

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. (*She pushes her back. They giggle, then look at each other, silent. As Anne turns to go, Margot picks up the comb.*) Wait. Let me fix your hair. (*Quickly she combs Anne's luxuriant hair, turns her around, looks at her longly.*) There. Now 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. Our 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 feel they have secrets. The attic's the only place they can have secrets.

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 Annex wedding.

MRS. FRANK. (*Suddenly facing the van Daans.*) Frankly, I can't stand this stupid chatter another minute! (*Mrs. Frank and the van Daans stare at her. Anne flashes her a grateful smile.*) Anne! Don't forget to be down by nine. (*Anne and Peter go up 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 room. Mr. Dussel comes out of the W.C., Mrs. Frank mends a skirt, Mr. Frank and Margot read together.*)

START 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.

ANNE. I love her. But I hate having to ask for absolutely everything. Doesn't it make you miserable to be so dependent on people?
PETER. (*Lighting a candle on top of a crate.*) I'm not miserable ... anymore. I mean ... even bumping into you on the stairs sometimes I feel ... (*He stops.*)

ANNE. I feel the same. (*Peter holds out a chair for her.*)

PETER. (*Grinning.*) You've changed. I used to think you were a real pain in the neck.

ANNE. My life before seems so unreal — nothing to do with who I am now. I see myself then as an utterly superficial girl. I wouldn't go back to being her for the world.

PETER. You sure know a lot about yourself, don't you? I guess it comes from all that writing you do.

ANNE. If I didn't — I mean write what I think, what I feel — I'd suffocate! (*He is silent, staring at her.*) I want to be a *real* writer one day. I know I can write — I'm my harshest critic — but who knows if I truly have talent or not. (*She pauses.*) What do *you* want to do?

PETER. (*Pulling up a crate, sitting down.*) I don't know. Some job that doesn't take much brains. Maybe if I had your drive —

ANNE. That's ridiculous.

PETER. No. It's true. I'm a complete idiot.

ANNE. You're too hard on yourself.

PETER. I didn't have much going for me on the outside.

ANNE. But don't you miss — Oh Peter, I miss so many things ... (*Going to the window.*) Sometimes I dream I'm back in our old apartment. I wake up and wonder ... why can't I run outside? (*She stops.*) Oh! You *can* see the moon from here — just like you said. How beautiful! (*Turning back into the attic.*) Look at our attic. The moonlight coming in.

PETER. (*Coming up behind her.*) Are you cold?

ANNE. No. Well, maybe just a little.

PETER. (*Putting his jacket around her shoulders.*) Here. (*Slowly he lifts his hand, touches a lock of her hair. She remains still.*)

ANNE. (*Turning toward him.*) Peter ... have you ever kissed a girl?

PETER. I guess so.

ANNE. You have? When?

PETER. It wasn't a big deal or anything.

ANNE. Tell me.

PETER. On my birthday. I was blindfolded. I don't even know who the girl was. (*Anne laughs.*)

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 Pim. My girlfriends would say, "Anne, how shocking!" But who cares what they'd say anyway? Everything's different now ... here.

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

ANNE. (*Quiet.*) 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 9:05!

ANNE. (*Smiling.*) I will then. (*She turns to go. Silence. Behind her,* **END**

Peter holds his breath, quickly, awkwardly 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 tears 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 W.C., slamming the door behind her. Darkness. Rauber, chief of the local police and the SS in the occupied Netherlands, is heard voiceover.)

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 the Jews will be necessary to move them by train not once but twice a week, transporting 12,000 Jews a month. This is dirty work, but a mission of great historical purpose. When not a single Jew remains in the Netherlands, people will again walk freely in the streets. (*Night. Everyone asleep. Abruptly Mrs. Frank gets up in bed.*)

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

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 creaking 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.*)