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THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

In Two Acts

Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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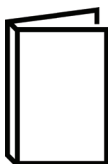
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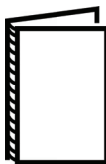


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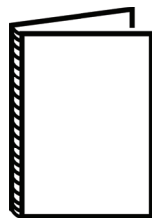
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THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

Produced at the Phoenix Theatre, London, on the 29th November
1956, with the following cast of characters:

(in the order of their appearance)

MR FRANK	George Voskovec
MIEP GIES	Jane Jordan Rogers
MRS VAN DAAN	Miriam Karlin
MR VAN DAAN	Max Bacon
PETER VAN DAAN	Harry Lockart
MRS FRANK	Vera Fusek
MARGOT FRANK	Clarissa Stolz
ANNE FRANK	Perlita Neilson
MR KRALER	Kynaston Reeves
MR DUSSEL	John Gabriel

Directed by Frith Banbury
Setting by Boris Aronson

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

The action of the play passes in the top floors of a warehouse in Amsterdam, Holland.

ACT I

Scene One	November 1945.	Late afternoon
Scene Two	July 1942.	Early morning
Scene Three	August 1942.	A few minutes after 6 p.m.
Scene Four	September 1942.	Midnight
Scene Five	December 1942.	Night

ACT II

Scene One	January 1944.	Late afternoon
Scene Two	March 1944.	Evening
Scene Three	April 1944.	Night
Scene Four	July 1944.	Afternoon
Scene Five	November 1945.	Late afternoon

NOTES

Everyone on the stage is in view at all times. The people in a scene move about enough to seem natural, but their movements are never fast or sudden or so unusual as to attract attention.

Although each of the Acts is divided into five scenes, there should be a flow, making the Act seem like one scene. This is accomplished by cross-fading lights and the sound at the beginning and end of each scene. The one exception to this method is between II-4 and II-5 – there are several seconds of deliberate silence in the blackout after, “some day I hope...” The black drop for scene changes should not be seen coming in or going out.

The bag of potatoes used by Mr Dussel in II-3 are baked for easy handling and to avoid their rolling around.

It is possible to eliminate the platform in the centre room, leaving Anne’s and Peter’s rooms on platforms. Hers about one foot high, his about three feet six inches. The stairs going down can be eliminated by making a tunnel under Peter’s room. This tunnel should be about three feet high by two feet six inches wide, with a door opening on stage. All enter on hands and knees.

It is also possible to eliminate the attic room if necessary, and have the stairs lead to a platform off left.

PRONUNCIATIONS

<i>Amen</i> , Oh-mein	<i>Kerli</i> , Care'-lee
<i>Amsterdam</i> , Ahm'-ster-dahm	<i>Kraler</i> , Krah'-ler
<i>Anne</i> , Ah'-nah or the familiar Ah'-nee	<i>Liefje</i> , Leaf'-yah
<i>Anneke</i> , Ah'nah-kah	<i>Margot</i> , Mar'-gott
<i>Anneline</i> , Ah-nah-lynn	<i>Mauthausen</i> , Maut'-how-scen
<i>Auschwitz</i> , Aow'-shvitz	<i>Mazeltov</i> , Mah'-zel-tahv
<i>Belsen</i> , Bell'-sen	<i>Miep</i> , Meep
<i>Buchenwald</i> , Buch'-en-vald	<i>Mouschi</i> , Moo'-shee
<i>Delphi</i> , Dell'-fie	<i>Otto</i> , Ah'-toe
<i>Dirk</i> , Dee'-urk	<i>Peter</i> , Pay'-ter
<i>Dussel</i> , Duss'-ell	<i>Petronella</i> , Pet-row-nell'-ah
<i>Edith</i> , Ae'-dit	<i>Putti</i> , Poo'-tee
<i>Frank</i> , Frahnk	<i>Rotterdam</i> , Rah'-ter-dahm
<i>Hallensteins</i> , Ha'-len-stains	<i>Van Daan</i> , Fahn Dahn
<i>Hilversum</i> , Hill'-ver-sum	<i>Wessels</i> , Vess'-ells
<i>Jan</i> , Yan	<i>Westertoren</i> , Vess'-ter-tor-en
<i>Jopie</i> , Yo'-pee	<i>Wilhelmina</i> , Vil-hel-mee'-nah

ACT I

Scene One

SCENE – *The top floors of a warehouse in Amsterdam, Holland. November 1945. Late afternoon.*

The sharply peaked roof of the building is outlined against a sea of other rooftops, stretching away in the distance. Nearby is the belfry of a church tower, the Westertoren, whose carillon rings out the hours. The three rooms of the top floor and a small attic space above are exposed to our view. The largest of the rooms is in the centre, with two small rooms, slightly raised, on either side. The area is cramped and inhospitable. Unfinished plaster walls are cracked and crumbling, stained wallpaper is fading on some walls and raw bricks are exposed beneath. Heavy naked beams cut through the centre room. In the room right, a chaise-longue, with legs removed, rests on the floor parallel to the curtain line. Its head is right against the wall. At its foot is a low wooden box that extends the length of this bed. Immediately upstage in the wall right is a window and window seat. The lid of this seat may be raised. The window is covered with a two-ply, dark brown, blackout curtain. The wall jogs towards the centre at the upstage edge of the window and on this wall face are seven wooden pegs. The wall up right is covered with many pictures and photographs, drawing-pinned in place. Queen Wilhelmina, a small map of Holland, Shirley Temple, Garbo, Robert Taylor, are in the collection. A cot has been placed along this side with its head against the rear wall. Centre of the rear wall we see a window

with dirty, frosted panes. Under the window is a low chest of drawers. The wall left consists only of the door flat, up left. This door has two panes of glass that have been painted over, and it is hinged on the upstage edge to swing into the main room. Two steps, inside the door, lead up into the room. There is a pipe-frame washstand downstage of the door against what would be the wall left. It is used as a dressing table. A lamp with a small opaque shade, a small standing mirror, hairbrush, comb, etc. are on this table. Two chamber vessels are visible; one under the cot, the other under the washstand. At the foot of the cot is a wooden box with a sewing basket on it, and a bulb with a frosted glass shade hangs from the ceiling above. This light is controlled by a switch downstage on the door frame. Down right in the centre room, with its back flush against the diagonal cut of the platform that is the room right, is a small armless couch. It is constructed so that a shelf may be pulled out from the base, forming a second sleeping space. Above the left end of the couch is a battered table with a small lamp on it. The room is sparsely furnished; a rectangular table is centre; there are two ladder-backed chairs with wicker seats, two mismatched chairs with wooden arms and upholstered seats, and a footstool with a padded top. Immediately above the door to the room right, three steps rise to a small door which swings offstage and leads to the W.C. When the W.C. light is on, it can be seen shining dimly through the window in the back wall of the room right. The remainder of the wall up right consists of a fireplace with a rough wooden mantelpiece. On the downstage end of the mantelpiece is a small lamp. The opening of the fireplace has been plastered over but contains a sleeve to admit the pipe of a small, cylindrical, iron heating stove that stands in front of it. The top of this stove has a single, removable "lid" such as is found on old wood-burning cooking stoves. At the up right corner of the room, parallel to the footlights, is the kitchen area. A sink with a single, practical tap is

in the up right corner. The draining board extends left and a two-burner gas hotplate has been placed on it. The wall above holds a shelf and hanging rack. There are pots, pans, skillets, and various utensils in evidence. Under the sink is a cupboard with two doors, which is used as a food chest. Upstage and behind the kitchen is a narrow curtained opening going off right. Up centre, in the rear wall, is another large window, which has been boarded over. Only a small area in the upper left corner remains clear. By standing on the first step of the stairs which run off up left, a person can peer out. This flight of narrow steps leads up to the attic room. The upstage section of the wall left is recessed and has four shelves built into it. Here is kept china, glassware, linen, medicine, brandy, an iron, etc. At the upstage end of these shelves are three hooks from which clothes may be hung. At left centre is the door to the room left. It is hinged upstage and opens into the centre room. Downstage of this door is a short flight of stairs leading down to a door that is hinged upstairs and swings on. When open, we can see the bookcase that camouflages the entrance from the office below. The handrail is upstage. This stairwell runs under the platform of the room left. The room left is supported in such a way that the audience can see down the stairwell to the door beneath. At centre, hanging from the beam that is the supporting member under the attic room, hangs a bulb with a heavy metal shade slung under it. This shade is perforated to permit some direct light to shine through, but is primarily indirect in function. A wire is stretched, above head height, from the downstage edge of the shelf area up left, across the room to just below the sink. Two crude curtains of faded material hang from rings on this wire. If extended they would conceal the sink, staircase and shelf area from the remainder of the room. These curtains are usually pushed well open. Inside the room left two steps lead up to a platform level. As you enter, a curtain upstage conceals a closet area. Downstage is another step that leads up to

the bedroom level. Along what would be the wall right, a bed has been constructed by putting a mattress on a door, supported by two boxes. A skylight, set at an angle, is down left and the wall upstage of it jogs diagonally onstage. This angular area contains another rise in the platform that gives the effect of an irregular window seat. At left centre a fruit crate stands on end against the wall. It is used as a small table and storage space. A brass, goose-necked lamp is on the window seat, and a blackout curtain of brown material is hanging below the skylight. The curtain can be lifted and hooked at the top edge of the sash to cover the dusty panes. The attic stairwell opens into the extreme up left corner of the attic room. Down left are several cardboard cartons, a small packing case, etc. Back centre is a wardrobe built into the wall. A brass bed is down right, with the headboard right, extending onstage. A person can move above the bed and get off right out of the audience's view. A wall lamp with a glass shade is right of the wardrobe, and a small wooden stool is centre at the foot of the bed.

See the ground plan and photograph of the scene.

When the curtain rises, the stage is in darkness.

Lighting cue 1

The lights come slowly up on the backcloth, revealing the rooftops and belfry tower. Gradually the light in the rooms follows. The last fading rays of the sun come weakly through the skylight. The living area is in disarray, implying those who live here made a hasty exit. In the room right we can see the covering of the chaise is worn and faded. The cot has been stripped of covering, leaving the mattress exposed. The mirror is face down on the dressing table and no lamp is in evidence. The door is closed. In the centre room the couch has a split in its back where springs and stuffing have broken through. There is no lamp on the table right.

The padded footstool stands above the table right. A large map of the war area hangs over the fireplace. Up right, the curtain sags limply, concealing most of the kitchen area. A tattered curtain covers the window up centre. The dividing curtain left is also extended. It has fallen to shreds with the passage of time, and partially conceals an upright chair overturned behind it. One armchair is left, just above the stairwell. A ball of yarn and knitting needles have been left on it. Down left, the other armchair has been thrown over. The table centre is overturned, and right of it, the other upright chair lies on its side. An inexpertly knitted, multi-coloured scarf hangs upstage of the door left. A woman's white glove is on the floor by the table right. The room left is bare, the door ajar. A withered plant droops from a pot on the window seat. The bed is stripped, the mattress exposed.

Effects cue 1

As the lights approach full, we hear the melody of the carillon chiming before the hour.

Effects cue 2

*As the carillon fades, the sound of ships' sirens are heard in the distance. After a moment the door at the foot of the stairwell swings open and **MR FRANK** enters up the stairs. He is a gentle, cultured European in his middle years. There is a trace of a German accent in his speech. He is weak and ill and is making a supreme effort at self-control. His clothes are threadbare. He carries a small rucksack.*

Effects cue 3

*As he reaches the top of the stairs, the chimes strike six o'clock. **MR FRANK** moves slowly across to the couch, where he puts down his rucksack, and then moves up right.*

Effects cue 4

We can hear children outside begin a gay song as they play, and a street organ begins its jaunty air. MR FRANK opens the door right, peers in, then closes the door and moves restlessly up centre. The scarf catches his eye. He takes it down, puts it around his neck, then wanders towards the couch, but stops as he sees the glove. He picks it up. Suddenly all control is gone. He breaks down and weeps. MIEP GIES enters up the stairs. She is a Dutch girl of about twenty-two, pregnant now. She gives one a feeling of great capacity and courage. She is compassionate and protective in her attitude towards MR FRANK. She has been a stenographer and secretary in his business. She has her coat and hat on, ready to go home. A small silver cross hangs at her throat.

MIEP *(as she comes up the stairs)* Are you all right, Mr Frank?

MR FRANK *(quickly controlling himself)* Yes, Miep, yes.

MIEP Everyone in the office has gone home – it's after six. *(She moves and stands above the table. Pleading)* Don't stay up here, Mr Frank What's the use of torturing yourself like this?

MR FRANK I've come to say goodbye – I'm leaving here, Miep.

MIEP What do you mean? Where are you going? Where?

MR FRANK I don't know yet. I haven't decided.

MIEP Mr Frank, you can't leave here. This is your home. Amsterdam is your home.

MR FRANK *crosses restlessly above MIEP to left of her.*

Your business is here, waiting for you. You're needed here. Now that the war is over, there are things that...

MR FRANK I can't stay in Amsterdam, Miep. It has too many memories for me. Everywhere there's something – the house we lived in – the school – the street organ playing out there. *(He moves wearily down left)* I'm not the person you used

to know, Miep. I'm a bitter old man. *(He breaks off and returns to left of MIEP)* Forgive me. I shouldn't speak to you like this – after all that you did for us – the suffering...

MIEP No. No. It wasn't suffering. *(She straightens a chair left of the table, which is overturned)* You can't say we suffered.

MR FRANK I know what you went through, you and Mr Kraler. I'll remember it as long as I live. *(He gives one last look round then moves towards the stairs)* Come, Miep *(He remembers his rucksack, crosses below the table to the couch and picks up his rucksack)*

MIEP *(hurrying to the shelves up left)* Mr Frank, did you see? There are some of your papers here. *(She takes a bundle of papers from the shelves, then crosses below the table to MR FRANK)* We found them in a heap of rubbish on the floor after – after you left.

MR FRANK Burn them. *(He opens his rucksack and puts the glove in it)*

MIEP But, Mr Frank, there are letters, notes...

MR FRANK Burn them. All of them.

MIEP Burn this? *(She hands him a worn, velour-covered book)*

MR FRANK *(quietly)* Anne's diary. *(He opens the diary and reads)* "Monday, the sixth of July, nineteen hundred and forty-two." *(To MIEP)* Nineteen hundred and forty-two. Is it possible, Miep? Only three years ago. *(He reads)* "Dear Diary, since you and I are going to be great friends, I will start by telling you about myself. My name is Anne Frank. I am thirteen years old." *(He sits on the couch)* "I was born in Germany the twelfth of June, nineteen twenty-nine. As my family is Jewish, we emigrated to Holland when Hitler came to power."

As MR FRANK reads on, another VOICE joins his, fading slowly in, as if coming from the air. It is ANNE'S VOICE.

MR FRANK }
ANNE'S VOICE } (*together*) "My father started a business,
importing spice and herbs. Things
went well for us until nineteen
forty. Then the war came and
the Dutch— (*He turns the page*)
defeat, followed by the arrival of
the Germans."

Lighting cue 2

*The lights start to fade except for a spot focused on
MR FRANK and MIEP.*

"Then things got very bad for the Jews."

*MR FRANK's voice dies out as ANNE'S VOICE grows
stronger.*

ANNE You could not do this and you could not do that.

Lighting cue 3

The spot on MR FRANK and MIEP fades.

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 cinema, 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 in the building where Father used to have his business.

Lighting cue 4

The lights come slowly up. Simultaneously ANNE'S VOICE begins to fade.

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.

Effects cue 5

The sound of distant ships' sirens are heard.

Scene Two

SCENE – *The same. Early morning, July 1942.*

The photographs we saw at first, the war map, the dead plant and the knitting are not there. The rooms have been prepared for living. All the beds are made, the lamps are in place and the furniture upright. The table centre is flanked by an upright chair left and an armchair right. The other upright chair is up right, above the stove. The dividing curtains are partially drawn, and although far from new, are not in shreds.

When the lights come up, the three members of the VANDAAN family are waiting for the FRANKS to arrive. MR VAN DAAN is pacing up centre, smoking a cigarette and watching his wife with a nervous eye. His overcoat and suit are expensive and well-cut. MRS VAN DAAN is sitting on the couch. She is a pretty woman in her early forties and is clutching her possessions: a hat-box, a handbag and an attractive straw carry-all. A cardboard carton, tied with a heavy cord, is beside her on the seat of the couch. PETER VAN DAAN is standing at the window in the room right, 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 and on the window seat he has stood a small potted plant. All the VAN DAANS have the conspicuous yellow Star of David on the left breast of their clothing. As the lights reach full, MRS VAN DAAN sneezes. MR VAN DAAN glances at her, looks at his watch, then moves left and puts out his cigarette. MRS VAN DAAN rises, nervous and excited, and moves below the table centre.

MRS VAN DAAN Something's happened to them. I know it.

MR VAN DAAN (*moving 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...

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 hears someone coming.*

MR VAN DAAN You see?

MR FRANK *comes up the stairwell from below. He looks much younger now. His movements are brisk and 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 and shakes hands with them*)

PETER *picks up his cat carrier and small plant, comes into the centre room and stands by the door right. MRS VAN DAAN moves to the couch.*

(*he moves to PETER and shakes his hand, then puts his box on the table and moves down right centre*) There were too many of the Green Police on the streets – we had to take the long way round.

MIEP, not pregnant now, **MARGOT**, **MR KRALER**, and **MRS FRANK** *come up the stairs. MARGOT is eighteen, beautiful, quiet and shy. She carries a leatherette hold-all and a large brown paper bag, which she puts on the table. KRALER is a Dutchman, dependable and kindly. He wears a hearing aid in his ear and carries two briefcases. MRS FRANK is a young mother, gently bred and reserved. She, like MR FRANK, has a slight German accent. She carries a leatherette shopping bag and her handbag. We see the Star of David conspicuous on the FRANK's*

clothing. KRALER acknowledges the VAN DAANS, moves to the shelves up left and checks their contents. MIEP and MARGOT move above the table centre. MIEP empties her straw bag of the clothes it contains and piles them on the right end of the table.

MRS FRANK (*calling down the stairs*) Anne?

ANNE FRANK comes quickly up the stairs. She is thirteen, quick in her movements, interested in everything and mercurial in her emotions. She wears a cape, long wool socks and carries a school bag.

MR FRANK (*moving centre below the 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 moves to the sink and inspects it.

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 the left end of the table centre then immediately starts off on a tour of investigation of her new home, going upstairs to the attic room. MR VAN DAAN sits left of the table and fans himself. MIEP takes a thermos of milk from the bag on the table and puts it on the draining board.

KRALER (*crossing above the table 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 goes into the room right and places his briefcases on the floor by the dressing table.

MIEP (*indicating the sink cupboard*) We put the stores of food you sent in here. (*She crosses to the shelves up left*) Your drugs are here – soap, linen, here.

MR FRANK goes to the mantelpiece, puts his hat on it, then crosses to the shelves up left. **MRS FRANK** moves to the shelves. **MARGOT** takes the bag of food from the table and puts the items into the sink cupboard.

MRS FRANK Thank you, Miep.

MIEP I made up the beds – the way Mr Frank and Mr Kraler said.

KRALER, having inspected the room right, comes into the centre room and goes to the couch.

(she hurries towards the stairwell) 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 (rising) Ration books? If they see our names on ration books, they'll know we're here.

KRALER } (together) { 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 (crossing to the stairwell and watching **MIEP** leave) Thank you, Miep.

MIEP exits down the stairwell.

MRS FRANK (crossing to **KRALER**; troubled) 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 to **MRS FRANK**, takes several small bottles of medicine from his coat pockets and gives them to her.

KRALER (reassuringly) 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.

Effects cue 6

The carillon is heard playing the quarter hour before eight, KRALER looks at his watch. ANNE comes down from the attic, stops at the window and looks out through the curtains.

ANNE It's the Westertoren.

KRALER I must go. *(He shakes hands with PETER and MRS VAN DAAN)*

ANNE inspects the kitchen area. MARGOT stands above the 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.

MR FRANK *crosses to the stairwell and waits by it for KRALER.*

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.

KRALER Goodbye, then, for the moment. I'll come up again, after the workmen leave.

MR FRANK *(shaking KRALER's hand)* Goodbye, Mr Kraler.

MRS FRANK *(shaking KRALER's hand)* How can we thank you?

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...

KRALER breaks off and exits down the stairs. MR FRANK follows him down the stairs and bolts the door after him. In the interval before he returns, PETER goes to MARGOT, gives a stiff bow and shakes hands with her. ANNE, up centre, watches, and as they complete their greeting,

moves to PETER and holds out her hand. PETER does not see her and turns away. MRS FRANK drifts thoughtfully up left. MR FRANK comes up the stairs.

MRS FRANK (*hurrying to MR 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 and places his overcoat on it*)

ANNE moves below the table, stands with her back to the audience, removes her cape and beret and puts them on the pile of clothes on the table. They all start to take off garment after garment. On each of their coats, sweaters, blouses, suits and 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 the couch*) 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 (*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 above the table and stands down left. Finally, as they finish removing their surplus clothes, they settle down. MRS FRANK sits left of the table. ANNE sits on the table, feet dangling. MARGOT stands above the table. MR and MRS VAN DAAN sit on the couch. PETER is by the door right 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 must move only when it is necessary and then in stocking feet. (*He crosses below the table to right centre*) 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 rubbish...

Effects cue 7

The sound of marching feet is heard off. MR FRANK goes into the room right, 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 the chair right of the table.

No rubbish 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 moves right*)

There is a pause. MARGOT accidentally drops the nightgown she is taking off. PETER jumps to pick it up for her, then crosses and stands above the left end of the 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 go 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.

MRS VAN DAAN rises in protest and crosses to MR FRANK, carrying her coat, hatbox and straw bag.

MRS VAN DAAN } *(together)* { That isn't right. We'll sleep here and
MR VAN DAAN } you take the room upstairs. It's
your place.

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 couch.

MRS VAN DAAN *(shaking MR FRANK's hand)* Never, never can we thank you. *(She moves to MRS FRANK and shakes 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. *(He moves to VAN DAAN)* May I help you with your things?

MR VAN DAAN No. No. *(He picks up the carton and moves towards the attic stairs. To MRS VAN DAAN)* Come along, liefje.

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

PETER *(embarrassed)* Please, Mother. *(He crosses to right and picks up his gear)*

MRS FRANK goes to the head of the stairwell and stares thoughtfully down. MR and MRS VAN DAAN go upstairs.

MR FRANK *(moving above the table)* 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 across and places it on the chair below the door left, setting the cat case on the 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. (*He opens the door of the room right*)

MRS FRANK (*crossing above the table to MR FRANK*) You're sure? I could help, really. And Anne hasn't had her milk.

MR FRANK I'll give it to her. (*He crosses to the table and picks up the pile of clothes. To ANNE and PETER*) Anne, Peter – it's best that you take off your shoes now, before you forget. (*He leads the way to the room right, goes in and switches on the pendant light*)

Lighting cue 5

MARGOT goes into the room right, taking her bag with her. **ANNE** and **PETER** remove their shoes.

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

ANNE 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 goes into the room right and closes the door. During the following scene **MR FRANK** helps **MARGOT** to hang up the clothes he has piled on the cot up right. Coats and hats are put in the window seat. Skirts, sweaters and blouses are hung on the peg above the window. He takes a pillow from the chest for **MARGOT**'s bed and puts the remainder of the clothes into the drawer. He then moves **KRALER**'s briefcases and puts them with **MARGOT**'s bag below the dressing table. **MARGOT** puts her comb and brush, etc. on the dressing table, then lies down on the cot up right. **MRS FRANK** carefully folds her things on the box at the foot of the bed down right,

then lies on it. All this is unhurried. PETER takes his cat out of its case.

ANNE (*crossing to PETER*) What's your cat's name?

PETER (*self-conscious and shy*) "Mouschi".

ANNE (*to the cat*) Mouschi! Mouschi! Mouschi! (*She picks up the cat, goes up left, circles the table and finishes below it*) 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 neighbours to take care of her – I'm going to miss her terribly. What is yours? A him or a her?

PETER (*crossing to left of her*) He's a tom. He doesn't like strangers. (*He takes the cat from ANNE, crosses and puts it back in its carrier*)

ANNE (*moving to PETER; unabashed*) Then I'll have to stop being a stranger, won't I? Is he fixed?

PETER (*startled*) Huh?

ANNE Did you have him altered?

PETER No.

ANNE Oh, you ought to – 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. *(She grabs his hands and stops him)* They'll arrest you if you go out without your star.

PETER *(pulling away and brushing by ANNE to centre)* Who's going out? *(He puts his knife on the table, then crosses to the stove, lifts the lid and throws the star into the stove)*

ANNE Why, of course. You're right. Of course we don't need them any more. *(She moves above the table, picks up PETER's knife and removes her star)*

PETER *waits for her star 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 *(concentrating on her star)* Oh, I did. I had a date with Jopie this afternoon to go and play ping-pong at her house. Do you know Jopie de Waal?

PETER No.

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 colour and form of the star)* Look! *(She puts the knife on the table)* It's still there.

PETER *moves to right of ANNE and looks at the mark, then picks up his knife and puts it in his pocket.*

What're you going to do with yours?

PETER Burn it. *(He moves to the stove and holds out his hand for ANNE's star)*

ANNE *starts to give the star to PETER, but cannot and moves up centre, above the table.*

ANNE It's funny. I can't throw it away. I don't know why.

PETER (*with a step down; incredulously*) 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?

The VAN DAANS have arranged their things, have put their clothes in the wardrobe and are sitting on the bed, fanning themselves. The chores are completed in the room right.

Lighting cue 6

MR FRANK *turns out the light in the room right, comes into the centre room and quietly closes the door.*

PETER Maybe it's different for a girl.

ANNE *puts her star in her school bag.*

MR FRANK (*crossing to centre*) Forgive me, Peter. Now, let me see. We must find a bed for your cat.

PETER *stands above the table. ANNE kneels and looks into Mouschi's case.*

I'm glad you brought your cat. Anne was feeling so badly about hers.

ANNE *wanders below the table to right, inspecting everything, then kneels on the upstage end of the couch, giving it a thorough examination.*

(he sees a small worn washtub and pulls it from the top shelf up left) Here we are. *(He gives the tub to PETER)* Will it be comfortable in that?

PETER Thanks.

MR FRANK (*indicating the room left*) 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.
(He goes to the door left and opens it)

PETER *crosses and puts the tub inside the door left.*

Are you hungry?

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

MR FRANK We have some bread and butter.

PETER No, thank you.

MR FRANK *(with 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 into the room left)*

MR FRANK *closes the door after PETER, then sits left of the table and removes his shoes.*

MR FRANK That's a nice boy, Peter.

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

MR FRANK You'll like him, I know.

ANNE *(rising and crossing above the 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 table right and transfers it to the table centre.*

Effects cue 8

The sound of children playing is heard from the street below. MR FRANK goes to the sink and pours a glass of milk from the thermos bottle.

ANNE 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 film stars. I was wondering where they were – and Queen Wilhelmina. How wonderful!

MR FRANK *(moving to left of her)* There's something more. *(He places the glass on the down left corner of the table)* Go on. Look further.

ANNE *diges deeper into the box and brings out a velour-covered book. She examines it in delighted silence for a moment, then opens the cover slowly, and looks up at MR FRANK with shining eyes.*

ANNE 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 table right and looks for a pencil)* Pencil, pencil, pencil, pencil. *(She darts across to the stairwell and starts down the stairs)* I'm going down to the office to get a pencil.

MR FRANK Anne! No! *(He strides to ANNE and catches her arm)*

MRS FRANK, *aware of the sudden movement and sounds, sits up. After a moment she rises, goes to the window and looks out, then returns and sits on the bed.*

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

MR FRANK *(drawing her centre)* It doesn't matter. I don't want you ever to go beyond that door.

ANNE *(sobored)* 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.

ANNE I see. *(For the first time she realises what "going into hiding" means)*

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 ANNE the glass of milk)* Here's your milk.

MR FRANK *puts his arm about ANNE, and crosses with her to the couch, where they sit 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 goloshes? You said you'd rather die than wear goloshes. 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 goloshes. Isn't that good? And the coat that you inherited from Margot—

ANNE *makes a wry face.*

—you won't have to wear that. And the piano. You won't have to practise 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 one hand and the cat in the other.*

PETER I—I—I thought I'd better get some water for Mouschi before...

MR FRANK *(rising and moving to the sink)* Of course.

Effects cue 9

The carillon begins its melody and strikes eight. As it does so, MR FRANK motions for PETER and ANNE to be quiet, tiptoes to the window in the rear wall and peers down. MR VAN DAAN rises and moves to the head of the attic 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 rises and crosses below the table to PETER. MR FRANK crosses quietly towards the room right. 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.

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