

## OTTO MONOLOGUES

**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 worrying 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. Antwerp. But for us it is too late.

## DUSSEL MONOLOGUE

**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. You have five minutes to get ready. Bring only what you can carry in a rucksack. Herded into the Jewish Theatre for days, weeks sometimes, and then... Westerbork. The transit camp. From there, every Tuesday, like clockwork, a train leaves for... the East.

## KRALER MONOLOGUE

**MR. KRALER:** I'm sorry to come at this hour. But something's happened. I must ask you all to be more careful. More quiet. A man in the storeroom - a few days ago he asked me, "What do you hear from Mr. Frank?" I said I'd heard a rumor you were in Switzerland. He said he'd heard that too, but thought I might know something more. And then today, signing some invoices, I looked up and saw him staring at the bookcase. He said he thought he remembered a door there. Then he said he wanted more money. Ten more guilders a month. I said I had to think about it. Should I pay him the money? Take a chance on firing him? Maybe he knows nothing. But it's more dangerous out there every day. No one can be trusted. You must be quiet. Quiet! ...I'll offer him half - we'll hope for the best."

## VAN DAAN MONOLOGUE

**MR. VAN DAAN:** The coat was seventeen years old, for God's sake! Those skins had definitely seen their day. We need the money - we have no money. Can't you get that through your head? ...Oh God - here we go again. That coat was not the last thing. You've still got us haven't you? ...Do we have to hear about your father again? If you hadn't been so attached to your father, your coat, the apartment with all our goddamned possessions, we'd be in America by now! I only stayed because of you! Believe me, I knew which way the wind was blowing. You never listen.

## ANNE MONOLOGUES

**ANNE 1:** It's the silence that frightens me most. Every time I hear a creak in the house, a step on the street, I'm sure they're coming for us. I wander from room to room, feeling like a songbird whose wings have been ripped off and keeps hurling itself at the bars of its cage . . . Let me out, where there's fresh air and laughter! But then I remember the Jews who are not in hiding, and I know we live in a paradise. We're as quiet as baby mice. Who would have dreamed quicksilver Anne would have to sit still for hours and, what's more, could?

**ANNE 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 3:** As far as I'm concerned Mother can go jump in a lake! I don't know why I've taken such a terrible dislike to her, but I can imagine her dying someday, while Papa's death seems inconceivable to me. It's very mean of me I know, but that's how I feel. I hope Mother will never read this or anything else I've written. She's not a mother to me—I have to mother myself. Who can I turn to? Only my diary. I have to become a good person on my own, but I know it will make me stronger in the end.

## MARGOT MONOLOGUE

**MARGOT FRANK** (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!

## EDITH MONOLOGUE

**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.

## MRS VAN DAAN MONOLOGUE

**MRS VAN DAAN** (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 MONOLOGUE

**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 in the streets— the excitement! I ran to tell you before the workmen got here. This is it. They've landed on the coast of Normandy! The British, Americans... everyone! More than four thousand ships!

## PETER/ANNE SCENE:

(*Peter picks up Anne's cake and goes to her room*)

PETER: You left this.

ANNE: (*hiding her tears*) Thank you. (*Peter starts to leave, turns back, stands there awkwardly.*)

PETER: I... I'm sorry for what happened in there. I wish I could have said something. But they make me feel so... I can't stand it when they... Sometimes I wish I didn't belong to them at all! I just hope I never turn out like them.

ANNE: You won't. I know it.

PETER: Like him. What if I'm like him?

ANNE: You're not. Believe me.

PETER: All I can say is if it wasn't for you... I mean... You... (*Blurting it out*) You're always a big help to me.

ANNE: I am? How?

PETER: When you're cheerful it... well... it keeps me from being depressed.

ANNE: I'm not always so cheerful, you know....inside.

PETER: Really?

ANNE: It's hard. If you want to cry or something. There's nowhere to go.

PETER: It's easier for me, I guess. When there's a fight... you know, with my parents... I just duck into my room.

ANNE: You're lucky you have a room of your own.

PETER: Well, at least you can talk to your parents.

ANNE: Not really. I never discuss anything serious with Mother. She just doesn't understand. I can talk about everything with Father... except Mother. I don't think you can really... really be intimate with someone if they hold something back, do you?

PETER: I think your father's terrific.

ANNE: He likes you too.

PETER: You think so?

ANNE: I can tell from the little things he says. (*She pauses*) It's funny, isn't it?

PETER: What?

ANNE: Well, we've been living here for almost a year and a half and this... this is the first time we've really talked.

PETER: I know what you mean.

ANNE: You know something, Peter?

PETER: What?

ANNE: I... I've never really had a friend. Someone I could truly confide in.

PETER: Me neither. (*A moment. Suddenly.*) Smile for me.

ANNE: Why?

PETER: You have dimples when you smile.

ANNE: Dimples— the only mark of beauty I possess.

PETER: That's not true. You're pretty.

ANNE: Me? (*Peter nods*)

PETER: Yes. (*Quiet*) You.

## MARGOT/ANNE SCENE

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

ANNE: (*continuing to get dressed*) Let him! I'm always waiting for him.

MARGOT: Are you going up to the attic with Peter again? (*Anne is silent*) 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? (*Margot is still*) 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: (*Taking Anne's hand*) I want you to have a good time tonight. Every night. You've already missed out on so much here.

ANNE: Oh Margot you're such a generous person!  
Anyway, there's nothing to be jealous of. We don't do  
anything! *(They both laugh. And it's suddenly quiet.)*  
He's never even kissed me.

MARGOT: The kiss will come.

ANNE: I'm not sure I want it to.

MARGOT: *(grinning.)* Oh, you do. I know you. You can't  
help yourself. *(She gives Anne a little push.)* It's in  
your nature. *(Anne pushes her back. They giggle, then  
look at each other, silent. As Anne turns to go, Margot  
picks up the comb.)* Wait. Let me fix your hair. *(Quickly  
she combs Anne's hair, turns her around, looks at her  
lovingly)* There. Now you're ready. *(Anne smiles.  
Gently, Margot pushes her out. She stands still for a  
moment.)*

**MRS. VAN DAAN, MR. VAN DAAN, PETER SCENE**

MRS. VAN DAAN: I just don't understand. I would  
never.... *never* have done anything like that to you.

MR. VAN DAAN: The coat was seventeen years old, for  
God' sake! Those skins had definitely seen their day.

MRS. VAN DAAN: That's not the point and you know it.

MR. VAN DAAN: I know we need the money. We have no  
money— can you get that through your head?

PETER: Don't talk to her like that.

MRS. VAN DAAN: You've never understood. Anything.

MR. VAN DAAN: Oh God, here we go again.

MRS. VAN DAAN: That coat was the last thing. A whole  
world gone.

MR. VAN DAAN: Well you've still got us, haven't you?

MRS. VAN DAAN: You took the last memory of my father  
away.

MR. VAN DAAN: *(Rising, banging the table.)* Do we have to  
hear about your father again? If you hadn't been so  
attached to your father, your coat, the apartment  
with all our goddamed possessions, we'd be in  
America by now!

PETER: It's not her fault.

MRS. VAN DAAN: Oh please. It was you too, you know.  
You didn't want to—

MR. VAN DAAN: I only stayed because of you! Believe  
me, I knew which way the wind was blowing.

MRS. VAN DAAN: Oh. Sure. You always know everything.

PETER: Mother. Please. Stop.

MR. VAN DAAN: Your mother will never listen.

**MR. DUSSEL/ANNE SCENE**

ANNE: Well, here we are.

MR. DUSSEL: Ah. (*looking around*) 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. (*He stares at her, taken aback.*) 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! (*Cheerfully*) I seem to irritate everyone around here. (*Coming closer.*) What's she like... your Charlotte?

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

ANNE: (*in a rush*) Oh I know. Miep told us. That's my bed. And that's Margot's, where you'll sleep. I know it's small and dark in here, but if you peek through the blackout curtains you'll see the most beautiful Chestnut tree in the world. I can't wait till it's in blossom, though I hope the war will be over by then and we'll all be home. (*He backs away. She pauses.*) I was wondering... about the room... Margot always had it in the afternoons and I had it in the mornings. Would that be alright with you?

MR. DUSSEL: Actually, I'm not at my best in the morning.

ANNE: Then you take the mornings, and I'll take the afternoons. Did you bring your dental equipment? (*She reaches for his little black bag, which he instantly picks*

*up.*) I can't wait to see it! I love those little mirrors. Will you fill all our cavities?

MR. DUSSEL: It's very hard being a dentist, you know. Children don't understand that.

ANNE: What do you mean?

MR. DUSSEL: No one likes going to the dentist. Everyone makes fun of dentists but, believe me, it's no fun for us. Everyone hates us.

ANNE: That's awful.

MR. DUSSEL: Tell me something. When you're in here, where do I go? In there, with all those people?

ANNE: (*Sitting down on Dussel's bed*) And Mouschi.

MR. DUSSEL: Who's Mouschi?

ANNE: (*laughing.*) Peter's cat.

MR. DUSSEL: Cat! No one mentioned a cat to me. He has it here?

ANNE: Oh you'll love Mouschu. He's the sweetest cat in the world.

MR. DUSSEL: I hate cats! They're terrifying. They give me asthma.

ANNE: Don't worry. Peter keeps him in his room all the time.

MR. DUSSEL: Let us hope so. (*Anne, taken aback, looks away.*) By the way, Mr. Kraler spoke of a schedule.

ANNE: It's mainly about when we have to be quiet, and when we can use the W.C. You can use it now if you—

MR. DUSSEL: No. Thank you.

ANNE: You don't know how important the W.C. can be when you're in hiding... especially when you're scared.

GROUP SCENE

MRS. FRANK: Happy New Year, Miep!

MIEP: Happy New Year!

MRS. FRANK: You really should have this day to yourself, but we love that you've come.

ANNE: Oh Miep, you smell like the wind!

MIEP: Anne—how are you?

MR. DUSSEL: I wonder if you'd mind taking this letter. For Charlotte. For the new year.

MIEP: Of course.

MR. VAN DAAN: Miepchen! *(hopeful, he mimes a cigarette. She shakes her head.)*

MIEP: Feeling any better Margot?

MARGOT: A little.

MIEP: *(removing the napkin from the cake.)* Maybe this will make you feel better yet.

MRS. VAN DAAN: Putti—look! The cake! The cake!

MR. VAN DAAN: Cake. I'll get the plates.

ANNE: Is it your special cake?

MIEP: *(laughing.)* Spice cake, exactly. Your favorite.

MR. FRANK: Everyone's favorite.

MRS. FRANK: Spice cake. What a treat! You must have used up all your rations for the week.

MRS. VAN DAAN: How sweet! And look—she wrote "Peace in 1944."

MR. DUSSEL: Last year it was "Peace in 1943."

MIEP: Well, it has to happen sometime, doesn't it?

MR. DUSSEL: Let's pray it will.

MR. VAN DAAN: Here's the knife, Petronella. Now, how many of us are there?

MIEP: None for me, thank you.

MR. FRANK: Oh, but you must.

MR. VAN DAAN: Well, that leaves seven.

MR. DUSSEL: Eight! Eight! The same number it always is.

MR. VAN DAAN: I took it for granted Margot wouldn't have any.

ANNE: Why not?

MRS. FRANK: I don't think a piece of cake would harm her.

MR. VAN DAAN: I don't want her to start coughing again. Eight, eight—all right, eight!

MR. DUSSEL: And please, Mrs. Frank should cut the cake. *(Silence, as they all look at him.)* Mrs. Frank divides things... better.

MRS. VAN DAAN: What are you saying? Don't I always give everyone exactly the same?

MR. DUSSEL: Yes, yes. Everyone always gets exactly the same. *(As Mrs. van Daan starts to cut the cake.)* Except Mr. Van Daan always gets a little bit more.

MRS. VAN DAAN: *(throwing down the knife)* Now just a minute—

MR. FRANK: *(Taking Mrs. van Daan's arm.)* Please, please! Miep, you see how a little spice cake goes to our heads?

MR. VAN DAAN: *(Handing Mrs. Frank the knife.)* Here Mrs. Frank. You cut.