

MR. DUSSEL. How many days will it take them from Normandy to the Netherlands?

MR. FRANK. *(Taking Mrs. Frank in his arms.)* Edith, what did I tell you.

MR. DUSSEL. *(Placing the potatoes on the map to hold it down as he checks the cities.)* Cherbourg. Caen. Pont-l'Évêque. Paris. And then ... Amsterdam! *(Mr. van Daan breaks into a convulsive sob.)*

MRS. VAN DAAN. Putti.

MR. FRANK. Hermann, don't you hear? We're going to be free ... soon. *(Mr. Dussel turns on the radio. Amidst much static, Eisenhower's voice is heard from his broadcast of June 6, 1944.)*

EISENHOWER. *(V.O.)* People of Western Europe, a landing was made this morning on the coast of France by troops of the Allied Expeditionary Force.

MR. FRANK. *(Wiping tears from his eyes.)* Listen. That's General Eisenhower. *(Anne pulls Margot down to her room.)*

EISENHOWER. *(V.O. fading away.)* I have this message for all of you. Although the initial assault may not have been made in your own country, the hour of your liberation is approaching.

ANNE. *(Hugging Margot.)* Home, Margot — can you believe it? We could be going home.

MARGOT. I don't even know what home would be like anymore. I can't imagine it — we've been away so long.

ANNE. Oh I can! I can imagine every little detail. To be outside again. The sky, Margot! To walk along the canal. To ... everything! *(They sit on Anne's bed.)*

MARGOT. I'm afraid to let myself think about it. To have a real meal — *(They laugh together.)* It doesn't seem possible. Will anything taste the same? Look the same? *(More and more serious.)* I don't know if anything will ever ... *be* the same again. How can we go back ... really. *(Looking at Anne's wistful face.)* You know what I've decided? To be a nurse. For newborns. Go far, far away.

ANNE. How far?

MARGOT. Maybe ... I don't know ... Maybe to Palestine. *(Hugging Anne.)* Maybe you'll go back to school in October ... September even. Wouldn't that be something, Anneke! *(They kiss each other, half laughing, half crying. Margot leaves, Anne gets into bed, as light comes up on Mrs. van Daan at the kitchen table. Mr. van Daan lies on his bed, disconsolate.)*

MRS. VAN DAAN. Putti? *(A pause.)* You know what I was just thinking? You won't believe this, but I was thinking about that first

day we met, when you were buzzing around with the rest of the boys in Bremerhaven. I picked you out right away, you know. You were the one who made me laugh. And laugh ... *(She laughs, full-throated, deep.)* That afternoon you took me out on the ferry, first you made me laugh and then you started to kiss me. And kiss me ... And the kisses were even better than the laughter — remember? You gave me so many, the ferryman kept watching us and the ferry went off course, and then you made me laugh even more. When we got back, you had such a ravenous appetite you made that little restaurant open its doors and you ordered almost everything on the menu. "What an appetite!" the waiter kept saying. "The man can really eat!" *(She stands up, moves toward him.)* We'll go back on that ferry one day, Putti. I promise. It won't be long now. And soon I'll be cooking all your old favorites — sauerbraten with red cabbage, latkes with your cherished applesauce. We'll even go to Berkhof's for cream cakes! But in the meantime, Putti, if you're hungry, hold on to me. Oh Putti, please. Just hold on to me. *(They embrace ...*

*darkness. Alone in her bed, Anne wakes with a start, her shadow enormous, illuminated on the wall. She speaks out.)*

ANNE. Just as I was falling asleep, my friend Hanneli appeared, dressed in rags, her face thin and worn. She looked at me with such sadness in her eyes I could read the message in them: "Oh Anne, why have you deserted me? Help me, help me, rescue me from this hell!" If only I could. Why have I been chosen to live, and you to die? Oh Hanneli, Hanneli, if you ever return, I'll take you in, share everything I have with you. Are you still alive? I keep seeing your enormous eyes, keep seeing myself in your place. You're a reminder of what my fate might have been. *(Light comes up on Mrs. Frank on her knees, silently scrubbing the kitchen floor.)* What will we do if we're ... no, I mustn't write that down. But the question won't go away. It looms before me in total absolute horror. *(A blue light. The chimney of the Annex is highlighted. A moment. Smoke begins to billow out of the chimney. Over the radio we hear a deep voice, contralto or baritone, singing the last verse of "Wenn dein Mütterlein" from Mahler's Kindertotenlieder.)*

BROADCAST. (V.O.)

*Wenn dein Mütterlein  
tritt zur Tür herein  
Mit der Kerze Schimmer  
ist es mir, als immer*