

ANNE. (*In a rush.*) There's nothing wrong with being kissed or anything. Though I'm sure Margot would never kiss a boy unless she were engaged to him. And I know Mother never touched a man before she met Papa. My girlfriends would say, "Anne, how shocking!" But I don't care what they'd say anyway? Everything's different now ... her.

PETER. You called it our attic before. Do you really think it's ours?

ANNE. (*Quietly.*) I do.

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

ANNE. No. I promise. (*A pause.*) Maybe I'll bring one of my stories and read it to you sometime.

PETER. You'll come tomorrow night?

ANNE. If you want me to.

PETER. I do.

MR. FRANK. (*Calling up to the attic.*) It's 9:00.

ANNE. (*Smiling.*) I will then. (*She turns to Peter. Silence. Behind her, Peter holds his breath, quickly, and inwardly kisses the back of her head. She doesn't move. Suddenly she turns, throws her arms around his neck, kisses him on the mouth. The kiss grows longer. In a daze they embrace. Anne gazes at him, enraptured, then turns down the stairs without looking back. Peter blows out the candle. In the main room everyone turns to look at Anne. For a moment she stares at all of them, smiles tremulously, then rushes into the kitchen, slamming the door behind her. Darkness. Rauter, chief of the local police and the SS in the occupied Netherlands, is heard voicing.*)

RAUTER. (*V.O.*) All Jews must be out of German-occupied countries before July first. The province of Utrecht will be cleansed of Jews between April first and May first, the provinces of North and South Holland, including Amsterdam, immediately thereafter. A faster pace evacuating Jews will begin as we move them by train, not once but twice a week, transporting 12,000 Jews a month. This is heavy work, but of mission of great historical purpose. When not a single Jew remains in the Netherlands, people will again walk freely in the streets.

START MRS. FRANK. (*In a whisper.*) Otto. Listen. A rat!

MR. FRANK. Edith, please. Go back to sleep. (*He turns over. Mrs. Frank gets up, quietly creeps to the main room, stands still. There is a tiny crunching sound. In the darkness, a figure is faintly illuminated, crouched over, gnawing on something. Mrs. Frank moves closer, turns on the light. Trembling, Mr. van Daan jumps to his feet. He is clutching a piece of bread.*)

MRS. FRANK. My God, I don't believe it. The bread! He's stealing the bread!

MR. VAN DAAN. No, no. Quiet.

MR. FRANK. (*As everyone comes into the main room in their night-clothes.*) Hermann, for God's sake!

MRS. VAN DAAN. (*Sleepily opening her eyes.*) What is it? What's going on?

MRS. FRANK. Your husband. Stealing our bread!

MRS. VAN DAAN. That can't be. Putti, what are you doing?

MR. VAN DAAN. Never before! Never before!

MRS. FRANK. I don't believe you. If he steals once, he'll steal again. Every day I watch the children getting thinner. And he comes in the middle of the night and steals food that should go to them!

MR. VAN DAAN. (*His head in his hands.*) Oh my God. My God.

MR. FRANK. Edith. Please.

MARGOT. Mama, it's only one piece of bread.

MR. VAN DAAN. (*Putting the bread on the table. In a panic.*) Here. (*Mrs. Frank swats the bread away.*)

MRS. FRANK. (*Quiet.*) I want him to go.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Go? Go where?

MRS. FRANK. Anywhere.

MRS. VAN DAAN. You don't mean what you're saying.

MR. DUSSEL. It would be impossible for —

MR. FRANK. Edith, you know how upset you've been these past —

MRS. FRANK. That has nothing to do with it.

MR. FRANK. He couldn't help himself. It could happen to any one of us. (*He looks at Mr. van Daan.*) It won't happen again.

MR. VAN DAAN. Never. I promise.

MRS. FRANK. No! I can't take it with them here! They have to go.

MRS. VAN DAAN. You'd put us out on the street?

MRS. FRANK. There are other hiding places. Miep will find something. Don't worry about the money. I'll find you the money.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Mr. Frank, you said you'd never forget what my husband did for you.

MRS. FRANK. If my husband had any obligation to you, it's paid for.

MR. FRANK. For God's sake, Edith, I've never seen you like this!

ANNE. You can't throw Peter out! He hasn't done anything.

MRS. FRANK. Peter can stay.

PETER. I wouldn't feel right without my parents.

ANNE. Please, Mother. They'll be killed on the street!

MARGOT. Anne's right. You can't send them away.

MRS. FRANK. They can stay till Miep finds them a place. But we're switching rooms. I don't want him near the food.

MR. DUSSEL. Let's divide it up right now. *(He hurries to get a sack of potatoes.)*

MARGOT. We're not going to divide up some rotten potatoes.

MR. DUSSEL. *(Dividing the potatoes into piles.)* Mrs. Frank, Mr. Frank, Margot, Anne, Peter, Mrs. van Daan, Mr. van Daan, myself ... Mrs. Frank, Mr. Frank —

MARGOT. *(Overlapping.)* Stop, Mr. Dussel! No more. No more! I beg you. Please. Don't! *(Mr. Dussel continues counting nonstop. In tears.)* I can't bear it!

MRS. FRANK. All this ... all that's happening ...

MR. FRANK. Enough! Margot. Mr. Dussel. Everyone — back in your rooms. Come, Edith. Mr. Dussel, I think the potatoes can wait. *(Mr. Dussel goes on counting. Tearing the sack from Mr. Dussel, the potatoes spilling.)* Just let them wait! *(He holds out his hand for* **END**

pick up the scattered potatoes. Not looking at each other, Mr. and Mrs. van Daan move to their separate beds. The buzzer rings furiously, breaking the silence.) Miep? At this hour? *(Miep runs up the stairs as everyone comes back into the main room.)*

MIEP. *(Out of breath.)* Everyone ... everyone ... most wonderful, most incredible news!

MR. FRANK. What's it?

MIEP. *(Tears streaming down her cheeks.)* The invasion. The invasion has begun! *(They stare at her, unable to grasp what she is telling them.)*

Did you hear me? The invasion is happening — right now! You can feel it in the streets — the excitement! *(Mrs. Frank begins to cry.)*

I ran to tell you before the workmen got here. This is it. They've landed on the coast of Normandy!

PETER. The British?

MIEP. British and Americans ... everyone! More than four thousand ships! Look! I brought a map. *(Quickly she unfolds a map of Normandy on the table.)*

MR. FRANK. *(Weeping, embracing his daughters.)* For over a year we've prayed for this moment.

MIEP. *(Pointing.)* Cherbourg. The first city. They're fighting for it now.