

What to expect...

Thank you for considering auditioning for The Diary of Anne Frank. Our performance dates are March 14, 15, and 16, and March 21, 22, and 23. To be considered for casting you must be available on these dates and for the final rehearsal period beginning March 1. The script is the original 1955 version written by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. The story takes place in Amsterdam in the Netherlands from 1942 to 1945, during the German occupation in World War II. My goal is to honor the people whose lives constituted the characters you will be portraying, if you are cast, by presenting a realistic storytelling. I want to portray Dutch life under Nazi occupation, so, while I do not require you to demonstrate German or Dutch accents, we can better immerse our audiences in the setting if you can deliver the text with slight accents.

Auditions

Auditions are January 6 and January 7, starting at 6:30pm at 40 Robinwood Drive SW in Fort Walton Beach. Auditions take place in Stage Crafter's rehearsal space. You can arrive as early as 6:00pm to review the audition script selections and fill out our audition form and have your picture taken. You do not have to be present both evenings; whether you are there for both audition times will not affect my casting decision. I will call people up to perform audition selections, and I will mix combinations throughout the evening. You can use the scripts we provide; you do not have to memorize lines for the audition. I will make casting decisions based on your individual audition and on how the characters you create interact with other auditionees. I am looking to create families and the Franks' support team from the characters you present.

Rehearsal

Rehearsals begin January 13 and will run through March 13. I plan to rehearse Monday through Thursday from 6:30pm to 9:00pm, excluding federal holidays. My schedule is laid out in blocks of the script; I expect you to invest time and energy outside of rehearsal to memorize your lines for the upcoming block so that we can get the best use out of our time together in rehearsal. My schedule is planned to allow me to release some actors halfway through the evening, and I will make every effort to release actors who are in school at the halfway point. The final rehearsal period begins Saturday, March 1st as we move in at the performance space at 107 Miracle Strip Parkway SW, the Fort Walton Beach Civic Auditorium, and will include weekends. Plan for 6:00pm to 10:00pm starting March 10th, but I will make every effort to release us earlier, if we are well-rehearsed.

Performance

Performance dates are March 14, 15, 21, and 22 with curtain at 7:30pm, and March 16 and 23 with curtain at 2:00pm. Call times will be at 5:30pm for evening performances and 12:00pm for matinee performances.

DESCRIPTIONS

Anne Frank (14-18)

13 year-old girl, ages to 15, warm, witty, intelligent, charming, self-aware, sensitive, often impatient, sometimes a know-it-all, open, determined, easily hurt, spirited, hopeful, fun-loving, desperate, with all the longings, expectations and attitudes that adolescence brings. Though hiding and living in constant fear and isolation, she never gave up. She had a fraught relationship with her mother, adored her father, and lovingly envied her sister.

Margot Frank (16-20)

15 year-old sister of Anne, ages to 17, pretty, quiet, obedient, demure, frail, friendly, very intelligent, overwhelmed by the trials of hiding, very close to her mother and father. Like Anne, she longed for a friend in whom she could confide. She played the role of peacemaker when Anne overstepped. She was a good girl and was admired by all.

Mrs. Edith Frank (35+)

A lovely woman, wife and mother, mid-40s, from a wealthy German family, reticent, loving, moral, concerned, gracious, cultured, devoted to tradition, devastated by her relationship with Anne, barely able to cope with the demands of everyday life in hiding and isolation, tries very hard to accommodate the lower middle-class van Daan family whose uncouth and argumentative ways are an irritant to her and causes her to finally erupt into a seething rage.

Mrs. Petronella Van Daan (35+)

Mid 40s, loud, egotistical, talky, often crude, suspicious, bossy, moody, self-important, overbearing, critical of others, flirtatious, manipulative, sometimes depressed, enjoys a good laugh or story, more accepting of her introverted son, delusional about her younger self's popularity and looks, feels if she is the Queen Bee in the group, chafes under her husband's control, tries to run the household. A big stirrer-upper! Yet she is amazingly acceptable.

Miep Gies (20+)

25-40, Austrian refugee living in the Netherlands, employed by Mr. Frank, entrusted by Otto Frank with provisioning the occupants of the Annex and hiding them from the outside world, she collected fake ration cards, purchased all their foodstuffs, visited the library on their behalf, and generally tried to keep their spirits up. She was courageous, empathetic, compassionate, and friendly.

Mr. Otto Frank (35+)

Father of Anne and Margot and head of the group living in his Annex, middle 40s to early 50s, upper middle class background, a wise man, fair, loyal, attentive, patient, intelligent, soft, level-headed, optimistic, genuinely liked people, decision-maker, teacher, beloved by his workers who protected him and his family as well as the other tenants of the Annex throughout the war. He was especially susceptible to Anne's charms. He was devoted to his wife, Edith, and comforted her whenever she was depressed about their living conditions, the attitudes of the van Daans/Dussel, or her relationship with Anne.

Mr. Hermann Van Daan (35+)

Mid-40s to 50s, dour, selfish, complaining, ungrateful, superficial, quarrelsome, dictatorial, highly critical of his son Peter, easily irritated, is rather withdrawn from the other occupants of the Annex. His transgression causes the great blow-up in the Annex.

Mr. Albert Dussel (35+)

Mid-40s-50, dentist, stodgy, old-fashioned, disciplined, hypercritical, selfish, horrified at Anne's behavior, genuinely does not like people, picky, unhappy with everything, a man who has not come to terms with his situation, whiny, a perfectionist, ungrateful, and easily angered.

Peter Van Daan (15-19)

17 year-old boy, ages to 19, withdrawn, unsure, awkward, immature, shy, sometimes amusing, attached to his cat, tries to stay out of everyone's way, hates his mother and father's constant quarrels, ages from the introverted teenager to the more mature 19 year-old who enjoys the company of the girls and who begins to be interested in all the other occupants of the Annex.

Mr. Krahler (30+)

35-45, Dutch, helps Miep with the responsibilities of feeding and hiding the occupants of the Annex, is an employee of Mr. Frank's company, a trusted colleague and friend. He is sympathetic to their plight, does what he can for them, and runs the company in Mr. Frank's name, an honest and good man.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATIONS

AMEN	OH-MEIN
AMSTERDAM	AHM'-STER-DAHM
ANNE	AH'-NAH or the familiar AH'-NEE
ANNEKE	AH'-NAH-KAH
ANNELINE	AH'-NAH-LYNN
AUSCHWITZ	AOW'-SHVITZ
BELSEN	BELL'-SEN
BUCHENWALD	BUCH'-EN-VALD
DELPHI	DELL'-FIE
DIRK	DEE'-URK
DUSSEL	DUSS'-ELL
EDITH	AE'-DIT
FRANK	FRAHNK
HALLENSTEINS	HA'-LEN-STAINS
HILVERSUM	HILL'-VER-SUM
JAN	YAN
JOPIE	YO'-PEE
KERLI	CARE'-LEE
KRALER	KRAH'-LER
LIEFJE	LEAF'-YAH
MARGOT	MAR'-GOTT
MAUTHAUSEN	MAUT'-HOW-SEN
MÄZELTOV	MAH'-ZEL-TAHV
MIEP	MEEP
MOUSCHI	MOO'-SHE
OTTO	AH'-TOE
PETER	PAY'-TER
PETRONELLA	PET-ROW-NELL'-AH
PUTTI	POO'-TEE
ROTTERDAM	RAH'-TER-DAHM
VAN DAAN	FAHN DAHN
WESSELS	VESS'-ELLS
WESTERTOREN	VESS'-TER-TOR-EN
WILHELMINA	VIL-HEL-MEE'-NAH

AUDITION SIDE #1

MR. FRANK. That's a nice boy, Peter.

ANNE. He's awfully shy, isn't he?

MR. FRANK. You'll like him, I know.

ANNE. I certainly hope so, since he's the only boy I'm likely to see for months and months.

MR. FRANK. Anne, there's a box there. Will you open it?

ANNE. (as she goes) You know the way I'm going to think of it here? I'm going to think of it as a boarding house. A very peculiar summer boarding house, like the one that we -- Father! Father! My movie stars! I was wondering where they were! . . . and Queen Wilhelmina! How wonderful!

MR. FRANK. There's something more. Go on. Look further.

ANNE. A diary! I've never had a diary. And I've always longed for one. (*looking for a pencil.*) Pencil, pencil, pencil, pencil. I'm going down to the office to get a pencil.

MR. FRANK. Anne! No!

ANNE. (*Startled.*) But there's no one in the building now.

MR. FRANK. It doesn't matter. I don't want you ever to go beyond that door.

ANNE. (*Sobered.*) Never? ... Not even at night time, when everyone is gone? Or on Sundays? Can't I go down to listen to the radio?

MR. FRANK. Never. I am sorry, Anneke. It isn't safe. No, you must never go beyond that door.

AUDITION SIDE #2

MR. VAN DAAN. Miep not come yet?

MRS. VAN DAAN. The workmen just left, a little while ago.

MR. VAN DAAN. What's for dinner tonight?

MRS. VAN DAAN. Beans.

MR. VAN DAAN. Not again!

MRS. VAN DAAN. Poor Putti! I know. But what can we do? That's all that Miep brought us.

ANNE. *(in a deep voice.)* We are now in what is known as the "bean cycle."
Beans boiled, beans en casserole, beans with strings, beans without strings . . .

MR. VAN DAAN. *(to Peler.)* I saw you ... in there, playing with your cat.

MRS. VAN DAAN. He just went in for a second, putting his coat away. He's been out here all the time, doing his lessons.

AUDITION SIDE #3

ANNE. Mrs. Van Daan, may I try on your coat?

MRS. FRANK. No, Anne.

MRS. VAN DAAN. It's all right . . . but careful with it. My father gave me that the year before he died. He always bought the best that money could buy.

ANNE. Mrs. Van Daan, did you have a lot of boy friends before you were married?

MRS. FRANK. Anne, that's a personal question. It's not courteous to ask personal questions.

MRS. VAN DAAN. Oh, I don't mind. *(to Anne)* Our house was always swarming with boys. When I was a girl we had . .

MR. VAN DAAN. Oh, God. Not again!

MRS. VAN DAAN. *(good humored.)* Shut up! One summer we had a big house in Hilversum. The boys came buzzing around like bees around a jam pot. And when I was sixteen! . . .we were wearing our skirts very short those days and I had good looking legs. I still have 'em. I may not be as pretty as I used to be, but I still have my legs. How about it, Mr. Frank?

MR. VAN DAAN. All right. All right. We see them.

MRS. VAN DAAN. I'm not asking you. I'm asking Mr. Frank.

PETER. Mother, for heaven's sake.

MRS. VAN DAAN. *(to Peter)* Oh, I embarrass you, do I? Well, I just hope the girl you marry has as good. My father used to worry about me, with so many boys hanging round. He told me, if any of them gets fresh, you say to him, "Remember, Mr. So-and-So, remember I'm a lady."

ANNE. *(imitating the delivery of Mrs. Van Daan.)* "Remember, Mr. So-and-So, remember I'm a lady."

AUDITION SIDE #4

ANNE. *(On the floor, listening,)* Shh! I can hear a man's voice talking.

MR. VAN DAAN. Isn't it bad enough here without your sprawling all over the place?

MRS. VAN DAAN. *(to Mr. Van Daan.)* If you didn't smoke so much, you wouldn't be so bad tempered.

MR. VAN DAAN. Am I smoking? Do you see me smoking?

MRS. VAN DAAN. Don't tell me you've used up all those cigarettes.

MR. VAN DAAN. One package! Miep only brought me one package!

MRS. VAN DAAN. It's a filthy habit anyway. It's a good time to break yourself.

MR. VAN DAAN. Oh, stop it, please!

MRS. VAN DAAN. You're smoking up all our money. You know that, don't you?

MR. VAN DAAN. Will you shut up? *(to Anne)* And what are you staring at?

ANNE. I never heard grownups quarrel before. I thought only children quarreled.

MR. VAN DAAN. This isn't a quarrel! It's a discussion. And I never heard children so rude before.

ANNE. I, rude!

AUDITION SIDE #5

[CONTEXT: Anne just spilled milk on Mrs. Van Daan's fur coat.]

MRS FRANK. Anne, you mustn't behave in that way.

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

MRS. FRANK. I don't mean that. I mean the answering back. You must not answer back. They are our guests. We must always show the greatest courtesy to them. We're all living under terrible tension. That's why we must control ourselves You don't hear Margot getting into arguments with them, do you? Watch Margot. She's always courteous with them. Never familiar. She keeps her distance. And they respect her for it. Try to be like Margot.

ANNE. And have them walk all over me, the way they do her? No, thanks!

MRS. FRANK. I'm not afraid that anyone is going to walk all over you, Anne. I'm afraid for other people, that you'll walk on them. I don't know what happens to you, Anne. You are wild, self-willed. If I had ever talked to my mother as you talk to me ...

ANNE. Things have changed. People aren't like that any more. "Yes, Mother." "No, Mother." "Anything you say, Mother." I've got to fight things out for myself! Make something of myself!

MRS. FRANK. It isn't necessary to fight to do it. Margot doesn't fight, and isn't she...?

ANNE. Margot! Margot! Margot! Margot! That's all I hear from everyone ... how wonderful Margot is.... "Why aren't you like Margot?"

MARGOT. Oh, come on, Anne, don't be so ...

ANNE. (*Paying no attention.*) Everything she does is right, and everything I do is wrong! I'm the goat around here! . . . You're all against me ... and you worst of all!

AUDITION SIDE #6

MRS. FRANK. Mr. Kraler!

MR. VAN DAAN. How are you, Mr. Kraler?

MARGOT. This is a surprise.

MRS. FRANK. When Mr. Kraler comes the sun begins to shine.

MR. VAN DAAN. Miep is coming?

MR. KRALER. Not tonight.

MRS. FRANK. Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee? ... or, better still, will you have supper with us?

MR. KRALER. No, thank you.

MR. FRANK. Mr. Kraler has something to talk over with us. Something has happened, he says, which demands an immediate decision.

MRS. FRANK. (*Fearful*) What is it?

MR. KRALER. Usually, when I come up here, I try to bring you some bit of good news. What's the use of telling you the bad news when there's nothing that you can do about it? But today something has happened Dirk ... Miep's Dirk, you know, came to me just now. He tells me that he has a Jewish friend living near him. A dentist. He says he's in trouble. He begged me, could I do anything for this man - could I find him a hiding place? . . . So I've come to you. . . . I know it's a terrible thing to ask of you, living as you are, but would you take him in with you?

MR. FRANK. Of course we will.

MR. KRALER. It'll be just for a night or two ...until I find some other place. This happened so suddenly that I didn't know where to turn.

MR. FRANK. Where is he?

MR. KRALER. Downstairs in the office.

AUDITION SIDE #7

[CONTEXT: Anne has been startled awake by a nightmare.]

ANNE. Oh, Pim. I dreamed that they came to get us! The Green Police! They broke down the door and grabbed me and started to drag me out the way they did Jopie.

MR. FRANK. I want you to take this pill.

ANNE. What is it?

MR. FRANK. Something to quiet you. Do you want me to read to you for a while?

ANNE. No. Just sit with me for a minute. *(pause)* Was I awful? Did I yell terribly loud? Do you think anyone outside could have heard?

MR. FRANK. No. No. Lie quietly now. Try to sleep.

ANNE. I'm a terrible coward. I'm so disappointed in myself. I think I've conquered my fear ... I think I'm really grown up ...and then something happens ... and I run to you like a baby I love you, Father. I don't love anyone but you.

MR. FRANK. *(Reproachfully.)* Anneline!

ANNE. It's true. I've been thinking about it for a long time. You're the only one I love.

MR. FRANK. It's fine to hear you tell me that you love me. But I'd be much happier if you said you loved your mother as well. She needs your help so much ...your love.

ANNE. We have nothing in common. She doesn't understand me. Whenever I try to explain my views on life to her she asks me if I'm constipated.

MR. FRANK. You hurt her very much just now. She's crying. She's in there crying.

ANNE. I can't help it. I only told the truth. I didn't want her here. . . . (*with sudden remorse*) Oh, Pim, I was horrible, wasn't I? And the worst of it is, I can stand off and look at myself doing it and know it's cruel and yet I can't stop doing it. What's the matter with me? Tell me. Don't say it's just a phase! Help me.

MR. FRANK. There is so little that we parents can do to help our children. We can only try to set a good example . . . point the way. The rest you must do yourself. You must build your own character.

ANNE. I'm trying. Really I am. Every night before I go to sleep I think back over all of the things I did that day that were wrong . . . like putting the wet mop in Mr. Dussel's bed ... and this thing now with Mother. I say to myself, that was wrong. I make up my mind, I'm never going to do that again. Never! Of course I may do something worse, but at least I'll never do that again! I have a nicer side, Father ... a sweeter, nicer side. But I'm scared to show it. I'm afraid that people are going to laugh at me if I'm serious. (*Anne slowly drifts to sleep.*) So the mean Anne comes to the outside and the good Anne stays on the inside and I keep on trying to switch them around and have the good Anne outside and the bad Anne inside and be what I'd like to be ... and might be ... if only ... only...

AUDITION SIDE #8

MRS. VAN DAAN. Well, hello, Miep. Mr. Kraler.

MR. KRALER. (*giving her flowers*) With my hope for peace in the New Year.

PETER. Miep, have you seen Mouschi? Have you seen him anywhere around?

MIEP. I'm sorry, Peter. I asked everyone in the neighborhood had they seen a grey cat. But they said no.

MR. FRANK. Look what Miep's brought for us!

MRS. FRANK. A cake!

MR. VAN DAAN. A cake! (*excitedly*) I'll get some plates.

MRS. FRANK. Thank you, Miep. You shouldn't have done it. You must have used all of your sugar ration for weeks. (*to Mrs. Van Daan*) It's beautiful, isn't it?

MRS. VAN DAAN. (*to Miep*) It's been ages since I even saw a cake. Not since you brought us one last year. Remember? Don't you remember, you gave us one on New Year's Day? Just this time last year? I'll never forget it because you had "Peace in nineteen-forty-three" on it. (*She looks at the cake*) "Peace in nineteen-forty-four"!

MIEP. Well, it has to come sometime, you know.

AUDITION SIDE #9

PETER. You left your cake.

ANNE. (*Dully.*) Thanks.

PETER. I thought you were fine just now. You know just how to talk to them. You know just how to say it. I'm no good. . . . I never can think ... especially when I'm mad That Dussel ...when he said that about Mouschi ! . . . someone eating him ... all I could think is ... I wanted to hit him. I wanted to give him such a ... a ... that he'd ... that's what I used to do when there was an argument at school . . . that's the way I ... but here ... and an old man like that ... it wouldn't be so good.

ANNE. You're making a big mistake about me. I do it all wrong. I say too much. I go too far. I hurt people's feelings. . . .

PETER. I think you're just fine ... what I want to say . . . if it wasn't for you around here, I don't know. What I mean ...

ANNE. Do you mean it, Peter? Do you really mean it?

PETER. I said it, didn't I?

ANNE. Thank you, Peter!

PETER. (*looking at the pictures on Anne's wall.*) You've got quite a collection.

ANNE. Wouldn't you like some in your room? I could give you some. Heaven knows you spend enough time in there . . . doing Heaven knows what

PETER. It's easier. A fight starts, or an argument ...I duck in there.

ANNE. You're lucky, having a room to go to. His lordship is always here. I hardly ever get a minute alone. When they start in on me, I can't duck away. I have to stand there and take it.

PETER. You gave some of it back just now.

ANNE. I get so mad. They've formed their opinions . . . about everything . . . but we . . . we're still trying to find out. . . . We have problems here that no other

people our age have ever had. And just as you think you've solved them, something comes along and bang! You have to start all over again.

PETER. At least you've got someone you can talk to.

ANNE. Not really. Mother . . . I never discuss anything serious with her. She doesn't understand. Father's all right. We can talk about everything . . . everything but one thing. Mother. He simply won't talk about her. I don't think you can be really intimate with anyone if he holds something back, do you?

PETER. I think your father's fine.

ANNE. Oh, he is, Peter! He is! He's the only one who's ever given me the feeling that I have any sense. But anyway, nothing can take the place of school and friends of your own age . . . or near your age ... can it?

PETER. I suppose you miss your friends and all.

ANNE. It isn't just . . . Isn't it funny, you and I? Here we've been seeing each other every minute for almost a year and a half, and this is the first time we've ever really talked. It helps a lot to have someone to talk to, don't you think? It helps you to let off steam.

PETER. Well, any time you want to let off steam, you can come into my room.

ANNE. I can get up an awful lot of steam. You'll have to be careful how you say that.

PETER. It's all right with me,

ANNE. Do you mean it?

PETER. I said it, didn't I?

AUDITION SIDE #10

MARGOT. Why don't you two talk in the main room? It'd save a lot of trouble. It's hard on Mother, having to listen to those remarks from Mrs. Van Daan and not say a word.

ANNE. Why doesn't she say a word? I think it's ridiculous to take it and take it.

MARGOT. You don't understand Mother at all, do you? She can't talk back. She's not like you. It's just not in her nature to fight back.

ANNE. Anyway . . . the only one I worry about is you. I feel awfully guilty about you.

MARGOT. What about?

ANNE. I mean, every time I go into Peter's room, I have a feeling I may be hurting you. I know if it were me, I'd be wild. I'd be desperately jealous, if it were me.

MARGOT. Well, I'm not.

ANNE. You don't feel badly? Really? Truly? You're not jealous?

MARGOT. Of course I'm jealous ... jealous that you've got something to get up in the morning for But jealous of you and Peter? No.

ANNE. Maybe there's nothing to be jealous of. Maybe he doesn't really like me. Maybe I'm just taking the place of his cat! Wouldn't you like to come in with us?

MARGOT. I have a book.

MR. DUSSEL. *(from outside the door)* Will you please let me in my room!

ANNE. Just a minute, dear, dear Mr. Dussel. *(to Margot)* Well, here I go ... to run the gauntlet.

MR. DUSSEL. *(Sarcastic.)* Thank you so much.

AUDITION SIDE #11

ANNE. Peter, did you ever kiss a girl?

PETER. Yes. Once.

ANNE. *(to cover her feelings)* That picture's crooked. Was she pretty?

PETER. Huh?

ANNE. The girl that you kissed.

PETER. I don't know. I was blindfolded.

ANNE. Oh. I don't suppose that really counts, does it?

PETER. It didn't with me.

ANNE. I've been kissed twice. Once a man I'd never seen before kissed me on the cheek when he picked me up off the ice and I was crying. And the other was Mr. Koophuis, a friend of Father's who kissed my hand. You wouldn't say those counted, would you?

PETER. I wouldn't say so.

ANNE. I know almost for certain that Margot would never kiss anyone unless she was engaged to them. And I'm sure too that Mother never touched a man before Pim. But I don't know . . . things are so different nowWhat do you think? Do you think a girl shouldn't kiss anyone except if she's engaged or something? It's so hard to try to think what to do, when here we are with the whole world falling around our ears and you think ... well ... you don't know what's going to happen tomorrow and ... What do you think?

PETER. I suppose it'd depend on the girl. Some girls, anything they do's wrong. But others ... well ... it wouldn't necessarily be wrong with them. I've always thought that when two people...

ANNE. Nine o'clock. I have to go.

PETER. That's right.

ANNE. Good night.

PETER. You won't let them stop you coming?

ANNE. No. Some time I might bring my diary. There are so many things in it that I want to talk over with you. There's a lot about you.

PETER. What kind of thing?

ANNE. I wouldn't want you to see some of it. I thought you were a nothing, just the way you thought about me.

PETER. Did you change your mind, the way I changed my mind about you?

ANNE. Well – you'll see . . .

AUDITION SIDE #12

MRS. VAN DAAN. Putti ... what is it?

MRS. FRANK. The bread! He was stealing the bread!

MR. DUSSEL. It was you, and all the time we thought it was the rats!

MR. FRANK. Mr. Van Daan, how could you!

MR. VAN DAAN. I'm hungry.

MRS. FRANK. We're all of us hungry! I see the children getting thinner and thinner! Your own son Peter ... I've heard him moan in his sleep, he's so hungry! And you come in the night and steal food that should go to them . . . to the children!

MRS. VAN DAAN. He needs more food than the rest of us. He's used to more. He's a big man.

MRS. FRANK. And you ... you're worse than he is! You're a mother, and yet you sacrifice your child to this man! . . . this ... this . . . !

MR. FRANK. Edith! Edith!

MRS. FRANK. Don't think I haven't seen you! Always saving the choicest bits for him! I've watched you day after day and I've held my tongue. But not any longer! Not after this! Now I want him to go. I want him to get out of here.

MR. FRANK. Edith!

MR. VAN DAAN. Get out of here?

MRS. VAN DAAN. What do you mean?

MRS. FRANK. Just that! Take your things and get out!

MR. FRANK. You're speaking in anger. You cannot mean what you are saying.

MRS. FRANK. I mean exactly that!

AUDITION SIDE # 13

MR. DUSSEL. There it goes again, the telephone! Mr. Frank, do you hear?

MR. FRANK. Yes. I hear.

MR. DUSSEL. But this is the third time, Mr. Frank! The third time in quick succession! It's a signal! I tell you it's Miep, trying to get us! For some reason she can't come to us and she's trying to warn us of something!

MR. FRANK. Please. Please.

MR. VAN DAAN. *(to Mr. Dussel)* You're wasting your breath.

MR. DUSSEL. Something has happened, Mr. Frank. For three days now Miep hasn't been to see us! And today not a man has come to work. There hasn't been a sound in the building!

MRS. FRANK. Perhaps it's Sunday. We may have lost track of the days.

MR. VAN DAAN. You with the diary there. What day is it?

MR. DUSSEL. I don't lose track of the days! I know exactly what day it is! It's Friday, the fourth of August. Friday, and not a man at work! I tell you Mr. Kraler's dead. That's the only explanation. He's dead and they've closed down the building and Miep's trying to tell us!

MR. FRANK. She'd never telephone us.

MR. DUSSEL. Mr. Frank, answer that! I beg you, answer it!

MR. FRANK. No.

MR. VAN DAAN. Just pick it up and listen. You don't have to speak. Just listen and see if it's Miep.

MR. DUSSEL. For God's sake ... I ask you.

MR. FRANK. No. I've told you no. I'll do nothing that might let anyone know we're in the building.

PETER. Mr. Frank's right.

MR. VAN DAAN. There's no need to tell us what side you're on!

MR. FRANK. If we wait patiently, quietly, I believe that help will come.

AUDITION SIDE #14

MIEP. I'd gone to the country to find food. . . . When I got back the block was surrounded by police. . . .

MR. KRALER. We made it our business to learn how they knew.
It was the thief ... the thief who told them.

MR. FRANK. *(After a pause)* It seems strange to say this, that anyone could be happy in a concentration camp. But Anne was happy in the camp In Holland where they first took us. After two years of being shut up in these rooms, she could be out . . . out in the sunshine and the fresh air that she loved.

MIEP. A little more coffee?

MR. FRANK. Yes, thank you. The news of the war was good. The British and Americans were sweeping through France. We felt sure that they would get to us in time. In September we were told that we were to be shipped to Poland . . . the men to one camp. The women to another. I was sent to Auschwitz. They went to Belsen. In January we were freed, the few of us who were left. The war wasn't yet over, so it took us a long time to get home. We'd be sent here and there 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 Mauthausen? 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. Yesterday I went to Rotterdam. I'd heard of a woman there. She'd been in Belsen with Anne. . . I know now.

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

MR. FRANK. She puts me to shame.