

tion and continues toward Peter's room. Margot's heels give her a bit of trouble, but her head is high. Mr. Dussel, in Right room, gets trousers from hook D. R., scissors from chest and sits on his bed trimming frayed cuffs. Margot takes her sewing basket to the shelves U. L., gets her crossword puzzle book and pencil. Anne knocks at Peter's door. He makes a quick check to see all is in order.) I don't know what good it is to have a son. I never see him. He wouldn't care if I killed myself. (Peter opens the door and stands aside for Anne to come in.) Just a minute, Anne! (She crosses above to them at the door. Margot brings book to sofa, adjusts lamp and sits working a puzzle.) I'd like to say a few words to my son. Do you mind? (Peter and Anne stand waiting.) 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. (Too sweetly to Mrs. Van Daan.) May we go now? (Sound of children playing fades to R.)

MRS. VAN DAAN. Are you asking me? I didn't know I had anything to say about it.

MRS. FRANK. Listen for the chimes, Anne dear. (The two young people go off into Peter's room, shutting the door after them.)

MRS. VAN DAAN. (Dropping to L. of Mrs. Frank.) 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. (L43B. General dim C. room. Mrs. Van Daan crosses above, puts her magazine on the mantel, goes to the sink, picks up her apron and starts to polish the coffee pot. Peter comes to L. of Anne. She turns to him, indignant.)

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. (Crossing down, she sits on foot of Peter's bed facing front.) . . . 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! (Warn W. C. on.) . . . Oh, I forgot. I was going to bring you some more pictures.

PETER. (Picking up bottle of orange soda and two glasses from his box-table.) Oh, these are fine, thanks.

ANNE. Don't you want some more? Miep just brought me some new ones.

PETER. Maybe later. (He comes down and sits on the window seat facing her. He hands her a glass and pours soda into it, then takes some for himself. In the Center room Mrs. Van Daan puts down the coffee pot and goes to the W. C. and turns on the light.  
W. C. on.)

ANNE. (Looking at one of the photographs.) 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? (Mr. Frank takes his ledgers, moves R. Margot stops him and asks for help on a word. He can't make a suggestion and continues to the shelves, puts down the books and gets small chess set. He completes circle to below the table. He and Mrs. Frank play.)

PETER. I thought I might go off some place . . . work on a farm or 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. (With sudden directness.) You like Margot, don't you? Right from the start you liked her, liked her much better than me.

PETER. (Uncomfortably.) Oh, I don't know. (Mr. Dussel replaces trousers on hook, gets nail file from dressing table and sits on bed filing his nails.)

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 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. (*Eagerly.*) And what do you think now, Peter? How have I changed?

PETER. Well . . . er . . . you're . . . quieter.

ANNE. (*Amused.*) 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.

ANNE. When you get back with all of your friends, you're going to say . . . now what did I ever see in that 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. (*Peter realizes what he has said. To cover his embarrassment he hurriedly picks up the glasses and bottle, returning them to the box-table. There is a second's silence and then Annie speaks, hesitantly, shyly. She cannot look at him. Warn W. C. off.*)

ANNE. Peter, did you ever kiss a girl?

PETER. Yes. Once.

ANNE. (*She looks quickly back over shoulder at him. Then to cover her feelings.*) That picture's crooked. (*Peter straightens the picture. She is looking away again.*) Was she pretty?

PETER. Huh?

ANNE. The girl that you kissed.

PETER. I don't know. I was blindfolded. (*He comes back and resumes his place opposite her.*) It was at a party. One of those kissing games. (*W. C. off. Mrs. Van Daan turns off W. C. light and comes into Center room and polishes the coffee pot at the sink.*)

~~W~~  
~~W. C.~~  
AIB

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ANNE. (*Relieved.*) Oh. I don't suppose that really counts, does it?  
(*Warn W. C. on.*)

PETER. It didn't with me. (*Mr. Dussel gets his pajamas and starts for the W. C.*)

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 touched a man before Pim. But I don't know . . . things (*Mr. Dussel goes into W. C. and turns on the light.*) are so different now. . . . (*W. C. on.*) 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. (*The carillon starts to strike nine o'clock.*) [Sound Cue 28.] I've always thought that when two people . . . (*Warn £44. Warn change. Curtain light on.*)

ANNE. Nine o'clock. I have to go.

PETER. That's right.

ANNE. (*Without moving.*) Good night. (*Their faces are close together. There is a second's pause. Then Peter, too shy to kiss her, moves upstage.*)

PETER. ~~You won't let them stop you coming?~~

ANNE. No. (*She rises and starts for the door, then turns back to him.*) 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 . . . (*For a second Anne stands looking*