Anne: *(Looking up through skylight)* Look, Peter, the sky. What a 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 daffodils and the crocus and the violets grow down the slopes. You know the most wonderful thing 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 you’ve gone crazy about everything to do with nature. Haven’t you?

Peter: *(Barely lifting his face)* 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 it!

Anne: *(Softly)* I wish you had a religion, Peter.

Peter: *(Bitterly)* No, thanks. Not me.

Anne: 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 the people we know... Mr. Kraler, Miep, Dirk, the vegetable man, all risking their lives for us everyday... When I think of these good things, I’m not afraid any more... I find myself, and God, and I...

Peter: *(Impatiently, as he gets to his feet)* That’s fine! But when I begin to think, I get mad! Look at us, hiding out for two years. Not able to move! Caught here like... waiting for them to come and get us... and all for what?
Anne: We’re not the only people that’ve had to suffer. There’ve always been people that’ve had to...sometimes one race...sometimes another...and yet...

Peter: *(Sitting on upstage end of bed)* That doesn’t make me feel any better!

Anne: I know it’s terrible, trying to have any faith...when people are doing such horrible...*(Gently lifting his face)* but you know what I sometimes think? I think the world may be going through a phase. It’ll pass, maybe not for hundreds of years, but some day...I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are really good at heart.

*Scene*