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The Day-Dreamer

INTRO

MUSIC: DAY-DREAMING-...ESTBLISH...DOWN INTO BG

NARRATOR: What can be done to help seventeen-year-old Donald McCracken? He has become a day-dreamer. It is serious. Donald is a tall, slim, rather attractive looking— He is almost an only boy now: his older brother is away attending college, and his sister is married and living in another town. His father is an electrical engineer— he has never been very close to Donald. His mother is a former school-teacher. She is very interested in seeing that Donald does well in school. She devotes much of her time to Donald. She would like to devote even more time.

MUSIC: UP AND CUT BY:

SOUND: DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED...PREPARATION OF A MEAL
GOING ON: BEATHING A BATTER IN A BOWL, ETC.

MOTHER: Is that you, Donald?

DONALD: (OFF MIKE) Yes, Mom.

MOTHER: My, you're late getting home from school.

DONALD: YEAH.

MOTHER: Come in here to the living room. I want you to go to the store at the corner before it closes.

DONALD: (FADING IN) Yeah, what do you want? Can't you phone and have it delivered? I've got to-

MOTHER: It's for supper. –Donald! Look at your pants and sweater!

DONALD: What?

MOTHER: Have you been rolling on the ground?

DONALD: It'll brush off.

MOTHER: What've you been doing?

DONALD: Just a little touch-rugby.

MOTHER: (SHOCKED) Rugby! – with your heart!

DONALD: Oh, we were just fooling.

MOTHER: Donald, I told you you weren't supposed to play with a rugby ball ever! That rheumatic fever left your-

DONALD: Oh, Mom, we were just fooling! Doctor Gimbel said my bit of a heart murmur wasn't serious. I can still fool around. He just said I maybe better not to go out for any of the teams. But he said I was to get a bit of exercise!

MOTHER: But not rugby! I've told you, and your father's told you!

DONALD: And last winter you wouldn't let me play any hockey or basketball...

MOTHER: You get enough exercise walking to school, and working around the house here. I let you do some swimming this summer.

DONALD: Yeah, but you were always yapping at me to come out of the water.

MOTHER: Donald, is that any way to talk to your mother? Here's some money. Now go to the store and get a loaf of brown bread, and a tine of peas.

DONALD: Yeah...

MOTHER: (AFFECTIONATELY) Mother knows best...

DONALD: (GRUMBLING) We were just throwing the ball around. My gosh!

MOTHER: You were doing more than that to get your clothes in such a mess.

DONALD: Good night, I read in a sports magazine the other day about a guy with heart-trouble who became a professional wrestler!

MOTHER: Donald, doesn't mother let you do everything she possibly can? Doesn't she give you money so you can do things? Doesn't she take you with her when she goes anywhere that would interest you? Doesn't she

DONALD: Yes.

MOTHER: I have a little surprise for you tonight. I was able to get tickets for the piano recital at the conservatory after all. So we can go together, you and I. Doctor Littlehale's prize pupils.

DONALD: I've made arrangements to go out with the gang tonight.

MOTHER: To fool around the streets.

DONALD: No, we're going to Nick's place.

MOTHER: (PLEASANTLY) Dear, that Huron Street bunch are not the kind of company you should associate with.

DONALD: What's wrong with them?

MOTHER: We've been over that before. I don't like you to associate them.

DONALD: Who can I associate with? Nobody's good enough for me, huh?

MOTHER: Dear, you'd better go to the store and get those things for supper.

DONALD: Yeah...okay...

MOTHER: Now Donald, you're not going to let your mother down after I went to so much trouble to get these tickets. There weren't any left. Your father won't go. You won't have me go alone, will you?

DONALD: No. –Okay, I'll go...

MOTHER: (SWEETLY) Mother's so proud to be taken out at night by her big boy...

MUSIC: SWEET...SEGUE INTO SOMEWHAT DISTURBED
MOOD...DOWN INTO BG...CUT BY SOUND.

NARRATOR: Mrs. McCracken couldn't be proud of the marks her son made in school though. He was inclined to slovenliness. And though he was generally well-behaved there were times when he was impulsive and troublesome.

SOUND: SCHOOLBELL RINGING OFF MIKE:

TEACHER: All right. Your next assignment: Chapter 27. The class is dismissed.

SOUND: SCRAMBLING AND SHUFFLING OUT

TEACHER: Donald McCracken, I'd like you to remain for a minute after class.

MUSIC: CHORD OF ANTICIPATED TROUBLE.

TEACHER: Was it necessary for you to make all that disturbance when you spilled your ink and disrupted the whole class?

DONALD: It was an accident.

TEACHER: Maybe it was –but all the acting up about it wasn't. And you didn't need to put that big smudge on the end of your nose.

DONALD: I didn't know there was ink on my fingers and I-

TEACHER: Were you satisfied with the laugh you got from the class?

DONALD: I didn't do it on purpose!

TEACHER: All right. I didn't ask you to stay to bawl out. I've been wondering about you lately, Donald. When you're not acting up you're sitting there in your desk day-dreaming. Half the period today you didn't pay any attention to me. You didn't take any notes. Do you expect to pass this history class?

DONALD: I don't know. I hope so.

TEACHER: You won't if you –Don't stand there looking out of the window. Can't you look at me?

DONALD: Yes, Sir.

TEACHER: Is there anything bothering you, Donald?

DONALD: No.

TEACHER: Anything I can help you with?

DONALD: No.

TEACHER: Aren't you interested in school?

DONALD: Sure.

TEACHER: I remember in first year you were one of my best students. What's happened?

DONALD: Nothing.

TEACHER: That last English essay you handed in, was that the best you could do?

DONALD: (FLARING UP) I did the assignment!

TEACHER: That wasn't what I asked you. Was that the best you could do?

DONALD: Sure.

TEACHER: Well, if you say it is, I guess it is.

MUSIC: LONELY, UNHAPPY AND SOMEWHAT
DISTURBED...ESTABLISH...INTO BG AND OUT AT (X)

NARRATOR: A short time later Donald handed in an assigned essay to his teacher that did give a clue to Donald's trouble. (X)

DONALD: My Nightmare. My nightmare always has me out of work and not making a success of myself in school and at home. I always find it difficult to make friends of my enemies. I try my best but they always attack me somehow. I never seem to have a mind of my own. Other people always seem to change my ideas even though they may be good. People always smash my dreams as I differ from them. I can't have a smooth life if I am always swayed by other people, looked on by other people because I can't do things others can do. I try and keep out of wrong, and when I do my friends hurt my feelings. I am always thought to be dumb and people seem to take advantage of me. I try to prove that I am smart but I always seem to fail.

TEACHER: Yes, he doesn't seem to mix much with the other students. He needs a bit of a boost, some encouragement. His acting up in class is probably an attempt to curry favour with his classmates. I have a talk with him sometime.

MUSIC: LONELY AND UNHAPPY...BARELY REGISTER AT NORMAL
LEVEL. THEN INTO BG

NARRATOR: But the teacher never did. The occasion just never happened to arise. Donald acted up less in class, and didn't draw so much attention to himself. He did day-dream more –but it didn't disrupt the rest of the class.

MUSIC: UP CONTEMPTUOUSLY...THEN INTO BG WITH QUIET ANIMOSITY...OUT AT (X)

NARRATOR: At home there was still an occasional outburst. Between Donald and his father. Donald had an aggravating habit of paying no attention when his father spoke to him. Mr. McCracken was driven to threaten strong measures to get any reaction. (X)

FATHER: You're getting too big for your britches, young man!

DONALD: I cleaned the garage out!

FATHER: You did! Swung the broom around a couple of times in the air!

DONALD: I swept it!

MOTHER: Oh, I'll get Tommy, the handyman, to do it, and stop all this fighting. He's coming tonight to clean up the leaves in the backyard anyway.

FATHER: Donald will clean out the garage! He doesn't think he has to take any responsibilities around here! He's getting away with far too much! I'm putting my foot down –even if I have to take a strap to him! He's not that old I can't still-

DONALD: Go ahead.

FATHER: Don't answer back like that, young man. You just go out and clean up that garage. When I get back from my meeting tonight I want that garage

spick and span!

SOUND: DOOR OPENEING AND SLAMMING

MOTHER: Donald, you shouldn't upset your father like that.

DONALD: I didn't start it. I wasn't doing anything. He didn't say he wanted everything cleaned up. I swept the floor. That's all I-

MOTHER: Well, your father is worried about that new equipment that's being installed at the plant. You shouldn't cross him, dear. – You go up to your room and get to work on your homework. I'll get Tommy to clean out the garage. He can rake the leaves tomorrow. Cleaning out the garage is – all that moving of those heavy boxes – ypur father doesn't realize that's too strenuous for you. –Now go and do your homework. And don't cross your father any more, dear.

MUSIC: SWEET...BARELY, ESTABLISH, THEN INTO BG...SEGUE TP
DAY-DREAMING

NARRATOR: Mrs. McCracken, the peacemaker. She was relieved in the following months to see that Donald came to quarrel less and less with his father. He spent a great deal of time in his room. When his father ordered him to do anything he was more obedient.

MUSIC: SUSPENDED

MOTHER: That other was just a phase Donald was going through.

MUSIC: RESUMES IN BG

NARRATOR: He no longer associated with that rough bunch from Huron Street. And he stopped fretting about not being able to play sports. He seldom stayed

after school anymore, so his mother knew he wasn't playing on any teams and straining himself. He had a short spell of hanging around pool halls.

MUSIC: SUSPENDED

MOTHER: Donald, I wish you wouldn't. That's no place for you. You don't know who you might get involved with!

DONALD: Yeah, okay.

MUSIC: RESUMES IN BG

NARRATOR: His mother gave him money to go to the movies. He could go alone. There wasn't the same chance of his meeting with questionable young men and women. He began to attend the movies two and three times a week. He saw nearly every movie that came to town. He liked them all. Always he imagined that he had written the movie. It was his creation. SCREEN PLAY BY DONALD MCCRACKEN. None of the other people in the theatre knew he was sitting there among them.

MUSIC: BEGINS TO BUILD IN BG IN SCREEN TYPE OF HEROIC-TYPE MUSIC

DONALD: In ten years from now I'll be a renowned playwright making about half a million dollars a year. I'll have successful plays all over the world. But I'll stay in the middle class of people so I can see both sides of rich and poor. I'll have wealth, but not so much as to be a millionaire. I'll have a home not too large and not too small. I'll be well-known as a helper of the poor and I'll spend my money on trying to better their conditions. I'll

travel all over the world and have many foreign friends. Besides writing plays I'll produce them and direct them too. I'll work up from the bottom –I think I should– through hardships and labor so I'll appreciate it all more.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

NARRATOR: Donald's work at school continued to be slipshod. And despite his dreams about becoming a great playwright his marks in composition and literature were almost his lowest. Sometimes he dreamed about becoming a famous MUSIC: DAYDREAMING SNEAKS INTO BG OUT AT (X) fighter pilot in the next war. And sometimes he dreamed about being a farmer breeding prize cattle worth twenty-thousand dollars a head. But usually he thought of himself as a world famous playwright from Hollywood.

DONALD: Father –he'll have to look up to me then! He'll come and knock at my office, and I'll tell one of my secretaries to show him in. and I'll pretend not to recognize him at first (X)

EFFECT: SCENE PLAYED SLIGHTLY OFF AND WITH CHANGED ACOUSTICS

FATHER: (HUMBLY) I thought I'd come down and pay you visit.

DONALD: What do you want? I'm very busy. I can only spare you a couple of minutes.

FATHER: Well, I thought I'd –

SOUND: INTER-OFFICE BUZZER... AND SWITCH CLICKED

DONALD: Yes?

SECRETARY: (ON FILTER) Cecil B. de Mille to see you, Mr. McCracken.

DONALD: Tell him to wait.

SOUND: SWITCH CLICKED

DONALD: Yes? Where were we? Oh, yes, you were saying—

FATHER: I thought I'd come and see you. I wondered if you could help me out? I
lost my job with the firm, and I—

SOUND: TELEPHONE RINGING

DONALD: Excuse me.

SOUND: RECEIVER LIFTED

DONALD: Yes?

VOICE: (ON FILTER) Hello, Mr. McCracken. This is Laurence Olivier
speaking.

DONALD: Oh, yes, Sir Laurence. I want you for my next picture. Come in and see
me at ten forty-three tomorrow morning and we'll discuss it and draw up
a contract.

VOICE: It will be an honor to appear in one of your pictures Mr. McCracken.

DONALD: Goodbye.

SOUND: RECEIVER HUNG UP

FATHER: Donald, you will help me out of the spot I'm in, won't you?

DONALD: Oh, dear, I'm sorry I'll have to cut this interview short, but I have a very
important conference coming up Mr.—uh-uh-

FATHER: (HUMBLY AND DISAPPOINTED) You won't help your own father?

DONALD: Father? What are you-? So it is! I didn't recognize you! Well, well, how are you?

FATHER: I need your help. I wonder if you could spare me-?

DONALD: Money? Sure, how much do you want? I'm terribly busy- I'll just sign a blank check for you here, and you can fill in the amount.

FATHER: Oh, thank you very much.

DONALD: Uh- what say we make arrangements to meet for lunch?

FATHER: That would be very nice

DONALD: Here's the check- make it out for whatever you want. Now, if you'' excuse me...

FATHER: Thank you, Donald.

DONALD: Oh, not at all, not at all...

MUSIC: CONTEMPTUOUS AND TRIUMPHANT...THEN SWITCH TO GRAVE TONE IN BG...OUT AT (X)

NARRATOR: But finally in real life- or rather, in a combination of real life and fantasy- Donald played out a drama with his father that has serious consequences.

SOUND: FADES IN...PLAYGROUND RUMPUS...OUT AT (Y)

NARRATOR: (con't) One day at school one of the boys in his room kidded him about (X)

BOY: McCracken, saw your old man driving some pretty little dame around in his car last night when I was coming home from delivering papers. Boy, she was all right. Blonde. Young. Maybe your old man's cheating on

your old lady.

DONALD: Aw, shorty, your old man might, but mine wouldn't (Y)

MUSIC: SPORTIVE BAR THEN GRAVE AGAIN...INTO BG...OUT AT (X)

SOUND: STREET SOUNDS...OUT AT (Z)

NARRATOR: But a week later Donald was downtown, and he'd just parked his bicycle against a telephone pole when he saw his father getting into his car with a pretty and young blonde woman. He ducked behind another car (X)

WOMAN: (LAUGHING) Oh, Mr. McCracken, you're so funny! I don't believe it!

FATHER: Well, I'll show you sometime,

SOUND: DOOR SLAMMED

WOMAN: Don't you dare

FATHER: I sure will.

SOUND: CAR STARTING UP

DONALD: So he is going out with a— just like Shorty said!

SOUND: CAR DRIVING AWAY

DONALD: Yeah, that's just like him, that's just like him! I'll fix him! I'll show him! And he's been bossing me around. Telling me what's right!

Making me do things! Yeah, I'll fix him! (Z)

MUSIC: ANGRY AND REVENGEFUL...ESTABLISH, THEN INTO BG

NARRATOR: Donald jumped on his bicycle. He was not sure what his course of action was going to be. All he knew— he was going to get back at his father someday. But Donald had long ago lost the ability to face an issue. He couldn't go to his father and—

DONALD: I'll run away! I'll show him!

NARRATOR: He turned and peddled westward— away from home. He would get onto the highway.

DONALD: I will never go home now. He'll never hear of me again. I'll disappear. And they won't hear of me for ten years. Not until I become famous and—

MUSIC: ANGRY AND VENGEFUL MOOD TUMBLES AWAY TO BE REPLACED BY SENTIMENTAL DAY-DREAMING IN BG

EFFECT: SAME ACOUSTICAL EFFECT IN PREVIOUS DAY-DREAM

SCENE: OUT AT (A)

FATHER: Oh, dear, all these years we've waited for word of Donald. He disappeared right off the face of the earth. Somehow I feel responsible. It was my fault. He must've heard of my—my— Somehow he must've.

MOTHER: (FADING IN) Here's the paper, dear. It just came. Do you want it? I wish that new boy wouldn't fold it up that way and throw it. One of these days he's going to break a window.

FATHER: Yes, give me the paper. Let's see what's...(A)

DONALD: They don't know the headline's about me, and how I've become famous as a playwright with a—

SOUND: CAR HORN...SCREECH OF BRAKES

DONALD: (CRIES OUT)

SOUND: SMASHING UP OF BICYCLE

MUSIC: SHOCKER CUE

NARRATOR: Donald McCracken was knocked down by a heavy coal truck. He didn't see the red traffic light against himself or the truck cutting across the intersection as he dreamed about his revenge and triumph over his father.

He had no justification for suspecting his father of any wrong. Mr. McCracken, out of politeness, was merely giving a life to a woman who worked in his office and lived out his way.

Donald suffered abrasions, bruises and a broken leg. His day-dreaming has become a serious danger.

MUSIC: TAG

FINISH

(30)