

**BABY KINTYRE**  
**A CBC Radio Opera Serial**  
**EPISODE THREE: A WRETCH LIKE ME**

**CHARACTERS**

Young Rita, age 10 (child soprano)  
Wesley, Rita's Uncle, late 30's (bass-baritone)  
Della, Rita's Aunt, late 30's (soprano)  
George, a boarder, 24 (baritone)

*(Several months later. Della and Rita are in the kitchen preparing supper.  
Sounds of dishes and cutlery.)*

Della: Rita, please get that table set for supper.  
Your Uncle will be home any moment.

Rita: Yes, Aunt Della.

Della: And did you clean your room?

Rita: Yes, Aunt Della.

Della: That's a good girl, Rita.  
And how are you settling in?  
Goodness, it has been almost five months  
since you joined us.

Rita: I like it here,  
my dollies like it here.  
You are so good to me,  
and isn't Uncle Wesley a very fine man?

Della: *(sarcastically laughing.)* Rita, you make me laugh.  
Your Uncle Wesley may be a fine man,  
*(more to herself)* but even the finest of men,  
sometimes stray.  
Remember that.  
But, yes...you are right.  
He's a fine man.

Rita: Why do you take those pills? Are you sick?

Della: So many, questions, Rita.  
They help me to sleep.

Nothing at all, really.

Rita: Where do babies come from?

Della: Rita, really!  
A proper young lady would not ask that.  
They come from God, Rita.  
(*Starting to cry.*) They come from God and they go to God,  
and that is all that should concern you.

Rita: Sorry, Aunt Della.

Della: Now do not ask me that...

(*The front door opens.*)

Wesley: I'm home.

Rita: (yelling) Hi, Uncle Wes!

Wesley: Or I should say *we're* home.

Della: Oh, I beg your pardon. Hello.

Wesley: This is George Turner...from Ottawa. He's in town looking for work.  
Met him on the streetcar. Getting late so I thought he could stay the night.  
He's actually looking for a place and I know we talked about renting the  
spare room...

Della: (*somewhat cold*) Hello, Mister Turner.

George: Hello ma'am.

Rita: Hey, George.

Wesley: That's Ritzy Rita.

George: Hey yourself, little lady.

Della: Rita, dear, could you show Mr. Turner to the front? I need to discuss  
something with your Uncle.

Rita: Pos-i-tute-ly. Right this way, George.

George: Lead on, little lady.

*(They walk to the front room.)*

Rita: We have a piano, but I'm not very good.

George: Well I've tinkled a few ivories in my days. *(tries out a few arpeggios)*  
Do you sing?

Rita: Like a nightingale.

George: That's swell, then Ritzy Rita,  
try and keep up.

George: By the light,

Rita: Not the dark, but the light,

George: Of the silvery moon,

Rita: Not the sun, but the moon,

George: I want to spoon,

Rita: not croon, but spoon,

George: To my honey,

Both: I'll croon love's tune.

Rita: Honeymoon,

George: Honeymoon, honeymoon.

Rita: Keep a-shinin' in June.

Both: Your silv'ry beams will bring love's dreams  
We'll be cuddlin' soon,  
by the silvery moon.

George: Attagirl Rita, you're a regular Ada Jones.

Rita: You ain't too bad yourself, George.

George & Rita: By the light..

*(Wesley and Della can be heard from the kitchen, but George and Rita remain unaware of the argument and continue with their joyous duet.)*

Della: No, I refuse, that man cannot stay.

George & Rita: of the silvery moon,

Wesley: I can't turn him away Della.

George & Rita: I want to spoon,

Della: What do you know about him.  
He could be a thief...a child-killer!  
And what if he finds out.

George & Rita: Honeymoon,

Wesley: Della, you're acting crazy again.  
He's not gonna find out anything.

George & Rita: keep a-shinin' in June.

Wesley: Give it the night.  
We'll decide in the morning.  
We can always use a little extra dough.

Della: Fine. One night.

George & Rita: By the silvery moon.

Rita: George, where do babies come from?

George: *(small laugh)* Uh, well first...

*(They are interrupted by Wesley and Della entering the room applauding.)*

Della: Wonderful, wonderful.  
Mr. Turner, wherever did you learn to play like that?

George: Just one of those things from home  
I'll never forget, I guess.  
There's a lot of my life,  
back in Ottawa,  
I'll be happy to forget.  
Little mistakes have a way  
of draggin' you down.  
But you pick yourself up,  
and dust yourself off,

and keep the past in the past.  
You can't let old ghosts haunt you, right?  
Or worry 'bout skeletons in the closet.  
You dust yourself off  
and keep the past in the past.

Wesley: Great, then. George, how 'bout a nip of the home brew?

George: Ma'am?

Della: *(softening)* It's fine, George, go ahead.  
*(little laugh.)* You're taking your life into your own hands, though.

George: I'll keep that in mind ma'am.

Della: Call me Della.

Wesley: Oh hold, on a minute, George.  
I wanted to fix something up in Rita's room before supper.  
Damn floorboards are squeaking like hell again.

Rita: I like it.

George: I don't worry 'bout that.  
I've got lots of carpentry experience.  
I'll pull 'em up and set 'em right.

Wesley: *(A little uncomfortable.)* Uh, no, George, that's too much trouble.  
Just nail them down. That'll keep the bloody things from squeaking.

George: What, have you got some buried treasure under there?

Della: Keep the past in the past, right George?  
Let's eat.

George: Sure, Della. Keep the past in the past.

**END OF EPISODE THREE**