



Arts Engagement  
and Education

## ANNE

“Look, Peter, the sky.”

From *Diary of Anne Frank*

By Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett

Gender: Female/Feminine Presenting

Style: Contemporary Dramatic

Age Range: Teen

**Link to buy Script:** <https://www.concordtheatricals.com/s/7448/the-diary-of-anne-frank-original-text?variantId=13716>

### **Plot Summary**

During the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands, Anne Frank began to keep a diary on June 14, 1942, two days after her 13th birthday, and twenty-two days before going into hiding with her mother, father, sister, and three other people. The group went into hiding in the sealed-off upper rooms of the annex of her father's office building in Amsterdam. Those rooms also contained a hidden door which the Franks would hide in when Nazi soldiers were investigating buildings for harbored Jews. They remained hidden for two years and one month, until their betrayal in August 1944, which resulted in their deportation to Nazi concentration camps.

### **At this moment**

It is almost the end of the play. It is February 1944, World War II is in progress, and the Frank and Van Daan families are hiding from the Nazis on the top floor of a warehouse in Amsterdam, Holland. The three rooms and a small attic are sparsely furnished, and all of the small windows have black-out curtains. There is an immense tension. Mr. Van Daan becomes hysterical and starts to question what's happening. He asks them if they are just supposed to stay there until they die.

Peter, his son, a quiet and unhappy seventeen-year-old (who shares a bond with Anne), rushes into his little room in despair. Anne goes and tries to comfort him. It is the last time they are together before the scene immediately preceding the entrance of the Nazis.

### **Monologue (Act II Scene IV)**

Look, Peter, the sky. (she looks up through the skylight) What a lovely, lovely day! Aren't the clouds beautiful? You know what I do when it seems as if I couldn't stand being cooped up for one more minute? I think myself out. I think myself on a walk in the park where I used to go with Pim. Where the jonquils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful part about thinking yourself out? You can have it any way you like. You can have roses and violets and chrysanthemums all blooming at the same time? It's funny. I used to take it all for granted. And now I've gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven't you? (softly) I wish you had a religion, Peter. Oh, 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. The trees. And flowers. And seagulls. When I think of the dearness of you, Peter. And the goodness of people we know, all 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... We're not the only people have had to suffer. There've always been people that've had to. Sometimes one race, sometimes another, and yet...I know it's terrible, trying to have any faith when people are doing such horrible things, 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. Peter, if you'd only look at it as part of a great pattern. That we're just a little minute in the life? (she breaks off) Listen to us, going at each other like a couple of stupid grownups! Look at the sky now. Isn't it lovely?

**Helpful link:**

<https://docs.google.com/viewer?a=v&pid=sites&srcid=cm91bmRyb2NraXNkLm9yZ3x0cmFjaWUtcHxneDoxYTAwMzFmNzRlNjRmNWFm>