

ANNE 2

MIEP. Mr. van Daan, I've tried. There are no more ration books to be had.

MR. FRANK. Where seven can eat, eight can eat as well.

MR. VAN DAAN. I hope so.

MR. FRANK. If we can save even one person we must.

MR. VAN DAAN. *(Shaking his hand.)* Well, you're right. Of course.

MRS. VAN DAAN. *(As the others agree.)* Yes. Definitely.

MIEP. Mr. Kraler will go to meet him. I will bring him up.

MR. KRALER. Tomorrow! *(He leaves, Miep behind him, collecting lists and library books.)*

MIEP. *(Turning back. A grave smile.)* Thank you. *(She leaves.)*

MRS. VAN DAAN. It's fine to have him, but where are we going to put him?

PETER. He can have my bed. I'll sleep on the floor.

MR. FRANK. You're very kind, Peter. But there's hardly enough room in there for you.

ANNE. I know! I'll move in with you and Mother, and Mr. Dussel can have my bed.

MRS. FRANK. No. No, no. Margot will move in with us, and Mr. Dussel can have her bed. It's the only way.

ANNE. But why? Why can't *I* move in?

MRS. FRANK. Because it wouldn't be proper for Margot to — Please, Anne, don't argue. It's settled. *(Anne stands up, bangs down her chair, rushes into her room, slams the door behind her. She grabs her diary, sits at the desk, starts writing feverishly.)*

ANNE. *(Directly to us.)* As far as I'm concerned Mother can go jump in a lake! I don't know why I've taken such a terrible dislike to her, but I can imagine her dying someday, while Papa's death seems inconceivable to me. It's very mean of me I know, but that's how I feel. I hope Mother will never read this or anything else I've written. She's not a mother to me — I have to mother myself. Who can I turn to? Only my diary. I have to become a good person on my own, but I know it will make me stronger in the end. *(Anne gets up from her desk as the others prepare for the new arrival.)* Three and a half months in the Annex and we're eagerly awaiting our latest addition. What will he be like? Miep says he's quiet, refined *and*, by all accounts, an excellent dentist! *(A delighted low laugh. Mr. Frank, reading his Dickens, chuckles at the edge of the stage. As Mrs. Frank urges him to get ready, the light opens up to reveal the other residents standing at the head of the stairs. A bottle of cognac and six glasses are set out on the table.)* He's

meeting Mr. Kraler at eleven sharp this morning at a certain place in front of the post office. It's all very exciting ... and totally nerve-racking. What if they get caught? Those last hours are the most dangerous for a Jew who goes into hiding. (*Miep leads Mr. Dussel up the stairs. He stops, stunned, as the seven smile, hold out their hands.*)

MIEP. (*A great smile.*) Ladies and gentlemen. It's done. (*She helps Mr. Dussel take off an ill-fitting coat. Underneath is his white office jacket with the yellow star.*)

ANNE. (*Directly to us, as Mr. Dussel shakes everyone's hand.*) Everything went smoothly. Mr. Dussel was at the appointed place at the appointed time. He had to wear Jan's coat over his office jacket, so no one would see the yellow star. He was amazed to be brought to the center of Amsterdam rather than into the country, where so many hiding places are. Of course he had no idea we were right upstairs, waiting for him!

MR. DUSSEL. (*As Mr. Frank holds out his hand.*) I'm dreaming. Mr. Frank? Otto Frank? I heard you were in Switzerland. A patient of mine told me you'd escaped to Basel. Or Belgium. Or someplace! (*Everyone laughs.*)

MR. FRANK. That's what everyone thinks. The Nazis included, we hope.

ANNE. We tricked them!

MARGOT. We're so glad you've come, Mr. Dussel.

MRS. VAN DAAN. We all are.

MR. DUSSEL. How can I thank you?

MR. VAN DAAN. Not us. Miep and Mr. Kraler.

MRS. FRANK. Without them we couldn't live.

ANNE. Aren't you scared, Miep? Sometimes?

MIEP. We're not heroes.

MR. FRANK. You're much too modest, Miep.

MIEP. We just don't like the Nazis. Anything about them.

MR. FRANK. Come, Mr. Dussel. Sit down. You must be worn out.

MR. VAN DAAN. Let's all have a little toast to Mr. Dussel.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Cognac! We were saving it in case of illness, but —

MR. FRANK. What better way to use it? (*Lifting his glass.*) To Mr. Dussel! We're honored to have you with us.

MR. VAN DAAN. Prost.

EVERYONE. Prost! (*All but Anne and Margot lift their glasses to Mr. Dussel, who quietly gulps down his cognac.*)