

There's only one mechanic in the whole town, and that's me. They don't recognize me though. They ask if I can fix their "carro," and I speak only Spanish. I've lost the knack for English by now. I understand them though and give them a lift back up the road in my rebuilt four-wheel drive International. I jump out and look inside the hood. I see that it's only the rotor inside the distributor that's broken, but I tell them that it needs an entire new generator, a new coil, points and plugs, and some slight adjustments to the carburetor. It's an overnight job, and I'll have to charge them for labor. So I set a cot up for them in the garage, and after they've fallen asleep I take out the entire engine and put in a rebuilt Volkswagen block. In the morning I charge them double for labor, send them on their way, and then resell their engine for a small mint.

- Wesley** If you're not doing anything, would you check the artichokes?
- Emma** I *am* doing something.
- Wesley** What?
- Emma** I'm re-making my charts.
- Wesley** What do you spend your time on that stuff for? You should be doing more important stuff?
- Emma** Like checking artichokes?
- Wesley** Yeah!
- Emma** You check the artichokes. I'm busy.

## • THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

BY FRANCES GOODRICH  
AND ALBERT HACKETT

The play, *The Diary of Anne Frank* is based on the diary of a thirteen year old Jewish girl, Anne Frank, whose family went into hiding during World War II when the Nazis came to power in Holland. Anne's family, along with another family, the Van Daans and their son Peter, and an older man, Mr. Dussel, all lived together in a cramped attic with very little food, water, or contact with the outside world, in order to remain hidden from the Nazis.

A good student, Anne is bright, energetic, and sometimes even mischievous. When she is forced into hiding, her diary becomes her only outlet of expression. It is in these pages that she describes her hopes, her dreams and her fears—as well as the day-to-day dramas of the two families struggling to survive under terrifying circumstances.

As the play progresses, Anne and Peter become very fond of one another, and, in the following scene, Anne goes to visit him alone in his room. Anne's mother and Peter's parents disapprove of the youngsters spending time alone together, but don't stop their visits entirely.

To prepare for her visit, Anne borrows her older sister's high heels, her mother's silk stole, a pretty skirt and a pair of white gloves. As Anne walks to Peter's room, however, Anne's mother and Peter's parents make critical remarks about the way she is dressed, and this makes her very angry. When she enters Peter's room, she is still upset about it.

### 1 Girl and 1 Boy Anne and Peter (both young teens)

Anne

Aren't they awful? Aren't they impossible? Treating us as if we're still in the nursery.

- Peter** Don't let it bother you. It doesn't bother me.
- Anne** I suppose you can't really blame them. *(She sits at foot of Peter's bed)*...they think back to what they were like at our age. They don't realize how much more advanced we are...when I think what wonderful discussions we've had!...Oh, I forgot, I was going to bring you some more pictures.
- Peter** Oh, these are fine, thanks.
- Anne** Don't you want some more? Miep just brought me some new ones.
- Peter** Maybe later. *(He comes down and sits on the window seat facing her. He hands her a glass and pours soda into it, then takes some for himself...)*
- Anne** *(Looking at one of the photographs)* I remember when I got that...I won it. I bet Jopie that I could eat five ice cream cones. We'd all been playing ping-pong...We used to have heavenly times...we'd finish up with ice cream at the Delphi, or the Oasis, where Jews were allowed...there'd always be a lot of boys...we'd laugh and joke...I'd like to go back to it for a few days or a week. But after that I know I'd be bored to death. I think more seriously about life now. I want to be a journalist...or something. I love to write. What do you want to do?
- Peter** I thought I might go off someplace...work on a farm or something...some job that doesn't take much brains.
- Anne** You shouldn't talk that way. You've got the most awful inferiority complex.
- Peter** I know I'm not smart.



- Anne** That isn't true. You're much better than I am in dozens of things...arithmetic and algebra and...Well, you're a million times better than I am in algebra. *(With sudden directness)* You like Margot,\* don't you? Right from the start you liked her, liked her much better than me.
- Peter** *(Uncomfortably)* Oh, I don't know.
- Anne** It's all right. Everyone feels that way. Margot's so good. She's sweet and bright and beautiful and I'm not.
- Peter** I wouldn't say that.
- Anne** 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.
- Peter** I don't agree at all. I think you're pretty.
- Anne** That's not true!
- Peter** And another thing. You've changed...from at first, I mean.
- Anne** I have?
- Peter** I used to think you were awful noisy.
- Anne** *(Eagerly)* And what do you think now, Peter? How have I changed?
- Peter** Well...er...you're...quieter.
- Anne** *(Amused)* I'm glad you don't just hate me.
- Peter** I never said that.

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\*Margot is Anne's older sister.



- Anne** I bet when you get out of here you'll never think of me again.
- Peter** That's crazy.
- Anne** When you get back with all of your friends, you're going to say...now what did I ever see in that Mr. Quack Quack?
- Peter** I haven't got any friends.
- Anne** Oh, Peter, of course you have. Everyone has friends.
- Peter** Not me. I don't want any. I get along all right without them.
- Anne** Does that mean you can get along without me? I think of myself as your friend.
- Peter** No. If they were all like you, it'd be different. *(Peter realizes what he has said. To cover his embarrassment he hurriedly picks up the glass and bottle, returning them to the box table. Then is a second's silence and then Anne speaks, hesitantly shyly. She cannot look at him.)*
- Anne** Peter, did you ever kiss a girl?
- Peter** Yes. Once.
- Anne** *(She looks quickly back over her shoulder at him. Then to cover her feelings)* That picture's crooked *(Peter straightens the picture. She is looking away again.)* Was she pretty?
- Peter** Huh?
- Anne** The girl you kissed.



- Peter** I don't know. I was blindfolded. *(He comes back and resumes his place opposite her.)* It was at a party. One of those kissing games.
- Anne** Oh. I don't suppose that really counts, does it?
- Peter** It didn't with me.
- Anne** I've been kissed twice. Once a man I'd never seen before kissed me on the cheek when he picked me off the ice and I was crying. And the other was Mr. Koophuis, a friend of Father's who kissed my hand. You wouldn't say those counted, would you?
- Peter** I wouldn't say so.
- Anne** I know almost for certain that Margot would never kiss anyone unless she was engaged to them. And I'm sure too that Mother never touched a man before Pim.\* 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, when 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 and...What do you think?
- Peter** I suppose it would depend on the girl. Some girls, anything they do's wrong. But others...well...it wouldn't necessarily be wrong with them. *(The carillon starts to strike nine o'clock.)* I've always thought that when two people...
- Anne** Nine o'clock. I have to go.

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\* Pim is Anne's nickname for her Father.

- Peter** That's right.
- Anne** *(Without moving)* Goodnight. *(Their faces are close together. There is a second's pause. Then Peter, too shy to kiss her, moves upstage.)*
- Peter** You won't let them stop you from coming?
- Anne** No. *(She rises and starts for the door, then turns back to him.)* Some time I might bring my diary. There are so many things in it that I want to talk over with you. There's alot about you.
- Peter** What kind of thing?
- Anne** I wouldn't want you to see some of it. I thought you were a nothing, just the way you thought about me.
- Peter** Did you change your mind, the way I changed my mind about you?
- Anne** Well—you'll see...

*(For a second Anne stands looking up at Peter, longing for him to kiss her. As he makes no move she turns to go. Then suddenly he grabs her arm and turning her around, holds her awkwardly in his arms, kissing her on the cheek. Anne floats out slowly, dazed. She stands for a moment...shutting the door of his room after her...)*

## JOSH AND S.A.M. SCREENPLAY BY FRANK DEESE



In the movie, *Josh and S.A.M.*, two brothers run away from home after they are led to believe that they have accidentally killed a man. On their journey, they meet an eccentric young woman who facilitates their get-away by driving their stolen car and pretending to be their baby sitter for the sake of public appearance. During the course of their adventure together, Josh and Sam learn the importance of sticking together against all odds.

Josh and Sam's parents are divorced, and normally Josh and Sam live with their Mom, and their Mom's French boyfriend, "J.P." When the summer rolls around, however, it's time once again for Josh and Sam to go to Florida, where they stay with their father, their father's second wife and their aggressively