The Production book of "The Diary of Anne Frank"

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THE PRODUCTION BOOK OF
THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

by

Allan Kurtz Longacre, II

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts, in the Department of Speech and Dramatic Arts in the Graduate College of the State University of Iowa

February, 1961

Chairman: Associate Professor William R. Reardon
DEDICATION

To all those who made me and this production possible, this thesis is gratefully dedicated.
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CHAPTER I

ANNE FRANK: THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL

As the Nazis gained power in Europe, many Jewish families were forced to leave the country. Those who did not flee were forced into hiding. Those who did not hide were forced into concentration camps and exterminated as soon as possible. In the history of the world this is one of the most horrible examples of man's inhumanity to man. But out of this ordeal, this attempt at genocide, came one of the most touching and yet most revealing stories to spring from the horrors of war, Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl. Anne Frank "showed the gentile world what it meant to be a Jew without preaching propaganda."¹ To the majority of Germans, who will not admit they know what happened to six million Jews, she showed their guilt as individuals by showing what their persecution had done to one innocent girl. "She aroused pity rather than anger."²

The diary was first published in Holland in 1947, seven years after the end of the Second World War. Doubleday and Company published the translation of the diary written by Anne Frank who was killed several months before the end of the war in a German concentration camp near Bergen-Belsen. It tells the story of two Jewish

²Ibid., p. 31.
families who attempted to survive the gas chambers by hiding during the Nazi occupation of Holland. The book was an immediate success and was on the best seller list for several weeks. Unlike the other novels and reports which grew out of the dreadful experiences of participants in World War Two, this book as it was written is not a condemnation of the Germans or the causes of the war; neither is it an account of the experiences of those who suffered the torturous life of the concentration camps. In fact, this book which has made such a moving comment on the war, says very little concerning the war itself. It is devoted primarily to the people and the problems they encountered while living in their secret hiding place. One of the reasons for the success of this book rests on the fact that it is merely an account of incidents, incidents which are poignant enough to tell their own story. There was no need to elaborate on the entries in the Diary. The result is "one of the most moving stories that anyone, anywhere has managed to tell about World War II."3

The Diary is written in a stream of consciousness style by an energetic young girl whose only confidante and only outlet for her energy is her silent friend, Kitty, her diary. The entries in the diary are written as letters to Kitty and signed "Yours, Anne."

The diary was given to Anne on her thirteenth birthday,

3Time, LIX (June 16, 1952), p. 102.
June 12, 1942. On Monday, the sixth of July, the Franks went into hiding. From the scattered entries during the month of June, we see Anne as a normal young girl. She had many boyfriends, enjoyed games, and complained about hardships; and although she knew about the horrible accounts of the war, she was too young, too eager to live and enjoy living to let them bother her.

The Germans had been collecting Jews in Amsterdam for some time before Margot, Anne's sixteen year old sister, received word that she was to report to the Germans to be sent to a youth camp, a well-known front for a work and eventual death camp. Rather than accept this, the Franks went into hiding in the attic of a warehouse and office building where Otto Frank had worked. To the excited little girl, this was an adventure. This adventure lasted until August 4th, 1944, when the Green Police discovered the people in hiding and took them to concentration camps where all but Mr. Frank perished.

The entries in the diary describe fully the hiding place, the secret annex, and the people who lived there. "Anne's diary probes deep into the core of human relations and succeeds in bringing us an understanding of life under threat." But Anne went even further in the study of people in her diary, "She shows how ordinary

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people within this ordeal, consistently hold to the greater human values." The amazing thing about the book is that this thirteen, fourteen, and later fifteen year old girl exhibited such insight and understanding in her writing. It is "a remarkable study in the psychology of a small group of people forced to live together in almost unbearable proximity." Through Anne's perception and her ability to write clearly and to the point, the people are fully characterized. The Diary is written in such a way that the reader is more concerned with the people than their situation, i.e., the war or the fear of being discovered. Finally, and probably most important, Anne wrote a beautiful description of a young girl's youth with honesty and unpretentiousness. Her entries about herself describe her growth from childhood to adolescence with unconscious intelligence and understanding. She "succeeded in communicating in virtually perfect form, the drama of puberty." The wonder of it is that Anne did not attempt to pose herself as a martyr. She admitted her faults, "never shirking from revealing the ugly things about herself." She made mistakes in her associations with the other

5Ibid.
6Ibid.
7Ibid.
8Ibid.
inmates of the Secret Annex, and in the *Diary* she shows that she was intelligent enough to try and profit from those errors. She said concerning one of her mistakes, "What is done cannot be undone, but one can prevent it happening again."9

The *Diary* has the effect of a true narrative as it discloses the universal feelings and relationships between members of the family. But Anne's writings were considered "too tenderly intimate to be labeled classic."10 Anne's diary has literary value because "It is the unfolding psychological drama of a girl's growth, mingled with the physical dangers of the group, that frees Anne's book from the horizontal effect of most diaries. Hers rises continuously, with the tension of a well-constructed novel."11 And yet, throughout it "bubbles with amusement, love, discovery."12 Shortly after the appearance of the *Diary*, the public was amazed at the exceptional talent Anne expressed in her writings. They were, perhaps, more appalled at her fate when they considered this talent which Anne so obviously had. Anne's teacher said that between the time she wrote themes in class and the time she wrote the *Diary* she had improved a great deal. She was, in fact, surprised that Anne had written this amazing little book.


10Levin, *op. cit.*

11Ibid.

12Ibid.
After Anne was forced into confinement she learned a great deal. Books for her had to substitute for life. And she was the better for it, better for her imprisonment. For all her latent senses, like those of the blind, flowered. She knew more of the world and of love than a legion of her free sisters, and she spoke of both with a poet's tongue.13

The causes which forced Anne into confinement, encouraged her to write, and eventually killed her were the same causes which brought her the immortality for which she longed. But to the people in the attic, she was just a loud little girl. Her father said years later, "I never knew she was so deep."14

Some feel that if Anne had lived she would have achieved her other dream, that of becoming a novelist. Her style was often admirably sober, but then again, it was often facetious. As the time passed, "her entries darkened in tone, her writing blossomed, and her mind leaped to astonishing maturity."15 This again revealed Anne's growing up, "a process she went through at a harshly accelerated rate."16

In the final analysis, the message which this diary makes is the waste of human lives, the injustice which allowed these innocent people to suffer and die for absolutely no reason. The fact that one

14Ibid.
15Time, op. cit.
16New Yorker, XXVIII (June 21, 1952), p. 106.
of these people, Anne, might have had a real talent is unimportant in the long run, since the waste of human life is pathetic enough. But this factor added makes the story almost unbearable, "when the record is broken off forever."17

CHAPTER II

ADAPTATION OF THE BOOK

When Albert Hackett and his wife, Francis Goodrich, decided to adapt *Anne Frank: Diary of a Young Girl* into a play, they went to Holland and visited with Otto Frank. It was with his help that they wrote the play which opened in New York at the Court Theatre on November 6, 1955.

In order to transfer Anne from the pages of her diary to a character on the stage, it was necessary for the Hacketts to make several changes. The *Diary* had met with such success as a book, and the theme had been so well-established in the book that it had to be accurately carried on in the play. The adaptors could not tamper with it. In spite of the obstacle, the playwrights, after eight rewrites,¹ finally did succeed in capturing the spirit of the girl's growth through adolescence under the gloomy shadow of the Swastika.

The big change which was made in the adaptation was dictated by the difference between the two mediums. To stage events which covered a two year period, it became necessary for the Hacketts to telescope and condense the actions. They were able to bridge the gap between scenes and keep the plot line running smoothly by having

Anne narrates, as if she were writing in her diary, from backstage during the scene changes. For the most part these monologues were taken almost directly from the Diary, though a single speech, while seeming consistent, actually covered several weeks of Diary entries. In accentuating the dramatic qualities, the Hacketts gave greater significance to Anne's position in the family than did the Diary. The actions in the scenes also are the exceptional happenings rather than the ordinary, because, of course, the exceptional events were the ones which had the most dramatic value. These exceptional scenes also show the characters more clearly. One of the faults of the play might be that life in the secret annex never appears to be dull, while in the Diary, dullness was one of the chief complaints. The big problem which everyone had was to keep occupied so he would not become depressed. The Hacketts obviously could not ask the audience to watch eight people sit still for ten hours a day, six days a week for two years. They solved this problem in a rather ingenious way. Since they could not possibly show how bound in these people were, they forced upon the characters a restriction of space much closer than the Franks, Van Daans or Mr. Dussel could possibly have had. This kept all of the characters on stage all of the time with the exception of Miep and Mr. Kraler, the two who brought them their supplies. In reality, the inmates could roam about the building
after the workmen had gone; they also had a radio which they could listen to in the evenings to help pass away the time. In many ways the Hacketts made the ordeal appear much more tedious than did the information in the Diary.

In addition to making the changes fit the medium, the authors were faced with another problem. They had to give the play a beginning, a middle, and an end. The Diary begins when Anne made her first entry, and it ends when she finished her last. In a play there has to be a little tighter organization than that. Mr. and Mrs. Hackett elected to solve this problem by starting at the end of the story, when Mr. Frank returned to the secret annex after being released from a concentration camp. During the first scene, he finds Anne's diary and starts to read it. The next scene begins the actual story with the arrival of the people to their hiding place. The play is resolved in the last scene when Mr. Frank puts the diary down and explains to Miep and Mr. Kraler the fates of the others who shared the hiding place with him. The first and last scenes then were contrived to give the play a beginning and ending which could not have been in the Diary.

The Hacketts solved the problem of uniting all of the entries and gave the Diary a beginning and an ending. Next, they had the task of converting the people described in the Diary into

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2 Mooyaart, op. cit., p. 19.
characters for their play while remaining true to the Diary. To do this, the adaptors had to make several changes in both plot and characters.

The changes in the characters were not in their traits, but in their relationships. One of the most obvious changes was the condensing of the four people who helped the "family," Miep, Ellie, Mr. Kroophuis, and Mr. Kraler, into Miep and Mr. Kraler. The only reason, and a very good one at that, for doing this was to keep the cast smaller and the characters easier to establish and remember. Margot, Anne's older sister, was treated rather cruelly at the hands of the adaptors. In actuality Margot was sixteen, prettier, smarter, and more interesting than Anne. In the play she was made eighteen for two reasons. First, this change in her age made her five years older than Anne, and this gave Anne more of a reason for being alone; second, Margot at sixteen would be only a few months older than Peter Van Daan and certainly in a much better position to fall in love with him than Anne. At eighteen Margot is obviously too old for Peter, and Anne has a clear field for her eventual love affair. The Hacketts have given Margot almost no personality in their script. She has very few lines, and the lines she does have do very little to heighten her character. They did this, certainly, to set off Anne's vivaciousness, but in so doing, they made Margot appear to

\[3^{\text{Ibid.}}, p. 15.\]
be a rather dull and uninteresting person.

In the diary, Anne made numerous comments about the Van Daans and their many arguments or "discussions." The Mrs. Van Daan of the play appears to be much the same person as the one Anne wrote about. The character of Mr. Van Daan on the other hand, while remaining basically the same, was changed quite a bit in the transition from book to play. His reason for being with the Franks, according to the play, was that he had done a favor for Mr. Frank at one time, and this was Mr. Frank's way of repaying the favor. In the Diary, Anne explains that Mr. Van Daan had been her father's partner in the same building in which they were hiding, so in reality he had as much right to be there as the Franks. The Van Daan's real name was Van Peltz, but it was recorded as Van Daan in the Diary for some inexplicable reason. Mr. Frank was considered the leader of the group, but it was more because he was actually the strongest person, not because he was the host. Mr. Van Daan is painted as a much weaker man in the play than the Diary would lead us to believe. This was probably done to help set off the quiet strength of Mr. Frank; but, Mr. Van Daan, although irritable and quarrelsome, was not the selfish coward that appears in the play. Incidents such as his stealing of the bread and his refusal to go down after the thief are purely fictitious. Concerning the incident of the thief, in the

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Stanley Frank, op. cit., p. 30.
Diary this danger showed the courage of every member of the household. All four of the men went down into the warehouse and succeeded in chasing the burglar away without his learning that anyone was hiding in the building.5

Mr. Dussel also was changed in some detail by the Hacketts. He was given the role of comic relief and was hardly ever taken too seriously. For sympathy's sake, the authors made him a very lonely old bachelor. The real Mr. Dussel had a wife who was Dutch and who had been told, when her husband went into hiding, that he had left the country. It was not until after his capture that his wife learned the truth.6 The added characteristic, that of being a hypochondriac, was also invented by the authors. The Mr. Dussel who appears in the play is a useful one, but he does not imitate the original who was more set in his ways and certainly more irritable than entertaining.

Concerning the character of Anne, the Hacketts were striving to show Anne's brilliance so much of the time that, in the director's opinion, they very nearly ruined the play and the story by not allowing her to be the little girl she was. Anne did write many intellectual and perceptive comments about the people around her; but most of the time, in her actions, she was a plain, ordinary little girl. This little girl quality is rarely shown in the play, probably because of

5Mooyaart, op. cit., p. 64.

the need to show other aspects of the dramatic problem.

As we will note immediately, many changes were made in the story outline. Many events were put together that did not actually happen in that order, and a few examples will be presented. This rearrangement of incidents is to be expected when one takes an account of actual happenings and tries to present them in an artistic way. Truth simply is not always dramatic. The incidents which were placed out of order for dramatic reasons will not be discussed since the reason for this having been done is obvious.

The actual story of the play begins in Act I, Scene 2 with the Van Daans' waiting for the Franks to arrive. This was done for the sake of exposition since the Van Daans did not really arrive at the warehouse until a week after the Franks had moved in.\(^7\) With the arrival of the Franks, everyone is introduced and the characters are established.

In the play Anne is given her diary as a gift their first day in their secret hiding place. The adaptors did this to keep the diary within the framework of the play. In the actual case, Anne had had the diary for a month before they were forced into hiding. She received it as a gift on her thirteenth birthday.

Possibly one of the most confusing parts of the play is that which deals with the Anne-Peter love affair. In her diary, Anne was

\(^7\)Mooyaart, op. cit., p. 20.
smart enough to analyze her romance accurately and evaluate it for what it was. The script could be interpreted to imply that this little boy friend-girl friend relationship should be taken seriously. If the play is interpreted this way, the director does the Diary a great injustice. Anne was not in love with Peter, and she knew it.

Oh, don't think I'm in love because I'm not. But it does make life more bearable to have some one with whom you can exchange views.8

The Franks and their friends are in complete ignorance of the affairs of the outside world as far as the play is concerned. Again, this was not really the case, but it proved a useful device. Mr. Dussel, upon his entry, is thus able to explain to the inmates and the audience the conditions which exist outside. Miep said later that they had tried to keep the bad news from the people, but they could see a lot from their windows, and the radio kept them quite well-informed. What wasn't told to them they could surmise, so their helpers answered all their questions.

Peter and his cat were also changed slightly. In the Diary and the play he is a very shy, insecure boy; but at times in the play he is made to look like a bungling fool. During the incident where he knocks over the lamp and frightens the thief, he looks especially ridiculous. Peter was actually treated as a man; and when the thief was heard in the warehouse, he went with the other men to scare him away.

8Ibid., p. 194.
Mouschi, the cat, is of little more importance than a conversation piece or a useful gimmic for starting arguments as far as the play goes; but in the attic hiding place, she served a very useful purpose. The "family" stored its food in an attic room over the front part of the warehouse; if it had not been for Mouschi, much of the food would have been lost since the entire building was infested with rats.  

The frightening affair with the thief served three purposes. First, it showed the "family's" ability to overcome fear by forcing them to rise above the situation. Second, it provided a tension, a real reason to fear being captured, throughout the remainder of the play. And finally, it gave the Hacketts the conclusion which the play had to have. In the final scene Mr. Kraler reports that he investigated and found that the person who had informed the Gestapo of their hiding place was the thief. This was not true. The real culprit is mentioned in the play, but more as an incidental obstacle than as a real threat to their security. In Act II, Scene 1, Mr. Kraler is nervous because he thinks that one of his workmen suspects something since he has asked for higher wages. Mr. Frank shows his level thinking, solves the problem, and everyone is convinced that this is a false alarm. Actually, the warehouse man was the one who turned them in. He is alive in Amsterdam today, but those who know and could

\[9\]Ibid., p. 62.
point the finger at him leave him be, because they feel nothing could be gained from talking with him. 10

The story part of the play ends very dramatically with the police cars racing through the streets with their sirens screaming. The Green Police break through the four doors before they reach the secret annex. The Hacketts showed amazing reserve when they refused to allow the police to enter the stage, but all of this is fabrication. This event is not in the Diary nor is Anne's final monologue which states that they have only five minutes in which to gather their belongings. All has been added by the adaptors for dramatic effect.

The day the inmates of the secret annex were found the office was running as usual when, just before noon, a staff sergeant of the Green Police and three Dutch civilians, members of the Dutch Nazi party, came into Mr. Kraler's office. They knew all about the secret hiding place and the hidden cupboard leading up to it. At gun point, they forced Kraler to lead them up the stairs. The "family" assembled in the main room while the invaders searched the rooms. They were not barbarous as the voices in the play might lead one to believe, "They behaved more like detectives in a movie thriller." 11

The sergeant was a very ordinary man of about forty-five. Miep said later, "He looked as though he might come around tomorrow

10 Schnable, op. cit., p. 151.
11 Ibid., p. 133.
to read your gas meter, or punch your streetcar ticket."12

When the sergeant saw Mr. Frank's footlocker and discovered from the inscription on it that Mr. Frank had been an officer in the First World War, he became slightly confused. He immediately treated the people with more courtesy and told them to take their time in getting ready. Mr. Frank remarked that the sergeant had suddenly, but unobtrusively, come to attention before him.13

Many of the changes which Mr. and Mrs. Hackett made in the text were changes which had to be made for this story to have the elements of drama. The story in itself is dramatic, but the events are not placed in a dramatic form. The adaptors had to make changes to allow the entries covering a two year period to be shoehorned into a two hour period. They did all of these things, and yet remained true to the Diary in tone and theme.

The play was a success. In the spring of 1956 it won the Antoinette Perry Award, the New York Drama Critics Circle Award, and the Pulitzer Prize.14 It has been translated into many languages, and it has met with success everywhere. The most unusual reaction to the play was that of the audiences of Germany. It opened in seven different cities simultaneously, and all the responses were the same.

12Ibid., p. 133.
13Ibid., p. 136.
The audiences sat quietly throughout the play; they didn't leave the auditorium during intermission; and at the conclusion of the play, they stood quietly and filed silently out of the theatre. Their reaction is explainable when you realize that after refusing for ten years to admit their guilt for the death of six million Jews, Anne forced them to accept it. Said one member of the audience, "We watch it as an indictment in the most humble, pitiful terms, of man's inhumanity to fellow man. No one accuses us as Germans. We accuse ourselves."15

To the American audience who did not have such a personal attachment to the incidents around which the play revolved, the point was made in a universal vein. The suffering which the "family" underwent, and the injustice done these people take on wider and greater significance for all minority groups who receive injustice. The story of a young girl's growth fits all times in its appeals as Brooks Atkinson stated:

Through every line of it shines the spirit of Anne Frank. For the most part it is a smiling spirit. By preserving it so delicately Mr. and Mrs. Hackett have let a clean, young mind address the conscience of the world.16


16Goodrich, op. cit., p. xii.
CHAPTER III

A DIRECTOR'S ANALYSIS

It is helpful to know what type of drama a play is before it is produced. The Diary of Anne Frank has elements of tragedy, comedy, and melodrama. If the play is taken as it appears, the story of a talented, energetic young girl who dies before she has a chance to prove her greatness, then it is a tragedy. If one feels that the play is about the group of people in hiding, the family, then it might be considered a tragic-comedy; because even though the family perishes, they end their stay in the secret annex with their human values intact. The point, in this case, would not be whether they lived or died, but rather that they were able to maintain their dignity and uphold their moral standards. As Anne said, "We're trying to hold onto some kind of ideals....when everything....ideals, hopes,...everything are being destroyed!"¹ They did not, as Otto Frank feared they might, destroy themselves. The play, had it not contained such an important message of universal significance, could have been a melodrama. The melodramatic traits lie in the structure of the work. The many scenes each contain a threat to the safety of the family. In each of the scenes the threat is recognized, resolved, and the scene is concluded. But Anne's assessment of their situation definitely brings this above a melodramatic level.

¹Goodrich, op. cit., p. 127.
The play which is a tragedy ends on a note of hope in the person of Otto Frank, the only survivor of the two year ordeal. In the first scene he is a very bitter man who is ready to run away because he hated so much the causes which took his family, yet elected to keep him alive. In the final scene, he has changed. His daughter has been allowed to speak to him and tell him that if he continued to hate and run away, then the rest would have died in vain. But if he could rise above his suffering, if he too could forgive, then he would be a better man because of his suffering; then the world therefore would be a better place for their having lived and died.

The director of this production aimed at telling a story of a young girl's growth under the most dismal of surroundings. But the story of this girl had to remain secondary to the more universal theme of courage—the courage of this family, and indeed of mankind itself, to survive. Anne plays a large part in presenting this point of view as she is the youngest, and the one who has the most to learn. The message could be presented through her discoveries about courage. Yet in presenting the courage theme, the strongest figure is Otto Frank. It is around him that the affairs in the Annex revolve, and it is around him that the story of the play should be presented. With the father as the focal point, and the story of human courage as the theme, the director wanted this play to end on a note of human dignity and optimism.

Judging from a few performances, some directors would feel that The Diary of Anne Frank should be played with the character of Anne in the "starring position." When this is done, the play suffers because
the girl is given a false emphasis, and the message becomes distorted. Anne is a charming, witty, often funny, and at times amazingly intelligent little girl; but she is only likeable or loveable when held in check. She can be held in check by taking the focus of attention away from the little girl, who under no circumstances would be given a place of dominance in a household, and giving it to the person who would and did have the position of leadership, her father. Anne's greatness must remain a secret—a secret between Anne and the audience. If the play is to be at all believable, she must be treated as a little girl by the remainder of the family. While she holds a position of great prominence in the eyes of the audience, Anne must still be restrained in her perspective in the family relationship upon the stage. Because of the many scenes Anne has where she is allowed to tell everyone what she thinks of them and the situation, a director could lose control of this dual need. As Henry Hewes said of the New York production, Anne spent "most of her time being a precocious brat." This would be easy for Anne to do since she is allowed to speak her mind rather freely. To keep the audience's sympathy with Anne, she must be directed very carefully. First, when she reaches the point where she loses her temper with someone, she must have been motivated to the point where the audience will see that she has to let go. She must also

display an amount of restraint during these moments of truth so the audience will realize that she is holding back something more she would like to say. If she can show a feeling of self discipline, then the amount of emotion that does flare up will not appear as disrespectful as would her complete loss of temper.

Anne's role is very difficult; entering into adolescence, she is physically and mentally in a state of turmoil. She is right at the point where she is beginning to discover questions to which she has no answers. As she emerges into her adolescent years, she shows a certain growth of character. She herself supplies a focus upon her father by telling him about the "Good Anne" and the "Bad Anne" and their struggles to win over each other in conquering her personality.

Anne thereby helps make Otto Frank the focal point of the play. First, he is the leader of the group, and second, it would be perfectly natural for him to be the father figure for the group since it is his hiding place, and the others are his guests. The idea of Mr. Frank's assuming the role of leadership because of his capacity as host is fine for the beginning of the play, but he must maintain leadership because he is the strongest. It is from Otto that Anne must learn to be brave. Mr. Frank enters in the first scene in a mood of dejection, and in the flash-back he is seen as an intelligent man with courage and convictions and the ability to lead others and instill in them his courage. This is the way he behaves throughout the play. In the final scene we see that he learns that he is right and he admonishes himself
for believing differently in the first scene. He is a figure in
the background who gives advice; settles disputes; and, when neces­
sary, shows the others how to be brave. He suffers intensely, albeit
silently, with the problems of those who find their strength in him.
It is he, of course, who discovers at the end the real measure of
faith and maturity as expressed by his daughter.

Margot, Anne's sister, serves as a foil to Anne by showing the
audience the type of person Anne might be if she behaved the way others
wished her to behave. The Hacketts, when writing this part, did Margot
a grave injustice. She has only a few lines, and these lines are for
the most part rather idiotic. "I'll get my list.", "You know Anne,
or "Mr. Kraler, what a pleasant surprise." Yet she is referred to
throughout the play as an intelligent, interesting, pretty girl. The
only way that the actual character of this girl may be shown, however
slightly, is through her blocking and business. She must be placed in
positions where her reactions and impressions to incidents can be seen
and noted. In this way only will Margot come off as anything but
another body on an already crowded stage.

With Peter the situation is almost the reverse. He is shown
as the shy, frightened, lonely boy that he was. In the course of the
play, as he slowly gets accustomed to the people around him, he starts
behaving more naturally, but at the slightest provocation, he returns
to his room and his shell of lonliness. He, too, serves as a foil to
Anne, and we see that even though he is three years older than she is,
before their stay in the secret hiding place ends, Anne completely dominates him; they are last seen together when Anne is comforting him as a mother might comfort her frightened son. Peter's weakness is used here to accent Anne's courage.

The character of Mrs. Frank shows more human weaknesses than her husband's. For one thing, she changes through the run of the story. She shows that she is hurt when Anne rejects her; she gossips with Margot; and she gets progressively more irritable as the play proceeds until she reaches a point of complete anger with the Van Daans. But the most human feature about her is the manner in which she tries to emulate her husband's behavior, as would the wife of such a strong man as Mr. Frank, even though she is unable to maintain this emulation.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan are the most colorful members of the company. They are self-centered and egotistical and are the main force in providing conflicts in the various scenes. Mrs. Van Daan's love for her old fur coat and her lost youth; and Mr. Van Daan's anxiety for his own comfort, his cigarettes and food, provide many incidents, arguments, or "discussions" around and through which the audience may see the growth of the family as they are forced to depend less and less on material goods and more and more upon trust and faith.

The last member of the family is Mr. Dussel. He is a lonely old bachelor who had considered himself a Dutchman. With the advent of Jewish persecution in Holland, he was forced to recognize his heritage even though he was not an orthodox Jew. He, like the Van Daans, is
interested in his own personal comfort before everything else. He is a hypochondriac and goes to great lengths to insure his comfort against disease. Although Mr. Dussel is generally a "lone wolf," his greatest irritant from the family, who all seem to want to deprive him of his privacy, is young Anne. His "Children should be seen and not heard" attitude provides many an amusing situation as he meets with opposition from the one person in the family who wants to be recognized as an intelligent individual above everything else, Anne. He provides a great deal of the humor in the play because his many plights, on the surface at least, seem very funny. Yet, upon closer observation, the audience is able to see the pathos which is so much a part of this lonely, frightened man.

The Van Daans and Mr. Dussel both have traits which could easily be applied to dislikable people. The traits of selfishness must not be allowed to overshadow the fact that these people are basically good, and when given the opportunity, will do the right thing. Most important, these traits must not overshadow the fact that they think of themselves as good people. But they are human and therefore subject to human desires, so at times they do not live up to their ideals. Mrs. Van Daan gives her husband bigger shares of food, not because she is being unfair, but because her feelings insist that he needs more since he is bigger than the others. Mr. Van Daan sells his wife's coat, and rationalizes his guilt by accusing his wife of being selfish for not wanting to part with it. Under normal circumstances Mr. Van Daan would
not have made his wife sacrifice to satisfy his own desires, but in
this situation a little thing like a cigarette takes on gigantic pro-
portions. It becomes a desire more important to him than pride. Mr.
Dussel is convinced that he knows how to get along with children, but
whenever they interfere with his plans, then somehow they are always
wrong. It is not because he is unfair, it is simply that he is always
right. An important point that must be made with these characters is
that they are not bad people. They have their faults, but they must
be liked in spite of their human shortcomings.

The two outsiders, Miep and Mr. Kraler, are officeworkers in
the warehouse. They enter at intervals throughout the play and bring
information of the outside world. It is through these two that the
war plot of the play is conveyed. They keep the audience reminded
that there are German soldiers on the watch all of the time. They also
demonstrate Anne's point that people are basically good at heart.
Here are two people who daily risk their lives because they feel that
some of their friends and fellow human beings are being unjustly treated.

These roles, though small, have a difficult task assigned to
them. Anne remarks only once that Miep and Mr. Kraler risk their lives.
This is a point which must be brought out even further if the serious-
ness of the situation is to have its full impact; therefore, whenever
the two enter the attic hiding place, they must show two emotions
simultaneously. They must very definitely show that they are worried
about the danger, and at the same time they must show a certain gaiety
so that the family will not feel the alarm which they themselves feel.

The characters of this play, with the exception of Margot, are real because they are so carefully individualized. The audience can be made to feel the situation and therefore the message of the play because they see these people as human beings. The blocking and business for this play will come easily because the characters' actions are clearly motivated in their lines. The director will not be forced to invent much business.

There are several things which the director felt should be changed if the production was to be the success which he desired. The first change in the script came in Act I Scene 2. Mr. Frank is explaining the rules to the newly assembled family. When he mentions the times when no water is to be run, he states that the W.C. cannot be used during certain times of the day. Due to the fact that one of the national broadcasting companies had recently censored a television performer for telling a story about a W.C., the director, with the consent of his cast, changed the line to read, "the water closet." The reason for this change was to prevent a laugh which would not have been indicated by the script or the story of the play.

Another important change was made in the Haunaka scene. After the crash made by the thief, everyone waits until he is sure the thief has run away before daring to speak or move about. Mrs. Van Daan is the most pessimistic, and everyone looks as if he is going to be captured at any moment. The playwrights claimed that at this point Anne should faint. The director disagreed. The main point which should
be made in the play is the story of courage; and by allowing Anne to faint, one would allow her an escape from one of the most trying situations in the play. Instead, the director chose to let her cry, as a little girl might do under a trying situation. This device would serve the purpose and yet not allow Anne to appear so terrified that she would lose consciousness. We see Anne's natural reaction to fear and her mother's natural reaction to her daughter's need for sympathy.

The Hacketts slighted Margot by not giving her a part which she could develop, but they also gave her one of the most confusing lines in the play. In Act II Scene 1, Mr. Kraler and Miep come to visit the family on New Year's Day. During the course of the conversation, Mr. Kraler asks Mr. Frank to go down to the office to look over some papers. At this point the playwrights gave Margot unnatural insight for she says, "(With sudden foreboding) What's happened? Something's happened! Hasn't it, Mr. Kraler?" He answered, "No, really. I want your father's advice..." And she insists, "Something's gone wrong! I know it!" The director felt Margot would have trouble in motivation for this scene, because all that she has to stimulate this sudden fear is Mr. Kraler's line requesting that Mr. Frank go downstairs and look over the papers. Rather than allow her to retain these powers of extra sensory perception, the director changed the script to read:

MARGOT. Has something happened? Is something the matter?
MR. KRALER. No, really. I want your Father's advice...
MARGOT. There is something wrong, isn't there Mr. Kraler?

3Goodrich, op. cit., p. 122.
This minor change will make the part believable, for when Margot asks the question, Mr. Kraler who is naturally thinking of the problem will react to the question with such forcefulness that Margot will be able to see through him and know that her idle question has struck a point of truth. This therefore, gives her grounds for pursuing Mr. Kraler with more questions. As it is originally, the line is a blatant way of introducing a new problem into the play. With the change, its introduction will be smoother.

One of the big problems in the direction of this play lies within the Anne-Peter relationship. How is the audience to take the story of this little girl's first love affair? As puppy love? As real love? The adaptors have provided an explanation of the interpretation when Anne says, "Oh, don't think that I am in love, because I'm not." But, they leave room for doubt because a little later in the same speech she says, "I actually live for the next meeting. Could anything be more lovely than sitting with the warm sun on your face and holding a darling boy in your arms?" This last line might lead one to believe that Anne is actually in love with Peter. The director will have to handle this situation very delicately. It is necessary that Anne be shown as an eager, inquisitive young girl who is very

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5 Ibid., p. 148
excited about her new discovery of boy-girl relationships. If Anne is allowed to be truly in love with Peter, then the whole point of this stage in her growing up process will be destroyed. The alternative, which the director felt was the best interpretation, is to let both Peter and Ann experience this new relationship as normal boys and girls do. Let them show the audience how they feel through their reactions to each other. In Act II Scene 4, both should try to appear grown up, but it must be made clear that they are both trying to impress the other person. They must also approach the delicate boy-girl talk, "should one kiss a boy before she's engaged," eagerly, but cautiously because neither wants the other to know that he cares whether they talk about this or not. If they both appear adolescently mature, eagerly reserved, they will be sure to make the necessary blunders which boys make around girls and girls make around boys. This the director feels will give the scene the feeling of honesty which will make the audience remember and relive their own similar experiences.

The director of this production would prefer to have the production set in a very tight and compact setting. Since the play covers a two year period, the family would naturally get very restless and bound in, and this would be hard to portray in the period of two hours. But if the actors were forced to play in a cramped acting area, they would automatically project the feeling of imprisonment.

Above everything else, the director wished to show the honesty
in the characters, in Anne in particular. The play, as does the book, has a message which does not need elaboration. If this message can be achieved, the actors will have a good chance for creating a success because they will be playing roles of real and interesting people.

The director does not plan on having any difficulty with the language of the play. A few words such as, L'chaim and Mazeltov, which will be unusual to the members of the cast might cause them some problems initially. The language will be general American English; no attempt will be made to imitate a Jewish, German or Dutch accent.

The director does not anticipate any more than the normal problems with the rhythm of this production. The many scenes in the play are arranged in an order of light and serious moments, of threats, suspense, and solutions; and the director feels that his main task will be in putting in proper pace and tempo the rhythm which the Hacketts put into their script.
CHAPTER IV

TECHNICAL PROBLEMS

Directing a play for a community theatre is quite different from directing a play in an academic situation, as the director of *The Diary of Anne Frank* discovered. The main difference, and the greatest obstacle which the director encountered was the outlook of the production personnel. Students have a twofold reason for dedicating their time and efforts to the success of a production. They are generally working under the supervision of their instructors which stimulates them to complete their tasks as well as they can, and secondly, they are generally somewhat dedicated to the theatre and strive to assist a play in every possible way. But in a community theatre, this dual incentive is generally not the case. For most people who work eight hours a day five days a week, the theatre is a form of amusement. It is a place for relaxation and entertainment.

When producing a play, they enjoy the diversion which painting scenery or hanging lights offers them from their jobs during the day. When this diversion takes the shape of work, or when in the course of production their presence is no longer a matter of choice but of duty, then they become more and more reluctant to participate, and many resign.

It was such a situation in which the director innocently found
himself at the outset of the production of Diary. Fortunately however, for the director and the Iowa City Community Theatre, the organization had a few dedicated members who were willing to sacrifice more of their time than should have been required of them to help make this production a success. These few were put in positions of authority, and as a result of the lack of participation of the members of the organization, were forced to do most of the work themselves. It was this lack of manpower that gave the production most of its technical problems.

The next problem was the lack of housing facilities for the production crew and cast. The show was to be staged in the City High School auditorium, but the auditorium could not be used until the Monday before the Friday opening. The basement of the First Unitarian Church was rented for rehearsal space, and the set construction took place in an abandoned creamery in the city. Accordingly, the cast did not rehearse on the actual set until the first dress rehearsal. In addition, the stage crew had to have the set completely ready to assemble on the Saturday before the opening since they were allowed only four hours on Saturday to transport the set to the auditorium and erect it. The school closed at twelve noon on Saturday, and it was closed all day Sunday.

The set could not have been constructed had it not been for the designer who was able to work on it during the day. Thanks to him,
the actors had a fairly close facsimile to the actual set for their
first dress rehearsal on Monday night, and each day up to the
opening more and more was accomplished by him until by opening
night the set had been completed. Here is an example of the prob­
lems of the community theatre situation. No one could help the
set designer because everyone worked during the day, and they
could not work late into the evening because the school was locked
up at eleven-thirty P.M. each night.

The designer and the director worked together on the floor
plan for the set. Because the proscenium opening was so wide,
fourty-two feet, they decided to mask off thirteen feet of it and use
only a twenty-nine foot proscenium. Of this, six feet would be used
for Peter's room on stage right and eight feet for Anne's room on
stage left. Anne's room was elevated one foot above the stage floor,
and Peter's room was one and a half feet high. The living room then
had fifteen feet on the downstage side. The kitchen, because it was
of so little importance as an acting area, was placed upstage of the
living room. In this position, the actor's reactions could be noted,
and they had a strong move down center when they entered the living
room. The living room was raked in about four feet on each side before
it joined with the kitchen. Dividing the living room and the kitchen on
the stage right side was the entrance to the annex. A step was placed
in front of the entrance so that when someone made an entrance, they had to step up into the room. This helped to create the illusion that they had just climbed a flight of stairs. The entrance gave the actors on stage watching an entrance a bit of difficulty. It was hard for them to get used to looking down at the floor when they were talking to someone supposedly coming up the stairs while the person was actually on their own level.

Due to the shortage of the budget ($100.00 total set construction), the director elected to place the Van Daan's bedroom offstage. It was supposedly above Anne's room. The Van Daans made their exits to their room through a door reached by stairs and a two foot platform which was elevated two feet above the stage floor and located on the stage left side of the kitchen wall. The actors had problems again here when they had to look up as they made an exit straight off.

Because the Water Closet played such an important part in the business of the play, it was placed where it could be clearly seen from the audience. From the downstage left wall of the kitchen to the upstage right wall of Anne's bedroom was a space of three feet. This space was covered by a door frame which connected the two walls. It was placed at a slight angle. The Water Closet showed the advantage the people had made of their small amount of space, and it helped create the cramped effect since the Water Closet was actually under the stairs leading up to the Van Daan's bedroom.
The set as it was designed by the designer, Ken Leeper, worked quite well; the basic problem was in its overall size. It was simply too small for the number of actors in the production and for the large size of most of the furniture used on the set.

The sound plot was rather complicated, but it was eased by use of records purchased from the Dramatists Play Service. These records were recorded onto tape, and when the sounds were not up to the calibre that the director or the sound man, Thomas Koehler, felt they should be, they were cut and replaced by sounds designed by the sound committee. For example, the street sounds on the records proved to be unsatisfactory, and new sounds were created and taped by the sound committee. Many of the sounds which the script suggested as incidental sounds such as the number of bombers overhead were cut or reduced because they were either not clearly distinguishable or they were distracting from the play. The sounds essential to the plot, such as the stopping of the patrol car in the final scene involving the family, were, of course, included; and many of the background sounds which helped to describe the situation remained.

The most difficult technical problem, and the one which was least satisfactorily accomplished, was the lighting of the play. To light a set containing at the minimum seven lighting areas (Anne's room, Peter's room, Downstage living room, Upstage living room, Right stage living room, Left stage living room, and the kitchen Up center) and back lights for three windows and three doorways, the lighting
designer, Michael Daugherty, was supplied with ten 500 watt fresnel spot lights; two 1000 watt plano-convex spotlights; six red, blue, and green striplights; and four 250 watt spotlights. In addition to this, neither the inner connecting panel nor the cord outlets were marked, so much precious time was wasted in just putting the few lights on the dimmers. As if the insufficient number of lights was not enough of a problem, the control board was of an ancient vintage and incapable of executing a complete blackout; this created serious problems for the opening and closing of many scenes which should have been dimmed in and out. The completely disorganized state in which the interconnecting panel was marked and the severely inadequate control board would have been enough to cause a less adventuresome lighting man to resign immediately; but the added factor of having to work with the control board placed on the stage left side and beyond the limits where the operator could receive either visual or audio cues, would have made anyone connected with lighting consider the task virtually impossible.

The stage was lit as well as it could be with the equipment, and the strips were used for general lighting almost continually. To help fill in the shadows, and there were many, practical lights were used. There was a small bed lamp in the upstage left corner of Anne's room. In the living room was a hanging ceiling lamp which was used to illuminate the center stage area, and on the downstage right wall in the kitchen was a small wall lamp that helped light the area
between the kitchen and the living room.

The problem of the control board operator's receiving cues for changing the light intensity was handled in many unique and diversified ways. At one time, a cue was given, and then the actor and the light board operator counted nine counts before either of them made the movement to change the light. In another place, and in order for the operator to receive a visual cue, a member of the lighting committee stood at a place where she could see the cue; she then relayed the cue to the operator. In several cases when an actor was to turn off a light, he held his hand on the switch until the light went off and then continued his business. Although the director was aware of these problems well in advance of the production date, the few days and short hours allotted to the Iowa City Community Theatre by the City High officials did not allow the light crew enough time to correct all of these flaws. In spite of the handicaps, the final production, while admittedly containing many faults, was rapidly approaching a high level of production.

For the costuming of the play, clothes of the late thirties in the United States were selected. It was felt that this period of clothing would be the best to show the conservatism which was apparent in war-torn Europe. Needless to say, the costume committee under the direction of Miss Pat McGee had quite a task in just finding clothes of this era which were fit to wear. Of the clothes which were found, those which appeared to be the least practical for
for the situation were selected for Mrs. Van Daan in order to accentuate her character. Mrs. Frank's costumes were much more reasonable, but then so was Mrs. Frank herself; her clothes showed good judgment as they were durable and warm. The girls wore skirts and blouses primarily; they also had cardigan sweaters and a jumper each. The initial problem of getting clothes that would fit was more difficult for the men, but fortunately they did not need as great of a variety of clothing as did the women. For the most part, the men wore one suit with changes of ties, and occasionally they would wear a button sweater in place of the suitcoats. Peter was the exception; he wore knickers and a sportshirt and sport coat except in the Haunaka scene when he wore a dark blue suit.

Although the costume changes were rapid, they were not much of a problem as the actors each had a crew member to help them with their changes.

The properties committee under the direction of Mrs. Helen Griesenback had a massive task of assembling approximately three hundred items. Once the chairman understood what the director had in mind for the properties such as size, color, and description, the problem of finding and assembling the various items was difficult only in the time consuming aspects coupled with the lack of help and transportation facilities. Fortunately for the production, the chairman of this committee was dedicated to her task and sacrificed all of her time from many important personal duties until her
lists had been completed.

Due to the large number of properties and the frequent and complex scene changes, it appeared at the first dress rehearsal of the production that the scene changes were going to be excessively long. The director called a special rehearsal for the benefit of the properties committee, and the chairman, with the aid of the stage manager Mr. Frank Morrison, rehearsed her crew until they performed their various duties between scenes with efficiency. In the final production the scene shifts were still longer than the director had originally anticipated, but he knew that the committee had done their utmost.

The points mentioned in this chapter were the big problems with which the director was faced. The production of *The Diary of Anne Frank* had many more slight hindrances, as again do all productions, which were unique to its own environment. Such things as the curtain needing grease and the delay in getting out the publicity; such things as who was responsible for buying the tape for the tape recorder and was the lamp for the living room supposed to be picked up by the lighting crew or the prop crew gave the director and his staff many headaches, nightmares, and acid stomachs.

The director, at the outset of rehearsals a novice to the community theatre situation, had naively assumed that the responsibility for handling these problems would be assumed by the various committee chairmen. By the time of the final production, he had
learned that all duties must be specifically assigned and that he should never, under any circumstances, assume that a task has been or will be completed until he knows for certain who is doing it, when he is doing it, and how. The director expects and hopes that this knowledge will be of value to him in his future directoral efforts.
THE SET
THE SET

LEGEND

1. Door U.R.
2. Door to Peter's room
3. Door to Anne's room
4. Door to water closet
5. Door on platform in L. kitchen wall (to Van Daan's room)
6. Window U.C.
7. Window L. wall of Anne's room
8. Peter's bed
9. Sofa (hide-a-bed)
10. Table C.
11. Small table L.
12. Chair U.L.
13. Chair D.L.
14. 15. 16. and 17. Chairs
18. Step into the main room
19. Stove
20. Shelves
21. Food cupboards
22. Sink
23. Platform to Van Daan's room
24. Anne's bed
25. Sofa (Dussel's bed)
26. Dresser
27. Seat for dresser
28. Footstool
29. Orange crate for Peter's dresser
30. Step into Anne's room
THE SET-REARRANGEMENT # 1
THE SET

REARRANGEMENT # 1 LEGEND

8. Peter's bed
9. The sofa (hide-a-bed)
10. Table
11. Small table
12.-17. Chairs
18. Step into main room
19. Stove
20. Shelves
21. Food cupboards
22. Sink
23. Platform into Van Daan's room
24. Anne's bed
25. Sofa - Dussel's bed
26. Dresser
27. Stool for dresser
28. Footstool
29. Orange crate for Peter's dresser
30. Step into Anne's room
31. Margot's cot
THE SET-REARRANGEMENT # 2
THE SET

REARRANGEMENT # 2 LEGEND

8. Peter's bed
9. The sofa (hide-a-bed)
10. Table
11. Small table
12.-17. Chairs
18. Step into main room
19. Stove
20 Shelves
21. Food cupboard
22. Sink
23. Platform up to Van Daan's bedroom
24. Anne's bed
25. Sofa - Dussel's bed
26. Dresser
27. Stool for Dresser
28. Footstool
29. Orange crate for Peter's dresser
30. Step into Anne's room
1. Mr. F. enters R. and roams reminiscently through rooms, picks up scarf D.S. end of sofa, slowly breaks down, sits and sobs in D.S.L. chair

Miep enters and waits on step to read line

2. Miep x to U.S.C. of table and picks up fallen chair

3. Mr. F. stands

4. Miep x to Mr. F., he x's in front of her around table and U.C. into kitchen

5. Mr. F. x to Miep
ACT I - Scene 1

MIEP. Are you all right, Mr. Frank?

MR. FRANK. Yes, Miep, yes.

MIEP. Everyone in the office has gone home....It's after six. Don't stay up here, Mr. Frank. What's the use of torturing yourself like this?

MR. FRANK. I've come to say good-bye....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. 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....I'm not the person you used to know, Miep. I'm a bitter old man. 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. You can't say we suffered.

MR. FRANK. I know what you went through, you and Mr. Kraler. I'll
1. Mr. F. x to D.S.L. chair and pick up rucksack—Miep counter U.C. and take papers from shelves on L. wall in kitchen and takes them to U.C. of table

2. Mr. F. x U.L. of Miep

3. Mr. F. x D.R. to sofa and sit

4. Start blackout

5. Curtain
remember it as long as I live.'

MIEP. Mr. Frank, did you see? There are some of your papers here.

We found them in a heap of rubbish on the floor after... after you left.

MR. FRANK. Burn them.

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

MR. FRANK. Burn them. All of them.

MIEP. Burn this?

MR. FRANK. Anne's diary. "Monday, the sixth of July, nineteen hundred and forty-two." Nineteen hundred and forty-two. Is it possible, Miep?... Only three years ago. "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. 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."* MR. FRANK AND ANNE. "My father started a business, importing spice and herbs. Things went well for us until 1940. Then the war came and the Dutch... defeat, followed by the arrival of the Germans. Then things got very bad for the Jews."*

ANNE'S VOICE. You could not do this and you could not do that. 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.
1. Curtain up then lights up
   Mr. V.D. U.C. at windows
   Peter U.S. end of sofa
   Mrs. V.D. pacing U.L. of table

2. Sound of people on steps, Mr. V.D. x R. to entrance and back to
   Mrs. V.D., Mr. F. enter and x to Mr. V.D.
   Miep enters x to U.R. of table puts box on table
   Kraler enters and x U.S. of Miep, Mr. and Mrs. V.D. and Mr. F.
   take bundles into Anne's room
   Miep x to kitchen
   Mr. F. x U.R. to Peter
   Peter stand
   Margot enters and x U.L. of table

3. Mrs. F. on step and x to U.C. of table
   Anne enter and x to U.L. chair and put packages down and x back
   to D.S. of Margot
   Kraler back to doorway of Anne's room

4. Kraler into Mr. F. and Mr. V.D.
   Anne and Margot in to Anne's room
   Peter sit
   Mrs. F. and Mrs. V.D. x U. to kitchen and Miep
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. 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...

ACT I - Scene 2

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

MR. VAN DAAN. 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. They've been picked up....That's what's happened. They've been taken.

MR. FRANK. Mrs. Van Daan, Mr. Van Daan. There were too many of the Green Police on the streets...we had to take the long way around.

MRS. FRANK. Anne?

MR. FRANK. My wife, Edith. Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan...their son, Peter...my daughters, Margot, and Anne.

KRALE. 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.
1. Miep x D.C. then start toward door R.

2. Mr. F. x to Miep
   Miep exits
   Mrs. F. x to L. of table

3. Mr. F. x to Mrs. F.

4. Sound cue, the Westortoren
   Anne runs to window U.C.
   Margot moves to Anne's door
   Kraler x D.R. and shakes Peter's hand, moves U. and shakes Mr. V.D.'s hand
   Mr. F. x R. and shakes Mr. Kraler's hand and escorts him to door
MIEP. 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.

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. Ration books? If they see our names on ration books,
they'll know we're here.

KRALER. There isn't anything....

MIEP. Don't worry. Your names won't be on them. I'll be up later.

MR. FRANK. Thank you, Miep.

MRS. FRANK. 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.

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.

ANNE. It's the Westertoren!

MR. KRALER. I must go. 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. 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. Oh....You'll tell them about the noise?

MR. FRANK. I'll tell them.
1. Kraler exits

2. All start taking off coats and extra sweaters
   
   Mr. V.D. x to platform
   
   Anne x D.R. between living room and kitchen
   
   Mr. F. x U. to kitchen
   
   Margot x to L. of table
   
   Mrs. V.D. x to sofa and put coat down and sit

3. Anne takes off extra panties then D. to chair R. of table and sit
   
   Peter sits D.S. of Mrs. V.D.
   
   Mr. V.D. x to Peter's door
   
   Mrs. F. sit U.L. chair
   
   Margot sit chair L. of table
   
   Mr. F. play in C. above table

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

MR. FRANK. Good-bye, Mr. Kraler.

MRS. FRANK. 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—

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

MR. FRANK. First let's take off some of these clothes.

MR. VAN DAAN. 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. A cat?

MRS. FRANK. Anne, please!

ANNE. It's all right. I've got on three more.

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. 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...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
1. Mr. and Mrs. V.D. x to Mr. F.
2. Mrs. V.D. x back to sofa and pick up coat
   Mr. V.D. x to platform and pick up bundles
3. Mr. F. x to Mr. V.D.
4. Mrs. V.D. start to follow Mr. V.D. but first turns to Peter
5. Mrs. V.D. x U. to Mr. V.D. and they exit up platform and off L.
   Mr. F. x to U.S. of Margot
is the way we must live until it is over, if we are to survive.

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. 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.

MRS. VAN DAAN. MR. VAN DAAN. It's your place. 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.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Never, never can we thank you. 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. May I help you with your things?

MR. VAN DAAN. No. No. Come along, Liefje.

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

PETER. Please, Mother.

MR. FRANK. You too must have some rest, Edith. You didn't close your eyes last night. Nor you Margot.
1. Anne stand and x to Mr. F.

2. Mr. F. takes step C. with Anne then he x's to Anne's room
   Margot x into room L.
   Mrs. F. stand and move to Mr. F. then into room L.

3. Mr. F. x U. to kitchen
   Mrs. F. enter and x to L. of table

4. Anne run to Mr. F.

5. Mr. F. x to Anne's room and enter
   Mrs. F. x into Anne's room
   Anne x D.R. to Peter

6. Anne picks up cat and skips around the table with it

7. Peter x to Anne and takes cat and moves back to sofa
   Anne follows him and sits on R. end of table
ANNE. I slept, Father. Wasn't that funny? I knew it was the last night in my own bed, and yet I slept soundly.

MR. FRANK. I'm glad, Anne. Now you'll be able to help me straighten things in here. Come with me....You and Margot rest in this room for the time being.

MRS. FRANK. You're sure....? I could help, really....And Anne hasn't had her milk....

MR. FRANK. I'll give it to her. Anne, Peter....it's best that you take off your shoes now, before you forget.

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.

ANNE. What's your cat's name?

PETER. Mouschi.

ANNE. Mouschi! Mouschi! Mouschi! 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. He's a tom. He doesn't like strangers.

ANNE. Then I'll have to stop being a stranger, won't I? Is he fixed?

PETER. Huh?

ANNE. Did you have him fixed?

PETER. No.

ANNE. Oh, you ought to have him fixed--to keep him from fighting.
"What is it? A him or a her?"
1. Anne stands
   
   Peter struggles with the Star on jacket
   
   Anne picks up her coat and starts tearing off star
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.

ANNE. Why didn't you ever come over?

PETER. I'm sort of a lone wolf.

ANNE. What are you doing?

PETER. Taking it off.

ANNE. But you can't do that. They'll arrest you if you go out without your star.

PETER. Who's going out?

ANNE. Why, of course! You're right! Of course we don't need them any more. I wonder what our friends will think when we don't show up today?

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

ANNE. 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.

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
1. Peter x up to stove on R. wall of kitchen
   Anne start to follow, then turn back

2. Mr. F. x U. to kitchen and looks for dishpan

3. Mr. F. x to Peter's room
   Peter follow Mr. F.
   Anne sit in chair U.C. of table

4. Peter enters his room and closes the door
   Mr. F. x to chair L. of table and sits to remove shoes
made....Look! It's still there! What're you going to do with yours?

PETER. Burn it.

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

PETER. 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?

PETER. Maybe it's different for a girl.2

MR. FRANK. Forgive me, Peter. Now let me see. We must find a bed for your cat. I'm glad you brought your cat. Anne was feeling so badly about hers. Here we are. Will it be comfortable in that?

PETER. Thanks.3

MR. FRANK. 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. Are you hungry?

PETER. No.

MR. FRANK. We have some bread and butter?

PETER. No, thank you.

MR. FRANK. You can have it for luncheon then. And tonight we will have a real supper....our first supper together.

PETER. Thanks.4

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. I certainly hope so, since he's the only boy I'm likely to see
1. *Mr. F.* stands and starts for kitchen—stops and opens

2. *Mr. F.* x up to kitchen and pour Anne's milk

Anne x to small table L. and back U.C. of table

3. *Mr. F.* x to L. of table and sits

4. Anne searches for pencil then starts out door R.

5. *Mr. F.* stands and x's to Anne and leads her back to chair L.

of table—*Mr. F.* sits in chair U.C. of table
for months and months.

MR. FRANK. Anne, there's a box there. Will you open it?

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--Father! Father! My movie stars! I was wondering where they were!...and Queen Wilhelmina! How wonderful!

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

ANNE. A diary! I've never had a diary. And I've always longed for one. Pencil, pencil, pencil, pencil. I'm going down to the office to get a pencil.

MR. FRANK. Anne! No!

ANNE. 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. 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.

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. 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
1. Peter opens door and stands in doorway of his room

2. Peter x U. to kitchen

   Sound cue, the Westertoren

   Mr. F. stops Peter and sends him back to his room

   Mr. V.D. appears in doorway L. on platform

   Mr. F. motions him to keep quiet

   Peter x D.R. to his room

   Anne x to Peter and pours some of her milk into the cat's saucer

   and sits in chair R. of table

   Peter moves into his room

   Blackout

   Curtain down

3. Curtain up

   Lights up
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...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!

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

MR. FRANK: Of course.

ANNE'S VOICE: I expect I should be describing what it feels like to go into hiding. But I really don't know yet myself. 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. 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....Friday, the twenty-first of August, nineteen-forty-two. Today I'm going to tell you our general news. Mother is unbearable! She insists on treating me like a baby, which I loathe. Otherwise things are going better. The weather is.
"I tell you, Anne, this will be a fine life for you."
Discovered

Mr. F. at window U.C.

Mrs. V.D. on sofa

Anne on chair R. of table

Peter on chair L. of table

Mrs. F. on chair D.L.

Margot in Anne's bedroom

1. Mrs. V.D. stand and x to W.C.

Mrs. F. x U. to kitchen

Mr. F. x to Anne's bedroom

2. Peter stand

Anne stand

3. Peter chases around table—he runs downstage Anne runs upstage he catches her and pulls her down in D.L. corner of the room

Mrs. F. moves to them

4. Peter stands and x to his room

Anne follows him

5. Anne x back and sits at chair R. of table

Mrs. F. x down to Anne
ACT I - Scene 3

MR. FRANK. It's safe now. The last workman has left.

ANNE. Whee!

MRS. FRANK. Anne!'

MRS. VAN DAAN. I'm first for the W.C.

MR. FRANK. Six o'clock. School's over.

PETER. Have you seen my shoes?

ANNE. Your shoes?

PETER. You've taken them, haven't you? 2

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

PETER. You're going to be sorry! 3

ANNE. Am I?

MRS. FRANK. Anne, dear!

PETER. Wait till I get you!

ANNE. I'm waiting! Don't! Don't! Peter, stop it. Ouch!

MRS. FRANK. Anne!...Peter!

ANNE. Peter, where are you going? Come dance with me.

PETER. I tell you I don't know how.

ANNE. I'll teach you.

PETER. I'm going to give Mouschi his dinner.

ANNE. Can I watch?

PETER. He doesn't like people around while he eats.

ANNE. Peter, please.

PETER. No! 5

MRS. FRANK. Anne dear, I think you shouldn't play like that with Peter.
1. Mr. F. enters from Anne's room and sits chair L. of table

2. Margot enters from Anne's room and starts for kitchen
   Anne stands and x's to Margot and dances with her for 3 counts

3. Margot moves up to kitchen

4. Anne starts to dance by herself
   Mr. F. stand and x to Anne and dance with her to D.L. corner
   Mrs. V.D. enter from W.C. and x back to sofa.

5. Anne skip to Peter's door and knock

6. Peter moves to door and opens it
It's not dignified.

ANNE. Who cares if it's dignified? I don't want to be dignified.

MRS. FRANK. You complain that I don't treat you like a grownup. But when I do, you resent it.

ANNE. I only want some fun...someone to laugh and clown with.... After you've sat still all day and hardly moved, you've got to have some fun. I don't know what's the matter with that boy.

MR. FRANK. He isn't used to girls. Give him a little time.

ANNE. Time? Isn't two months time? I could cry. Come on, Margot.... dance with me. Come on, please.

MARGOT. I have to help with supper.

ANNE. You know we're going to forget how to dance....When we get out we won't remember a thing. "Ta-dum, Ta-dum, Dum-dum."

MRS. VAN DAAN. Next? Where's Peter?

ANNE. Where would he be!

MRS. VAN DAAN. He hasn't finished his lessons, has he? His father'll kill him if he catches him in there with that cat and his work not done. Anne, get him out of there, will you?

ANNE. "Ta-dum, Ta-dum, Ta-dum, Knock-Knock." Peter? Peter?

PETER. What is it?

ANNE. Your mother says to come out.

PETER. I'm giving Mouschi his dinner.

MRS. VAN DAAN. You know what your father says.

PETER. For heaven's sake, I haven't even looked at him since lunch.

MRS. VAN DAAN. I'm just telling you, that's all.
1. Anne enters Peter's room

   Peter enters living room and sits chair R. of table

2. Mrs. F. x down above C. of table

3. Sound cue -- car coming to a stop and starting up again

   Anne enters from Peter's room dressed in his clothes and x's
   D.S. around table and up C. of table

4. Anne step up with one foot on table and one foot on U.C. chair

5. Peter stand and step back

6. Anne jumps to floor U.S. of Peter

7. Peter x below the table C.
ANNE. I'll feed him.

PETER. I don't want you in there

MRS. VAN DAAN. Peter!

PETER. Then give him his dinner and come right out, you hear?

MRS. VAN DAAN. Now is that any way to talk to your little girl friend?

PETER. Mother...for heaven's sake...will you please stop saying that?

MRS. VAN DAAN. Look at him blush! Look at him!

PETER. Please! I'm not...anyway...let me alone, will you?

MRS. VAN DAAN. He acts like it was something to be ashamed of. It's nothing to be ashamed of, to have a little girl friend.

PETER. You're crazy. She's only thirteen.

MRS. VAN DAAN. So what? And you're sixteen. Just perfect. Your father's ten years older than I am. I warn you, Mr. Frank, if this war lasts much longer, you and I are going to be related.

MR. FRANK. Mazeltov! 2

MRS. FRANK. I wonder where Miep is? She's usually so prompt. 3

ANNE. Good evening, everyone. Forgive me if I don't stay. I have a friend waiting for me in there. My friend Tom, Tom Cat. Some people say that we look alike. But Tom has the most beautiful whiskers.... and I have only a little fuzz. I am hoping...in time.... 5

PETER. All right, Mrs. Quack Quack! 6

ANNE. Peter! 7

PETER. I heard about you....How you talked so much in class they called
1. Anne x to Peter
   Peter step back away from her

2. Peter x D.L. three steps
   Anne start throwing his clothes at him
   Mrs. V.D. stand and x U. to kitchen

3. Anne turn and sit chair R. of table
   Peter pick up clothes and x to his room

4. Anne trips Peter
   He stands and moves into his room and closes the door
   Mrs. F. x D. to Anne

5. Anne stands and x's to D.S. end of sofa and sits

6. Mrs. F. follows her and sits beside her U. of Anne

7. Mrs. V.D. x D. above table R.
   Mrs. F. x U. to kitchen

8. Anne x L. to corner then U. to Mr. F.
   Mrs. V.D. x to sofa and sit C.
you Mrs. Quack Quack. How Mr. Smitter made you write a composition....

"Quack, quack," said Mrs. Quack Quack."

ANNE. Well, go on. Tell them the rest. How it was so good he read it
out loud to the class and then read it to all his other classes!²

PETER. Quack! Quack! Quack....Quack....Quack....

ANNE. You are the most intolerable, insufferable boy I've ever met!

MRS. VAN DAAN. That's right, Anneke! Give it to him!

ANNE. With all the boys in the world....Why I had to get locked up
with one like you!³

PETER. Quack, quack, quack, and from now on stay out of my room!⁴

MRS. FRANK. Anne, dear....your hair. You're warm. Are you feeling
all right?⁵

ANNE. Please, Mother.⁶

MRS. FRANK. Anneke, dear, don't do that. You know we can't call a
doctor here, ever. There's only one thing to do....watch carefully.
Prevent an illness before it comes. Let me see your tongue.

ANNE. Mother, this is perfectly absurd.

MRS. FRANK. Anne dear, don't be such a baby. Let me see your tongue.

Otto....?

MR. FRANK. You hear your mother, Anne.

MRS. FRANK. Come on--open up! You seem all right....but perhaps an
aspirin,...⁷

MRS. VAN DAAN. For Heaven's sake don't give that child any pills. I
waited for fifteen minutes this morning for her to come out of the W.C.

ANNE. I was washing my hair!⁸
"Let me see your tongue."
1. Mr. V.D. enters from door L. in kitchen
2. Mr. V.D. x D.S. through kitchen into main room U.C.
3. Mr. V.D. starts to pace around table—Anne follows him
4. Peter enters from his room and sits chair R. of table
   Mr. V.D. continues pacing in area above table between Anne's and Peter's respective rooms
5. Anne x and sit in chair U.C. of table
6. Margot x D. from kitchen between Anne and Mr. P.
7. Anne stands and Margot sits
   Anne x to R. behind Peter
MR. FRANK. I think there's nothing the matter with out Anne that a ride on her bike, or a visit with Jopie de Waal wouldn't cure. Isn't that so, Anne?

MR. VAN DAAN. Miep not come yet?

MRS. VAN DAAN. The workmen just left, a little while ago.

MR. VAN DAAN. What's for dinner tonight?

MRS. VAN DAAN. Beans.

MR. VAN DAAN. Not again!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Poor Putti! I know. But what can we do. That's all Miep brought us.

ANNE. We are now in what is known as the "bean cycle." Beans boiled, beans en casserole, beans with strings, beans without strings....

MR. VAN DAAN. I saw you...in there, playing with your cat.

MRS. VAN DAAN. He just went in for a second, putting his coat away. He's been out here all the time, doing his lessons.

MR. FRANK. Anne, you got an excellent in your history paper today.... and very good in Latin.

ANNE. How about algebra?

MR. FRANK. I'll have to make a confession. Up until now I've managed to stay ahead of you in algebra. Today you caught up with me. We'll leave it to Margot to correct.

ANNE. Isn't algebra vile, Pim!

MR. FRANK. Vile!

MARGOT. How did I do?

ANNE. Excellent, excellent, excellent, excellent!
"I saw you...in there, playing with that cat."
1. Mrs. F. steps D. to between kitchen and main room

2. Mrs. V.D. stands and helps Anne put on coat

3. Mrs. V.D. x D.L. of Mr. F.

4. Mrs. V.D. x back to Anne
MR. FRANK. You should have used the subjunctive here....

MARGOT. Should I?....I thought....look here....I didn't use it here....

ANNE. Mrs. Van Daan, may I try on your coat? 1

MRS. FRANK. No, Anne.

MRS. VAN DAAN. It's all right....but careful with it. 2 My father gave me that the year before he died. He always bought the best that money could buy.

ANNE. Mrs. Van Daan, did you have a lot of boy friends before you were married?

MRS. FRANK. Anne, that's a personal question. It's not courteous to ask personal questions.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Oh, I don't mind. Our house was always swarming with boys. When I was a girl we had....

MR. VAN DAAN. Oh, God. Not again!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Shut up! 3 One summer we had a big house in Hilversum. The boys came buzzing around like bees around a jam pot. And when I was sixteen!....we were wearing our skirts very short those days and I had good looking legs. I still have 'em. I may not be as pretty as I used to be, but I still have my legs. How about it, Mr. Frank?

MR. VAN DAAN. All right. All right. We see them.

MRS. VAN DAAN. I'm not asking you. I'm asking Mr. Frank.

PETER. Mother, for heaven's sake.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Oh, I embarrass you, do I? 4 Well, I just hope the girl you marry has as good. My father used to worry about me, with so many boys hanging round. He told me, if any of them gets fresh, you say to him...."Remember, Mr. So-and-So, remember I'm a lady."
1. Anne x C. and lie down on the floor listening for something downstairs

   Mr. V.D. x D.R. to Mrs. V.D.

2. Mrs. V.D. x L. and sit in chair D.L.

   Mr. V.D. follow her pacing

   Mrs. F. move D. to table with table cloth

3. Peter stand and sit on sofa

4. Mr. V.D. pace U.S.

   Mr. F. stand

5. Mrs. V.D. stand and x to Mr. F. and kiss him.

   Mrs. V.D. ushers Mr. F. to sofa and they sit D.S. of Peter

6. Mr. F. and Peter stand

   Peter goes into his room

   Mrs. F. x to Mr. F. as he follows Peter

   Mr. V.D. starts pacing D.S.L. and the x's R.

7. Mr. V.D. steps over Anne
ANNE. "Remember, Mr. So-and-So, remember I'm a lady." ¹

MR. VAN DAAN. Look at you, talking that way in front of her! Don't you know she puts it all down in that diary?²

MRS. VAN DAAN. So if she does? I'm only telling the truth!

MRS. FRANK. Would you mind, Peter, if I moved you over to the couch?³

ANNE. Miep must have the radio on.

MR. VAN DAAN. Haven't you finished yet?

PETER. No.

MR. VAN DAAN. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

PETER. All right. All right. I'm a dunce. I'm a hopeless case.

Why do I go on?

MRS. VAN DAAN. You're not hopeless. Don't talk that way. It's just that you haven't anyone to help you, like the girls have. Maybe you could help him, Mr. Frank?

MR. FRANK. I'm sure that his father....

MR. VAN DAAN. Not me. I can't do anything with him. He won't listen to me. You go ahead....if you want.⁴

MR. FRANK. What about it, Peter? Shall we make our school co-educational?

MRS. VAN DAAN. You're an angel, Mr. Frank! An angel! I don't know why I didn't meet you before I met that one there. Here, sit down, Mr. Frank. Now, Peter, you listen to Mr. Frank.

MR. FRANK. It might be better for us to go into Peter's room.⁶

MRS. VAN DAAN. That's right. You go in there, Peter. You listen to Mr. Frank. Mr. Frank is a highly educated man.

ANNE. Shh! I can hear a man's voice talking.⁷
1. Mr. V.D. stops and walks back L. stepping over Anne

2. Mr. V.D. turns to Mrs. V.D.

3. Anne stands and starts for Mr. V.D.
   Mrs. F. x D.C. and sit in chair U.C. of table

4. Anne x L. to small table takes knitting to Mrs. F.
   Margot x into Anne's room

5. Anne x R. to chair R. of table and lean on it
MR. VAN DAAN. Isn't it bad enough here without your sprawling all over the place?

MRS. VAN DAAN. If you didn't smoke so much, you wouldn't be so bad tempered.

MR. VAN DAAN. Am I smoking? Do you see me smoking?

MRS. VAN DAAN. Don't tell me you've used up all those cigarettes.

MR. VAN DAAN. One package! Miep only brought me one package!

MRS. VAN DAAN. It's a filthy habit anyway. It's a good time to break yourself.

MR. VAN DAAN. Oh, stop it, please!

MRS. VAN DAAN. You're smoking up all our money. You know that, don't you?

MR. VAN DAAN. Will you shut up? And what are you staring at?

ANNE. I never heard grownups quarrel before. I thought only children quarreled.

MR. VAN DAAN. This isn't a quarrel! It's a discussion. And I never heard children so rude before.

ANNE. I, rude!

MRS. FRANK. Anne, will you bring me my knitting? I must remember, when Miep comes, to ask her to bring me some more wool.

MARGOT. I need some hair pins and some soap. I made a list.

MRS. FRANK. Have you some library books for Miep when she comes?

ANNE. It's a wonder that Miep has a life of her own the way we make her run errands for us. Please, Miep, get me some starch. Please take my hair out and have it cut. Tell me all the latest news, Miep. Did
1. Anne starts U.L. for Mr. V.D.
   Mrs. F. stands and interrupts Anne
   Anne and Mrs. F. x into kitchen
2. Mr. V.D. roams about the main room looking for his pipe
3. Mr. V.D. goes to Anne's room
4. Anne picks up Mr. V.D.'s pipe from shelf on R. wall in kitchen
   Anne x D. into U.R. of main room
   Margot x U. to kitchen
5. Mr. V.D. x to Anne
6. Anne X D.S. then x L. to D.L. of main room
   Mr. V.D. x L. then D.S. to intercept Anne
you know she was engaged? His name is Dirk and Miep's afraid the Nazis will ship him off to Germany to work in one of their war plants. That's what they're doing with some of the young Dutchmen...they pick them up off the streets--

MR. VAN DAAN. Don't you ever get tired of talking? Suppose you try keeping still for five minutes. Just five minutes.

MRS. FRANK. Come here, Anne. Finish your glass of milk.

MR. VAN DAAN. Talk, talk, talk. I never heard such a child. Where is my...Every evening it's the same, talk, talk, talk. Where the....?

MRS. VAN DAAN. What're you looking for?

MR. VAN DAAN. My pipe. Have you seen my pipe?

MRS. VAN DAAN. What good's a pipe? You haven't got any tobacco.

MR. VAN DAAN. At least I'll have something to hold in my mouth! Mar-got, have you seen my pipe?

MARGOT. It was on the table last night.

MR. VAN DAAN. I know. I know. Anne, did you see my pipe? Anne!

MRS. FRANK. Anne, dear, Mr. Van Daan is speaking to you.

ANNE. Am I allowed to talk now?

MR. VAN DAAN. You're the most aggravating....The trouble with you is, you've been spoiled. What you need is a good old-fashioned spanking.

ANNE. "Remember, Mr. So-and-So, remember I'm a lady."

MR. VAN DAAN. Why aren't you nice and quiet like your sister Margot? Why do you have to show off all the time? Let me give you a little advice, young lady. Men don't like that kind of thing in a girl. You know that? A man likes a girl who'll listen to him once in a while....
"What you need is a good old-fashioned spanking."
1. Anne x C.

2. Anne spins R. as if dancing and spills milk on Mrs. V.D.
   Mrs. V.D. struggles to stand
   Anne drops on her knees to help clean up milk
   Margot takes cloth D. to help wipe off the milk

3. Mrs. V.D. stands and pulls coat away from Margot and Anne
   Margot reaches again to help wipe off the coat
   Mrs. V.D. slaps Margot's hand away and turns
   Mrs. V.D. x's U.L. and walks up on the platform
   Margot stands angrily

4. Mrs. V.D. exits door L. in kitchen
   Mr. V.D. x U. and out L. door
   Margot x U. to kitchen
   Mrs. F. x D. to Anne
a domestic girl, who'll keep her house shining for her husband....who loves to cook and sew and....

ANNE. I'd cut my throat first! I'd open my veins! I'm going to be remarkable! I'm going to Paris....

MR. VAN DAAN. Paris....!

ANNE....to study music and art.

MR. VAN DAAN. Yeah....yeah....

ANNE. I'm going to be a famous dancer or singer....or something wonderful.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Now look what you've done!....you clumsy little fool!

My beautiful fur coat my father gave me!

ANNE. I'm so sorry.

MRS. VAN DAAN. What do you care? It isn't yours....So go on, ruin it!

Do you know what that coat cost? Do you? And now look at it! Look at it!

ANNE. I'm very, very sorry.

MRS. VAN DAAN. I could kill you for this. I could just kill you!

MR. VAN DAAN. Petronella....liefje!....Come back....the supper....come back!

MRS. FRANK. Anne, you mustn't behave in that way.

ANNE. It was an accident. Anyone can have an accident.

MRS. FRANK. I don't mean that. I mean the answering back. You must not answer back. They are our guests. We must always show the greatest courtesy to them. We're all living under terrible tension. That's
1. Anne stand and x L.
2. Anne x U.R. to D.L. end of table
3. Margot x D. into main room
4. Anne run into her room
5. Mrs. F. start for kitchen then stop
   Margot x to kitchen
6. Mrs. F. x R. of table
   Margot x D. to U.L. of table
why we must control ourselves....You don't hear Margot getting into arguments with them, do you? Watch Margot. She's always courteous with them. Never familiar. She keeps her distance. And they respect her for it. Try to be like Margot.

ANNE. And have them walk all over me, the way they do her? No, thanks!

MRS. FRANK. I'm not afraid that anyone is going to walk all over you, Anne. I'm afraid for other people, that you'll walk on them. I don't know what happens to you, Anne. You are wild, self-willed. If I had ever talked to my mother as you talk to me....

ANNE. Things have changed. People aren't like that any more. "Yes, Mother." "No, Mother." "Anything you say, Mother." I've got to fight things out for myself! Make something of myself!

MRS. FRANK. It isn't necessary to fight to do it. Margot doesn't fight, and isn't she....?

ANNE. Margot! Margot! Margot! Margot! That's all I hear from everyone....how wonderful Margot is...."Why aren't you like Margot?"

MARGOT. Oh, come on, Anne, don't be so....

ANNE. Everything she does is right, and everything I do is wrong!

I'm the goat around here!....You're all against me....and you worst of all!

MRS. FRANK. Let's put the soup on the stove....if there's anyone who cares to eat. Margot, will you take the bread out? I don't know how we can go on living this way....I can't say a word to Anne....she flies at me....
1. Sound cue--buzzer

2. Mrs. F. U. to kitchen
   Margot x to Peter's room

3. Mr. F. leaves Peter's room then exits through door R.
   Margot x to Anne's room

4. Mr. V.D. enters from door L. in kitchen

5. Margot enters main room and x D.S. between small table and
   chair L. of table

6. Mr. V.D. down stairs to L. of Mrs. F. in kitchen

7. Mr. Kraler enters door R. and steps on step
   Mrs. F. steps D. between main room and kitchen

8. Mr. V.D. x to Mr. Kraler
   Anne enter and stand at her door
   Peter enter and stand at his door
   Mrs. F. counters and x to chair U.C. of table and pulls it out
   for Mr. Kraler

9. Mr. Kraler x to Mrs. F. and sits in chair
MARGOT. You know Anne. In half an hour she'll be out here, laughing and joking.

MRS. FRANK. And...I told your father it wouldn't work....but no.... no....he had to ask them, he said....he owed it to him, he said. Well, he knows now that I was right! These quarrels....this bickering....

MARGOT. Shush. Shush.

MRS. FRANK. Every time I hear that sound my heart stops!  

MARGOT. It's Miep. Father?  

MR. FRANK. Thank you, Margot. Has everyone his list?  

MARGOT. I'll get my books. Here's your list. Miep's here.  

MR. VAN DAAN. Is it Miep?  

MARGOT. Yes. Father's gone down to let her in.  

MR. VAN DAAN. At last I'll have some cigarettes!  

MRS. FRANK. I can't tell you how unhappy I am about Mrs. Van Daan's coat. Anne should never have touched it.  

MR. VAN DAAN. She'll be all right.  

MRS. FRANK. Is there anything I can do?  

MR. VAN DAAN. Don't worry.  

MRS. FRANK. Mr. Kraler!  

MR. VAN DAAN. How are you, Mr. Kraler?  

MARGOT. This is a surprise.  

MRS. FRANK. When Mr. Kraler comes the sun begins to shine.  

MR. VAN DAAN. Miep is coming?  

MR. KRALER. Not tonight.
1. Mr. F. enters and x to R. of Kraler
2. Mrs. F. sits in chair L. of table
3. Margot and Anne x to L. of Mr. Kraler and take cabbages from him
   Margot and Anne x U.C. to kitchen then back to platform
4. Mr. Kraler stand
5. Mr. Kraler exit door R.
   Mr. V.D. counter
   Mr. F. x U. to Mr. V.D.
MRS. FRANK. Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?....or, better still, will you have supper with us?

MR. KRALER. No, thank you.

MR. FRANK. Mr. Kraler has something to talk over with us. Something has happened, he says, which demands an immediate decision.

MRS. FRANK. What is it?

MR. KRALER. Usually, when I come up here, I try to bring you some bit of good news. What's the use of telling you the bad news when there's nothing that you can do about it? But today something has happened.... Dirk....Miep's Dirk, you know, came to me just now. He tells me that he has a Jewish friend living near him. A dentist. He says he's in trouble. He begged me, could I do anything for this man—could I find him a hiding place?....So I've come to you....I know it's a terrible thing to ask of you, living as you are, but would you take him in with you?

MR. FRANK. Of course we will.

MR. KRALER. It'll be just for a night or two....until I find some other place. This happened so suddenly that I didn't know where to turn.

MR. FRANK. Where is he?

MR. KRALER. Downstairs in the office.

MR. FRANK. Good. Bring him up.

MR. KRALER. His name is Dussel....Jan Dussel.

MR. FRANK. Dussel....I think I know him.

MR. KRALER. I'll get him.
1. Mr. V.D. x D.R. to sofa
2. Mr. V.D. sits
3. Mr. F. x to Peter
4. Anne step D.C. a step
5. Margot x to Anne
6. Anne x to Mr. F.
7. Mrs. F. stand and x to between Anne and Margot
MR. FRANK. Forgive me. I spoke without consulting you. But I knew you'd feel as I do.

MR. VAN DAAN. There's no reason for you to consult anyone. This is your place. You have a right to do exactly as you please. The only thing I feel....there's so little food as it is....and to take in another person....

MR. FRANK. We can stretch the food a little. It's only for a few days.

MR. VAN DAAN. You want to make a bet?

MRS. FRANK. I think it's fine to have him. But, Otto, where are you going to put him? Where?

PETER. He can have my bed. I can sleep on the floor. I wouldn't mind.

MR. FRANK. That's good of you, Peter. But your room's too small, even for you.

ANNE. I have a much better idea. I'll come in here with you and Mother, and Margot can take Peter's room and Peter can go in our room with Mr. Dussel.

MARGOT. That's right. We could do that.

MR. FRANK. No, Margot. You mustn't sleep in that room....neither you nor Anne. Mouschi has caught some rats in there. Peter's brave. He doesn't mind.

ANNE. Then how about this? I'll come in here with you and Mother and Mr. Dussel can have my bed.

MRS. FRANK. No! No! Margot will come in here with us and he can have her bed. It's the only way. Margot, bring your things in here. Help her,
1. Anne x to Mrs. F.

2. Mr. F. x to Anne

3. Anne x to her bedroom
   Peter x U.S. to Anne's room

4. Mr. F. x U. to kitchen and back down
   Margot gives Peter a bundle of clothes to take out of Anne's room

5. Mr. F. gives bottle to Mrs. F. and takes clothes from Peter

6. Peter x U. to kitchen and back to L. of table
   Mr. F. take clothes to U.S. end of sofa
   Mrs. F. to U.C. of table
   Mrs. V.D. enter door R. in kitchen

7. Mrs. V.D. down steps and x to sofa and sit D.S. of Mr. V.D.
   Margot enters from Anne's room and steps D.S. two steps
   Mr. F. x U.C. three steps

8. Mr. Duss. enters door R. and steps off step
   Mr. F. x to Mr. Duss.
   Mr. Kraler enters behind Mr. Duss. and hold on step

9. Mr. F. take Mr. Duss. bag and steps to Peter
   Peter takes bag into Anne's room
   Mr. Duss. x to Mrs. F.
   Mr. F. x between Mr. Duss. and sofa
   Mr. Duss. x to sofa and then x D.S. to L. of table
ANNE. Why Margot? Why can't I come in here?

MRS. FRANK. Because it wouldn't be proper for Margot to sleep with a...

Please, Anne. Don't argue. Please.

MR. FRANK. You don't mind sharing your room with Mr. Dussel, do you, Anne?

ANNE. No. No, of course not.

MR. FRANK. Good. Where's the cognac?

MRS. FRANK. It's there. But, Otto, I was saving it in case of illness.

MR. FRANK. I think we couldn't find a better time to use it. Peter, will you get five glasses for me?

MRS. VAN DAAN. What's happening? What's going on?

MR. VAN DAAN. Someone's moving in with us.

MRS. VAN DAAN. In here? You're joking.

MARGOT. It's only for a night or two...until Mr. Kraler finds him another place.

MR. VAN DAAN. Yeah! Yeah!

MR. FRANK. Come in, Mr. Dussel.

MR. KRALER. This is Mr. Frank.

MR. DUSSEL. Mr. Otto Frank?

MR. FRANK. Yes. Let me take your things. This is my wife Edith...and Mrs. Van Daan, and Mr. Van Daan...their son, Peter...and my daughters, Margot and Anne.

MR. KRALER. Thank you, Mr. Frank. Thank you all. Mr. Dussel, I leave
1. Mr. Kraler x to U.C. of table
   Mr. Duss. x U. to Mr. Kraler

2. Mrs. F. x R. to sofa with cognac for V.Ds.

3. Mr. F. steps D. to R. of Mr. Kraler

4. Mr. Kraler x R. to door Peter start to x R.

5. Mr. F. stop Peter C.S.
   Peter moves back to platform
   Mr. F. x R. to Mr. Kraler

6. Mr. Kraler and Mr. F. exit door R.

7. Mr. Duss. sit chair L. of table
   Margot sit in chair D.L.
   Anne sit on floor between Margot and Mr. Duss.
   Mrs. F. sit chair U.C. of table
you in good hands. Oh... Dirk's coat.

MR. DUSSEL. What can I say to thank you....?

MRS. FRANK. Mr. Kraler and Miep....They're our life line. Without them we couldn't live.

MR. KRALER. Please. Please. You make us seem very heroic. It isn't that at all. We simply don't like the Nazis. We don't like their methods. We don't like anything about them.

MR. FRANK. I know. I know. "No one's going to tell us Dutchmen what to do with our damn Jews!"

MR. KRALER. Pay no attention to Mr. Frank. I'll be up tomorrow to see that they're treating you right. Don't trouble to come down again.

Peter will bolt the door after me, won't you, Peter?

PETER. Yes, sir.

MR. FRANK. Thank you, Peter. I'll do it.

MR. KRALER. Good night. Good night.

GROUP. Good night, Mr. Kraler. We'll see you tomorrow, etc., etc.

MRS. FRANK. Please, Mr. Dussel, sit down.

MR. DUSSEL. I'm dreaming. I know it. I can't believe my eyes. Mr. Otto Frank here! You're not in Switzerland then? A woman told me.... She said she'd gone to your house....the door was open, everything was in disorder, dishes in the sink. She said she found a piece of paper in the waste basket with an address scribbled on it....an address in Zurich. She said you must have escaped to Zurich.

ANNE. Father put that there purposely....just so people would think that
1. Mr. F. enter and x to U.R. of table
   Anne run to him

2. All stand

3. Mrs. V.D., Mrs. F., Margot, and Peter sit
   Mr. V.D. x to R. of table
   Mr. F. x to sofa

4. Mr. V.D. resume pacing U.S. of table
very thing!

MR. DUSSEL. And you've been here all this time?

MRS. FRANK. All this time...ever since July.

ANNE. It worked, Pim....the address you left! Mr. Dussel says that people believe we escaped to Switzerland.

MR. FRANK. I'm glad....Let's have a little drink to welcome Mr. Dussel.

To Mr. Dussel. Welcome. We're very honored to have you with us.

MRS. FRANK. To Mr. Dussel, welcome.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Um. That was good.

MR. VAN DAAN. Did Mr. Kraler warn you that you won't get much to eat here? You can imagine....three ration books among the seven of us....and now you make eight.

MR. DUSSEL. Mr. Van Daan, you don't realize what is happening outside that you should warn me of a thing like that. You don't realize what's going on....Right here in Amsterdam every day hundreds of Jews disappear....They surround a block and search house by house. Children come back from school to find their parents gone. Hundreds are being deported....people that you and I know....the Hallensteins....the Wessels....

MRS. FRANK. Oh, no. No!

MR. DUSSEL. They get their call-up notice....come to the Jewish theatre on such and such a day and hour....bring only what you can carry in a rucksack. And if you refuse the call-up notice, then they come and drag you from your home and ship you off to Mauthausen. The death camp!

MRS. FRANK. We didn't know that things had got so much worse.
1. Anne x between Mr. Duss. and Mrs. F.
2. Anne run D.L. to Margot and sit at her feet
3. Mr. F. x to Mrs. F.
4. Anne stand
5. Mr. Duss. stand and x D.S. of the table to sofa R.
   Mr. Duss. then x U.L. to Mr. and Mrs. F.
6. Anne x U. to her room and hold door for Mr. Duss.
   Mr. Duss. x to Anne's room and enter
   Anne follow Mr. Duss. into room
7. Margot and Mrs. F. go to kitchen
   Peter x to his room
   Mrs. V.D. x through kitchen and exit door R. in kitchen
   Mr. F. sit chair R. of table
MR. DUSSEL. Forgive me for speaking so.

ANNE. Do you know the DeWalls? Do you know what has become of them? Their daughter Jopie and I were in the same class. Jopie's my best friend.

MR. DUSSEL. They are gone.

ANNE. Gone?

MR. DUSSEL. With all the others.

ANNE. Oh, no. Not Jopie!

MRS. VAN DAAN. There were some people called Wagner. They lived near us....?

MR. FRANK. I think we should put this off until later. We all have many questions we want to ask....But I'm sure that Mr. Dussel would like to get settled before supper.

MR. DUSSEL. Thank you. I would. I brought very little with me.

MR. FRANK. I'm sorry we can't give you a room alone. But I hope you won't be too uncomfortable. We've had to make strict rules here....a schedule of hours....We'll tell you after supper. Anne, would you like to take Mr. Dussel to his room?

ANNE. If you'll come with me, Mr. Dussel?

MR. DUSSEL. Forgive me if I haven't really expressed my gratitude to all of you. This has been such a shock to me. I'd always thought of myself as Dutch. I was born in Holland. My father was born in Holland, and now....after all these years....If you'll excuse me.

ANNE. Well, here we are.
1. Mr. V.D. sit on sofa

2. In this short scene between Anne and Mr. Duss, they unpack his bag and put his clothes and medicine away.

3. Mr. Duss goes to dresser for his pills

4. Anne points to her bed against the L. wall and to Mr. Duss's bed on the R.

Mr. Duss, in the next few lines tests the beds for comfort and selects Anne's bed for himself.
MARGOT. The news sounds pretty bad, doesn't it? It's so different from what Mr. Kraler tells us. Mr. Kraler says things are improving.

MR. VAN DAAN. I like it better the way Kraler tells it.

ANNE. You're going to share the room with me.

MR. DUSSEL. I'm a man who's always lived alone. I haven't had to adjust myself to others. I hope you'll bear with me until I learn.

ANNE. Let me help you. Do you always live all alone? Have you no family at all?

MR. DUSSEL. No one.

ANNE. How dreadful. You must be terribly lonely.

MR. DUSSEL. I'm used to it.

ANNE. I don't think I could ever get used to it. Didn't you even have a pet? A cat, or a dog?

MR. DUSSEL. I have an allergy for fur-bearing animals. They give me asthma.

ANNE. Oh, dear. Peter has a cat.

MR. DUSSEL. Here? He has it here?

ANNE. Yes. But we hardly ever see it. He keeps it in his room all the time. I'm sure it will be all right.

MR. DUSSEL. Let us hope so.

ANNE. That's Margot's bed, where you're going to sleep. I sleep on the sofa there. We cleared these off for your things. The best part about this room...you can look down and see a bit of the street and the canal...There's a houseboat...you can see the end of it...a bargeman
1. Mr. Duss lies down on the sofa L. (Anne's bed)
lives there with his family....They have a baby and he's just beginning to walk and I'm so afraid he's going to fall into the canal some day. I watch him....

MR. DUSSEL. Your father spoke of a schedule.

ANNE. Oh, yes. It's mostly about the times we have to be quiet. And times for the W.C. You can use it now if you like.

MR. DUSSEL. No, thank you.

ANNE. I suppose you think it's awful, my talking about a thing like that. But you don't know how important it can get to be....especially when you're frightened. About this room, the way Margot and I did....she had it to herself in the afternoons for studying, reading....lessons, you know....and I took the mornings. Would that be all right with you?

MR. DUSSEL. I'm not at my best in the morning.

ANNE. You stay here in the morning then. I'll take the room in the afternoon.

MR. DUSSEL. Tell me, when you're in here, what happens to me? Where am I spending my time? In there, with all the people?

ANNE. Yes.

MR. DUSSEL. I see. I see.

ANNE. We have supper at half past six.

MR. DUSSEL. Then, if you don't mind....I like to lie down quietly for ten minutes before eating. I find it helps the digestion.

ANNE. Of course. I hope I'm not going to be too much of a bother to you. I seem to be able to get everyone's back up.
1. Anne starts to exit, stops and x's to U.R. of Mr. Duss. and taps him on the shoulder
   Mr. Duss. sit up suddenly
   Anne shakes his hand

2. Anne exits
   Blackout
   Curtain down
   Curtain up - set rearrangement #1
   lights up, night
   Sound cue--street noises
   Peter asleep on his bed
   Mr. F. asleep R. on hide-a-bed
   Mrs. F. asleep L. on hide-a-bed
   Margot asleep on cot C.S.
   Anne asleep on her bed
   Mr. Duss. asleep on sofa

3. Mr. V.D. strikes match off stage L. of kitchen then enters and sneaks down below sink and takes food and exits L.
   Ten counts and Anne sits up in bed screaming

4. Mr. Duss. sit up in bed
   Rest of people stir in bed

5. Mrs. F. sit up

6. Mr. Duss. x to Anne and shake her
   Mrs. F. x to Anne's room
   Mr. F. sit up

7. Mrs. F. sit on bed beside Anne
MR. DUSSEL. I get along very well with children. My patients all bring their children to me, because they know I get on well with them. So don't you worry about that.

ANNE. Thank you. Thank you, Mr. Dussel.

ANNE'S VOICE....and yesterday I finished Cissy Van Marxvelt's latest book. I think she is a first-class writer. I shall definitely let my children read her. Monday the twenty-first of September, nineteen forty-two. Mr. Dussel and I had another battle yesterday. Yes, Mr. Dussel! According to him, nothing, I repeat....nothing is right about me....my appearance, my character, my manners. While he was going on at me I thought....sometime I'll give you such a smack that you'll fly right up to the ceiling! Why is it that every grownup thinks he knows the way to bring up children? Particularly the grownups that never had any. I keep wishing Peter was a girl instead of a boy. Then I would have someone to talk to. Margot's a darling, but she takes everything too seriously. To pause for a moment on the subject of Mrs. Van Daan. I must tell you that her attempts to flirt with Father are getting her nowhere. Pim, thank goodness, won't play.

ACT I - Scene 43

ANNE. No! No! Don't....don't take me!

MR. DUSSEL. Shush! Anne! Anne, for God's sake, shush!

ANNE. Save me! Save me!

MR. DUSSEL. For God's sake! Quiet! Quiet! You want someone to hear?

MRS. FRANK. Hush, darling, hush. It's all right. There, there.... my
"I get along very well with children."
1. Mr. Duss. x to light U.L. and turns it on
   Mr. F. gets up and puts on robe and x U.C. to window
   Margot gets up, stands on bed and turns on light
   Margot x to Anne's door
   Peter gets up, puts on robe, hangs blackout curtain, x to door
2. Mr. F. x to Anne's room
   Margot x back to her bed
3. Mr. F. x into Anne's room to window
   Duss. x through door to W.C.
   Mr. V.D. enters from L. door in kitchen to platform
4. Mr. V.D. exits door from platform
   Mr. Duss. exits into W.C.
   Mr. F. leaves Anne's room and x D.R. to Margot's bed
   Peter and Mr. F. x U.R. to his bedroom
   Mr. F. x back and sits at chair U.C. of table
Mr. Dussel? It's nothing, my darling. It was just a dream.

MR. DUSSEL. Something must be done about that child, Mrs. Frank. Yelling like that! Who knows but there's somebody on the street? She's endangering all our lives.

MRS. FRANK. Anne, darling. Little Anne.

MR. DUSSEL. Every night she twists and turns. I don't sleep. I spend half my night shushing her. And now it's nightmares!

MRS. FRANK. You're here, safe, you see? Nothing has happened. Please, Mr. Dussel, go back to bed. She'll be herself in a minute or two. Won't you, Anne?

MR. DUSSEL. Thank you, but I'm going to the W.C. The one place where there's peace!

MR. VAN DAAN. What is it? What happened?

MR. DUSSEL. A nightmare. She was having a nightmare!

MR. VAN DAAN. I thought someone was murdering her.

MR. DUSSEL. Unfortunately, no.

MR. FRANK. Thank you, Peter. Go back to bed.

MRS. FRANK. Would you like some water? Was it a very bad dream? Perhaps if you told me....?

ANNE. I'd rather not talk about it.

MRS. FRANK. Poor darling. Try to sleep then. I'll sit right here beside you until you fall asleep.

ANNE. You don't have to.

MRS. FRANK. But I'd like to stay with you....very much. Really.
1. Mrs. F. exits and x's to R. of Mr. F.
   Mr. F. stand and x to Mrs. F.

2. Mrs. F. x D. and sits on L. of bed
   Mr. F. follows her and sits beside her

3. Mr. F. stands and x's to kitchen and gets water for Anne
   Margot stand and x to Mrs. F.

4. Mr. F. x to Anne's room, enter, pull stool down to L. of Anne
   Margot stand, x to her bed, stand on it and turn out light, then
   lie down
   Mrs. F. lie down
ANNE. I'd rather you didn't.

MRS. FRANK. Good night, then. You'll be all right? There's nothing that you want?

ANNE. Will you please ask Father to come.

MRS. FRANK. Of course, Anne dear.¹ She wants you.²

MR. FRANK. Edith, dear!

MRS. FRANK. It's all right. I thank God that at least she will turn to you when she needs comfort. Go to her, Otto. She is still shaking with fear.³ She wants nothing of me. She pulled away when I leaned down to kiss her.

MARGOT. It's a phase....You heard Father....Most girls go through it....they turn to their fathers at this age....they give all their love to their fathers.

MRS. FRANK. You weren't like this. You didn't shut me out.

MARGOT. She'll get over it.⁴

ANNE. Oh, Pim. I dreamed that they came to get us! The Green Police! They broke down the door and grabbed me and started to drag me out the way they did Jopie.

MR. FRANK. I want you to take this pill.

ANNE. What is it?

MR. FRANK. Something to quiet you. Do you want me to read to you for a while?

ANNE. No. Just sit with me for a minute. Was I awful? Did I yell terribly loud? Do you think anyone outside could have heard?

MR. FRANK. No. No. Lie quietly now. Try to sleep.
"Go to her, Otto."
ANNE. I'm a terrible coward. I'm so disappointed in myself. I think I've conquered my fear....I think I'm really grown up....and then something happens....and I run to you like a baby....I love you, Father. I don't love anyone but you.

MR. FRANK. Anneline!

ANNE. It's true. I've been thinking about it for a long time. You're the only one I love.

MR. FRANK. It's fine to hear you tell me that you love me. But I'd be much happier if you said you loved your mother as well....She needs your help so much....your love....

ANNE. We have nothing in common. She doesn't understand me. Whenever I try to explain my views on life to her she asks me if I'm constipated.

MR. FRANK. You hurt her very much just now. She's crying. She's in there crying.

ANNE. I can't help it. I only told the truth. I didn't want her here....Oh, Pim, I was horrible, wasn't I? And the worst of it is, I can stand off and look at myself doing it and know it's cruel and yet I can't stop doing it. What's the matter with me? Tell me. Don't say it's just a phase! Help me.

MR. FRANK. There is so little that we parents can do to help our children. We can only try to set a good example....point the way. The rest you must do yourself. You must build your own character.

ANNE. I'm trying. Really I am. Every night before I go to sleep I think back over all of the things I did that day that were wrong....
1. Anne lie down on bed

2. Anne falls asleep

   Mr. F. stands, picks up glass, x U.L. and turn off light

   Mr. F. leaves Anne's room x U.S. of table to Mrs. F. leaving
   glass on table

Blackout

Curtain down
like putting the wet mop in Mr. Dussel's bed....and this thing now with Mother. I say to myself, that was wrong. I make up my mind, I'm never going to do that again. Never! Of course I may do something worse, but at least I'll never do that again! I have a nicer side, Father....a sweeter, nicer side. But I'm scared to show it. I'm afraid that people are going to laugh at me if I'm serious. So the mean Anne comes to the outside and the good Anne stays on the inside and I keep on trying to switch them around and have the good Anne outside and the bad Anne inside and be what I'd like to be....and might be....if only....

ANNE'S VOICE....the air raids are getting worse. They come over day and night. The noise is terrifying. Pim says it should be music to our ears. The more planes, the sooner will come the end of the war. Mrs. Van Daan pretends to be a fatalist. What will be, will be. But when the planes come over, who is the most frightened? No one else but Petronella!....Monday, the ninth of November, nineteen forty-two. Wonderful news. The Allies have landed in Africa. Pim says that we can look for an early finish to the war. Just for fun he asked each of us what was the first thing we wanted to do when we got out of here. Mrs. Van Daan longs to be home with her own things, her needlepoint chairs, the Bechstein piano her father gave her....the best that money could buy. Peter would like to go to a movie. Mr. Dussel wants to get back to his dentist's drill. He's afraid he is losing his touch. For myself, there are so many things....to ride a bike again....to laugh till my belly aches....to have new clothes from the skin out....to have a hot tub filled
Set rearrangement # 2
All seated around table
Mr. F. U.S. end of table
Margot U.S.R.
Mrs. F. U.S.L.
Mr. Duss. Mid. R.
Mr. V.D. Mid. L.
Anne. D.S.R.
Mrs. V.D. D.S.L.
Peter D.S. end of table
1. Mr. F. sit down
   Mrs. F. stand
to overflowing and wallow in it for hours....to be back in school with my friends....

ACT I - Scene 5

MR. FRANK. "Praised be Thou, Oh Lord, our God, Ruler of the universe, who has sanctified us with Thy commandments and bidden us kindle the Hanukkah lights. Praised be Thou, Oh Lord our God, Ruler of the universe, who has wrought wondrous deliverances for our fathers in days of old. Praised be Thou, Oh Lord, our God, Ruler of the universe, that Thou hast given us life and sustenance and brought us to this happy season. Amen." We kindle this Hanukkah light to celebrate the great and wonderful deeds wrought through the zeal with which God filled the hearts of the heroic Maccabees, two thousand years ago. They fought against indifference, against tyranny and oppression, and they restored our Temple to us. May these lights remind us that we should ever look to God, whence cometh our help. Amen.

ALL. Amen.

MRS. FRANK. "I lift up mine eyes unto the mountains, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved. He that keepeth thee will not slumber. He that keepeth Israel doth neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper. The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall keep thee from all evil. He shall keep thy soul. The Lord shall guard thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and forevermore." Amen.
1. Mrs. F. and Margot to kitchen--through the beginning of this scene they bring plates and glasses from the kitchen to the table

Mr. F. stand and x to sofa with hats, then back to his chair

2. Mrs. F. U.L. of table

3. Margot distributes plates around table

4. Margot sits in her chair
ALL. Amen.

MR. DUSSEL. That was very moving.

ANNE. It isn't over yet!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Sit down! Sit down!

ANNE. There's lots more, songs and presents.

MR. DUSSEL. Presents?

MRS. FRANK. Not this year, unfortunately.

MRS. VAN DAAN. But always on Hanukkah everyone gives presents....

everyone!

MR. DUSSEL. Like our St. Nicholas' Day.

MRS. VAN DAAN. No! Not like St. Nicholas! What kind of a Jew are you

that you don't know Hanukkah!

MRS. FRANK. I remember particularly the candles....First one, as we

have tonight. Then the second night you light two candles, then the

next night three....and so on until you have eight candles burning.

When there are eight candles it is truly beautiful.

MRS. VAN DAAN. And the potato pancakes.

MR. VAN DAAN. Don't talk about them!

MRS. VAN DAAN. I make the best latkes you ever tasted!

MRS. FRANK. Invite us all next year....in your own home.

MR. FRANK. God willing!

MRS. VAN DAAN. God willing.

MARGOT. What I remember best is the presents we used to get when we

were little....eight days of presents....and each day they got better

and better.
1. Mrs. F. sits in her chair
   Anne stands and runs U.S. then x L. into her room

2. Anne enters main room and x to sofa with her satchel full of gifts

3. Anne x to Margot
   Margot stands

4. Margot sits
   Anne x U.S. to L. of table behind Mrs. V.D., then x U. between Mr. and Mrs. F.
MRS. FRANK. We are all here, alive. That is present enough.

ANNE. No it isn't. I've got something....

MRS. FRANK. What is it?

ANNE. Presents!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Presents!

ALL. L'chaim, l'chaim! ²

MR. DUSSEL. Look!

MR. VAN DAAN. What's she got on her head?

PETER. A lampshade!

ANNE. Oh dear. They're every which way.³ Read it out loud.

MARGOT.

"You have never lost your temper,
You never will, I fear,
You are so good.
But if you should,
Put all your cross words here."

A new crossword puzzle book! Where did you ever get it?

ANNE. It isn't new. It's one that you've done. But I rubbed it all out and if you wait a little and forget, you can do it all over again.

MARGOT. It's wonderful, Anne. Thank you. You'd never know it wasn't new.

ANNE. Mrs. Van Daan.

MRS. VAN DAAN. This is awful....I haven't anything for anyone....I never thought....

MR. FRANK. This is all Anne's idea.
1. Anne steps D.L. and gives Mr. V.D. his present
2. Anne x U. and R. between Margot and Mr. F.
3. Anne x L. to Mrs. F. then back R. to R. of Mr. F.
MRS. VAN DAAN. What is it?

ANNE. It's hair shampoo. I took all the odds and ends of soap and mixed them with the last of my toilet water.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Oh, Anneke!

ANNE. I wanted to write a poem for all of them, but I didn't have time.

Yours, Mr. Van Daan, is really something. Something you want more than anything. Look! Cigarettes!

MR. VAN DAAN. Cigarettes!

ANNE. Two of them! Pim found some old pipe tobacco in the pocket lining of his coat....and we made them....or rather, Pim did.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Let me see....Well, look at that! Light it, Putti!

Light it.

ANNE. It's tobacco, really it is! There's a little fluff in it, but not much.

PETER. It works!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Look at him.

MR. VAN DAAN. Thank you, Anne. Thank you.

ANNE. For Mother, Hanukkah greeting.

MRS. FRANK.

"Here's an I.O.U. that I promise to pay.

Ten hours of doing whatever you say. Signed, Anne Frank."

MR. DUSSEL. Ten house of doing what you're told? Anything you're told?

ANNE. That's right.

MR. DUSSEL. You wouldn't like to sell that, Mrs. Frank?

MRS. FRANK. Never! This is the most precious gift I've ever had!
1. Mr. F. stand

2. Mr. F. sit

   Anne x D.S. on R. of table to Peter

   Peter stand and bow then sit

3. Anne move U.S. between Margot and Duss.

4. Peter stand and x to his room and stop at door

   Anne moves U. to R. corner of table
ANNE. For Pim.

MR. FRANK. Anneke....I wasn't supposed to have a present!

ANNE. It's a muffler....to put around your neck....like an Ascot, you know. I made it myself out of odds and ends....I knitted it in the dark each night, after I'd gone to bed. I'm afraid it looks better in the dark!

MR. FRANK. It's fine. It fits me perfectly. Thank you, Anneke.

ANNE. That's for Mouschi.

PETER. On behalf of Mouschi, I thank you.

ANNE. An...this is yours....from Mrs. Quack Quack. Well....open it.... Aren't you going to open it?

PETER. I'm scared to. I know something's going to jump out and hit me.

ANNE. No. It's nothing like that, really.

MRS. VAN DAAN. What is it, Peter? Go on. Show it.

ANNE. It's a safety razor!

MR. DUSSEL. A what?

ANNE. A razor!

MRS. VAN DAAN. You didn't make that out of odds and ends.

ANNE. Miep got it for me. It's not new. It's second hand. But you really do need a razor now.

MR. DUSSEL. For what?

ANNE. Look on his upper lip....you can see the beginning of a moustache.

MR. DUSSEL. He wants to get rid of that? Put a little milk on it and let the cat lick it off.

PETER. Think you're funny, don't you?
1. Peter exits into his room
2. Anne x D. to R. of Mr. Duss.

   Mr. Duss. stand and step behind chair
3. Anne x U.R. of Mr. F.
4. Anne x D. to Mr. Duss. and they both struggle with ear plugs
5. Mr. Duss. x U.S. of table to door of Anne's room
6. Anne x to Mr. Duss.'s chair
7. Anne sit
MR. DUSSEL. Look! He can't wait! He's going in to try it!

PETER. I'm going in to give Mouschi his present!

MR. VAN DAAN. Mouschi, Mouschi, Mouschi.

ANNE. And last but never least, my roommate, Mr. Dussel.

MR. DUSSEL. For me? You have something for me?

ANNE. I made them myself.

MR. DUSSEL. Capsules! Two capsules!

ANNE. They're ear-plugs!

MR. DUSSEL. Ear-plugs?

ANNE. To put in your ears so you won't hear me when I thrash around at night. I saw them advertised in a magazine. They're not real ones.... I made them out of cotton and candle wax. Try them....See if they don't work....see if you can hear me talk....

MR. DUSSEL. Wait now until I get them in....so.

ANNE. Are you ready?

MR. DUSSEL. Huh?

ANNE. Are you ready?

MR. DUSSEL. Good God! They've gone inside! I can't get them out!

Thank you, Anne! Thank you!

THE GROUP

MR. VAN DAAN. A real Hannukkah!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Wasn't it cute of her?

MRS. FRANK. I don't know when she did it.

MARGOT. I love my present.

ANNE. And now let's have the song. Father....please....Have you heard the Hannukkah song, Mr. Dussel? The song is the whole thing! "Oh, Hannukkah, Oh, Hannukkah. A sweet celebration...."
1. Peter enter from his room with bundle under his coat and playing with the tassel and ribbon

2. Mr. Duss. x C. to U.R. of Mr. F.
   Mr. V.D. stand

3. Peter pull towel from under coat

4. Mr. Duss. x L. to Anne's door

5. Mr. Duss. exit into Anne's room and takes pills and lies down

6. Mr. V.D. sit

7. Peter stop in C. a step
   Anne kneel in chair and lean on table
MR. FRANK. I'm afraid, Anne, we shouldn't sing that song tonight.
It's a song of jubilation, of rejoicing. One is apt to become too
enthusiastic.

ANNE. Oh, please, please. Let's sing the song. I promis not to
shout!

MR. FRANK. Very well. But quietly now....I'll keep an eye on you
and when....

MR. DUSSEL. You....You! How many times....I told you....Out! Out!

MR. VAN DAAN. What's the matter with you? Haven't you any sense?
Get that cat out of here.

PETER. Cat?

MR. VAN DAAN. You heard me. Get it out of here!

PETER. I have no cat.

MR. DUSSEL. It doesn't need to be the cat....his clothes are enough
....when he comes out of that room....

MR. VAN DAAN. Don't worry. You won't be bothered any more. We're
getting rid of it.

MR. DUSSEL. At last you listen to me.

MR. VAN DAAN. I'm not doing it for you. That's all in your mind....
all of it! I'm doing it because I'm sick of seeing that cat eat all
our food.

PETER. That's not true! I only give him bones....scraps....

MR. VAN DAAN. Don't tell me! He gets fatter every day! Damn cat
looks better than any of us. Out he goes tonight!

PETER. No! No!
1. Anne sits back in chair
2. Peter exits into his room R.
3. Mr. F. stands
4. Sound cue--crash from office downstairs
   All freeze for two counts then
   Mr. F. takes off shoes and x to door U.R.
   Mrs. F. takes off shoes and x to kitchen and turns off light
   Peter opens door to his room and looks out
   Mr. F. motions Peter to turn off C. light
   Peter x D.L. to his stool, carries it to C.S. and stands on it
   Peter loses balance and falls to floor
   Sound cue--footsteps running and door slamming
   Mr. Duss. stand and x to door of Anne's room
   Mr. V.D. stand
5. Peter pick up stool and x to sofa
   Mr. V.D. x U.R. to Mr. F.
   Anne stand behind her chair
6. Mrs. V.D. stand
7. Mr. F. x C.
8. Mr. V.D. x to Mr. F.
ANNE. Mr. Van Daan, you can't do that! That's Peter's cat. Peter loves that cat.

MRS. FRANK. Anne.

PETER. If he goes, I go.

MR. VAN DAAN. Go! Go! 2

MRS. VAN DAAN. You're not going and the cat's not going! Now please....this is Hanukkah!....Hanukkah!....this is the time to celebrate!....what's the matter with all of you? Come on, Anne! Let's have the song!

ANNE. "Oh, Hanukkah, Oh, Hanukkah. The sweet celebration." 3

MR. FRANK. I think we should first blow out the candle....then we'll have something for tomorrow night.

MARGOT. But, Father, you're supposed to let them burn themselves out.

MR. FRANK. I'm sure that God understands shortages. "Praised be Thou, oh Lord our God, who hast sustained us and permitted us to celebrate this joyous festival." Amen. 4

MR. VAN DAAN. God Almighty! Do you hear anything?

MR. FRANK. No. I think they've gone.

MRS. VAN DAAN. It's the Green Police! They've found us! 7

MR. FRANK. If they had, they wouldn't have left. They'd be up here by now.

MRS. VAN DAAN. I know it's the Green Police! They've gone to get help. That's all. They'll be back! 8
1. Mrs. V.D. moves U.L. of table

2. Anne drops to her knees and cries
   Mrs. F. steps D.S. to Anne
   Mr. F. x to door U.R.

3. Margot x U.C. to kitchen
   Mr. V.D. stops Margot

4. Mr. F. x to Mr. V.D.

5. Margot x U.C. to sink
   Mr. F. x back to door U.R.

6. Margot x D.R. to Mr. F.

7. Mr. F. exit

8. Margot x to R. of Mrs. F.

9. Mrs. V.D. x to Mr. V.D.

10. Mr. V.D. push Mrs. V.D. to sofa
MR. VAN DAAN. Or it may have been the Gestapo, looking for papers....

MR. FRANK. Or a thief, looking for money. 1

MRS. VAN DAAN. We've got to do something....Quick! Quick! Before they come back.

MR. VAN DAAN. There isn't anything to do. Just wait. 2

MRS. FRANK. Get some water, please. Get some water. 3

MR. VAN DAAN. No. No. No one's going to run water! 4

MR. FRANK. If they've found us, they've found us. Get the water. 5

I'm going down. 6

MARGOT. No, Father, no! There may be someone there, waiting....It may be a trap!

MR. FRANK. This is Saturday. There is no way for us to know what has happened until Miep or Mr. Kraler come on Monday morning. We cannot live with this uncertainty.

MARGOT. Don't go, Father! 7

MRS. FRANK. Hush, darling, hush. Margot! Stay close to me.

MR. VAN DAAN. Shush! Shush! 8

MRS. VAN DAAN. Putti, where's our money? Get our money. I hear you can buy the Green Police off, so much a head. Go upstairs, quick! Get the money!

MR. VAN DAAN. Keep still! 9

MRS. VAN DAAN. Do you want to be dragged off to a concentration camp? Are you going to stand there and wait for them to come up and get you? Do something, I tell you! 10

MR. VAN DAAN. Will you keep still!
1. Peter stand and x to door U.R.
2. Mr. V.D. stop him and send him back to sofa
3. Mr. F. enter from door U.R.
   Anne run to him
4. Mr. V.D. pace in area U.S. of table
   Mr. F. and Anne x D.C. three steps
5. Margot x U. to D.R. corner of kitchen and turn on lights
6. Mr. Duss. enter from Anne's door and x to U.R. of table
7. Mr. F. x to Duss.
   Mr. Duss x to Peter
   Mrs. F. x U. to Margot
8. Mrs. V.D. stand and back to Mr. Duss. U.L. three steps
9. Mrs. V.D. x D.L. around table and U. to her chair
   Mr. Duss. starts to follow Mrs. V.D.
   Peter stand and push Duss. U.S. again
   Peter x D.L. to below Mrs. V.D.
ANNE. Someone go after Father! Make Father come back!  
PETER. I'll go.  

MR. VAN DAAN. Haven't you done enough?  
ANNE. Please, please, Mr. Van Daan. Get Father.  
MR. VAN DAAN. Quiet! Quiet!  

MRS. FRANK. "I lift up mine eyes unto the mountains, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord who made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved....He that keepeth thee will not slumber...."  

MR. FRANK. It was a thief. That noise must have scared him away.  
MRS. VAN DAAN. Thank God.  
MR. FRANK. He took the cash box. And the radio. He ran away in such a hurry that he didn't stop to shut the street door. It was swinging wide open. I think it'd be good to have some light.  
MARGOT. Are you sure it's all right?  
MR. FRANK. The danger has passed. Don't be so terrified, Anne. We're safe.  

MR. DUSSEL. Who says the danger has passed? Don't you realize we are in greater danger than ever?  
MR. FRANK. Mr. Dussel, will you be still!  
MR. DUSSEL. Thanks to this clumsy fool, there's someone now who knows we're up here! Someone now knows we're up here, hiding!  
MRS. VAN DAAN. Someone knows we're here, yes. But who is the someone? A thief! A thief! You think a thief is going to go to the Green Police and say....I was robbing a place the other night and I heard a noise up over my head? You think a thief is going to do that?
1. Mr. F. x to his chair U.S. of table and sits
   Mr. Duss. x to R. of his chair

2. Mr. Duss. sits
   Mr. V.D. x to L. of table and sit at his place

3. Anne x to R. of Mr. F.
   Margot follows Anne
   Margot and Anne sit in Margot's chair

5. Mrs. F. x D.L. to her chair

6. Mrs. F. sits
   Mr. F. stands

7. Anne stands
   Margot and Mrs. F. stand

9. Peter and Mrs. V.D. stand

10. Mr. V.D. stands
MR. DUSSEL. Yes, I think he will.

MRS. VAN DAAN. You're crazy!

MR. DUSSEL. I think some day he'll be caught and then he'll make a bargain with the Green Police...if they'll let him off, he'll tell them where some Jews are hiding.

MR. VAN DAAN. He's right.

ANNE. Father, let's get out of here! We can't stay here now.... Let's go....

MR. VAN DAAN. Go! Where?

MRS. FRANK. Yes. Where?

MR. FRANK. Have we lost all faith? All courage? A moment ago we thought that they'd come for us. We were sure it was the end. But it wasn't the end. We're alive, safe. We thank Thee, Oh Lord our God, that in Thy infinite mercy Thou hast again seen fit to spare us. Come on, Anne. The Song! The song!

ANNE.

"Oh, Hanukkah! Oh, Hanukkah!
The sweet celebration...."

GROUP.

"Around the feast we gather
In complete jubilation.
Happiest of seasons
Now is here.
Many are the reasons for good cheer."
1. Margot step D.S. and help Mr. Duss. to his feet  
   Mr. Duss. and Margot step U.S. to R. of Anne  
2. Curtain down
We'll weather
Whatever tomorrow may bring."

"So hear us rejoicing
And merrily voicing
The Hanukkah song that we sing.
Hoy."

"Hear us rejoicing
And merrily voicing
The Hanukkah song that we sing."
1. Curtain up

2. Lights up
   Mr. Duss. in Anne's room
   Mrs. F. in kitchen
   Mr. F. seated in chair U.L.
   Margot reclining of sofa
   Anne seated in chair R. of table
   Peter in his room

3. Sound cue—buzzer
   Mr. F. stand and x to door U.R.

4. Mrs. F. x L. to platform then x D.R. a step
   Peter stand and x to door
   Anne stand and x D.S. of the table to the D.L. corner of the room

5. Miep enter and x to Anne
   Mr. Kraler enter

6. Mr. Kraler x to Mrs. F.
   Mrs. F. x U.C. to kitchen
   Mr. Kraler x R. to Peter

7. Miep x R. to Margot and sit on sofa
   Anne follow Miep and sit on floor L. of sofa
ACT II - Scene 1

ANNE'S VOICE. Saturday, the first of January, nineteen forty-four.
Another new year has begun and we find ourselves still in our hiding place. We have been here now for one year, five months, and twenty-five days. It seems that our life is at a standstill. We are all a little thinner. The Van Daans' "discussions" are as violent as ever. Mother still does not understand me. But then I don't understand her either. There is one great change, however. A change in myself. I read somewhere that girls of my age don't feel quite certain of themselves. That they become quiet within and begin to think of the miracle that is taking place in their bodies. I think that what is happening to me is so wonderful...not only what can be seen, but what is taking place inside. Each time it has happened I have a feeling that I have a...sweet secret. And in spite of my pain, I long for the time when I shall feel that secret within me again.

MR. FRANK. It's Miep!

MRS. FRANK. Wake up, everyone! Miep is here! Miep....and Mr. Kraler....what a delightful surprise!

MR. KRALER. We came to bring you New Year's greetings.

MRS. FRANK. You shouldn't....you should have at least one day to yourselves.

ANNE. Don't say that, it's so wonderful to see them. I can smell the wind and the cold on your clothes.

MIEP. There you are. How are you, Margot?....Feeling any better?

MARGOT. I'm all right.
1. Mr. and Mrs. V.D. enter door L. in kitchen

2. Mrs. V.D. move off platform and x D.C. to front of kitchen
   Mr. Kraler x to Mrs. V.D.

3. Peter x D. to U.L. of Miep

4. Peter x L. to chair L. of table and sit
   Mr. F. enter and x to U.C. of table
   Mrs. F. x D.S. to Mr. F.

5. Mr. V.D. move off platform to kitchen

6. Mrs. V.D. x D. to Mrs. F.
   Mr. F. x L. to Mr. Kraler
   Mr. Duss. stand and x to door of Anne's room

7. Mrs. F. x U.C. to kitchen

8. Mr. Duss. enter main room
   Miep and Mr. Kraler x to Mr. Duss.

9. Mr. V.D. x D. to R. of Mrs. V.D.

10. Peter stand and x U.R. to kitchen
    Miep x D.S. to chair D.L. and sit

11. Mr. Kraler move to chair U.L. and sit

12. Mr. F. x D. between Mr. Duss. and Mr. Kraler
ANNE. We filled her full of every kind of pill so she won't cough and make a noise. ¹

MRS. VAN DAAN. Well, hello, Miep. Mr. Kraler. ²

MR. KRALER. With my hope for peace in the New Year. ³

PETER. Miep, have you seen Mouschi? Have you seen him anywhere around?

MIEP. I'm sorry, Peter. I asked everyone in the neighborhood had they seen a grey cat. But they said no. ⁴

MR. FRANK. Look what Miep's brought for us!

MRS. FRANK. A cake!

MR. VAN DAAN. A cake! I'll get some plates. ⁵

MRS. FRANK. Thank you, Miepia. You shouldn't have done it. You must have used all of your sugar ration for weeks. ⁶ It's beautiful, isn't it? ⁷

MRS. VAN DAAN. It's been ages since I even saw a cake. Not since you brought us one last year. Remember? Don't you remember, you gave us one on New Year's Day? Just this time last year? I'll never forget it because you had "Peace in nineteen-forty-three" on it. "Peace in nineteen-forty-four"! ⁸

MIEP. Well, it has to come sometime, you know. Hello, Mr. Dussel.

MR. KRALER. How are you? ⁹

MR. VAN DAAN. Here's the knife, liefje. Now, how many of us are there? ¹⁰

MIEP. None for me, thank you. ¹¹

MR. KRALER. No, thanks. ¹²

MR. FRANK. Oh, please. You must.
1. Mr. Duss. x to Mr. V.D.
2. Anne stand
3. Mrs. F. x D.L. to U.L. of table
4. Mr. Duss. stop Mrs. V.D. from cutting the cake
5. Mr. F. x U.R. to kitchen
6. Mrs. V.D. advances L. to Duss.
7. Mrs. V.D. x back to cake
8. Mr. V.D. x to Mr. Duss.
9. Mr. F. step D.C. between Mr. V.D. and Mr. Duss.
10. Mr. F. sits in chair L. of table

Mrs. F. x D. to U.L. of table
MIEP. I couldn't.

MR. VAN DAAN. Good! That leaves one....two....three....seven of us.²

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

MR. VAN DAAN. I left Margot out. I take it for granted Margot won't eat any.²

ANNE. Why wouldn't she?³

MRS. FRANK. I think it won't harm her.

MR. VAN DAAN. All right! All right! I just didn't want her to start coughing again, that's all.²

MR. DUSSEL. And please, Mrs. Frank should cut the cake.

MR. VAN DAAN. What's the difference? MRS. VAN DAAN. It's not Mrs. Frank's cake, is it, Miep? It's for all of us.⁵

MR. DUSSEL. Mrs. Frank divides things better.

MRS. VAN DAAN. What are you trying to say? MR. VAN DAAN. Oh, come on, Stop wasting time.⁶

MRS. VAN DAAN. Don't I always give everybody exactly the same? Don't I?

MR. VAN DAAN. Forget it, Kerli.

MRS. VAN DAAN. No. I want an answer. Don't I?

MR. DUSSEL. Yes. Yes. Everybody gets exactly the same....except Mr. Van Daan always gets a little bit more.⁵

MR. VAN DAAN. That's a lie! She always cuts the same.⁷

MR. FRANK. Please, please! You see what a little sugar cake does to us? It goes right to our heads.
1. Mrs. V.D. x U.R. to door
   Anne x to table and take tea to Margot and Mrs. V.D.
2. Peter x D.S. to Miep
   Mr. Duss. x R. and sit on U.S. end of sofa
   Mr. V.D. x U.R. of Mr. Duss.
3. Peter start to x to Mr. Duss.
   Mr. F. stop Peter
   Peter x U.S. to platform
4. Mrs. F. x R. to Margot and Mr. Duss. then x back to U.C. of table and sit
5. Miep and Mr. Kraler stand
   Mr. F. stand and x to door U.R.
6. Miep x U.R. toward door
   Anne x D.L. and stop Miep
7. Miep x to door U.R.
8. Mr. V.D. step U.L. to Miep then x U.L. to kitchen, up platform and exit door L. in kitchen
9. Mrs. V.D. follow Mr. V.D. out
10. Anne x U.S. to R. of platform
11. Peter step toward Mr. Duss.
MR. VAN DAAN. Here you are, Mrs. Frank.  

MRS. FRANK. Thank you. Are you sure you won't have some?  

MIEP. No, really, I have to go in a minute.  

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

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

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

MRS. FRANK. This is delicious, Miep!  

MRS. VAN DAAN. Delicious!  

MR. VAN DAAN. Dirk's in luck to get a girl who can take like this!  

MIEP. I have to run. Dirk's taking me to a party tonight.  

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

MIEP. I'll give you a full report! Good-bye, everyone.  

MR. VAN DAAN. Just a minute. There's something I'd like you to do for me.  

MRS. VAN DAAN. Putti, where are you going? What do you want?  
Putti, what are you going to do?  

MIEP. What's wrong?  

PETER. Father says he's going to sell her fur coat. She's crazy about that old fur coat.  

MR. DUSSEL. Is it possible? Is it possible that anyone is so silly as to worry about a fur coat in times like this?
1. Mr. F. x to Peter
   Peter x U. to platform

2. Mr. V.D. enters door L. in kitchen and x to Miep
   Mr. F. x back to door U.R.
   Mrs. V.D. enters door L. in kitchen and kneels on platform
   Anne x to Mr. Kraler

3. Miep exits door U.R.
   Mr. F. follows Miep
   Mrs. V.D. stand and move into kitchen

4. Mrs. F. stand and x to Anne

5. Mr. V.D. x D.L. to U.C. of table

6. Mr. Kraler x R. and sit in chair L. of table

7. Mr. V.D. pace in area U.R. of table

8. Mr. Duss. stand x to table take tea and x U.L. to platform

   Mrs. F. x to table, then takes tea U.L. to Peter

9. Mr. F. enters door U.R. and x to U.R. of table
PETER. It's none of your darn business....and if you say one more thing....I'll--I'll take you and I'll....I mean it....I'll.....1
MRS. VAN DAAN. No! No! No! Don't you dare take that! You hear? It's mine! My father gave me that! You didn't give it to me.2 You have no right. Let go of it....you hear?
MR. VAN DAAN. Just a little--discussion over the advisability of selling this coat. As I have often reminded Mrs. Van Daan, it's very selfish of her to keep it when people outside are in such desperate need of clothing....So if you will please to sell it for us? It should fetch a good price. And by the way, will you get me cigarettes? I don't care what kind they are....get all you can.
MIEP. It's terribly difficult to get them, Mr. Van Daan. But I'll try. Good-bye.
MRS. FRANK. Good-bye.
MR. FRANK. Good-bye, Miep.3
MRS. FRANK. Are you sure you won't have some cake, Mr. Kraler?4
MR. KRALER. I'd better not.5
MR. VAN DAAN. You're still feeling badly? What does the doctor say?6
MR. KRALER. I haven't been to him.
MRS. FRANK. Now, Mr. Kraler!....7
MR. KRALER. Oh, I tried. But you can't get near a doctor these days....they're so busy. After weeks I finally managed to get one on the telephone. I told him I'd like an appointment....I wasn't feeling very well. You know what he answered....over the telephone ....Stick out your tongue!8 I have some contracts here....I wonder if
1. Mr. Kraler stand
   Mrs. V.D. x D.L.

2. Mr. F. start for door U.R.
   Mr. Kraler starts to follow Mr. F., stops and turns to Mrs. R.
   Anne sit chair L. of table

3. Mr. Kraler x D.R. to Margot

4. Mr. F. x D.L. to U.C. of table
   Mrs. F. x to Margot and sit on sofa
   Mrs. V.D. sit in chair U.L.

5. Mr. F. sit U.C. of table

6. Mr. Kraler x to R. of table—during his story he works to U.L.
   of Mr. F.
you'd look over them with me....

MR. FRANK. Of course.

MR. KRALER. If we could go downstairs....Will you forgive us? I
won't keep him but a minute.

MARGOT. What's happened? Something's happened! Hasn't it, Mr.
Kraler?

MR. KRALER. No, really. I want your father's advice.

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

MR. FRANK. If it's something that concerns us here, it's better that
we all hear it.

MR. KRALER. But....the children....?

MR. FRANK. What they'd imagine would be worse than any reality.

MR. KRALER. It's a man in the storeroom....I don't know whether or
not you remember him....Carl, about fifty, heavy-set, near-sighted....
He came with us just before you left.

MR. FRANK. He was from Utrecht?

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

2. Mr. V.D. move D.S. a few steps

3. Mr. Duss. x D. to L. of Mr. F.
   Mr. Kraler x between Mr. V.D. and Mr. F.

4. Mr. Duss. x to Mr. Kraler

5. Mr. Duss. x back to L. of Mr. F.

6. Mr. Kraler x D.R. a few steps toward Mrs. F.
there...wasn't there a door there that used to go up to the loft?
Then he told me he wanted more money. Twenty guilders more a week.

MR. VAN DAAN. Blackmail!

MR. FRANK. Twenty guilders? Very modest blackmail.

MR. VAN DAAN. That's just the beginning.

MR. DUSSEL. You know what I think? He was the thief who was down there that night. That's how he knows we're here.

MR. FRANK. How was it left? What did you tell him?

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

MR. DUSSEL. For God's sake don't fire him. Pay him what he asks....keep him here where you can have your eye on him.

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

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

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

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

MR. FRANK. Let's decide that when the time comes.

MR. KRALEN. This may be all my imagination. You get to a point, these days, where you suspect everyone and everything. Again and
1. Mrs. V.D. stand

2. Mr. Kraler x U. to door U.R. and exit
   Mr. F. stand and follow Mr. Kraler out
   Mrs. F. stand and x U. to kitchen
   Mrs. V.D. sit chair U.L.
   Peter stroll D.L. and sit in chair D.L.

3. Mrs. F. x D.R. to Margot
   Mr. Duss. x U.C. to window
   Mr. V.D. x L. to platform

4. Anne kneel in chair

5. Mrs. F. turn to Anne
   Anne stand D.L. corner of table

6. Mrs. F. x D.S. of table to Anne

7. Anne x behind chair L. of table

8. Mrs. F. step toward Anne
again....on some simple look or word, I've found myself....

MRS. VAN DAAN. There's the telephone! What does that mean, the telephone ringing on a holiday?

MR. KRALER. That's my wife. I told her I had to go over some papers in my office....to call me there when she got out of church. I'll offer him half then. Good-bye....we'll hope for the best!  

MR. DUSSEL. You can thank your son for this....smashing the light! I tell you, it's just a question of time now.

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

MRS. FRANK. Margot!

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

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

ANNE. What's the good of that? What's the good of thinking of misery when you're already miserable? That's stupid!

MRS. FRANK. Anne!  

ANNE. We're young, Margot and Peter and I! You grownups have had your chance! But look at us....If we begin thinking of all the horror in the world, we're lost! We're trying to hold on to some kind of ideals....when everything....ideals, hopes....everything, are being destroyed!  

MRS. FRANK. Now, Anne....  

ANNE. It isn't our fault that the world is in such a mess! We weren't around when all this started!
1. Anne run into her room and slam door
   Mr. V.D. x D.S. to table where Anne left her cake
2. Peter stand and x up to L. of table and takes cake and x into Anne’s room
   Mr. F. enter door R. and x to U.C. of table and x R. to Margot and sit
   Mrs. F. sits in chair R. of table
   Mr. V. D. x U.C. then exits door L. in kitchen
3. Peter starts to leave, stops and turns to Anne
4. Mr. Duss. x D.R. to Anne’s room
5. Mr. Duss. enter Anne’s room
   Peter stops Mr. Duss. and backs him out of Anne’s room
   Mr. Duss. exits from Anne’s room and x to Peter’s room, enters and sits on Peter’s bed
6. Peter x to D.S. end of sofa on L. wall and look at pictures
MRS. FRANK. Anne!

ANNE. So don't take it out on us!

MR. VAN DAAN. She talks as if we started the war! Did we start the war?

PETER. She left her cake.

ANNE. Thanks.

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

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

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

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

PETER. I said it, didn't I?

ANNE. Thank you, Peter.

PETER. You've got quite a collection.

ANNE. Wouldn't you like some in your room? I could give you some. Heaven knows you spend enough time in there....doing Heaven knows what....
1. Anne x U.C. of room

2. Peter sit on U.S. end of sofa
   Anne pull stool D. to U.R. of Peter and sit

3. Peter stand and x D.S.

4. Anne x D.S. L. of Peter and kneel on D.S. end of sofa

5. Anne sit
PETER. It's easier. A fight starts, or an argument....I duck in there.

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

PETER. You gave some of it back just now.

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

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

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

PETER. I think your father's fine.

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

PETER. I suppose you miss your friends and all.

ANNE. It isn't just....Isn't funny, you and I? Here we've been seeing each other every minute for almost a year and a half, and this is the
1. Peter x up to door

2. Anne stand and x U.S. to Peter

3. Peter exits and x to his room and enters

   Mr. Duss. stand and exit Peter's room and enter main room

   Mr. Duss. x toward Anne's room

   Anne shuts her door

   Mr. Duss. turns back toward Peter's door

   Peter shuts his door

   Mr. Duss. stops C.

   Blackout

   Curtain down
first time we've ever really talked. It helps a lot to have someone
to talk to, don't you think? It helps you to let off steam.

PETER. Well, any time you want to let off steam, you can come into
my room.

ANNE. I can get up an awful lot of steam. You'll have to be careful
how you say that.

PETER. It's all right with me.

ANNE. Do you mean it?

PETER. I said it, didn't I?

ANNE'S VOICE. We've had bad news. The people from whom Miep got
our ration books have been arrested. So we have had to cut down on
our food. Our stomachs are so empty that they rumble and make strange
noises, all in different keys. Mr. Van Daan's is deep and low, like
a bass fiddle. Mine is high, whistling like a flute. As we all sit
around waiting for supper, it's like an orchestra tuning up. It only
needs Toscanini to raise his baton and we'd be off in the Ride of the
Waldyries. Monday, the sixth of March, nineteen-forty-four. Mr.
Kraler is in the hospital. It seems he has ulcers. Pim says we
are his ulcers. Miep has to run the business and us too. The Ameri-
cans have landed on the southern tip of Italy. Father looks for a
quick finish to the war. Mr. Dussel is waiting every day for the
warehouse man to demand more money. Have I been skipping too much
from one subject to another? I can't help it. I feel that Spring is
coming. I feel it in my whole body and soul. I feel utterly con-
fused. I am longing... so longing... for everything... for friends....
1. Curtain up

Lights up

Mrs. F. U.S. end on sofa

Mr. F. in chair L. of table

Mrs. V.D. in chair U.L.

Peter sitting on his bed

Mr. Duss. pacing below platform

Margot in Anne's room on sofa

Anne standing looking in mirror on back of door

Mr. Duss. x to Anne's room and opens door

Anne push door closed

2. Mr. Duss. x R. to sofa and sit

3. Mrs. F. stand and x to Anne's room and knocks on door

4. Mrs. F. enters Anne's room
for someone to talk to... someone who understands... someone young, who feels as I do...

ACT II - Scene 2

ANNE. No, no, Mr. Dussel! I am not dressed yet. How is that? How does that look?

MARGOT. Fine.

ANNE. You didn't even look.

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

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

MARGOT. Oh, stop fishing.

ANNE. No. No. Tell me.

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

ANNE. A little vague, aren't you?

MRS. FRANK. May I come in?

MARGOT. Come in, Mother.

MRS. FRANK. Mr. Dussel's impatient to get in here.

ANNE. Heavens, he takes the room for himself the entire day.

MRS. FRANK. Anne, dear, you're not going in again tonight to see Peter?

ANNE. That is my intention.

MRS. FRANK. But you've already spent a great deal of time in there today.

ANNE. I was in there exactly twice. Once to get the dictionary,
1. Mrs. F. sit U.S. end of sofa 

2. Mrs. F. stand and step to Anne 

3. Mrs. F. exits and x U.R. to shelves in kitchen, takes cards down, 
   then x D.S. and sit U.C. table 

4. Anne sit on bed facing Margot
and then three-quarters of an hour before supper.

MRS. FRANK. Aren't you afraid you're disturbing him?

ANNE. Mother, I have some intuition.

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

ANNE. You sound like Mrs. Van Daan.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANNE. Anyway....the only one I worry about is you. I feel awfully guilty about you.

MARGOT. What about?
1. Anne stand and x to U.R. of Margot and sit beside her on sofa
2. Margot stand and step D.R.
3. Anne x U.R. to mirror
4. Mr. Duss. stand and x to Anne's room and knocks on door
5. Margot opens door
   Anne x out into main room and x R. to Peter's room and knocks at door
   Margot follows Anne out and x U.R. to kitchen
6. Mr. Duss. bows and enters Anne's room and closes the door
   Peter stands and x to door and opens it.
7. Mrs. V.D. stand
8. Mrs. V.D. x between Anne and Peter
9. Mrs. V.D. x D. to R. of table
ANNE. I mean, every time I go into Peter's room, I have a feeling I may be hurting you. I know if it were me, I'd be wild. I'd be desperately jealous, if it were me.

MARGOT. Well, I'm not.

ANNE. You don't feel badly? Really? Truly? You're not jealous?  
MARGOT. Of course I'm jealous....jealous that you've got something to get up in the morning for....But jealous of you and Peter? No.  

ANNE. Maybe there's nothing to be jealous of. Maybe he doesn't really like me. Maybe I'm just taking the place of his cat! Wouldn't you like to come in with us?

MARGOT. I have a book.

MR. DUSSEL. Will you please let me in my room!

ANNE. Just a minute, dear, dear Mr. Dussel. Well, here I go....to run the gauntlet.

MR. DUSSEL. Thank you so much.

MRS. VAN DAAN. My God, look at her! I don't know what good it is to have a son. I never see him. He wouldn't care if I killed myself. Just a minute, Anne. I'd like to say a few words to my son. Do you mind? Peter, I don't want you staying up till all hours tonight. You've got to have your sleep. You're a growing boy. You hear?

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

ANNE. Yes, Mother. May we go in now?

MRS. VAN DAAN. Are you asking me? I didn't know I had anything to
1. Anne enter Peter's room and x D.S. to center of cot
2. Mrs. V.D. x U.C. to sink
3. Anne sits on cot
4. Anne kneels and looks at photographs

Mrs. V.D. x D.L. and enter W.C.
say about it.

MRS. FRANK. Listen for the chimes, Anne dear.

MRS. VAN DAAN. In my day it was the boys who called on the girls.

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

MRS. VAN DAAN. Talk! That's not what they called it when I was young.

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

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

ANNE. I suppose you can't really blame them...they think back to what they were like at our age. They don't realize how much more advanced we are....when I think what wonderful discussions we've had!

...Oh, I forgot, I was going to bring you some more pictures.

PETER. Oh, these are fine, thanks.

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

PETER. Maybe later.

ANNE. I remember when I got that....I won it. I bet Jopie that I could eat five ice cream cones. We'd all been playing ping-pong....We used to have heavenly times....we'd finish up with ice cream at the Delphi, or the Oasis, where Jews were allowed....there'd always be a lot of boys....we'd laugh and joke....I'd like to go back to it for a few days or a week. But after that I know I'd be bored to death. I think more seriously about life now. I want to be a journalist....or something. I love to write. What do you want to do?

PETER. I thought I might go off some place....work on a farm or
1. Anne at orange crate facing main room
   Peter D.S.R. facing open
2. Peter x up to Anne
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. You like Margot, don't you? Right from the start you liked her, liked her much better than me.

PETER. Oh, I don't know.

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 I never shall be.

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

ANNE. That's not true!

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

ANNE. I have?

PETER. I used to think you were awful noisy.

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

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

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

PETER. I never said that.

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

PETER. That's crazy.
1. Mrs. V.D. exits from W.C. and x U.C. to sink

2. Peter sit on D.S. end of cot
ANNE. When you get back with all of your friends, you're going to say....now what did I ever see in the 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.

ANNE. Peter, did you ever kiss a girl?

PETER. Yes. Once.

ANNE. That picture's crooked. Was she pretty?

PETER. Huh?

ANNE. The girl that you kissed.

PETER. I don't know. I was blindfolded. It was at a party. One of those kissing games.

ANNE. Oh. I don't suppose that really counts, does it?

PETER. It didn't with me.

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

PETER. I wouldn't say so.

ANNE. I know almost for certain that Margot would never kiss anyone unless she was engaged to them. And I'm sure too that Mother never
1. Anne sit U.S. of Peter on cot
2. Peter stand and x U.S. and picks up Anne's shawl
3. Anne x U.S. to Peter
   Mr. Duss. exit Anne's room and x to W.C. and enter
4. Anne turn and start to door
   Peter stop Anne, turn her around and kiss her
   Anne turns and hurries out of the room
   Peter turns L. and looks out skylight until Anne has gone then
   he closes door and sits on cot
   Anne x down to Margot kisses her goodnight, x L. to Mr. F. and
   kisses Him goodnight, x to Mrs. F. and kisses her good night
   start to x to her own room, stop, run U.C. to Mrs. V.D. and
   kisses her good night, runs D.R. into her room and closes door
   Mrs. V.D. x D.C. to R. of table and slams coffee pot on table
5. Curtain down
touched a man before Pim. But I don't know... .things are so different now... .What do you think? Do you think a girl shouldn't kiss anyone except if she's engaged or something? It's so hard to try to think what to do, when here we are with the whole world falling around our ears and you think... .well... .you don't know what's going to happen tomorrow and... .What do you think?
PETER. I suppose it'd depend on the girl. Some girls, anything they do's wrong. But others... .well... .it wouldn't necessarily be wrong with them. I've always thought that when two people....

ANNE. Nine o'clock. I have to go.
PETER. That's right.
ANNE. Good night.
PETER. You won't let them stop you coming?
ANNE. No. 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....

MRS. VAN DAAN. Ah hah!

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
1. Curtain up—Set rearrangement # 1

Lights up

Peter in his cot

Mr. and Mrs. F. in the hide-a-bed, Mr. F. R. , Mrs. F. L.

Margot in her cot C. stage

Anne in her bed

Mr. Dussel on the sofa in Anne's room

Mr. V.D. enter from door L. in kitchen and sneak to food cabinet

as he closes the door, it creaks

Mrs. F. sit up in bed and see Mr. V.D.

2. Mrs. F. stand and x U.C. to Mr. V.D.

Everyone sit up in bed

3. Mr. F. get out of bed

Margot stand on cot and turn on C. light then x U.L. to Anne's
doors

Peter get up and put up blackout curtain

Mr. Duss. stand and x out of room toward kitchen and Mr. V.D.

4. Mr. F. x U.C. and hold on to Mr. V.D.

5. Peter x R. and hold on to Mr. Duss.

Mrs. F. x R. to door
having to cut down still further on our meals. What makes it worse, the rats have been at work again. They've carried off some of our precious food. Even Mr. Dussel wishes now that Mouschi was here.

Thursday, the twentieth of April, nineteen forty-four. Invasion fever is mounting every day. Miep tells us that people outside talk of nothing else. For myself, life has become much more pleasant. I often go to Peter's room after supper. Oh, don't think I'm in love, because I'm not. But it does make life more bearable to have someone with whom you can exchange views. No more tonight. P.S. . . . I must be honest. I must confess that I actually live for the next meeting. Is there anything lovelier than to sit under the skylight and feel the sun on your cheeks and have a darling boy in your arms? I admit now that I'm glad the Van Daans had a son and not a daughter. I've outgrown another dress. That's the third. I'm having to wear Margot's clothes after all. I'm working hard on my French . . . . and am now reading "LaBelle Nivernaise." 1

ACT II - Scene 3

MRS. FRANK. Otto! Otto! Come quick! 2

MR. FRANK. What is it? What's happened? 3

MRS. FRANK. He's stealing the food!

MR. DUSSEL. You! You! Give me that.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Putti....Putti....what is it? 4

MR. DUSSEL. You dirty thief....stealing food....you good-for-nothing....

MR. FRANK. Mr. Dussel! For God's sake! Help me, Peter! 5
1. Mr. V.D. stumbles to L. of table
2. Mrs. V.D. enter from door L. in kitchen
3. Mrs. F. x to U.R. end of table
4. Mrs. V.D. off platform and x D.L. to Mr. V.D.
5. Mr. F. x to Mrs. F.
6. Mr. V.D. sit on Margot’s bed
PETER. Let him go! Let go!

MR. DUSSEL. You greedy, selfish....

MRS. VAN DAAN. Putti....what is it?

MRS. FRANK. The bread! He was stealing the bread!

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

MR. FRANK. Mr. Van Daan, how could you!

MR. VAN DAAN. I'm hungry.

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

MRS. VAN DAAN. He needs more food than the rest of us. He's used to more. He's a big man.

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

MR. FRANK. Edith! Edith!

MRS. FRANK. Don't think I haven't seen you! Always saving the choicest bits for him! I've watched you day after day and I've held my tongue. But not any longer! Not after this! Now I want him to go.

I want him to get out of here.

MR. FRANK. Edith!

MR. VAN DAAN. Get out of here?

MRS. VAN DAAN. What do you mean?

MRS. FRANK. Just that! Take your things and get out!

MR. FRANK. You're speaking in anger. You cannot mean what you are saying.
1. Mr. V.D. stand and x U.S. to W.C. and enter
   Margot sit in chair U.L.
   Anne kneel on floor beside Margot
   Mrs. F. x R. to above bed

2. Mr. F. x to Mrs. F.

3. Mrs. F. x U.C. to kitchen to get purse

4. Mrs. V.D. x R. to Mr. F.

5. Mrs. F. x D.C. to U.C. of table

6. Mr. Duss. x to Anne's room and enters
MRS. FRANK. I mean exactly that!

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

MR. VAN DAAN. No. No.

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

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

MRS. FRANK. No! No! No more talk! I want them to leave!

MRS. VAN DAAN. You'd put us out, on the streets?

MRS. FRANK. There are other hiding places.

MRS. VAN DAAN. A cellar....a closet. I know. And we have no money left even to pay for that.

MRS. FRANK. I'll give you money. Out of my own pocket I'll give it gladly.

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

MRS. FRANK. 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.
1. Mrs. V.D. follow him to L. end of table
2. Mr. F. sit in chair R. of table
3. Mrs. F. start to x U.C. to kitchen
   Anne run to R. of Mrs. F.
4. Mr. V.D. enters from W.C.
5. Peter x into his room
6. Mr. Duss. enters from Anne's room and stands at door
7. Mrs. F. x U.S. to shelves in kitchen
   Mr. Duss. x U.C. to food cupboard and return to U.C. of table with potatoes
   Margot x R. to Mr. Duss.
MR. DUSSEL. You can't be nice to some people.

MRS. VAN DAAN. There would have been plenty for all of us, if you hadn't come in here!

MR. FRANK. We don't need the Nazis to destroy us. We're destroying ourselves.

MRS. FRANK. Give this to Miep. She'll find you a place.

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

MRS. FRANK. He'll stay, of course. When I say the children, I mean Peter too.

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

MRS. FRANK. He's no father to you....that man! He doesn't know what it is to be a father.

PETER. I wouldn't feel right. I couldn't stay.

MRS. FRANK. Very well then. I'm sorry.

ANNE. No. Peter! No! 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. 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! You can cook it here and take it up to him.

MARGOT. Oh, no! No! We haven't sunk so far that we're going to
1. Sound cue—buzzer

Mr. F. stand

Mrs. V.D. stand and move U.S. to L. of Margot

2. Mr. F. x to door U.R.

Mrs. F. x D.R. to Mr. F.

3. Mr. F. exit

4. Miep enters and x to Mrs. F.

Peter move to his door

Anne x to U.S. of Peter
fight over a handful of rotten potatoes.

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

MR. FRANK. It's Miep!

MARGOT. At this hour?

MRS. FRANK. It must be trouble.

MR. FRANK. I beg you, don't let her see a thing like this!

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

MARGOT. Stop it! Stop it!

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

MRS. VAN DAAN. You're keeping the big ones for yourself! All the big ones....Look at the size of that!....and that!....

MARGOT. Stop it! Stop it!

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

MR. FRANK. No! No!

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

PETER. Where?

MIEP. It began early this morning!

MRS. FRANK. How do you know?

MIEP. The radio!....The B.B.C.! They said they landed on the coast of Normandy!

PETER. The British?
1. Everyone except Mr. V.D. kiss one another
   Peter run U.C. and get a dish pan
   Peter, Margot, and Anne skip around the room singing the Dutch National Anthem
   They end up with Mr. and Mrs. F. L. of door U.R.
   Miep U.C. of table
   Mr. Duss. at Miep's L.
   Mrs. V.D. and Peter to L. of table
   Anne at Peter's door
   Margot below platform
   Mr. V.D. still on couch

2. Miep x to door U.R.

3. Miep exit

4. Mr. F. follow her out
   Margot x to Mr. V.D. and give him flowers
   Mrs. V.D. x D.S. and sit with Mr. V.D.

5. Mr. Duss. take potatoes back to food cupboard

6. Mr. F. enter door U.R. and x to U.R. end of table

7. Mr. F. x U.S. to kitchen and gets Cognac
   Mr. Duss move D. to U.C. of table
   Mrs. F. x D.S. to U.R. end of table

8. Mrs. F. x R. to Anne

9. Mr. F. x D.L. to Mr. V.D.
MIEP. British, Americans, French, Dutch, Poles, Norwegians....all of them! More than four thousand ships! Churchill spoke, and General Eisenhower! D-Day they call it!

MR. FRANK. Thank God it's come!

MRS. VAN DAAN. At last!

MIEP. I'm going to tell Mr. Kraler....This'll be better than any blood transfusion!

MR. FRANK. 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!

MR. FRANK. What did I tell you! What did I tell you!

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

MR. VAN DAAN. Please. I'm so ashamed.

MR. DUSSEL. Oh, for God's sake!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Don't, Putti.

MARGOT. It doesn't matter now!

MR. FRANK. Didn't you hear what Miep said? The invasion has come! We're going to be liberated! This is a time to celebrate!

MR. VAN DAAN. To steal bread from children.

MRS. FRANK. We've all done things that we're ashamed of.

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

MRS. FRANK. No, Anneline, no.

ANNE. Oh, Mother, I was awful.

MR. VAN DAAN. Not like me! No one is as bad as me!
1. Anne x L. to Mr. V.D.
   Mrs. F. sit R. of table

2. Mrs. V.D. stand and x D.L.
   Mr. Duss. step back two steps
   Mr. F. x L. and U.S. of table to Mrs. F.
   Margot x to Mrs. F.
   Anne x to Mrs. F. and kneels at her feet
   Mr. V.D. stand and move to L. of table

3. Mr. Duss. step D.C. to U.C. of table

4. Curtain and blackout

5. Curtain up
   Lights up
   Peter sitting in chair R. of table
   Anne sitting in chair U.C. of table
   Mrs. F. U.S. end of sofa
   Mrs. V.D. D.S. on sofa
   Mr. V.D. pacing U.R. of table and into kitchen
   Margot sitting chair R. of table
   Mr. F. sitting chair D.L.
   Mr. Duss. pacing U.L. of table D.S. to Mr. F.
   Sound cue—telephone ringing
MR. DUSSEL. Stop it now! Let's be happy.

MR. FRANK. Here! Here! Schnapps! Locheim!

MRS. FRANK. When I think of the terrible things I said....

MR. VAN DAAN. No! No! You were right!

MRS. FRANK. That I should speak that way to you....our friends.... our guests....

MR. DUSSEL. Stop it! You're spoiling the whole invasion!

ANNE'S VOICE. 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....will I ever be able to write well? I want to so much. I want to go on living even after my death. Another birthday has gone by, so now I am fifteen. Already I know what I want. I have a goal, an opinion.

ACT II - Scene 4
1. Mr. V.D. x D.L. to U.S. of Margot
MR. DUSSEL. There it goes again, the telephone! Mr. Frank, do you hear?

MR. FRANK. Yes. I hear.

MR. DUSSEL. 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. 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. Perhaps it's Sunday. We may have lost track of the days.

MR. VAN DAAN. You with the diary there. What day is it?

MR. DUSSEL. I don't lost 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! 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. Mr. Frank, answer that! I beg you, answer it!

MR. FRANK. No.

MR. VAN DAAN. Just pick it up and listen. You don't have to speak. Just listen and see if it's Miep.

MR. DUSSEL. For God's sake....I ask you.
1. Mr. V.D. resume pacing

2. Sound cue—telephone
   Mr. Duss. x to door U.R. and exit

3. Mr. F. stand
   Peter stand
   Mrs. F. stand and x U.S. to door U.R.
   Anne kneel in chair
   Mr. V.D. stop pacing
   Mr. Duss. enters D.R. and holds inside door

4. Mr. F. x into Anne's room and looks out window
   Mrs. F. x U.S. to kitchen
   Mr. V.D. resume pacing
   Peter sit

5. Mr. V.D. x D.R. to Mrs. V.D.

6. Mr. V.D. pace to D.L. corner of room

7. Mrs. V.D. stand and x U.L. to kitchen
   Mr. V.D. x U.R. and stops Mrs. V.D.
   Mrs. V.D. pulls free and continues U.S. and exits door L. in kitchen
   Mr. V.D. follow Mrs. V.D.

8. Peter stand and x to his room and lie on bed

   Mr. F. enter main room from Anne's room and x R. to sofa and sit
   Mr. Duss. x L. into Anne's room
   Anne stand and x into Peter's room and sit U.S. of him on bed
MR. FRANK. No. I've told you no. I'll do nothing that might let anyone know we're in the building.

PETER. Mr. Frank's right.

MR. VAN DAAN. There's no need to tell us what side you're on!

MR. FRANK. If we wait patiently, quietly, I believe that help will come.

MR. DUSSEL. I'm going down. Too late.

MR. VAN DAAN. So we just wait here until we die.

MRS. VAN DAAN. I can't stand it! I'll kill myself! I'll kill myself!

MR. VAN DAAN. For God's sake, stop it!

MRS. VAN DAAN. I think you'd be glad if I did! I think you want me to die!

MR. VAN DAAN. Whose fault is it we're here? We could've been safe somewhere...in America or Switzerland. But no! No! You wouldn't leave when I wanted to! You couldn't leave your things! You couldn't leave your precious furniture!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Don't touch me!

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

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

ANNE. I wish you had a religion, Peter.

PETER. No, thanks. Not me.

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

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

ANNE. We're not the only people that've had to suffer. There've always been people that've had to....sometimes one race....sometimes another....and yet....

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

ANNE. I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith....when people are doing such horrible....but you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase, the way I was with Mother. It'll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but some day....
1. Sound cue—car stopping in front of building

Anne and Peter x to door and step into main room
Mrs. F. x D.R. to U.R. corner of main room
Mr. F. x U.S. to Mrs. F.
Margot kneel in chair
Mr. Duss. x to door in Anne's room and open it
Mr. F. exit door U.R.
Anne x to Mrs. F.
Mr. Duss. x R. and follow Mr. F. out
Peter exit door U.R. after Mr. Duss.
Margot x U.R. to Mrs. F.
Mr. and Mrs. V.D. enter door L. and x D.L. to front of W.C.
Mr. Duss. enter and x to Anne's room
Peter enter and x to Mrs. V.D.
Mr. F. enter and x to U.R. end of table and nods
Mrs. F. Margot and Anne x D.S. to Mr. F.
Sound cue—men tearing down door

2. Curtain down

3. Curtain up

Lights up
Mr. F. sitting U.C. chair of table
Miep in chair R. of table
Mr. Kraler in chair D.L.

4. Miep stand and x U.C. to kitchen and back to table with coffee
Mr. Kraler stand and x to chair L. of table and sit
I still believe, inspite of everything, that people are really good at heart.

PETER. I want to see something now....Not a thousand years from now.

ANNE. But, Peter, if you'd only look at it as a part of a great pattern ....that we're just a little minute in life....Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of stupid grownups! Look at the sky now. Isn't it lovely? Some day, when we're outside again I'm going to....

MR. FRANK. For the past two years we have lived in fear. Now we can live in hope.

MEN'S VOICES. Auf machen! Da drinnen! Auf machen! Schnell! Schnell! etc. etc.

ANNE'S VOICE. And so it seems our stay here is over. They are waiting for us now. They've allowed us five minutes to get our things. We can each take a bag and whatever it will hold of clothing. Nothing else. So, dear Diary, that means I must leave you behind. Good-bye for a while. P.S. Please, please, Miep, or Mr. Kraler or anyone else. If you should find this diary will you please keep it safe for me, because some day I hope....

ACT II - Scene 5

MR. FRANK. No more.

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

MR. KRALER. We made it our business to learn how they knew. It was the thief....the thief who told them.
"We're just a little minute in life."
1. Miep x to Mr. F. then x to Mr. Kraler then x U.S. of table to chair R. of table and sit

2. Curtain down
MR. FRANK. It seems strange to say this, that anyone could be happy in a concentration camp. But Anne was happy in the camp in Holland where they first took us. After two years of being shut up in these rooms, she could be out...out in the sunshine and the fresh air that she loved.

MIEP. A little more?

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

ANNE'S VOICE. In spite of everything, I still believe that people are really good at heart.

MR. FRANK. She puts me to shame.
"She puts me to shame."
CHAPTER VI

AN EVALUATION OF THE PRODUCTION

As might be expected from any production, there were many parts of the play which did not come up to the level of perfection which the director had envisioned when first he undertook its direction. The main reason for this was that the level which was set was unrealistic. But the director will not apologize for his high standards, nor will he apologize for his failure to attain the goals set by these standards. Instead he will try again to direct a perfect production, and fortunately, he will probably fail again.

Looking at the finished production realistically, the play produced by the Iowa City Community Theatre was fairly successful. It was considered by the members of the group to be the best production of their season. On June 3, 1960, at the annual Iowa City Community Theatre Banquet, it won six awards out of the eight presented. The awards presented to the Diary of Anne Frank were the following: best costumes, best scene design, best sound effects, best supporting actress, best actress, and best director.

If the play was the success that the awards seem to indicate, then there must have been a reason for its success. The director, who was not quite as enthusiastic about the final production as the members of the organization, felt that the play's strength lay
in the characterization and the ability of the actors to make their roles appear honest. They were able, for the most part, to make the audience feel the seriousness of the situation and, at the same time, enjoy the people who were living through this terrible ordeal.

Said one member of the audience, "I still liked Mrs. Van Daan even though I didn't always like the things she did."¹

This feeling was what the director was striving for since he first began rehearsals, and in this instance at least, he felt that he was successful. The characters were portrayed as human beings with the normal and usual human failings; these failings were so normal that the audience could easily sympathize with the characters.

The director's idea of imposing an extremely limited acting area upon his cast in order to help portray a closeness in the situation and a cramped feeling, almost proved to be the undoing of the entire production. The set was not accessible until four days before the opening performance, so the cast had to rehearse in a church basement. Although they thought that they were on a perfect model of the set, they were surprised to discover that the size of the actual furniture took up more space than did that which was used in the practice set. This therefore gave them less space to play in than they had had in

¹Personal observation to the director by Louis Inserra, senior drama student, University of Omaha, April 22, 1960.
the already cramped space in the church basement. An infinite number of minor blocking adjustments had to be made during the last few rehearsals, and this problem was made even greater by the lack of acting experience of most of the cast. Such small adjustments as uncovering had to be directed instead of being done automatically as more experienced actors would have done. Due to this, the blocking in many places looked rather contrived, particularly in the scenes which included the entire cast on stage in the center room. If the director were to redo the show, he would design the set so that the actors would have more room on a horizontal plane, and then make the setting more shallow. Of all the criticism of this production, the problem of blocking was the fault mentioned most often. One member of the audience saw the problem so clearly that she said to the director that she felt that the actors were moving a lot of the time just so they could be seen. They were following their director's orders even though he had not helped to show them how to be less obtrusive in their movements.2

Another trouble spot in the blocking was in the two rooms on the sides of the main room. "I wished that Peter's room would have been about a foot wider so that Anne and Peter could have played beside each

2Personal observation made to the director by Bea Gardner, graduate student in drama, State University of Iowa, June 11, 1960.
other instead of blocking one another as they did. This same desire was expressed about Anne’s room by those who sat on the right side of the auditorium.

The blocking which was the weakest part of the production was not consistently bad. For the most part the pictures were pleasing, and the focus of attention was always on the important person in a scene. When the actors had space in which to move, their blocking was quite often interesting. A person in the audience felt that the transfer of attention was quite smooth. "When it came time for someone else to carry the weight of the scene, I was quite surprised to see them in position ready to receive the focus of attention because I had not noticed them moving into position." From these remarks, the director felt that the trouble in blocking could be attributed to his not foreseeing the possibility of a lack of space in which the actors could work and be seen.

Insofar as characters are concerned, it was a very balanced production. Anne was not allowed to run unchecked. She remained throughout an interesting little girl, and her mother and father were allowed to have more of a hold over the girl than the script would

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3 Personal observation made to the director by Ken Harris, graduate student in drama, State University of Iowa on May 24, 1960.

4 Personal observation made to the director by Steven Cole, graduate student in drama, State University of Iowa on April 22, 1960.
suggest that they did. As one observer stated, "With the exception of Anne, who was the sparkling element of the play, the characters reached a level and played as an ensemble." Mr. Frank did not have the power which the director had envisioned for him in his analysis. This lack of power was due to the inexperience of the actor cast in the part. His inexperience might have been a blessing in disguise. Had he been able to achieve the desired position of dominance which was envisioned in the analysis, he might have put the production out of balance by being much too strong a figure among the other actors. As it was, he blended into the family very comfortably, but as a leader, he should have had at least a little more strength to make his position completely believable.

The rest of the cast blended well with the possible exception of Mr. Dussel who seemed at times to be forcing his role. He lacked the naturalness that will probably come to him with more experience.

Margot achieved the strength which the director wanted her to have and which the playwrights failed to give her in her lines. Margot's reactions to situations, such as Mrs. Van Daan's anger after the milk was spilled on her coat, showed Margot to be an intelligent young lady with a mind of her own. Her reactions made her appear admirable rather than merely weak when she kept quiet.

5Personal observation made to the director by Professor John Winnie, State University of Iowa, on June 30, 1960.
In the director's opinion, one of the best performances was given by the young man cast in the role of Peter Van Daan. His ability to act continuously, and his ability to invent business when he was not participating in the action of the script were of the utmost value. During the many long scenes when he was shut up in his room, he was always doing the appropriate thing. In a position where he could have easily called attention to himself, he maintained the balance of the production by controlling his pantomimed business. "I noticed Peter's pantomimed business when he was alone in his room, but he was maintaining his character so well that he did not steal the attention away from the important element of the scene." He worked long and hard and received very little recognition for his effort. His was the most difficult type of acting, because it was acting which was not to be noticed.

Although Peter does not appear as a major person in the play, he did appear in the best scene of the production. This scene, considered by the director to be the most difficult in the entire play, is the date scene between Anne and Peter. This scene was directed to show the awakening awareness on the part of the two young people to persons of the opposite sex. These two youngsters had seen each other for a year when, due to a lack of normal

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*Personal observation made to the director by Dr. Phillip Benson, instructor, State University of Iowa on June 30, 1960.*
conversation and acquaintance with people their own age, they discovered each other. Both of them were lonely in their own way, and they finally turned to each other to fill the gap in their lives. In this scene they showed how they overcame this loneliness by turning to each other.

They played the scene as two honest young people who were not yet accustomed to being alone with a person of the other sex. They were told to try to appear older as young people always do, but yet let their youthful exuberance keep showing itself and giving them away. They executed this interpretation perfectly. Anne and Peter fought each other in trying to appear the most nonchalant, and yet when Anne worked Peter into telling her that she was pretty and fun and that he liked to have her around, she showed that she was already female wise and had succeeded in fooling her first male companion.

The scene built to the climax of the kiss. As do all boys and girls, they came to the point in their conversation where they discussed the moral limits in their relationship. Should they kiss, or shouldn't they? They didn't solve the problem; but when it came time for Anne to leave, they kissed anyway. It was a wonderful, awkward kiss as first kisses generally are. The director was severely criticized by two from the audience in his direction of the next movement.

Immediately after the kiss, which was rather awkwardly
executed purposely, Peter turned away hastily, put his hands in his pockets, and looked out of the skylight. Anne left the room, and the door remained open. As soon as she had left his room, Peter turned and closed the door and then sat on his bed and wiped his lips. This was done unobtrusively, because Anne was to maintain the focus of attention, which she did as she, a little dreamily and self-consciously, said good night to her family. The point in question was why did Peter turn away from Anne immediately after the kiss and put his hands in his pockets so suddenly. "Did you want a laugh at that point?" This was the problem. Both men thought that such an obvious move would clearly call for laughter, and the director should have changed the movement since he surely could have known that the movement as it was would get a laugh. This laugh bothered them because they saw this first kiss as a tender moment in a young girl's life, and it should not be interrupted with a laugh. "This moment is not humorous."

The director defended this movement. His reply was that he did not deliberately put in a laugh at this point, but he agreed that he knew that there would be one. He further explained that to Anne and Peter this was the tender and pleasing thing which the two critics demanded it was, but he as the director was also obligated

7Personal observation made to the director by Bill Rappell and Bob Meadors, drama students, State University of Iowa on April 26, 1960.

8Ibid.
to portray the truth. Peter was a shy young man. His kissing Anne would have had to come from an impulse or he would never have attempted it. After acting on this impulse, he was embarrassed; young men generally are. His turning and putting his hands in his pockets was an attempt on his part to appear relaxed and completely at ease, but his sudden, jerky movements showed that he definitely was not at ease. The laugh which came as a result of this awkward, obvious movement was really nothing more than a confirmation that the direction had been correct. The audience recognized Peter's feelings of embarrassment, confusion, and frustration; and they sympathized because many of them could remember when they too had experienced similar feelings. The resultant laughter then was not the audience laughing at Peter and Anne, but rather the audience laughing at some past and similar experience they themselves had had.

The play held the audience's attention throughout. It started slowly while the necessary exposition was imparted and the characters introduced; but once that had been accomplished, by about the middle of the second scene, the action got under way and rose gradually towards its climax. The director felt that from the middle of the second scene his handling of tempo and pace did justice to the inherent rhythm of the script. Due to his actors' lack of experience, he felt that they could not handle a slower tempo and still maintain control over the audience.

The real danger point for the maintenance of the pace came
during the scene changes. Anne's narration during these changes helped to unite the scenes and keep the pace going, but because of a complicated prop list and necessary set changes, there was always a problem of running over the short time allotted during the narration. Fortunately the prop crew was rehearsed enough so that on opening night they were on time in most cases.

The production had its faults, yes, but in spite of them the production was a success. The faults were not bad enough to detract from the meaning of the play which was presented primarily through the efforts of characterization. The audience felt that they had become familiar enough with the family that when the eventual capture and destruction of the family came, they could feel the injustice of the situation and be moved by it. Anne's presentation was an honest one, and therefore the message of her growth through adolescence was understood. The one part of the play which was not as meaningful as it might have been was the part which opens and closes the play. Mr. Frank's growth does not appear to be as great as it should have been. He should have been directed to appear more angry and bitter at the injustice accorded his family at the beginning to make his conversion at the end more apparent and meaningful.

9Personal observation made to the director by Leda Kern, president of the Iowa City Community Theatre's Board of Directors on June 8, 1960.
The director as a director is young and needs experience. The opportunity to direct a play for a community theatre was a valuable one for him. It gave him, or rather forced upon him, the opportunity to not only handle actors but the chance to lead an entire production for the first time. This experience heightened his appreciation for those who work backstage on a production to keep a play running smoothly.

Of the director, one of his many critics said, "The faults of this play are of the type which will be overcome by experience. The mistakes you made you can learn to correct; but the elements of a successful director, the traits which he must have, sensitivity, insight, and understanding, are apparent in your production. These things you cannot be taught." 10

10 Personal observation made to the director by Dr. Edwin L. Clark, chairman of the drama department, University of Omaha on April 22, 1960.
The Diary of Anne Frank

April 22-23
The Set
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