

# ANNE, MR. D.

~~MR. VAN DAAN. (Quiet.) I like it better the way Kraler tells it.  
(Mrs. Frank follows Miep down a few steps. At the bottom step, Miep  
looks up. Silent, Mrs. Frank stares down at her.)~~

ANNE. (Coming into her room with Mr. Dussel.) Well, here we are.

MR. DUSSEL. Ah. (Looking around.) It isn't very big, is it?

ANNE. I've never shared a room with a man before. I hope I'll be a suitable companion. (He stares at her, taken aback.) I know you'll miss the woman you live with terribly.

MR. DUSSEL. Charlotte and I have never been apart. It all happened so quickly, I couldn't tell her where I was going. I didn't know myself.

ANNE. You weren't supposed to. None of our friends knew — it would have been too dangerous. Not just for us. For them and ... for Charlotte.

MR. DUSSEL. You're a very bright young lady. I hope you'll bear with me.

ANNE. I hope you'll bear with *me*! (Cheerfully.) I seem to irritate everyone around here. (Coming closer.) What's she like ... your Charlotte?

MR. DUSSEL. Charming. Beautiful. You would like her. (A moment.) She's not Jewish, you know.

ANNE. (In a rush.) Oh I know. Miep told us. That's my bed. And that's Margot's, where you'll sleep. I know it's small and dark in here, but if you peek through the blackout curtain you'll see the most beautiful chestnut tree in the world. I can't wait till it's in blossom, though I hope the war will be over by then and we'll all be home. (He backs away. She pauses.) I was wondering ... about the room ... Margot always had it in the afternoons and I had it in the mornings. Would that be all right with you?

MR. DUSSEL. Actually, I'm not at my best in the morning.

ANNE. Then you take the mornings, and I'll take the afternoons. Did you bring your dental equipment? (She reaches for his little black bag, which he instantly picks up.) I can't wait to see it! I love those little mirrors. Will you fill all our cavities?

MR. DUSSEL. It's very hard being a dentist, you know. Children don't understand that.

ANNE. What do you mean?

MR. DUSSEL. No one likes going to the dentist. Everyone makes fun of dentists but, believe me, it's no fun for us. Everyone hates us.

ANNE. That's awful.

MR. DUSSEL. Tell me something. When you're in here, where do I go? In there, with all those people?

ANNE. (*Sitting down on Mr. Dussel's bed.*) And Mouschi.

MR. DUSSEL. Who's Mouschi?

ANNE. (*Laughing.*) Peter's cat.

MR. DUSSEL. Cat! No one mentioned a cat to me. He has it here?

ANNE. Oh you'll love Mouschi. He's the sweetest cat in the world.

MR. DUSSEL. I hate cats! They're terrifying. They give me asthma.

ANNE. Don't worry. Peter keeps him in his room all the time.

MR. DUSSEL. Let us hope so. (*Anne, taken aback, looks away.*) By the way, Mr. Kraler spoke of a schedule.

ANNE. It's mainly about when we have to be quiet, and when we can use the W.C. You can use it now if you —

MR. DUSSEL. No. Thank you.

ANNE. You don't know how important the W.C. can be when you're in hiding ... especially when you're scared.

MR. DUSSEL. I understand. (*Silence.*) If you don't mind, I think I'll lie down before supper. It helps with the digestion. (*Quickly Anne gets up off his bed, squeezes past him in the small space.*)

ANNE. You rest, Mr. Dussel. I'll try and make you feel at home. (*She touches him lightly. He jumps, taken off-guard, then tentatively takes her hand ... Darkness, as Anne gets ready for bed. A broadcast begins.*)

BROADCAST. (*V.O.*) This is Colin Reese Parker with the BBC Radio Europe, November twelfth. Yesterday German forces entered unoccupied France. Acting quickly to counter sweeping Allied gains, Hitler sent armored columns to occupy Vichy, France. The Vichy Regime came to an end, and with it, the final pretense that part of France was a "Free Zone."

ANNE. (*From her bed.*) I couldn't sleep tonight, even after Father tucked me in. I feel wicked sleeping in a warm bed when my friends are at the mercy of the cruelest monsters ever to walk the earth. And all because they're Jews. We assume most of them are murdered. The BBC says they're being gassed. Perhaps that's the quickest way to die. (*As she continues, Mr. van Daan, at the table, tries vainly to light a cigarette butt, burns his finger.*) No matter what I'm doing, I can't stop thinking about those who are gone. All we can do is wait for the war to end. The whole world is waiting, and many are waiting for death. (*She lies down, goes to sleep as, from a distance, marching feet approach. Close, closer. From the street, the Nazi "Horst Wessel-Song" builds to a crescendo. Voiceover, a Barrack Head of Westerbork breaks in.*)

BARRACK HEAD. (*V.O.*) Achtung! Achtung! The list for Tuesday's train! One thousand will leave Westerbork tomorrow for labor