

the **Hiding Place**

The Corrie ten Boom Story

A play by Bradley J. Winkler

**Adapted from the book by
John and Elizabeth Sherrill**

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PLAYWRIGHT'S INTRODUCTION

The story of Corrie ten Boom and the faith and love she shared with her family is one of the greatest examples I have ever encountered of Christians living out their beliefs. So many of the Bible's key instructions — to trust in God, to love others more than yourself, to have joy in all circumstances, and to fear not — are illustrated in this story of faith in the most trying of circumstances. Small wonder it has become one of the classics of Christian literature.

In order to adapt it to the stage in a manner that is executable in practical terms while preserving the flavor of the book, I have chosen to write it in the form of a memory play. By having the entire story unfold in Corrie's memory during a brief moment as she meets one of her former captors, I allow her character to speak directly to the audience, preserving Corrie's own words from the book and the flavor of her personality that they bring, as well as her unique viewpoint on the action that unfolds around her.

A further challenge with adapting a book so well-known and well-loved is the inevitable questions of why one chose to include or exclude events or characters that others find important. In trying to distill this novel into a two-hour play, I have chosen to place the emphasis on Corrie and Betsie's relationship over the events that occurred, fascinating as some of them are. If a person or event in the story did not advance that goal, I chose to eliminate it, or in the case of minor characters, to sometimes roll them into others.

Those well-acquainted with the book will notice, for example, that some family members (most notably Nollie and Kik) appear absent in this adaptation. Truthfully, they are not: I chose to roll Nollie's character into Willem's wife Tine, and their son Kik into Peter. From a practical standpoint, I was attempting to consolidate characters in order to offer the most to the actors playing them.

A word on staging. This script was written with stage directions specifically for Acacia Theatre Company's production at Concordia University Wisconsin, on a large proscenium stage with multiple curtains. Other venues will have different capabilities and present different challenges. Whatever staging choice is made to handle the play's multiple settings, it is highly recommended that movement between scenes remains fluid and not choppy, with lengthy pauses for complex set changes.

Following this introduction is a breakdown of characters by the scenes they are in, with a suggestion for how the roles might be doubled among a smaller cast and notes on the pronunciation of the Dutch names in the script.

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THE HIDING PLACE CHARACTER LIST

(Roles may be doubled for a cast of 11 women and 8 men, plus children.)

CORRIE TEN BOOM A Christian speaker, running a rehabilitation home
LT. METZLER A former concentration camp administrator, now a Christian
BETSIE TEN BOOM Corrie's sister
DELIVERY BOY Flower delivery boy
CASPER TEN BOOM Corrie and Betsie's father
TINE TEN BOOM Corrie and Betsie's sister-in-law
PETER TEN BOOM Corrie and Betsie's nephew
CHILDREN Tine's other children
PICKWICK A family friend of the Ten Booms
FAMILY AND NEIGHBORS Guests at the Ten Boom's party
MR. KAN A Jewish watchshop owner
MRS. KAN His wife
WILLEM TEN BOOM Corrie and Betsie's brother
GUTLIEBER A German Jew
JEWS Residents of Haarlem
GERMAN SOLDIERS Troops occupying Haarlem
RACHEL WEIL A young Jewish mother
PASTOR DE GRAAF A Dutch Reformed Church pastor
SMIT An architect, member of the Dutch underground
UNDERGROUND MEMBERS Others attending an underground meeting
EUSIE A Jewish man
MARY An old Jewish woman
THEA A Jewish woman
META An Italian Jewish woman
WORKMAN A German collaborator
KAESTNER A Gestapo agent
WEBER A Gestapo captain
PRISON INMATES Prisoners at Schevengingen Prison
NURSE A sympathetic prison staff worker
PRISON GUARD A German soldier
LT. RAHMS The administrator of Schevengingen Prison
CAMP PRISONERS Transferrees to Ravensbrück Extermination Camp
CAMP MATRON Ravensbrück Extermination Camp prisoner overseer
CAMP GUARDS German soldiers

ACT 1, SCENE 1

(Munich, 1947. Corrie, in a shawl and Sunday dress, is speaking to a church. She stands behind a pulpit in front of the closed stage curtain. The pastor and another dignitary sit behind her. She speaks to the audience as though they were parishioners.)

CORRIE: I missed Betsie. But I remember what she said. "We must tell people, Corrie. We must tell them what we learned." So I began to speak publicly. If this was God's new work for me, then He would provide the courage and the words. In churches and club-rooms and private homes in those desperate days I told the truths Betsie and I had learned in the camp at Ravensbrück.

And always at these meetings, I spoke of Betsie's vision: of a home in Holland where those who had been hurt could learn to live again unafraid. Soon after, people began arriving at the home in Bloemendaal, every one a damaged human being. And for all these people alike, the key to healing turned out to be the same. Each had a hurt he had to forgive: the neighbor who had reported him, the brutal guard, the sadistic soldier. And, sure enough, in their own time and their own way, people worked out the deep pain within them.

And so, I continue to speak, partly because the home in Bloemendaal runs on contributions. We thank you here in Munich for your support. But also because of the hunger for our message, which is needed here in Germany perhaps even more than elsewhere. Germany is a land in ruins, with cities — and hearts — in ashes. But our message is that in Christ, joy runs deeper than despair.

(There is applause from the congregation as Corrie steps from behind the pulpit. After she is greeted by the pastor, she is approached by Metzler, who has been among the audience. He enthusiastically reaches for her hand.)

METZLER: Madame ten Boom. How grateful I am for your message! To think that, as you say, He has washed my sins away.

(Corrie is stunned. She withdraws her hand.)

CORRIE: I remember you. You were there, weren't you? At Ravensbrück.

METZLER: Yes, I was. I was a guard at the camp. Lieutenant Metzler.

(Corrie turns and begins to walk away.)

METZLER: But I left that life behind, Madame ten Boom. I know Him now, and we are one in His love!

(The lights change, dimming on all but Corrie. As the others freeze, she steps from the scene and addresses the audience directly.)

CORRIE: His hand was thrust out to shake mine. And I, who had preached so often to the people in Bloemendaal the need to forgive, kept my hand at my side. I tried to smile, I struggled to raise my hand. I could not. I felt nothing, not the slightest spark of warmth or charity.

He was an overseer at Ravensbrück. And suddenly it was all there — the roomful of mocking men, the heaps of clothing, Betsie's pain-blanchéd face. And all of my words about joy and forgiveness were lost in the memories of the whole ordeal we had lived through.

(The lights return to normal as the stage curtain opens, revealing the three-platformed set representing Corrie's house in Haarlem, the Beje. The lowest platform is the ten Boom watchshop, the middle is the dining room, and the upper platform is the bedroom with the hidden room. Simple stairs separate the platforms. As she continues to address the audience, she removes her shawl and blouse, changing into an older-fashioned one brought by another actor. During this speech, the church pulpit and chairs are removed by Metzler and the church dignitaries as they exit.)

CORRIE: It began in 1937, the day we celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of the day Grandfather ten Boom opened the little watch shop in Haarlem, in Holland . . .

ACT 1, SCENE 2

(Haarlem, 1937. The doorbell of the Beje rings as Corrie finishes changing clothes.)

BETSIE: *(Coming down stairs from the dining room.)* Corrie! Someone's at the door!

CORRIE: *(Arriving in the watch shop just after her.)* So early in the morning? Who could be calling at this hour?

(An enormous bouquet of flowers fills the doorway. Corrie and Betsie cry out in wonder as they take the flowers from a young delivery boy.)

BOY: Nice day for the party, Miss.

BETSIE: Who can they be from? Look at them, they're lovely!

BOY: They're from Mr. Herman Sluring, Miss ten Boom. He sends his regards and looks forward to seeing you this afternoon. *(He tips his hat and exits.)*

CORRIE: Dear Pickwick, how sweet of him!

BETSIE: *(Opening the shutters and placing the flowers in the front window.)* Corrie, just look how much brighter they make the room! We ought to keep flowers in the window every day. Think how many people they would attract to the shop.

CORRIE: *(With a smile.)* Poor Betsie, the other houses are so close by that the window plants you start each spring never get a chance to bloom, do they. But wouldn't it be a better use of the space to display watches? It is a watch shop, after all, and there are so many we haven't sold sitting in their boxes. The window could hold quite a lot —

BETSIE: Don't you see, Corrie, people are attracted to beautiful things! Just two or three beautiful watches, with perhaps a piece of silk swirled beneath, would be so much more inviting. With the flowers, it would show both the beauty of God's creation, and the handiwork of man.

(Betsie has ascended to the dining room as Father enters.)

BETSIE: Good morning, Father. A sunny day for the party!

CORRIE: *(To audience.)* Father went a little more slowly now on the winding stairs of our house — the Beje, we called it, contracting the name of our street, Barteljorisstraat. But still as punctual as one of his own watches, he entered the dining room every morning at 8:10.

FATHER: Corrie, dear! My dear Betsie. How lovely you both look. How your mother would have loved these new styles and seeing you both looking so pretty!

CORRIE: *(With a wry smile.)* New styles, Papa? That's hardly what Willem and Tine's daughters say.

BETSIE: Yes, they're always trying to get us into shorter skirts and brighter colors, Papa. But you're right, Mama would have loved everything about today. Remember how she loved "occasions"?

FATHER: Your mother could have coffee on the stove and cake in the oven as fast as most people could say, "Best wishes."

CORRIE: *(To audience.)* It was a day for memories. A day for calling up the past. How could we have guessed as we sat there — two middle-aged spinsters and an old man — that in place of memories we were about to be given adventure such as we had never dreamed of?

(Corrie moves among the others as they prepare for the party, watching them as she continues to address the audience.)

If I had known would I have gone ahead? Could I have done the things I did? But how could I know?

FATHER: 8:30, my daughters. The Scriptures call to us. *(He sits and opens the family Bible as Betsie brings in coffee on a tray.)*

CORRIE: Oh, Papa — surely not a whole chapter today when there is so much to do?

FATHER: *(After a pause, with mischief.)* Yes, and such long chapters in Matthew's Gospel, too . . . *(Beginning to read.)* "And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain, and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven . . ."

CORRIE: *(To audience as Father continues to read.)* Scripture reading in the morning for all who were in the house was the fixed point around which life in the Beje revolved.

FATHER: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven . . ."

(Party guests appear at the door. The doorbell rings, and Corrie goes to answer it.)

CORRIE: Before he reached the end of the chapter, the doorbells were ringing. It seemed everyone in Haarlem wanted to be the first to shake Father's hand.

(Guests have entered during this speech, family through the alley door and others through the front. They now fill the lower and middle platforms.)

TINE: *(Entering with Peter and her daughters, and carrying a box.)* Here are the cups, Betsie. Willem will be along in a moment with a guest. *(Kissing Corrie's cheek.)* Peter's written a special song in honor of the day, Corrie. Be certain to compliment him on it, he's been working on it for weeks.

CORRIE: *(To audience.)* As a dutiful aunt, I tried to love all my nieces and nephews equally. But Peter . . . well, was Peter. At sixteen, he was a musical prodigy and a rascal and the pride of my life.

PETER: *(Feigning innocence.)* Tante Corrie, you don't look a hundred years old!

(Corrie attempts to swat him but he escapes, and sits on the piano bench, pantomiming playing while lively music is heard in the background. Several children gather around Father.)

GIRL: *(Pressing her ear to his chest and giggling.)* Opa, you're ticking!

FATHER: *(With a laugh.)* Yes, my dear! Watches lying on a shelf run differently than watches carried about, and so I always wear the ones I am regulating. Besides, I never feel lonely when I have the hum of hundreds of little wheels around me.

BETSIE: *(To Corrie as she passes with a plate of cakes.)* He doesn't know there's anyone else in the room . . .

(The children shriek as Pickwick enters.)

PICKWICK: Congratulations, Casper, my friend!

BETSIE: Dear Herman, thank you so much for the flowers — they're lovely!

CORRIE: *(To audience.)* Herman Sluring was an enormously wealthy —

PICKWICK: *(To Betsie, as he picks up a cup of coffee and a cake.)* Five lumps, please.

CORRIE: — customer of the shop who was nearly family and as kind and generous as he was fearsome to look at. Betsie and I privately called him Pickwick because he looked so much like the illustration in our copy of Dickens.

PICKWICK: *(To children as he sits on a chair.)* Come, come, my dears — gather round!

CORRIE: Poor Pickwick . . . He loved children as much as Father did, but while children took to Papa on sight, Pickwick had to win them over.

PICKWICK: But my dear Cornelia! *(Exaggeratedly looking around as he holds his cup of coffee.)* There's no table to set it on! Well, it's a good thing I brought my own.

(Pickwick sets his coffee on his protruding paunch, to the delight of the children.)

PETER: *(Stopping playing as the Kans enter. They are Jewish, but not Orthodox, and are well-dressed.)* Opa, here's the competition.

TINE: Peter, mind your manners.

BETSIE: Well, they do sell many more watches than Father, so it's factual enough.

FATHER: No, not competitors, Peter. Colleagues! *(Going to the Kans.)* Mr. Kan, good day. How kind of you to join our celebration!

KAN: Mr. ten Boom, warmest congratulations on the day. Always a pleasure to see what others in the industry are doing.

CORRIE: *(To audience.)* Father was completely innocent of business know-how. He would work for days on a difficult repair and then forget to send a bill. The more rare and expensive a watch, the less he was able to think of it in terms of money. "A man should pay for the privilege of working on such a watch," he would say.

KAN: I see that you have priced the new Alpinas at forty guilders.

FATHER: Yes! Lovely watches, Mr. Kan, lovely!

KAN: *(With a wink to Mrs. Kan.)* They are indeed, and worth every penny of it.

(Corrie pulls Father aside as the Kans go to get coffee.)

CORRIE: Papa, can't you see what they're doing? He's finding out how much we're charging so he can undersell us!

FATHER: But Corrie, people will save money when they buy from him! I wonder how he does it . . .

PETER: It might help if you didn't close the shutters every evening, Opa. All the other stores keep their windows lit when people are out for their evening stroll.

FATHER: And if people see the watches, it might make them want to buy one! Peter, my dear, how very clever you are!

(Peter rolls his eyes at Corrie as he goes back to playing the piano. Corrie smiles, and returns to addressing the audience.)

CORRIE: All through the winter afternoon they kept coming, the people who counted themselves Father's friends. Young and old, poor and rich, scholarly gentlemen and illiterate servant girls — only to Father they were all alike. Papa didn't overlook the differences in people; he simply didn't realize they were there.

MRS. KAN: What does he want, this man in Germany? Does he want war?

TINE: What does it matter? Let the big countries fight it out. It won't affect us.

PICKWICK: The Germans left us alone in the Great War. It's to their advantage to keep us neutral.

KAN: Easy for you to talk. Most of my stock comes from Germany. What do I do if Germany goes to war? A war could put us out of business.

FATHER: Already a number of my German suppliers are mysteriously out of business. Tannenbaum's . . . Goldfarb's . . . All Jewish-owned firms.

(During this speech, Willem has entered with Gutlieber on his arm. Gutlieber is obviously Jewish by his dress, and his face has been burned and his beard coarsely cut.)

WILLEM: It's just the beginning of Hilter's deliberate action against the Jews, Father.

CORRIE: *(To audience.)* My big brother Willem was the head of the Dutch Reformed Church's outreach to the Jews. I had idolized him since I was a girl, though he was about as good a salesman of the church as Father was of watches. If he'd converted a single Jew in twenty years, I hadn't heard about it. But his heart was good and he and his wife Tine ran a home for elderly Jews. But in recent months it had been flooded with younger arrivals — all from Germany.

WILLEM: *(Introducing Gutlieber.)* This is Herr Gutlieber. He arrived this morning from Munich. Herr Gutlieber, my father and sisters.

FATHER: A pleasure, my dear guest. It is always a privilege to welcome one of God's chosen ones.

GUTLIEBER: Thank you, Herr ten Boom. It is an honor to be welcomed into your home. I am so very grateful to your son's family for their assistance.

WILLEM: Herr Gutlieber got out of Germany on a milktruck.

BETSIE: But your beard, Herr Gutlieber . . . What happened?

WILLEM: Betsie —

GUTLIEBER: No, please, it is a natural question. They stopped me on a street corner in Munich — teenaged boys — and set fire to my beard.

BETSIE: Hoodlums!

WILLEM: No, it is a symptom of something larger, Betsie. I expect that in a few years' time there will be worse pogroms than ever before. Countless Jews from the east will come across the border to seek refuge in our country. We must prepare for that situation.

PICKWICK: Oh, don't be so melodramatic, Willem. Young hooligans — it's the same in every country. The police will catch up with them, you'll see. Germany is a civilized country.

(Lights fade on the party and all exit as Corrie steps out of the scene to address the audience.)

CORRIE: And so the shadow fell across us that winter afternoon in 1937, but it rested lightly. Nobody dreamed that this tiny cloud would grow until it blocked out the sky. And nobody dreamed that in this darkness each of us would be called to play a role: Father and Betsie and Pickwick and Willem. Adventure and anguish, horror and heaven were just around the corner, and we did not know.

ACT 1, SCENE 3

When Holland falls to the invading Germans and Jews in Haarlem begin to be arrested, Corrie and Betsie help their neighbor, Mr. Kan, disappear. A young Jewish mother appears at their door, and find a place for her and her newborn son.

ACT 1, SCENE 4

Corrie arranges the theft of ration cards so they can find shelter for more Jews. Peter invites her to a meeting of the Dutch underground, where she is received by Pickwick and introduced to Smit, who comes to the Beje and builds their secret room.

ACT 1, SCENE 5

(Haarlem, later 1943. Corrie is in the dining room with Betsie, Father and Peter. Eusie enters as she speaks and comes to the alley door. He looks very stereotypically Jewish.)

CORRIE: *(To audience, moving to alley door.)* One morning in the middle of June, 1943, we received a message: “We have a watch with a very old-fashioned face.” So, a Jew whose features gave him away — the hardest kind to place. *(To Eusie.)* Do come in.

EUSIE: *(Entering.)* The first thing I must ask is whether or not I should leave behind my good friend the pipe? Meyer Mossel and his pipe are not easily separated. But for you, kind lady, should the smell get into your drapes, I would gladly say goodbye to my friend nicotine.

CORRIE: *(Laughing.)* Of course you must keep your pipe! Father smokes a cigar — when he can get one these days.

EUSIE: *(With an exaggerated shrug.)* Ah! These days . . . What do you expect when the barbarians have overrun the camp?

(Corrie leads him upstairs to the dining room.)

CORRIE: Mr. Mossel, my father and sister.

EUSIE: *(To Father.)* But, one of the Patriarchs!

FATHER: But, a brother of the Chosen People!

EUSIE: Can you recite the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Psalm, Opa?

BETSIE: *(Confused.)* But the Psalter ends with Psalm One Hundred Fifty.

EUSIE: Shall I recite it for you? "Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands —"

FATHER: But that is Psalm One Hundred!

EUSIE: And?

FATHER: *(Laughing.)* Of course! Psalm Sixty-six begins with the identical words! I understand — The One Hundredth and the Sixty-sixth Psalm! Wonderful, wonderful!

BETSIE: Have you no family, Mr. Mossel?

EUSIE: My wife and children, yes, they are hiding on a farm in the north. But there, they declined to accept me . . . *(Gesturing to his face.)* . . . for obvious reasons.

FATHER: Then it is settled, you shall remain here with us.

PETER: At least his name doesn't have to give him away too.

CORRIE: Yes. I think we'll call you . . . Eusebius.

EUSIE: Eusebius Mossel. No, it doesn't sound quite right. Eusebius Gentile Mossel.

BETSIE: *(Laughing as she exits.)* Don't be a goose. You must change both names!

PETER: *(With a sly grin.)* Opa! How about Smit? That seems a popular name these days.

FATHER: It does seem so! Extraordinarily popular.

EUSIE: *(With a bow, he sits at the dining room table.)* Then Eusebius Smit it shall be.

CORRIE: *(To audience.)* Changing Meyer's name was easy — at once he became "Eusie." But getting Eusie to eat non-kosher food was something else. The problem of course was that we were grateful for food of any kind during the occupation. One day it was announced that coupon number four was good for pork sausage.

(Betsie re-enters with a plate of food.)

BETSIE: Eusie, the day has come.

EUSIE: Ah, what a plight. I, who have always eaten kosher; I, the oldest son of the oldest son of a respected family; I, Meyer Mossel Eusebius Smit, am seriously being asked to eat pork.

BETSIE: *(Setting the plate in front of him.)* Bon appetit.

EUSIE: Of course, there's a provision for this in Talmud. *(Takes a bite and smiles as he savors the taste of the meat.)* And I'm going to start hunting for it too, just as soon as dinner's over.

(Peter exits with the plate of food as Corrie addresses the audience. Thea, Meta and Mary enter and take places around the table.)

CORRIE: As if Eusie's arrival had broken down a last hesitation, within a week there were three new permanent additions to the household. Thea Dacosta, Meta Monsanto, and Mary Itallie. Each had nowhere else to go. At seventy-six, Mary was the oldest of our guests, and posed the greatest problem. The moment she stepped through our door I heard the asthmatic wheezing which had made other hosts unwilling to take her in. Since her ailment compromised the safety of the others, we took up the problem in caucus.

MARY: There is no sense in pretending. I have a difficulty — especially after climbing stairs — that could put you all in danger.

EUSIE: May I speak?

FATHER: Of course.

EUSIE: It seems to me that we are all here in your house, Mr. ten Boom, because of some difficulty or other. We're the orphans — the ones no one else wanted. Any of us is jeopardizing all the others. I vote that Mary stay.

THEA: Good. Let's put it to a vote.

MARY: Secret ballots. No one should be embarrassed.

THEA: (*Tearing a piece of paper into strips and handing them out first to Father, Betsie and Corrie.*) You too. If we're discovered, you suffer the same as us. Mark 'No' if it's too great a risk, 'Yes' if you think she belongs here.

(*After a moment of silence as they mark their ballots, Thea collects and opens them.*)

THEA: Seven votes 'Yes,' none against.

FATHER: Then it is settled.

(*Corrie rises and moves to the front of the stage as she addresses the audience. Pickwick meets her there.*)

CORRIE: And so our "family" was formed. Others came and went, but these four remained, the nucleus of our happy household. That it could have been happy at such a time was largely a tribute to Betsie. Because our lives were so restricted, evenings under Betsie's direction became the door to the wide world. Sometimes Thea, an accomplished pianist, gave concerts. Or Betsie would announce an evening of Shakespeare, with each of us reading a part. Eusie gave Hebrew lessons and Meta taught us Italian.

(*Corrie reaches Pickwick.*)

PICKWICK: Cornelia, I am given to believe that you are not carrying on regular drills for your guests. This is pure folly.

CORRIE: (*To audience.*) I was always amazed at how well Pickwick knew what went on at the Beje. (*To Pickwick.*) Drills, Herman?

PICKWICK: You know that a raid may come any day. I don't see how you can avoid one. Scores of people in and out — and the Gestapo in Kan's shop up the street. Your secret room is no good to you if people can't get to it in time.

CORRIE: But Herman, if a raid is sure to come . . .

PICKWICK: A raid may be inevitable, my dear Cornelia, but being caught is not. Hold practice drills until your people can disappear into that room without a trace in less than a minute.

CORRIE: When should I hold the drills?

PICKWICK: Mealtimes — that's a favorite hour for a raid. Also in the middle of the night. Now Cornelia, you really must watch every possible piece of evidence. Wastebaskets, ashtrays. If the raid comes at night, they must not only take their sheets and blankets but get the mattress turned. That's the Gestapo's favorite trick — feeling for a warm spot on a bed. Keep drilling them, Cornelia. Your lives may depend on success. (*Exits.*)

CORRIE: *(To audience.)* And so, I took Pickwick's advice . . .

(Corrie presses a buzzer beneath the watchshop counter, and the family and Jews scramble through a drill, clearing the table, resetting the chairs, and running up and into the secret room. Mary wheezes loudly as she hurries up the stairs. As the last of the Jews make it into the secret room, Betsie picks up Eusie's pipe from the table, holding it up for Father and Corrie to see with a smile. Eusie is the first to emerge from the hiding place.)

EUSIE: How did we —

(He sees the pipe and hangs his head with a groan. All burst into laughter.)

CORRIE: *(To audience.)* Father and Betsie and I worked on “stalling techniques” which we would use if the Gestapo came to the door. We never did achieve Pickwick's ideal of under a minute, but with practice we learned to jump up from whatever we were doing and get those who had to hide into the secret room in seventy seconds.

ACT 1, SCENE 6

When an uninvited window washer appears at the house, the family and their guests are concerned , fearing he is a spy. Corrie questions her fitness to be involved in the work, but her father encourages her, reminding her that God's strength is made perfect in her weakness.

ACT 1, SCENE 7

The Beje is raided by the Gestapo and the family are arrested, but the Jews hiding in the secret room are not found.

ACT 2, SCENE 1

In solitary confinement in Schevengingen prison, Corrie wonders about her family and ponders her part in God's plan. A tiny visitor to her cell reminds her of the source of her strength, and her true hiding place.

ACT 2, SCENE 2

When the prison guards are away at a party, Corrie is able to learn from the other prisoners that of her family, only she and Betsie remain in prison. A letter from Tine tells her that her father died in prison, and sadness blends with joy as she thanks God for his release.

ACT 2, SCENE 3

Corrie is questioned about her underground activities by a young German lieutenant, Rahms. There is an instant connection between them, and Corrie cannot resist challenging his beliefs and actions with God's word.

ACT 2, SCENE 4

(The next day. The lights rise on Corrie sitting on the cot in her cell.)

CORRIE: I had made a mistake. I said too much, ruining whatever chance I had that this man might take an interest in my case.

(Rahms comes to the door of Corrie's cell.)

CORRIE: And yet, the following morning it was Lieutenant Rahms himself who unlocked my cell door and escorted me to my hearing.

RAHMS: *(Ushering her out of her cell to a spot center stage.)* Today we will stay outside. You are pale; you are not getting enough sun.

CORRIE: A bit of sunlight filters into my cell each afternoon.

RAHMS: Sunlight is life. My family always took summer holidays in the Frisian islands on the North Sea. Before the war. The sunlight has such a pure quality there.

CORRIE: Yes. Light is life, Lieutenant.

(They stand for a moment, enjoying the warmth of the sun.)

CORRIE: How many are there in your family?

RAHMS: My wife and I have three children. They are in Bremen. Oh, and of course, we have two dogs. Every family should have dogs, don't you agree?

CORRIE: I suppose, though I have always been partial to cats. Two big dogs, I'm guessing — shepherds?

RAHMS: *(A little embarrassed.)* Schnauzers. Our flat isn't large.

(Corrie laughs, then they are silent again.)

RAHMS: The warmth of spring feels so good after the winter.

CORRIE: Yes. I have always loved the feel of the earth when the sunlight melts the last of the frost.

RAHMS: *(Turning to her.)* I could not sleep last night, Miss ten Boom. I kept thinking about this Bible of yours, the things you said. So different from what I have come to believe.

CORRIE: Perhaps.

RAHMS: *(Tentatively.)* What else does it say?

(Corrie is silent for a moment, choosing her words.)

CORRIE: It says that a Light has come into this world, so that we need no longer walk in the darkness.

RAHMS: Does it.

CORRIE: Yes. And that the Light shines in the darkness, but the darkness cannot comprehend it. *(Pause.)* Is there darkness in your life, Lieutenant?

(There is a long silence as Rahms ponders this. His discomfort is obvious.)

RAHMS: There is great darkness. I cannot bear the work I do here. Bremen was bombed again last week. Each morning, I ask myself whether my family is still alive.

CORRIE: There is one who has them always in His sight, Lieutenant Rahms. Jesus is the Light of the world. The Light that can shine even in such darkness as yours.

RAHMS: *(Quietly.)* What can you know of darkness like mine . . .

CORRIE: There is darkness in us all.

RAHMS: Perhaps, Miss ten Boom. And the darkness may become darker still for us both before the dawn comes.

ACT 2, SCENE 5

When Scheveningen prison is evacuated, Corrie and Betsie are reunited as they are herded aboard a crowded prison train car for the long, torturous ride into Germany. Betsie reminds Corrie that whatever is to come, they can face it together.

ACT 2, SCENE 6

Corrie and Betsie arrive at the Ravensbrück Women's Extermination Camp and find a place in the filthy barracks. Despite the crowded, dirty conditions and the fleas, Betsie's attitude remains positive, and she encourages Corrie to thank God even these awful circumstances. Their faith and love ministers to the other women in the barracks, and what had been a place of strife becomes a place of comfort as Betsie shares God's word with the other prisoners, offering hope in the face of death.

ACT 2, SCENE 7

Betsie grows ill and weakens as fall turns to winter. Though Corrie begins to lose hope under the oppression of the camp, Betsie encourages her with a vision of their ministry to prisoners and guards alike when the war ends. As Betsie dies and Corrie grieves her loss, she is comforted by memories of her father and sister, reminding her that God is the source of her strength, and she will never face life alone.

Back in the present, Corrie faces her former captor and makes her decision whether to stay in her pain or live out her message of hope and forgiveness.