

... instantly reveals Anne, sitting at her desk in a slip, her hair
before her.)

ANNE. (*Overlapping, speaking out.*) I can't believe it that he really
say "a diary." I'll start revising it tomorrow! Maybe one day I could
even publish a novel. *The Secret Annex* — based on my diary! (*A
pause.*) Unless you write yourself, you can't know how wonderful it
is. When I write I shake off all my cares. I want to achieve more
than that. I want to be useful and bring enjoyment to all people,
even those I've never met. I want to go on living even after my
death! (*Light comes up on the main room, as Mrs. van Daan and
Frank and Mr. and Mrs. van Daan playing cards in the main room, as a
force whispered argument goes on between Margot and Mr. Dussel, trying
to get into his room. Margot comes in, Anne quickly puts her diary away, picks up
her comb and starts combing her hair.*)

START MARGOT. Mr. Dussel is getting awfully impatient out there.

ANNE. (*Continuing to get dressed.*) Let him! I'm always waiting for
him.

MARGOT. (*Watching her.*) Are you going up to the attic with Peter
again? (*Anne is silent.*) You've already spent so much time there today.

ANNE. I went up exactly twice. Once to practice French together
and once to get the potatoes for supper.

MARGOT. But you know Mrs. van Daan. She's got a comment
for every little thing.

ANNE. She can't help herself. It's in her nature. I don't think it's
Mrs. van Daan that's upsetting you. (*She puts on the red shoes.*)

MARGOT. I'm not upset.

ANNE. You're not jealous? Of Peter and me? (*Margot is still.*) I'd
be insanely jealous if it were you instead of me.

MARGOT. Yes, I imagine you would be. But I'm not.

ANNE. Aren't you, Margot? Tell me the truth.

MARGOT. Who wouldn't want someone to visit every night, have
deep serious conversations with ... and who knows what else. Yes,
I'm jealous. But not of you and Peter. I'd just like someone of my
own. I'm happy you have someone.

ANNE. You mean it?

MARGOT. (*Taking Anne's hand.*) I want you to have a good time
tonight. Every night. You've already missed out on so much here.

ANNE. Oh Margot, you're such a generous person! Anyway,
there's nothing to be jealous of. We don't *do* anything! (*They both
laugh. And it's suddenly quiet.*) He's never even kissed me.

MARGOT. The kiss will come.

ANNE. I'm not sure I want it to.

MARGOT. (*Grinning.*) Oh, you do. I know you. You can't help yourself. (*She gives Anne a little push.*) It's in your nature. (*Anne pushes her back. They giggle, then look at each other, silent. As Anne turns, Margot picks up the comb.*) Wait. Let me fix your hair. (*Quickly she combs Anne's luxuriant hair, turns her around, looks at her longingly.*)

Then you're ready. (*Anne smiles. Gently, Margot pushes her out. She stands still for a moment, then quietly folds Anne's clothes.*)

MR. DUSSEL. I presume I may finally get back into my room.

ANNE. Oh, room, dear Mr. Dussel. And yes, you may return.

MR. DUSSEL. Thank you so much. (*Anne curtseys.*)

MRS. FRANK. Anne. Again?

MRS. VAN DAAN. Again ... and look at her.

MRS. FRANK. (*To Anne.*) It's cold in the attic. You'd better bundle up.

MRS. VAN DAAN. (*As Anne goes into her parents' room for a sweater.*)

In my day it was the boys who called on the girls.

MR. FRANK. Young people like to find out they have secrets. The attic's the only place they can talk.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Talk? That's what they called it in my day.

MR. VAN DAAN. I think a little romance may be developing in our little Annex.

MRS. VAN DAAN. (*As Anne comes back.*) If we're here much longer, we may even have a little Anne wedding.

MRS. FRANK. (*Suddenly turning the van Daans.*) Frankly, I can't stand this stupid chatter another minute! (*Frank and the van Daans stare at her. Anne flashes her a grateful smile.*) Anne! Don't forget to be down by night. (*Anne and Peter go to the attic, Anne stumbling in her red shoes.*)

ANNE. They're so old-fashioned! I guess they don't realize how much more advanced we are. (*The van Daans return to their card game, Mr. Dussel comes out of the W.C., Mrs. Frank mends a skirt, Mr. Frank and Margot read together.*)

PETER. You look nice.

ANNE. Really?

PETER. I like the shoes. I've always liked the shoes. (*Anne holds out her feet.*)

ANNE. Miep always does everything just right.

PETER. She likes you a lot.