

BABY KINTYRE
A CBC Radio Opera Serial
EPISODE FOUR: WAS BLIND BUT NOW I SEE

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

(August, 1924. George is in Rita's room preparing to finally fix the squeaky floorboards. Rita sits on her bed. George has become a permanent boarder at the house. Rita and George have become like brother and sister.)

George: Let's take a look at those floorboards, Rita.
 At first, I didn't think I'd be here long enough to fix 'em,
 and here it is almost a year later.

Rita: Well, you have been busy, and besides,
 I like the squeak.

George: Your room is very tidy,
 and look at all those dolls.
 They must feel very loved.

Rita: This is the doll that was made by a soldier with no legs.
 This is Mary, she says "Mama",
 and this is Mabel,
 I cut her hair last spring
 but it never grew back.

George: They must feel very loved.
 Now let's see about that floor.

(The doorbell rings downstairs.)

George: Wonder who that is.

Rita: Let's get a wiggle on and see.

(The scene shifts to the front door. As George and Rita descend the stairs, Della opens the door and the glamorous Alla Mae sweeps into the room with her Pomeranian under her arm.)

Della: Alla Mae, I thought you weren't coming till next week,

Mae: I got an extra week off from Bloomingdale's, Delly, so Teddy and I thought we'd catch the next train.

(The small dogs yaps.)

Wesley: Nice to see you, Alla Mae.

Mae: Wes, you've lost weight.

Wesley: You're too kind.

Della: Rita, George, this is my sister Alla Mae.

Rita: Hi, Aunt Alla Mae.

Mae: Rita, darling, we aren't living in a Charlotte Bronte novel,
call me Mae,
call me doll face,
but don't call me late for a party,
hey Georgie-boy?

George: *(a little nervous)* Uh, hello, Mae. It's a pleasure.

Mae: No, no. Pleasure's all mine.

(The dog barks a couple of times)

Mae: Look Georgie-boy, Teddy like you. And Pomeranians are an exceptionally good judge of character.

Rita: The dog's sweet on you, George.

George: Just my luck.

Della: Well this is perfect. Supper's on. Rita, could you please set another place at the table.

Mae: Oh, sweeties, I'm afraid I have plans for tonight. I have a date with none-other-than Mr. Jimmy Dorsey.

George: The bandleader?

Rita: Gosh, he's famous.

Della: Mae, why do you always have to hang around with that jazz crowd.
I've heard things.

Mae: Lighten up, doll face.
Don't wait up, darlings,
I'll be late.

(Transition of scene to later that night. George sits reading a newspaper.)

Della: Goodnight, George. We're off to bed.

George: I'm just going to finish the paper and head up myself.

Wesley: Always got your nose in the paper, dontcha George?

George: Hey, you never know what you're gonna find in a newspaper.

Wesley: Fair enough. Goodnight, George.
Leave the porch light on for Alla Mae, would ya?

George: No problem.

(Della and Wes climb the stairs. George continues reading. He turns on the radio and tunes in to a station playing big band music. A car pulls up outside, the car door opens and we hear the muffled arguing of a man and woman. The door slams shut and the car drives off. A few seconds later, the door opens and Alla Mae enters. She is tired, a little drunk and somewhat faded.)

Mae: *(weary)* Hey, George. You waited up.

(George turns off the radio.)

George: Nobody likes to come home t lifeless house.

Mae: You're sweet.

George: How was your date? Musta been swell.

Mae: Oh, George, I'm tired.
Tired of men who smoke you
like a penny cigarette
and leave you in the dirt.
Tired of living the high life
being high.
In and out of juice joints,

in an out of love.
I gotta make a change,
'cuz I'm just tired, George,
so tired.

George: Mae, I gotta admit,
you floor me.
I've never met a girl quite like you.
All those small town missies,
won't open a fella's eyes.
But you have.

Mae: You a poet, George?

George: No, just a carpenter.
No "Jimmy Dorsey", that's for sure.
Anyway, you're only here a few weeks.

Mae: (advancing on him) Only takes a night.

(She kisses him.)

George: Mae?

Mae: Come here, carpenter.

George: Mae, we can't!

Mae: This is one bird, that ain't gonna be caged,
though you really aren't my type.

George: Than what are you doing?

Mae: Makin' a change, Georgie-boy.
Makin' a change.

(Music swells as they passionately embrace. Transition to a year later. The phone rings.)

Della: Hello, Della speaking. *(pause)* Alla Mae, how are you? Goodness, we haven't heard from you in ages. And when are you coming back to visit? It has been over a year and Rita asks about you all the time. *(pause)* You what? *(little pause)* You're married!?! *(pause)* With a baby boy!?! Alla Mae, if I wasn't so thrilled, I'd be furious! *(pause)* You're coming next week - a baby in the house? Oh my goodness, I couldn't be happier.

Let's keep it as a surprise for Rita. She'll be overjoyed. *(pause)* What?
(pause) Oh yes, George is right here. Telephone for you, George.

Della: Wesley, Mae's married and a baby...a baby!

Wesley: Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle. That girl has certainly changed.

George: *(picking up the phone)* Hello, Mae. I thought I might hear from you.

Mae: *(as heard through receiver.)* Don't sound so glum, Georgie-boy.
I'm not married.

George: What?

Mae: But I am coming to see you.

George: *(excited)* Really?

Mae: I think it's time you met your son.

END OF EPISODE FOUR