

This is the speech that begins the play...

A gravestone.

ANNE, a woman in her 50s.

ANNE

This isn't my grave.
There are days I wish it was.
Days I think it should be.
A person shouldn't outlive the next generation.
Parents shouldn't outlive their children.

This is what war does.

It's the law of averages. Put a body in front of bullets
and explosives and people who want that body to fall, do
that often enough, the body will fall. Nobody's luck lasts
forever.
Nobody.
No body.

I feel this way, and do nothing.

I should have barred the door.
I shouldn't have let him go back.
If I'd done everything I could, everything I should, this
boy wouldn't be in the ground.
And I have to live with that.

I get to live with that.
Because more people die, to preserve my life. My way of
life.
It's obscene.