

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! 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 the 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, Mrs. Frank.

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

ANNE. I'd rather you didn't. *(Sitting up.)*

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

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

MR. FRANK. Edith.

MRS. FRANK. She wants you, Otto. She's still trembling. *(He hesitates, then 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.)*

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

they broke through the bookcase, took us all away. The train whistle, Pim! The train going to the East! (*He is silent.*) Did I yell terribly loud? Do you think anyone heard outside? (*He remains still.*) I know what you're thinking. But I can't help the way I feel. I just don't love her!

MR. FRANK. Anne!

ANNE. We don't get along. We never have. And now — I hate being cooped up with her! I don't get along with anyone here. My nightmares, Pim! Everyone hates me for having them. I can't stop them from coming.

MR. FRANK. We're all having nightmares, Anne. Only you let them out. Your mother has them too. Terrible nightmares. She's having a very hard time.

ANNE. I know. I know, Pim. I'm trying to change. I have another side, a better finer side. But it's as if I'm split in half. What's good, what's bad, Pim? I don't know. I want to be a better person, but not if it means shutting myself off. Hiding how I feel.

MR. FRANK. I understand. We've always understood each other — you and I. (*A pause.*) You know, Anneke, you taught me something the day we came here.

ANNE. Me?

MR. FRANK. Remember when we arrived — your mother and Margot were numb. Couldn't speak. Couldn't move. I was a wreck with worry, but you ... you skipped around the room calling it "an adventure." You showed me you could escape. Now, when I read my Dickens, it takes me to another world. In that world I feel safe. (*A pause.*) You have something too. A diary. You're lucky.

ANNE. Lucky?

MR. FRANK. You can write. You can put all your thoughts, all your feelings, down on paper ... (*The fierce sound of planes overhead. The sound of an air raid siren. Bombs falling. A burst of machine-gun fire. Darkness. Anne clings to her father. The van Daans rush toward Peter. Mrs. Frank and Margot hold each other close.*)

ANNE. The house is shaking!

MR. FRANK. It's all right, Anne. The more planes, the sooner the war will end. (*The sound of the air raid siren blends into voices praying quietly in Hebrew, as light comes up on Mr. Dussel in the attic, wearing a prayer shawl, swaying back and forth. The voices continue as he prays softly.*) **END**