

Monologue Options:

Choose 1 of the following monologues to showcase your talents. It does not have to be memorized but I highly recommend you practice the monologue before auditions. If you do not see someone's monologue whom you want to audition for, just pick someone else's monologue.

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.

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: 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): 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 (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 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!