

MR. F

MR. FRANK. (*Directly to us.*) Westerbork. A barren heath. Wooden towers where our jailers stand guard. Walls covered with thousands of flies. The eight of us crammed into Barrack 67 — betrayed. We never know by whom. Our last month together. (*He pauses.*) Our last month. Anne and Peter walking hand in hand between the barracks and barbed wire. Edith worrying about the children, washing underclothing in murky water, numb. Margot, silent, staring at nothing. Our last days on Dutch soil. (*Pause.*) Late August, Paris freed. Brussels. Antwerp. But for us it is too late. Tuesday September third, 1944, a thousand of us herded into cattle cars, the last transport to leave Westerbork for the extermination camps. (*He pauses.*)

The train. Three days, three nights. In the middle of the third night ... Auschwitz. Separation. Men from women. Edith. Margot. Anne. My family. Never again. Selection. Half our transport killed in the gas chambers. One day Peter and I see a group of men march away, his father among them. Gassed. Peter on the "death march" to Mauthausen. Dead three days before the British arrive. His mother — Auschwitz, Bergen-Belsen, Buchenwald, Theresienstadt — date of death unknown. Mr. Dussel dies in Neuengamme. (*Pause.*)

January twenty-seventh, 1945. I am freed from Auschwitz. I know nothing of Edith and the children. And then I learn ... Edith died in Birkenau of grief, hunger, exhaustion. (*Pause.*)

The winter of '45, typhus breaks out in Bergen-Belsen, killing thousands of prisoners, among them Margot. Anne's friend, Hanneli, sees Anne through the barbed wire, naked, her head shaved, covered with lice. "I don't have anyone anymore," she weeps. A few days later, Anne dies. My daughters' bodies dumped into mass graves, just before the camp is liberated. (*Mr. Frank bends down, picks up Anne's diary lying on the floor. He steps forward, the diary in his hands.*)

All that remains. (*Slowly he opens the diary. The image of Anne's words fills the theatre. Darkness.*)

End of Play