

PETER. *(Grabbing his clothes.)* Quack, quack, quack — and from
on stay out of my room! *(As he starts toward his room, Anne puts
out her foot, tripping him. He picks himself up, stares at her, nothing,
as Anne laughs.)*

MRS. FRANK. Anne.

MR. FRANK. *(Looking up from correcting papers.)* Excellent in
History, Anne. And in Latin.

MR. VAN DAAN. *(Coming down from the attic.)* Miep's not here yet?

MRS. VAN DAAN. The workmen only left a little while ago.

MR. VAN DAAN. What's for dinner?

MRS. VAN DAAN. *(Sorting through a bowl of dried beans.)* Beans.

MR. VAN DAAN. Again? *(Turning to Peter.)* I saw you in there,
playing with that cat.

MRS. VAN DAAN. He just went in for a second. He's been out
here all afternoon working on the trench.

MR. VAN DAAN. Really.

ANNE. *(To her father.)* How do you do in Algebra?

MR. FRANK. *(Grinning.)* I think both better give up on Algebra.

MARGOT. How did I do?

ANNE. How do you always do? *(Patting her head.)* Brilliant!

MR. FRANK. You might have used the subjunctive here.

MARGOT. Where? *(She and her father become absorbed in her
work. Anne turns away, stares at Mrs. van Daan's coat.)*

ANNE. Mrs. van Daan. May I try on your coat?

MRS. FRANK. Anne.

MRS. VAN DAAN. *(Holding up the coat for Anne to slip into.)* Of
course you may. My father gave me this coat the year before he died.
He always bought the best money could buy. *(A glance at her husband.)*

ANNE. Did you have a lot of boyfriends before you were married?

MRS. FRANK. Anne, it's not courteous to ask personal questions.

ANNE. Why not? I had a throng of admirers who couldn't keep
their hands off me.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Our house was always swarming with boys. I
remember the summer I was sixteen —

START MR. VAN DAAN. *(Tossing cards into a large pot on the floor.)* Oh,
God. Here we go again!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Who's talking to you? *(Anne listens, fascinated,
following her, imitating her walk.)* We had a big house in Bremer-
haven. Those boys came buzzing like bees around a honey-pot.
(Mr. van Daan chuckles.) My father was very worried with all those

boys buzzing around. He'd say, "If any of them gets fresh, you tell him ... 'Remember, Mr. So-and-So, remember I'm a lady.'"

ANNE. (*Imitating her.*) "Remember, Mr. So-and-So, remember I'm a lady."

MRS. VAN DAAN. (*Laughing, hugging her.*) Very good. (*She takes her coat back.*) All right, that's enough. (*She lays the coat carefully on the couch as Anne quickly picks up her diary, sprawls on the floor, writing.*)

MR. VAN DAAN. What have you got to write about that's so important all the time? How much does a thirteen-year-old have to say?

MARGOT. Just because someone's young doesn't mean they don't have anything to say, Mr. van Daan.

ANNE. Please. Can't I have any privacy?

MR. VAN DAAN. Petronella, can you please tell me what could possibly be so private.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Oh, you know how it is at that age, Putti. Everything's private. Even brushing your teeth.

MR. VAN DAAN. I just hope she doesn't write anything about *me* in that private diary of hers.

MRS. VAN DAAN. (*Laughing.*) Don't be ridiculous! Really, Putti, you're so childish sometimes. (*Anne stifles a laugh.*)

MR. VAN DAAN. (*To Peter.*) Still haven't finished your French? You ought to be ashamed.

PETER. I know, I know. I'm a hopeless case.

MRS. VAN DAAN. You are not hopeless. (*To her husband.*) He is not hopeless. He just doesn't have anyone to help him, like the girls do. Maybe you could, Mr. Frank.

MR. FRANK. I'm sure his father —

MR. VAN DAAN. Not me. He won't listen to me.

MR. FRANK. What do you say, Peter?

MRS. VAN DAAN. Oh Mr. Frank, you're an angel! (*Kissing the top of his head.*) I don't know why I didn't meet you before I met that one over there.

MR. FRANK. (*Uncomfortable.*) Come, Peter. Show me which chapter you're on.

MRS. VAN DAAN. (*As Peter and Mr. Frank go into Peter's room.*) You listen to Mr. Frank, Peter. Mr. Frank is a highly educated man. (*Mr. van Daan nearly trips over Anne, who lies on her stomach, writing.*)

MR. VAN DAAN. (*Stepping over her.*) Aren't things hard enough without you sprawling all over the place?

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

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

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

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

MRS. VAN DAAN. You're smoking up all our money.

MR. VAN DAAN. Will you shut up? (*Mrs. Frank and Margot keep their eyes down as Anne, sitting on the floor, follows the whole exchange. Seeing her staring up at him.*) What are you staring at?

ANNE. I never heard grownups quarrel before. I thought only children quarreled and it wore off when you grew up.

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

ANNE. (*Jumping to her feet.*) Rude, me? I don't know how *you* can say that when —

MRS. FRANK. Anne dear, would you please bring me my knitting. I must remember to ask Miep for more wool.

MARGOT. I have a library book for her to return. And I need some hairpins and soap.

ANNE. (*Giving her mother the wool.*) Please Miep, get me some starch. Some tea, some biscuits, a movie star magazine. Tell us all the latest news, Miep. Miep, Miep, Miep! It's a wonder Miep has a life of her own! Did you know she's engaged to someone called Jan? She's crazy about him, but terrified the Nazis will send him to Germany to work in a war plant. That's what they do with all the young Dutchmen these days. They pick them up in the street and —

MR. VAN DAAN. (*Slamming down the lid of a trunk.*) Suppose you try keeping still for five minutes! (*Anne clamps her lips tight.*)

MRS. FRANK. Anne, come have your milk.

MR. VAN DAAN. Talk, talk, talk! Chatter, chatter, chatter. It's a wonder we haven't been discovered and shot. Why do you have to show off all the time? Can't you be quiet like your sister Margot? Be a good girl. **END**