[MR. FRANK *comes quickly from* PETER's *room.*]
Mr. Frank. Thank you, Margot. (*As he goes down the steps to open the outer door*) Has everyone his list?
Margot. I'll get my books. (*Giving her mother a list*) Here's your list. (MARGOT *goes into her and* ANNE's *bedroom on the right.* ANNE *sits up, hiding her tears, as* MARGOT *comes in.*) Miep's here.
Mr. Van Daan (*coming down the stairs*). Is it Miep?
Mrs. Frank Yes. I can't tell you how unhappy I am about Mrs. Van Daan's coat. Anne should never have touched it.
Mr. Van Daan. She'll be all right.
Mrs. Frank. Is there anything I can do?
Mr. Van Daan. Don't worry. Meip!
Mrs. Frank. When Meip comes, the sun begins to shine.
Mr. Frank. Meip has something to talk over with us. Something has happened, she says, which demands an immediate decision.
Mrs. Frank (*fearful*). What is it?
Meip Usually, when I come up here, I try to bring you some bit of good news. What's the use of telling you the bad news when there's nothing that you can do about it? But today something has happened.... Dirk ... my Dirk, came to me just now. He tells me that he has a Jewish friend living near him. A dentist. He says he's in trouble. He begged me, could I do anything for this man? Could I find him a hiding place? . . . So I've come to you . . . I know it's a terrible thing to ask of you, living as you are, but would you take him in with you?
Mr. Frank. Of course we will.
Meip. It'll be just for a night or two . . . until I find some other place. This happened so suddenly that I didn't know where to turn.
Mr. Frank. Where is he?
Meip. Downstairs in the office.
Mr. Frank. Good. Bring him up.
Meip. His name is Dussel . . .
Mr. Frank. Dussel . . . I think I know him.
Meip. I'll get him.
[She *goes quickly down the steps and out.* MR. FRANK *suddenly becomes conscious of the others.*]
Mr. Frank. Forgive me. I spoke without consulting you. But I knew you'd feel as I do.
Mr. Van Daan. There's no reason for you to consult anyone. This is your place. You have a right to do exactly as you please. The only thing I feel . . . there's so little food as it is . . . and to take in another person . . .
[PETER *turns away, ashamed of his father.*]
Mr. Frank. We can stretch the food a little. It's only for a few days.
Mr. Van Daan. You want to make a bet?
Mrs. Frank. I think it's fine to have him. But, Otto, where are you going to put him?
Peter. He can have my bed. I can sleep on the floor. I wouldn't mind.

Mr. Frank. That's good of you, Peter. But your room's too small . . . even for you.
Anne. I have a much better idea. I'll come in here with you and Mother, and Mr. Dussel can have my bed.
Mrs. Frank. No. No. No! Margot will come in here with us and he can have her bed. It's the only way. Margot, bring your things in here. Help her, Anne.
[MARGOT *hurries into her room to get her things.*]
Anne (*to her mother*). Why Margot? Why can't I come in here?
Mrs. Frank. Because it wouldn't be proper for Margot to sleep with a . . . Please, Anne. Don't argue. Please.
Mr. Frank Where's the cognac?
Mrs. Frank. It's there. But, Otto, I was saving it in case of illness.
Mr. Frank. I think we couldn't find a better time to use it. Peter, will you get five glasses for me?
[PETER *goes for the glasses.* MARGOT *comes out of her bedroom, carrying her possessions, which she hangs behind a curtain in the main room.* MR. FRANK *finds the cognac and pours it into the five glasses that* PETER *brings him.* MRS. VAN DAAN *comes downstairs and looks around at all the bustle.*]
Mrs. Van Daan. What's happening? What's going on?
Mr. Van Daan. Someone's moving in with us.
Mrs. Van Daan. In here? You're joking.
Margot. It's only for a night or two . . . until Meip finds him another place.
Mr. Van Daan. Yeah! Yeah!
[MR. FRANK *hurries over as* MEIP *and* DUSSEL *come up.*)
Mr. Frank. Come in, Mr. Dussel.
Meip. This is Mr. Frank.
Dussel. Mr. Otto Frank?
Mr. Frank. Yes. Let me take your things. (*He takes the hat and briefcase, but* DUSSEL *clings to his medicine case.*) This is my wife, Edith . . . Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan . . . their son, Peter . . . and my daughters, Margot and Anne.
[DUSSEL *shakes hands with everyone.*]
Meip. Thank you, Mr. Frank. Thank you all. Mr. Dussel, I leave you in good hands. Oh . . . Dirk's coat.
[DUSSEL *hurriedly takes off the raincoat, giving it to* MEIP. *Underneath is his white dentist's jacket, with a yellow Star of David on it.*]
Dussel What can I say to thank you . . . ?
Mrs. Frank (to DUSSEL). Miep . . . She's our lifeline. Without her we couldn't live.
Meip Please. Please. You make us seem very heroic. It isn't that at all. I simply don't like the Nazis. I don't like anything about them. I'll be up tomorrow to see that they're treating you right. Good night.
[MRS. FRANK *gives each one of the "grown-ups" a glass of cognac.*]
Mrs. Frank. Please, Mr. Dussel, sit down.
[DUSSEL *sinks into a chair.* MRS. FRANK *gives him a glass of cognac.*]

Dussel. I'm dreaming. I know it. I can't believe my eyes. Mr. Otto Frank here! (*To* MRS. FRANK) You're not in Switzerland, then? A woman told me . . . She said she'd gone to your house . . . the door was open, everything was in disorder, dishes in the sink. She said she found a piece of paper in the wastebasket with an address scribbled on it . . . an address in Zurich. She said you must have escaped to Zurich.
Anne. Father put that there purposely . . . just so people would think that very thing!
Dussel. And you've been here all the time?
Mrs. Frank. All the time . . . ever since July
[ANNE *speaks to her father as he comes back.*]
Anne. It worked, Pim . . . the address you left! Mr. Dussel says that people believe we escaped to Switzerland.
Mr. Frank. I'm glad. . . . And now let's have a little drink to welcome Mr. Dussel. To Mr. Dussel. Welcome. We're very honored to have you with us.
Mrs. Frank. To Mr. Dussel, welcome.
[*The* VAN DAANS m*urmur a welcome. The "grown-ups" drink.*]
Mrs. Van Daan. Um. That was good.
Mr. Van Daan. Did Meip warn you that you won't get much to eat here? You can imagine . . . three ration books among the seven of us . . . and now you make eight.
[PETER walks away, humiliated.]
Dussel (*rising*). Mr. Van Daan, you don't realize what is happening outside that you should warn me of a thing like that. You don't realize what's going on. . . .Right here in Amsterdam every day hundreds of Jews disappear.... They surround a block and search house by house. Children come home from school to find their parents gone. Hundreds are being deported . . . people that you and I know . . . the Hallensteins . . . the Wessels . .
Mrs. Frank Oh, no. No!
Dussel. They get their call-up notice . . . come to the Jewish theater on such and such a day and hour . . . bring only what you can carry in a rucksack. And if you refuse the call-up notice, then they come and drag you from your home and ship you off to Mauthausen. The death camp!
Mrs. Frank. We didn't know that things had got so much worse.
Dussel. Forgive me for speaking so.
Mr. Frank (*interrupting, with a glance at* ANNE). I think we should put this off until later. We all have many questions we want to ask. . . . But I'm sure that Mr. Dussel would like to get settled before supper.
Dussel. Thank you. I would. I brought very little with me.
Mr. Frank (*giving him his hat and briefcase*). I'm sorry we can't give you a room alone. But I hope you won't be too uncomfortable. We've had to make strict rules here . . . a schedule of hours . . . We'll tell you after supper. Anne, would you like to take Mr. Dussel to his room?
Anne If you'll come with me, Mr. Dussel? (*She starts for her room.*)
Dussel (*to the group*). If you'll excuse me.
Margot. The news sounds pretty bad, doesn't it? It's so different from what Meip tells us. Meip says things are improving.

Mr. Van Daan. I like it better the way Meip tells it.
[*They resume their occupations, quietly.* PETER *goes off into his room. In* ANNE's *room,* ANNE *turns to* DUSSEL.]
Anne. You're going to share the room with me.
Dussel. I'm a man who's always lived alone. I haven't had to adjust myself to others. I hope you'll bear with me until I learn.
Anne. How dreadful. You must be terribly lonely.
Dussel. I'm used to it.
Anne. I don't think I could ever get used to it. Didn't you even have a pet? A cat, or a dog?
Dussel. I have an allergy for fur-bearing animals. They give me asthma.
Anne. Oh, dear. Peter has a cat.
Dussel. Here? He has it here?
Anne. Yes. But we hardly ever see it. He keeps it in his room all the time. I'm sure it will be all right.
Dussel. Let us hope so. Your father spoke of a schedule.
Anne (*coming away from the window*). Oh, yes. It's mostly about the times we have to be quiet. And times for the w.c. You can use it now if you like.
Dussel (*stiffly*). No, thank you.
Anne. I suppose you think it's awful, my talking about a thing like that. But you don't know how important it can get to be, especially when you're frightened. . . . About this room, the way Margot and I did . . . she had it to herself in the afternoons for studying, reading . . . lessons, you know . . . and I took the mornings. Would that be all right with you?
Dussel. I'm not at my best in the morning.
Anne. You stay here in the mornings, then. I'll take the room in the afternoons.
Dussel. Tell me, when you're in here, what happens to me? Where am I spending my time? In there, with all the people?
Anne. Yes.
Dussel. I see. I see.
Anne. We have supper at half past six.
Dussel (*going over to the sofa*). Then, if you don't mind . . . I like to lie down quietly for ten minutes before eating. I find it helps the digestion.
Anne. Of course. I hope I'm not going to be too much of a bother to you.
[DUSSEL *lies down on the sofa, curled up, his back to her.*]
Dussel. I always get along very well with children. My patients all bring their children to me, because they know I get on well with them. So don't you worry about that.
(Anne steps to the front of the stage)
Anne. Monday, the twenty-first of September, nineteen forty-two. Mr. Dussel and I had another battle yesterday. Yes, Mr. Dussel! According to him, nothing, I repeat . . . nothing is right about me . . . my appearance, my character, my manners. While he was going on at me, I thought . . . sometime I'll give you such a smack that you'll fly right up to the ceiling! Why is it that every grown-up thinks he knows the way to bring up children?

Particularly the grown-ups that never had any.

SCENE 3

Everyone is in bed. MR. *and* MRS. FRANK *lie on the couch in the main room, which has been pulled out to serve as a makeshift double bed.*
MARGOT *is sleeping on a mattress on the floor in the main room, behind a curtain stretched across for privacy.*
Suddenly, out of the silence and the dark, we hear ANNE *scream.*
Anne (*screaming*). No! No! Don't . . . don't take me!
[*She moans, tossing and crying in her sleep. The other people wake, terrified.* DUSSEL *sits up in bed, furious.*]
Dussel. Shush! Anne! Anne, for God's sake, shush!
Anne (*still in her nightmare*). Save me! Save me!
[*She screams and screams.* DUSSEL *gets out of bed, going over to her, trying to wake her.*]
Dussel. For God's sake! Quiet! Quiet! You want someone to hear?
[*In the main room* MRS. FRANK *grabs a shawl and pulls it around her. She rushes in to* ANNE, *taking her in her arms.* MR. FRANK *hurriedly gets up, putting on his overcoat.* MARGOT *sits up, terrified.*
Mrs. Frank (*to* ANNE, *in her room*). Hush, darling, hush. It's all right. It's all right. (*Over her shoulder, to* DUSSEL) Will you be kind enough to turn on the light, Mr. Dussel? (*Back to* ANNE) It's nothing, my darling. It was just a dream.
[DUSSEL *turns on the light in the bedroom.* MRS. FRANK *holds* ANNE *in her arms. Gradually* ANNE *comes out of her nightmare, still trembling with horror.* MR. FRANK *comes into the room, and goes quickly to the window, looking out to be sure that no one outside has heard* ANNE's *screams.* MRS. FRANK *holds* ANNE, *talking softly to her. In the main room* MARGOT *stands on a chair, turning on the center hanging lamp.*
Dussel (*to* MRS. FRANK, *blowing his nose*). Something must be done about that child, Mrs. Frank. Yelling like that! Who knows but there's somebody on the streets? She's endangering all our lives.
Mrs. Frank. Anne, darling.
Dussel. Every night she twists and turns. I don't sleep. I spend half my night shushing her. And now it's nightmares!
Mrs. Frank (*to* ANNE). You're here, safe, you see? Nothing has happened. (*To* DUSSEL) Please, Mr. Dussel, go back to bed. She'll be herself in a minute or two. Won't you, Anne?
Dussel (*picking up a book and a pillow*). Thank you, but I'm going to the w.c. The one place where there's peace!
[*He goes into the bathroom.]*
Mrs. Frank (*to* ANNE). Would you like some water? (ANNE *shakes her head.*) Was it a very bad dream? Perhaps if you told me . . . ?
Anne. I'd rather not talk about it.