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is dark now except one cool special vignetting Mr. Frank and Miep. His voice dies out as Anne continues stronger. Drop in, work light on, curtain light on, cellar light on.)

ANNE'S VOICE. You could not do this and you could not do that. (Lag special dims out. Black scene drop is lowered.) They forced Father out of his business. We had to wear yellow stars. I had to turn in my bike. I couldn't go to a Dutch school any more. I couldn't go to the movies, or ride in an automobile, or even on a streetcar, and a million other things. But somehow we children still managed to have fun. Yesterday Father told me we were going into hiding. Where he wouldn't say. At five o'clock this morning Mother woke me and told me to hurry and get dressed. I was to put on as many clothes as I could. It would look too suspicious if we walked along carrying suitcases. It wasn't until we were on our way that I learned where we were going. Our hiding place was to be upstairs . . . (Work light off. Black drop rises.) in the building where Father used to have his business. (Drop out. Lights begin to fade up, cyclorama first, followed by playing area. Simultaneously Anne's voice begins slowly to fade out.) Three other people were coming in with us . . . the Van Daans and their son Peter. . . . Father knew the Van Daans but we had never met them. . . . (Dim up slow, Voice out, lights three-quarters full and rising. Ship whistles are heard. [Sound Cue 3.]

ACT I

SCENE 2

Off L.: Whistles at rise. (Sound Cue 4.)

SCENE: It is early morning, July, 1942. The photographs we saw at first, the war map, the dead plant, the knitting, are not there now. The rooms have been prepared for living. All beds are made, lamps in place, and furniture upright. The table C. is flanked by a straight chair L., an armchair R. The other straight chair is U. R. above the stove. The dividing curtains are partially drawn and, though far from new, are not in shreds. The three members of the Van Daan family are waiting for the Franks to arrive. Mr. Van Daan is a portly man

2 scenes from the Diary of Anne Frank by Goodrich & Hackett

in his late forties. He is pacing u. c. in the center room smoking a cigarette, and watching his wife with a nervous eye. His overcoat and suit are expensive and well cut. Mrs. Van Daan sits on the couch, clutching her possessions, a hatbox, handbag, attractive straw carry-all. A cardboard carton is above her on the couch. It is tied with heavy cord. She is a pretty woman in her early forties. She wears a fur coat. Peter Van Daan is standing at the window of the Right room, looking down at the street below. He is a shy, awkward boy of sixteen. He wears a cap, a short overcoat, and long Dutch trousers, like "plus fours." At his feet is a black carrier with a cat in it. On the window seat is a small potted plant. His clothes have the conspicuous yellow Star of David on the left breast. The star is evident on his parents' clothing also. When lights are full, Mrs. Van Daan sneezes. Mr. Van Daan glances at her, then looks at his watch. He moves L., putting out his cigarette. She rises, crosses C., below the table, nervous, excited.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Something's happened to them. I know it. (Warn cellar light off.)

MR. VAN DAAN. (Coming down to her.) Now, Kerli!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Mr. Frank said they'd be here at seven o'clock. He said . . .

MR. VAN DAAN. They have two miles to walk. You can't expect . . . (Cellar light off.)

MRS. VAN DAAN. (Overlapping.) They've been picked up. . . . (The door below opens.) That's what's happened. They've been taken. (Mr. Van Daan indicates that he bears someone coming.)

MR. VAN DAAN. You see? (Mr. Frank comes up the stairwell from below. He looks much younger now. His movements are brisk, his manner confident. He wears an overcoat and carries his hat and a small cardboard box.)

MR. FRANK. Mrs. Van Daan, Mr. Van Daan. (He crosses to the Van Daans, shaking hands with each of them. Peter has picked up his cat carrier and small plant, and comes into the center room. He stands outside the R. door. Mr. Frank continues up to Peter, shakes his hand. He puts carton on lamp table and comes back D. R. C. Mrs. Van Daan has crossed back to the sofa.) There were

too many of the Green Police on the streets . . . we had to take the long way around. (Miep, not pregnant now, Margot, Mr. Kraler, Mrs. Frank, have come up the stairs. Kraler carries two brief cases. He acknowledges the Van Daans and moves U. L. to the shelves, checking their contents. Miep and Margot cross to above the c. table. Miep empties her straw bag of the clothes it contains, piling them on R. end of table. Margot puts her leatherette carry-all and large brown paper bag on the table. Mrs. Frank also carries a leatherette shopping bag and her handbag. We see the Star of David conspicuous on the Franks' clothing. Margot is eighteen, beautiful, quiet, shy. Mrs. Frank is a young mother, gently bred, reserved. She, like Mr. Frank, has a slight German accent. Mr. Kraler is a Dutchman, dependable, kindly. He wears a hearing aid in his ear.)

MRS. FRANK. (Calling down the stairs.) Anne? (Anne comes quickly up the stairs. She is thirteen, quick in her movements, interested in everything, mercurial in her emotions. She wears a cape, long wool socks and carries a school bag.)

MR. FRANK. (Crossing to c. below table.) My wife, Edith. Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan. (Mrs. Frank shakes Mr. Van Daan's hand, then hurries across to shake hands with Mrs. Van Daan. She then crosses up to inspect the sink.) . . . their son, Peter . . . my daughters, Margot, and Anne. (Anne gives a polite little curtsy as she shakes Mr. Van Daan's hand. She puts her bag on L. end of c. table. Then she immediately starts off on a tour of investigation of her new home, going upstairs to the attic room. Mr. Van Daan sits L. of table, fanning himself. Miep crosses to sink, places thermos of milk on drain board.)

KRALER. (Crossing R. above table and downstage to Mr. Frank.) I'm sorry there is still so much confusion.

MR. FRANK. Please. Don't think of it. After all, we'll have plenty of leisure to arrange everything ourselves. (Kraler crosses up to Right room, enters and places briefcases on floor by dressing table.)

MIEP. (Indicates sink cupboard first, then moves L. toward shelves. Mr. Frank crosses up to mantel, puts hat on it. He moves across to shelves after Miep. Mrs. Frank also comes to the shelves. Margot takes bag of food to sink chest and puts items in it.) We put the stores of food you sent in here. Your drugs are here . . . soap, linen, here.

MRS. FRANK. Thank you, Miep. MIEP. I made up the beds . . . the way Mr. Frank and Mr. Kraler said. (Hurries toward stairwell. Mr. Kraler, having inspected the Right room, re-enters the Center room and crosses down to the sofa.) Forgive me. I have to hurry. I've got to go to the other side of town to get some ration books for you.

MRS. VAN DAAN. (Rises.) Ration books? If they see our names on ration books, they'll know we're here. (Mr. Kraler and Miep speak together.)

KRALER. There isn't anything . . .

MIEP. Don't worry. Your names won't be on them. (As she hurries out.) I'll be up later.

MR. FRANK. (Crosses to stairwell watching her leave.) Thank you, Miep.

MRS. FRANK. (Troubled, crossing down L. then to c. To Kraler.) It's illegal, then, the ration books? We've never done anything illegal.

MR. FRANK. We won't be living exactly according to regulations here. (Kraler moves c. to Mrs. Frank. As he speaks reassuringly to her, he takes several small bottles of medicine from his coat pockets and gives them to her.)

MR. KRALER. This isn't the black market, Mrs. Frank. This is what we call the white market . . . helping all of the hundreds and hundreds who are hiding out in Amsterdam. (The carillon is heard playing the quarter hour before eight. [Sound Cue 5.] Mr. Kraler looks at his watch. Anne stops at the window as she comes down the stairs, and looks out through the curtains.)

ANNE. It's the Westertoren!

MR. KRALER. I must go. (Goes up to Peter, shakes his hand, then down again to shake Mrs. Van Daan's. Anne is inspecting the kitchen area. Margot returns to above c. table.) I must be out of here and downstairs in the office before the workmen get here. Miep or I, or both of us, will be up each day to bring you food and news and find out what your needs are. (Crossing L., Mr. Frank waits for him just downstage of the stairwell.) Tomorrow I'll get you a better bolt for the door at the foot of the stairs. It needs a bolt that you can throw yourself and open only at our signal. (To Mr. Frank.) Oh . . . You'll tell them about the noise?

MR. FRANK. I'll tell them.

MR. KRALER. Good-bye then for the moment. I'll come up again, after the workmen leave.

MR. FRANK. (Shaking Kraler's hand.) Good-bye, Mr. Kraler.

MRS. FRANK. (Shaking his hand.) How can we thank you?

MR. KRALER. I never thought I'd live to see the day when a man like Mr. Frank would have to go into hiding. When you think — (He breaks off and goes out. Mr. Frank follows him down the steps, bolting the door after him. In the interval before he returns, Peter goes over to Margot, gives a stiff bow as they shake hands. Anne has been U. C. watching and as they complete their greeting she moves down to Peter, hand extended. He has turned away and does not see her. Mrs. Frank drifts thoughtfully U. L. As Mr. Frank comes back up the stairs she hurries down to him.)

MRS. FRANK. What did he mean, about the noise?

MR. FRANK. First let's take off some of these clothes. (He crosses to the chair above the iron stove, placing his overcoat on it. Anne goes down R. of the table, ending C. below with her back to the audience. She places her cape and beret on the pile of clothes. They all start to take off garment after garment. On each of their coats, sweaters, blouses, suits, dresses, is another yellow Star of David. Mr. and Mrs. Frank are under-dressed quite simply. The others wear several things, sweaters, extra dresses, bathrobes, aprons, etc. Mrs. Frank takes off her gloves, carefully folding them before putting them away.)

MR. VAN DAAN. (Crossing to sofa.) It's a wonder we weren't arrested, walking along the streets. . . . Petronella with a fur coat in July . . . and that cat of Peter's crying all the way.

ANNE. (As she is removing a pair of panties.) A cat?

MRS. FRANK. (Shocked.) Anne, please!

ANNE. It's all right. I've got on three more. (She removes two more pairs of panties. Mr. Frank crosses L. above, then to D. L. Finally, as they finish removing their surplus clothes, they settle down. Mrs. Frank sits L. of table, Anne sits on the table, C., feet dangling. Margot stands above. Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan sit on sofa, Peter is by R. door where he has placed his clothes on the stool.)

MR. FRANK. Now. About the noise. While the men are in the building below, we must have complete quiet. Every sound can be heard down there, not only in the workrooms, but in the offices

too. The men come about eight-thirty, and leave at about five-thirty. So, to be perfectly safe, from eight in the morning until six in the evening we move only when it is necessary and then in stockinged feet. (Crossing to R. C. below table.) We must not speak above a whisper. We must not run any water. We cannot use the sink, or even, forgive me, the W. C. The pipes go down through the workrooms. It would be heard. No trash . . . (The sound of marching feet stops Mr. Frank. [Sound Cue 6.] He goes into the bedroom stage R., followed by Anne, and peers out of the window. Satisfied that the marching feet are going away, he returns and continues. Anne follows him and curls up in chair R. of table.) No trash must ever be thrown out which might reveal that someone is living here . . . not even a potato paring. We must burn everything in the stove at night. This is the way we must live until it is over, if we are to survive. (He mopes R. There is a pause. Margot accidentally drops the nightgown she is taking off. Peter jumps to pick it up for her. He then crosses to above L. end of table.)

MRS. FRANK. Until it is over.

MR. FRANK. After six we can move about . . . we can talk and laugh and have our supper and read and play games . . . just as we would at home. (He looks at his watch.) And now I think it would be wise if we all went to our rooms, and were settled before eight o'clock. Mrs. Van Daan, you and your husband will be upstairs. I regret that there's no place up there for Peter. But he will be here, near us. This will be our common room, where we'll meet to talk and eat and read, like one family.

MRS. VAN DAAN. And where do you and Mrs. Frank sleep?

MR. FRANK. This room is also our bedroom.

(Together.)

MRS. VAN DAAN. (She rises MR. VAN DAAN. It's your in protest and crosses to Mr. place. Frank carrying coat, hatbox, and straw bag.) That isn't right. We'll sleep here and you take the room upstairs.

MR. FRANK. Please. I've thought this out for weeks. It's the best arrangement. The only arrangement. (Mr. Van Daan starts to load his arms with the clothes he and his wife have taken off and thrown across the sofa.)

MRS. VAN DAAN. (To Mr. Frank, as she shakes his hand.) Never, never can we thank you. (Then to Mrs. Frank, shaking her hand.) I don't know what would have happened to us, if it hadn't been for Mr. Frank.

MR. FRANK. You don't know how your husband helped me when I came to this country . . . knowing no one . . . not able to speak the language. I can never repay him for that. (Going to Van Daan.) May I help you with your things?

MR. VAN DAAN. No. No. (To Mrs. Van Daan, as he picks up carton and starts u. c. toward stairs.) Come along, Liefje.

MRS. VAN DAAN. You'll be all right, Peter? You're not afraid?

PETER. (Embarrassed, he moves r., picks up his gear. Mrs. Frank steps to head of stairwell and stares thoughtfully down.) Please, Mother. (Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan go upstairs. Mr. Frank moves to c. above table.)

MR. FRANK. You too must have some rest, Edith. You didn't close your eyes last night. Nor you, Margot.

ANNE. I slept, Father. Wasn't that funny? I knew it was the last night in my own bed, and yet I slept soundly. (Peter carries his gear over l., placing it on chair downstage of l. door. Cat case is set on floor.)

MR. FRANK. I'm glad, Anne. Now you'll be able to help me straighten things in here. (To Mrs. Frank and Margot.) Come with me. . . . You and Margot rest in this room for the time being. (Opens door of Right room.)

MRS. FRANK. (Crossing r., above, toward him.) You're sure . . . ? I could help, really. . . . And Anne hasn't had her milk. . . .

MR. FRANK. I'll give it to her. (To Anne and Peter, as he comes to table, picks up the pile of clothes left by Miep, Anne and Margot.) Anne, Peter . . . it's best that you take off your shoes now, before you forget. (He leads the way to the Right room with Margot. He turns on light, wall switch. She brings her bag. Light cue. Anne's bracket—Frank.)

MRS. FRANK. You're sure you're not tired, Anne?

ANNE. (She and Peter are taking off shoes.) I feel fine. I'm going to help Father.

MRS. FRANK. Peter, I'm glad you are to be with us.

PETER. Yes, Mrs. Frank. (Mrs. Frank follows Mr. Frank and Margot into room r.; closes door. During the following scene Mr.

Frank helps Margot hang up the clothes he has piled on cot u. r. Coats, hats in window seat. Skirts, sweaters, blouses on pegs above window. Takes pillow from chest for Margot's bed, puts remainder of clothes into drawer. Moves Krater's bags and Margot's bag below dressing table. Margot puts comb, brush, etc., on dressing table, then lies down on rear wall cot. Mrs. Frank carefully folds her things on box at foot of bed d. c., then lies down. All this is unburied. Peter takes his cat out of its case.)

ANNE. (She crosses to him.) What's your cat's name?

PETER. (Self-conscious, shy.) Mouschi.

ANNE. (To the cat.) Mouschi! Mouschi! Mouschi! (She picks up the cat, walks away above the table, swings down r., then to c. below table.) I love cats. I have one . . . a darling little cat. But they made me leave her behind. I left some food and a note for the neighbors to take care of her. . . . I'm going to miss her terribly. What is yours? A him or a her?

PETER. (Crossing down, then to c.) He's a tom. He doesn't like strangers. (He takes the cat from her, putting it back in its carrier.)

ANNE. (Unabashed, she follows after him.) Then I'll have to stop being a stranger, won't I? Is he fixed?

PETER. (Startled.) Huh?

ANNE. Did you have him fixed?

PETER. No.

ANNE. Oh, you ought to have him fixed—to keep him from fighting. Where did you go to school?

PETER. Jewish Secondary.

ANNE. But that's where Margot and I go! I never saw you around.

PETER. I used to see you . . . sometimes. . . .

ANNE. You did?

PETER. . . . in the school yard. You were always in the middle of a bunch of kids. (He takes a penknife from his pocket.)

ANNE. Why didn't you ever come over?

PETER. I'm sort of a lone wolf. (He starts to rip off his Star of David.)

ANNE. What are you doing?

PETER. Taking it off.

ANNE. But you can't do that. (Grabs his hands, stopping him.) They'll arrest you if you go out without your star.

PETER. Who's going out? (He pulls away and brushes by her to

c. *He puts his knife on table, then goes up to stove. He lifts lid, throws star into stove.*

ANNE. Why, of course! You're right! Of course we don't need them any more. *(Crossing to above table, she picks up his knife and starts to take off her star. He waits for hers, to throw it away.)* I wonder what our friends will think when we don't show up today?

PETER. I didn't have any dates with anyone.

ANNE. *(Facing front above table, concentrating on her star.)* Oh, I did. I had a date with Jopie this afternoon. to go and play pingpong at her house. Do you know Jopie deWaal?

PETER. No. *(Warn L6. Anne's bracket—Frank.)*

ANNE. Jopie's my best friend. I wonder what she'll think when she telephones and there's no answer? . . . Probably she'll go over to the house. . . . I wonder what she'll think . . . we left everything as if we'd suddenly been called away . . . breakfast dishes in the sink . . . beds not made . . . *(As she pulls off her star, the cloth underneath shows clearly the color and form of the star.)* Look! *(Puts knife on table.)* It's still there! *(Peter comes to her r. to have a look. Picks up knife and puts it in his pocket.)* What're you going to do with yours?

PETER. Burn it. *(Moving back to stove, he holds out his hand for her star.)*

ANNE. *(She starts to give it to him, but cannot. Steps back to c. above table.)* It's funny, I can't throw it away. I don't know why.

PETER. *(A step down, incredulous.)* You can't throw . . . ? Something they branded you with . . . ? That they made you wear so they could spit on you?

ANNE. I know. I know. But after all, it is the Star of David, isn't it? *(Light cue. Anne's bracket—Frank. The Van Daans have arranged their things, clothes in wardrobe, and are sitting on the bed fanning themselves. The chores are completed in the Right room. Mr. Frank turns out the light and goes into the Center room. He closes the door quietly.)*

PETER. Maybe it's different for a girl.

MR. FRANK. *(Crosses c., Anne puts her star in her school bag.)* Forgive me, Peter. Now let me see. We must find a bed for your cat. *(Peter comes down to above table. Anne kneels, looking into Mouschi's case.)* I'm glad you brought your cat. Anne was feel-

18

ing so badly about hers. *(He sees a small worn wash tub and pulls it from the top shelf u. l., then returns, giving it to Peter. Anne wanders r. below table, inspecting everything. She kneels on up-stage end of sofa, giving it a thorough examination.)* Here we are. Will it be comfortable in that?

PETER. Thanks.

MR. FRANK. *(Indicating the Left room.)* And here is your room. But I warn you, Peter, you can't grow any more. Not an inch, or you'll have to sleep with your feet out of the skylight. *(Mr. Frank goes to the door and opens it. Peter follows and puts the tub inside.)* Are you hungry?

PETER. *(Gathering up his things from chair and floor.)* No.

MR. FRANK. We have some bread and butter?

PETER. No, thank you.

MR. FRANK. *(A friendly pat on Peter's shoulder.)* You can have it for luncheon then. And tonight we will have a real supper . . . our first supper together.

PETER. Thanks. Thanks. *(He goes off into his room. Mr. Frank closes the door after him.)*

MR. FRANK. *(Sitting l. of table, removing his shoes.)* That's a nice boy, Peter.

ANNE. He's awfully shy, isn't he?

MR. FRANK. You'll like him, I know.

ANNE. *(Crossing above table to him.)* I certainly hope so, since he's the only boy I'm likely to see for months and months.

MR. FRANK. Anne, there's a box there. Will you open it? *(Anne goes over to the carton on the lamp table, and brings it back to the c. table. In the street we begin to hear children playing. [Sound Cue 7.] Mr. Frank goes to the sink, pouring a glass of milk from the thermos bottle.)*

ANNE. *(Sound of children playing offstage.)* You know the way I'm going to think of it here? I'm going to think of it as a boarding house. A very peculiar summer boarding house, like the one that we — *(She breaks off as she looks in the box.)* Father! Father! My movie stars! I was wondering where they were! . . . and Queen Wilhelmina! How wonderful! *(Mr. Frank returns to her l., placing glass on d. l. corner of table.)*

MR. FRANK. There's something more. Go on. Look further.

ANNE. *(She digs deeper into the box and brings out a velvet covered book. She examines it in delighted silence for a moment,*

19

then opens the cover slowly. She looks up at him with eyes shining.) A diary! (She throws her arms around him.) I've never had a diary. And I've always longed for one. (She rushes to the lamp table R., looking for a pencil.) Pencil, pencil, pencil. (Darting across the room, below c. table, she starts for the stairs.) I'm going down to the office to get a pencil. (Curtain light on.)

MR. FRANK. Anne! No! (Mr. Frank has started back to replace the cap on the thermos. He turns and strides L. and down, catching her arm as she starts down the stairs. He pulls her back and toward c. Mrs. Frank, in the Right bedroom, sits up, aware of the sudden movement and sound. After a moment she goes to the window and looks out. She returns and sits on the bed.)

ANNE. (Startled.) But there's no one in the building now.

MR. FRANK. It doesn't matter. I don't want you ever to go beyond that door.

ANNE. (Sobered.) Never? . . . Not even at night time, when everyone is gone? Or on Sundays? Can't I go down to listen to the radio?

MR. FRANK. Never. I am sorry, Anneke. It isn't safe. No, you must never go beyond that door. (For the first time Anne realizes what "going into hiding" means.)

ANNE. I see.

MR. FRANK. It'll be hard, I know. But always remember this, Anneke. There are no walls, there are no bolts, no locks that anyone can put on your mind. Miep will bring us books. We will read history, poetry, mythology. (He gives her the glass of milk.) Here's your milk. (With his arm about her, they go over to the couch, sitting down side by side.) As a matter of fact, between us, Anne, being here has certain advantages for you. For instance, you remember the battle you had with your mother the other day on the subject of overshoes? You said you'd rather die than wear overshoes. But in the end you had to wear them? Well now, you see for as long as we are here you will never have to wear overshoes! Isn't that good? And the coat that you inherited from Margot . . . (She makes a wry face.) you won't have to wear that. And the piano! You won't have to practice on the piano. I tell you, this is going to be a fine life for you! (Anne's panic is gone. Peter appears in the doorway of his room, with a saucer in his hand. He is carrying his cat.)

PETER. I . . . I . . . I thought I'd better get some water for Mouschi before . . . (Mr. Frank rises from sofa.)

MR. FRANK. (Starting for the sink.) Of course. (As he moves toward the sink the carillon begins its melody before striking eight. [Sound Cue 8.] He motions for the children to be quiet, tiptoes to the window in the rear wall, and peers down. Mr. Van Daan, in the attic room, has crossed to the head of the stairs. Mr. Frank puts his finger to his lips, indicating to Anne and Peter that they must be silent, then steps down toward Peter indicating he can draw no water. Peter starts back to his room. Anne starts to move R. below table with her milk and the diary. Mr. Frank crosses quietly toward the R. room. As Peter reaches the door of his room a board creaks under his foot. The three are frozen for a minute in fear. Anne then continues over to Peter on tiptoe and pours some milk in the saucer. Peter squats on the floor, putting the milk before the cat, encouraging him to drink. Mr. Frank comes back to them, giving Anne his fountain pen. He then crosses back to the Right room and sits on the bed downstage, a comforting arm around Mrs. Frank. For a second time Anne squats beside Peter, watching the cat, then she goes to the chair R. of the table, puts down the glass, climbs into the chair with her feet tucked under her, and, opening her diary, begins to write. All the people are silent, motionless except Mr. Van Daan who has returned to his wife and is fanning her with a newspaper. The Westertoren finishes tolling the hour. As Anne begins to write the scene lights fade and we hear her voice. [Lights dim slowly. Drop in.] faintly at first, and then with growing strength. Work light on. Curtain light on.)

ANNE'S VOICE. I expect I should be describing what it feels like to go into hiding. (Scene lights out, leaving Anne in a small pool of light from a lag special.) But I really don't know yet myself. (Lag special fades out. Black scene curtain is brought in. Voice is full.) I only know it's funny never to be able to go outdoors . . . never to breathe fresh air . . . never to run and shout and jump. It's the silence in the night that frightens me most. Every time I hear a creak in the house, or a step on the street outside, I'm sure they're coming for us. The days aren't so bad. At least we know that Miep and Mr. Kraler are down there below us in the office. Our protectors we call them. I asked Father what would happen to them if the Nazis found out they were hiding us. (W. L. off.) Pim said that they would suffer the same fate that

we would. . . . Imagine! They know this and yet when they come up here, they're always cheerful and gay as if there were nothing in the world to bother them. . . . (Drop up.) Friday, the twenty-first of August, nineteen-forty-two. (Black drop is taken out and lights begin a slow fade up. Voice begins a slow fade out.) Today I'm going to tell you our general news. (Dim slow.) Mother is unbearable! She insists on treating me like a baby, which I loathe. (Voice fades out. Lights are three-quarters full and rising. Warn L81 W. C.) Otherwise things are going better. The weather is . . .

ACT I

SCENE 3

Off stage L.: *WHISTLES ON RISE. JOOTS.* (Sound Cue 9.)

SCENE: It is a few minutes after six o'clock in the evening, two months later. The furniture arrangement is as preceding scene except that a straight chair has been moved to above the C. table. A stack of books has appeared on Peter's window seat. The dividing curtains are wide open and Anne's and Peter's shoes are on the floor in front of the C. table. The table lamp in Anne's room is on. Mrs. Frank's knitting is on the lamp table. A bowl of green beans, yet to be snapped, is on the drainboard. A pot is on the hotplate.

In the center room Mr. Frank, with his shoes in his hand, stands at the window looking down at the street below, waiting to see that the workmen have left the building. The group in the room watch him intently, waiting for his signal to be able to move. Mrs. Van Daan sits in the chair above the stairwell, her fur coat in her lap. Anne and Peter are seated opposite each other at the center table, where they have been doing lessons in copybooks. He is R., she is L. Mrs. Frank stands above the couch, shoes in hand, waiting to put them on. From outside we hear the sounds of street traffic and canal sounds. (Sound Cue 10.) Margot is seated at the dressing table in the

22

Right bedroom, where she is studying. Mr. Van Daan is in the attic room above playing solitaire on the bed. After a couple of seconds of silence, Mr. Frank turns from the window.

MR. FRANK. (Quietly, to the group.) It's safe now. The last workman has left. (There is an immediate stir of relief and activity among the people in the main room.)

ANNE. (Throwing her arms and legs wide in an exaggerated gesture of relief.) Whee!

MRS. FRANK. (Startled, amused.) Anne!

MRS. VAN DAAN. I'm first for the W. C. (She hurries across to the W. C., pausing only long enough to drape her coat carefully over the chair above the C. table. Inside the W. C. she turns on the light. Mrs. Frank puts on her shoes and starts up to the sink to prepare supper. She puts on her apron and begins beating a bowl of batter. Anne sneaks Peter's shoes from under the table as he stretches, and hides them behind her back. Mr. Frank, carrying his shoes, goes in to Margot's room.)

MR. FRANK. (To Margot.) Six o'clock. School's over. (Margot gets up, stretching. Mr. Frank sits on the downstage bed to put on his shoes. In the center room Anne is watching as Peter tries to find his shoes. He remains seated as he peers under the table.)

PETER. (To Anne.) Have you seen my shoes?

ANNE. (Innocently.) Your shoes?

PETER. (He knows.) You've taken them, haven't you?

ANNE. I don't know what you're talking about.

PETER. (Half rising as he prepares to catch her.) You're going to be sorry!

ANNE. Am I? (She holds the shoes tightly and makes a feint as if to run upstage. Peter lunges above the table to catch her. Anne reverses and runs below the table and to her mother U. C. who is watching with amusement. Peter continues his circle of the table hot on her heels, but is slowed as he becomes entangled in the R. chair. Anne pulls into his path. She is hiding behind Mrs. Frank but Peter manages to catch her hands. They fall to the floor U. L. Warn L 82. Anne lamp off.)

MRS. FRANK. (Protesting.) Anne, dear!

PETER. Wait till I get you!

ANNE. I'm waiting! (Peter pins her down, wrestling to get the

23

begin to fade up. *Voice begins to fade out.*) 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 . . . (*Voice out. Lights three-quarters full and rising.*) . . . and am now reading "LaBelle Nivernaise." (*Wam* £50. *Hanging Lamp. On—Margot.*)

ACT II

SCENE 3

It is night, a few weeks later. Everyone is in bed. All is quiet except for faint barbor whistles in the distance. (Sound Cue 29.) A dim cool light falls through the skylight in Peter's room. The cyclorama is slightly illuminated.

We can faintly see Mr. and Mrs. Frank and Anne in their beds. Margot sleeps u. l. behind the drawn curtain. Suddenly in the Van Daams' room a match flares up for a moment and then is quickly put out. Mr. Van Daam, in bare feet, dressed in underwear and trousers, is dimly seen coming stealthily down the stairs and into the Center room. 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! Come quick! (*The rest of the people wake, hurriedly getting up.*)

MR. FRANK. What is it? What's happened? (*Mr. Van Daam starts for stairs, becomes confused and continues across to u. l. Margot hurriedly gets stool above stove and drags it under hanging lamp.*)

MRS. FRANK. (*As she rushes over to Mr. Van Daam.*) He's stealing the food!

MR. DUSSEL. (*Dashing out of his room toward Mr. Van Daam. Anne follows after throwing skirt over her shoulders like a shawl. She holds u. r.*) You! You! Give me that.

86

MRS. VAN DAAN. (*Getting out of bed. The following speeches overlap.*) Putti . . . what is it?

MR. DUSSEL. (*Grabbing the bread in Mr. Van Daam's hands as Mr. Van Daam backs downstage to l. Margot must be ready with hand on hanging lamp on "good-for-nothing."*) You dirty thief . . . stealing food . . . you good-for-nothing . . . (£50. *Hanging lamp on.*)

MR. FRANK. (*His arms around Mr. Dussel's waist, he tugs upstage.*) Mr. Dussel! For God's sake! Help me, Peter! (*Peter has come out of his room, squeezed downstage of his father and is pulling at his shoulders.*)

PETER. Let him go! Let go! (*When hanging lamp goes on, Mr. Dussel and Mr. Frank give a tug that pulls Mr. Van Daam to his knees. Mr. Dussel has the bread. Mr. Van Daam rises quickly and retreats below to d. r. c.*)

MR. DUSSEL. You greedy, selfish . . .

MRS. VAN DAAN. (*Coming down the stairs.*) 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. (*u. c., shielding eyes from sudden glare.*) The bread! He was stealing the bread!

MR. DUSSEL. (*Coming to above l. end of table where he places the bread. Peter sits, humiliated, on stairs l.*) It was you, and all the time we thought it was the rats!

MR. FRANK. (*At l.*) Mr. Van Daam, how could you!

MR. VAN DAAN. (*D. r. c. facing r.*) I'm hungry. (*Mr. Dussel crosses to his room and puts on his suit jacket. Then he crosses above and sits in the round chair l. above stairwell. Mrs. Van Daam mopes protectively around r. end of table to Mr. Van Daan, stands l. of him.*)

MRS. FRANK. (*With righteous rage.*) 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! (*Crossing around l. end of table to below it.*) And you come in the night and steal food that should go to them . . . to the children! MRS. VAN DAAN. He needs more food than the rest of us. He's used to more. He's a big man. (*Mr. Van Daam breaks away, moving up toward the mantel.*)

MRS. FRANK. (*Turning on Mrs. Van Daan.*) And you . . . you're worse than he is! You're a mother, and yet you sacrifice

87

your child to this man! . . . this . . . this . . . ! (She moves up L. of table, to above it.)

MR. FRANK. (Moving down to L. of her.) Edith! Edith! (Margot picks up the pink woolen stole from the chair R. of the table, putting it over Mrs. Frank'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. (Moves u. c. Mr. Frank and Mr. Van Daan speak together.)

MR. FRANK. Edith!

MR. VAN DAAN. Get out of here?

MRS. VAN DAAN. What do you mean? (Sinking into chair R. of table.)

MRS. FRANK. Just that! Take your things and get out! (Mr. Van Daan sits on upstage end of couch.)

MR. FRANK. (To Mrs. Frank.) You're speaking in anger. You cannot mean what you are saying.

MRS. FRANK. I mean exactly that! (Warns W. C. on.)

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? (Moving to above R. chair. Mr. Van Daan fears that he is going to reach.) I know this will never happen again, will it, Mr. Van Daan?

MR. VAN DAAN. No. No. (Holding his mouth and stomach, he starts for the W. C. Anne puts her arms around him, helping him up the steps. Mrs. Van Daan rises to help, but they have gone. She moves to the sofa, takes cover from the Franks' bed, puts it around her shoulders.)

MRS. FRANK. He steals once! He'll steal again!

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 . . . (W. C. on.)

MRS. FRANK. No! No! No more talk! I want them to leave! (Mr. Frank realizes he cannot reason with her. He makes a hopeless gesture and goes to Anne and Margot u. R. C.)

MRS. VAN DAAN. (Wandering L. below table.) 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 the shelves u. L. and comes back with it to the center table. Mr. Frank crosses down to above R. end of table.)

MRS. VAN DAAN. (Comes to above chair L. of table.) 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.

MR. DUSSEL. You can't be nice to some people.

MRS. VAN DAAN. (To Mr. Dussel.) There would have been plenty for all of us, if you hadn't come in here! (Warns W. C. off.)

MR. FRANK. We don't need the Nazis to destroy us. We're destroying ourselves. (He sits down, R. of table, with his head in his hands. Mrs. Frank comes to Mrs. Van Daan with some money in her hands.)

MRS. FRANK. Give this to Miep. She'll find you a place. (She forces the money into Mrs. Van Daan's hand and returns her purse to u. L. shelves.)

ANNE. (W. C. off. Crossing to u. L. C.) Mother, you're not putting Peter out. Peter hasn't done anything.

MRS. FRANK. (Coming to Anne.) He'll stay, of course. When I say 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, where he sits on upstage end. Then she goes to the sink to get water to bathe his face.)

MRS. FRANK. (To Peter, while this is going on, crossing down to above table.) 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. (She crosses upstage again.)

ANNE. (Rushing over to Peter.) No, Peter! No! (Peter goes into his room, closing the door after him. He goes into his closet area. 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. Please, Mother!

MRS. FRANK. They're not going now. They'll stay here until Miep finds them a hiding place. (Coming back to R. above the table, speaking 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! (Mr. 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. (She moves U. C. again. Mr. Dussel brings the sack of potatoes to the C. table.)

MARGOT. (Coming to L. of Mr. Dussel.) Oh, no! No! No! We haven't sunk so far that we're going to fight over a handful of rotten potatoes.

MR. DUSSEL. (Dividing the potatoes into piles.) Mrs. Frank, Mr. Frank, Margot, Anne, Peter, Mrs. Van Daan, Mr. Van Daan, myself . . . Mrs. Frank . . . (Buzzer. The buzzer sounds in Miep's signal. All freeze for an instant.)

MR. FRANK. (Rises quickly.) It's Miep! (He hurries over to his bed, snatches up his overcoat, and, putting it on, starts to the stairwell.)

MARGOT. At this hour?

MRS. FRANK. (Crossing to D. R. of the table, Mr. Van Daan rises, holds D. R.) It must be trouble.

MR. FRANK. (Turning back at head of stairwell to Mr. Dussel.) I beg you, don't let her see a thing like this!

MR. DUSSEL. (Who has been counting without stopping.) Anne, Peter, Mrs. Van Daan, Mr. Van Daan, myself, Mrs. Frank . . .

MARGOT. (To Mr. Dussel, overlapping.) Stop it! Stop it!

MR. DUSSEL. . . . Mr. Frank, Margot, Anne, Peter, Mrs. Van Daan, Mr. Van Daan, myself, Mrs. Frank . . .

MRS. VAN DAAN. (Pointing at the potato piles.) You're keeping the big ones for yourself! All the big ones. . . . (Coming down below table.) Look at the size of that! . . . and that! . . .

(Mr. Dussel continues on with his dividing. Peter, with his shirt and trousers on, comes from his room and stops just outside his door.)

MARGOT. (To Mr. Dussel.) Stop it! Stop it! (We hear Miep's excited voice, speaking to Mr. Frank outside.)

MIEP. Mr. Frank . . . the most wonderful news . . . the invasion has begun!

MR. FRANK. No! No!

MIEP. (She comes running up the steps, ahead of Mr. Frank. She has a man's raincoat on over her nightclothes, and is carrying a bunch of flowers.) Did you hear that, everybody? Did you hear what I said? The invasion has begun! (They all stare at Miep, unable to grasp what she is telling them. Mr. Frank returns and holds at extreme D. L.) The invasion! (Peter is the first to recover his wits.)

PETER. Where?

MIEP. It began early this morning! (As she goes on, they crowd around her, listening tensely . . . all but Mr. Van Daan, who listens from R.)

MRS. FRANK. (To Miep.) How do you know?

MIEP. The radio! . . . The B.B.C.! 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! (As Miep goes on, the realization of what is happening begins to come to them. Everyone goes crazy with excitement.) Churchill spoke, and General Eisenhower! D-Day they call it! (A wild demonstration takes place. Peter rushes up to the kitchen, and grabs a frying pan. Anne follows him. He starts to march around the room, followed by Anne, and then by Margot. They circle the center table, singing the Dutch National Anthem. They dum-ta-dum the melody, not using the words. Miep gives Margot the bunch of flowers as Margot passes her. Peter pounds out the beat of the music on the frying pan. Peter and Anne end U. R., inspecting the map hanging above the mantel. Margot starts to distribute the flowers to everyone. During this the "groupings" embrace each other. All enemies are forgotten in the exhilaration of the wonderful news. Mrs. Frank hugs Mr. Van Daan, as Mr. Frank hugs Miep and Mrs. Van Daan.)

MR. FRANK. Thank God it's come!

MRS. VAN DAAN. At last! (Mrs. Frank turns from Mr. Van Daan to go to Miep and Mr. Frank. Only Mr. Van Daan does not join in the excitement. He is too ashamed of himself. Mrs. Frank meets Mrs. Van Daan D. C., as Mrs. Van Daan is going over to embrace Mr. Van Daan, D. R. The two women hug each other with warm affection. Then Mrs. Frank goes over, hugging Miep and Mr. Frank. Mrs. Van Daan gives Mr. Van Daan an ecstatic embrace, then starts up to Mr. Dussel, above the center table. Mr. Van Daan sits on the downstage end of the couch, too heartbroken to rejoice with the rest. As Mrs. Van Daan goes up to hug Mr. Dussel, Mrs. Frank has the same thought. The two women do a little dance of jubilation with Mr. Dussel. Then Mrs. Frank hurries D. L. as Miep starts for the door.)

MIEP. (At the stairwell.) 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 quickly out.)

MR. FRANK. (Taking Mrs. Frank in his arms.) 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. Margot goes down L. to give a flower to Mr. Van Daan. As she holds it out to him, he suddenly breaks into a convulsive sob. Mrs. Van Daan rushes to him. She sits on the couch, above, trying to comfort him. Margot, not understanding the outburst, retreats to C. below the table.)

MRS. VAN DAAN. Putti! Putti! What is it? What happened?

MR. VAN DAAN. Please. I'm so ashamed. (Mr. Frank comes back up the steps.)

MR. DUSSEL. (Impatient, coming down.) Oh, for God's sake! (He goes back to the table, putting the potatoes into the bag.)

MRS. VAN DAAN. (Comfortingly.) 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 hurries up to the cupboard and gets the cognac and a glass. He brings them to the table R. of Mr. Dussel, and pours a stiff drink.)

MR. VAN DAAN. To steal bread from children.

MRS. FRANK. (Below L. end of table.) We've all done things that we're ashamed of.

ANNE. (Coming down to him. To Mr. Van Daan.) Look at me, the way I've treated Mother . . . so mean and horrid to her.

MRS. FRANK. No, Anneline, no. (Anne goes 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!

MR. DUSSEL. (Bag of potatoes under his arm, flower in hand, he has circled L. of the table and crosses to D. R. C. Speaks to Mr. Van Daan.) Stop it now! Let's be happy!

MR. FRANK. (Giving Mr. Van Daan the glass of cognac.) Here! Here! Schnapps! Locheim! (Mr. Van Daan takes the cognac. They all watch him. Anne crosses to Mr. Van Daan and puts up her fingers in a V-for-Victory sign. As Mr. Van Daan gives a faint smile and an answering V-sign, they are startled to hear a loud wailing sob from behind them. They all look over. It is Mrs. Frank, stricken with remorse. She has sunk quietly into the D. L. chair. Crossing to her.) Edith . . . !

MRS. FRANK. (Mr. Frank crosses to L. of her, patting her hand. Anne and Margot rush across, kneel at her feet to comfort her. Mrs. Van Daan remains on the couch. Through her sobs.) When I think of the terrible things I said . . .

MR. VAN DAAN. (Earnestly, as he crosses to her, holding out the glass of cognac and making a V-sign.) No! No! You were right!

MRS. FRANK. (Still sobbing.) That I should speak that way to you . . . our friends . . . our guests . . .

MR. DUSSEL. Stop it! You're spoiling the whole invasion! (Dim fast drop in. Work light on. Curtain light on. As Mr. Dussel says "spotting," the scene lights dim out quickly, leaving the group in a lag special. This special fades swiftly and the black drop is brought in.)

ANNES 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 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 'til 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 . . . (*Work light off.*) will I ever be able to write well? I want to so much. (*Black drop out. Work light off. Drop out. Dim up slow.*) I want to go on living even after my death. (*Lights begin slow fade up. Voice begins to fade out.*) Another birthday has gone by, so now I am fifteen. Already I know what I want. I have a goal, an opinion. (*Voice out. Lights three-quarters full and rising.*)

ACT II

SCENE 4

It is an afternoon a few weeks later.
Everyone but Margot is in the Center room. *There is a sense of great tension. In the distance a German military band is heard in a rendition of some Viennese waltzes.* (*Sound Cue 30.*) Mr. Dussel is standing at the window up C., looking down fixedly at the street below. Margot is at the dressing table in the Right room. *The table lamp is on. Peter is sitting R. of the center table, with his copy books, trying to do his lessons. Anne sits R. of the table, writing in her diary. Mrs. Van Daan is seated on the couch, a book beside her, her eyes on Mr. Frank, as he sits in the D. L. chair. Mrs. Frank is U. C. pacing, looking fearfully toward the stairwell. As the lights fade up, Mr. Van Daan is pacing from D. C. to R. He reverses and goes to Mr. Frank. There is no reaction from Mr. Frank, so he starts R. again and is D. R. C. when the telephone in the office below begins to ring. Phone, Mr. Van Daan turns around, looking toward the stairwell. Mrs. Frank stops, tight with fear. They are all rigid, listening tensely. The telephone continues to ring throughout the scene. Mr. Dussel rushes down L. of the table to Mr. Frank.*

94

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

MR. FRANK. (*Quietly.*) Yes, I hear.

MR. 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 Mr. Dussel, as he goes up to R. above table.*) You're wasting your breath.

MR. 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. (*L. C. above table.*) 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? (*Anne closes the diary so he cannot read what she is writing.*)

MR. DUSSEL. (*Coming up 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 down to Mr. Frank again, 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.

MR. DUSSEL. (*Frantic, indicating ringing telephone.*) Mr. Frank, answer that! I beg you, answer it!

MR. FRANK. No.

MR. VAN DAAN. (*Hurrying around the R. end of the table and crossing to Mr. Frank.*) Just pick it up and listen. You don't have to speak. Just listen and see if it's Miep.

MR. DUSSEL. For God's sake . . . I ask you.

MR. FRANK. (*Firmly.*) 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. (*Wheeling on his son.*) 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*

95