

“A Letter to a Soldier”

by
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What Honor veterans and fallen soldiers with this simple, yet moving script. In it, actor(s) read a letter to a soldier that expresses their gratitude for the sacrifices made on their behalf to protect their freedoms.

Themes: Memorial Day, Veterans Day, Military, Gratitude, Freedom, Sacrifice

Who Reader 1
Reader 2
Reader 3

When Present

**Wear
(Props)** Three Pieces of Paper

Why John 15:13

How Go slow! Be sure not to rush through this monologue. Actors can either hold the letters in their hands or place them on a podium in front of them. Although reading a letter, make sure that the actors take time to look up at the audience. The slight pauses should be very brief—seconds. However, they are written into the script to remind the actors to actually ‘remember’ each situation described.

Acting Tip: Read this as if you are reading a Eulogy. It shouldn't be morbid, but rather meaningful and thoughtful as if remembering the life of a hero.

If preferred, this script can be performed by one actor reading the entire letter. For more ideas on how to perform this script, watch [How to Perform a Reader's Theatre at SkitGuys.com](#).

Time Approximately 3 minutes

Reader 2 stands Stage Left of Center with a letter in her hand.

Reader 3 stands Stage Right of Center with a letter in her hand.

Reader 1 enters.

She approaches Center Stage with a letter in her hand. She clears her throat and begins reading the letter. While reading she glances up, from time to time, and looks directly into the audience.

Reader 1: I don't remember if I ever said, thank you.

Slight pause.

Reader 1: I remember seeing you in uniform at parades, at ceremonies, in the airport. You always looked unafraid and heroic. I remember the way you would salute the flag—with such precision.

Slight pause.

Reader 2: I waved at you. One time. You were marching in a parade, your gaze was determined, unwavering—straight ahead. You didn't see me. I knew you probably wouldn't, but I waved anyway.

Slight pause.

Reader 3: I remember your humility. They would play, the band—they would play for you. And you would reluctantly stand, modestly, often not wanting to be singled out.

Slight pause.

Reader 2: I remember the way you wore your hat, the way the light would hit the metal on your uniform. I remember the sound of your boots when they hit the ground.

Slight pause.

Reader 1: But I don't remember if I ever said, thank you.

Slight pause.

Reader 1: I probably didn't. Because it seems so strange to thank someone you don't know. That shouldn't have stopped me. It didn't stop you. You were willing to give the ultimate sacrifice, for someone that you didn't even know.

Reader 2: You didn't know if I had brown eyes or blue, if I was young or old, if I was tall or short. Not that it would have changed anything. You were willing

to spend time away from your friends, your family, your country, to defend—me. No matter who I was.

Reader 3: You fought to protect my freedom.

Reader 1: To uphold my right to vote.

Reader 3: My freedom to worship—

Reader 2: To speak my mind without fear—

Reader 1: You fought so that I could have the privilege to live life to its fullest.

Slight pause.

Reader 3: I'd like to think that we might have been friends. Maybe we held the same values and beliefs, hopes and dreams.

Slight pause.

Reader 2: But maybe we didn't.

Slight pause.

Reader 2: You may not have liked me. I may have chosen different ideas to follow and other things to pursue. But you fought for my right to disagree with you.

Reader 3: Because you believed in something greater than yourself. Freedom. Freedom for *all*.

Slight pause.

Reader 1: Your sacrifice exemplifies the commands of Jesus. Your selfless acts mirror the gospel.

Reader 3: You deserve a hero's reward. (*Admittedly*) But I don't really know what that is. And I don't know how to give it to you.

Slight pause.

Reader 2: Your sacrifice has changed my life. It's *still* changing my life. And I don't remember if I ever told you that.

Slight pause.

Reader 1: Somehow it doesn't seem enough—but I wanted to make sure that you knew, that *I know*, this country, my country, my freedom—would not exist without you. And I wanted to make sure that I said,

All: Thank you.
Lights out. PURCHASE

SCRIPT

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