"Dear Mr. Nazi" by Elsie Burns

1st Place, Short Play 16-18

1 ST PL-011 / 16-18

Dear Mr. Nazi

A Short Play

Setting:

In the center of the stage, there is a solitary table. It is equipped with several sheets of old paper and next to them, a box. A little girl of around 10 sits at this table, leaning over and writing. Her clothes filled with lace. She speaks as she writes.

Young Sofia Schmidt:

Dear Mr, Nazi, My name is Sofia

Schmidt. I have a question for you.

Why are you bombing my town?

It's so loud and I can't sleep.

Please stop.

She sets this piece of paper inside an envelope and sets it into the box. Then she pulls out another piece. The lights switch off then back on. She is crying now.

Young Sofia Schmidt:

Dear Mr, Nazi,

You made my Daddy go away!

I hate you! I hate you!

Where did you take him?!

She puts the paper in the box and gets another piece.

Young Sofia Schmidt:

Dear Mr. Nazi,

Everything is changing. My friends

moved away, I don't think I will ever see them again.

Did you make them go away?!

The lights go off for a few seconds and when they turn back on a girl of around 15 sits at the table, her clothes more worn and her face clouded with weariness.

Sofia Schmidt:

Dear Mr. Nazi,

It's been a few years, I'm in hiding now.

Why? Because you think my family is less than

Animals. We had to leave our home but we survived.

Some of our friends weren't that lucky.

They were beaten to death or taken.

Mother is getting sick, I don't know

How much longer we can stand the running.

She pulls out another piece of paper after putting the old one in the box. The lights flicker off then on again.

Sofia Schmidt:

You took Mother! I watched while

You dragged her away by her hair,

Not even allowing me to say goodbye.

I hid while you beat her and I saw no remorse

In your eye. You truly believe what you're doing

Is right? Do you honestly? I wish I could go

Into your mind and see how you perceive

The world. Since when did being a Jew become a crime?

I now must find a way to keep myself from being

Discovered or you'll take me, too.

I hate you, Mr. Nazi.

But why do you hate me?

The lights switch off and when they switch back on there is now an adult woman sitting in the chair. Her clothes are worn but intact. She picks up a piece of paper and starts writing.

Adult Sofia Schmidt:

Dear Mr. Nazi,

It's been years since I last wrote to you.

The war is over, but the scars will linger forever.

Mother is gone, I don't know where, or if she's even

Alive. How do you live with yourself now? As you

Walk down the street, do you see all the destruction

That you've caused?

I no longer hate you. Too much time has passed

For me to nurse an old grudge. I don't feel anything

Towards you anymore.

She places the paper in the box and takes one last piece.

An elderly man enters to the right, reading a book. He looks up and sees Sofia and gives a sad smile.

Adult Sofia Schmidt:

This is the last letter I will write to you, Mr. Nazi.

Because you're dying…

All the signs point to the fact that within a year

You'll be gone forever. I'm glad!

Because it means, once you die, I will finally

Get my father back. He's been

Corrupted by you for too long and I'm

Happy you're going.

I forgive you, Mr. Nazi, but I also want to

Thank you.

You never let my Father truly die. You kept

Him with you all this time and for that I thank you.

Farewell, Mr. Nazi.

The old man comes over to Sofia and taps her shoulder.

Mr. Schmidt:

What are you writing?

Sofia Schmidt:

Just a letter to a past acquaintance.

Mr. Schmidt:

Ah. From the war?

Sofia Schmidt:

Ya.

Mr. Schmidt:

Did you like them? Do you

Want to see if I can find them?

Sofia Schmidt:

No, Papa, I promise you, It's

Better this way.

Mr. Schmidt smiles and walks away. Sofia puts the lid on the box and writes on the outside.

Sofia Schmidt:

To Papa: A Reminder of What We Were.

The Nazi and the Jew.

She quietly sings the German national anthem as she exits the stage. She turns to look back at the table and the box and smiles. The stage goes dark.

The End