

VINH(CONT)

I will pick you up in the morning. I am here to take care of you for the time you are in Saigon.

(VINH exits and the lights dim)

(Spot on EMILY as she addresses the audience)

START

EMILY

It was 2016 when I went to Vietnam. I would have been lost without Vinh. He made my trip so much better. Just meeting him, well, — it changed my life.

(EMILY pauses)

But that's way ahead of where the story begins. We have to go back to 1968, the year I graduated from high school. The military had a draft in 1968 and all 18 year old men had to register. When they graduated from high school, they had to think about more than who they might ask to the prom — they were deciding what to do about the military. They could join, get a deferment and go to college, move to Canada, or sit around and wait to be drafted. The ones who wanted to protest the system itself — burned their draft cards.

(EMILY raises her fist.)

“Hell no, we won't go!”

(EMILY puts her fist down and pauses)

Women weren't included in the draft. If they did serve, it wasn't in combat. When I got out of school, I only had to decide if I wanted to go to college, and which one....until I met Craig, that is. It was our senior year, 1968.

(EMILY moves downstage.)

END

(CRAIG and YOUNG EMILY enter. They are affectionate with each other —kissing and hugging throughout the scene.)

CRAIG

Peterson's history test was a bummer. How'd you do? Your class took it this morning, right?

YOUNG EMILY

Well, I studied for it — so I think I did okay.

CRAIG

Oh, yeah — studying. I should try that.

(He looks impishly ashamed for not studying then changes the subject.)

That cheerleader chick wondered if I was going to ask her to the dance.

YOUNG EMILY

Sheila? Serious? What did you tell her?

CRAIG

I told her I'm going with you, of course.