

Anne / Mr. Dussel

MRS. VAN DAAN. Mmmm. Delicious. Too bad there's so little of it.

MR. FRANK. I believe we know someone in common, Mr. Dussel.

MR. DUSSEL. Ah?

MR. FRANK. Dr. Kinzler. We were friends back in the old days in Frankfurt — *(Mr. Dussel goes white.)* What? What is it?

MR. DUSSEL. Dr. Kinzler was taken last month. Beethovenstraat. They took the whole block. *(Mrs. Frank gasps.)*

MRS. VAN DAAN. Mr. Dussel. What is happening outside?

MRS. FRANK. Tell us. *(Anne moves closer, sits on the floor before Mr. Dussel.)*

MR. DUSSEL. All over Amsterdam, Jews are disappearing ... torn out of bed in the middle of the night ... My God, the screams. Children come home from school — their parents are gone. Women come back from shopping — whole families ... vanished. It's impossible to escape unless you go into hiding. Thousands are being taken away. Deported. The Blumbergs, Professor Hallenstein —

MRS. VAN DAAN. *(Falling back.)* Oh God, no.

MR. DUSSEL. You have five minutes to get ready. Bring only what you can carry in a rucksack. Herded into the Jewish Theatre for days, weeks sometimes, and then ... Westerbork. The transit camp. From there, every Tuesday, like clockwork, a train leaves for ... the East. *(A moment of stunned silence.)*

ANNE. Mr. Dussel, do you know the Goslars? Their daughter Hanneli and I — we've been friends since we were four. They ... they didn't come for them, did they? *(Mr. Dussel looks at Mr. Frank, then back at Anne, silent. She leaps up.)* Not Hanneli! It can't be! *(In tears she moves away. Margot following, comforting her.)*

PETER. There's a family by the name of —

MRS. FRANK. *(A sudden cry.)* No!

MR. FRANK. I'm sure Mr. Dussel needs to get settled before supper. *(To Mr. Dussel.)* I'm sorry we can't offer you your own room. I trust you won't mind sharing one with my daughter.

MR. DUSSEL. Forgive me for upsetting you.

MRS. FRANK. No. You had to tell us. We had to know.

MR. FRANK. Anne, why don't you show Mr. Dussel your room?

MR. DUSSEL. *(As Miep starts to leave.)* Miep. Thank you for everything.

MARGOT. All he said ... so terrible, so different from what Mr. Kraler's been telling us.

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 / Mr. Dussel

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 cruellest 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

service in the East! No exemptions! (The cattle-car door slides shut. The shattering sound of a train whistle.)

ANNE. (Screaming in her sleep.) No! No! No! Don't let them take me!

MR. DUSSEL. For God's sake, be quiet!

ANNE. I won't! I won't get on the train!

MR. DUSSEL. (Bending over her.) Shhh! You'll get us all killed!

(Mrs. Frank rushes in, takes Anne in her arms.)  
MRS. FRANK. Anne, darling. You're here. Safe. (As Anne comes out of her nightmare.) It was a dream, my angel. You were having a dream.

MR. DUSSEL. These nightmares, Mrs. Frank, they're getting worse. I don't sleep anymore. I spend half my night shushing her.

MRS. FRANK. Anne. Little Anne.

MR. DUSSEL. Every night, Mrs. Frank, every night. She's putting us all in danger.

MRS. FRANK. Please, Mr. Dussel, go back to bed. She'll be all right in a minute. (Mr. Dussel leaves.)

PETER. (Coming out of his room.) What happened?

MR. DUSSEL. Another nightmare.

MR. VAN DAAN. It sounded like someone was murdering her.

(Mr. Dussel raises his eyebrows, goes into the W.C.)

MRS. FRANK. Can I get you some water? (As Anne shakes her head.) It was a bad dream, wasn't it? Do you want to tell me? Sometimes it helps —

ANNE. No. Thank you, Mother.

MRS. FRANK. Try to sleep now. I'll sit right beside you till —

ANNE. I'd rather you didn't. (Silence.)

MRS. FRANK. I see. Good night then. (She leans down to kiss her. Anne turns away.)

ANNE. (In tears, her voice muffled, hesitant.) Would you ask Father to come in? (Hurt, Mrs. Frank stands still.) Please. (Mrs. Frank hurries out as Mr. Frank is on his way in.)

MR. FRANK. Edith.

MRS. FRANK. She wants you, Otto. She's still trembling. (He hesitates.) It's all right. Go to her. (He leaves. Margot puts her arms around her mother.)

MARGOT. It's a phase.

MRS. FRANK. You weren't like this.

MARGOT. I'm more like you. It's not that she doesn't love you. (Mr. Frank goes into Anne's room.)

ANNE. (Flinging her arms around him.) Oh Pim, Pim! I dreamt