

MR. DUSSEL. Finally. Finally you listen to me.

MR. VAN DAAN. I'm not doing it for you, Dussel. I'm sick of these damn fleas. Out he goes.

ANNE. Mr. van Daan, you can't do that.

MARGOT. That's Peter's cat. Peter loves that cat.

PETER. If it goes, I go.

MR. VAN DAAN. So go. Go.

MRS. VAN DAAN. You're not going and the cat's not going. Put the towel away. Sit down, Mr. Dussel. It's Hanukkah. A time for celebration. Girls, sing the song.

MARGOT and ANNE. *(Smiling, singing.)*

Ma-oz tzur ye-shu-a-

Le-cha naw-eh lisha ba-

Ti-kon beis te-fi-la-si

Ve-shum to-daw —

(A sudden crash of something below the Annex. A dog barks. They freeze in horror. Mr. Frank takes off his shoes, turns off the lamp, goes to the stairs. The others take off their shoes. The dog barks again. Silence. The sound of footsteps on the stairs, approaching the Annex.)

ANNE. *(A whisper.)* Oh God. *(No one moves. In the silence, we hear them breathing. There is a rattling at the bookcase. Again. All breathing stops. Mr. Frank signals Peter to turn off the hanging lamp. Peter turns it on. In the dim candlelight, he knocks over a chair. The others cringe. The sound of feet running down the stairs.)*

MR. VAN DAAN. *(Under his breath.)* God Almighty! *(The footsteps recede. To Mr. Frank, in a whisper.)* Do you hear anything?

MR. FRANK. *(Listening carefully. Whispering.)* I think they've gone.

MRS. VAN DAAN. *(A whisper.)* The Gestapo?

MR. VAN DAAN. If it were the Gestapo, they'd be up here by now.

MR. FRANK. Maybe it was a thief.

MRS. VAN DAAN. We've got to do something.

MR. VAN DAAN. There's nothing to do. *(Mr. Frank holds up his hand for them to be quiet. Complete silence, as they strain to hear any sound from below.)*

MR. FRANK. I'm going down. *(He starts down the stairs.)*

MARGOT. *(Running toward him.)* No, Papa! They could still be there.

MRS. FRANK. *(As Mr. van Daan pulls Margot back.)* Margot, come back here!

MRS. VAN DAAN. *(Quietly hysterical.)* Maybe we can buy them off. Where's our money, Putti?

MR. VAN DAAN. Keep still.
MRS. VAN DAAN. (*A whispered panic.*) And wait till they drag us away? Do something!
MR. VAN DAAN. Will you keep still! (*He half lifts her up, makes her sit down.*)
ANNE. (*Unable to stand the silence.*) Someone get Papa.
MR. VAN DAAN. Quiet!
PETER. I'll go.
MR. VAN DAAN. Sit down.
ANNE. Please. Please go.
MR. VAN DAAN. Quiet! Everyone! (*The sound of footsteps on the stairs. They wait, rigid. Mr. Frank appears. Anne and Margot rush to him, hold him tight.*)
MR. FRANK. It was a thief.
MR. DUSSEL. How do you know?
MR. FRANK. He took the cash box, ran off so fast he left the front door wide open. The noise must have scared him away. (*As Mrs. Frank turns on a light.*) The danger's passed. We're safe.
MR. DUSSEL. Maybe. But we're in even greater danger now.
MR. FRANK. Mr. Dussel. Please.
MR. DUSSEL. (*Pointing at Peter.*) Now someone knows we're up here.
MR. VAN DAAN. Why are you pointing at him? It was an accident. It could have happened to any one of us.
MRS. VAN DAAN. (*Quiet.*) You mean to tell me a thief is going to go to the police and say "I was robbing a place the other night and I heard this noise above my head?" You think a thief is going to say that?
MR. DUSSEL. Yes. I do.
MRS. VAN DAAN. Well, you're crazy.
MR. DUSSEL. I think someday he'll get caught and make a bargain with the police. If they let him off, he'll tell them where some Jews are hiding. Maybe they'll even reward him. Seven and a half guilders a Jew. (*Silence.*)
ANNE. (*Terrified.*) We can't stay here anymore! Please, Papa. Let's go. Let's just go!
MRS. VAN DAAN. Go?
MR. VAN DAAN. Where would we go?
MRS. FRANK. Into the street?

MR. FRANK. No one's leaving. We can't panic. If we panic, we're lost. We've survived here for six months together. We're going on. Margot. Anne. The song. Please. (*Margot and Anne hesitate, then falteringly begin to sing.*)

MARGOT and ANNE. *Ma-oz tzur ye-shu-a-si*

EVERYONE. (*Slowly joining in, some humming, some singing the words.*) **END**

Ma-cha naw-eh lisha bayah

Ma-cha on beis te-fi-la-si

Ve-cha na to-daw

n-zat na-ach

L'et takh na matbe'ach

Mitzar han na be' —

(*Margot suddenly breaks down, takes off her glasses, sobbing silently. Mrs. Frank rushes to her. The others stop singing, move even closer, as Anne speaks directly to them.*)

ANNE. Sometimes I see myself alone in a dungeon, without Father and Mother, or I'm roaming the streets, or the Annex is on fire, or they come in the middle of the night to take us away, and I know it could all happen soon. (*The members of the Annex linger together, shaking hands, embracing.*) I see the rest of us in the Annex as if we were a patch of blue sky threatened by menacing black clouds. We're surrounded by darkness and danger and in our desperate search for a way out, we keep bumping into each other. (*Mr. Dussel slips into the W.C. The two families separate — the van Daans with Peter go into their room, Mrs. Frank and Margot into Anne's room. Mr. Frank, the last to leave, holds Anne close to him. He remains, alone.*) We look at the fighting below and the peace and beauty above, but we're cut off by the dark mass of clouds and can go neither up nor down. It looms before us, an impenetrable wall. I can only cry out and implore, "Open wide. Let us out!" (*There is a sob from Margot. Anne rushes to her. The two families cling to each other. The house lights come up, as the light on the stage slowly dims.*)

End of Act One