

behind the lines where we'd be safe. Each time our train would stop—at a siding, or a crossing—we'd all get out and go from group to group. "Where were you?" "Were you at Belsen?" "At Buchenwald?" "At Mathausen?" "Is it possible that you knew my wife?" "Did you ever see my husband? My son? My daughter?" That's how I found out about my wife's death—of Margot, the Van Daans, Peter—Dussel. But Anne—I still hoped. (*He picks up the diary*) Yesterday I went to Rotterdam. I'd heard of a woman there. She'd been in Belsen with Anne—I know, now. (*He opens the diary and turns the pages back to find a certain passage*)

(*As MR FRANK finds the page we hear ANNE'S VOICE*)

ANNE'S VOICE. In spite of everything, I still believe that people are really good at heart.

MR FRANK. She puts me to shame.

Lighting Cue 61

The LIGHTS dim slowly to BLACK-OUT. MR FRANK slowly closes the diary as—

the CURTAIN falls