

Dreams of Anne Frank

Bernard Kops

The events in this version of Anne Frank's life are created atmospherically, with the minimum of scenery and furniture. Music and a fluidity of action, suggest the dreams and imaginings of the 15-year-old Jewish girl. This is the opening of the play, linking two scenes together.

Time: 1942, in Amsterdam, Holland, during the Second World War.

ANNE. Morning star, evening star, yellow star. Amsterdam. 1942. The German army occupies Holland. They have applied terrible rules that we must obey. Rules for Jews. That applies to me. 'Jews must wear a yellow star. Jews cannot go on trains. Jews must not drive. Jews cannot go shopping, except between three and five. Jews must only patronise Jewish shops.' We cannot go to the cinema, play tennis, go swimming. I cannot even go to the theatre. And now for the most frightening thing of all. They are beginning to round Jews up and take us away. Away from our homes, our beloved Amsterdam. A few days ago I celebrated my thirteenth birthday. My parents gave me this diary. It is my most precious possession. Yesterday I was just an ordinary girl living in Amsterdam. Today I am forced to wear this by our Nazi conquerors. Morning star, evening star, yellow star.

Where are we going to hide? . . . Will we be alright? . . . What do I leave behind? What can I take? . . . *(Gets her satchel as she hears the answer 'Absolute essentials'.)* Essentials. My school satchel. I'm going to cram it full. Hair curlers Handkerchiefs. School books. Film star photographs. Joan Crawford. Bette Davis. Deanna Durbin. Mickey Rooney. Comb. Letters. Thousands of pencils. Elastic bands. My best book. *Emit and the Detectives*. Five pens. *(She smells a little bottle.)* Nice scent. Oh yes! Mustn't forget my new diary. Have you seen it? . . . We're going into hiding. Going into hiding. *(The others, the family, are all busy packing.)* Four days later. It was Thursday the 9th of July. I shall never forget that morning. It was raining. Imagine leaving your house, maybe forever. . . . Goodbye, house. . . . We'll always remember you. . . . Thank you for everything. My brain is at a fairground, on the roller coaster. Up and down. Happy. Sad. Afraid. Excited. My emotions are racing. My imagination spilling over. After all, I am a creative artist. I'm going to be a writer when this war is over. *(She lingers as the others wait.)* Imagine leaving your house, forever. *(Starts to go, but stops. . . .)* Diary! Can't go without my diary. . . . Hello diary. ... I shall write everything down. Everything. Thoughts. Events. Dreams. ... I shall confide my secrets. Only to you.