

Fall Play Audition Form

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Grade: \_\_\_\_\_

Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Best Phone Number to reach you: \_\_\_\_\_

Homeroom: \_\_\_\_\_

List any previous acting experience you have had (Maximum 5 roles)

Role	Show
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1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Special skills/lessons (speak another language, accents, dance, singing)

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Will you accept any role? \_\_\_\_\_

Are you interested in a specific role? \_\_\_\_\_

Would you like to part of crew or tech if you are not cast? \_\_\_\_\_

LIST ALL CONFLICTS ON THE BACK-TIMES AND DATES

Each of them — Anne, Margot, Edith and Otto Frank — wear many layers. On every coat, jacket, vest, raincoat, sweater, dress, another yellow star is revealed.

Light comes up further to reveal the Franks' hiding place — the Annex — crammed to the ceiling with cardboard boxes, piles of bedding, assorted furniture.

Overwhelmed, Edith Frank collapses on a couch. Margot takes off her glasses, lies on a bare mattress on the floor. Anne, excited, runs around exploring as Otto Frank opens a carton of sheets and pillows. The light slowly brightens. Anne and her father, in stylized actions, unpack cartons, arrange furniture, making the Annex into a home, as, numbed, Edith and Margot lie silent, not moving, their eyes wide open. Anne gently lays a blanket over Margot.

Throughout, in voice-over, we hear Anne reading from her diary.

## START

ANNE. (V.O.) 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. We'll take care of everything. Just enjoy your carefree life while you can." (She pauses.)

Carefree? I was born in Frankfurt on June twelfth, 1929. Because we're Jewish, my father emigrated to Holland in 1933. He started a business, manufacturing products used to make jam. But Hitler invaded Holland on May tenth, 1940, a month before my eleventh birthday. 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. We couldn't use streetcars, couldn't go to the theatre or movies anymore, couldn't be out on the street after 8 P.M., 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! My sister Margot and I had to go to a Jewish school. 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, when a call-up notice came from the SS. Margot was ordered to report for work in Germany, to the West-erbork transit camp. A call-up: Everyone knows what that means! (She pauses.)

## END

~~In five-thirty this morning, we closed the door of our apartment behind us — ten days earlier than my parents had planned. My cat was the only living creature I said good-bye 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 ... 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 office with Mr. Kraler and Miep, who've agreed to help us while we're in hiding. (As Mr. Frank pulls a large tarpaulin off the kitchen table, he sees a rat move across the floor. Mrs. Frank shrieks.)~~

~~MRS. FRANK. A rat!~~

~~MR. FRANK. Shhh! (Quickly he motions her to be quiet, as Miep comes up the steps.)~~

~~MR. FRANK. Ah, Miep!~~

~~MIEP. Mr. Frank. Thank God you arrived safely.~~

~~ANNE. Miep!~~

~~MIEP. Anne. Margot. (As Margot and Mrs. Frank slowly sit up.) Mrs. Frank, you must be exhausted. If only we'd known, we would have had it all ready for you.~~

~~MR. FRANK. You've done too much already, Miep. Besides, it's good for us to keep busy. As you see, Anne's my little helper.~~

~~MIEP. I can see that. (She looks down the steps where Peter van Daan, a sly, awkward boy of sixteen, wearing a heavy coat with the conspicuous yellow star, waits nervously. He is carrying a rat in a basket.) Peter — come in!~~

~~MR. FRANK. (Quickly coming forward.) Peter. The first to arrive. (Shaking his hand.) Welcome, Peter. Peter van Daan, children — ANNE. (Rushing toward him.) Welcome to the Annex!~~

~~and white diary from the open desk.)~~  
~~THIRD MAN. (Slapping it out of her hand.) WEG! (Anne stops in her tracks as the diary clatters to the floor. She reaches for it again, but the Third Man pushes her from the room.)~~  
~~ANNE. (V.O.) It's utterly impossible for me to build my life on a foundation of chaos, suffering and death. I see the world slowly being transformed into a wilderness, I hear the approaching thunder which will destroy us too, I feel the suffering of millions. (The families are herded out, Mr. Dussel first. As they go down the steps, Mr. van Daan is separated at gunpoint from his wife by the Nazi Officer. Mrs. van Daan reaches for her husband — a desperate silent scream.)~~

~~SECOND MAN. (Pushing Mr. Frank away from Anne and pulling a gun to his head.) JUDENRECK! SCHNELL! (Going down the steps Mr. Frank looks back at Anne. She sobs. A n animal-like sound. The Third Man seizes the silver music box, lifts the velvet-lined lid. The opening notes of the "Ma-or Tzur" pour out. Anne turns back. The Third Man pushes her toward the stairs, snags the music box shut. The sound of footsteps going down stairs. The sound of a door slamming. The destroyed Annex stares out at us — all life gone. The sound of a police siren. A choked scream merges with the ear-splitting sobbed of a train whistle, the clanking of a rushing train. The sound of the train becomes deafening. Silence. Mr. Frank is heard voice-over.)~~  
~~MR. FRANK. (V.O.) Westerbornk. A barren flesh. Wooden towers where our yellers stand guard. Walls covered with thousands of flies. The eight of us crammed into Prison Barrack 67 — betrayed. We never know by whom. Our last month together. (Light comes up on Mr. Frank's face as he appears in Anne's darkened room in a tattered coat.)~~

~~MR. FRANK. (Overlapping his voice-over.)~~ Our last month together. Anne and Peter walking hand in hand between the barracks and barbed wire. Edith worrying about the children, washing underclothing in murky water, numb, Margot, silent, staring at nothing. Our last days on Dutch soil. (Pause.) Late August, Paris freed. Brussels. Antwerp. But for us it is too late. Tuesday September third, 1944, a thousand of us herded into cattle cars, the last transport to leave Westerbornk for the extermination camps. (He pauses.)

The train. Three days, three nights. In the middle of the third night ... Auschwitz. Separation. Men from women. Edith. Margot. Anne. My family. Never again. Selection. Half our transport killed in the gas chambers. One day Peter and I see a group of men march away, his father among them. Gassed. Peter on the "death march" to Mauthausen. Dead three days before the British arrive. His mother — Auschwitz, Bergen-Belsen, Buchenwald, Theresienstadt — date of death unknown. Mr. Dussel dies in Neuengamme. (Pause.)

January twenty-seventh, 1945. I am freed from Auschwitz. I know nothing of Edith and the children. And then I learn ... Edith died in Birkenau of grief, hunger, exhaustion. (Pause.)

The winter of '45, typhus breaks out in Bergen-Belsen, killing thousands of prisoners, among them Margot. Anne's friend, Hanneli, sees Anne through the barbed wire, naked, her head shaved, covered with lice. "I don't have anyone anymore," she weeps. A few days later, Anne dies. My daughters' bodies dumped into mass graves, just before the camp is liberated. (Mr. Frank bends down, picks up Anne's diary lying on the floor. He steps forward, the diary in his hands.) All that remains. (Slowly he opens the diary. The image of Anne's words fills the stage. Darkness.)

END

THE END OF THE PLAY

# September 2019

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19 Auditions 10-12 Auditorium 2:45-6	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

DIARY OF

**ANNE FRANK**

Contact Mrs. Oblak

81010

Remind

81010

@a22327



*I keep my ideals, because in spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart.*

-Anne Frank

# October 2019

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	3	4	5
				Cast Reports 3:30-5:30		
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Read Through 3:30-5:30		No School	Block Act I 3:30-5:30	Block Act I 3:30-5:30	Block Act I 2:30-4:30	
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
No School In-service	Run Act I 3:30-5:30		Block Act II 3:30-5:30	Block Act II 3:30-5:30	Block Act II 2:30-4:30	
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	Run Act II 3:30-5:30		Run Act I 3:30-5:30	Run Act I 3:30-5:30	Run Act II 2:30-4:30	
27	28	29	30	31		
	Run Act I 3:30-5:30		Run Act II 3:30-5:30			

DIARY OF

**ANNE FRANK**

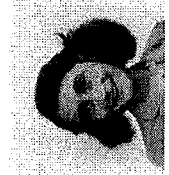
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