

**AFFAIRS OF THE HEART (2021)**

with Lonesome Gal

Written and produced by

John F. Barber

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Re-Imagined Radio  
Season 9, Episode 2

Final draft

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with Lonesome Gal

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Season 9, Episode 2  
Final Draft

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Written, Produced, Hosted by John F. Barber

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### **Synopsis**

Samples from our 2019 live performance by Metropolitan  
Performing Arts and other community volunteers

### **Credits**

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### **Color Code**

**Yellow highlighted text** = sound effect(s), either pre-  
recorded or live.

~~**Magenta highlighted text with strike through**~~ = text  
deleted for episode timing

**MUSIC** = pre-recorded

**MUSIC** = bespoke, created for this episode

AFFAIRS OF THE HEART WITH LONESOME  
GAL

MUSIC: RIR THEME

INTRODUCTION

HOST

Hello, I'm John Barber. Welcome to Re-Imagined Radio, a program about sound-based storytelling.

It's February, the month of Valentine's and celebrating love. For OUR celebration we're re-listening to a live performance of Re-Imagined Radio, recorded in 2019 at the historic Kiggins Theatre in downtown Vancouver. The three stories reprised here all focus on the travails we endure, the stories we tell ourselves, and the results we never expect when dealing with love.

The first is "The Good Salesperson," a story about two lonely people who connect through a newspaper personal column and surprise themselves with the results.

The second is "The Valiant," a story about how sometimes there is real purpose behind the unexplainable actions people undertake for love.

The final is "Bloodthirsty Kate," a story about how love tosses us about, like ships on the ocean. When this happens, even pirates have trouble finding love.

The program is called "Affairs of the Heart" and I hope you will enjoy the performance by actors from Metropolitan Performing Arts. We begin with our special guest, Lonesome Gal, whose incredible singing will surely make you feel the love.

"LONESOME GAL" SEQUENCE #1

LONESOME GAL Sweetie... no matter what anybody says... I love ya better than anybody in the world.

(SINGS)

Lonesome

I'm a real lonesome gal

I can't stop feeling lonesome

Heaven knows when I shall

LONESOME GAL Hi baby! This is your Lonesome Gal. Have a couple of minutes to visit with me before you get involved in your evening? You better have or I'll be very disappointed. You know how I like ya, real relaxed with your tie loosened, in your most comfortable position so you can visit with me every single minute I'm yours.

(SINGS)

Who knows

What tomorrow may bring

I wonder whether I'll know

When my heart starts to sing

LONESOME GAL

Dreamboy, who do you love? You know it's funny but I don't think I've ever asked you that before. Not that I think your answer will especially be me, but I'm sure hoping that somewhere in that great big heart of yours you've saved a tiny corner for me. I need to be loved angel. With all I have in my association with you I still have a little feeling of insecurity. And I still have a tremendous feeling of loneliness... like you can feel from reading the letters in the personal columns of the newspaper. Sometimes the results are surprising ...

**MUSIC: ENDS**

ACT 2: THE GOOD SALESMAN

VIVIAN

My name is Vivian Wilson. I live in Vancouver, Washington, with my sister, Sarah, who is younger than I am, though she's married and has two children. I suppose I should really have been the younger sister, because Sarah's quite the older-sister type. And I, I'm afraid, well... I'm shy and unattractive. It's a nice city we live in, but I'm lonely, terribly lonely. And the awful, wasteful, unnecessary part of it is that all around are thousands of other people just as lonely as I am. If you only knew how to reach each other. I suppose that's why I started reading the personal columns of newspapers where

people tell their troubles and ask for advice, trying to understand the stories that lie behind those few lines signed "John," "Ruth," or "Mother."

SARAH And I think it's silly and undignified!

VIVIAN No, it isn't, Sarah! It's interesting.

SARAH Prying into other people's affairs...

VIVIAN Oh, no, Sarah. I just like to try to sort of make up stories to go with the little ads. Look, here's a girl in Kansas who says...

SARAH Oh, for heaven's sake, Vivian!

VIVIAN She says...

SARAH I'm not interested in her problems out in Kansas. We've got enough of our own here, like the mending, and...

VIVIAN I'll help you with the mending, Sarah...

SARAH Well, I wish you would. With the youngsters...

VIVIAN How long does it take mail to get to South America?

SARAH What?

VIVIAN Listen. (Reads) "Have pity on a lonely young American." Listen, Sarah. "...a lonely young American mining engineer in the jungles of South America. I am dying

of boredom. Please, somebody write to me. Richard Marshall, General Delivery, Monteluna, Venezuela.

SARAH You're not going to start writing to these people now, are you? For goodness' sake...

VIVIAN Oh, Sarah, can't you understand? You've got all your married friends, your bridge club, Albert and the children. You've got dozens of things to keep you busy and occupied, but I haven't. And I'm lonely.

SARAH Well, even so, you're hardly in the position where you need to write to perfect strangers! You're not going to write him, Vivian.

VIVIAN (Wearily) No, no I guess not, Sarah.

**MUSIC: UP AND FADE OUT BEHIND**

**SFX: PEN SCRATCHING ENDS AS MUSIC  
FADES**

VIVIAN (RE-READING HER LETTER) "October 20.  
Dear Mr. Marshall: I'm glad to write to you, and perhaps I'll write to you again if you send me a nice letter in return. Life in Vancouver can be boring, Mr. Marshall, but I can't understand anyone being bored in South America. Please tell me about it. Would I like it there? And tell me about yourself, too. Very truly yours, Vivian"... oh, heavens no! I don't dare sign my own name. What

would be a good name? Huumm? Ah, yes, Betty! "Very truly yours, Betty Wilson."

**MUSIC: UP AND FADE TO OUT BEHIND**

**SFX: TYPEWRITER AS MUSIC FADES**

RICHARD (RE-READING HIS LETTER) "Monteluna, Venezuela, November 9. Dear Miss Wilson. I'm twenty-two years old and working on my first engineering job. I'm sure I won't be so bored with South America if I can look forward to regular letters from you. It would be very nice if you'd send me your photograph. We're going farther into the interior on a new oil survey soon, and it would be nice to have a picture of my new friend to take along with me. Please don't forget. And thank you. Yours truly, Richard Marshall."

VIVIAN "January 22. Dearest Richard." Humm, no. "Dear Richard. Enclosed is a picture of me that was taken when I graduated from high school. I warn you, it flatters me. At present I am living with my Aunt Vivian. She wants me to marry a wealthy young man in the flour-milling business, but I don't want to. Haven't I been good to send you my picture right away? Now, you must send me yours. Please give my regards to the mango trees, the boa constrictors and the pampas. You see, I've been doing quite a lot of reading up on South America. With kindest," uh, no, "Fondest Regards, Betty."

RICHARD "Monteluna, Venezuela. March 13. Betty, dear. It's been almost six months that we've been writing each other, and I feel that I know you better from your dear letters than I've ever known any other girl. Betty, you must not marry that boy in the flour business. Please wait at least till I can come back to the States. I am sending you my picture, taken alongside one of our oil wells. Betty, dearest, if you love someone else my heart will be broken. You are all I ever think of. Please say that you love me a little, and that I have a chance. Yours forever, Richard."

VIVIAN (READING) "April 20. Darling Richard, I know that I love you. I'm sure that I do" (aside) I think (returns to reading) "I wish you were here..."

RICHARD "May 21. Betty, darling, I'm coming home! There's a little more survey work on one of our oil wells to do, but it will be finished in about a week, and then I'll be leaving. For the first time we'll see each other, Betty! Darling, last week I picked out something that I thought you would like. It is an engagement ring. I will have it in my pocket when I see you. By the way, my favorite uncle, Mr. Albert Marshall who has been knocking about South America for four years, is also on his way back home.

RICHARD & SARAH (READ SIMULTANEOUSLY, RICHARD FADING OUT AND SARAH FADING IN) "He'll probably get to you as soon as this letter. Darling,

your aunt surely won't try to stop us from being married, will she? Until I see you, I love you, I love you, I love you. Your own, Richard."

SARAH Vivian, what on earth does this mean?

VIVIAN Well, Sarah, I've been meaning to tell you, but...

SARAH Is that man in South America in the personal column?

VIVIAN Yes, but...

SARAH Oh, Vivian!

VIVIAN I know. I've been writing to him ever since last October. And one thing led to another, and the first thing I knew...

SARAH He was in love with you.

VIVIAN He... he's not really in love with me, Sarah. I invented a girl named Betty Wilson. I was afraid to use my own name. And Betty's the one he's in love with.

SARAH And he wants to marry her.

VIVIAN And she's me! Sarah, what'll I do?

SARAH (AMUSED) Well, Vivian, I didn't think you had it in you. How old does he think you are?

VIVIAN (MISERABLY) Twenty.

SARAH                   And you've been teaching school for  
fourteen years.

VIVIAN                   Fifteen in September.

SARAH                   You're three years older than I am.

VIVIAN                   You're thirty-three. Sarah, what'll I  
do? I never thought anything would come  
of those letters. And now he'll be here.

SARAH                   Practically any day.

VIVIAN                   Oh, Sarah...

SARAH                   Well, you got yourself into this, you'll  
have to get yourself out.

VIVIAN                   But I, but I...

SARAH                   You told him your aunt's name was  
Vivian?

VIVIAN                   Yes.

SARAH                   Well, all I can think of is maybe you  
could tell him your niece Betty went and  
got married to the boy in the whatever-  
it-is business...

VIVIAN                   Oh, Sarah, that's it! Maybe it'll work!  
Maybe, if I were to tell his uncle  
Albert when he comes...

**SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR, DOOR OPENS**

RICHARD                  Hello, I am looking for Miss Betty  
Wilson.

VIVIAN Oh, hello, I'm her aunt.

RICHARD Isn't she here? I had a message for her from South America.

VIVIAN I'm sorry. Betty was ... was married two weeks ago.

RICHARD Married! Oh, but that's impossible. Why, they loved each other. She told him she loved, umm, him.

VIVIAN You're Albert Marshall, then.

RICHARD Did you force her to marry that flour-mill man?

VIVIAN What? Oh, no! I ... won't you come in, please?

RICHARD Well ...

**SFX: DOOR CLOSES**

VIVIAN Won't you sit down?

RICHARD Thank you.

VIVIAN I'm terribly sorry about Betty.

RICHARD I ... my nephew will be sorry, too.

VIVIAN Is he so very much in love with her?

RICHARD Very much, indeed.

VIVIAN He wrote such lovely letters.

RICHARD You saw them?

VIVIAN Yes. I ... I ... Mr. Marshall, can I trust you?

RICHARD What? Why ... yes, of course. But ... why?

VIVIAN Mr. Marshall, there never was any Betty Wilson.

RICHARD What?

VIVIAN I wrote those letters to your nephew, Mr. Marshall.

RICHARD You wrote them!

VIVIAN Mr. Marshall, you're a man of my age. You understand, I know. I was lonely. I felt I had to have a friend. I didn't mean any harm, but, I got in so deep with Richard that I couldn't find a way out.

RICHARD So that's why you said Betty was married.

VIVIAN It was the only way out I could think of, Mr. Marshall. I ... I do wish I could help Richard some way, but ... I've made a dreadful mess of things.

RICHARD Yes. (SIGHS) Poor Richard.

VIVIAN I'm so sorry, Mr. Marshall. If I could only help him some way...

RICHARD Yes. Well, perhaps you could help him.

VIVIAN I'll do anything, Mr. Marshall!

RICHARD I'll do my best to explain it to him, but ... look here, I think you'd better have dinner with me tonight, and we'll talk it over...

VIVIAN That was three months ago. We sat and talked of Vancouver, and everything in the world except Albert's nephew, Richard. And when I told Sarah about it, she complimented me. She was sure the whole thing was over.

(PAUSE) But it wasn't. Albert called me up the next week to tell me that he'd had a cable from his nephew in South America saying that he had decided to remain there and would he please explain to me. Well, three months is a long time. And Albert and I got better and better acquainted. Oh, in fact, here he comes now...

RICHARD (ENTERING) I hope I'm not too late, Vivian.

**SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON MARBLE FLOOR**

VIVIAN Why Albert, you look wonderful!

RICHARD (WITH A TOUCH OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS) Thought the hat (LAUGHS) might be a little skittish for an old man...

VIVIAN (LAUGHS)

RICHARD ...but it's all right for the occasion.

VIVIAN It's wonderful!

RICHARD                   Where do we go?

VIVIAN                    Right around the corner.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON MARBLE FLOOR

VIVIAN                    There. See the window?

RICHARD                  Mm-hmm! Excited?

VIVIAN                    A little. You?

RICHARD                  Well...

CLERK                    Yess ir?

RICHARD                  Well, I'd like to ... uh ... apply for a  
... a ...

CLERK                    Marriage license.

RICHARD                  Why, how could you tell?

CLERK                    Mister, I've been here nineteen years.  
Lady first. Name, occupation and age.

VIVIAN                    Vivian Wilson. School teacher. Age 36.

CLERK                    All right. You, mister? Name?

RICHARD                  (AFTER A PAUSE) Richard Marshall.

VIVIAN                    (SURPRISED) Richard Marshall!?

RICHARD                  Vivian, dear, I should've told you this  
before. I should have told you that day  
when I first called, when you were so  
honest with me.

VIVIAN But ... but ...

RICHARD I started it the same way you did, Vivian. I was lonely, too, and a young mining engineer sounded a lot better than a middle-aged toy salesman.

CLERK Ahh . . . Occupation, toy salesman.

VIVIAN But the photograph!

RICHARD I bought it right out of a photographer's window, darling. And then I invented an uncle so I could come and see you.

VIVIAN I ... I see.

RICHARD Vivian ... does it really make any difference? If it does ...

VIVIAN Of course it makes a difference, Albert. Now I've got to get used to calling you Richard all over again!

**MUSIC: MUSIC UP AND FADE TO OUT  
BEHIND**

THE VALIANT, ACT #1

LONESOME GAL Angel! Wouldn't it be wonderful to be blessed with profound wisdom along the lines of life's most important subjects? I would love, for instance, to be able to give a logical explanation for all the strange and unusual things people do when they're in love. There really is no reason for a person to stumble blindly off a curb. Or make his exit in familiar

territory through a closet filled with brooms and dust pans. And it doesn't make sense to me to have your heart beat so fast that you feel like you're gonna faint just because a person enters a room. Yet, it happens.

**SFX: RESTAURANT AMBIENCE**

SUE You're very quiet tonight, Jimmy. You haven't touched your dinner.

JAMES Yeah, I guess I am.

**SFX: FADE OUT BEHIND**

JAMES Hey, Sue. There's somethin' I've gotta tell you.

SUE What's wrong Jimmy? What can I do to help?

JAMES You can't help me, Sue. No one can.

SUE What about your family?

JAMES I have no family. I'm a wanderer. Few months in one city, a few in the next, and then hit the road. That's me. And I'm movin' on now.

SUE I... I wish I knew what to say. I wish I knew how to keep you.

JAMES Sue, don't you... Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say? I'm no good for you or any other woman. My days are



She's sure he's Jimmy. She says the resemblance is very striking. I'm not sure myself because I was only nine when Jimmy left and I don't remember him too well.

SUE Jimmy can't be your brother. He has no family.

CLAIRE I know. That's what he said in court. But Mother thinks he might just be covering up, so as not to disgrace us. And then when we saw your picture and read that you and he had been engaged, we thought you might be able to help.

SUE But he can't be your brother. He always said he never had a home or a family.

CLAIRE I can't go home without at least seeing him.

SUE You can't possibly see him. You see, my dear, he's being executed tonight.

CLAIRE (STUNNED) Tonight? But I've got to see him. You see, there's another reason. The man James Dyke killed was the man who ruined my father in business. He was responsible for my father's death.

SUE The man who ruined your father in business? You're sure?

CLAIRE I'm positive.

SUE Then come on. We've got to see the governor right away.

WARDEN Sit down, Dyke. (QUIETLY) This is the last chance I have to ask and the last chance you have to answer. Who are you?

JAMES (WITH FINALITY) I am James Dyke, murderer.

WARDEN (SNAPS) That isn't your real name and we know it!

JAMES You're not gonna execute a name, you're gonna execute a man. What difference does it make whether you call me Dyke or somethin' else?

WARDEN You're a completely new animal to me, Dyke. We've never had a man in here before that no one could find out about. Even that girl you were engaged to didn't know who you were.

JAMES I told you who I am. If you don't believe it, that's your tough luck.

WARDEN Do you want to make any statement?

JAMES No. I guess I've said everything. I killed a man and I'm not sorry for it. That is, I'm not sorry I killed that particular person. He wasn't fit to live. It was my duty to kill him and I did it. I'd never struck a man in anger in all my life. But I knew a long time ago that if I ever found that man, I'd kill him. And I did it, deliberately, intentionally and very carefully. I knew what I was doing and I haven't any excuse. That is, I haven't any excuse that satisfies the law. I wouldn't even

try and give them one. I learned pretty early in life that whatever you do in this world, you have to pay for, in one way or another. And if you kill a man, well the price you have to pay is this. All right, I'm gonna pay it.

WARDEN (DISAPPOINTED) All right, I've said my say. One more thing. Here's the twenty-five hundred dollars the newspaper sent you for that phony story of your life you gave them. What shall I do with the money?

JAMES Well, I don't know. I'll... I'll think about it.

WARDEN Dyke, there's a young woman outside in the anteroom. She's just come to see you. Do you want to see her?

JAMES Not particularly. What does she want?

WARDEN She thinks maybe she's your sister. She's come a two hundred miles to find out. You don't have to see her. It's up to you.

JAMES (TO HIMSELF, THOUGHTFUL) Two hundred miles? Huh. (TO WARDEN) Two hundred miles?

WARDEN Yes. She's got special permission from the governor to talk to you. That is, with my approval.

JAMES Well, okay, Warden. However you want to do it, but ... I have no sister.

**MUSIC: TRANSITION, DUCK UNDER THE FOLLOWING.**

LONESOME GAL Well Sweetie, in just a moment we'll return to Act Two of "The Valiant." But first, I want to talk with you about unpleasing breath.

Don't let unpleasing breath ruin your romance, Dreamboy. Instead, do this. Brush your teeth, night and morning and before every date, with Brand X Tooth Powder. Remember the name, Muffin... Brand X Tooth Powder, with the accent on "X" to stop unpleasing breath!

BREAK 1 INTRO

HOST You are listening to Re-Imagined Radio. The episode is called "Affairs of the Heart." I'm John Barber. So far you have heard "The Good Salesperson" and Act 1 of "The Valiant." We will continue with more stories about love, and more from Lonesome Gal, after these words from our sponsors ...

SPONSOR ADS

THE VALIANT, ACT #2

LONESOME GAL Let's get back to our performance. Claire and James are about to meet. What will they find in each other?

WARDEN Well, Miss Paris, I'll be very frank with you. I don't think you'll have much success with the prisoner James Dyke, but he is willing to talk to you.

CLAIRE Thank you, Warden. I'm very grateful.

WARDEN Now, would you mind telling me how you think you're going to recognize your brother.

CLAIRE I'm just gonna talk to him. Ask him questions about things he and I used to do together. And I'll watch his face. And if he's my brother, I'm sure I can tell.

WARDEN What did you and your brother used to do that would help you out now?

CLAIRE Well, he used to tell me stories when I was a little girl. That's what I'm counting on mostly. Especially the Shakespeare stories.

WARDEN (SURPRISED) Shakespeare?

CLAIRE He used to learn all the speeches by heart. He wanted to be an actor. And every night, before I'd go to sleep, he'd sit beside my bed, and there were two speeches we'd always say to each other. Two speeches out of "Romeo and Juliet." And then I'd go to sleep.

WARDEN I'm afraid you've come on a wild goose chase, Miss Paris. This boy never heard of Shakespeare. But, I'll let you see for yourself. However, if he isn't your brother, you'll oblige me by cutting your visit as short as you can.

CLAIRE Yes, I will, and thank you very much. You see, I've got to tell Mother

something definite. She's worried so long about him.

WARDEN I'll take you to him now. You can see him alone, but Father Daly and I will be in the next room so you needn't be afraid.

CLAIRE No, I won't be afraid.

WARDEN Good for you. Come on.

JAMES Well?

CLAIRE (NERVOUS, UNCERTAIN) My mother wanted me to talk to you.

JAMES (BEAT) Well?

CLAIRE You see, we hadn't seen or heard of my brother Joe for such a long time. Mother thought... after what we read in the papers...

JAMES You thought I might be your brother Joe, huh?

CLAIRE (RELIEVED) Yes.

DYKE Well, you can easily see I'm not your brother, can't you?

CLAIRE Is your name really James Dyke?

JAMES Yeah, that's my name. Miss, you don't think I'd lie at this stage of the game, do ya?

CLAIRE No, I don't think you would. (SUDDENLY)  
Where do you come from? I mean, where  
were you born?

JAMES Up in Canada. But I've lived all over.

CLAIRE But didn't you ever live in Ohio?

JAMES No. Never.

CLAIRE What kind of work did you do? What was  
your business?

JAMES Oh, I've been about everything a man  
could be, except a success.

CLAIRE Do you like books?

JAMES Mm, no, not every much.

CLAIRE (DISAPPOINTED) Oh. How 'bout  
Shakespeare?

JAMES Shakespeare? Are you kiddin'?

CLAIRE No. My brother liked Shakespeare.

JAMES Huh.

CLAIRE Did you ever want to be an actor?

JAMES Me? Nah.

CLAIRE I hope you don't mind my asking so many  
questions.

JAMES No, I don't mind. I've gotten used to  
questions.

CLAIRE (HELPLESSLY) Do you know any poetry?

JAMES Very little.

CLAIRE Do you know this? (SOFTLY, INTENSE)  
"Thou knowest the mask of night is on my  
face, Else would a maiden blush be paint  
my cheek, For that which... (STOPS. THEN  
DEFLATED) You don't know it?

JAMES No. Tell ya the truth, it sounds a bit  
silly, doesn't it?

CLAIRE (INTENSE AGAIN) "Good night, good night,  
parting is such sweet sorrow, That I  
shall say good night till it be morrow."  
(BEAT, PLEADS) What comes next?

JAMES (PUZZLED AMUSEMENT) I don't know. What  
does?

CLAIRE (PAUSE, FORLORN) I'm sorry. You're not  
Joe, are you?

JAMES Uh uh.

CLAIRE I'm sorry I bothered you, but I, I had  
to come and find out. Thank you for  
seeing me. Goodbye.

JAMES Hey, uh... Wait a minute. Don't go yet.  
(CAREFULLY) You know, uh, I'm surprised  
your mother sent you on such an errand,  
instead of comin' herself.

CLAIRE Well, she's very ill.

JAMES Oh.

CLAIRE                   It's all from worrying about Joe.

JAMES                   Well, when you tell her I'm not her son, that'll make her feel better, right? Her son isn't a murderer?

CLAIRE                   No, I... I don't think Mother will ever be really well again, till she finds out for certain where Joe is and what's become of him.

JAMES                   Yeah. Yeah, I can understand that. Say, uh, what's your name?

CLAIRE                   Claire Paris.

JAMES                   (THOUGHTFUL) Claire Paris, huh?

CLAIRE                   (YES) Mm hm.

JAMES                   That's a pretty name. Sort of unusual, isn't it? Paris. Say, I, I've heard it somewhere, too.

CLAIRE                   Oh, well, it's just like the name of the city in France.

JAMES                   Yeah. (THINKING) And your brother's name was Joe?

CLAIRE                   Yes.

JAMES                   mm hmm, Joe... Joseph? Joseph Paris? Hey, I know that name. Wait a minute. What... What was that boy's name? (SUDDENLY) Wait, Wait a minute... I think I've got it. (TRIUMPHANTLY) Joseph Anthony Paris.

CLAIRE (AMAZED) That's it. That's his name! How did you know?

DYKE Well, wait. Wait. (STAMMERS, TO HIMSELF) Gee, I'm all excited. (FAST, URGENT, TO CLAIRE) Okay, listen carefully to what I say... and don't interrupt me, because we've only got a minute...

CLAIRE (AGREES) Uh huh.

JAMES . . . and I want you to get this all straight, see, so you can tell your mother. Now, you see, when the war came along, I enlisted and I went overseas with the Canadians.

CLAIRE You knew Joe?

JAMES Wait. Wait, now. Early one morning we staged a big trench raid and there was an officer who'd been wounded comin' back from the raid, and he was lyin' out there in a shell-hole, under fire. Well, all of a sudden, some young guy dashed out of the trench not far from where I was and went for the officer. And he got the officer in his arms all right, and started back, but... Well, he'd only gone a few yards when a five-point-nine mortar shell landed right on top of the two of them.

CLAIRE (GROANS IN HORROR)

JAMES Yeah. Afterward, we got what was left. But the identification tag was still there... and that was his name. Joseph Anthony Paris.

CLAIRE (OVERCOME) Oh!

DYKE So, if that was your brother's name, then... you can tell your mother that he died like a brave man and a soldier in France.

CLAIRE (STUNNED) And you were there? You saw it?

JAMES Yes. Mm hm, mm hm, yeah. I was there, I saw it. Well, if you don't believe what I said, you just write up to Ottawa, and get the official report. Of course, records are sometimes mixed up, you know, but... I've told you the truth. (GENTLY) And it certainly ought to make your mother happy when she knows her boy died as a soldier and not as a criminal.

CLAIRE (TRANSFIGURED) Oh, yes. Yes, of course it will.

JAMES And it, it makes you happy, too, don't it?

CLAIRE Yes, very happy.

JAMES Ah, that's good. I'm glad I was able to tell you before it... Say, I'm, uh, I'm gonna give you somethin' to take your mother. Here. You take this envelope to your mother from me and tell her it's from a man who was in France and saw your brother die. So it's a sort of a memorial for him, huh?

CLAIRE Oh, no, no. We can't take this...

JAMES (INSISTENT) I want you to have it. I've nothin' to do with it myself. (SUDDENLY) Oh, you might... You might do one thing for me. There's a girl named Sue Rogers...

CLAIRE Yes, I, I saw her before I came here. As a matter of fact, she helped me.

JAMES Oh. Well, uh, pick out some little thing for her, will ya? You know, a bracelet, a pin or somethin', just somethin' to remember me by, huh?

CLAIRE You love her, don't you?

JAMES Yeah.

CLAIRE How, how could you feel like that about her and... kill someone?

JAMES Well, Miss Paris, there are some things that have to be done no matter what the cost. Maybe what I did was wrong, maybe not. But, from where I sat, it looked like the right thing. And it still does.

CLAIRE He was a bad man. I know that. He once stole everything we had. Mother told me that.

JAMES He stole from a lot of people. Well, I guess you better go. Gee, I'm glad you came, though.

CLAIRE Mr. Dyke? Could I kiss you?

JAMES Oh, it... Thanks. Thanks for my last kiss.

CLAIRE (VOICE BREAKS) Goodbye.

JAMES Hey, uh.... What's wrong?

CLAIRE I was thinking... I was thinking about what I used to say to my brother for good night, and I wish I could have said it to him just once more... for goodbye.

JAMES Well, why don't you say it for me?

CLAIRE I told you. You said it was silly.

JAMES Oh, go on. Say it again, hm?

CLAIRE (SHAKILY) "Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow, That I shall say good night till it be morrow."  
(MOVING OFF) Goodbye. Thank you.

**SFX: HER HURRIED FOOTSTEPS AWAY ...**

**DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES, OFF**

JAMES (AFTER A PAUSE ... A WHISPER) Goodbye.  
"Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast; Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest. Of all the wonders that I yet have heard, It seems to me most strange that men should fear; Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come. Cowards die many times before their deaths; The valiant never taste of death but once. The valiant never taste of death but once."

**MUSIC: UP, FOR CLOSE**

PART 3 INTRO

HOST This is Re-Imagined Radio. I'm John Barber. Our program is "Affairs of the Heart," stories about the travails we endure, the stories we tell ourselves, and the results we never expect when dealing with love. You have heard "The Good Salesperson," "The Valiant," and of course Lonesome Gal, our special guest. Our next story is "Bloodthirsty Kate."

SFX: INTERMITTENT CREAKING OF THE SHIP

BLACKTON Sit ye down maties...

SFX: MUGGERIDGE & GONFALON SITTING

MUGGERIDGE Aye, Cap'n

GONFALON Thank you, sir.

BLACKTON I have called a council of war, so to speak, because our fortunes have sunk to a horrible bottom.

GONFALON Bad as that, cap'n?

BLACKTON Worse! We ain't got a brass farthing in the coffer... and the rum aboard's only fit for pigs and the crew...

MUGGERIDGE S'truth?

BLACKTON Aye, S'truth.

MUGGERIDGE Gor...

BLACKTON We ain't seen a ruddy ship for nigh on three weeks... and something's got to be

done. How's about running down to Trineedad? We might find pickings there...

GONFALON Beggin' the cap'n's pardon... I've heard tell that Bloodthirsty Kate's in them waters... and she don't take kindly to anyone poachin' on her rights...

BLACKTON Bloodthirsty Kate? That miserable old cow? Callin' herself a pirate? That scurvy excuse for a woman? I'd like to meet her just once, I'd blow the whole flamin' lot out of the sea... come on... We're sailin' for Trineedad.

SFX: EXTERIOR SHIP SOUNDS...

WIND... WAVES

LOOKOUT (MALE; WELL OFF, CALLING) A sail-ho! Off the starboard bow... Sail-ho!

SFX: AD LIB EXCITEMENT IN BACK

GROUND

GANFALON Here Muggridge... give me the glass... let's have a look at her...

MUGGERIDGE Aye, here 'tis.

GANFALON (BEAT) Gor Blimey (QUICKLY) Here...have a look . . . Muggerridge... have a look... Tell me what color she is...

MUGGERIDGE Half a mo'... (BEAT) Lum-mee...it's red... all red...

GANFALON                    That's what I thought. It's her all right... Bloodthirsty Kate... I knew... I knew we shouldn't have trespassed down here. We're in for it now, and no mistake...

BLACKTON                    (FADING ON) What is it? What is it?

GANFALON                    Starboard, Cap'n... a red ship...

BLACKTON                    Blimey! Bloodthirsty Kate. Bloodthirsty Kate!

(OFF TO CREW) Ahoy... men! She's bound to be loaded down with ransom. Gold . . . silver... precious jewels... good rum... What a prize, eh? What a prize! Bloodthirsty Kate.

Look at her, men... she's too big... too clumsy... we'll rake her across the bow, and give her a broadside that'll make her strike...

SFX: WALLAH, HEARTY CHEERS

BLACKTON                    All right bullies... pass out the cutlasses... pistols... run up the Jolly Roger, and let's have a do.

SFX: WALLAH, GREAT CHEERS, AND AD  
LIBS EXCITEMENT UNDER

SFX: RUNNING STEPS (OFF) CUTLASSES  
(OFF) RATTLING

BLACKTON                    (OFF) Gun crews to your stations!

SFX: (MALE) CHEERS

SFX: CANNON FIRE AND SMALL ARMS  
FIRE

SFX: (FEMALE) CAST CHEERS

BANDINAGE She still has not struck her colors, ma capitaine Kate. Shall we give one more broadside and finish the pig?

KATE No! We'll board. Is me hat on straight?

BANDINAGE Oui, ma capitaine.

KATE Save the captain for me then... I want the pleasure of splittin' him on me sword...

BANDINAGE Aye, ma capitaine... (TURNING TO CREW, SHOUTING) Prepare to board the enemy... Save their captain for Captain Kate.

SFX: SHIPS BUMP. CLASS OF  
CUTLASSES. PISTOL FIRE

SFX: (ALL) CHEERS AND GROANS

KATE (BELLOWING) Keep them off my ship. I don't want the decks all messed up with blood...

SFX: A WAVE OF CUTLASS SLASHED UP  
AND DOWN

CAST: CHEERS AND GROANS UP AND DOWN

BLACKTON (AS HE FIGHTS) Ahoy... Gonfalon... umph! Do you see Bloodthirsty Kate? Umpph!

GANFALON (SLIGHTLY OFF, FIGHTING) On the poop deck, Cap'n... on the poop deck...

BLACKTON (SEES HER) Aye... Aye... (YELLING) Ahoy! Ahoy Bloodthirsty Kate! Yer knock-kneed old daughter of a grampus... I'll slice yer into herring food!

KATE (OFF) Who are you?

BLACKTON I'm Captain Blackton! That's who.

KATE (FADING ON QUICKLY) So you're the snivelling fop-doodle who's come poachin' in my ocean, eh? I'll teach yer to muck about with Bloodthirsty Kate... Have at ya!

**SFX: GRAND FIGHT**

**SFX: APPROPRIATE GRUNTS FROM KATE AND BLACKTON. IN B.G. MAIN BATTLE IS OVER. SURVIVORS ARE CHEERING BLACKTON AND KATE.**

BLACKTON (BREATHING HARD) I've beat them . . . and... I've loved them... but I never thought... I'd have the pleasure... of... carvin' up a woman...

KATE (FIGHTING HARD) Yer greasy bit of blubber... I'll use yer head as a mop to swab the decks when I'm finished with yer...

BANDINAGE (SLIGHTLY OFF) Ma capitaine... we have won the day... the ship is ours... your orders?

KATE (TO BANDINAGE AS SHE FIGHTS) Hold on 'till I finish with... pig-dog here...

BANDINAGE Oui, ma capitaine...

SFX: (OFF) CLASH OF CUTLASSES

SFX: (OFF) GRUNTS OF BLACKTON AND KATE

SFX: CUTLASSES ON AND IN BACKGROUND

KATE (PUFFED; TO BLACKTON) I'll say this for yer fat toad... no man's stood up afore Bloodthirsty Kate for this long... in mortal combat... and lived to tell it...

BLACKTON (BUSHED) I . . . never... had no mortal... combat with a woman... afore... yer rancid old saddle-o-mutton... but there's not been a man fought against me as well nor as long...

SFX: STEPS FADE ON

BANDINAGE (SLIGHTLY OFF) Ma capitaine... I beg to inform you that our crew has returned to our ship. It is no longer safe to say here... the ship is sinking... the decks are awash...

KATE Hold yer sword a minute, Blackton...

SFX: CUTLASSES OUT

BLACKTON Blimey... S'truth... my poor old tub's done for... she's going down...

KATE We'll get aboard my ship, and I'll finish you off there.

BLACKTON Oh, no. Rules is rules... When I beat you I take over your ship and your crew...

KATE I haven't said you nay to that...

BLACKTON But what about me own blinkin' crew... think I want to see them perish afore me eyes, while we fight nice and dry on your ship and they're tied up to drown here like rats?

KATE All right. Bandinage...

BANDINAGE Oui, ma capitaine...

KATE Take that scurvy lot aboard, and make them take off their shoes first... I don't want my nice clean deck covered all over with nasties, and fetch me another pair of stockings. . . these has got a rip in them.

BANDINAGE Bien, ma capitaine... it will be as you wish.

KATE We'll finish this where it's dry, Blackton... me feet's getting' wet, and I always catch me death of cold when me feet's wet. Come on, afore we have to swim for it.

**SFX: EXTERIOR SHIP CREAKS**

KATE Are you ready to continue, Blackton?

BLACKTON I am. But first, the rules. Rules is rules... until you best me fair, you ain't got no more rights than I have. Them's pirate rules, and you know it.

KATE Have I offered to deny it?

BLACKTON Matter of fact... this ship and yer whole bloomin' crew belong to me and my crew when I finish with yer...

KATE Don't yer worry yer scurvy head about that or anything else, Blackton. When I throw yer carcass overboard, yer crew goes with yer, and that's an end of it...

BLACKTON All right, yer fish-faced old hag... we might as well get it over with... do yer worst...

KATE Have at ya!

**SFX: CUTLASSES FOR A MOMENT**

LOOKOUT (FEMALE, OFF) Sail-ho! Sail on the starboard quarter!

**SFX: WALLAH, EXCITED AD LIBS**

KATE Hold on... Blackton... I got to have a look at this...

**SFX: CUTLASSES OUT**

BLACKTON What do yer mean... you got to have a look... We got to have a look... I'm captain too, yer know.

SFX: FEW STEPS

KATE Ahoy... Bandinage... can yer make her out?

BANDINAGE (FADING IN ) It appears to be a warship, ma capitaine... a ship of the line I would venture.

KATE Looks like it, don't it...

BLACKTON Frigate from the cut of her.

KATE And I say... ship of the line.

BLACKTON (SNIFFING) Frigate.

KATE Well, I ain't hangin' about to find out... (BELLOWING) All hands... make sail... Hoist the main mainsail and top gallants.

BLACKTON Ahoy! To whom are you giving orders?

KATE My crew...

BLACKTON How about my crew?

KATE Put them up with mine... not that they'll be worth a hang...

BLACKTON Supposin' me and my crew don't choose to run? Supposin' we chose to stay and fight?

KATE You off yer nut? There's a whole squadron muckin' about in these waters. Suppose that's the leader?

BLACKTON                   Aye, but suppose it ain't. I could do with another ship... and until you finish me off, which you ain't likely to do... seems to me we ought to have a go at yon vessel.

KATE                        I ain't goin' to stand here and argue, Blackton...

BLACKTON                   I've got as much rights as you have. You agreed to that. I'm Captain pro tem... the same as you.

KATE                        What are you gassin' about? "Pro tem"?

BLACKTON                   (SUPERIOR) That's education, what I have... and what you have not... pro tem... temporarily... for the time being.

KATE                        Well, we ain't goin' to be temporary for long... nor anything else... the Royal Navy's comin' up fast, and if you'd open yer nasty squinty little eyes you'll see she is a ship of the line... and we're clearin' off. (SARCASM) With yer permission, Captain! (CALLING) Bandinage... we'll steer off for Grenada.

BANDINAGE                   (OFF) Aye, aye, ma capitaine.

BLACKTON                   (DISGUSTED) Gor... 30 guns aboard... and afeerd of a great hulk like that . . . Gor!

SFX: SHIP UNDER WAY, CREAKS, ETC

KATE (SATISFIED) Well... we won't have to worry about the navy for a bit. I've got the fastest ship in the Caribbean, and that's a fact.

BLACKTON We've got the fastest ship (SHOUTING) Ahoy! You at the wheel... keep yer luff.(TO KATE) She ain't no quarter-bloody-master. I'm goin' to put one of my men at the wheel... never seed such carelessness... look at the sails.

KATE What's the matter with them?

BLACKTON Look at them... that's all... flappin' all over the place like washin' on the line. Oh well... what can yer expect with a woman in charge. No discipline. No idea of seamanship.

KATE They look all right to me.

BLACKTON Call yerself a sailor? Gor! (SHOUTING) Ahoy... Gonfalon...

GANFALON Aye, captain?

BLACKTON See them sails?

GANFALON Aye, sir.

BLACKTON What do you think the way they're set?

GANFALON It wouldn't be polite to say in front of a lady, sir.

BLACKTON Put them to rights... with our crew... not hers.

GANFALON                   Aye, Captain. (FADE OFF CALLING)  
Blackton's bully boys... aloft to trim  
sail... let's show them how it's done.

KATE                       (OVER GONFALON'S) I don't hear myself  
give no orders to do that.

BLACKTON                  No. You heard me. Now look here...  
something's got to be done about this...  
and that's a fact. There ain't no ship  
afloat can be commanded by two captains.  
It ain't in the nature of things.

KATE                       It's my ship.

BLACKTON                  How many times must I tell you... it's  
our ship... pro tem... until we settle  
it. Either you beat me or I beat you.

KATE                       Well, then I say let's finish it  
quick... pistols at 10 paces... how's  
that for yer?

BLACKTON                  I couldn't be happier.

KATE                       All right... so be it. (SHOUTING)  
Bandinage! Bring up them dueling pistols  
what I took off the Spaniard in Panama.

GANFALON                  Dueling pistols! Begging your pardon,  
Captain, but you can't hit the side of a  
galleon with no pistol.

BLACKTON                  Hold yer tongue, Gonfalon!

BANDINAGE                 (OFF) Aye, aye, ma capitaine.

BLACKTON                  And how's about a drop of rum afore we  
begin? I'm fair parched.

KATE (SHOUTING) And Badinage, bring some rum.

BANDINAGE (FURTHER OFF) Aye, ma capitaine.

BLACKTON (SATISFIED) Do me the honor of casting your eyes aloft. That's the way to set a sail. I always says it takes a man to do a man's job.

KATE Meanin'?

BLACKTON Yer a female... and yer crew behaves like a lot of blinkin' females... though seein' as how they're led by one... it's human nature I suppose.

KATE Who defeated who in battle? Who's ship defeated who's?

BLACKTON (AIRILY) Oh, that? S'nuthin'...luck. I'll admit... me ship wasn't much... heavy in the head... not enough guns... but it wasn't no seamanship that won for yer... just luck... besides which I had it planned that way... to attack yer, so I could take over yer ship. I had it planned.

KATE Gor! You're a ruddy marvel! I never heard such a spoutin' of drivel in me life. When I blow yer head off I'm goin' to have it mounted in me cabin so I can look at it, and be happy I was born a woman.

**SFX: STEPS FADE ON**

BANDINAGE (FADING ON) The pistols, ma capitaine... and the rum.

KATE All right. Is me hair done up all right?

BANDINAGE Beautiful... charming, ma capitaine.

KATE Woman should always look her best no matter what. That's what I always say. Come on now, Blackton, have yer last drink, cause the next thing you'll be tastin' is salt water.

BLACKTON I'll drink a toast to you then, Kate... yer only a woman... and not much to look at, at that, but you're not afraid to die at the hands of a marksman such as meself.

**SFX: BLACKTON DRINKS**

KATE (ON CUE, WITH SOME RESPECT) Gor... he's got a gullet like a hippopotamus! (TO BLACKTON) Give the bottle over, afore you drain it.

BLACKTON (SIGHING) Ah... that's a lovely drop of rum, that is...

KATE Here's to yer, Blackton... I'll have more pleasure doin' you in than I've had since I strung up the Spanish Admiral at Porto Bello. (GLUGS) Ahhhh. All right... take yer choice of pistols, Blackton. Don't make no difference to me.

BLACKTON I'll have this one. All loaded... fair?

**SFX: COCK PISTOL**

KATE Course they are.

SFX: COCKS HER PISTOL

BLACKTON All right. Sure you want to die this way? No hard feelings?

KATE No hard feelings.

BLACKTON I hate to do it... don't seem fair, somehows.

KATE What?

BLACKTON I'll admit you're not bad with a cutlass...but... you haven't got a chance with pistols.

KATE That's my hard luck then, ain't it. Here, Bandinage... you count for us. Ten paces.

BANDINAGE Ah, oui, ma capitaine.

BLACKTON (SIGHING) It's a shame...

KATE What's a shame?

BLACKTON You could've stayed at home like a decent woman... had babies... and been a lovin' wife to some hard workin' man. Then I wouldn't be in the dreadful position of havin' to commit cold blooded murder.

KATE You wouldn't have minded doin' murder with a cutlass?

BLACKTON That's different! That's sportin' like. This is murder. I'll tell yer straight,

I don't like it. It gives me the queasies in me belly.

KATE Don't worry. I'll shoot you in the belly. It'll make yer queasies feel better. Start counting, Bandinage.

BANDINAGE One...

SFX: STEPS TO MATCH...WITH BLACKTON

BANDINAGE ...two... three...four...five...six... seven...

BLACKTON Now Stop! Stop...

BLACKTON I can't do it. I can't, that's all.

KATE (OFF) What do yer mean you can't do it?

BLACKTON Murder... that's what it is, and Captain Blackton draws the line at murderin' a woman. Here...

SFX DROP PISTOL TO DECK

BLACKTON I drop me gun. Shoot me. Go on. Shoot. It ain't in the rules, and you won't have defeated me in honorable combat, but I'd rather you shot me down like a dog, than have to commit murder.

SFX: KATE'S STEPS FADE ON

KATE (FADING ON) Listen yer miserable old barrel of spoiled pork. Yer know I can't do that. I'd lose face with me crew. Now

pick up yer pistol and we'll have  
another go at it.

BLACKTON No... no. Me conscience won't allow it.  
I look at yer, and I think of me  
mother... bless her poor dear heart.

KATE Blast yer mother, and blast you,  
Blackton. It ain't right playin' on me  
sentiments like that.

BLACKTON Here . . . Kate. Let's have another drop  
of rum and talk this over. There's got  
to be another way...

KATE Well... there ain't. One of us has got  
to be captain and one of us has got to  
die. It ain't good for the crew. Look at  
them. Standin' around like a lot of lost  
children. Fair makes yer heart bleed.

BLACKTON Ah . . . there . . . there...see?  
That's what yer problem is. Children!  
You got an hidden hunger to fulfill your  
womanly functions so to speak. They  
ain't men and women to you... they're  
children.

KATE Have I got to listen to this muck?

BLACKTON Here. . . Have another swig of rum.

**SFX: SHE DRINKS**

BLACKTON Kate. I have an idea...

KATE What?

BLACKTON                    Suppose we left off tryin' to kill each other.

KATE                         How can we? Somebody's got to be captain.

BLACKTON                   We both would be...

KATE                         You're barmy. Here. Have a swig, yourself.

BLACKTON                   Don't mind if I do.

**SFX: HE DRINKS**

BLACKTON                   Both of us, Kate. I don't mind admitting... in these past few hours... I've taken a great liking to yer. I have a respect. Yer the first woman I've respected since me mother.

KATE                         I accept the compliment in the manner it is given.

BLACKTON                   Well... the crew... the crew, they need a leader... they need a man... and they need a woman... your tender ministrations to keep them happy as children... mine to keep them happy and strong.

KATE                         (SLOWLY) Blackton... are you suggestin' what I think yer suggestin'?

BLACKTON                   Holy wedlock. Solves the whole problem.

KATE                         Lum-me...

BLACKTON Captain and Mrs. Horace Blackton. How does it sound to yer?

KATE Captain Horace, and Captain Kate Blackton sounds better but I ain't sayin' I'll do. I'll have to think about it.

BLACKTON Why don't you. I'm not a bad sort, and I can see you and I could have a bit of fun, what with piracy and all. There's a thousand pounds on my head.

KATE There's a thousand on mine too.

BLACKTON Well, there you are. We'd be the most famous couple in history. You think about it, Kate. I'd be very proud if you'll give yer consent.

KATE With yer permission, Captain, I'll retire to my cabin. Me sentiments is all stirred up, and I'd like to gain me composure, so to speak.

BLACKTON Yer servent, mum. (CALLING) Ahoy... Bandinage! Help your Captain to her quarters then come back. I've got orders for yer.

BANDINAGE (OFF) Oui, monsieur.

KATE Me poor bloody heads all of a swirl, Captain... I do declare!

BLACKTON Rest easy, mum... yer servant, mum.

**SFX: KATE'S STEPS GO OFF**

BLACKTON (CHUCKLES. THEN ROARS WITH LAUGHTER)

GANFALON (FADING ON) Everything all right, sir?

BLACKTON Everything's lovely, Gonfalon.

GANFALON I didn't half get wind up when I seen you startin' the duel with her. She's a dead shot.

BLACKTON I know. I know, and I can't hit the side of an elephant at five paces. But I couldn't let her know that. It had to be done artful like.(CHUCKLES) and there never was a woman who didn't go all soft when you play on their heart strings. I'm going to marry her, Gonfalon.

GANFALON Marry her?

BLACKTON That's right. We'll have a ship, her ship... a nice big crew, her crew... and a good cook that'll be her. What more could a pirate ask for?

KATE (COMING ON) Cook is it! I heard that remark. I'll do no cookin' for the likes of you!

BLACKTON Kate... now... Kate... listen...

KATE I listened... I heard...

**SFX: DRAW CUTLASS**

KATE HAVE AT YA!

BLACKTON Kate!

SFX: DRAWS CUTLASS

BLACKTON Well, all right.

SFX: CUTLASSES

MUSIC: UP TO CLOSE

HOST CLOSING

HOST You are listening to Re-Imagined Radio. Our program is "Affairs of the Heart" performed by Metropolitan Performing Arts. Our special guest is Lonesome Gal. This is John Barber. After this short break to thank our sponsors I'll be back with closing remarks and a final performance by Lonesome Gal.

(SPONSOR ADS)

CREDITS

HOST This is Re-Imagined Radio, a program about sound-based storytelling. This episode is titled "Affairs of the Heart" and featured three stories "The Good Salesperson," "The Valiant," and "Bloodthirsty Kate." And of course, you also heard the incredible singing of Lonesome Gal.

Our cast included . . .

Rebekah Sharpe as Vivian Wilson, Sue Rogers, and Bandinage (Ban-din-ag).

Arianna Dorenbosch as Sarah Wilson,  
Claire Paris, and Captain Bloodthirsty  
Kate.

Derek Nolan as Richard Marshal, Newsie,  
and Muggerridge.

Larry Taylor as Marriage Office Clerk,  
James Dyke, and Captain Blackton.

Greg Shilling as Warden and Gonfalon

John Barber and Barbara Richardson as  
Lookouts.

Our special guest was Barbara Richardson  
as Lonesome Gal

Audio Recording by Wager Audio

Music by River Twain

Sound Design by John Barber

Post production by Martin John Gallagher

Social Media by Regina Carol Social  
Media Management and Photography

Graphic Design by Holly Slocum Design

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This is John Barber, producer and host of Re-Imagined Radio. Thank you so much for listening. I hope that you will join us again. Until then, take care, keep love alive, and enjoy this final performance by our special guest Lonesome Gal.

LONESOME GAL SINGS "LONESOME" AND  
CONCLUDES THE PROGRAM AT 58:00

LONESOME GAL

Well, hon, I've always said that I like everybody, but that doesn't apply to the guy that invented the clock. I no sooner get snuggled up and cozy with you and then I have to leave. I'll be back again soon, and I'll look forward to another visit with you. I don't know about you, but my time away makes my heart grow fonder. That proves to me that your Lonesome Gal loves ya better than anybody in the whole world.

(SINGS)

Who knows

What tomorrow may bring

I wonder whether I'll know

When my heart starts to sing

If you have love to spare

Lips to share

Why don't you be a pal

Share them

With your Lonesome Gal

Who knows

What tomorrow may bring

I wonder whether I'll know

When my heart starts to sing

If you have love to spare

Lips to share

Why don't you be a pal

And share them

With your Lonesome Gal

**MUSIC: TO CLOSE**