

ANNE #2: (Goodbye/Epilogue)

Berlin, Nazi Germany, 1938.
The Berlin Train Station.

(Note: Young Anne Lehmann uses German terms of endearment for her mother and father. Thus to her – her mother was Mutti; and her father was Vati -- pronounced: “MOO-tee and VAH-tee.” Her parents nickname for Anne is “Miechen”—pronounced “MEE-shen”)

Vati & Mutti (Mr. & Mrs. Lehmann) are a Jewish married couple living with their daughter, Anne, in pre-World War II Nazi Germany. Life for Jews has become increasingly hard. Many laws have been passed that harshly discriminate against Jews and are forced to wear a yellow star identifying them as Jewish. Vati has been increasingly anxious for his family and has been desperately trying to get them all out of Germany. Mutti is still convinced that things will get better in Germany when good people come to their senses. But Anne’s parents are now both convinced that Anne should be sent out of Germany on the *Kindertransport* to live safely in England. Here, that day has arrived.

VATI is a proud, private, serious man – a bit formal – always saying: “No public displays of emotion.” Anne loves him very much.

ANNE, as our narrator, talks to the audience – sometimes freezing (stopping) the play’s action. Anne is intelligent, sensitive, and now forced to grow up rather fast – realizing that she may never see her parents again.

When the play started, we first met a carefree, happier Anne as she got off the train returning from a visit to her Aunt & Uncle’s home in Amsterdam. Anne is remembering fondly that joyous reunion with her parents. Now – at the end of the play – she is back at that same train station platform.

Note: No German accent needed.

ANNE

(to the audience) (downstage)

December 28th arrived. About one hundred children were allowed to depart Germany that day – just children – without their parents.

...So, there I was – back at that same train station platform – with my little suitcase – to say goodbye.

...My heart again wanted to stop time – freeze every moment – hold onto it. But I knew I couldn't. I had to continue on.

(Mutti & Vati enter.)

(Anne is not sure what to say.)

...Well, Vati,...I guess,...ah...

VATI

(a bit awkward, formal)

Don't you look fine in your new winter coat.

ANNE

(quoting Vati)

“Wear your finest clothes. Take pride in your appearance.”

VATI

(smiles)

“Show the world you are proud to be who you are.”

ANNE

Right.

(awkward pause)

VATI

So,...I guess,...

ANNE

“No public display.”

VATI

That's right.

(Anne turns away from Vati – starts to cross away to board the train – suddenly turns – looks back at Vati with tears in her eyes)

ANNE

(looks at Vati, with tears in her eyes – as if asking him to let her hug him goodbye)

Vati?!

(Seeing that Vati is also crying)

...Oh Vati – I love you! I don't want to go!

VATI

(crying)

Oh, my little Miechen “*(MEE-shen)*”! I love you, too!

...Enough...hurry now -- you have to get on that train.

*(Vati slowly backs away – Mutti & Vati cross away
– frozen in time – looking straight out.)*

(Anne turns to the audience)

EPILOGUE.

ANNE *(slowly)*

(to the audience) (she seems older – as if now looking back)

The war came. The borders closed. Mutti and Vati were arrested – transported to the concentration camp Theresienstadt (“*Tah-RAY-sen-shtaht*”) – where Vati died...

*(Vati unfreezes, turns, slowly exits
the stage.) (Anne thinks...)*

...from disease? – starvation? ... I think - a broken heart – disappointed his Germany had forgotten him.

(Vati is gone.)

...And my dear Mutti? She was transported on to Auschwitz (“*OW-shwitz*”) – where she was killed in the gas chambers...

*(Mutti unfreezes, turns, slowly exits
the stage) (Anne thinks...)*

...such patience – her eternal faith that good people will someday come to their senses.

(pauses) (thinks) (changing the subject)

... I lived with some very nice families in England. And when I was older, after the War, I met my “young, handsome soldier” – an American stationed in England – my dear, dear Frank. So, I came to be Mrs. Anne Lehmann Fox of Philadelphia –

(thinks, has to smile)

...who still exchanges Hanukkah gifts with her school teacher friend Dorit back in Berlin.

(thinks)

...So – I guess - my little suitcase and I have traveled around a lot – searching for a home.

TURN THE PAGE.

ANNE

My suitcase found a home: the Holocaust Museum in Washington, D.C.

...But me? My heart always keeps searching – sometimes traveling back to that same train station platform in Berlin... back to ... well,...a better time.

MUTTI

(happily smiling) (a memory – same as the beginning of the play)

So, let's all go home, shall we?

(sincerely, with tears of joy in her eyes.)

...Oh Anne, it's so good to have you home.

....And you are never getting away from me. Ever again.

(Anne turns to the audience with tears in her eyes.)

ANNE *(to audience) (crying)*

My heart wanted it to always stay just like this...Forever...

(Anne looks back at her parents – they smile)

(Anne turns towards audience – looks out – remembering – tearfully smiles.)

END OF SIDE.