

Diary of Anne Frank

PETER. (*Picking up bottle of orange soda and two glasses from his box-table.*) Oh, these are fine, thanks.

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

PETER. Maybe later. (*He comes down and sits on the window seat facing her. He hands her a glass and pours soda into it, then takes some for himself. In the Center room Mrs. Van Daan puts down the coffee pot and goes to the W. C. and turns on the light. W. C. on.*)

ANNE. (*Looking at one of the photographs.*) I remember when I got that . . . I won it. I bet Jopie that I could eat five ice cream cones. We'd all been playing ping-pong. . . . We used to have heavenly times . . . we'd finish up with ice cream at the Delphi, or the Oasis, where Jews were allowed . . . there'd always be a lot of boys . . . we'd laugh and joke. . . . I'd like to go back to it for a few days or a week. But after that I know I'd be bored to death. I think more seriously about life now. I want to be a journalist . . . or something. I love to write. What do you want to do? (*Mr. Frank takes his ledgers, moves R. Margot stops him and asks for help on a word. He can't make a suggestion and continues to the shelves, puts down the books and gets small chess set. He completes circle to below the table. He and Mrs. Frank play.*)

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

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

PETER. I know I'm not smart.

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

PETER. (*Uncomfortably.*) Oh, I don't know. (*Mr. Dussel replaces trousers on hook, gets nail file from dressing table and sits on bed filing his nails.*)

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

PETER. I wouldn't say that.

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

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

ANNE. That's not true!

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

ANNE. I have?

PETER. I used to think you were awful noisy.

ANNE. (*Eagerly.*) And what do you think now, Peter? How have I changed?

PETER. Well . . . er . . . you're . . . quieter.

ANNE. (*Amused.*) I'm glad you don't just hate me.

PETER. I never said that.

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

PETER. That's crazy.

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

PETER. I haven't got any friends.

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

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

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

PETER. No. If they were all like you, it'd be different. (*Peter realizes what he has said. To cover his embarrassment he hurriedly picks up the glasses and bottle, returning them to the box-table. There is a second's silence and then Annie speaks, hesitantly, shyly. She cannot look at him. Warn W. C. off.*)

ANNE. Peter, did you ever kiss a girl?

PETER. Yes. Once.

ANNE. (*She looks quickly back over shoulder at him. Then to cover her feelings.*) That picture's crooked. (*Peter straightens the picture. She is looking away again.*) Was she pretty?

PETER. Huh?

ANNE. The girl that you kissed.

PETER. I don't know. I was blindfolded. (*He comes back and resumes his place opposite her.*) It was at a party. One of those kissing games. (*W. C. off. Mrs. Van Daan turns off W. C. light and comes into Center room and polishes the coffee pot at the sink.*)

Start

ANNE. (*Relieved.*) Oh. I don't suppose that really counts, does it?
(*Warn W. C. on.*)

PETER. It didn't with me. (*Mr. Dussel gets his pajamas and starts for the W. C.*)

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

PETER. I wouldn't say so.

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

PETER. I suppose it'd depend on the girl. Some girls, anything they do's wrong. But others . . . well . . . it wouldn't necessarily be wrong with them. (*The carillon starts to strike nine o'clock.*) [*Sound Cue 28.*] I've always thought that when two people . . . (*Warn L44. Warn change. Curtain light on.*)

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

PETER. That's right.

ANNE. (*Without moving.*) Good night. (*Their faces are close together. There is a second's pause. Then Peter, too shy to kiss her, moves upstage.*)

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

ANNE. No. (*She rises and starts for the door, then turns back to him.*) Some time I might bring my diary. There are so many things in it that I want to talk over with you. There's a lot about you.

PETER. What kind of thing?

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

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

ANNE. Well—you'll see . . . (*For a second Anne stands looking*

End

up at Peter, longing for him to kiss her. As he makes no move she turns to go. Then suddenly he grabs her arm and turning her around, holds her awkwardly in his arms, kissing her on the cheek. Anne floats slowly out, dazed. She stands for a minute, her back to the people in the Center room, shutting the door of his room after her. After a moment her poise returns. *Site [shawl biz] L44. Gen. dim—Peter's room. She slips one end of her scarf back over her shoulder. Then she goes to her father and mother at the c. table, silently kissing them good night. They murmur their good nights. She crosses to Margot, kisses her, and then continues up, and opens the door to her room. Suddenly she is aware of Mrs. Van Daan at the sink. She goes quickly up to her. She takes Mrs. Van Daan's face in her hands and kisses her first on one cheek, then on the other. Then she goes off into her room, shutting the door. Mr. and Mrs. Frank have watched Anne. They return to their game. Mrs. Van Daan comes slowly down to above the c. table, watching Anne go. Then she looks slowly across toward Peter's room. Her suspicions are confirmed.*

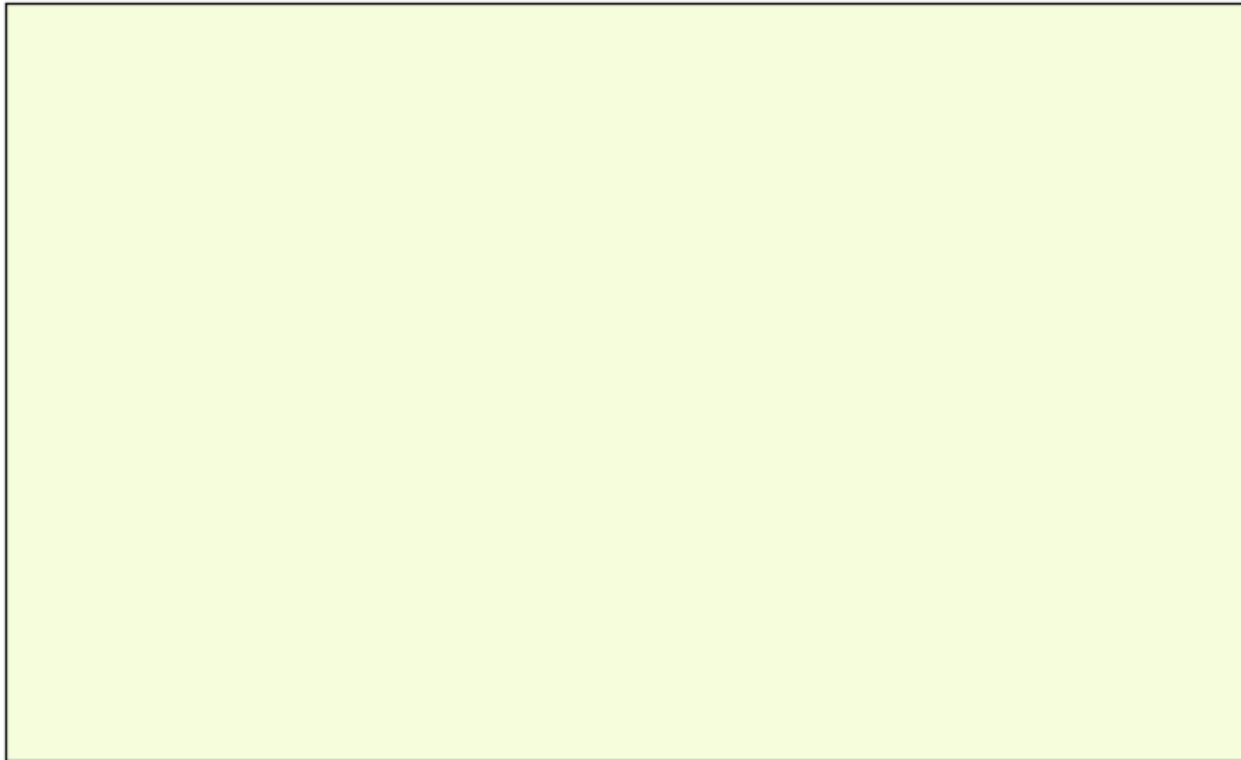
MRS. VAN DAAN. (*She knows.*) Ah hah! (*Dim fast. Drop in. Work light on. Curtain light on. The scene lights fade swiftly, leaving her shaking her head knowingly in a lag special. It fades quickly. The black drop is brought in and we hear Anne's voice in the darkness, faintly at first, then with growing strength.*)

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

Set / Furniture Plan

Draw, below, the "set" you plan to use for your scene.

SR



SL

Downstage