

*For a moment the Franks cling to each other, then separate, slowly begin to take off their drenched clothes. Each of them — Anne, Margot, Edith, and Otto Frank — wear many layers. On every coat, jacket, vest, raincoat, sweater, dress, another yellow Star is revealed.*

*Light comes up further to reveal the Franks' hiding place — the Annex — crammed to the ceiling with cardboard boxes, piles of bedding, assorted furniture.*

*Overwhelmed, Edith Frank collapses on a couch. Margot takes off her glasses, lies on a bare mattress on the floor. Excited, Anne runs around exploring, as Otto Frank opens a carton of sheets and pillows. The light slowly brightens. Anne and her father, in stylized actions, unpack cartons, arrange furniture, making the Annex into a home, as, numbed, Edith and Margot lie silent, not moving, their eyes open wide. Anne gently lays a blanket over Margot.*

*Throughout, voiceover, we hear Anne reading from her diary.*

ANNE. (V.O.) July sixth, 1942. A few days ago, Father began to talk about going into hiding. He said it would be very hard for us to live cut off from the rest of the world. He sounded so serious I felt scared. "Don't worry, Anneke. Just enjoy your carefree life while you can." Carefree? I was born in Frankfort on June twelfth, 1929. Because we're Jewish, my father emigrated to Holland in 1933. He heard Hitler's marching gangs sing that horrible song, "when Jew-blood spurts from the knife," and knew it was time to leave. But Hitler invaded Holland on May tenth, 1940. Five days later the Dutch surrendered, the Germans arrived — and the trouble started for the Jews. (A pause.)

Father was forced to give up his business — manufacturing products used to make jam. We couldn't use streetcars, couldn't go to the theatre or movies anymore, couldn't be out on the *street* after 8 P.M., couldn't even sit in our own gardens! We had to turn in our bicycles. No beaches, no swimming pools, no libraries — we couldn't even walk on the sunny side of the streets! Our identity cards were stamped with a big black "J." And ... we had to wear the

yellow star. But somehow life went on. Until yesterday. A call-up notice from the SS! My sister Margot was ordered to report for work in Germany, to the Westerbork transit camp. A call-up — everyone knows what that means! *(She pauses.)*

At five-thirty this morning, we closed the door of our apartment behind us. My cat was the only living creature I said goodbye to. The unmade beds, the breakfast things on the table all created the impression we'd left in a hurry. *(A pause.)*

And our destination? We walked two and a half miles in the pouring rain all the way to ... 263 Prinsengracht — father's office building! Our hiding place, the "Secret Annex," is right behind it upstairs. Even though the Germans forced Father out, he still runs the office with Mr. Kraler and Miep, who've offered to help us while we're in hiding. *(As Mr. Frank pulls a large tarpaulin off the kitchen table, he sees a rat move across the floor. Mrs. Frank shrieks.)*

MRS. FRANK. A rat!

MR. FRANK. Shhh! *(He motions her to be quiet as Miep comes up the steps.)* Ah, Miep!

MIEP. Mr. Frank. Thank God you arrived safely.

ANNE. *(Running to embrace her.)* Miep!

MIEP. Anne. *(Margot and Mrs. Frank slowly sit up.)* Mrs. Frank, Margot — you must be exhausted. If only we'd known, we would have had it all ready for you.

MR. FRANK. You've done too much already, Miep. Besides, it's good for us to keep busy. As you see, Anne's my little helper.

MIEP. I see that. *(She looks down the steps where Peter van Daan, a shy, awkward boy of sixteen, wearing a heavy coat with the conspicuous yellow star, waits nervously. He is carrying a cat in a basket.)* Peter — come in!

MR. FRANK. *(Quickly coming forward, shaking his hand.)* Welcome, Peter. Peter van Daan, children.

ANNE. *(Rushing toward him.)* Welcome to the Annex!

MR. FRANK. Peter — this is Anne. Margot. And my wife, Mrs. Frank.

PETER. *(Solemnly shaking hands with Mrs. Frank.)* Mrs. Frank.

MRS. FRANK. Forgive me, Peter. I'm not quite myself. But I'm glad you'll be with us.

MARGOT. I am too.

ANNE. *(Looking down at the basket.)* A cat! *(Turning to Margot.)* He has a cat!

PETER. *(Self-conscious.)* A black one.