**The Diary of Anne Frank:**

**Audition Monologues & Scenes**

**Audition Materials: MEN**

1. **Otto Frank**: 2 Monologues
2. **Mr. Van Daan**: 1 Scene (with Mrs. Van Daan & Peter)
3. **Peter Van Daan**: 2 Scenes (one with Mr. & Mrs. Van Daan and one with Anne)
4. **Mr. Dussel**: 1 Monologue
5. **Mr**. **Kraler**: I will be able to cast without a specific reading for Mr. Kraler
6. **Nazi/Broadcaster**: 2 monologues

**Audition Materials: WOMEN**

1. **Anne Frank**: 3 monologues, 2 scenes (1 with Margot, 1 with Peter)
2. **Edith Frank**: 1 monologue
3. **Margot Frank**: 1 monologue, 1 Scene (with Anne)
4. **Mrs. Van Daan**: 2 monologues, 1 Scene (with Mr. & Peter Van Daan)
5. **Miep Gies**: 1 monologue

**MONOLOGUES: MEN**

**Otto Frank 1 (to Anne)**: 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.

**Otto Frank 2 (to audience at the end of the play):** A barren heath. Wooden towers where our jailors stand guard. Walls covered with thousands of flies. The eight of us crammed into Barrack 67—betrayed. We never know by whom. Our last month together. (*He pauses*.) Our last month. Anne and Peter walking hand in hand between the barracks and barbed wire. Edith worry about the children, washing underclothing in murky water, numb. Margot, silent, staring at nothing. Our last days on Dutch soil. Late August, Paris is freed. Brussels. But for us it is too late.

**Mr. Dussel** **(to other 7 members of the Secret Annex):** 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.

**Broadcaster 1**: History cannot be written on the basic of official documents alone. If our descendants are the understand what we as a nation have endured these years, we need simple, everyday pieces—a diary, letters from a forced laborer in Germany…

**Broadcaster 2**: All Jews must be out of German-occupied countries by July 1st. The western province will be cleansed of Jews between April first and May first, the provinces of North and South Holland, including Amsterdam, immediately thereafter. A faster pace evacuating the Jews will begin as we move them by train not once but twice a week. This is dirty work, but a mission of great historical purpose. When not a single Jew remains in the Netherlands, people will again walk freely in the streets.

**Monologues: WOMEN**

**Anne Frank 1**: 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 cruelest 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. All we can do is wait for the war to end. The whole world is waiting, and many are waiting for death.

**Anne Frank 2**: The sun is shining, the sky is a deep blue, there’s a magnificent breeze, and I’m longing—so longing—for everything! I walk from room to room, breathe through the crack in the window frame, feel my heart beating as if to say, “Can’t you fulfill this longing at last?” I long for every boy, and to Peter I want to shout, “Say something, don’t just smile at me all the time, touch me, I feel spring awakening, I feel it in my entire body and soul.”

**Anne Frank 3**: I can’t believe it! Did he really say, “a diary”? I’ll start revising it tomorrow! Maybe one day I could even publish a novel. *The Secret Annex*—based on my diary! Unless you write yourself, you can’t know how wonderful it is. When I write I shake off all my cares. But I want to achieve more than that. I want to be useful and bring enjoyment to all people, even those I never met. I want to go on living even after my death!

**Edith Frank (To Miep)**: Oh Miep. I remember when a New Year was something to look forward to. There’s no hope to be had. I know that. I knew it the night Hitler came to power, when that voice came screaming out of the radio. I sat there paralyzed. And now in London, what is the Dutch Queen doing? What are they all doing? They’re not even mentioning the word Jew. The trains are still leaving. Why don’t they bomb the tracks? I know the others are making plans, counting the days till the war is over, but I have to tell you… I feel the end will never come. (*Pause.*) Sometimes… sometimes, I want to give myself up.

**Margot (to Anne)**: (*Cheerful/hopeful*.) I don’t even know what home would be like anymore. I can’t imagine it—we’ve been away so long. I’m afraid to let myself think about it. To have a real meal---it doesn’t seem possible. Will anything taste the same? Look the same? (*More and more serious*.) I don’t know if anything will ever… be the same again. How can we go back… really? (*Returns to hopeful*.) You know what I’ve decided? To be a nurse. For newborns. To go far, far away. Wouldn’t that be something!

**Mrs. Van Daan 1 (to Mr. Van Daan)**: What? What are you talking about? No, Putti. Don’t do this to me. This is my coat. I’ve had this coat for seventeen years. My father gave me this coat. You have no right. Don’t you dare. Let go. Let go of it. Please.

**Mrs. Van Daan 2 (to Mr. Van Daan)**: I picked you out right away, you know. You were the one who made me laugh. And laugh… That afternoon you took me out on the ferry, first you made me laugh and then you started to kiss me. And kiss me… and the kisses were even better than the laughter—remember? When we got back, you had such a ravenous appetite you made that little restaurant open its doors and you ordered almost everything on the menu. We’ll go back on that ferry one day, Putti. I promise. It won’t be long now. And soon I’ll be cooking all your old favorites. Oh, Putti, please. Just hold on to me.

**Miep (to everyone):** Everyone… everyone… the most wonderful, most incredible news! The invasion. The invasion has begun! (*They stare at her, unable to grasp what she is telling them*.) Did you hear me? The invasion! It’s happening—right now! You can feel it is the streets—the excitement! I ran to tell you before the workmen got here. This is it. They’ve landing on the coast of Normandy! The British, Americans… everyone! More than four thousand ships!