

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 coffee pot.]

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

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. 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

Anne. I must confess that I actually live for the next meeting.



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*.<sup>6</sup>

[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

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

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!<sup>7</sup>

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

Mr. Frank. Was ist los? Was ist passiert?<sup>8</sup>

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

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

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 . . . !

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

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

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

[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?

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

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