

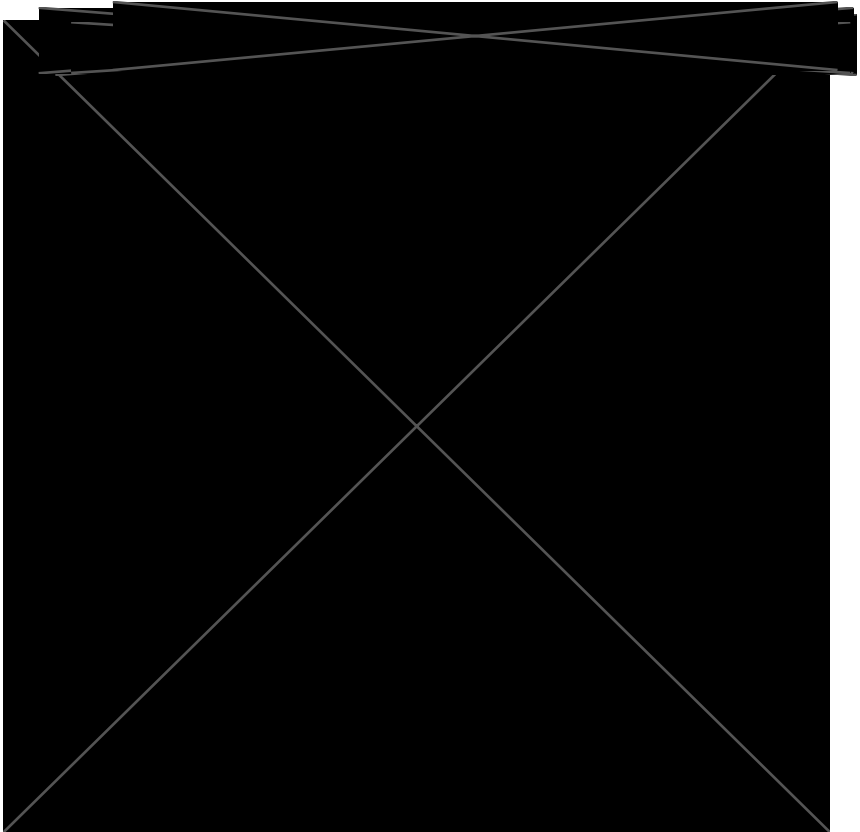
BLUEBIRDS

VERN THIESSEN



UNITED PLAYERS OF VANCOUVER

6 | VERN THIESSEN



CHRISTY: Dearest Jack. It's only been a few days since we saw each other, but it feels like . . .

CHRISTY vomits over the side of an imaginary ship.

It has only just occurred to me this is my first time on a ship. I've never crossed Lake Erie, let alone the Atlantic. Nineteen nurses on board and me the only one who gets siiii—

She retches.

When I think of rough water, it's near Elora Gorge, up the Grand River. Mother'd never allow us on that white water:



CHRISTY: Would have been nice practise, Mother.

She calms.

The only thing that calms my topsy-turvy stomach is you, Jack.

We've known each other a long time. You pulling my ponytail in grade school. Me kicking your shins then wiping away your tears. Us kissing for the first time at sixteen. After high school, you working at the telephone factory in Brantford and me at nursing school.



CHRISTY: We enlist the same day. And two days later, you kiss me farewell.



CHRISTY: Mother sees me off. Hands me a Bible:

BAB: "Keep God close, Christy, and you'll always be safe."

CHRISTY: Train to Toronto, then to Halifax, then to London, and now . . .

CHRISTY is nauseous.

(calming herself) "Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud."

It passes.

Whadya know, Jack? A good Bible verse calms the stomach. This *will* be an adventure!