**Enemy**

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 **Characters**

Otto: A young Austrian recruit in the German Wehrmacht.

Nadia: A school teacher and Russian partisan.

 **Props and Set**

The Russian Front, winter 1943. A room with a single barred window (upstage, facing audience). Moonlight floods into the room. Nadia is badly bruised. She wears peasant boots and a sheepskin coat. Otto is dressed in German army uniform. Props include a bible, a rosary, and a chair.

*(Otto sits on the chair downstage. He is reading a small black bible. Nadia stands upstage. She moves to the window)*

Nadia The sky, it is big at night.

Otto (*stunned*) You speak German? But we've been sitting here for hours. (*Nadia winces in pain. Otto offers her his coat*) Please.

Nadia (*turning away in disgust*) It is fate, I spend my last time in a room with a . . . (*too angry to speak for a while*) . . . with a man in that uniform. So I speak. For my heart it is necessary. For my soul.

Otto (*moves towards Nadia*) Please, let me help you. You’re still bleeding.

Nadia German help? (*she spits on the ground*)

Otto I hate this war as much as you do.

Nadia Because you are losing it.

Otto (*pulls at his uniform*) This, this I hate. I hate what it’s doing to people. I won’t wear it anymore. (*he starts to rip off his jacket*)

Nadia If you rape me, I bite you, I scratch . . .

Otto (*to Nadia*) I’m not a coward. (*he shouts out of the window*) I’m not a coward!

Nadia I know you, German soldier. You rape women, you kill children, but when you see our men with guns . . . Ha, then you run.

Otto No, no you’re wrong. Why do you think I’m here? Because I wouldn’t . . . I couldn’t shoot innocent people . . . your people. And now I’m going to die because of it. (*she stares at him with hatred*) How vain I am, even now. I want someone to applaud my sacrifice. (*he takes out a rosary and prays silently*)

Nadia Tell me. Does your God enjoy this war? Perhaps he thinks heaven is too empty?

Otto Don't mock God. He's all we have.

Nadia Then I pity you.

Otto Even now, it's not too late. We still have an hour . . . or more.

Nadia An hour? What can we do in one hour?

Otto Everything. (*Nadia snorts and turns away*) Do you think about the men you killed?

Nadia Your friends.

Otto Yes, one of them was.

Nadia They are animals. They die like animals.

Otto Your people, then? Seven Russians are shot for every German you partisans kill. Does they mean nothing to you? The ones on the list.

Nadia We are all on the list. Unless we fight, we all die. We must meet blood with blood.

Otto No.

Nadia And I say, yes. With blood. There is no other way.

Otto Is human life so cheap to you? Is that what you’re dying for?

Nadia Bozje moy! I am a mother . . . I have a daughter. Katya. She is precious. (*pause*) It will not be my hands who rebuild my country. But my daughter, she will. Or if you kill her, there will be someone else's little girl to celebrate May Day with ribbons tied on her pretty little head . . .

Otto (*coming closer*) Katya will live.

Nadia (*almost praying*) Gospadi . . .

Otto We have to hold on to what’s good in us.

Nadia Everything I did was necessary.

Otto I can see her. Katya. I can see her growing up. With the ribbons in her hair. She's laughing. Like we used to laugh. (*pause*) A child. How much hope there is in a child.

Nadia Yes.

Otto Let's talk. Please, while there's still time. Every second we're alive, we have hearts and minds. Everything I've felt. All the things I’ll never feel . . . In an hour, there'll be no more Otto Schutz. Look at me. Tell me I made some difference.

Nadia (*more gently*) In another world, perhaps, little soldier, we might have sat at a cafe, drink black coffee, fall in love. But now we are dead. The world is not ours anymore. (*she goes to the window and stares out*) Look there, behind the trees. Do you see? Is it dawn?

Otto So soon? (*he joins her*)

Nadia I think it is dawn. (*they stand side by side at the window*) Yes. I think it is dawn. (*Spotlight flares up on their faces. Sound of two pistol shots)*

 *(Final Black Out)*

TO PERFORM THIS PLAY PLEASE CONTACT:

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