

BABY KINTYRE
A CBC Radio Opera Serial
EPISODE FIVE: BUT NOW AM FOUND

CHARACTERS

Wesley, Rita's Uncle, late 30's (bass-baritone)

Della, Rita's Aunt, late 30's (soprano)

George, a boarder, 24 (baritone)

Alla Mae, Della's sister, 32 (mezzo-soprano)

Bob, a contractor

(September 15, 1925. Della, Wesley and George are in the front room waiting for the arrival of Alla Mae and the baby.)

ALL: What a joy.
 What a feeling of anticipation
 for the new life coming to 29 Kintyre
 has me filled with such a wonderful contentment.

Wesley: George,
 you're positively beaming.
 If I didn't know better,
 I'd say it was your baby
 you were about to meet.

George: Well that would just be crazy.
 No, no. I'm just happy, that's all.
 Happy for Mae.
 Happy to see her again.

I'm just gonna change my shirt. I'll be right back.

Della: Yes, it will be wonderful, won't it?
 A little baby boy,
 right in our own home.
 Almost like *we* are having a baby, isn't it, Wes?

Wesley: Only he's not our baby, Della.

Della: But All Mae is busy,
 she may want to leave him to live with us,
 like Rita.

Wesley: Rita's mother died.

I doubt Mae is planning to stay long.
We should just enjoy...

Della: Why do you always have to pull me down, Wesley?
Let me be happy for once.
Maybe we should have a baby of our own.

Wesley: Della, stop it.
The accident, remember?
You can never have a child.

Della: And is that why you feel the need
to bring another woman into our home
when the rest of us are away?

Wesley: Della, what are you...

Della: The neighbours, Wesley.
The neighbours talk.

Wesley: Oh, Della...

(George re-enters)

George: So where's Ritzy Rita? She should be here for this.

Della: She's over at a friend's, George.
We'll call for her when Mae and the baby get settled.

George: Right, the baby.

All: What a joy.
What a feeling of anticipation
for the new life coming to 29 Kintyre
has me filled with such a wonderful contentment.

(The doorbell rings.)

All: This is it:
The moment when everything changes.

(The door is opened. Something is terribly wrong. Mae stands dishevelled and distraught.)

Wesley: Mae, what is it? What's wrong?

Della: Where's the baby?
Mae: George, please take my suitcase upstairs.
Della: Alla Mae, where's our baby?
Mae: George, *please* take my suitcase upstairs.
George: What's going on, Mae?
Mae: George, PLEASE! Look after my suitcase.
George: Yes, Mae, of course. I'll be right back.

(George climbs the stairs.)

Della: The baby?
Mae: Dead! The baby is dead!
 The baby was sick...
 and he died.
 Died.
 I thought we could make it.

Della: Oh, no, oh no, no no.

Wesley: Della, please. It will be ok.

Della: Dead? My baby is dead? *(Della completely loses her grip on reality. Wesley tries to control her saying Stop! and Della, calm down.)* Oh, my God, help me. I'm a murderer but I can't get away. My little boy is so lovely and beautiful...what will become of him. When he finds out he will murder me, cut me to pieces in a horse stall! What can I tell him? What can I tell him? *(wailing and crying)*

(George sits alone in his room. Della and Wesley can still be heard downstairs.)

George: The baby is dead.
 My son,
 my son.
 Where is my beautiful boy?
 Take care of the...
 suitcase.

(He zips open the suitcase and sees the baby's body.)

George: Ten tiny fingers,
ten tiny toes.

I love you little one.

(He begins to wrap the baby, first in a newspaper, then in a blanket.)

Let's wrap you up.
Keep out the chill.
Keep you safe.

I love you little one.

Come on, sweetheart.
I think you should stay with Rita.
She loves her babies
and she will keep you safe.

(He walks to Rita's room. And pulls the boards from the floor. We now hear in parallel the 1925 world of George and the 2007 world of Bob the contractor.)

Bob: Who the hell did this?
A baby stuffed in a ceiling?

George: You will be safe, little one.

Bob & George: Ten tiny fingers,
ten tiny toes.
He should be laughing,
playing,
He should be reaching for a hug,
a little snuggle.
But he's silent.
Cold.
Hollow.

Bob: Who the hell did this?

George: Goodnight, beautiful baby boy.

ALL: Amazing Grace how sweet the sound
that saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost
but now am found.
Was blind but now I see.

(As the ensemble sings two refrains of Amazing Grace, we hear sound clips including a police siren, the taped interview of Rita describing how unbelievable this all is, the CBC radio report saying that DNA testing will not be able to prove a family link, and the coverage of Baby Kintyre's memorial service. The identity of the baby will remain a mystery forever.)

THE END