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The Diary of Anne Frank

By Frances Goodrich

Mr. Frank.
Mr. Frank?
Kraler.
Mr. Kraler.
Miep.
My good friends.
It is so good
to see you home.
We had heard nothing.
I'm alone.
You must come
home with us...
...and rest now.
- You must stay with us. No,
I can't stay in Amsterdam.
Mr. Frank, this
is your home.
- Amsterdam is your home.
- It has too many memories.
Everywhere there's
something, Miep. Everywhere.
Even seeing you
and Mr. Kraler...
I shouldn't talk to you
like this, after all you did.
Why, we'd do it again.
Everything's
gone. The book...
They took everything,
except some papers.
We saved your
letters and papers.
Please burn them.
Burn everything.
I told her...
...if I got back here,
I'd find her book.
Anne's diary?
It's where she left it.
"The 9th of July, 1942."
1942. Is it
possible, Miep?
Only three years ago?
"Dear Diary, since you and

I are to be great friends...
...I will start by telling
you all about myself.
My name is Anne Frank.
I am 13 years old.
I was born in Germany, but
since my family is Jewish...
...we emigrated to Holland
when Hitler came to power.
Things went well for us until the
war came and the German occupation.
Then things got very
bad for the Jews."
You could not do this
and you could not do that.
We had to wear
yellow stars.
I had to turn in my bike.
I couldn 't go to a
Dutch school anymore.
I couldn 't go to the movies
or ride in an automobile...
... or even
on a streetcar.
And a million
other things.
But somehow, we children
still managed to have fun.
This morning, Father

woke me at 5:

... and told me to
hurry and get dressed.
We were going into hiding.
I was to put on as
many clothes as I could.
It would look too suspicious if
we walked along carrying suitcases.
We were going
to disappear...
... vanish into thin air.
I'm living a
great adventure.
Three other people were coming

in with us. Father knew them.

We had never met them.

- Something's happened.

They had a 3 mile walk.

Mother.

- They've been arrested, I know.

Will you stop that?

- Mother. Father.

We're here.

You see?

Mr. Van Daan. Hello.

- Mrs. Van Daan.

- Mr. Frank.

Peter. There were too many

Green Police on the streets.

We took the long way around.

Did you introduce yourself?

My daughter Anne.

My wife, Edith.

Margot. Mr. And

Mrs. Van Daan.

Oh, and this is

our son, Peter.

So, now, please let us take

off some of these clothes.

Good morning. Good

morning, Mr. Kraler.

Morning, Mr. Kraler.

- Mr. Frank.

You're all here.

That is good.

- We hoped to have everything in order.

- Please, don't even think of it.

We'll have leisure to

arrange everything ourselves.

- Brought sandwiches for lunch.

- Thank you, Miep.

The canned goods are here,

and your beans and potatoes.

- I'll get you ration books this afternoon.

- Ration books?

If they see our names on ration

books, they'll know we're here.

Don't worry. It won't be

your names that'll be on them.

Father! The Westertoren!

- Anne! No!

You must never touch
a curtain. Never.

No one must ever touch
a curtain, day or night.

If someone on the streets should
look up or someone should see...
...we would be lost. Remember,
it's not only our lives at stake...
...but Miep's
and Mr. Kraler's.

- You have 13 minutes to
get settled. Thank you.

Miep or I will be up each day
to bring you food and news.

Come, Miep, we must go.

- Goodbye.

Goodbye, Mr. Kraler.

How can we thank you?

I never thought I'd live to see
the day when a man like Mr. Frank...
...would have to go into
hiding. When you think of it...

Goodbye. Thank
you, Mr. Kraler.

Goodbye.

Anne!

- It's all right, I have on three more.

Excuse me, Mr. Frank.

- What do they mean, "13 minutes"?

- Before workmen come.

Now...

...while the men are in the
building below, we must be quiet.
Every sound can be heard down there,
in the offices and in the workrooms too.
The men come at about 8:30.
They leave at about 5:30.
So to be perfectly safe,
from 8 a.m. Until 6 p. M...
...we must move about up here
only when absolutely necessary...

...and then in
stockinged feet.
We must not speak above a
whisper or run any water.
We cannot use the sink or
even, forgive me, the W.C.
The pipes go down through the
workrooms. No trash must ever be...
No trash, which might reveal someone's
living here. Not even a potato peeling.
We must burn everything
in the stove at night.
This is the way that we must live
until it is over, if we are to survive.
Until it is over.

After 6:

about. We can talk and laugh...
...have our supper, read, play
games, just as we would at home.
Now it would be wise if
we all went to our rooms...
...and were settled before 8:00. Mr.
And Mrs. Van Daan, you're upstairs.
I regret there's no place up there
for Peter. But he'll be here, near us.
- And where am I?
- You and Margot will be in there.
Excuse me, Mr. Frank. Yes?
Where do you sleep?
This room is our bedroom.
Oh, no, no. You take the
upstairs. We'll sleep down here.
I've thought this out.
It's the best arrangement.
The only arrangement.
Edith? You must
have some rest, dear.
You didn't close your eyes last
night. Now, go in the girls' room.
- Well, how about Anne?
- I feel fine.
I'm going to help Father.
This way, Mrs. Van Daan.

Excuse me.

Up here.

Mr. Frank?

Mr. Frank? Peter?

- I have time to get water
for my cat? You've a cat?

Go ahead, but be quick.

- You only have about five minutes.
- He couldn't live without that cat.

I didn't know
you had a cat.

I love cats.

What's its name?

- Mouschi.

- What is it? Mouschi. A him or her?

- It's a tom. It doesn't like strangers.

- Then I'll have to stop being a stranger.

Is he fixed? No.

You ought to have him fixed,
to keep him from fighting.

What a nice cat.

Where do you go to school?

- Jewish Secondary. That's
where Margot and I go.

- Yeah, I know.

- I've never seen you around.

- I used to see you sometimes.

- You did?

Why didn't you
ever come over?

Oh, I don't know. I'm
sort of a lone wolf.

You can't be a
lone wolf here.

I wonder what our friends will
say when we don't show up today.

I had a date with Sanne.

Do you know Sanne de Vries?

- No. Sanne's
my best friend.

She's thin like me.

They always yell at us:

"Anne and Sanne,
the skinny bananas."

You took off your star.
That's right.
You can't do that. They'll arrest
you if you go out without your star.
Who's going out?
- Help me.
- I'm helping.
- What are you going to do with it?
- Burn it.
It's funny, I don't
think I could burn mine.
- I don't know
why. You couldn't?
Something they make you wear
so they can kick you around.
I know. But after all...
...it is the Star
of David, isn't it?
Annele, it's almost 8:00.
Don't you wanna sit with
us? It'll be a long day.
No, thanks. This is fine.
You won't forget to take
off your shoes, will you?
Peter...
...it's nice to
have you with us.
Yes, Mr. Frank.
See you later.
Did you know that he went
to the same school that...?
It's comforting that Mr.
Kraler and his secretary...
... are down there
below us, in the office.
Our protectors,
we call them.
I asked Father what
would happen to them...
... if anyone found
out they were hiding us.
Father said they would suffer
the same fate that we would.
We are over an

old spice factory.
You can smell the spices
all through the building.
I read A Tale of Two Cities
through in that first day.
"It is a far, far
better thing I do...
... than I have ever done.
It is a far, far better
rest that I go to...
... than I
have ever known.
The end. "
It was the saddest
book I ever read.
It is us, Miep and Kraler.
Good evening, Mr. Kraler.
Good evening, Miep.
Good evening, Annele.
- Oh, Mr. Frank.
- Yes?
- This is the box you asked for.
- Thanks.
Oh, my dear friends, you
were all so quiet up here.
- I thought you'd gone out
for a walk. Can you imagine me?
I didn't talk. I hardly
moved for one whole day.
Wish they could
hear that at school.
Mouschi! Mouschi!
Peter! Peter.
Mouschi.
Annele! Annie!
- Annele!
- Peter, I'm warning you.
Please, quiet.
Margot. Margot!
- What are these?
- You don't have to whisper now.
- There you are.
- He's such a nice cat.
Thank you. You're welcome.

Annele.
There's a box there.
Will you open it, please?
Know how I'm going
to think of it here?
As a boarding house, a very
peculiar boarding house.
Father, my film stars!
I was wondering
where they were.
And Queen Wilhelmina.
How wonderful.
There's something more.
Go on, look further.
A diary.
I've never had a diary.
And I've always
wanted one.
A pencil? I'm going
downstairs to get a pencil.
- Anne, no!
- There's nobody down there.
Doesn't matter. Don't
go beyond that door.
- Never?
- Never. I'm sorry, Anne, it isn't safe.
- I see. It'll be
hard, I know that.
But always remember there
are no walls, no locks...
...no bolts that anyone
can put on your mind.
As a matter of fact,
just between us, Annele...
...being here has certain
advantages. For instance...
...remember that battle with
your mother about overshoes?
You said you'd rather die
than wear overshoes. Remember?
What happened? In the
end, you had to wear them.
Now, for as long as we are here,
you won't have to wear overshoes.

Isn't that good?
And the piano.
You won't have to
practice it. I tell you...
...this is going to
be a fine life for you.
It's an odd idea for someone
like me to keep a diary.
Not only because I have
never done so before...
... but because it seems to me, neither
I, nor for that matter anyone else...
... will be interested in the
unbosomings of a 13-year-old schoolgirl.
Still, what
does that matter?
I want to write,
but more than that...
... I want to bring out
all kinds of things...
... that lie buried
deep in my heart.
First of all, I expect
I should be describing...
... what it's like
to go into hiding.
But I don 't really
know yet myself.
I only know it's funny never
to be able to go outdoors.
Never to breathe
fresh air.
Never to run and
shout and jump.
Wednesday, the 23rd
of September, 1942.
The news of
the war is good.
Stalingrad is
still holding out.
The Russian offensive
continues in the Moscow area.
- It's safe now. The last workman has left.
- Whee!

- Anne!
- I'm first for the W.C.
- Six o'clock, Margot. School is over.
- Where are my shoes?
- Have you seen my shoes?
- What shoes?
- You're gonna be sorry.
- I am?
- Annie, dear.
- Wait till I get you.

I'm waiting.

Stop! Peter!

- Annie! Peter!

Peter, where are you going?

- Gonna give Mouschi his dinner.

Peter! Annie, dear...

...you shouldn't play like that
with Pete. That's not dignified.

Who wants to be dignified?

I don't wanna be dignified!

You complain I don't treat you like a
grownup, but when I do, you resent it.

I only want some fun.

I don't know what's the
matter with that boy.

Give him a little time.

He isn't used to girls.

Time? Isn't

two months time?

I could cry.

And what about Miep?

She's usually so prompt.

- Margot, come and dance with me.

- I've got more work to do, Anne.

You know, we're going
to forget how to dance.

When we get out, we
won't remember a thing.

- Where is Peter? Where
would he be? With his cat.

He hasn't finished
his lessons, has he?

Peter.

- Peter!

- What is it?
Your mother
says to come out.
I'm giving
Mouschi his dinner.
You know what your father says
about wasting time with that cat.
- I haven't looked at him since lunch.
- I'm only telling you.
I'll feed him.
- You stay out of here. And I mean out.
Is that any way for you to
talk to your little girlfriend?
Mother, I asked you...
...would you please not say that?
- Look, he's blushing.
- He's blushing.
- Please, I'm not, but...
- Leave me alone.
- Like it's something to be ashamed of.
Nothing to be ashamed
of to have a girlfriend.
That's crazy.
She's only 13.
So what? You're 16.
It's just perfect.
Your father's 10 years older
than me. Mr. Frank, I warn you...
...if this war lasts much
longer, we're gonna be related.
- Mazel tov.
- I haven't seen my cat since lunch.
I'm giving Mouschi his
dinner. My little Mouschi.
I couldn't live without
my precious Mouschi.
You wonderful cat, you.
All right, Miss
Quack-Quack. - What's that?
- Miss
Quack-Quack! - You!
You talk so much they
call you Miss Quack-Quack.
You're the most

intolerable boy I ever met!

Quack, quack, quack!

- Quack!

- Ooh!

Anne, dear, you're hot.

- You're warm. Are you all right?

- Mother, please.

- You don't have a fever, do you?

- No.

You know we can't call

a doctor here, ever.

There's only one thing

to do, watch carefully.

Prevent an illness before it

comes. Let me see your tongue.

- Mother, this is perfectly absurd.

- Anne, dear, don't be such a baby.

Let me see your tongue.

Otto.

Anne, you hear your

mother, don't you?

Come on, open up.

Quack.

Annie.

- Otto.

- Anne.

You're all right.

I think there's nothing the matter

with our Anne that a ride on her bike...

...or a visit with her friend

Sanne de Vries wouldn't cure.

Isn't that so, Anne?

I keep wishing that Peter

was a girl instead of a boy.

Then I'd have

someone to talk to.

With all the boys

in the world...

... why did I have to

get locked up with him?

Is it someone?

- Is it Miep?

It's strange

we don't hear.

Maybe she got hurt.

- She'll come.

I wish she'd get here.

I'm going crazy

without cigarettes.

Anne, you got "excellent"

in your history paper...

...and "very good" in Latin.

- Yes, but how about algebra?

Well, I have a

confession to make.

Up until now, I managed to

stay ahead of you in algebra.

Today, you caught up with me.

We'll leave it to Margot to correct.

- Isn't algebra vile, Father?

- Vile.

- How did I do?

- Excellent, of course.

Anne, please.

Your French composition today,

Margot, was just wonderful.

- Mrs. Van Daan, may I try it on?

- No, Annie.

It's all right, really.

But please be

careful with it.

My father gave me this coat

the year before he died.

He always bought me the

best money could buy.

Mrs. Van Daan, did you have a lot of

boyfriends before you were married?

Annie, that's a

personal question.

It's not courteous to

ask personal questions.

I don't mind.

Anneke, our house was

always swarming with boys.

- When I was a young girl...

- Oh, no, not again.

Shut up!

One summer, we had a

big house in Hilversum.

The boys...

The boys would come buzzing
around like bees around a jam pot.

When I was 17...

Well, we were wearing short skirts
then, and I had such good-looking legs.

I still have. I may not be
as pretty as I used to be...

...but I still have my legs.

How about it, Mr. Frank?

All right, all
right. We see them.

I'm not asking you,
I'm asking Mr. Frank.

- Mother, for heaven sakes.

- Oh, I embarrass you too, do I?

Let me tell you something. I only
hope the girl you marry has as good.

Anneke, my father used to worry
with all the boys hanging around.

And he used to say to me:

"If any of those boys get
fresh, you just say to him:

'Remember, Mr. So-and-So,
remember, I am a lady.'"

Look at you, talking
that way with her.

Don't you know she
puts it in her diary?

So what if she does? I'm
only telling the truth.

Haven't you finished?

- No.

- Oh, the thinker.

Leave him alone.

- I'm a dunce. A hopeless
case. Don't talk like that.

It's just you haven't
got anyone to help you...

...like Father
helps Anne and me.

But if I... Well,
if we could help...

What about it, Peter? Would
you like to study with us?
Shall we make our
school coeducational?
Thanks, yes.
Mr. Frank. Yes?
You are an angel,
an absolute angel.
Why didn't I meet you
before I met that one there?
I think it might be better if you
went into your room, Peter, to work.
Excuse me.
Peter, you listen to Mr. Frank.
Mr. Frank is a highly educated man.

It's after 8:

Where are they?
- At least one of them should've come.
- They'll come. Don't worry.
Don't tell me. I know
something's wrong.
Isn't it bad enough here
without you sprawling all over?
If you didn't smoke, you
wouldn't be so irritable.
- Am I smoking?
- You already smoked all the cigarettes.
- Miep only brought me one package.
- It's a filthy habit...
...and this is a good time to
break it. Oh, stop it. Please.
You're smoking
up all our money.
Will you shut up?!
And what are
you staring at?
I never heard grownups quarrel like that
before. I thought only children quarreled.
This isn't a quarrel, it's a discussion.
I never heard children so rude before.
- I, rude?
- Yes!
- Annie, drink your milk.

- You've been spoiled.
What you need is
a good spanking.
Remember, Mr.
So-and-So, I am a lady.
You're the most aggravating...
Why aren't you nice and quiet...
...like your sister, Margot?
Why do you show off all the time?
Let me give you
a little advice.
Men don't like that in
a girl. Do you know that?
A man likes a girl
who'll listen to him.
A girl who cooks
and sews and cleans.
I'd cut my throat
first. I'd open my veins.
I am going to
be remarkable.
I'm going to Paris...
...to study music and art.
- Yeah, yeah.
I'm going to be an actress
or a writer or a dancer.
- Look what you
did. I'm sorry.
You clumsy little fool!
- My father gave me this coat!
- I'm so sorry.
All ruined, and what do
you care? You ruined it!
I could kill you! I
could just kill you!
Petronella.
Petronella, it's only
a coat. Only a coat.
Anne, you must not
behave in that way.
It was an accident. Anyone
can have an accident.
I don't mean that. I
mean the answering back.

You must not answer
back. They're our guests.
You don't hear Margot getting
into arguments with them.
Try to be like Margot.
And have them walk all over me
the way they do her? No, thanks.
I don't know what
happens to you, Annie.
If I had ever talked to my
mother as you talk to me...
Things have changed, Mother.
People aren't like that anymore.
"Yes, Mother. No, Mother.
Anything you say, Mother."
I've got to fight things out for
myself. Make something of myself.
It isn't necessary to fight
to do it. Margot doesn't...
"Margot." That's all I hear.
"Why aren't you like Margot?"
Everything she does is right,
and everything I do is wrong.
You're all against me,
and you worst of all.
I don't know how we can
go on living this way.
I can't say a word to
Annie, she flies at me.
You know Anne. In a half an hour,
she'll be laughing and joking.
And them.
I told your father it wouldn't
work with two families.
But no, no, he
had to ask them.
Shh.
Every time I hear that
sound, my heart stops.
It's Miep. Father.
Yes? It's Miep.
- Here's your
list. Thank you.
Is it Miep?

- Yes.

- At last, I'll have some cigarettes.

- Miep's here.

I can't tell you how
sorry I am about the coat.

Don't worry.

- Hello.

- Miep.

Mr. Kraler.

When Mr. Kraler comes,
the sun begins to shine.

- Dirk has had to leave.

- Dirk is Miep's fianc.

He had to go into hiding in the
country to escape a labor call-up...

...but he has let me
have the radio for you.

- He shouldn't have.

- It was too dangerous.

Look!

Our blessed radio.

It gives us our eyes and
ears out into the world.

We listen to the German
station only for good music.

The Axis forces
in the Western...

And we listen to
the BBC for hope.

... ceaseless attacks by land and
air forces are now in full retreat.

The 8th army
continues to advance.

It's good.

All right, Peter. Now, let's see what
they have to say about the Nazis, huh?

Berlin.

Must we listen?

All right, Peter,
that's enough.

The Green Police,
they've found us.

Hmm.

Hm.

Hm?

Hm.

This way, Mr. Dussel.

It's Kraler. And Miep.

Please open. Bless
them. They're here.

Kraler? And Miep,

yes. Open, please.

- Well, we had a visitor last night.

- We had a visitor last night.

- Yes, yes.

- A thief.

- It was a thief?

- Did you hear him?

- Yes.

- He was right under you.

In the office
right under here.

We did not know. We
thought it was the police.

- Are you sure, Miep?

- You were, of course, quiet?

We didn't move. We
hardly breathed all night.

- That is good. It was close.

- Too close.

He went through everything,
the desk and the files.

And he found the safe, but
he could not get it open.

He's looking for our ration
card supply from the underground.

- Somebody knows.

- They are in that safe.

They'll come back. You should get
rid of that safe. Get it out of here.

Yes, put a sign

on the door:

"Burglars do not come
back. The safe is gone."

- Jokes, yeah.

- Mr. Frank, I must talk to you.

- Of course.

- Maybe we should get rid of the radio.
Put it in the stove. Burn it. If
the Green Police found that radio...
Then they'd find her
diary. We'll burn that too.
Not my diary. My diary
goes, I go with it.

- Where is it?
- Mr. Van Daan.
If they find us, they might as
well find the diary, the radio...
- Usually, I try to bring good news.
- Yes, I know.
But something has
happened. A man came to me.
He told me that he has a
Jewish friend, a dentist.
He begged me, could I find him a
hiding place? So I have come to you.
It is a terrible thing to ask
of you, living the way you are...
...but could you take him in?
- Well, of course we will.
- His name is Jan Dussel.
- Dussel. I think I know him.
I think it's fine to have him.
- Thank you.
But, Otto, where are we
going to put him? Where?
- There's so little food as it is...
- We can stretch the food a little.
He can have my bed.
- No, thank you.
Margot will move in with
us, and he can have her bed.
I'll get my things out.
Mr. Dussel.
Don't bump your head.
Come in, Mr. Dussel.
This is Mr. Frank.
- Mr. Otto Frank?
- Yes. Let me have your things, please.
Thank you, Mr. Frank.
I leave you in good hands.

Mr. Dussel, I must
return your coat.

- What can I say to thank you?

- Mr. Kraler and Miep...

...they're our lifeline.

Without them, we couldn't live.

Please. You make us seem very
heroic. It isn't that at all.

- We simply don't like the Nazis.

- I know, I know.

"Nobody's going to tell us Dutchmen
what to do with our damn Jews."

We'll be up tomorrow, see if
they're treating you right.

Goodbye. Goodbye,

Mr. Kraler.

Goodbye, Mr. Dussel.

Goodbye, Miep.

- Welcome, Mr. Dussel.

- Thank you.

This is my wife, Edith. Mr. And
Mrs. Van Daan. Their son, Peter.

My daughters,

Margot and Anne.

Hello, Anne.

- How do you do?

- Margot.

- How do you do?

Please, Mr.

Dussel, sit down.

Thank you.

I'm dreaming, I know it.

Mr. Otto Frank here.

You're not in Switzerland, then?

Someone said that you had escaped.

- And you've been here all this time?

- Ever since July.

Did Mr. Kraler warn you you
won't get much to eat here?

You can imagine.

Three ration cards
among the seven of us.

Now you make eight.

Mr. Van Daan, you don't realize

what's 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 the block.
They search house by house.
Every day, children come home from
school to find their parents gone.
Hundreds are
being deported.
People that you and I know:
The Hallensteins, the Wessels.
Oh, no.
You get your

call-up notice:

"Come to the station on
such and such a day and hour.
Bring only what
you can carry."
If you don't, they come
drag you from your home...
...and ship you off to
Mauthausen, the death camp.
We didn't know that things
had got so much worse.
Forgive me for
speaking so.
Do you know the de Vries?
They're gone.
Sanne and I are
in the same class.
Sanne is my best...
My best friend.
She returned home from school
to find her parents gone.
She was alone for two days, and
then they came and took her away.
Gone?
Yes, with all the others.
Oh, no.

People named Meyerberg,
they lived near us.
- Do you know...?
- We should put this off.
I'm sure Mr. Dussel
would like to get settled.
Would you take Mr.
Dussel to his room now?
If you'll come
with me, Mr. Dussel.
Forgive me if I haven't
expressed my gratitude.
This has been
such a shock to me.
I always thought of myself as
Dutch. I was born in Holland.
My father was born in
Holland, and my grandfather.
And now, after
all these years...
If you will excuse me.
It's so different from
what Mr. Kraler tells us.
Mr. Kraler says that
things are improving.
I like it better the
way Kraler tells it.
Good night.
- Say good night!
- Good night, Mother.
Good night, Mr.
Frank. Good night.
Do you have any
children, Mr. Dussel?
No, I never married.
- Have you no family
at all? No one.
How dreadful.
You must be
terribly lonely.
I'm used to it.
I don't think I could
ever get used to it.
Didn't you

even have a pet?

- A cat or a dog?

- No.

No, no, I have an allergy
to furbearing animals.

- Gives me asthma.

- Oh, dear.

What?

Peter has a cat.

- He has? He has it here?

- Yes.

We hardly ever see it.

- He keeps it in his room all the time.

- Yeah.

- I'm sure it'll be all right.

- Well, I hope so. Yes.

I hope I won't be too much of
a bother to you, Mr. Dussel.

No.

I seem to be able to
get everyone's back up.

Oh, I always get along
very well with young people.

My patients all bring
their children to me...

...because they know I
get along well with them.

So don't you
worry about that.

Thank you, Mr. Dussel.

Good night.

I'll be back.

Good night, Mr. Dussel.

Be careful.

Sanne.

Sanne?

Sanne!

Save me! Save me! No, no!

- No! Don't take

me! Stop it! Stop it!

Save me.

Hush, Annie, hush. It's
all right. It's all right.

Please, Mr. Dussel, turn on

the light. It was just a dream.
You're here,
safe, you see?
Something must be done with
that child. Yelling like that.
Who knows who might be in the
street? She's endangering our lives.
Mr. Dussel, after all, Anne is not
exactly a trained frontline soldier.
Please, Mr. Dussel,
go back to bed.
She'll be herself in a minute
or two, won't you, Annie?
Go back to bed. Hmph.
Excuse me. I'm going to the W.C.,
the one room where there's peace.
Go back to bed now.
Would you like some water?
Was it a very bad dream?
Perhaps if you told me?
I'd rather not
talk about it.
Try to sleep, then.
- I'll sit right here beside
you. You don't have to.
But I'd like to stay with
you. Very much, really.
I'd rather you didn't.
Good night...
You'll be all right?
There's nothing
that you want?
Will you please
ask Father to come?
Yes, of course,
Anne, dear.
She asked for you.
- Edith... Go
to her, Otto.
She's still
trembling with fear.
She wants nothing of me.
She pulled away when I
leaned down to kiss her.

They broke down the door and tried to drag me out, the way they did Sanne.

Anne.

It's just a phase.

All girls turn to their fathers at this age.

They give all their love to their fathers.

You weren't like this.

You didn't shut me out.

So...

- Do you want me to read to you?

- No, just sit with me for a minute.

Was I awful?

- Do you think anyone outside heard me?

- No. Now, lie down quietly so.

Like this. Now

try to sleep.

I'm a terrible coward.

I'm so disappointed

in myself.

I think I'm

really grown-up...

...and then something happens,

and I run to you like a baby.

I love you, Father. I

don't love anyone but you.

- Annele.

Annele. It's true.

You're the

only one I love.

I've been thinking

about it for a long time.

It's fine.

It's fine to have you

tell me that you love me...

...but I'd be much happier if you said

that you loved your mother as well.

She needs your

help so much.

Your love.

We have nothing in common.

She doesn't understand me.

Whenever I try to explain my views on

life, she asks me if I'm constipated.
You hurt her very much
just now. She's crying.
She is in there crying.
Oh, Father, I was
horrible, wasn't I?
What's the matter
with me? Tell me.
Don't say it's just
a phase. Help me.
There is so little that we parents
can do to help our children, Annie.
We can only try to set a
good example, point the way.
The rest you
must do yourself.
I'm trying. Really, I am.
Every night, I think back over all the
things I did that day that were wrong.
Like putting the wet mop
in Mrs. Van Daan's bed.
And now this with Mother.
I say to myself,
"That was wrong."
And I make up my mind never
to do that again. Never.
I may do something worse,
but I'll never do that again.
I have a nicer
side, Father...
...but I'm
scared to show it.
I'm afraid people
will laugh at me.
So the mean Anne
comes to the outside...
...and the good Anne
stays in the inside.
And I keep on trying
to switch them around...
...have the good
Anne outside...
...and the bad
Anne inside.

It would be what
I'd like to be.
And might be.
If only...
She's asleep.
Thursday, the 29th
of October, 1942.
Mr. Dussel and I had a
great battle yesterday.
Yes, Mr. Dussel.
According to him, nothing, I
repeat, nothing, is right about me.
While he was going
on at me, I thought:
"Someday, I'm going to
give you such a smack...
... that you'll fly
right up to the ceiling. "
Why is it that every grownup thinks
he knows the way to bring up children?
Particularly the grownups
that haven 't any.
Monday, the 9th
of November, 1942.
Wonderful news! The Allies
have landed in Africa!
That measure of...
Churchill spoke on
the BBC from London.
... which they have so
often meted out to others.
Ah, this is not the end.
It is not even the
beginning of the end.
No, but it is, perhaps,
the end of the beginning.
The air raids
are getting worse.
The British planes come over, day
and night, on their way to Germany.
It's too much.
It's just too much.
Suppose they
hit this house?

What will we do? We can't
go out in the street.

What will we do?

If they hit this house,
your worries will be over.

That big explosion, an English
plane fell right in this block!

Peter.

Peter!

It's far away from
here. Please don't.

Just look at them.

Mrs. Van Daan, this should
be music to your ears.

Music? Of course.

The more planes they send, the
sooner the war will be over.

- The sooner we'll be home again.

- I don't believe it'll ever be over.

Do you know what I'd like
right now? A cup of tea.

Oh, yes, please.

You can't have tea,
then, for breakfast.

If you have it now, you
won't have any tomorrow.

- I don't care.

- Neither do I.

Me too, please.

How about you, Mr. Dussel?

Tea now or tomorrow morning?

- Tomorrow morning.

- Sure?

Sure.

I'll take mine now.

The skylight!

Edith, come!

Oh, Peter!

Peter! Peter!

Peter!

Peter!

"Praised be thou, Lord,
ruler of the universe...

...who's sanctified us

with thy commandments...
...and bidden us kindle
the Hannukah lights.
Praised be thou, O, Lord, our
God, ruler of the universe...
...who wrought wondrous deliverances
for our fathers in days of old.
Praised be thou, O, Lord, our
God, ruler of the universe...
...that thou hast given
us life and sustenance...
...and brought us to
this happy season." Amen.

- Amen.

- Amen.

Monday, the 7th
of December, 1942.

The Hannukah holiday
came early this year.

"We kindle this
Hannukah light...

...to celebrate the wonderful
deeds wrought through the zeal...
...with which God filled the hearts
of the heroic Maccabees 2000 years ago.
They fought against
indifference...

...against tyranny and oppression,
and they restored our temple to us.

May these lights remind us that
we should ever look to God...

...whence cometh
our help." Amen.

- Amen.

- Amen.

"I lift up mine eyes unto the
mountains from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord,
who made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer
thy foot to be moved.

He that keepeth thee
will not slumber.

He that keepeth Israel doth

neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper.
The Lord is thy shade
upon thy right hand.
The Lord shall keep thee from
all evil. He shall keep thy soul.
The Lord shall guard thy
going out and thy coming in...
...from this time forth
and forevermore." Amen.

- Amen.

- Amen.

May I have the hats,
please? Thank you.
Very nice, very nice.

- That was very moving.

- It isn't over yet.

- Sit down! Where
are you going?

There's lots more.

Songs and presents.

- Presents? Not this
year, unfortunately.

But always on Hannukah, everyone
gives presents. Everyone.

- That's right.

- Like our St. Nicholas Day.

St. Nicholas Day.

No, not like

St. Nicholas Day.

What kind of Jew
doesn't know Hannukah?

I remember particularly
the candles.

First one, as we have
tonight. The second night, two.

The next night, three, and so on,
until eight candles are burning.

When there are eight
candles, it's truly beautiful.

What I remember best are the presents
we used to get, eight days of presents.

Each day, they got
better and better.

We are all here, alive.

That's present enough.

No, it isn't.

I've got something.

What is it?

- Presents.

- Real presents?

- She made it herself.

- Look!

- Isn't it festive? Isn't it gay?

- Oh, it's beautiful.

For Margot.

Read it out loud.

You have never

lost your temper

You never will I fear

You are so good

But if you should

Put all your

cross words here

Let's see what it is.

It's a new

crossword-puzzle book.

It's one you've done, but I rubbed

it out. If you wait and forget...

...you can do it

all over again!

- It's wonderful.

- Clever.

Thank you.

For Mrs. Van Daan.

Oh, I feel terrible. I don't

have a thing for anybody.

It's hair shampoo.

I took all the bits of soap and mixed

them with the last of my toilet water.

- Oh, thank you, Anneke!

- She's got your number.

I wanted to write a poem for all

of them, but I didn't have time.

Yours, Mr. Van Daan,

is really something.

Something you want

more than anything.

Cigarettes!

Look at that!

- Cigarettes!

- Two of them.

Father found some pipe tobacco in the pocket of his coat, and we made them.

Rather, Father did.

Look at that.

Light it! Go on, light it!

It's tobacco.

Really, it is.

There's a little fluff in it, but not much.

Ah, yes.

It works!

- Look at him!

Thank you,

Annie. Thank you.

Mr. Van Daan!

For Mother. A

Hannukah greeting.

Here's an IOU that I promise to pay Ten hours of doing Whatever you say

Signed, Anne Frank.

Ten hours of doing what you're told? Anything you're told?

That's right.

You wouldn't want to sell that, Mrs. Frank, would you?

Never. This is the most precious gift I've ever had.

For Father.

Annele, I wasn't supposed to have a present.

- Look at that.

- It's a muffler.

Oh, I know.

To wear around your neck like an ascot, you know.

I knitted it in the dark each night.

I'm afraid it looks better in the dark.

It's fine. Thank you,

Annele. Thank you.

- Isn't it a dream?

- Lovely, isn't it?

Thank you, Anne.

For Mouschi.

He'll like it.

And this is for

you, yourself.

From Miss Quack-Quack.

Go on, open it.

Aren't you

going to open it?

Come on, show

us what it is.

- It's a safety razor.

- What?

It's not new. Miep

got it, secondhand.

But you really do

need a razor now.

- What for?

- Look at his upper lip.

See?

He wants to

get rid of that?

Put some milk on it and

let the cat lick it off.

You think you're

funny, don't you?

Look, he can't wait. He's

going in to try it now.

I'm going to give

Mouschi his present.

- Mouschi, Mouschi, Mouschi.

- Enough!

And last, but never least,

my roommate, Mr. Dussel.

Something for me?

- Capsules.

- They're earplugs.

To put in your ears so you won't

hear me when I thrash around at night.

I made them myself. Try

them. See if you can hear me.

- Watch him.

- Wait, I'll put...
- Like that? Is that what you mean?
- Are you ready?
- What?
- Are you ready?

They work!

They went in!

They went in!

He can't get them out.

What's the matter with you?

Get them out. Take them out.

I got it.

Thank you.

- That's a real Hannukah.
- Isn't she cute?
- A real Hannukah.
- Now let's sing the song, Father.

Wait till you hear the
Hannukah song, Mr. Dussel.

Annele. I'm afraid we
shouldn't sing the song.

It's a song of jubilation
and of rejoicing.

One is apt to become too
enthusiastic about it.

Please, let's sing it.

I promise not to shout.

Very well, but quietly, Annie. I'll
keep my eye on you. If you get...

Oh. Oh!

I told you not to come in
with that cat. Get out of here!

What's the matter with
you? Haven't you any sense?

- Get that cat out of here.
- Cat?

You heard me, get
it out of here!

I have no cat.

Mr. Dussel.

It doesn't have to be the cat.

Just the hairs on his clothing...

...from the cat is enough
when he comes in the room.

You won't be bothered anymore.
We're getting rid of it.
At last, you listen to me.
And I'm not doing it for you.
That's all in your mind, all of it.
I'm doing it because I'm sick of
seeing that cat eat all our food.
That's not true. I
only give him scraps.
Don't tell me. He
gets fatter every day.
Damn cat looks better than
any of us. Out he goes tonight.
No!
Mr. Van Daan, you can't do
that. That's Peter's cat.
- Peter loves
that cat. Annie.
If he goes, I go.
Go. Go.
He's not going and the cat's not going.
What's wrong with you? It's Hannukah.
Look, please, Annie, sing.
Annele. Annele.
I think we should first
blow out the candles.
Then we'll have something
for tomorrow night.
Father, you're supposed
to let it burn itself out.
I'm sure that God
understands shortages.
Praised be thou, Lord,
who has permitted us...
...to celebrate this
joyous festival. Amen.
- Amen.
- Amen.
- I think they've gone.
- They've found us.
If they had, they
would be up here by now.
I know it was the Green Police.
They've gone to get help.

Maybe the Gestapo
looking for papers.
Or another thief
looking for money.
I'm going down.
They may still be there.
Annele, this is Saturday.
We won't know what happened until
Miep or Mr. Kraler come here on Monday.
We cannot live with this
uncertainty. Now, please. Please.
Get our money. They say
you can buy them off.
- Quick, go get the money.
- Keep still!
You want to be dragged off
to a concentration camp?
You gonna stand there
till they come get you?
Will you keep still?
Someone go and make
Father come back.
Haven't you done enough?
Please, Mr. Van Daan.
Annie!
I lift up mine eyes unto the
mountains, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
who made heaven and earth.
He that keepeth thee
will not slumber.
He that keepeth Israel doth
neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper.
The Lord is thy shade
upon thy right hand.
Over here.
- I better go and look and make sure.
- Yeah.
The Lord shall keep
thee from all evil.
- He shall keep thy
soul. Hear me, O, Israel.
The Lord shall guide thy

going out and thy coming in.
Took the typewriter and ran away.
He didn't shut the street door.
It was swinging wide open.
The watchman was passing.
We had a burglar. He got
out as he heard me coming.
I will lock the
door and report it.
They've gone and locked the
door. Oh, thank God, they've gone.
I'd just as soon they take us
than to continue with this agony.
I can't think.
It's all right. The
danger has passed.
Who says the
danger has passed?
Don't you realize that we're
in greater danger than ever?
Please, will
you keep still?
Thanks to this clumsy fool,
someone now knows we're up here.
- Someone knows we're hiding.
- It's a thief! You think...
...he'll go to the Green Police
and say, "I was robbing a place...
...and I heard a noise above
my head"? Would he do that?
- I think he will.
- You're crazy.
I think that someday that
the thief will be caught...
...and he'll make a
bargain with the Gestapo.
He'll say to the Gestapo,
"If you let me off...
...I'll show you where
some Jews are hiding."
- That's what I think.
- Oh.
He's right.
Oh, Mother, let's get out of

here. We can't stay here now.
Please, let's go.
- Go? Where?
Yes, where?
Have we lost all faith?
All courage?
A few moments ago, we thought
they had come for us, didn't we?
We thought it was the end. Well, it
wasn't the end. We're alive. We're safe.
We thank thee, O, Lord, our God,
that in thy infinite mercy...
...thou hast again
seen fit to spare us.
- Amen.
- Amen.
Annele.
The song.
How about the song?
- Happy Hannukah.
- Happy Hannukah.
Saturday, the 1st
of January, 1944.
Another new
year has begun...
... and we find ourselves
still in our hiding place.
We have been here now...
... for one year, five
months and 25 days.
One of our family
has left us.
Mouschi ran away.
We're all a
little thinner.
The Van Daans ' discussions
are as violent as ever.
Mother still doesn
't understand me.
But then, I don 't
understand her either.
There is one great
change, however...
... a change in myself.

I read somewhere that girls of my age
don 't feel quite certain of themselves.
That they become
quiet within...

... and begin to think of the miracle
that is taking place in their bodies.

I think that what is happening
to me is so wonderful.

Not only what
can be seen...

... but what is
taking place inside.

Each time it has happened, I
feel I have a sweet secret...

... and I long for the time when I
shall feel that secret within me again.

Annele! Peter!

A wonderful surprise, Mr.
Kraler and Miep are here.

Thank you. You
shouldn't have come.

You should have at least
one day to yourselves.

Don't say that. It's so
wonderful to see them.

- What is it? What
is it? Mr. Kraler.

- Happy New Year, Mr. Dussel.

- Happy New Year.

How are you, Margot?

Feeling any better?

- I'm all right.

- We filled her full of every kind of pill...

...so she won't cough
and make a noise.

Look what Miep
has brought us.

A cake!

Ooh.

- A cake.

- Well.

I'll get some plates.

- Thank you, Miep.

- Thank you.

You must have used all of
your sugar rations for weeks.
It's beautiful, isn't it?
It's ages since I've
even seen a cake.
Not since you brought the
one last year. Remember?
It had "Peace in
1943" written on it.
"Peace in 1944."
Peace has to come
sometime, you know.
Here you are, liefje.
Now...
...how many of us are
there? None for me.
- Oh, you must.
- Please, Miep.
Good. That leaves
one, two, three...
- Seven of us.
- Eight.
The same as it always is.
I left Margot out. I take it
for granted Margot won't eat.
- Why wouldn't she?
- I think it won't harm her.
All right, all right. I just didn't want
her to start coughing again, that's all.
And please, Mrs. Frank
should cut the cake.
What do you mean?
Well, Mrs. Frank
divides things better.
- Just what are you trying to say?
- Forget it, we're wasting time.
Don't I always give
everybody exactly the same?
- Don't I?
- Forget it.
- No, I want an answer. Don't I?
- Yes, yes, yes.
Everybody gets
exactly the same...

...except Mr. Van Daan
gets a little bit more.
That's a lie! She
always cuts the same...
Mr. Van Daan, please.
You see, Miep, what a little sugar cake
does to us? It goes right to our heads.
- Here you are, Mrs. Frank.
- Thank you.
- You're sure you won't
have any? Very sure.
- Miep.
- No, thank you, really.
Cut the cake.
Thank you.
That's yours, Peter.
Maybe Mouschi went
back to our house.
You ever get over there?
Do you think that you could?
I'm afraid with him
gone a week, Peter...
Make up your mind. Already someone
has had a big nice meal from that cat.
- It's delicious, Miep.
- Delicious.
Well, I must run.
There's a party tonight.
How heavenly!
Remember what
everyone's wearing...
...and what you eat and
everything so you can tell us.
I'll give you
a full report.
- Goodbye, everyone.
Goodbye, Miep.
Just a minute. There's something
I'd like you to do for me.
Where are you going?
What are you going to do?
No. Don't you dare
take that coat.
- What is wrong? Father is

going to sell her fur coat.

- She's crazy about that old fur coat.

- It's mine, you hear me?

My father gave me that
coat. No! You have no right!

Is it possible
that anyone can...

...be silly enough to worry about
a fur coat at a time like this?

It's none of your
darn business.

- And if you say one
more thing... Peter.

Just...

...a little discussion on the
advisability of selling this coat.

As I have often
reminded Mrs. Van Daan...

...it's selfish of her to
keep it when people outside...

...are in desperate
need of clothing.

So if you please,
sell it for us?

It should fetch a good
price. And by the way...

...would you get me cigarettes? I
don't care what kind, get all you can.

It is very difficult to get
them, Mr. Van Daan, but I'll try.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye.

Mr. Frank, could

I talk to you?

Something's happened, hasn't
it, Mr. Kraler? What's happened?

If it is something that concerns
us here, we'd better all hear it.

- The children...

- What they'd imagine...

...would be worse
than any reality.

It is a man in the
storeroom. His name is Karl.

You knew him. One day,
he came to the office.
He closed the

door and asked:

"What do you hear from
your friend Mr. Frank?"

I said there's a rumor
you were in Switzerland.

He said he had heard that rumor too,
but he thought I knew something more.

I did not pay much attention.

I tried to forget it.

And then yesterday, we were coming
out of the storeroom, out there.

I had started
down to the office.

I looked back.

He was standing,
staring at the bookcase.

He said, "I thought I
remembered a door up here.

Was not there a door
here leading to the loft?"

Then he asked me
for more money.

- 20 guilders more a week.

- Blackmail.

- 20 guilders? Very modest blackmail.

- That's just the beginning.

You know what I think?

He's the thief who was
down there that night.

That's how he
knows we're here.

How was it left?

What did you tell him?

I told him I had
to think about it.

What shall I do, pay him the money?

Take a chance on firing him, or what?

- I do not know.

- For heaven sakes, don't fire him.

Pay him what he asks.

Keep him here, where you
can keep your eye on him.
Is it much that he's asking?
What are they paying nowadays?
He could get it in a war plant.
But this is not a war plant.
Mind you, I do not
know if he knows or not.
Offer him half, then we'll soon
know if it is blackmail or not.
And if it is? We've
got to pay, haven't we?
- Whatever he asks, we've got to pay.
- Let us decide when the time comes.
This may be all my imagination.
You get to a point, these days...
...where you suspect
everyone and everything.
What does that mean, the
telephone ringing on a holiday?
That's my wife. I told her I had to
go over some papers in my office...
...to call me here when she
got out of church. Goodbye.
Happy New Year.
- Goodbye.
- Goodbye, Mr. Kraler.
I will offer him half,
then. Thank you, Mr. Kraler.
You can thank
your son for this.
Him and his damn cat!
That night, there.
I tell you, it's just
a question of time now.
Sometimes I wish the end
would come, whatever it is.
- Margot!
- At least we'd know where we were.
You should be ashamed of
yourself, talking that way.
Think how lucky we are.
Think of the thousands
dying in the war every day.

Think of the people
in concentration camps.
What's the good of that?
What's the good of thinking of
misery when you're already miserable?
That's stupid!
We're young, Margot
and Peter and I.
You grownups have
had your chance.
But look at us. If we begin thinking of
all the horror in the world, we're lost.
We're trying to hold on to some
kind of ideals when everything...
Ideals, hope, everything
is being destroyed.
It isn't our fault the
world is in such a mess.
- We weren't around when this started.
- You listen to me!
So don't try to
take it out on us!
She talks as if
we started the war.
Did we start the war?
- You left this.
- Thanks.
I thought you
were fine just now.
You know how to talk to them.
I can't think when I'm mad.
I say too much.
I hurt people's feelings.
I think you're just fine.
Thank you, Peter.
Dussel, what he said about Mouschi,
about somebody eating him...
...all I could think
is I wanted to hit him.
That's what I used
to do at school.
But here a fight starts,
I duck in my room.
You're lucky, having

a room to go to.
His Lordship is
always in mine.
When they start in on me,
I have to stand and take it.
You gave some of it
back to them just now.
I get so mad.
They've formed
their opinions...
...about everything.
But we're still
trying to find out.
We have problems here that no
other people our age have ever had.
And just as you think
you've solved them...
...something comes
along and bang!
You have to start
all over again.
- I think your father's fine.
- Oh, he is, Peter. He is.
He's the only one who's ever given
me the feeling that I have any sense.
Isn't it funny, you and I?
Here we've been
together all this time...
...and this is the first
time we've ever really talked.
It helps a lot to have
someone to talk to, doesn't it?
It helps you
let off steam.
Anytime that you want
to let off steam...
...you can come
into my room.
I can get up an
awful lot of steam.
It's all right with me.
Do you mean that?
I said it, didn't I?
- Good night.

- Good night.

Good night.

- May I come in? No,
I'm not dressed yet.

Margot.

- Tell me, am I terribly
ugly? Oh, stop fishing.

No, tell me.

Of course you're not.

You've got nice eyes...

...and a lot of
animation and...

- May I come in?

Come in, Mother.

Mr. Dussel is impatient to get
in. He takes the room all day.

You're not going in again
tonight to see Peter?

That is my intention.

Aren't you afraid
you're disturbing him?

Mother, I have
some intuition.

Then may I ask this much, Annie?

Don't shut the door when you go in.

You sound like

Mrs. Van Daan.

No, no. I don't mean to
suggest anything is wrong.

I only wish you wouldn't
expose yourself to criticism.

I'm sorry, Mother. I'm
going to Peter's room.

I'm not going to let Petronella
Van Daan spoil our friendship.

Just a moment, Mr. Dussel.

In my day, the boys
called on the girls.

You know how young people
are. Peter's room...

...is the only place where they can talk.

- Talk?

That's not what they
called it when I was a girl.

I'm sorry, Margot, that you
have to be the one left out.

- I feel so guilty about you.

- Why?

I mean, every time I
go into Peter's room...

...I have the feeling
that I'm hurting you.

I know if it were me, I'd
be desperately jealous.

I am jealous, a little,
but not of you and Peter.

I'm...

I'm only feeling sorry
that I haven't anyone...

...with whom to
discuss my feelings.

- Margot, I won't even...

- Listen, you've found a companionship...

...and I want
you to enjoy it.

Only, in my heart, I feel I've got a
right to share feelings with someone too.

But I'm sure that Peter, that that boy,
he could never be that person for me.

Maybe there's nothing
to be jealous about.

Maybe I'm just taking
the place of his cat.

- Will you please let me in my
room? Just a minute, dear Mr. Dussel.

Well, here I go,
to run the gauntlet.

Thank you so much.

Look at her.

A lot of good it did me to
have a son. I never see him.

Just a minute, dear.

I'd like to say a few words
to my son. Do you mind?

Peter, I do not want you staying
up till all hours tonight.

You need sleep.

You're a growing boy.

Annie won't stay late. She's
going to bed promptly at 9.
- Aren't you, Annie?
- Yes, Mother. May we go now?
Listen for the
chimes, dear.
Aren't they impossible?
Treating us as if we're
still in the nursery.
Don't let it bother you.
It doesn't bother me.
I suppose you can't
really blame them.
They think back to what
they were like at our age.
They don't realize how
much more advanced we are.
Already I know what I
want to do, don't you?
I want to be a
journalist or something.
I love to write.
What do you want to do?
I know what I'd
like right now.
I'd like to go to England and
get with the Free Dutch forces.
Peter, you wouldn't try a thing
like that. You'd never make it.
I'd make it.
Only a few of the
hundreds that try do.
I know, but I'd like to
get in it and hit back.
To just sit here,
it's not for me.
You like Margot,
don't you?
Right from the
start, you liked her.
Liked her better than me.
- I don't know.
- It's all right.
Everyone feels that

way. Margot's so good.
She's sweet and bright
and beautiful, and I'm not.
- I wouldn't say
that. 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.
I don't agree at all.
I think you're pretty.
That's not true.
And another thing.
You've changed. From
the first, I mean.
I have?
I used to think that
you were awful noisy.
And what do you think now,
Peter? How have I changed?
Well...
...you're quieter.
I'm glad you
don't just hate me.
I never said that.
I bet when you get out of here,
you'll never think of me again.
That's crazy.
When you get back with all your
friends, you're going to say:
"Now, what did I ever see
in that Miss Quack-Quack?"
- I haven't got any friends.
- Peter, of course you have.
- Everyone has friends.
- Not me.
I don't want any. I get
along fine without them.
Does that mean you can
get along without me too?
I think of myself
as your friend.
No.
If they were

all like you...
...it'd be different.
Peter...
...did you ever
kiss a girl?
Yes.
Once.
Was she pretty?
The girl you kissed?
I don't know. I
was blindfolded.
It was at a party. One
of those kissing games.
I don't suppose that
really counts, does it?
It didn't with me.
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.
I was crying.
And the other was a friend of
Father's who kissed my hand.
You wouldn't say those
counted, would you?
I wouldn't say so.
I know, almost for certain,
Margot would never kiss anyone...
...unless she was
engaged to them.
And I'm sure, too, that Mother
never touched a man before Father.
But I don't know.
Things are so
different now.
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.
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.
What do you think?
I suppose it
depends on the girl.
With some, no matter
what they do, it's wrong.
But others...
...it wouldn't necessarily
be wrong with them.
I always thought that...
I think I should go now.
That's right.
Good night.
You won't let them
stop you from coming?
No.
I might bring my diary.
There are so many things in it
I want to talk over with you.
There's a lot about you.
What kind of things?
Well...
...I wouldn't want
you to see some of it.
I thought you
were nothing.
Just the way you
thought about me.
Did you change your mind?
I changed my
mind about you.
You'll see.
Good night, Annele.
- Good night, Anne.
- Good night.
Mm-hmm.
Outside, there's
a quiet excitement.
Invasion fever is
mounting from day to day.
And people talk nothing else
but the hope of liberation.
It had best come soon.

We here have had bad news.
The people from whom Miep got our
ration cards have been arrested.
Mr. Kraler is in the hospital.
It seems he has ulcers.
I'm afraid we
are his ulcers.
Miep has to run the
business and us too.
How very fortunate we are, when you
think of what is happening outside.
I feel that
spring is coming.
I feel it in my
whole body and soul.
I'm utterly confused.
I'm longing...
... so longing
for everything.
Otto! Otto, quick!
He's stealing the food! Mr.
Van Daan has been stealing!
What is it? Mr.
Van Daan! Let me...!
What happened?
Mr. Van Daan.
Look, the bread!
Dirty thief! You good-for-nothing!
Mr. Dussel! Help me, Peter!
Let him go.
Peter, help me!
Let him go.
Let him go!
Putti, what is it?
He was stealing the bread!
It was you.
And all the time we
thought it was the rats.
Mr. Van Daan,
how could you?
- I'm hungry.
- We're all of us hungry.
I see the children getting
thinner and thinner.

Your own son, I've heard him
moan in his sleep, he's so hungry.
And you come down in the night and steal
food that should go to the children!
He needs more food than the rest of
us. He's used to more. He's a big man.
And you!

You're worse than he
is! You're a mother!
And yet you sacrifice your
son to this man! This...

Edith.

Don't think I haven't seen you. Always
saving the choicest bits for him.

I've watched you day after
day, and I've held my tongue.

But not any longer.

Not after this!

Now, I want him to go. I
want him to get out of here!

Edith.

Get out of here?

What do you mean?

- Just that.
- Take your things and get out!
- You're speaking in anger.
- You can't mean it.
- I mean exactly that.

For two years, we have
lived here side by side.

We've respected
each other's rights.

We have managed to live in peace.

Are we now going to throw it all away?

Mr. Van Daan, I know this is
never going to happen again, is it?

- No, no.
- He steals once, he'll steal again.

I want them to
leave. You go now!

Mother...

...you're not putting Peter
out. Peter hasn't done anything.

I don't mean Peter.

Peter can stay.
I have to go if he
goes. He's my father.
He's no father
to you, that man.
He doesn't know what
it is to be a father!
I wouldn't feel
right. I couldn't stay.
Very well, then.
Peter. No.
Mrs. Frank, you would
put us out on the street?
You can find
another hiding place.
Where would we
even find a cellar?
A closet?
Mr. Frank...
...you told Putti...
...you would never forget what he did
for you when you first came to Holland.
That you'd never
be able to repay...
If my husband had any obligations
to you, he has paid it.
Edith, I don't know you.
I've never seen you like this.
I should have
spoken out long ago.
You can't be nice
to some people.
There would be plenty
if you hadn't come.
No, Mrs. Van Daan. Please!
We don't need the
Nazis to destroy us.
We're destroying
ourselves.
Mother...
...please don't send them away.
It's daylight and they'll be caught.
They're not going now. They'll stay
until Miep finds them a place to hide.

Mrs. Frank, Mr.

Frank, Margot.

No, no. We haven't sunk so low
that we're going to fight...

...amongst

ourselves over food.

That's Anne...

...Mrs. Van Daan,

Mr. Van Daan.

- See what he's doing?

- "I'm standing by...

...to bring news of the invasion. For
those who haven't heard, I'll repeat.

The landings began this morning on
Normandy. " It's started! Listen!

D:

- day has come. During the night and early hours of this morning...

- ... an immense armada of 4000 ships...

- Listen!

Peter and myself.

- Keeping the big ones for yourself.

- No.

- Yes. All the big ones. Look at its size.

- That's mine.

- Look at that one.

That's Mr. Van Daan's.

Stop it! Stop it!

Stop counting potatoes!

- Mr. Frank! Mrs. Frank!

- Mr. Dussel, I beg of you...

...don't let her see a thing like this.

- This is Mrs. Frank!

The invasion has begun!

It's the most wonderful

news! The invasion has begun!

Only preliminary

reports have...

Did you hear? They have landed on

the coast of France! In Normandy!

- The British, the

Americans! They're all in it!

Dutch, French, Poles,

Norwegians, everyone!

- D-day they
call it. - D-day!
It's me, Kraler!
- It cannot be Mr. Kraler!
But it is Mr. Kraler.
Did you hear? Oh, God!
Isn't it wonderful? When
the nurse told me the news...
...I said, "There's only one
place to be, with my friends."
Shh. Shh.
Quick, before
the workmen come.
- I'll be up later.
- Goodbye, my dear friends.
Goodbye, Mr. Kraler.
Thank you, Miep.
Putti, what is
it? What happened?
I'm so ashamed!
Oh, for heaven's sake.
Putti, don't.
Mr. Van Daan.
Didn't you hear? We are
going to be liberated.
This is a time
to celebrate.
To steal bread
from children!
Oh, darling, things
that we're ashamed of.
Look at the way I treated
Mother, so mean and hard to her.
- No, Anne. No. Oh, I
was, Mother. I was awful.
Not like me.
No one is as bad as me!
Stop it! Let's be happy!
Edith.
When I think of the
terrible things I said...
No, no. You were right.
That I should speak
that way to you.

Our friends, our guests!
Stop it! You're spoiling
the whole invasion!
Almighty God, our sons,
pride of our nation...
... this day have set
upon a mighty endeavor.
Lift up your heart. Out of the
depths of sorrow and of sacrifice...
... we'll be born again,
the glory of mankind.
We are all in much
better spirits these days.
There is still excellent
news of the invasion...
... and the best part about it is that
I have a feeling that friends are coming.
Our beloved queen spoke.
She used words like "soon"...
..."when I am back,"
"speedy liberation."
Who knows?
I may be back in
school by fall.
Wednesday, the
2nd of July, 1944.
The invasion seems
temporarily bogged down.
Mr. Kraler is back
in the hospital.
He has to have
an operation.
It seems D-day was
too much for him.
Thank you.
Ha, ha. The joke is on us.
Miep says the warehouse
man doesn 't know a thing...
... and we're paying
him all that money.
Our dear vegetable man is on
his way to a concentration camp.
He was picked up today for
hiding two Jews in his house.

There's not much.
It was Mr. Hauk, our
greengrocer, they arrested.
The other news is, the Gestapo have
found our typewriter that was stolen.
No!
They'll trace it back and
back until it gets to us.
You watch, you!
Everyone is low.
Even Father can 't
raise their spirits.
I have often been downcast
myself, but never in despair.
I can shake off everything
if I write, but...
... and that is the great question,
will I ever be able to write well?
I want to so much.
I want to go on living
even after my death.
There it goes again.
Mr. Frank, do you hear?
Yes, I hear.
This is the third time.
Third time in
quick successions.
It's a signal.
I tell you, it's
Miep, trying to get us.
For some reason, she can't get to us.
She's trying to warn us of something.
- Please, Mr. Dussel. Please.
- You're wasting your breath.
Something's
happened, Mr. Frank.
It's been three days now that
Miep hasn't been to see us.
And today, not a
man has come to work.
There hasn't been a
sound in the building.
Perhaps it's Sunday.
We may have lost

track of the days.
You with the diary
there, what day is it?
I don't lose
track of the days.
I know exactly
what day it is.
It's Friday, the
4th of August.
It's Friday and
not a man at work.
I tell you, Mr.
Kraler's dead.
That's the only
explanation.
He's dead. They've closed down the
building, and Miep's trying to tell us.
She'd never telephone us.
- Please, I beg of you, answer the phone.
- No.
Just pick it up and listen. You don't have
to speak. Just listen and see if it's Miep.
For God's sake,
answer the telephone!
I've told you, no.
I'll do nothing that might let anyone
know that we're in this building.
Mr. Frank's right.
- No need to tell us what side you're on.
- If we wait here quietly and patiently...
...I believe that
help will come.
Mr. Dussel.
Mr. Dussel. Mr. Dussel!
Too late.
So we just wait here...
...until we die.
I can't stand it.
- I'll kill myself.
- For heaven's sake, stop it!
I think you would be glad
if I did. You want me to die.
Whose fault is
it we're here?

We could've been safe in America
or Switzerland. But no, no.
You wouldn't leave when I wanted to.
You couldn't leave your precious things.
- Your furniture!
- That's right, blame it all on me.
- It's all my fault.
Your hats, shoes, dishes!
I never had anything I really wanted.
Everything was for your pleasure!
Look, Peter.
Look at the sky.
Aren't the
clouds beautiful?
What a lovely, lovely day.
You know what I do...
...when I think I can't stand
another minute of being cooped up?
I think myself outside.
I think I'm on a walk in the park
where I used to go with Father...
...where crocus and jonquils and
the violets grow along the slopes.
You know...
...the most wonderful part
of thinking yourself outside?
You can have it
any way you like.
You can have roses and violets and
tulips all blooming in the same season.
Isn't that wonderful?
When I was outside, I used
to take it all for granted.
And now in here, I've just
gone crazy about nature.
I've just gone crazy.
I think if something
doesn't happen soon...
...if we don't
get out of here...
...I can't stand
much more of this.
I wish you had a
religion, Peter.

No, thanks.

Not me.

I don't mean you

have to be Orthodox...

...or believe in heaven and
hell and purgatory and things.

I just mean some religion.

It doesn't matter what.

Just to believe
in something.

When I think of all
that's out there...

...trees and flowers...
...and those sea gulls...

When I think of the
dearness of you, Peter...

...and the goodness of
the people we know...

...Mr. Kraler and Miep,
the vegetable man...

...all of them risking their
lives for us every day...

...when I think of these good
things, I'm not afraid anymore.

I find myself.

- And God, and I...

- That's fine. But...

When I begin to think...

...I get mad.

Look at us.

Hiding out here
for two years.

Not able to move.

Caught like...

Waiting for them
to come and get us.

We're not the only people
that have had to suffer.

There have always been
people that have had to.

Sometimes one race,
sometimes another.

- And yet...

- That doesn't make me feel any better.

I know it's terrible,
trying to have any faith...
...when people are
doing such horrible...
But you know what
I sometimes think?
I think the world may be
going through a phase...
...the way I
was with Mother.
It'll pass.
Maybe not for
hundreds of years...
...but someday.
I still believe...
...in spite of
everything...
...that people are
really good at heart.
I wanna see something now.
Not a thousand
years from now.
But, Peter...
...if you'd only look at it
as part of a great pattern...
...that we're just a
little minute in life.
Listen to us.
Going at each other like a
couple of stupid grownups.
Look at the sky.
Isn't it lovely?
Someday, when we
get outside again...
...I'm going to...
Open! Open! Open!
Open!
For the past two years,
we have lived in fear.
Now we can live in hope.
And so it seems our
stay here is over.
They've given us just a
moment to get our things.

We can each take a bag and
whatever it will hold of clothing.
Nothing else.
So, dear diary...
... that means I
must leave you behind.
Goodbye for a while.
P.S., please,
please, anyone...
... if you should find this diary,
will you please keep it safe for me?
Because someday
I hope that...
No more.
I had gone to the country
to try to find food.
When I got back, the
police were in the building.
We made it our business
to learn how they knew.
It was the thief who told them.
We knew the thief. He was...
It seems strange
to me now.
But we were all full of hope in the camp
here in Holland, where they first took us.
The news of the
war was good.
The Allies were
sweeping through France.
We felt sure they would
get to us in time to...
But...
In September, we were
shipped to Poland.
Men to one camp,
women to another.
From there, they
were sent to Belsen.
I stayed in Auschwitz.
In January, we were freed,
the few of us who were left.
The war was not
yet over, no.

Took us a long
time to get home.
Each time the
train would stop...
...we'd all get out at
a siding or a crossing...
...and walk from
group to group.
"Where were you?
Were you at Belsen?
At Buchenwald?
At Mauthausen? Where?"
"Is it possible that
you ever knew my wife?"
"Did you ever see my
husband? My son? My daughter?"
That's how I found out
about my wife's death.
Margot's. Van Daans'.
Peter.
Dussel.
But...
...Anne...
I still hoped...
Yesterday, I
was in Rotterdam.
I met a woman there.
She'd been in
Belsen with Anne.
I know now.
In spite of everything...
... I still believe that
people are really good at heart.
She puts me to shame.