

THE HIDING PLACE

By Cimmiaron Alvarez, Katy Skogberg,
and Karen Bohmfalk

Adapted from *The Hiding Place*
By Corrie ten Boom
With John and Elizabeth Sherrill

THE HIDING PLACE

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THE HIDING PLACE

The Hiding Place

For Corrie and Betsie, who taught us so many lessons, and for Daniel and Andrew, who had to learn the hardest one of them.

THE HIDING PLACE

The Hiding Place was originally produced at Paradise High School,
Paradise, Texas.

ORIGINAL COMPANY

Casper ten Boom/Prisoner	Daniel Alexander
Corrie ten Boom	Hope Dennie
Betsie ten Boom	Katie Skogberg
Nollie/Gestapo/Nurse/Feeble-Minded Girl	Lainee Hasty
Peter/Soldier /Guard	Drake Young
Toos/Mrs. DeVries/Prisoner	Devan McAsey Perez
Boy/Guard/Prisoner	Garrett Schneck
Herman Sluring/Meyer Mossel/Prisoner	Austin Medlin
Mr. Kan/Minister/ Prisoner	Michael Hasty
Mrs. Kan/Neighbor Woman/Soldier/The Snake	Julianna Smith
Willem/Mr. Smit/Prisoner	Andrew Alexander
Frau Gutlieber/Woman with Baby/Prisoner	Faith Blankenship
Soldier/Guard/Prisoner	Kaitlynn Godwin
Mary Itale/Prisoner	Alyssa McCutchen
Fred Koonstra/Soldier/Guard	Austin Ketchum
Stage Manager	Cimmiaron Alvarez
Costumer	Kyndal Baker
Prop Manager	Heather McDuff
Light Tech	Janae McMurry
Sound Tech	Jenifer Welch
Alternate	Jamie Talley
Altlermate	Cheyanne Alvarez

THE HIDING PLACE

FLEXIBLE CAST OF 15-20

(Pairings indicate doubling possibilities)

Casper ten Boom/Prisoner

Corrie ten Boom

Betsie ten Boom

Nollie/Gestapo/Nurse/Feeble-Minded Girl

Peter/Soldier /Guard

Toos/Mrs. DeVries/Prisoner

Boy (Girl)/Guard/Prisoner

Herman Sluring/Meyer Mossel/Prisoner

Mr. Kan/ Minister/Prisoner

Mrs. Kan/Neighbor Woman/Soldier/The Snake

Willem/Mr. Smit/Prisoner

Frau Gutlieber/Woman with Baby/Prisoner

Soldier/Guard/ Prisoner

Mary Itale/Prisoner

Fred Koonstra/ Soldier/Guard

Extras to play citizens, prisoners/soldiers/guards as needed

Time: 1937-1944

Place: Holland and Germany

SET

Sets are representational, created with a few props, crates, and furnishings that are quickly removed and added by actors out of scene and by actors in scene as they enter and exit. See notes at end of script.

THE HIDING PLACE

THE HIDING PLACE

Holland, January 1937. The sitting room of the Beje, family home and business of the Ten Boom family. FATHER, CASPER, is sitting L in an armchair reading his Bible. He is in his seventies. Near him is artwork with these words: Jesus is Victor. CORRIE, 45, and BETSIE, 52, are nearby listening to the morning ritual before this special day, the hundredth anniversary of Ten Boom Watches, commences.

FATHER. Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.” (He closes the Bible and takes out a pocket watch he has repaired and is testing for accuracy.) Ah, a man should pay for the privilege of working on such a watch. (Corrie and Betsie smile conspiratorially. Corrie goes to tea cart, picks up a festively decorated cake and crosses toward clock shop which adjoins their living quarters. Betsie busies herself in preparation for the celebration.)

CORRIE. Father, how can Ten Boom Watches have stayed open for a hundred years when you are so completely innocent of business. You’ll work for days on a watch and forget to send a bill!

FATHER. Corrie, Betsie! How lovely you both look! Your mother would have loved seeing both of you looking so pretty.

CORRIE. Mama wouldn’t have approved of these bright colors. She always said women of a ‘certain age’ should wear black.

BETSIE. Mama would have loved everything about today. Remember how she loved occasions? (Enter L, NOLLIE, early forties, and her son

THE HIDING PLACE

PETER, 13. Nollie is carrying a platter of tea cakes. Peter is laden with items for the celebration. He puts them down, turns on the radio, and a popular song plays. He grabs his Aunt Corrie and twirls her around as if on a dance floor.)

NOLLIE. Oh, yes, Mama loved a party. Good morning, Father. *(She kisses him.)* Sister, let me help you with those. *(Note: Betsie has never been in good health. She sometimes pauses to catch her breath or gets breathless when talking. She is not physically strong, but she never complains. In contrast, Corrie is much healthier, but she often suffers with swelling and fatigue in her legs, not so much at this point, but worsening later.)*

CORRIE. Peter, you stop that, or I'll get my switch.

PETER. Aunt Corrie, you know I'm your favorite. *(Corrie pinches his cheek and laughs because Peter is correct. Lights up DR, R. A sign reads: Ten Boom Watches – Established 1837. A changeable calendar shows the date, January 1937. TOOS has arrived and is taking off her coat. A bell jingles and Toos shuffles to open the door for a BOY delivering a floral arrangement for the celebration. The store is polished and ready for a big day. A banner proclaims the 100th anniversary of the shop. Clocks are on display. Toos, more family than employee, appears grumpy but is secretly pleased to be a part of this day.)*

BOY. Nice day for the 100th anniversary party, Miss. *(He peers around her to see what delicious treats he might be offered. Toos grumbles and shoos him out the door, but then she relents and gives him a sweet before returning to her grumpiness. (Betsie, Father, and Corrie cross to clock shop.)*

BETSIE. Good morning, Toos! What lovely flowers! Look how they brighten up this room! Here let me take them. *(Peter enters, goes to the radio, and tunes to music. He is immediately immersed in the song. Nollie scolds him and turns it down again.)*

THE HIDING PLACE

(HERMAN SLURING, wealthy old family friend and client, enters.)

FATHER. Good morning, Herman.

BETSIE. Oh, Mr. Sluring! It's a great day for a celebration.

FATHER. A day for memories. *(Corrie and Betsie serve cake to Toos and other guests that enter, including MR. and MRS. KAN.)*

MR. KAN. Good morning, Mr. Ten Boom. The competition is here.

FATHER. Not competitors—colleagues. *(They shake hands warmly. Corrie gives him a look. Betsie swoops in with cake. Mrs. Kan investigates the merchandise.)*

CORRIE. *(To Betsie.)* Do you see what they are doing—finding out how much we are charging so they can undersell us. *(Betsie shushes her.)*

MR. KAN. How is business, Mr. Ten Boom?

FATHER. Fine, Mr. Kan, thank you! But I am concerned for my German suppliers. Often the letters I send are returned, “address unknown.”

MR. KAN. Hmm, my stock comes from Switzerland. We've had no problems.

FATHER. I worry what will happen if Germany goes to war. A war could put me out of business.

BETSIE. Let the big countries fight it out. It won't affect us.

MRS. KAN. The Germans let us alone in the Great War. It's to their advantage to keep Holland neutral.

HERMAN SLURING. Mr. Ten Boom, where is Willem?

FATHER. He'll be along soon. He stays busy with that home he built for elderly Jews in Hilversum, well, in fact for the elderly of all faiths.

CORRIE. Willem is about as good a salesman of the church as Father is of watches. If he has converted a single Jew in 20 years, I haven't heard about it.

BETSIE. Willem doesn't try to change people, just to serve them. And he seems to be serving more and more of them every day.

THE HIDING PLACE

MRS. KAN. I hear thousands of Jews have fled Germany already. Where are they to go? (*WILLEM enters urgently with a woman, FRAU GUTLIEBER. She is clearly injured and frightened.*)

BETSIIE. (*Moving to greet him.*) Welcome, Willem! (*She sees Frau Gutlieber and gasps.*) What happened?

WILLEM. She got out of Germany on a milk truck. Teenage boys in Munich stopped her on a street corner and set fire to her hair. (*Betsie, Corrie, and Willem take her to the house for bandages. Peter follows them.*)

FATHER. Young hoodlums, it's the same in every country. The police will catch up with them, you'll see.

MR. KAN. Germany is a civilized country.

(*The party guests make their farewells and begin to disperse.*)

CORRIE. (*To Willem.*) This man in Germany, does he want war? (*Corrie, Willem, Betsie, and Frau Gutlieber exit to unseen part of house. In the clock shop, Peter turns the radio up again. Music plays, as Peter exits. Lights shift as Toos turns the clock shop calendar numbers to show that it is now 1940 as the radio broadcasts Holland's prime minister announcing that all is well in Holland. Corrie enters during the broadcast and begins her work.*)

VOICE OF PRIME MINISTER. There will be no war. I have had assurances from high sources from both sides that Holland's neutrality will be respected just as in the Great War. There is nothing to fear. Dutchmen must remain calm and—

FATHER. (*In the clock shop, Father works at his bench. He gets up and turns off the radio.*) It is wrong to give people hope when there is no hope. It is wrong to base faith on wishes. There will be war. The Germans will attack, and we will fall. (*His words frighten Toos and Corrie.*) Oh, my dears, I am sorry for all Dutchmen now who do not know the power of God. For we will be beaten, but He will not. (*A BOY approaches FRED*

THE HIDING PLACE

KOONSTRA on the street outside the local food office. A sign identifies this office as the place to get ration cards. Fred is locking the door for the day. A POLICEMAN patrols the street.)

BOY. Excuse me, sir. Mother sent me to pick up our ration cards.

FRED. *(Gruffly.)* We're closed. Come back tomorrow. *(The boy looks at him sadly. Fred softens.)* Oh, this will only take a moment. Come in. Papers? *(The boy hands over the required identification papers.)*

BOY. I'll be strong enough to be a soldier when the Germans come.

FRED. Let us hope that won't happen. *(They exit. Soft light, as if from a lamp, comes up in the Ten Boom parlor. It is night. Father turns on the radio. The first few notes of music are interrupted by a news broadcast announcing the exile of Queen Wilhelmina.)*

RADIO. We interrupt this broadcast: The royal family has fled Holland, and the invasion has begun. *(Father sits, head in hands. The sounds of distant shelling begin and grow louder. Power is lost. Father hurries to light a candle. At the same time, upstairs, Corrie and Betsie are frightened by the sounds. Corrie feels her way in the dark to Betsie's room. They hold one another. In unison.)* **WAR.** *(Betsie pulls Corrie to the floor to her knees.)*

BETSIE. Lord, we pray for our country.

CORRIE. For the dead.

BETSIE. For the injured

CORRIE. For the queen.

BETSIE. For the Germans.

CORRIE. *(Pause.)* Betsie, I cannot pray for those men at all. *(The sounds of war recede as the sun comes up. The community begins gathering in the street and spreading the word. FATHER, too.)*

CROWD. *(Shouting.)* We've surrendered. Holland has fallen.

BOY. I would have fought. I would have never given up.

THE HIDING PLACE

FATHER. My son, Holland's battle has just begun. (*SOLDIER, who has been posted, crosses and pulls out his pocket watch.*)

SOLDIER. Get back to your houses. Holland is now occupied German territory. (*The crowd disperses. Soldier walks on. Father returns to the shop. He changes the calendar in the clock shop to indicate the passage of another year. It is now 1942. MRS. DE VRIES, a beautiful and well-dressed older woman, is seen in the shadows by the Beje. She taps lightly and Betsie opens the door. She sobs, and Betsie pulls her in quickly. She wears the yellow Star of David.*)

BETSIE. Corrie, get Father.

CORRIE. Betsie, we can't—

MRS. DE VRIES. Please help me. I have no place to go. (*Corrie returns with Father.*) Mr. Ten Boom, the German's have closed my dress shop.

FATHER. Mrs. DeVries?

MRS. DE VRIES. The police say my shop is a threat to security. (*She begins to cry.*) I have no place to go.

FATHER. God's people are always welcome here. Corrie, call Willem. Betsie, please take Mrs. DeVries upstairs to rest.

MRS. DE VRIES. Thank you.

FATHER. (*Reassuringly.*) I pity the poor Germans. They have touched the apple of God's eye.

CORRIE. (*Corrie goes to the phone.*) Willem, there's another one.

WILLEM. I know a place, but they will not take a Jew without a ration card, especially now. It's getting harder every month. They're feeling the food shortage now even on the farms.

CORRIE. But Jews aren't provided ration cards.

WILLEM. I know, and ration cards cannot be counterfeited.

CORRIE. Then what do I do?

WILLEM. Steal them.

CORRIE. (*Struggling.*) Could you get them?

THE HIDING PLACE

WILLEM. No. You must develop your own resources. *(Long silence.)* But you know half of Haarlem. Surely someone--the less connection with me, the better.

In the meantime, Betsie has brought in two more Jews. Father is seen greeting the newcomers.

CORRIE. Willem, I have never stolen a single thing in my 50 years. How can I do this? *(Momentary silence--she is distracted by new guests.)* I know of someone. *(Hanging up the phone, Corrie sits on a foot stool and holds her head in her hands. She cries. She sees Father's Bible. She runs her fingers over the cover. It is a moment of great decision. She prays.)* Lord Jesus, I offer myself for your people. In any way. Any place. Any time. *(Putting on her coat, to Betsie.)* I have an errand. *(Corrie exits.)*

BETSIE. We are doing what we can to find you a permanent home. You rest today, and then we will discuss the future.

FATHER. Come. Let me introduce you to others who share your struggles. *(They exit. Lights up L. Fred Koonstra is just opening up at the "Food Office." Corrie sees him. She hesitates, uncertain, and whispers a prayer.)*

CORRIE. Lord, if it is not safe to confide in Fred, stop this conversation now before it is too late." *(She approaches.)* Mr. Koonstra.

FRED. Good morning, Miss. Ten Boom. *(Begins to walk into the office.)*

CORRIE. May I talk with you for a moment? *(Fred turns, interested.)* I first must tell you that we've had some unexpected company at the Beje. *(She pauses.)* They are Jews, hungry Jews. *(She waits to see his reaction.)* We must have ration cards for these people. *(His demeanor changes. He is suspicious and obviously afraid.)* Can you help us? *(Silence. He reaches an important decision.)*

FRED. The food office in Utrecht was robbed last month—but the men were caught. If it happened at noon, when just the record clerk and I are there...and if they found us tied and gagged.... How many do you need?

THE HIDING PLACE

CORRIE. *(Begins to say "five.")* F---One hundred. *(Corrie clinches hand and brings it to her chest.)*

FRED. I will see what can be done. *Fred tips his hat. Corrie, in disbelief, walks toward the Beje. From shadows step Willem and Herman Sluring, smiling.*

CORRIE. Willem? Herman. What are you doing here?

WILLEM. No, shhh. Mr. Smit. And Mr. Smit. *(He points to her.)* Miss Smit. It's the only last name in the underground. And if you are going to work for the underground, you must learn not to ask questions.

CORRIE. What do you mean "Underground?"

HERMAN. Don't you understand, you are the head of an underground operation in this city?

CORRIE. *(Incredulously.)* But all I am doing is providing safety for those who ask. A hollow space under the stairs and some haphazard friendships are not an operation.

WILLEM. You must be very careful. We are being watched. The Beje lacks a secret room. This is a danger for all, those you are helping as well as yourselves and those who work with you.

CORRIE. But we have hidden important possessions and placed a warning sign in the window. Is that not enough.

WILLEM. No, Corrie, it is not enough. You are harboring Jews, and you have not done enough. *(Corrie is stunned by her brother's harsh words.)*

HERMAN. I will send an architect to create a hiding place. *(A GERMAN SOLDIER appears, making rounds.)*

WILLEM. It's time to go.

HERMAN. Good day, Miss Smit. *(Willem and Herman exit. Corrie exits. Father, Betsie, and their "guests," including MARY ITALE, a recently arrived guest with a chronic loud wheeze, have assembled at the dining table in the Beje.)*

THE HIDING PLACE

FATHER. *(Reading.)* “Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path. Thou art my hiding place and my shield; I hope in thy word.” *(He closes the Bible. Betsie serves coffee. The mood is light.)*

BETSIE. To keep you safe here, we must establish some safety rules and find each of you Gentile names.

MRS. DE VRIES. How about Smit? *(They laugh.)*

MARY ITALE. Smit is not a Jewish name.

BETSIE. *(With a smile.)* Oh, Smit....

FATHER. *(With wonder at the thought.)* Another Smit? Seems like I just spoke with a Mr. Smit yesterday. *(They laugh. Corrie hurries in. She removes her jacket as Betsie pours her a cup of coffee. Her hands are shaking.)*

BETSIE. Corrie, what happened?

CORRIE. *(Quietly, and with an embarrassed smile.)* One hundred ration cards.

BETSIE. One-hundred? Oh, Corrie!

CORRIE. I opened my mouth to say five, but out came one-hundred. *(They laugh, but then realize the gravity of the matter.)*

BETSIE. But Corrie, that’s stealing. And lying.

CORRIE. It is. But what does God want from us in times like these? How should a Christian act when evil is in power? *(Betsie turns on the radio so low that she must sit with her ear right on the speakers.)*

FATHER. Any news today?

BETSIE. Radios. The Germans are confiscating radios. What will we do without our radio?

CORRIE. It would be a lie, but I have a solution. *(She takes out an older, smaller radio and switches the two.)* We will find a safe place to hide this one. *(She hides the priceless better radio. Doorbell rings. The houseguests exit to upstairs rooms. Corrie answers it. It is MR. SMIT. He carries a leather bag.)*

THE HIDING PLACE

MR. SMIT. I am Mr. Smit. I have come to see if your home is secure.

FATHER. Who is at the door, Corrie?

CORRIE. It is a Mr. Smit. Remember, I told you that a man would be coming to help us create a safe place for our guests.

FATHER. Ah, yes, Mr. Smit, welcome. *(He chuckles.)* So many Smits.

CORRIE. Mr. Smit, let me show you our procedures. This sign is our warning system. *(Corrie shows a small sign.)* If it is in the window, then it is safe to enter. We have another in the shop.

SMIT. Fine, fine.

CORRIE. And here *(Indicating a cubby hole.)* we secret our jewelry, coins, and other valuables.

SMIT. The first place they'd look. Don't bother changing it, though. It's only silver. We're interested in saving people, not things. *(They start their climb to the second level.)* What an impossibility. What an improbable, unbelievable, unpredictable impossibility. Miss Ten Boom, if all houses were constructed like this one, you would see before you a less worried man. *(Corrie tries to guide him into an empty room, but he turns into hers, all the while tapping on walls and muttering.)*

Unbelievable. This house! Crooked walls! Uneven floors! Ideal!

(Stopping.) This is it. You want your hiding place as high as possible. It gives you the best chance to reach it while the search is on below.

CORRIE. But this is my bedroom.

SMIT. This is where the false wall will go.

CORRIE. But—

SMIT. That's as big as I dare. It will take a cot mattress though. Oh, yes, easily.

CORRIE. But—

SMIT. Oh, yes, this will be the finest hiding place in Holland. I will need to take a few measurements.

THE HIDING PLACE

CORRIE. Certainly. I will leave you to it. *(There is a knock on the door. Corrie goes to answer. It is Fred Koonstra. His face indicates a battering.)*

CORRIE. Mr. Koonstra, what has happened? Who did this to you?

FRED. A small price to pay for 100 ration cards. *(He hands them to her and exits. She hides the cards. In the house, Mr. Smit can be seen measuring walls. He removes a few bricks and a trowel from his bag and leaves. In the clock shop, the calendar now is turned to 1943. Father is showing a watch to a local MINISTER. Two GERMAN SOLDIERS enter. When they turn to look at a watch, Father removes the small Alpina sign from the window.)*

MINISTER. I need a part for this watch. It belonged to my father.

FATHER. Good day.

SOLDIER 1. We need to see your stock.

FATHER. I'll be with you in a moment.

SOLDIER 2. *(Ignoring him.)* I'm looking for something for my girl in Germany, but nothing here is the quality I would find there. *(The second soldier snickers disparagingly.)*

FATHER. Let me check my stock. *(He steps into the storage area.)*

SOLDIER 1. It will probably be a fake. If it is real, you can buy it for your girl.

SOLDIER 2. And if it's not, you can buy it for your wife! *(They laugh.) (Mr. Smit leaves the Beje and crosses in front of the watch shop. He sees that there is no sign in the window and his face reveals surprise. He exits quickly)*

FATHER. I believe you will find this one suitable. *(He places a watch on the counter, wrapped in protective velvet. The soldiers look at the watch approvingly.)*

SOLDIER 1. How much for this watch?

FATHER. Hmm, I believe that watch is... *(Corrie enters and realizes that the Germans are right there.)* Corrie, how much for this watch?

THE HIDING PLACE

(Outside the Beje, a young woman taps on the door. She holds an infant. BETSIE opens the door, looks both ways quickly, and pulls her in. She takes the baby, as the woman sits down at the table. Betsie gives her a glass of water. In a moment, Betsie gives the baby back to the mother.)

CORRIE. I can sell it to you for 25 guilders—that's the best we can do.

SOLDIER 2. I'll take it. *(He pays, and they give him the watch and a receipt. The soldiers exit. Father replaces the Alpina sign. He takes a deep breath of relief. They share a look. Betsie enters the shop.)*

BETSIE. Corrie, could you come here for a minute. *(They whisper at the back. Father is showing a watch to the minister again. Corrie reenters, hesitantly, then deliberately.)*

CORRIE. Good morning, pastor. I have something I want to confess.

MINISTER. Confess?

CORRIE. I confess that I too am searching for something. *(Beat.)* Would you be willing to take a Jewish mother and her baby into your home? They will almost certainly be arrested otherwise.

MINISTER. Miss Ten Boom! I do hope you are 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! *(He doesn't see Betsie enter with the swaddled baby in her arms. Betsie crosses to him and uncovers the child's face. He reaches out to touch the baby and then pulls away.)*

MINISTER. No! Definitely not. We could lose our lives for that Jewish child.

FATHER. Give the child to me, Betsie. *(He takes the baby.)* You say we could lose our lives for this child. I would consider that the greatest honor that could come to my family.

MINISTER. I'll be back next week to pick up my watch. *(The Minister turns and leaves, stopping for a moment as if reconsidering, then exits. Betsie exits with the baby.)*

THE HIDING PLACE

CORRIE. *(She has distanced herself from the discussion—thinking.)*

There's a farm on the edge of Haarlem. The Gestapo has been there already, but there is nowhere else available on such short notice. *(She dials the telephone.)* I have a ladies watch that needs its small hand replaced. We can't repair it here. Do you have the right parts? *(She listens.)* Thank you. *(To Father.)* Someone will be here after dark. *(She takes a breath and lets it out as a sigh.)* And he will bring us a watch with a face that is causing difficulty. A fair trade.

FATHER. We will make room for him. Somehow. *(Lights brighten on dining room where Betsie has gathered the residents, including MARY ITALE, and they all are oohing and ahing over the baby. There is a tap on the door.)*

BETSIE. They're here. *(Betsie opens to admit an elderly Jewish man, MEYER MOSSEL. The woman and the baby go to the door. Betsie leans to kiss the baby and squeezes the woman's hand. Corrie enters. She is emotional at the sight.)*

BETSIE. Do come in.

MEYER MOSSEL. The very first thing I must ask is whether 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. *(Everyone laughs.)*

BETSIE. Of course you must keep your pipe! My father smokes a cigar—when he can find one these days.

MEYER MOSSEL. Ah! These days! What do you expect, when the barbarians have overrun the camp? *(They enter the dining room. Father enters. Meyer Mossel's eyes go straight to Father. Father is delighted that the new houseguest is a man.)*

MOSSEL. Ah, one of the Patriarchs.

BETSIE. Father, this is Mister Mossel.

THE HIDING PLACE

FATHER. Kaspar Ten Boom. My pleasure. A brother of the Chosen People. I would consider it an honor if you would read for us tonight.

MEYER MOSSEL. *(Mossell puts on a small prayer cap and takes up Father Bible. He begins to read.)* “Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart. And I will be found of you, saith the Lord: and I will turn away your captivity...,” *(He can’t go on. He stops, removes his glasses, and dries his eyes. Father comes to him, puts his hand on his shoulder, and continues from memory.)*

FATHER. “... And I will bring you again into the place whence I caused you to be carried away captive.”

MEYER MOSSEL. Forgive me. My family... you know....

FATHER. *(Pats him on the back.)* You’ll need a safe name. I think we’ll call you Eusebius.

MARY ITALE. How about Smit? That does seem to be a popular name.

FATHER. It does seem so! Extraordinarily popular!

(Everyone laughs at Father. Betsie brings in a casserole and sets it on the table. She stops as she sees the face of a woman looking in the window.)

BETSIE. Corrie!

CORRIE. Drill. Go now. *(Father goes to his chair to read. Others exit to hiding place, Mary Itale guiding Meyer Mossell. Corrie opens the door, Betsie behind her. A NEIGHBOR WOMAN stands outside.)*

NEIGHBOR WOMAN. Miss Ten Boom, could you please keep your Jews quiet. There are all kinds of people on this street. *(She turns and walks away.)*

BETSIE. Thank you. *(to Corrie)* If she knows, then how many others do? *The telephone rings in the shop. Corrie hurries to answer it. Betsie goes to Father.*

CORRIE. Hello. *(She is silent.)* Yes. *(She hangs up the phone. She returns—in despair. Betsie and Father look at her, concerned. She sinks into a chair.)*

THE HIDING PLACE

The watches that we sent for repair were destroyed. *(She begins to cry. Then she starts to cough.)* That tiny baby.... And you, father, and Betsie, what if it were us? We are at the center of the underground.

BETSIE. Corrie, it's God's Underground.

CORRIE. I don't know what I would do if it destroyed you and Father.

FATHER. This is evil's hour; we cannot run away from it. Corrie, when the time comes, that some of us have to die, you will find the strength you need, just in time. *(Corrie clutches Father's arm with one hand and reaches for Betsie's hand.)*

BETSIE. Corrie, you are so warm, you have a fever.

CORRIE. I am fine. *(She stands up and almost faints.)*

BETSIE. Let me help you to bed. *(Corrie leans on Betsie as they climb to Corrie's room. She helps Corrie into her bed and pulls up the covers. The Jewish guests creep out of hiding. Betsie descends to the dining room and begins tidying up. In the shop, Father changes the calendar one more time. It is 1944. There is a pounding at the door. Whispers of "Hurry, hurry," as Jews hide again. Corrie is so ill, she is slow to recognize what is going on. In the entry to the house, Soldier 1 pushes past Betsie and brutally knocks her to the floor. A GESTAPO OFFICER ransacks the place. He finds their hidden radio and pockets some other items he finds. Upstairs, the sound of Mary's loud wheezing is heard from the hiding place.)*

CORRIE. Lord Jesus, you have the power to heal. Heal Mary now. *(Mary's wheezing is silenced. The Gestapo officer shoves through into Corrie's room.)*

GESTAPO. What is your name?

CORRIE. What?

GESTAPO. Your name.

CORRIE. Cornelia ten Boom.

SOLDIER 2. We've got one more up here. *(To Corrie.)* Get up, get dressed. *(She pulls on her coat and shoes. He ransacks her room.)*

THE HIDING PLACE

GESTAPO. So you're the ringleader. (*Viciously.*) Tell me now where you are hiding the Jews.

CORRIE. I don't know what you're talking about. (*She turns to pick up the bag she has packed in preparation for this day. Seeing that it is directly in front of the exit to the hidden space, she leaves it.*)

SOLDIER 2. And you don't know anything about the underground ring either. We'll see about that. Hurry up. (*Soldier 2 pushes her downstairs. She stumbles and he strikes her. Father and Betsie sit side by side on chairs soldiers have moved against dining room wall.*) Here's the other one listed at this address. My information says she's the leader of the whole outfit. (*He drags her into the clock shop.*)

GESTAPO. Where are the Jews?

CORRIE. There aren't any Jews here. (*He strikes her hard across the face.*)

SOLDIER 1. Where do you hide the ration cards?

CORRIE. I don't know what you're—(*He hits her again. Before she can recover, he strikes her again and again.*)

GESTAPO. Where are your Jews? You may as well tell us—we have arrested Herman Sluring already and his papers have led us to you. (*He hits her again. She cannot respond.*) Where is your secret room?

CORRIE. Lord Jesus, protect me.

GESTAPO. (*His hand stops in mid-air.*) If you say that name again, I'll kill you. (*His arm drops to his side.*) If you won't talk, that skinny one will. (*He pushes Corrie into the house. She sees Betsie.*)

CORRIE. Oh, Betsie, they hurt you.

BETSIE. Yes, I feel so sorry for them.

GESTAPO. Law abiding citizens, are you? You, old man there, I see you believe in the Bible. Tell me, what does it say in there about obeying the government?

FATHER. Fear God and honor the queen. (*The telephone rings.*)

THE HIDING PLACE

GESTAPO. *(He drags/shoves Corrie to the telephone.)* Answer.

CORRIE. Ten Boom Watches. *(He rips the phone from her hands. UL, a MEMBER OF THE DUTCH RESISTANCE makes a call.)*

DUTCH RESISTANCE MEMBER. Miss Ten Boom, you're in terrible danger. They know everything. *(The Gestapo hangs up the phone. The Dutch Resistance Member exits.)*

GESTAPO. I've heard enough.

SOLDIER 2. If there is a secret room here, the devil himself built it.

SOLDIER 1. There is a secret room, and people are using it, or they would have admitted it.

GESTAPO. Set a guard around the house until they have turned to mummies.

SOLDIER 1. Get moving. *(They are shoved out the door, soldiers shouting orders, tossing their possessions around, and both soldiers and family taking set pieces with them from watch shop and living quarters. Some set pieces, crates mostly, are left behind to be used in next scenes. Soldier 2 remains to stand guard. DR a new sign identifies this place as the police station. The police station is crowded with other prisoners who have been arrested and who are being processed by Dutch police and German officials. The Jews who were waiting in the hiding place have made slight costume and physical changes and merge seamlessly into the background of this scene. At C, The Ten Booms enter and are shoved to the floor. They huddle momentarily.)*

SOLDIER 1. Wait here. *(Exits.)*

CORRIE. We must agree on what to say—

BETSIE. *(Cutting her off.)* Corrie, for heaven's sake, stop talking. *(Nodding toward a man who is huddled nearby.)* That man is a Gestapo plant. *(Betsie takes a calming breath.)* Father, a scripture?

FATHER. *(Father thinks, then quietly begins.)* "Thou art my hiding place and my shield: I hope in thy word. Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

THE HIDING PLACE

GUARD 1. (*GUARD 1 notices that Father is very old.*) You, old man, I would like to send you home. I will take your word that you will cause no more trouble. (*Corrie and Betsie are relieved.*)

FATHER. If I go home today, tomorrow I will open my door to any man who knocks.

GUARD 1. (*The guard's moment of pity now turns to anger.*) Get in line. I will tolerate no more delays. You will all be questioned. (*They line up on either end of a counter --the counter that had been in the watch shop. Guard calls to Betsie.*)

GUARD 2. Next. (*Betsie steps up.*) Name.

BETSIE. Elizabeth ten Boom.

GUARD 2. Marital status.

BETSIE. Unmarried.

GUARD 2. (*Insistent.*) Number of children.

BETSIE. I am unmarried.

GUARD 2. (*Angrily.*) Number of children.

BETSIE. (*Resignedly.*) No children. (*In another area of stage, a Jew screams*)

JEW. It's mine! You can't take it! You can't!

GUARD 1. This is how we take things from a Jew. (*They kick the person into submission. He/she cries and moans on the floor.*)

SOLDIER 1. (*Gesturing toward Corrie.*) This woman was the ringleader.

CORRIE. It is true. The others—they know nothing about it. It was all my—

GUARD 1. Name.

CORRIE. Cornelia ten Boom, and I'm the—

GUARD 1. Age?

CORRIE. Fifty-two. The rest of these people had nothing to do—

GUARD 1. Occupation?

THE HIDING PLACE

CORRIE. Watch maker. *Corrie sees that Father is about to be separated from them. It is too much to bear.)* Father! *(She fights her rising hysteria.)* God be with you.

FATHER. And with you, my daughters.

BETSIE. Oh, Father. *(Betsie grips Corrie's hand.)*

GUARD 2. Give me your possessions. *(Betsie surrenders her watch. The guard looks at the ring on her finger. Betsie takes it off.)* Next.

Possessions. (Corrie gives up her watch and her wallet and a few paper guilders. Betsie is given a crate containing a pillow and a blanket. Corrie gets one last glimpse and calls to her. There is no answer. Corrie begins coughing again and is light-headed. She can hardly stand up. Throughout scene, other prisoners are processed. Each is given a wooden crate containing a pillow and thin blanket and crosses upstage under red lights in a seemingly endless procession. Create this effect by looping around and passing again, if needed. As they cross for the final time, they file into "cells," then stop with their boxes and stand quietly, creating a grid pattern with two or three rows spanning across stage, suggesting prison cells with walkways in front of each row.) Nurse, this one is sick. Put her in solitary. *(A crate holding pillow and blanket is shoved into her hands. This should be one of the last crates that were used to create the clock shop set and the police station processing area, effectively creating the next space. NURSE enters and helps Corrie to a "cell," C/DC. The guards remove any remaining portions of their work counter. The police station is now transformed into a prison. Two actors raise a banner on poles upstage identifying the place as Scheveningen Prison. The nurse is Dutch, and obviously objects to the proceedings but has no choice but to obey the German guards. Guards 1 and 3 bring out ladders UR and UL. They will use these as watch towers.)*

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