

A Wayne Scott • LifeHouse Production



Script and Lyrics by
GEORGE CHRISTISON

Music by
JEFF MOORE

Based on the book "The Hiding Place" by Corrie Ten Boom

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"The Hiding Place"

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In Order of Appearance)

Corrie ten Boom	
Betsie ten Boom	Sister of Corrie
Casper ten Boom	Father of Corrie and Betsie
Mr. Weil	A Jewish Neighbor
Mrs. Weil	Wife of Mr. Weil
Peter	Younger Son of Willem
Pastor Tjaard Van Soelen	
Norbert S. Van Tiden	Member of the Dutch Nazi Party
Rev. Willem ten Boom	
Herr Gutlieber	A Burned Jew (No lines)
Fred Koornstra	Neighbor
Donna Toeset	Helper
Annaliese	Jewish Girl with Baby (No lines)
Young Doctor	
Meyer Mossel	Jewish Refugee
Haarlem Chief of Police	
Kaptayen	Gestapo Agent
Lieutenant Rahms	
"The Snake"	Female Guard
Mildred Hafner	Dutch Prisoner
Ellie Floor	Dutch Prisoner
Klaus Mueller	Cruel German Guard
Mrs. Weilmaker	A Ravensbruck Prisoner
Mrs. Bierens de Haan, Wealthy	Dutch Widow
Kurt Dietrich	Director of a German Relief Organization
Hans Gierz	Assistant Director of a German Relief Organization

Additional Women Prisoners

Male and Female Guards

Other Characters as Needed

"The Hiding Place"

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I

- Prelude: Munich Lecture Hall
- Scene 1: Inside the Beje
- Scene 2: The Beje and Barteljorisstraat, Near Dusk
- Scene 3: The Beje, Daytime
- Scene 4: Haarlem Police Department
- Scene 5: The Beje, Daytime

ACT II

- Scene 1: Dutch Prison
- Scene 2: The Train to Ravensbruck
- Scene 3: Ravensbruck
- Scene 4: Ravensbruck, Afternoon and Evening
- Scene 5: Ravensbruck, Morning
- Scene 6: Beje and Barteljorisstraat, Midday
- Scene 7: The Lecture Hall in Munich

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ACT I

Prelude

(Corrie comes onstage to a lectern on far stage left, or stage right in a spotlight. The rest of the stage is in shadows. On her lapel is a large elegant brooch)

Corrie I want to thank all of you here in Munich for inviting me to speak to you. I must confess that just a few years ago I could not have imagined that here in 1947 I would be standing in front of a German audience. God's love truly does prevail. I know that many of you are facing desperate times. Your cities are bombed. Your homes and businesses destroyed. Yet I come to you with a message of hope. There is no pit so deep that God is not deeper still. My message is really just a story— my story, yes, but really, more than anything, the story of my sister Betsie. Let me begin by going back to the year 1940. My family lived in Haarlem, Holland in a narrow, three-storied building called the Beje, in which our family shop was also located. Our business was watches and watch repair, and on this day, we were celebrating the fact that it had been running for 100 years.

SCENE 1: INSIDE THE BEJE

(The side scene rotates away from the lectern and reveals an exterior with a bicycle. Corrie takes off her cloak to reveal disheveled clothes, pulls out a strand of her hair and picks up a bag from the bicycle's basket. Betsie rushes up to her. Prominent on Betsie's lapel is a large elegant brooch identical to what Corrie had been wearing. Betsie should wear this as much as possible in the first Act, but not as she is taken away at the end)

Betsie Corrie! Where did you go?
Corrie We had forgotten to get coffee. I just rushed out to get some.
Betsie Everyone is here. The party has already started. I haven't seen Papa this happy in a long time.
Corrie *(Rushing to go in)* Oh— I don't want to miss a single minute of it—
Betsie Now wait— a minute is all it will take to make you presentable— look at you! *(Begins to tidy Corrie up)*
Corrie Really, Betsie— I can take care of myself *(Notices a loose strand of hair)* well, mostly. *(Notices the brooch)* Oh! You're wearing the brooch I bought you.
Betsie It's become my favorite. When you bought this in Amsterdam, how did you know— ?
Corrie It was just "you." I saw it and said, "that's Betsie." It was just— well, I don't know, just—
Betsie Just right.
Corrie Yes.
(Betsie begins to cough)
Corrie Betsie— are you all right?
Betsie I'm fine— really. There. Now you're ready.
(The curtain opens to reveal the Beje occupying the full stage full of people with Opa in the center. Corrie and Betsie greet various guests)
Opa Thank you! Thank you all for coming! Oh, my heart is so very full. The memories that fill the walls of our little shop are not of watches and clocks, but of good people, good friends, all of you.
Peter Opa, I have written a song to honor the occasion— may I play it?
Opa Why, Peter— you didn't need to—
Corrie Peter, am I going to be embarrassed?
Peter Tante Corrie— you know me—
Betsie Exactly.

Peter Here. I brought copies of the song, so everyone can join in. See, it is perfectly respectable. *(He begins to hand out pieces of paper)*

Corrie Peter, this is just the chorus. Where are the verses?

Peter Oh, um—I'll just handle those myself. *(He winks)*
(In a very self-important manner) In honor of this auspicious occasion, I have composed a celebratory anthem, which I invite you now to join me in singing. You, the congregation, shall sing the refrain together, and then I, the baritone soloist will sing the stanzas, in which I pay respect to... well, you'll see!
(Peter leads in the singing)

SONG: "THE CELEBRATION"

Peter Come and join the celebration
Sing a song of jubilation
Ten Boom's clock shop is
One hundred years old today!
Small once was this operation
Now it's earned our veneration
Ten Boom's clock shop is
One hundred years old today!
Opa ten Boom's over there
Sitting in his favorite chair
He is kind and wise and true
And he's always ticking, too!

Betsie *(Spoken)* Well he has to keep all his watches running.
Peter Ah, so that's what makes him tick!
Opa Sing a verse about Betsie.
Peter All right.

(Song resumes)
Peter Tante Betsie is so kind
Frail and thin, but quite refined
Keeps the Beje cozy and neat
So don't forget to wipe your feet! *(Spoken)* ...or else!

Betsie *(Spoken)* Yes, Peter, did you wipe your feet when you came in?
Peter Well, um, I, uh...
Betsie All right young man, you're in trouble now!
All *(Laughter)*
Opa Now one about Corrie!

(Song resumes)
Peter Corrie has a rumpled dress
And her hair is quite a mess
Fixing watches is her vocation
First woman to do it in all the nation!
She's impulsive and it's true
But she'd give her eye for you!

Opa My Corrie is a jewel, alright. She just needs a little more polishing!
Corrie Papa, really! And Peter, you'd better mind you tongue!
Peter Oh, Tante Corrie, you know I'm your favorite.
Corrie My favorite rascal!

Peter Everyone now! *(He picks up the tempo)*

All *(Song resumes)*
Come and join the celebration
Sing a song of jubilation
Ten Boom's clock shop is
One hundred years old today!
Small once was this operation
Now it's earned our veneration
Ten Boom's clock shop is
One hundred years old today!

Peter Now we must go even hurrier
Mr. and Mrs. Weil, the furriers
Live just there across the street
And Mr. Weil can always beat...
Opa at quoting the Bible in Hebrew

*(Pauses, trying to think
of a rhyme)*

All *(More laughter)*

Peter I now need a word that rhymes with Emu!
Pastor Van Soelen is new in town
So we mustn't let him down
He's come to visit us here in this perch
Although we don't go to *his* church !

Van Soelen *(Spoken)* Well, you'd better start coming to my church, young man! I can see I need to work on your soul!

All Amen!

Peter *(Dramatic pause for effect)* *(Slowly, in a minor key)* *(Song resumes)*
Donna works with Tante Corrie
But it's always the same sad story
When I ask if she'd like to go
On a date with me she says...

All *(Spoken)* No!

Donna You're much too young and immature!

Peter Am not!! Come on, Donna, give me a chance.

Corrie Now, Peter, I don't need you distracting my most trusted helper. Where would my work for the mentally retarded be without her?

Opa I would like to sing a verse, Peter. You play, and I'll sing.

Peter All right, Opa. *(He begins to play)*

Opa *(Song resumes)*
I am proud of grandson, Peter
No one else is singing sweeter
But in love he's quite a flop
Now somebody, please make him stop!

Peter *(Spoken)* You can't stop me unless everyone sings...

All *(Song resumes)*
Come and join the celebration
Sing a song of jubilation
Ten Boom's clock shop is
One hundred years old today!

Small once was this operation
Now it's earned our veneration
Ten Boom's clock shop is
One hundred years old——

(Peter abruptly stops playing when he sees Willem enter with Herr Gutlieber, a Jewish man with a burned face)

Peter Oh my...
Willem This is Herr Gutlieber. He just arrived from Germany. The Haarlem train station officials called me this morning to come help him. Herr Gutlieber, this is my father, Casper ten Boom.

(Opa comes up and warmly shakes his hand. There are murmurings in the crowd, "Do you see his face,?" "What happened to him,?" etc)

Opa Welcome to Holland. Welcome to our home.
Betsie May I get you some food? Please, come right in here. *(She leads him gently offstage)*

Willem The Germans shut down his business and threw him into the street in Munich. Then a gang of teenage boys grabbed him and set his beard on fire. He got out by hiding in a milk truck.

Corrie Willem— why? Why do they treat Jews like this?

Willem They claim Jewish people are sub-human and a threat to society— an infection that must be wiped out.

(The next set of lines happen in a rapid-fire anxious fashion, with people cutting each other off and multiple conversation threads happening at once)

Person 1 What exactly is happening in Germany?

Peter You don't want to know.

Willem The things we hear from the refugees—

Mrs. Weil That Hitler is a madman. How long will they keep following him?

Mr. Weil The things he has done in Poland— horrible!

Donna They will follow as long as he keeps winning.

Person 2 Could we be next?

Van Soelen England and France will be able to stop him, don't you think?

F Koornstra We stayed neutral in the last war and we can stay out of this one too— we just have to be careful and mind our own business.

Van Soelen Prime Minister de Geer has gotten Hitler to promise to respect our neutrality—

Person 1 Denmark tried to stay neutral and look what happened to them!

Willem If the Prime Minister is so sure we can stay neutral, why is he enlarging the navy and putting machine gun nests and land mines along the border?

Donna And just last week he declared martial law here and arrested 21 Dutch Nazis.

Person 3 Good for him!

Peter Why would any good Dutchman join the Nazi Party?

F Koornstra Norbert Van Tinden did.

Peter Van Tinden? Really?

(Then, far in the distance, an explosion is heard, then others, coming louder and closer. Flashes can be seen through the Beje windows)

Corrie What was that?

Van Soelen Bombs! We are being bombed!

(The electricity flickers and goes out. People scream and run about— some rushing off stage, others huddling, others ducking under furniture. Betsie rushes back on stage and she, Opa, and Corrie, cling to each other in one corner)

Opa It has come. Oh my daughters, war has come.

Betsie We must pray!

Opa Yes— pray— pray.

Corrie Dear Lord, please help us. Give our country strength to defeat this terrible enemy.

Betsie Come close to and touch the hearts of the Germans in those planes, dear Lord.

(Corrie looks up in surprise)

Betsie They truly do not fully know what they are doing.

(Betsie continues praying softly as the light narrows onto just the astonished Corrie staring at her)

sister)
Corrie Oh Lord! Listen to Betsie, not me. Because right now, I can not pray for those men at all!
(Blackout)

SCENE 2: BEJE AND BARTELJORISSTRAAT, NEAR DUSK

(German soldiers patrol up and down the aisles of the theater and along the stage. The Beje occupies only a portion of the stage, SR; Shop fronts indicate a street extending from the Beje to SL, where a desk sits. In a shop window is a sign: "Jews will not be served here," in another is a swastika. All Jews are wearing yellow stars of David. Betsie, Corrie and Peter enter and walk toward the Beje. They all have ID badges around their necks. Peter is carrying a sack of groceries)

Peter I still don't see why you didn't talk to the store manager. I've thrown away better bread than this.
Betsie We've known Mr. Boersen for years. I am sure he is putting out the best he has.
Corrie They are shipping so much of our food to Germany—
Peter What do they expect us to— whoa— what's this?
(As they were talking, Van Tinden entered with four burly German soldiers)
Van Tinden Over here. There's a rich one right here. *(He indicates Mr. Weil's shop)* One of the richest men in the town. He and his wife sell furs.
Soldier 1 He won't be selling furs anymore! *(He and another soldier kick the door in. All the soldiers run in while Van Tinden stays outside)*
Corrie Mr. Van Tinden! What are you doing?!
Van Tinden We are cleansing the neighborhood. Do not interfere.
Corrie *(To Peter)* Get Papa.
(Peter runs to the Beje. Opa follows him into the street as the soldiers hurl Mr. Weil out of his front door. He sprawls and gets up onto his knees)
Soldier 2 Where is your wife?
Mr. Weil She is gone.
Soldier 2 *(Kicking Mr. Weil)* Where is she?!
(Mrs. Weil enters far SR and begins to run to her husband. Betsie and Corrie see her. Betsie grabs her and pulls her into the Beje while Corrie blocks the Germans from being able to see it. Mrs. Weil peeks out to watch what is happening)
Mr. Weil She has gone to Amsterdam to visit her sister who is ill. I don't know when she will be back.
Corrie Uhh— it's true. I saw her leave three days ago.
Soldier 2 Very well. *(To two of the soldiers)* Take him away.
(They jerk Mr. Weil off stage)
Soldier 2 *(To the remaining soldier)* Remove all of the furs and send them to headquarters. I expect we will receive a handsome bonus for this one.
Soldier 3 Yes, sir. *(He exits into the shop)*
Soldier 2 *(To Van Tinden)* Well done. You will be rewarded.
Van Tinden I am happy to do my duty.
(Soldier 2 exits. Betsie pulls the distraught Mrs. Weil into the Beje while the others confront Van Tinden)
Corrie Where will they take Mr. Weil?
Van Tinden He will be relocated.
Peter You mean imprisoned— you know what they are doing to the Jews. How could you do this?
Van Tinden *(Mouthing propaganda for the benefit of the soldiers nearby)* For far too long we have allowed the Jewish plague to spread. It contaminates and weakens our culture.
Opa Surely you cannot believe what you are saying.
Van Tinden *(More quietly, just to the ten Booms)* I'll tell you what I do believe. There is a new order now. Those who cooperate will benefit and those who resist will be swept aside. I intend to be one of the ones who benefits. You should too. *(He exits; the others walk back to the Beje)*
Peter Traitor!
Opa Feel sorry for him, Peter— and for the Germans. For they have touched the apple of God's eye. *(They enter the Beje where Betsie is comforting Mrs. Weil)*

Opa Mrs. Weil.

Mrs. Weil My Simon! They have taken my Simon! *(Sobs)*

Opa You may stay with us if you like.

Corrie She is not safe here. Spies like Van Tinden are everywhere. If she were spotted—

Opa But where can she go?

Betsie Willem. Willem found hiding places for the German Jews who were living in his nursing home.

Corrie He's helping with repairs at the church. If I go now, I should catch him just before he leaves. *(She hurriedly exits)*

Betsie We'll meet you there. *(To Mrs. Weil, who has quieted)* Come with us to our church. I will bundle you up so tight even your own mother wouldn't recognize you. There you will meet my brother, Willem. He will know how to help you.
(Mrs. Weil nods)
(Lights go down in the Beje and come up on a church exterior far SL or SR. Corrie is talking with Willem. Willem is weary. As they talk, dusk becomes night)

Willem Where is she?

Corrie She'll be coming here soon, with Betsie.

Willem It's getting harder every month. They're feeling the food shortages now even on the farms. I still have some addresses, though. But they won't take anyone without a ration card.

Corrie Without a ration card! But, Jews aren't issued a ration card.

Willem I know. *(Wearily, looking into the distance)* And ration cards can't be counterfeited. They're changed too often and they're easy to spot.

Corrie Willem! How do you know so much about counterfeiting?

Willem *(Continuing on as if he did not hear the question)* Identity cards are different. I know several printers who do them. Of course, you need a photographer...

Corrie Willem, if people need ration cards, and there aren't any counterfeit ones, what do they do?

Willem Ration cards? *(He gestures vaguely)* You steal them. *(Organ music begins inside the church, playing a hymn)*

Corrie Steal them! Um, well, then... Willem, could you...steal... I mean get... her a ration card?

Willem No Corrie— it's become impossible. Every move I make is watched. You must develop your own sources. We can hide her at our place for week, but then you must bring us a ration card for her.

Corrie My own sources— ?

Willem Do you know anyone who works in the ration card office here? Someone you trusted before the Germans came?

Corrie Wait, There is Fred. Fred Koornstra works in that office. But how do I know that he'll—

Willem You will be asking him to take great risks. But many in Holland are willing— even eager— to help with this kind of work. But you must take the first risk and go talk with him.

Corrie All right, I will...

Willem I'm proud of you, Corrie. We must fight this evil by doing good in whatever small ways the Lord places before us, and for as long as He enables us to do so. *(He smiles)* Welcome to the Underground.

Corrie But—

(Betsie and Mrs. Weil enter)

Willem Here they come. You need to walk away from here so we can keep the group around Mrs. Weil as small as possible.
(Willem casually greets Betsie and Mrs. Weil and exits with them as Corrie watches from across the stage. With a musical underscore that suggests sadness and pensiveness, Corrie watches as several Jewish people, with prominent yellow stars rush furtively by singly and in twos and threes in the darkness. They cast worried looks about as they hurry by— They are a hunted people. Betsie re-enters from upstage and comes down to Corrie and touches her shoulder. Corrie takes her hand)

Corrie Betsie— Jesus was Jewish.

Betsie They are all in danger.

Corrie If there is any way— *(Looks up)* Lord, we offer ourselves for Your people—

Bestie To help in any way we can—

Corrie Any place... any time...
Soldier *(Yelling from the wings)* Hey you! Get moving or I'll arrest both of you for loitering!
(They stand and Corrie looks defiantly out in the direction of the voice for 2-3 beats, then turns and exits with Betsie)
(Blackout)

SCENE 3: BEJE, DAYTIME

(The Beje occupies the full stage [as in Scene 1] with Corrie's bedroom in the loft area. Corrie is serving a German soldier. Betsie, holding a cloth, is peering in from around a corner)

Corrie There you go. We replaced the mainspring and gave it a good cleaning. That will be 25 guilders.
Soldier *(Examining the watch)* That is acceptable. Here is your money. *(He gives her some bills)* Good day. *(He exits)*

Betsie *(Entering, peering out the window)* No more soldiers?
Corrie Not right now. We can put the sign back up. *(She places a triangular sign for "Alpina Watches" in the window)* Did the Goldblums make it out without being seen?
Betsie Yes, Mr. Thalmayer is taking them out to stay in his farm. But they left the room a mess.
Corrie Those two little boys of theirs—
(There is a knock at the door. Betsie answers and ushers in a frightened Jewish girl holding a tiny baby, accompanied by an anxious young doctor in a white coat)

Betsie Please, come in, come in. It is so cold outside.
Doctor I did not know where else to bring them. She came to our hospital four days ago, in labor. She is Jewish— from Germany— but how could we say 'no'? She gave birth that night. I have kept them for as long as I can— I—
(The doctor freezes as he sees Fred Koornstra knock briefly and enter on his own. He is wearing his meter-man uniform, and the upstage side of his face and eye is black and blue)

Doctor Oh, no.
Fred *(Does not see the doctor at first)* I saw the sign up in the window so I thought this would be a good time to— *(Sees the doctor and freezes. Begins to speak stiffly and formally)* To, uh, check your electrical meter. I'm overdue in taking your monthly reading.
Betsie Of course, Fred. You know where it is. *(He exits)*

Doctor You don't think he suspects— ?
Corrie No, I think you are safe. What is her name?
Doctor Annaliese. She won't give us her last name. She's not in good shape. Crying nearly all the time. She won't tell us anything about herself. I— I have to get back to the hospital before I'm missed.
Betsie Of course. We'll take care of things from here.
Doctor Thank you. Thank you so much! *(He hurriedly exits)*

Corrie *(Pulling Betsie to the side)* A young girl with a newborn! Who is going to take care of her? A crying baby will be so hard to hide—

Betsie I don't know, I don't know. But the Lord has provided a place for all the others. I don't see why He'd stop now. *(Turning to Annaliese)* Annaliese— please come with me. I have a room that I just cleaned up this morning— all special for you. *(She exits with Annaliese and the baby)*
(Corrie starts to sit down when Fred re-enters. She notices the bruising on his face)

Corrie Fred! What happened to—
Fred *(Looking around)* Is that doctor gone?
Corrie Yes, he—
Fred You don't think he suspects, do you?
Corrie No. I can assure you— you were quite convincing. But, what happened to your face?
Fred Here's your extra ration cards. One hundred in all. We had to stage a fake robbery at the office to get them. *(Laughs grimly)* My German bosses think I am some kind of hero— fighting of the "robbers" that I had just hired myself. I told them to make it look realistic. *(Winces as he touches his face)* They did a good job.

Corrie You are some kind of hero, Fred. The best kind. *(Takes the cards)* These will help many, many, many people. Can I get you some coffee?
Fred No, I had better get back. Corrie, this is the least I could do for you after all you did for our Cindy.

Thanks to you she finally began to understand some of the Bible stories. No one else would even try to teach her.

- Corrie** She is a joy. Is she safe?
Fred She is with my uncle at his dairy farm. You've heard what they've been doing to retarded people in Germany—
- Corrie** Yes, I— well, I am just glad Cindy is safe. Let me know if there is ever anything we can do to help.
Fred Just keep praying, Corrie. Keep praying. I have to go. God bless you.
Corrie God bless you too, Fred. *(He exits)*
(Betsie enters)
- Betsie** Well, Annaliese was able to nurse the baby and then both of them fell asleep. He is just adorable. Oh— and the phone's working now. I tried to see if we could reach Robert.
Corrie So they did it! Oh, that's wonderful— but we have to be so careful with what we say. How did you tell Robert about Annaliese?
Betsie *(Smiling)* I told him we had two watches for sale and that one had a tiny face but ticked loudly.
Corrie You're good at this. What did he say?
Betsie It's not good. He is almost sure he has no buyers, but he'll call around and let us know. But there's more. He said he had just sent a watch our way— one with a very old fashioned face— no one will repair it.
- Corrie** He's sending him to us?
Betsie Should arrive tonight.
Corrie Oh, that *is* a problem.
Opa *(Entering)* Did I hear a baby cry?
Betsie Oh, Papa. We—
(Willem and Peter appear at the door and let themselves in)
- Pete** Knock knock.
Opa Willem, Peter! I was not expecting you today! Please, sit down.
Willem We had our meeting a day early—
Peter We were about to be raided.
Willem Well, we don't know that for sure, but one of our sources heard something and it just seemed prudent to break up early. They are really cracking down— speaking of which, how are you coming with your preparations?
- Corrie** I think you already know about our alarm system. *(She pushes a buzzer)*
Betsie But an alarm system is no help if the Jews have no where to hide—
Corrie So they just finished making a hiding place for us—
Betsie The workmen Mr. Slurring sent over.
Opa Every one of them was named Smit. Most unusual!
Corrie You must come up and see it— They put a false wall in my bedroom with a sliding panel at the bottom— they painted it perfectly to match old paint and water stains— Some days even I forget it is not the original wall.
- Willem** How many can fit in it?
Betsie About five. We've never had more than five Jews here overnight at one time— and that was when we were finding a place for a whole family.
Willem I do want to see the room. That is good news. So much of what we hear these days is not good.
Opa What are you hearing?
Willem Stories that break your heart, Papa. There are more and more reports that the Germans are creating death camps— places where they bring prisoners and people they deem undesirable—
- Corrie** Like Jews—
Willem Jews, gypsies, the handicapped, others—
Opa And kill them?
Peter By the thousands.
Willem Even women.
Peter Oh— they make a special point of killing women— they've built a death camp near Berlin that is just for women.
Willem Ravensbruck.

Betsie Ravensbruck. Yes, Matthew was telling me about it.

Corrie You didn't tell me about this!

Betsie Well, I— honestly, it wasn't the kind of thing I wanted to talk about.

Peter I don't blame you. From what we heard, death is the easy part for the women at Ravensbruck.

Corrie What do you mean?

Willem It's— it's— Betsie's right— some things are just not good to talk about. It is enough to say that it is a place of great misery.

Opa It is a place in need of our prayers.

Betsie It is an entire country in need of our prayers.

Corrie And we have need of prayers right here at home, too. Papa, we just received word—
(She is interrupted by the sound of a baby crying loudly)

Opa I did hear a baby!

Corrie Yes— we will tell you about him in just a minute— but first, Papa— there is a man whom even Robert in Amsterdam cannot find a place for. He looks too obviously Jewish. No one thinks they can keep him safely hidden. They are sending him to us.

Willem Have you thought about keeping people here— not just for a day or two— but in permanent hiding?

Corrie In the middle of the city?

Betsie We may have to.

Willem I think you will have to. All our sources report that more and more Jews are coming.
(The phone rings. Betsie opens a drawer or cabinet where the phone is hidden and answers, talking on the phone in the corner)

Peter You have a phone?

Corrie Oh, we keep it hidden— the service just came on today. The work of another of Mr. Slurring's men— this one is in the central telephone exchange.

Willem Be very careful how you use that—

Betsie *(She hangs up and looks at Corrie)* Robert couldn't find a place for them.

Opa For who?

Betsie Papa, an intern from the hospital brought us a young Jewish girl who gave birth four days ago.

Corrie That's the baby you've been hearing.

Peter You probably could hide adults in the middle of the city— but not a crying baby.

Willem In a home with no reason to have a baby.

Opa Where may I meet them?

Betsie I put them in the little room with no windows, but I fear people on the street might still hear him crying.

Corrie Willem, do you know of any place they could go?

Willem There are so few places. But we've got to find somewhere—

Peter The Van Gelders' maybe?

Willem No— they've— no— there's a farm just outside the city here— not the best— but they have a phone— I could call— may I use your—
(Pastor Van Soelen appears at the door, knocks and enters)

Van Soelen Hello?

Betsie Pastor Van Soelen! How good it is to see you again.

Van Soelen Good afternoon. I was hoping you might be able to help me with my watch.

Corrie Why, um— yes. Why don't we step over into the shop where my equipment is. Willem, if you'll excuse us, you can take care of the task you were mentioning. And Betsie, why don't you introduce Papa to our— um— young guests— while I help Pastor Van Soelen. *(Betsie and Opa exit upstage. Corrie and Van Soelen move to another area of the stage while lights dim on Peter and Willem as Willem surreptitiously uses the phone)*

Corrie *(Taking his watch)* What seems to be the problem?

Van Soelen It is quite old— it was my father's— and it is running more and more slowly.

Corrie *(Popping the back off and putting on a magnifying eyepiece)* Let's take a look. Oh yes— I see the problem. This shouldn't be too hard. Though we'll have to search around a bit to find the part you need.

Van Soelen Could you deliver it to me when it's done?

Corrie Certainly. You live in the old Nymeyer place, don't you?

Van Soelen Yes. We just love it. It is set right in the middle of Tesselaar Park, far back from the street, surrounded by trees. Marge and I are truly blessed.

Corrie Do you have children?

Van Soelen No, it's just the two of us.

Corrie Nymeyer's is a big place. What do you do with all those empty rooms?

Van Soelen Oh, most of them just stay empty right now. Marge has plans though. Someday I think we'll—

Corrie Pastor, I have something to confess.

Van Soelen Confess?

Corrie I confess that these days I am often searching for things other than watch parts. Pastor— would you be willing to take a Jewish mother and her baby into your home? Please. They will almost certainly be arrested otherwise.

Van Soelen Miss ten Boom! I do hope you're not involved with any of this illegal concealment and undercover business. It's just not safe! Think of your father! And your sister— she's never been strong! *(Unseen by the Pastor, Opa, Betsie and Annaliese enter during these words. Betsie is holding the baby)*
(Van Soelen sees those who have just entered. Betsie brings the baby up to him. He bends forward and touches the baby. He hesitates, struggling between compassion and fear. Then he straightens up)

Van Soelen No. Definitely not. Why— we could lose our lives for that Jewish child!

Opa Give the child to me, Betsie. *(She hands him the baby. He holds the baby close, silently looking into the baby's eyes. Finally, he looks up at the Pastor)* You say we could lose our lives for this child. I would consider that the greatest honor that could come to my family.
(Van Soelen's jaw drops, he then shuts in anger and he turns sharply on his heel and exits without a word. Peter and Willem join the rest)

Willem They said yes, but it is not a good option. They have already been raided twice by the Gestapo and are almost certainly being watched.

Betsie Isn't there any other?

Willem Not that I know of. Not on such short notice. It's getting dark. We better take them there ourselves.

Opa Very well. *(He hands the baby back to Annaliese but keeps one hand on the baby's head and puts his other hand on her head, utters a silent prayer over them, and then lets them go)* May God be with you both.
(Annaliese, baby, Willem and Peter exit)
(Opa sits down wearily. He briefly holds his head in hands and then brings his hands together in silent prayer. Betsie and Corrie begin to tidy up. There is a knock at the door. It is Meyer)

Meyer Pardon me. My name is Meyer Mossel, and your sign says you are the ten Booms. I was told you may be able to help me.

Corrie Yes, please come in. *(Sotto voce, to Betsie)* I think our old-fashioned watch has arrived!

Meyer *(Entering)* He spots Opa. But— a brother of the Chosen People!

Meyer Tell me, Sir— can you recite Psalm One Hundred and Sixty-six?

Opa But there is no—

Meyer Shall I recite it for you? *(Opa nods)*

Meyer “Shout joyfully to the Lord, all the Earth— ”

Betsie But that is the opening of Psalm 100—

Opa Yes! And it is also the opening of Psalm 66! You asked for Psalm 100 *and* sixty-six!

Corrie A scripture joke.

Opa Yes! Marvelous! Please sit down here with me.

Meyer First, really, I must know— do you know— where will I be living?
(The ten Booms look at each other briefly)

Opa Here. You will be living here. With us.
(Black out)

SCENE 4: HAARLEM POLICE DEPARTMENT

(On far SL, A desk is set up with a chair behind and a chair in front. This is the only part of the stage that is lit. The rest of the stage is dark and remains the same set (The Beje) as in the previous scene)

(The police chief sits behind the desk. A policeman stands at the entrance. Corrie comes up to him and hands him a note. She is heavily dressed and carries a suitcase)

Corrie I received this today. It said to report to the Chief of Police at three o'clock.

Police Chief Miss ten Boom. Welcome.

Corrie How do you do, Sir. I received a summons to see you—

Police Chief Yes, yes— I am sorry for the distress that must have caused you, but I didn't see any other way to do this.

Corrie Oh.

Police Chief Miss ten Boom, I have known for a long time about the— uh— special activities you oversee at your home.

Corrie What do you mean?

Police Chief I think you know what I mean.

Corrie Oh, my work with the mentally retarded. Yes, it means so much—

Police Chief No— that work is special, and I do admire it— but it is your other special activities—

Corrie I'm not sure I understand, Captain.

Police Chief Miss ten Boom, things are not what they appear. You are not here because you are in trouble. You are here because I need your help.

Corrie My help?

Police Chief I hate these Nazis. I hate what they are doing to our country. From the beginning of the occupation I have been a member of the Underground. You can imagine how useful it has been for our work to have the Chief of Police be a sympathizer. I have been able to help countless Dutchmen who would have been jailed. Deported to Germany— or worse.

Corrie You must be very brave. But I still don't see what this has to do with me.

Police Chief All of this is now in jeopardy. We have learned that here, in our department— one of our own Dutchmen— is a Gestapo informant. He is leaking information that could destroy all we have developed here.

Corrie I can see why this would distress you.

Police Chief I am hoping that, underneath your careful and cautious exterior, you are also distressed by such news.

Corrie I still don't see why I am here.

Police Chief *(Pulls out a thick file)* You see this, Miss ten Boom? This is a listing of all of the people observed coming and going from your watch shop just this month.

Corrie Business has been brisk.

Police Chief *(Gesturing with the file)* No watch business is this brisk. Or this important. This is about the lives of countless desperate people. I have been able to protect you, Corrie. But I cannot do so for much longer unless something happens.

Corrie What?

Police Chief The Gestapo informant must be silenced.

Corrie Silenced—

Police Chief What alternative to we have? We can't arrest him— all the prisons are controlled by the Germans. And if he remains at large, many others will die.

Corrie I don't see what I—

Police Chief What I wondered, Corrie, is if, amongst your contacts, you have learned of someone who could—

Corrie Kill him?

Police Chief Yes.

Corrie *(Long pause)* Sir—

Police Chief Yes?

Corrie This man is as precious in God's eyes as you or I.

Police Chief From a theological perspective, I suppose— but from a practical, life-and-death perspective, surely you see—

Corrie Sir, please. What you are asking!— I— may suggest a different approach?

Police Chief What?

Corrie Are you a praying man?

Police Chief Aren't we all these days?

Corrie Then let us pray together now that God will reach the heart of this man so he does not continue to betray his countrymen.

Police Chief *(Long pause, then he nods)* Very well. *(Sighs)* Yes. That is something I would like to do. *(They bow their heads and pray together)*
(Lights go down on the police station and come up on the Beje interior. Betsie and Opa sit at the table. Betsie is knitting. Opa is working on a watch, listlessly. Finally he sighs, puts the watch down and covers his face with his hands. Peter knocks and enters)

Peter Opa, Tante Betsie, I have some very sad news.

Betsie What is it, Peter?

Peter You remember Annaliese—the Jewish girl with the baby? The farmhouse we took her to was raided by the Gestapo yesterday. She and her baby have been taken.

Opa Peter, they have also taken your Tante Corrie.

Peter What? When?

Opa She received a summons today to report to the chief of Haarlem police. We left her there two hours ago.

Peter What are you going to do? Are your Jews still here?

Opa We have nowhere to send them.

Betsie They are in their rooms, ready to hurry up to the hiding place on a moment's notice. *(Corrie enters the room wearily)*

Betsie Corrie!!

Opa The Lord be praised! Are you all right?

Peter What happened?

Betsie Here, let me take your coat. Can I get you some tea?
(Corrie sits down, shivering. Through the rest of the scene she looks increasingly ill)

Corrie No, I think I'd like to keep my coat on.

Betsie Why, you're burning with a fever.

Corrie Yes, I began to feel ill at the station. They know about us. He knows—the Chief—all about what we are doing.

Peter What did he want?

Corrie He wanted... information. He said he was part of the Underground. He wanted my help with— with information that I didn't have. We prayed together.

Opa He prayed with you?

Betsie So, maybe that is why we have been able to keep up our work here so long.

Peter I don't know. It sounds to me like he was trying to trap you, Tante Corrie.

Corrie Even if he is part of the Underground, this means that our work here is more widely known than we imagined.

Peter You need to stop. We can try to find others—

Corrie *(Getting up and pulling papers out of a brief case)* Peter, look— these are messages that just came in the last few days. They need five more ration cards in Zandvoort. Eighteen are needed in Overveen—

Betsie Each week at least one of our hideouts in the countryside is abandoned— who is going to help those people find new places?

Peter Others can. It doesn't all depend on you—

Corrie Peter, your father said something to me once that I have never forgotten. He said, "We must fight this evil by doing good in whatever small ways the Lord places before us, for as long as He enables us to do so." That is what I intend to do.

Opa That is what we do. That is who we are.

Peter I understand. But be careful. And be on guard at all times.

Opa We must pray.

Betsie *(To Corrie)* And after prayer, it is straight to bed for you. You look terrible. *(They bow their heads and pray together)*
(Black out)

SCENE 5: THE BEJE, DAYTIME

(Lights come up on the interior of the Beje. Corrie is in bed with influenza. Opa is bringing a cup of tea up to Corrie)

Opa *(Entering Corrie's room)* Corrie, would you like some tea?

Corrie *(Sitting up and taking the cup of tea)* Yes, thank you.

Opa How are you feeling?

Corrie Terrible. My head is pounding, and every little sound makes it worse. My joints ache and I keep getting fever and chills.

Opa You just rest up here today. We can take care of anything that comes up.

Corrie Thank you, Papa...

Opa You rest now.

(Corrie lies back down and Opa goes downstairs)

(Betsie is looking intently out the window)

Betsie Oh dear—

Opa Is something the matter?

Betsie *(Still looking out the window)* A military car just pulled up across the street. Papa! This is it! They're coming right toward our shop!

(He pushes the alarm and throws the Alpina sign out of the window onto the floor)

Opa Who's coming?

(Meyer and three other Jews rush in from the wings, carrying personal items)

Opa This is real! Go! Go! Go! *(The refugees rush up the stairs)*

Betsie Several soldiers and a man who looks like a detective.

Opa Delay as long as you can. I'll double-check their rooms. *(He goes out toward where the refugees had rushed in from)*

(Betsie turns a deadbolt and steps away from the door)

(There is a heavy pounding on the door)

Kapteyn Open up! Open up immediately! This is the police!

Betsie Coming! I'm coming! *(The banging on the door continues as Betsie stalls at the door, the Jews are up in Corrie's room, one by one going through the hidden door in the false wall)*

Betsie Please! I just need to get these locks! Oh, they can be so stubborn at times!

(Kapteyn kicks the door in, knocking Betsie to the side. 2-3 soldiers rush in behind him)

Kapteyn *(To the soldiers)* Fan out and search the downstairs— I don't want anyone leaving this house.

(Jerking Betsie up off the floor) You! Sit over here! *(He lines several chairs up against a wall)*

(The last of the refugees are going through the door as Kapteyn mounts the stairs. Corrie covers the secret door with her suitcase, throws herself back onto the bed and pulls up the covers just as Kapteyn bursts into her room)

Kapteyn Get up! What's your name?

Corrie *(Faking sleepiness)* What?

Kapteyn Your name!

Corrie Cornelia ten Boom.

Kapteyn *(Consulting a scrap of paper)* So you're the ring leader! Tell me now— where are you hiding the Jews?

Corrie I don't know what you're talking about.

Kapteyn *(Laughing)* And you don't know anything about an underground ring either, I'll bet! Or stolen ration cards! We'll soon see how much you know! Get downstairs! She staggers down the stairs with him.

(A soldier has brought Opa out and he is sitting next to Betsie in the chairs along the wall)

Kapteyn Here is the leader of the operation.

(Kapteyn pushes Corrie roughly against a wall. Off stage we hear the sound of pounding and wood splintering as the soldiers search for the hiding place)

Kapteyn Where are the Jews? Where is your secret room?

Corrie There are no Jews here.

(Kapteyn strikes her hard across the face)

Kapteyn Where do you hide the ration cards?

Corrie I don't know what you're—
(Kapteyn strikes her again and again. She staggers back)

Corrie Lord Jesus, protect me!

Kapteyn *(Pulling out a handgun and holding it to her head)* Say that name again and I will kill you!
(He steps back and she collapses onto her hands and knees. Furtively she glances over to see if the Alpina sign is out of the window and spots it on the floor)

Kapteyn Wait. *(He goes over and picks up the Alpina sign)* This is a signal isn't it? Not in the window means 'don't come in.' Well, let's just put it back in the window and see if we can catch any more flies in our trap! *(To a soldier)* This one's not talking, so you— work on the skinny one. But take her into the back room so no one looking in this window can see it.
(The soldier pulls Betsie off stage while Kapteyn forces Corrie into a chair)

Kapteyn *(To Opa)* You— old man. They don't want us bringing in old people who are just going to die. If you promise not to cause any more trouble I won't take you in with the others.

Opa If you let me stay at home today, tomorrow I will open my door again to any person in need who knocks.

Kapteyn You fool! You deserve what's coming to you!
(There is a knock at the door. Kapteyn turns to Opa and Corrie)

Kapteyn Silence! *(He goes to the door)*

Kapteyn Hello? What's your name?

Donna Donna. I— I'm here to see Corrie.

Kapteyn Yes, that's why I'm here too. I rushed over just as soon as I heard.

Donna So you've warned her about the raids? It's terrible— so many people being taken—

Kapteyn Donna, please come in. We need to hear more.
(Donna steps in and he slams the door behind her and forces her into a chair by Corrie)

Kapteyn In fact, you will have plenty of opportunity to tell us much more!
(Betsie is brought back in. Her face is bruised and bloody)

Corrie Betsie, he hurt you badly.

Betsie Yes, I feel so sorry for him.

Soldier Prisoners will remain silent!!
(The telephone rings)

Kapteyn That's a telephone! *(Begins searching for it)* What are nice, law-abiding citizens like you doing with a personal telephone? *(Finds it and holds it out to Corrie)* Answer it— and no tricks— or your father will be the next to go into the back room.

Corrie *(Very stiffly)* Hello. Ten Boom residence and shop.
(Kapteyn holds the phone and listens along with Corrie)

Corrie Oh no. They... know... everything? Yes... we'll... be... careful... yes...
(Kapteyn pulls the phone away from her)

Kapteyn Hello? Hello? The line went dead. Word must be getting out.
(A soldier comes down the stairs)

Soldier We've searched the whole place, Kapteyn. If there's a secret room here, the devil himself built it.

Kapteyn Oh, there's a secret room all right— and you can be sure that there are people in it right now. Very well! We'll just set a guard around the house until those people turn into mummies! All of you! On your feet! We're going!
(Adjusting the weights of the grandfather clock) Mustn't let the clock run down.

Opa Fool! *(To a soldier)* Take him to the men's detention center. I'll take the women in.
(The soldier pulls Opa toward one exit while Kapteyn takes the women toward the opposite side of the stage)

Corrie Papa!! God be with you!

Opa And with you, my daughters.
(All are pulled off stage)
(Black out)

End of ACT I

ACT II

SCENE 1: DUTCH PRISON

(On one side of the stage is a prison cell. In the first parts of the scene it will be Corrie's solitary confinement cell. In the latter parts of the scene it will be Betsie's barracks into which Corrie gets moved. On the other side of the stage is an area that will at times serve as Lt. Rahms' office and at other times serve as a factory work area)

(Lights first come up on the cell. There is a calendar scratched on the wall. Corrie is in solitary. For 30 seconds she lies, sits, stands, sighs. Then she spies an ant)

Corrie Hi there, little friend! I almost stepped on you! Look at you— how perfectly made you are! No — no don't go back to your little hole! Wait, wait, here are some crumbs. Here. Oh, my— you chose a big one! Oh no— not back into your hole just yet. Here, come onto my hand. Why are you in such a rush? Time goes so slowly here. Two months I have been here and you are my first visitor. Do you have any news? Have you been in anyone else's cell? Have you seen Betsie of Papa or Donna? No, I suppose not. Here. At least *you* should be able to return home. Yes, take the big crumb down into your hole. But remember— I'll have more for you tomorrow!

(She sits back on her cot, sighs and takes out a tiny book from a pouch)

Corrie Dear Lord, thank You again for the kind nurse who gave me this Bible. Please bless and encourage her. *(Sighs)* Lord, what can I do for You here? Help me to hope, Lord. Help me to hope.

Guard *(The guard is a young woman)* Shut up. You got a letter. *(Tosses a letter on the bed)* But no noise! The hallway is to be totally quiet!

(She pulls a letter out of the envelope and we hear Donna's voice)

Corrie It's from Donna! She's safe!

Donna (V.O.) "Corrie, can you be very brave?"

Corrie *(Crumpling letter into her lap)* No, no— I don't want to be brave. No, oh, Donna what— *(Re-opens the letter and reads)*

Donna (V.O.) "I have news that is very hard to write you. Your father survived his arrest only ten days. He became ill in his cell and was taken to a hospital, but there was no room. He died on the floor in a corridor. We think we have found where they have buried him..."

Corrie *(Sobbing)* No! Papa, Papa, oh, Papa!

Guard *(From off stage)* I said be quiet!

Corrie No— Please, oh please— !
Guard *(Entering, angry)* What’s the matter?
Corrie Please! I’ve had bad news— oh please, don’t go away!
Guard Quiet down!
Corrie This letter just came. It says that my father— my father has died.
Guard Look. Whatever happens, you brought it on yourself by breaking the laws! *(She exits)*
Corrie Dear Jesus! Oh, Jesus... *(She holds herself quietly for a few moments)* Papa is with You... with
Mama... he no longer is in any kind of prison! He’s been released... he’s been released... and I...
I still have him in my memories— no one can take that away— but it is hard— it is so heavy...
Papa, it is so heavy...
*(She holds herself as the lights dim and her mind takes her back to an early memory of a train
ride. We hear the sound of the train and moving lights/shadows on the side of the theater
simulating countryside going by. There is a voice-over of Opa and the young Corrie)*
Opa We’re almost home, Corrie.
Young Corrie Papa, can I ask you a question?
Opa Of course.
Young Corrie Papa, in the art book at the school library, I saw something called “The Rape of the Sabines.”
Papa, what does ‘rape’ mean? I asked Mrs. Heemstra and she wouldn’t tell me.
(Opa is quiet for moment as we hear the train slow down and come to a stop at the station)
Opa Here, Corrie. Will you carry my suitcase off the train?
Young Corrie *(Straining)* It’s too heavy!
Opa Yes, and it would be a pretty poor father who would ask his little girl to carry such a load. I will
carry it. It is the same way with ‘rape,’ Corrie. It is too heavy for a young girl to carry. So it is
with many sad things in life. We have to trust our Father to carry them for us.
Young Corrie Yes, Papa.
(The sounds and sights of the memory fade as Corrie rocks herself)
Corrie Oh, carry this for me, Father God, carry this for me—
*(Lights go down on Corrie and go up on Lt. Rahms’ office. He is sitting at his desk. A guard
comes up to him)*
Guard The commandant wants to know if you are meeting again with the ten Boom prisoner.
Lt. Rahms I am. She was in charge of a key operation. She is worth the extra time. Tell him—
Guard He said if you were, to give you this. *(Hands Rahms a note, abruptly turns and leaves)*
(Rahms reads the note, crumples it and throws it away)
(Corrie is brought in by a guard)
Lt. Rahms Today we will talk outside. You are pale. You are not getting enough sun.
(To the guard) You’re dismissed.
(Guard exits; Corrie and the Lt. walk to a secluded spot)
Lt. Rahms This is a good quiet spot. They think I am spending too much time talking to you, Miss ten Boom.
Corrie Perhaps you are. There is nothing more I can tell you.
Lt. Rahms Oh, but there is. I have so many questions— oh, not the questions they want me to ask. My main
one is this— why?
Corrie Why?
Lt. Rahms Why? Why hide Jews? That is not an act of patriotism. That does not help Holland. That does
not weaken German control of your country.
Corrie I never said we were hiding Jews.
Lt. Rahms I know— Fine— Not you, then— anyone— why would any Dutchman hide Jews?
Corrie Because they are precious to God. As you are, Lieutenant.
Lt. Rahms To God.
Corrie Yes.
Lt. Rahms And how do you know this?
Corrie It says so in the Bible.
Lt. Rahms You read the Bible?
Corrie Every day. My family would gather everyday and my Papa would... would... read the... oh,
Papa...
Lt. Rahms What is the matter?
Corrie I learned yesterday my father died ten days after we were arrested.
Lt. Rahms I am sorry to hear that.
Corrie That’s not what I expected to hear from a German interrogator.

Lt. Rahms I never wanted to do this. I hate my work here. But this— what happened to you— it is things like that— Miss ten Boom— If this God of the Bible is so good to you— why did He let these things happen to you— why did He let you get captured, let your father die in prison? How is that a loving God?

Corrie God never promised to keep terrible things from happening to us. What He did promise— in fact, His last word before He ascended to Heaven were a promise— to be with us always. Always.

Lt. Rahms To be with you. And that is good enough?

Corrie Lieutenant, a person can face almost anything if someone they love— and who loves them— is with them.

Lt. Rahms I had such a person once— maybe I still do— I— *(His voice trails off)*

Corrie A wife?

Lt. Rahms We lived in Bremen. And then they sent me here to Holland— to do this. Every night on the radio I hear that Bremen is being bombed. Every night. I have not heard from my wife and children in three weeks. Where is this God of yours, Miss ten Boom? I do not see Him.

Corrie In darkness it is sometimes hard to see. This land, these times, are covered in darkness. But Jesus can bring light even into the darkest places— even into your darkness, Lieutenant.

Lt. Rahms What can you know of darkness like mine? I too, am in a prison, dear lady of Haarlem. A prison far worse than this one. *(Turns away)* Come back to my office. I have some papers for you there. *(He walks briskly back to his office; she follows. He picks up some papers from his desk)*

Lt. Rahms I am sure that you have many questions about what will happen to you. I can answer almost none of them. I have very little authority here. But I can write transfer orders. You were in solitary confinement because you were contagious when you arrived. That is no longer the case. There is another prisoner here with the same last name as yours. It seemed reasonable to put you both in the same cell. You will be moved there today.

Corrie Thank you! Thank you so very much! I hope that God blesses you and your family.

Lt. Rahms Is there a God who blesses, Miss ten Boom? It seems so very hard to believe... Guard! *(Guard enters)*

Lt. Rahms This prisoner is being transferred to cell 47. Here are the papers.

Guard Yes, sir. *(Rahms turns his back and looks out the window while Corrie and the guard exit)* *(Lights go down on Lt. Rahms and come up on Betsie's cell. In it are two other prisoners, Ellie Floor and Mildred Haffner. Corrie enters, carrying a pillowcase of belongings. Accompanying her is a new guard, a strict, cold disciplinarian nicknamed "The Snake.")*

Snake This is your new cell *(She places Corrie in the barracks)* Lights out occurs at 8 o'clock, after which there is to be complete silence. You will arise at 5 AM and be taken to your duty assignment. Is that clear?

Corrie Yes.
(The Snake exits)

Betsie Corrie!

Corrie Betsie! Betsie! Oh, Betsie! *(Corrie and Betsie embrace enthusiastically)*

Betsie Oh, Corrie! I have missed you so much! Corrie, did you hear about Papa?

Corrie Yes, Donna wrote to me and told me. I miss him, Betsie, so much.

Betsie He is in a better place.

Corrie Yes, I— yes, of course— I—
(The muffled sound of a distinctive siren/horn over a loud speaker in the distance is heard)

Corrie What is that? *(This continues on in the background as the women speak)*

Ellie That's the signal for roll call— at the men's prison.

Betsie Our cell is right next to their prison. Ellie's husband is over there.

Mildred This is an odd time for a roll call.

Ellie They never do roll call in the middle of the day. They're being lined up.
(And explosion is heard)

Ellie Could it be the Allies? Maybe the Allies have come to rescue us— maybe those are their bombs—

Betsie Bombs don't sound like that. I don't think it's the Allies, Ellie.

Corrie I don't know about that. Betsie, I honestly think that we might not have to be here much longer.

Betsie Oh?

Corrie In the shower room, in solitary, one of the women said that the usual penalty for ration card crimes — that's what we're accused of— is six months. We have already been here nearly three months

—

Betsie Corrie, you don't know any of that for certain. We could be here for years. But, really, what better way could there be to spend our lives?

Corrie What are you talking about?

Betsie The people here. Corrie, if people can be taught to hate, they can be taught to love. We must find the way, you and I, no matter how long it takes—

Corrie Taught to love— you mean the Germans.

Betsie Look into their eyes, Corrie, their faces. These are damaged, wounded people.

Corrie Yes, I did meet one—

Mildred The roll call has stopped.

Ellie Oh, God— no, please, no.
(There is a pause, as they sit, listening. Then they hear a rifle shot, then another and another, each about a second apart. This continues throughout the remainder of the scene)

Ellie No... no...
(Ellie huddles and sobs as Betsie tries to comfort her)

Mildred Damn Germans! Damn Germans!
(There are two more explosions in quick succession. The Snake enters)

Mildred Are you going to shoot us, too?

Snake Silence! You are being moved to another facility!

Corrie Where?

Snake Silence! Place all of your belongings into pillowcases and report immediately to the yard and stand in roll call formation. You have five minutes!
(She marches out and the women quickly gather their belongings)

Mildred They are going to shoot us!

Betsie Mildred, if they were going to shoot us, I don't think they would have us bring our belongings with us. *(The pouch around Corrie's neck slips out and Betsie notices it)* What's this?

Corrie It's a Bible— a nurse gave it to me in this pouch. I always carry it with me.

Betsie A Bible! Lord be praised! Hang onto it tightly, Corrie. We are going to need it wherever we are going.
(Pillowcases in hand, the women hurriedly exit)

SCENE 2: THE TRAIN TO RAVENSBRUCK

(The stage is bare except for a back wall going from mid SR to the SL wings. At a right angle to it on SR, a shorter wall extends downstage. The stage is nearly dark. A crack of light appears, shining in from the SL wings. It extends wider and wider, with sounds indicating the opening of the side of a boxcar)

Snake In! Now! Now! Schnell! Schnell!
(Women are being pushed in. There is a 2 foot barrier over which they must step before they can get in. Three women crowd back to the upstage SR corner of the two walls. Corrie and Betsie follow and crowd in next. [They should end up near center stage] Betsie is staggering, weak and ill. All are short of breath)

Corrie Betsie, here, we made it. Here. You can rest now.
(The spoken lines below, except for those of Corrie and Betsie, have no names, because they have no faces. Some are pre-recorded and come from various directions in the theater, indicating the audience is in the boxcar. Some are uttered by the women on stage. Lines can be ad-libbed and modified)

Voices of Various Women Why did they have to make us run here?
 They are under attack!
 The troops are so near!
 We could be free— free!
(The rest of the women pile in. They are being smashed back into the same rear corner as Corrie and Betsie. They pantomime being squeezed back by 80 women in a space big enough for only 30)
 Hey— that's enough— there's no more room!
 I can't breathe!
 Please, please— you're crushing me!
 I can't help it!
 No— don't let them take us away! We are so close— the troops are nearly here!
 Stop! I can't breathe!

(The 'door' is suddenly shut, leaving the women in darkness)

Air! We need air!

Wait— here— if I can get it— a loose board— there!

(A shaft of light comes through the bottom of the back wall)

Good idea— here's a loose one—

(Several more shafts of light appear from the SL area, to indicate boards being pried loose. The train jerks forward and stops abruptly, indicated by the swaying and jerking of the crammed knot of women)

Oh! We have to find a way to sit!

Here— if we all come down together— like this...

That's good— sit in between my legs—

Like a sledding team.

Ow! Somebody hit my eye!

Sorry!

There. There. At least we're sitting.

(The train starts to move forward)

We're moving!

Betsie Corrie, do you know what I am thankful for?

Corrie What?

Betsie I am thankful that Papa is in Heaven today.

Corrie Yes, yes. Oh, yes.

Various Women There's a big stack of bread over here.

Good!

It's not good— it means they are planning for this to be a long trip.

Into Germany?

Maybe just to another prison in Holland.

Oh, God, please, not Germany, not Germany.

(There is a sound similar to hail on metal)

Is that hail?

(The train lurches to a stop)

It's bullets! We are under attack! They've stopped the train!

They're here! Thank God! Allies are here!

(There is the sound of Germans returning fire with machine guns. The 'hail' sound stops and the train moves forward again)

Oh, God. Oh, God.

(Surrounding the audience is the sound of the train moving along at a good speed. Irregular shafts of light coming from SL indicate the passing of lights and shadows in the countryside. More and more, all around the audience, is the sound of weeping and moaning. Betsie begins to sing)

SONG: "BETSIE'S HYMN"

Betsie

The love of God is surrounding me, His kindness never fails

His mercy new each morning, His name I'll ever praise

Betsie & Corrie

The love of God is deeper, much deeper than despair

Through trials and tribulations, I know my Savior cares

The love of God is surrounding me, His kindness never fails

His mercy new each morning, His name I'll ever praise

*(Betsie weakens and falls into a coughing fit
Corrie finishes song alone)*

Corrie

The love of God is deeper, much deeper than despair

Through trials and tribulations, I know my Savior cares

(Then all is quiet, except for the sound of the train and of groaning)

(The lights fade down and then back up to indicate passage of time)

Various Women *(From near the side of the boxcar)* Emmerich! Oh, no! We are passing through Emmerich!

(Murmurings and weeping becomes louder, with the word being passed back—)

Germany! We are in Germany!

(The women become quieter and weaker as the sound and lights of train movement continue)

(The lights fade down and up again)

(A weak parched voice cries out)

Water! Water! Why won't they give us water?

(Finally, the train pulls to a stop. Abruptly, a boxcar door opens on SL, with blinding light. The women can barely crawl out of the boxcar. Betsie is racked with coughing)

(From offstage, left) Out! Out! All of you! No dawdling!

Snake

Various Women

Where are we?

Can anyone tell where we are?

I see a sign— oh no! Oh, God no!

Corrie

Betsie, you have a fever! You're burning up!

(Betsie can only whisper in reply as Corrie helps her out of the car into the SL wings)

Snake

We will march now! The camp is down this road. Follow me and keep the lines orderly!

Various Women

What is it— what does the sign say?

Ravensbruck! They've brought us to Ravensbruck!

(Via surround sound, the word, 'Ravensbruck' is passed up the aisles of the theater from the stage to the back, with cries of dismay and sobbing)

(Corrie, Betsie and the other boxcar women weakly climb out of the boxcar and exit SL and follow the Snake around to reappear on the SL floor, along with a German guard)

SCENE 3: RAVENSBRUCK

(The Snake, guard and prisoners climb up the SL aisle, cross in front of the sound booth and come down the SR aisle. During that time, German soldiers appear on stage and set up the Ravensbruck set)

(Upstage are the barracks; downstage is a work yard; the SR and SL side pieces can be used for specialized functions. Searchlights swing continually by and sirens and screams from the nearby "punishment barracks" are heard continually)

(The prisoners along the SR aisle stop as the first in the line reaches the SR stage area. Here they are inspected and all personal items confiscated. Betsie and Corrie are next to last in line)

Corrie

Betsie, they are taking everything! They will find our Bible! Oh, Lord— don't let them take our Bible!

Betsie

(Weakly) He will show the way, Corrie. He will show the way.

(Betsie reaches the inspection area first, is thoroughly patted down by the guard, and steps forward. Just then, an officer with a clipboard strides in from upstage. The inspecting guard and the Snake go up to him as they confer regarding material on the clipboard. Betsie is about to faint and Corrie rushes over to her to catch her. The Snake and the inspecting guard turn back to their downstage duties and, ignoring Corrie, they inspect the prisoner in line behind her)

Snake

That's the last of them. *(To the prisoners)* You are assigned to this building, Barracks 28. Enter it now and remain inside. Others will be returning from work duty shortly. You will be given your duty assignments tomorrow. *(Hands them each a piece of paper)* Here are the rules. Those who don't obey will be taken to the punishment barracks. *(Indicates the direction from which beatings and screams are heard. The Snake and guards exit)*

(Corrie and the other prisoners enter Barracks 28. The other prisoners scatter upstage. Corrie and Betsie remain more downstage center. They gaze about with dismay. Betsie covers her nose and mouth)

Betsie

Oh, Corrie— the stench! *(Points)* The toilets— *(She begins to retch)*— overflowing—

Corrie

Betsie, let's get you outside—

Betsie

No— we can't— no, I'll get used to it. There. I'm better. Really.

Corrie

You are so weak, Betsie. And you have a fever— I'm sure of it. Where are we supposed to lie down? There are no beds.

Betsie

Corrie— these are the beds.

Corrie

These? Oh, no— how can we— look— there's one that broke— the top layer crashed onto the ones below. Oh, Betsie— how can we do this? You will never be able to climb to the top, but if we are in the bottom layers we could get crushed.

Betsie

Let me just try— let me just lie down a bit.

Corrie Here, let me pull some more straw over for you— ow— what was that? Ach! Fleas! Don't get on it, Betsie! It's crawling with fleas! No! No! I won't let you do it! I won't let you sleep on this, Betsie! There must be someplace else— maybe on a different platform—

Betsie They're all the same, Corrie. This is what the Lord has given us. We must be grateful.

Corrie Grateful?

Betsie Corrie, remember Thessalonians— "Give thanks in all circumstances, for this is the will of God."

Corrie No!! This is too much! Betsie, Betsie— No! How can you expect— how can God expect— anyone to give thanks for having to live like this?

Betsie Corrie, you are making it hard. Please. We just must. It's not, "give thanks in pleasant circumstances," but "in all circumstances." We must. We must try.

Corrie How?

Betsie Just start. Start with the fact that we are here together.

Corrie Oh, Lord. Yes— thank You for that.

Betsie And for the book that is still safe in your pouch.

Corrie I'd forgotten about that. Yes, Lord, thank You for keeping this safe.

Betsie And for the stench—

Corrie The stench??

Betsie It's part of being with people all crowded together. The more crowded it is, the more lives we may be able to touch.

Corrie That's creative.

Betsie (*Losing her temper*) It's not creative, Corrie! It's real! It's how God wants us to see things! It's how He sees things. And the more you resist this and hold on to your bitterness the less His love will be able to flow though you!

Corrie (*Hurt, shocked*) Betsie! I—

Betsie I'm sorry, Corrie. Forgive me for yelling. It's just— it's just that it is hard enough to try to see this the way God does, but when you fight against it— I just— I'm sorry.

Corrie No, I'm the one that's sorry, Betsie. I'm tired. I'm just so tired. Please forgive me.

Betsie I do, Corrie. Of course, I do. Let's try again.

Corrie All right— I'll try. And thank You, Lord, for having to sleep on these big platforms where we will be so close to so many others.

Betsie Good, Corrie. And thank You, Lord, for the fleas—

Corrie The fleas? You're joking, right?

Betsie He said, "in all circumstances." That includes fleas.

Corrie No. Oh Betsie— I don't mean to resist you— but— look— I'll give thanks for the toilets, the smell— everything but the fleas— That one's yours, Betsie— I just can't— I—

Betsie I'll do the fleas. I'll take that one for you, Corrie.

Corrie Oh, Betsie, I am so glad you are here. Don't ever leave me.

Betsie How could I leave you, Corrie?

(Women prisoners enter on stage and crowd into the space with Corrie and Betsie)

Betsie Look— people are coming.
(The prisoners are filthy, weary and very irritable. Using surround sound, it sounds as if prisoners are filling up the entire theater. Multiple languages are heard— French, Polish, Russian, Bulgarian, German [not Spanish or Italian])

Betsie Hello. My name is Betsie, and this is my sister, Corrie. We are from Holland and—

Various Women Great! The last thing I need is more people crowding on to this little space! You crowd me at night and you'll be feeling my elbow!
She looks ill— I bet she's contagious!
Oh, my back! I can barely move!
My feet— my feet are swollen—
Would you shut up about your feet!
Move over!
I am not moving over. Get your own space.
There is no other space!
Hey— watch the knee!— that'll teach you!
(Sounds of scuffling and muffled cursing)
(Calling from off stage) Silence! Lights out will be in five minutes!

Snake Betsie— isn't that the same guard that came with us from Holland? The mean one? She's been assigned to our barracks!

Corrie

Betsie That can't be a coincidence.
(Lights go out, leaving only some moonlight filtering from "window" on the sides. All around the audience are sounds of the platforms creaking, women rustling, shifting positions, and making angry comments. The sound of windows being closed is heard from one side of the room)

Various Women Hey! Stop the fighting— we need to sleep!
 Look— I'll make you a deal— you can sleep here where it is warmer and I'll take your place by the window!
(With a bit of a chuckle) Right! So I have to add your lice to my own! No thanks!
 I'll tell you what— we'll open the windows halfway. That way we'll only be half frozen and you'll only be half-smothered!
 It's a deal!
(Scattered chuckles are heard and the room quiets down)
(Black out)

SCENE 4: RAVENSBRUCK, AFTERNOON AND EVENING

(Lights come up on the work area downstage from the barracks. Corrie, Betsie and a few other women are leveling the ground with shovels. Female guard and a male guard, Klaus Mueller are watching, standing center. The Snake also watches but apart, from one side. Betsie is very weak. Throughout this scene, the Snake remains passive, arms crossed, watching, pondering. She does not join in with the other two guards.)

Corrie Betsie— can you carry a little more in your shovel? I'm worried you'll make the guards angry.
Betsie After nine weeks of healthy outdoor labor you'd think I'd be stronger, not weaker. But I'll try. I'll try.

Corrie Oh, Betsie. I know you're doing all you can.
Female Guard Hey! Shut up over there! Shut up and keep working!
Mueller Working? You call this working?! I have been watching this lazy pig all afternoon. *(Grabs her shovel and shows it to the female guards)* Look! Look what Madame Baroness is carrying! Surely she will over-exert herself! *(He then begins to parody her weak, faltering attempts to carry the shovel. The female guard and a few prisoners laugh)*
(Corrie becomes angry and then notices that Betsie is laughing along with them. Betsie calls out to the guard)

Betsie Yes! That's me all right! But you'd better let me totter along with my little spoonful or I will have to stop altogether.
Mueller Stop? *(He strikes Betsie in the face with the shovel, knocking her to the ground. Corrie falls to her knees next to her)* I am the one who decides who stops work around here!

Corrie Betsie!
Mueller *(Throwing the shovel at Betsie and Corrie)* And don't you ever forget it! *(He turns away. Corrie, furious, starts to lunge at him, but Betsie holds her back)*

Betsie Corrie, no! No! Jesus died for those who beat Him, and for those who beat us. Our sins are just as bad in His eyes. He forgave. Don't look at the guard. Look only at Jesus, Corrie. Only at Jesus.
(Betsie tries to stand, but just staggers back against Corrie)

Betsie Oh, Corrie, I am so dizzy—
(The Snake looks at her watch)

Snake Duty hours are over. Stack your shovels here and return to your barracks. Schnell! Schnell!
Mueller It's not time yet! They still have five more minutes.
Snake Duty hours are over, Mueller.
(The women hand their shovels off stage and move up to the barracks area. Other women are also returning, coming in from the sides. Corrie is nearly carrying Betsie, who can barely walk with assistance)

Various Women Betsie!
 Is she all right?
 What happened?

Corrie A guard hit her with a shovel.
Betsie I'm all right. Just a little dizzy. If I can just sit down, I'll— *(She slumps to the floor)*
Corrie Betsie! *(Corrie goes to the floor with her. Betsie revives)*
Betsie What happened?

Corrie You fainted, Betsie.
Various Women Get her some water.
 Can we get a doctor?
 Fool! There are no real doctors here.
 Put her up in the bed.
(Corrie is now sitting, half-holding Betsie in her lap. The other prisoners are gathered in a semicircle around them. Someone hands them a cup of water. Corrie holds the cup as Betsie drinks)

Betsie Thank you. Please, let me just stay right here for a bit. I'll get in bed after we do evening worship.

Corrie Oh, Betsie— look at you— how can you lead worship? Tonight you should just rest.

Betsie It's so important— please, Corrie— you do it. You do it tonight.

Corrie *(To others around them)* She still wants to do the evening worship. I'll lead tonight. *(To Betsie)* But, Betsie, I'm going to keep it brief.

Woman *(Calling out to unseen others)* Come over here! We're going to do worship here tonight.

Various Women Worship?
 Those Christians lead worship here every night.
 I'm Jewish.
 You and most everybody else! Each night they read from their scriptures and also from the Hebrew scriptures. They smuggled in a Bible.

Betsie *(Struggling up so she is half-sitting, half-leaning against Corrie)* Did you hear that, Corrie? There are new women here tonight. Where did we leave off?

Corrie *(Pulling out her Bible)* Psalm 22 and Romans 8. *(Calling to those around, in a loud voice)* Before we begin the readings, let us start with a word of prayer.

Betsie Stand, Corrie. You must stand. Really, I'll be all right. *(As Corrie stands, other prisoners gather around Betsie and hold her)*

Corrie Our first reading tonight is from Psalm 32. *(Whispers to Betsie)* I'm going to start in the middle. *(To those around)* Um... beginning with verse 6: "You are my hiding place; You protect me from trouble. You surround me with songs of deliverance." *(She pauses and looks down at Betsie)*

Betsie You teach them, Corrie— so many are listening.

Corrie *(Closes her eyes and looks up in a brief silent prayer, then begins)* God does not keep trouble from happening to us. We, of all people know that. But when trouble comes, He surrounds us, He protects us— He protects our hearts. Later in this Psalm it says. "the Lord's loving-kindness surrounds the man who trust in Him."
 Even here, in this place, we have known, many of you have known, God's love surrounding us. Our next reading is from the Christian scriptures, in the book of Romans, Chapter 8, beginning with verse 35: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution of famine or nakedness or danger or sword?... For I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither angels nor demons, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord."
 My dear women— God is here. Nothing, not even the Nazis, can separate us from His love. Seek Him, call out to Him, and He will comfort your hearts and heal your wounds.
 I'd like to ask Sister Weilmaker, who ran a Catholic school, to offer a closing prayer.

Sister W *(Who was standing near them)* Lord, we thank You that You are here with us, even here in Ravensbruck. Our hearts bleed, Lord— we have so many sorrows. Please give us Your help. Your comfort, Your peace. Heal those who are sick. We pray that especially for our good friend, Betsie. Finally, Lord, we thank You that we can have this special place, this hiding place, where we can worship You without interference. Amen.

Many Voices *(Not in unison)* Amen.

Various Women Thank you, Betsie.
 I'll be praying for you.
 Take good care of her, Corrie.

Corrie Thank you— I will. You heard them Betsie— time for you to lie down.

Betsie Not yet— really— I'm feeling stronger— I want to talk to you, Corrie.

Sister W *(Coming up to them)* Thank you for that message, Corrie. Oh— I've been meaning to tell you— I found out why we can have worship and prayer as much as we want in here— why no guards ever stop us.