

## Act Two Scene 1

*Seattle, WA in the present*

**START**

*EMILY enters and walks to center stage with the folded flag*

EMILY

Craig was killed on the same day as those students at Kent State. There was a reason I was feeling so terrible that day.

I didn't want to have a military funeral — the flag, Taps, and the 21 guns; the Army paid for it — I couldn't — so they did it the way they wanted. Craig's headstone even has all of his medals listed — as if nothing else in his life mattered.

Awhile back I was going through some old boxes. We all have them, don't we — boxes we haven't looked through for years? There's always that surprise — takes you right back to another time. For me it was this flag. My first husband was killed in a *war*. I thought I had put all the grief and anger aside long ago — but holding this flag, I was right back in that space again, losing Craig, finding out he was dead. I could feel it — the loneliness that made me want to die.

*(EMILY cradles the flag with her head draped over it. BILL enters)*

BILL

Em, I was wondering what you thought about....Hey! What's wrong? That's Craig's flag isn't it? Everything okay?

EMILY

I'm okay. I was just going through these boxes.

BILL

Pretty traumatic thing to happen to a twenty year old girl. Pretty traumatic thing to happen to anyone but.....want to talk about it?

EMILY

Oh, ...I was so bitter. It was hard for me to get married — I never thought I wanted to get married — and then *they* took him away from me. Everyone over 30 was responsible for everything bad in the world. I blamed them — the old — they're the ones who send the young to war.

*(EMILY puts down the flag and picks up a stack of letters wrapped with a ribbon)*

Craig wrote to me every day from Vietnam — these letters were in the same box.

*(BILL walks to the box and picks up another one of the piles of letters wrapped together with a ribbon.)*

BILL

Wow! Real letters — been years since I’ve seen one. I guess they didn’t text back then did they? *(Chortle)* That’s great you still have these.

EMILY

I haven’t read any of them since the first year after he died. I used to pick one out every once in awhile and cry my way through it.

But what did you come to ask me? You were wondering what I thought about....?

BILL

Oh — just wondering if you want to watch the rest of the movie we started last night.

EMILY

The one we both fell asleep in front of? Actually, right now I’d kind of like to spend some time with these letters. Maybe if I read them again I can figure out why I still feel so bitter. If I put it off I may never get back to reading them. Would you mind?

BILL

Not at all Em.

*(EMILY walks to BILL and gives him a hug and BILL exits)  
(EMILY sits and puts down all but one of the letters. She unfolds the letter and reads silently. CRAIG enters and sits at his Vietnam desk.)  
(Then to the audience)*

EMILY

He starts out just hoping to do something for his country.

**END**

CRAIG

August 14th, 1969. “Well my time has finally come. I am very sad to see this part of my life end. I hate to say goodbye to anyone, and wish I never had to leave. I love you more as each day goes by.”

*(They speak together)*

CRAIG and EMILY

“I hope you will be okay while I’m gone.”

EMILY

“I think what I’m doing is right, perhaps I’m just mixed up, but I feel like I should be where my country needs me. Give all my love to everyone at home.”