Schnell! Schnell!¹⁷ (Etc., etc.)

[The street door below is forced open. We hear the heavy tread of footsteps coming up. MR. FRANK gets two school bags from the shelves and gives one to ANNE and the other to MARGOT. He goes to get a bag for MRS. FRANK. The sound of feet coming up grows louder. PETER comes to ANNE, kissing her goodbye; then he goes to his room to collect his things. The buzzer of their door starts to ring. MR. FRANK brings MRS. FRANK a bag. They stand together, waiting. We hear the thud of gun butts on the door; trying to break it down.

ANNE stands, holding her school satchel, looking over at her father and mother with a soft, reassuring smile. She is no longer a child, but a woman with courage to meet whatever lies ahead.

The lights dim out. The curtain falls on the scene. We hear a mighty crash as the door is shattered. After a second ANNE's voice is heard.]

Anne's Voice. And so it seems our stay here is over. They are waiting for us now. They've allowed us five minutes to get our things. We can each take a bag and whatever it will hold of

17. Aufmachen! . . . Schnell!: German for "Open up! You in there! Open up! Quickly! Quickly! Quickly!"



**Anne's
Voice.** And
so it seems
our stay
here is
over.

clothing. Nothing else. So, dear Diary, that means I must leave you behind. Goodbye for a while. P.S. Please, please, Miep, or Mr. Kraler, or anyone else. If you should find this diary, will you please keep it safe for me, because someday I hope . . .

[Her voice stops abruptly. There is silence. After a second the curtain rises.]

■ SCENE 5

It is again the afternoon in November 1945. The rooms are as we saw them in the first scene. MR. KRALER has joined MIEP and MR. FRANK. There are coffee cups on the table. We see a great change in MR. FRANK. He is calm now. His bitterness is gone. He slowly turns a few pages of the diary. They are blank.

Mr. Frank. No more. (He closes the diary and puts it down on the couch beside him.)

Miep. I'd gone to the country to find food. When I got back, the block was surrounded by police . . .

Mr. Kraler. We made it our business to learn how they knew. It was the thief . . . the thief who told them.

[MIEP goes up to the gas burner, bringing back a pot of coffee.]

Mr. Frank (after a pause). It seems strange to say this, that anyone could be happy in a concentration camp. But Anne was happy in the camp in Holland where they first took us. After two years of being shut up in these rooms, she could be out . . . out in the sunshine and the fresh air that she loved.

Miep (offering the coffee to MR. FRANK). A little more?

Mr. Frank (holding out his cup to her). The news of the war was good. The British and Americans were sweeping through France. We felt sure that they would get to us in time. In

September we were told that we were to be shipped to Poland. . . . The men to one camp. The women to another. I was sent to Auschwitz. They went to Belsen. In January we were freed, the few of us who were left. The war wasn't yet over, so it took us a long time to get home. We'd be sent here and there behind the lines where we'd be safe. Each time our train would stop . . . at a siding or a crossing . . . we'd all get out and go from group to group . . . Where were you? Were you at Belsen? At Buchenwald? At Mauthausen? Is it possible that you knew my wife? Did you ever see my husband? My son? My daughter? That's how I found out about my wife's death . . . of Margot, the Van Daans . . . Dussel. But Anne . . . I still hoped . . . Yesterday I went to Rotterdam. I'd heard of a woman there . . . She'd been in Belsen with Anne . . . I know now.

[He picks up the diary again and turns the pages back to find a certain passage. As he finds it, we hear ANNE'S voice.]

Anne's Voice. In spite of everything, I still believe that people are really good at heart.

[MR. FRANK slowly closes the diary.]

Mr. Frank. She puts me to shame.

[They are silent.]

Curtain

