

ANNE, MARGOT, MRS. F

~~MRS. VAN DAAN. (*Rushing toward the coat.*) Oh my God! My coat. My beautiful fur coat!~~

~~ANNE. I'm sorry.~~

~~MRS. VAN DAAN. Do you know what my father paid for this coat? Look at it!~~

~~ANNE. I'm very very sorry.~~

~~MRS. VAN DAAN. I could kill you for this.~~

~~MR. VAN DAAN. Petronella! (*He helps her clean the coat.*)~~

~~MRS. FRANK. (*Pulling Anne into her room, Margot behind them.*)~~

Anne, you can't behave like this.

ANNE. It was an accident. Anyone can have an accident.

MRS. FRANK. I'm not just talking about the coat, Anne. We're all living under great stress, but you don't hear Margot getting into arguments with the van Daans, do you?

ANNE. Margot's perfect. She never gets into arguments with anyone.

MARGOT. I'm not perfect.

MRS. FRANK. She's courteous. She keeps her distance and they respect her for it. Try to be more like Margot.

ANNE. And have them walk over me too? No thank you.

MARGOT. They don't walk over me!

ANNE. Oh yes they do. *All* over you.

MRS. FRANK. I'm not afraid they'll walk over you, Anne. I'm afraid you'll walk over them. I don't know what happens to you. If I ever talked to my mother the way you talk to me —

ANNE. "Yes Mother, no Mother, anything you say Mother." People aren't like that anymore. I can't do everything for you.

MRS. FRANK. Margot doesn't do everything —

ANNE. Margot, Margot! That's all I ever hear.

MARGOT. Anne, don't be so dramatic!

ANNE. Everything she does is right, and everything I do is wrong. If I talk, I'm a show-off, if I answer, I'm rude, selfish if I eat too much, stupid, cowardly, a complete disappointment! I'll never live up to your expectations. I'll never be Margot! (*Sobbing, she runs into her parents room.*)

MRS. FRANK. I don't know how we can go on living like this.

MARGOT. You know Anne. In two minutes she'll be laughing and joking again.

MRS. FRANK. No room, no privacy — for any of us. (*Gesturing toward the van Daans.*) Uch ... those people! The way they behave. And your father chooses to shut his eyes to these things. (*Margot*

reaches toward her.) I can't even remember how life used to be. *(The shrill sound of the buzzer.)*

MARGOT and MRS. FRANK. Miep! *(They grab their lists and hurry to the main room, as Mr. Frank and Peter come out of Peter's room.)*

PETER. It's Miep.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Miep! Our darling Miep!

MR. VAN DAAN. At last.

MR. FRANK. Does everyone have their list?

MRS. VAN DAAN. I have mine. *(All seven of them line up, lists in hand, as Miep appears, her arms full of groceries.)*

MRS. FRANK. *(Going to Anne.)* Now you'll get your library book, darling. *(Anne pulls away, runs to Miep, sniffing her clothes, her face.)*

ANNE. Oh, Miep, Miep — that air! What's it like ... outside? *(Mr. Kraler appears behind Miep.)*

MR. FRANK. How are you, Mr. Kraler?

ANNE. *(To Miep.)* Where did you go today? Who did you see? Did anyone interesting come into the office?

MR. VAN DAAN. *(Opening a fresh pack of cigarettes.)* When Miep comes the sun begins to shine!

MARGOT. We missed you yesterday, Mr. Kraler.

ANNE. Tell us, Miep. We want to know everything.

MRS. FRANK. Won't you stay for supper?

MIEP. Thank you, but there's something we need to talk over. Something that has to be decided immediately.

MRS. VAN DAAN. What? What is it, Mr. Kraler?

MR. KRALER. Each time we come, we try and bring a bit of good news. But up here you just can't know how bad things have become outside. *(He looks at Miep.)*

MIEP. There's a dentist — Alfred Dussel. He's Jewish. He's been living with a Christian woman, but today he asked if I knew of a safe address. He's desperate. *(Quiet.)* I promised I would let him know. *(Silence.)*

MR. FRANK. *(Stepping forward.)* Of course, Miep. Absolutely. Dussel. I believe we know him.

ANNE. It's great news, Miep!

MR. VAN DAAN. Yes. But where is he going to sleep? There's barely enough room ...

MR. FRANK. Forgive me. I spoke without consulting you. I was sure —

MR. VAN DAAN. It's just that ... there's so little food.