



THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK at the Prospect Playhouse
 Director: Kirsty Halliday (O’Sullivan) Producer: Sheree Ebanks

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MR VAN DAAN: Middle-aged. Father of Peter, and husband of Mrs Van Daan. Grumpy, judgemental, and irritable. 5

MR DUSSEL: Middle-aged or older. On his own and late to join the families in hiding. He shares a room with Anne, which both find challenging. He doesn’t connect with anyone in the house.. 6

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD MAN: Please choose one of the male characters above to read for but register your interest in these roles. These are the Nazi’s who appear at the end of the play. 6

Notes:

We are using the Wendy Kesselman version of the play, and will distribute this to successful cast members (due to copyright law this will not be available prior). As this is based on a true story, we suggest you do some research on the characters to aid your decision in who you would like to try for, and to prepare you for your audition.

You do not need to use Dutch or German accents.

Audition and Rehearsals:

Auditions for The Diary Of Anne Frank will take place on Tue 13th March 6-9pm (with recalls Sat 17th March 10am-2pm). The show will be performing 5-9th Sept and 13-16th September Thu-Sun 2018 with rehearsals beginning 26th June Tue/Thu 7-9pm plus Sunday rehearsals in August/Sept. Email kirstyannosullivan@gmail.com to secure your time slot. At present, we are looking for actors age 14+.

Audition Pieces:

Please note that in the initial audition you will be reading the below extract. You do not need to learn this by heart, but it will be to your advantage if you are familiar enough to not just read the whole thing from your sheet. Recalls will involve group scenes, and will be given on the day. Please be prepared to sight-read, role-play and re-do your piece for your auditions.

Characters:

ANNE FRANK: Young teenager, writer of the diary; curious, chatty, energetic.

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July sixth, 1942. A few days ago, Father began to talk about going into hiding. He said it would be very hard for us to live cut off from the rest of the world. He sounded so serious I felt scared. "Don't worry, Anneke. Just enjoy your carefree life while you can." Carefree? I was born in Frankfort on June twelfth, 1929. Because we're Jewish, my father emigrated to Holland in 1933. He heard Hitler's marching gangs sing that horrible song, "when Jew-blood spurts from the knife." And knew it was time to leave. But Hitler invaded Holland on May tenth, 1940. Five days later the Dutch surrendered, the Germans arrived – and the trouble started for the Jews. *(A pause.)*

Father was forced to give up his business – manufacturing products used to make jam. We couldn't use streetcars, couldn't go to the theatre or movies anymore, couldn't be out on the *street* after 8PM., couldn't even sit in our own gardens! We had to turn in our bicycles. No beaches, no swimming pools, no libraries – we couldn't even walk on the sunny side of the streets! Our identity cards were stamped with a big black "J". And...we had to wear the yellow star. But somehow life went on. Until yesterday. A call-up notice from the SS! My sister Margot was ordered to report for work in Germany, to the Westerbork transit camp. A call-up – everyone knows what that means! *(She pauses).*

At five-thirty this morning, we closed the door of our apartment behind us. My cat was the only living creature I said goodbye to. The unmade beds, the breakfast things on the table all created the impression we'd left in a hurry. (*A pause*).

And our destination? We walked two and a half miles in the pouring rain all the way to...263 Prinsengracht – father's office building! Our hiding place, the "Secret Annex," is right behind it upstairs. Even though the Germans forced Father out, he still runs the offices with Mr. Kraler and Miep, who've offered to help us while we're in hiding.

OTTO FRANK: Middle-aged. Anne's Father; logical, kind, patient, well-mannered.

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Now. Everyone. A few things. Quickly! We have to get organized before eight. Anne! Sit down, please. First, about the noise. While the workmen are in the building – from eight to six – we must keep completely quiet. So no shoes. And move only when absolutely necessary. We can't run any water. We can't flush the toilet in the W.C. The pipes go down through the warehouse and every sound can be heard...No trash can ever be thrown out – not even a potato peel. We'll burn everything in the stove at night. We can't go outside. We can't look out a window. No coughing. If possible, no fevers. Remember – we can never call a doctor. This is the way we must live...until it is over. (*Smiling*) But...after six we can talk, laugh, play games, move around just as we would at home. This will be our common room, the place we meet to have supper...like one family...And now why don't we get settled in. As Mr. Van Daan and I discussed, this floor will be the Van Daan home, the lower floor the Frank home. I know your space is tiny, Peter, but you'll be near you parents. Actually, I'm glad you brought you cat. Miep warns us – there could be rats.

EDITH FRANK: Middle-aged. Anne's mother; proper, polite, anxious at times.

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MRS FRANK: Anne, you can't behave like this.

ANNE: It was an accident. Anyone can have an accident.

MRS FRANK: I'm not just talking about the coat, Anne. We're living under great stress, but you don't hear Margot getting in arguments with the Van Daans, do you?

ANNE: Margot's perfect. She never gets into arguments with anyone.

MRS FRANK: She's courteous. She keeps her distance and they respect her or it. Try to be more like Margot.

ANNE: And have them walk over me too? No thank you.

MRS FRANK: I'm not afraid they'll walk over you, Anne. I'm afraid you'll walk over them. I don't know what happens to you. If I ever talked to my mother the way you talk to me –

ANNE: "Yes Mother, no Mother, anything you say Mother." People aren't like that anymore. I can't do everything for you.

MRS FRANK: Margot doesn't do everything –

ANNE: Margot, Margot! That's all I ever hear.

MRS FRANK: I don't know how we can go on living like this..

MARGOT FRANK: Late-teens to mid-twenties. Anne's elder sister much like her mother. Polite, quiet, reserved, modest. The opposite of Anne in every way.

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MARGOT: Mr. Dussel is getting awfully impatient out there.

ANNE: Let him! I'm always waiting for him.

MARGOT: Are you going up to the attic with Peter again? ... You've already spent so much time there today.

ANNE: I went up exactly twice. Once to practice French together and once to get the potatoes for supper.

MARGOT: But you know Mrs. Van Daan. She's got a comment for every little thing.

ANNE: She can't help herself. It's in her nature. I don't think it's Mrs. Van Daan that's upsetting you.

MARGOT: I'm not upset.

ANNE: You're not jealous? Of Peter and me? I'd be insanely jealous if it were you instead of me.

MARGOT: Yes, I imagine you would be. But I'm not.

ANNE: Aren't you, Margot? Tell me the truth.

MARGOT: Who wouldn't want someone to visit every night, have deep serious conversations with...and who knows what else. Yes, I'm jealous. But not of you and Peter. I'd just like someone of my own. I'm happy you have someone.

ANNE: You mean it?

MARGOT: I want you to have a good time tonight. Every night. You've already missed out on so much here.

MIEP GILES: Twenties. One of the people hiding the families; she is a kind and generous secretary from Mr Frank's old office.

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MIEP: Mr Frank. Thank God you arrived safely. Anne, Mrs Frank, Margot – you must be exhausted. If only we'd known, we would have had it all ready for you. Please don't worry. We'll do everything we can to help. Now I must run and get your ration books. Your names won't be on the them. If you make a list every day, I'll try to get you what you want. And every Saturday I can bring five library books.

PETER VAN DAAN: Mid-late teens. Older than Anne but younger than Margot. He starts of shy, awkward and quiet but his friendship/romance with Anne allows him to grow in confidence and personality.

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PETER: Has anyone seen my shoes?

ANNE: (*innocent*) Shoes?

PETER: You took them, didn't you?

ANNE: I don't know what you're talking about.

PETER: You're going to be sorry.

ANNE: Am I?

PETER: Definitely. (*He chases her around the table*). Wait till I get you!

ANNE: I'm waiting! I'm waiting! You won't get them away from me!...Come on Peter, dance with me.

PETER: I don't know how.

ANNE: I'll teach you.

PETER: I don't want any lessons.

ANNE: Please.

PETER: I have to go give Mouschi his supper.

ANNE: Can I watch?

PETER: He doesn't like people around when he eats.

ANNE: I'll be quiet. Quiet as a little mouse. He likes mice, doesn't he?

PETER: No! (*Pushing her out, he slams the door of his room*).

MR KRALER: Middle-aged or older. The other ex-colleague of Mr Frank, also keeping everyone in hiding. A serious but kind man.

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MR KRALER: Miep or I will be here every day to see you. I've hidden a buzzer to signal when we come up, and tomorrow I'll have that bookcase placed in front of your door. Oh, and one last thing...the radio...Mr Frank, you'll tell them about the noise?...I never thought I'd live to see the day a man like you would have to go into hiding.

MRS VAN DAAN: Middle-aged. Mother of Peter, and wife of Mr Van Daan. She is vain, self-centered and opinionated.

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MRS VAN DAAN: Putti? (*A pause*). You know what I was just thinking? You won't believe this, but I was thinking about that first day we met, when you were buzzing around with the rest of the boys in Bremerhaven. I picked you out right away, you know. You were the one who made me laugh. And laugh...(*she laughs, full-throated, deep.*) 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? You gave me so many, the ferryman kept watching us and the ferry went off course, and then you made me laugh even more. 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. "What an appetite!" the waiter kept saying. "The man can really eat!"...We'll go back on that ferry one day, Putti. I promise. It won't be long now.

MR VAN DAAN: Middle-aged. Father of Peter, and husband of Mrs Van Daan. Grumpy, judgemental, and irritable.

(Page 21-22)

MR VAN DAAN: Oh, God. Here we go again! What have you got to write about that's so important all the time? How much does a thirteen year old have to say?...Petronella, can you please tell me what could possibly be so private...I just hope she doesn't write anything about *me* in that private diary of hers...Aren't things hard enough without you sprawling all over the place?

MR DUSSEL: Middle-aged or older. On his own and late to join the families in hiding. He shares a room with Anne, which both find challenging. He doesn't connect with anyone in the house.

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ANNE: Well, here we are.

MR DUSSEL: Ah. It isn't very big, is it?

ANNE: I've never shared a room with a man before. I hope I'll be a suitable companion. I know you'll miss the woman you live with terribly.

MR DUSSEL: Charlotte and I have never been apart. It all happened so quickly, I couldn't tell her where I was going. I didn't know myself.

ANNE: You weren't supposed to. None of our friends knew – it would have been too dangerous. Not just for us. For them and...for Charlotte.

MR DUSSEL: You're a very bright young lady. I hope you'll bear with me.

ANNE: I hope you'll bear with *me!* I seem to irritate everyone around here. What's she like...you're Charlotte?

MR DUSSEL: Charming. Beautiful. You would like her. (*A moment*) She's not Jewish, you know.

FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD MAN: Please choose one of the male characters above to read for but register your interest in these roles. These are the Nazi's who appear at the end of the play.