

CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION

IN SEARCH OF OURSELVES

DOMINION NETWORK.

Programme #10
"The Woman Who Turns Back"

Friday, March 12, 1948
8.00-8.30 p.m. EST.

MUSIC: THEME...OPENING BARS

ANNCR: IN SEARCH OF OURSELVES!

MUSIC: THEME...ESTABLISH...FADE FOR:

ANNCR: This is a series of programmes on human relations based on actual case histories, and presented in dramatized form by the CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION in co-operation with the National Committee for Mental Hygiene of Canada, with commentary by the psychiatrist, Dr. J.D.M. GRIFFIN.

The series is prepared under the direction of MARJORIE McENANEY, with scripts by LEN PETERSON.

PRODUCTION: ESSE W. LJUNGH.

MUSIC: UP TO END OF THEME

ANNCR: Today's broadcast deals with... "The Woman Who Turns Back"

MUSIC: ROMANTIC...ESTABLISH...DOWN INTO B.G...SUSPEND AT (V)...RESUME AT (W)...SUSPEND AT (X)...RESUME AT (Y)...SUSPEND AT (Z)

FRANCES: I asked Ruby to share an apartment with me a couple of years ago because she didn't have any friends. Things went along nicely for awhile. We got along very well together, and then she met Lee, and oh, she was

different. She couldn't talk anything but Lee. He was the first boyfriend—
I suspected— she'd ever had. (V)

RUBY: He reminds me of George Coffey I went around with down in New
Brunswick. Talks the same, same kind of grin. Funny— he's got some of
Don Porter in him too you never met him Frances, did you?

FRANCES: (W) I let her go on about her long list of boyfriends... if that was the kind
of impression she wanted to make. (X)

RUBY: Lee's very intelligent. Don't you think, Frances?

FRANCES: (Y) I nodded. I nodded to everything she said about him. It was good she
had somebody at last. He came over or took her out nearly every night for
awhile. (Z)

RUBY: Frances, how do I look?

FRANCES: Oh, your new suit. You look wonderful.

RUBY: My seams straight?

FRANCES: Yes.

RUBY: Shall I wear this scarf with this?

MUSIC: UP IN ROMANTIC EXCITEMENT...THEN A WAN FALLING
APART...SUSPENDED AT (T) ...RESUME AT (U)...SUSPENDED
AT (V) RESUME AT (W)...SUSPEND AT (X)...RESUME AT
(Y)...OUT AT (Z)

FRANCES: The peak in her whole life, I'm afraid. A few months of romancing and
then Lee didn't come a few times when he was supposed to. He was very
apologetic about it... (T)

RUBY: Lee was tied up at a meeting, that was why, and he couldn't get to a phone. He's going to come tonight to pick me up and we're going to a show.

FRANCES: (U) Then he didn't see her for nearly a week at a time. Then he had some outside travelling to do, but he didn't call when he was supposed to be back. (V)

RUBY: I guess he had to stay over. He didn't say for sure he'd be back this weekend.

FRANCES: (W) Oh, he took Ruby out a few times after that, and then it stopped. She still went on talking...(X)

RUBY: He's off on a trip west, doesn't know when he'll be back. He wanted me to write him, but he doesn't know where he'll be half the time. He should be back any day now though. He sent me a card from Brandon. Oh, I didn't tell you, did I?

FRANCES: (Y) She tried hard to make it last. I felt sorry for her. She suspected the truth, but going on like that kept it down. I never talked to her about Bert, my boyfriend, and where we'd been and what we'd done. Bert and I are going to get married as soon as his divorce comes through. But poor Ruby. She had to talk and talk and talk to believe that everything was still all right between her and Lee. (Z)

RUBY: I wonder if he'll be back before my birthday. He said he would be for sure. Maybe the four of us could go out somewhere together.

FRANCES: Yes, let's do that, shall we?

RUBY: Lee hates these trips he has to make. When he comes back from this western one he says he's not going to make another one this year. And if his firm asks him to he's going to refuse. Oh, but he's so conscientious, he'll probably go if they insist. But I like that about him. I can't stand a man who isn't reliable.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT

FRANCES: And then she read in the paper that Lee was married to Edna May Norton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. K. Norton. Standards of white mums and snapdragons formed the setting, and the bride wore... It was the first direct word Ruby's got that Lee was through with her, the first she'd recognise.

MUSIC: COLD BAR OR TWO

RUBY: (STUNNED) Frances, what am I to do? What should I do?

FRANCES: Forget him.

RUBY: How long was that going on, do you think?

FRANCES: He's not worth it, Ruby.

RUBY: Oh, I've made a fool of myself, haven't I?

FRANCES: No, you haven't.

RUBY: Oh, I have! I believed him!

FRANCES: Forget about it. I'm sure the other girl will find she got the worst of the bargain.

RUBY: (ON THE VERGE OF HYSTERICIS) I was kidding myself, wasn't I? Oh, he'd be back from the west in time for my birthday! He's probably

been back for weeks; maybe he never went away. – (SHIVERING WITH COLD) And I've been making a fool of myself. Why couldn't he tell me? Why did he let me go on thinking...? Oh, What've I done? Oh, I feel sick.

FRANCES: Sit down, Ruby.

RUBY: No. No.

FRANCES: Yes.

RUBY: Frances, I believed him! All the time probably he was thinking of this other girl. I knew it was too good to– I knew it couldn't happen to me– I– oh, I feel cold...

FRANCES: I'll put some coffee on, shall I?

RUBY: No, I don't want any. How long do you think he was engaged to this girl? –He never did love me. –Oh, how could he, how could he, how could he do what he did and then throw me over like that...?

FRANCES: Don't worry, Ruby.

RUBY: (DULLED AND FRIGHTENED) No, I mustn't worry.

FRANCES: I never thought he was – was – You'll meet someone much nicer one of these–

RUBY: I don't want to meet anybody. No, and this again. Oh, that hat – isn't it ugly? I bought it to wear when he came back from – Oh, I'll never be able to wear it now!

FRANCES: I wouldn't waste another thought on him if I were you...I'll go and make some coffee. Here, give me that paper. I'll throw it out.

RUBY: My birthday's tomorrow. And do you know how old I am?

MUSIC: FORLORN...ESTABLISH...THEN INTO B.G. OUT AT (X)

FRANCES: I felt very sorry for Ruby. Lee wasn't really to blame. I'm sure he was never very interested in Ruby. I got that feeling watching him with her. But he was probably lonely for a while. I don't know what he said to her. Maybe for a little while he did love her – thought he did, and then changed his mind.

But she was carried away completely. Lee was the only man in the world. And then poof, crash, nothing. – Maybe it was the only time she believed wonderful things were going to come true for her too. I don't know. She'd talked about other boyfriends – affairs – but they sounded made up. I felt very sorry for her. I tried to help her. I made Bert ask her to come out with us on her birthday, but she – (X)

RUBY: No, no, I can't.

BERT: Sure, come on. I feel like a birthday party tonight.

RUBY: No, I have things to do here.

BERT: On your birthday?

RUBY: Yes, I've got some washing to do.

FRANCES: Oh, don't be silly. That can wait, Ruby.

RUBY: No, I can't go out tonight. No, can't possibly.

BERT: Sure, come on.

FRANCES: We'll give you fifteen minutes to get ready. Now get going.

BERT: Here, put this new weird and wonderful hat on. – Haven't seen this

before, is it yours? – Here, put it on.

RUBY: (DEEPLY HURT, AND BREAKING DOWN INTO TEARS) Oh, no,
no, no, no, no!

BERT: Have I -?

FRANCES: Bert, come on. Leave her along.

RUBY: (CRYING)

MUSIC: DEAD...ESTABLISH...DOWN INTO B.G... OUT AT (X)

FRANCES: She almost never went out. She went to bed very early, as early as seven o'clock. She went to work, and came home, and had her supper, and fussed around for a bit, and went to bed. She never mentioned Lee again. She didn't talk much about anything. A couple times when I came home I knew I interrupted her crying. I pretended not to notice. Sometimes we hardly exchanged a word. It was as if she was in mourning. (X)

RUBY: I think I'll go away somewhere.

FRANCES: Where?

RUBY: I don't know. I'm fed up with work at the office.

FRANCES: Can you get a transfer to one of your company's other offices? Montreal or out west?

RUBY: No, I want to quit altogether. Do something else. I don't know what I can do. But I'm sick and tired of Mr. Shooter and Vi Garbutt and – The same old files all the time and the memos.

FRANCES: Think you can get a job pay as well? You've been with Bedford and Grahams long time.

RUBY: I don't care what I'm paid. I don't care what happens to me. I wish I could get sick. If anything did happen to me there wouldn't be anyone anywhere – not a person – who'd care. It wouldn't matter to a soul.

FRANCES: Oh, Ruby, there are a number of people...

RUBY: Who? Name them.

FRANCES: Yes, there's – I would very much. And I'm sure, some of the people at your office. And you have relatives who –

RUBY: No, I haven't. Who cares for me at the office? – You've got Bert. Why should you care for me? – (HELPLESS, DEAD) Frances, you don't know what it's like.

MUSIC: SYMPATHETIC...ESTABLISH...DOWN INTO B.G...OUT AT (X)

FRANCES: I went out of my way to be nice to Ruby. I even didn't see Bert some nights – spent them with her. We went to a few shows. Sometimes I talked to her a mile a minute trying to get her interested again in things that – But it was hard to get her to say more than yes or no. She quit her job. I was a bit worried then. I thought she was being very foolish. (X)

RUBY: I couldn't stay there anymore.

FRANCES: But you're not qualified for anything in particular, Ruby. You'll have to start at the bottom again at a salary that'll hardly – Look how long it took you to work up to –

RUBY: I couldn't stand it any longer. Every day was just too much.

FRANCES: Do you want to see if there's anything at our place for you?

RUBY: Is there.

FRANCES: I can ask. I doubt it right now. They've let a few girls off. But I can ask.

RUBY: I worked at Bedford and Grahams sixteen years and where did it get me?

– Oh, but I am scared, Frances. What am I going to do?

FRANCES: Why did you quit before you –? You should've gotten something else lined up first, Ruby.

RUBY: I had to quit.

FRANCES: But it wasn't very wise if –

RUBY: When I left today and the door slammed shut behind me I nearly went panicky. It was all I could do to get to the elevator and outside. I kept saying to myself, the last, the last, the last, the last...And then the big main doors of the building, and that draft when you open them...I dreamt about doors last night. Isn't that funny?

FRANCES: Yes.

RUBY: I don't even know how to ask for a job.

FRANCES: (FEELING A BIT HOPELESS ABOUT RUBY) Let's look through the paper, see if there's anything.

RUBY: What's going to happen to me, Frances?

FRANCES: You'll get another job.

RUBY: I feel everything is over for me.

FRANCES: Oh, go on.

RUBY: Yes, it is. I'll never get another job. – (IMPOTENT) Oh, God, what've I done, what've I done?

MUSIC: TIMIDITY. IMPOTENCY...ESTABLISH...DOWN INTO B.G...OUT

AT (X)

FRANCES: She went out a few days to see about a job, and then she wasn't feeling very well, and she stayed home. That was when our apartment started to get stuffy, musty. She kept the windows closed all day. I cooked her supper for her, and she just picked at her food. The second week I found a job for her – not in our office – but in our building. It didn't pay as well as the job she'd had before, but I know it was a great relief to her to get it. She waited for me every afternoon after work to come home with her. For a little while I felt closer to her than I'd ever felt. (X)

RUBY: It's a much better job, Frances.

FRANCES: I'm glad.

RUBY: The people are so much nicer. And they make tea in the afternoon.

FRANCES: Oh, I wish we could do that in our place.

RUBY: Aren't many places. See, it was a good idea my leaving that other place after all.

FRANCES: Yes.

RUBY: Are you going out tonight?

FRANCES: No. Bert has to work tonight. They're busy as his place now. They've got the stuff, and they can fill the orders now.

RUBY: Let's you and me go someplace. I'll take you to a show.

FRANCES: No, why should you? I'll pay for myself.

RUBY: I owe you something for getting me this job.

FRANCES: I didn't do anything. I just heard about it when I was having lunch with

some of the girls.

RUBY: I won't go 'less you let me pay.

FRANCES: All right, let's go. That one with Gregory Peck at the Capitol.

RUBY: Oh, yes. It got good write-ups.

FRANCES: We'll leave the dishes, eh?

RUBY: Sure. Get in before the crowds!

FRANCES: Come on!

RUBY: I'll put the cream and butter away...

MUSIC: ENTHUSIASTIC, FRIENDLY...ESTABLISH...DOWN INTO
B.G...OUT AT (X)

FRANCES: It was a heady evening. We both giggled like a couple of young girls. Gregory Peck was wonderful. And afterwards we went into a restaurant, and then walked home. It was a warm evening. We swung each other's arm like girls. – Bert had to work overtime nearly every night for the next month and a half. And then he had to go away to see about his divorce. So Ruby and I saw a lot of each other. We went out together, and did things together. We talked more than we'd ever talked in all the time we'd been living together. She told me things about herself when she was young. She did all the ironing – three weeks in a row – even my personal things – and that was new for her – she'd been so careful only to do her half. She'd never been so easy to live with. (X)

RUBY: Here, wear my jacket tonight, Frances, why don't you?

FRANCES: No, my old one will do.

RUBY: Just try it on.

FRANCES: I'll get by with this shabby thing.

RUBY: No, wear mine. Come on. Try it on. I want to see what it looks like on you. If you're going to meet the big bosses of your place –

FRANCES: All right.

RUBY: Turn around, so I can – There, how does it feel?

FRANCES: Mmmm, I think it does fit. Let me see in the mirror.

RUBY: Oh, it looks wonderful. Just right with that skirt. You'd think they were bought to go together. I've got a brooch you can put on with that too. My plain one.

FRANCES: Yes, it does look good, doesn't it?

RUBY: Here, let me put this brooch on you.

FRANCES: No, down a little further I think.

RUBY: There?

FRANCES: Yes.

RUBY: Hold still.

FRANCES: Oh, it feels...marvellous. Think I'll impress them?

RUBY: Oh, I could fall in love with myself. I want to hug you. It looks much better on you than it does on me.

FRANCES: No, it doesn't. – It's a lovely jacket.

RUBY: Here, let me brush it smooth across the back.

FRANCES: Isn't it smooth across the back?

RUBY: Here, let me. Oh, you are so beautiful Frances. I wish I had your hair, and

your eyes. Oh, I could kiss your hair. If I had blond hair like that –

FRANCES: No, don't Ruby.

RUBY: But I want to. I wish I was as nice as you. Everyone likes you, don't they? I'm closer to you, Frances, than I've been to anyone in my whole life...

FRANCES: (A LITTLE SURPRISED AND WITHDRAWING JUST A LITTLE)

Ruby, what are you doing?

RUBY: You are so nice to me, so nice to me, so nice, I wish I could do something for you...

FRANCES: Please don't, Ruby. Please don't.

RUBY: If I didn't have you I wouldn't...

FRANCES: (SOOTHING HER) Are you happier now?

RUBY: Yes. Yes.

FRANCES: Is everything all right?

RUBY: Yes.

FRANCES: Yes. There, everything...

RUBY: I owe you a million dollars.

FRANCES: What are you talking about?

RUBY: I do.

FRANCES: Ruby, I don't like that. Please.

MUSIC: ALOOFNESS...ESTABLISH...DOWN INTO B.G...OUT AT (X)

FRANCES: I don't see how I'm to blame. I have my own life to lead. When Bert came back, of course I started seeing him nearly every night again. Ruby

never did like Bert, and Bert never liked Ruby very much, but he tried to be pleasant. Bert's nice to most people. (X)

RUBY: Is he coming over again tonight?

FRANCES: No, we're going out. We're going over to the Mitchells. Why don't you come along?

RUBY: You don't have to invite me.

MUSIC: SNEAKS BACK INTO B.G...AGGRAVATING...OUT AGAIN AT (X)

FRANCES: She started staying home again nights, every night. I could never have the apartment to myself. Bert and I could never be alone. She was always there. In her housecoat. She hardly spoke to Bert or me. She was just there. Moving around doing her little odds and ends – it took her hours. And then she went to bed. (X)

RUBY: I wish he'd go home at a decent hour. I can't sleep with him around.

FRANCES: And the door closed? We weren't making any noise.

RUBY: Well, I can't sleep!

FRANCES: Why don't you phone up Edith or Shaunid or one of the other girls some night and go out with them.

RUBY: Why should I? This's as much my apartment as yours.

FRANCES: That isn't what I meant.

RUBY: It is so.

FRANCES: You're spending too much time with yourself.

RUBY: Am I? (MALICIOUSLY) I've got company nearly every night.

MUSIC: SLYLY MALICIOUS, UNREASONABLE...ESTABLISH...DOWN

INTO BG

FRANCES: She became very difficult. I liked her, I didn't want to fight with her. But she wanted her way now about everything...seemed. I gave in and gave in and gave in, because it didn't matter to me. If those things were important to her...I had what was important to me.

MUSIC: FILLIP OUT

RUBY: Frances, why should I have to do all the cleaning up?

FRANCES: You're no cleaning, Ruby. You're just fussing. Apartment's all right as far as I'm concerned.

RUBY: I have other things to do too!

FRANCES: Well, then, do them, I'm not stopping you. (PLEASANTLY) Oh, Ruby, you're not going to put those ugly crepe paper flowers on the mantel.

RUBY: They're not ugly.

FRANCES: They're dusty. Why don't you throw them out? We've had them for over a year now. I think you've gotten your money's worth out of them.

RUBY: Course I'm not making as much as you. I can't throw my money around like you! And I haven't got anybody to take me places!

FRANCES: Is that my fault?

RUBY: (HIGHLY UPSET) No, you can't move those roses! Leave them there! Frances! Leave them there! Give them to me!

FRANCES: All right, put them back. I'll try not to look at the!

RUBY: If that's the way you're going to – I'll throw them out. I'll dump them down the shoot. I can't have anything of my own! Oh, you're selfish!

FRANCES: Put them back, Ruby. I don't care.

RUBY: No, why shouldn't you have your say in this the same as in everything else?

MUSIC: CHILDISHLY MALICIOUS...ESTABLISH...DOWN INTO
B.G...OUT AT (X)

FRANCES: She became quite childish, and obstinate, and malicious. I could put up with it, because I knew how unhappy she was. But when she started going at Bert. And what could he say? She had everything, including virtue, on her side. (X)

RUBY: You're not going to get a divorce, Bert.

BERT: Sure. I expected to have it by now...but new complications...

RUBY: You're just like all men. And you're going to drag Frances into it eventually.

BERT: No. None of that.

RUBY: You will!

FRANCES: (A QUIET REPRIMAND) Ruby. Why're you getting into this?

RUBY: We'll both be dragged into it! Both her and me!

FRANCES: Why should we be? He's suing for divorce, she isn't.

RUBY: But what if she wants money? She'll be able to get back at him – and sue him! If she ever finds out how much time he spends here in our apartment...!

FRANCES: And what's wrong with this?

RUBY: I don't want to get involved!

BERT: Don't worry, you won't.

RUBY: They could prove he practically lives here!

BERT: Oh; so I'm in your way...

RUBY: I can't go from the bedroom or kitchen without getting all dressed!

FRANCES: We're not near as much in your way, Ruby, as you are in mine!

RUBY: I pay half the rent!

FRANCES: Yes, and you get a lot more use out of the apartment than –

RUBY: How much does he pay?

BERT: Don't worry, Ruby, I won't come around anymore. I'll leave now.

FRANCES: No, you won't! Ruby, take back all you've said! Bert has been very good to both of us! You want to exist absolutely alone! Well, I don't!

RUBY: Yes, I want to exist absolutely alone! Nobody cares for anybody, so why shouldn't I want to be absolutely alone?

BERT: That's a fine philosophy.

MUSIC: REJECTION...ESTABLISH...DOWN INTO B.G...SEGUE TO MUSTY, STUFFINESS AT (X)...OUT AT (Y)

FRANCES: Bert never came inside the apartment again. He says goodbye to me at the door. We have to meet other places. (X) I'm hardly at the apartment anymore except to sleep. It's always in a mess. Every night when I come home I have to open the windows. I don't try to snap her out of it anymore. You get fed up after a certain point, don't you? I'm looking for another place to live. Ruby's careless now about her appearance too. Even if she – she could be tidy and clean anyway. She lets her hair get

dirty. And she lets her clothes go. She used to be quite particular. I don't know what she does all the time alone in the apartment. Sits and broods, sometimes reads those terrible stories in women's magazines that are always the same. I don't know what she thinks about. (Y)

RUBY: I felt bad all day, so when I came home I fixed up some of that tonic for myself. I didn't feel like eating. And I laid down, and had a terrible dream. Dreamt I was drowning. Do you think anything's going to happen to me? And then the people next door had their radio on so loud I had to phone the janitor. They don't consider they've got neighbours. Yes, and that pain here in my side's come back.

FRANCES: I thought it was on the other side.

RUBY: No, now it's on this side. I think I better go and lie down. Oh, and I have to go to work tomorrow. I can't stay home. Oh, I wish I was a little girl again, and then I could lie in bed and not get up till noon everyday. That's what I use to do in the summer holidays.

FRANCES: Did you?

RUBY: I've never been happy since I was a little girl. I'd lie in bed and watch the cracks in the green blind, and I haven't been happy since then. When I was a little girl...it was so warm...I'd crawl away down under the blankets...and cover up my head...and lie there...and sweat and pretend all kinds of things...

MUSIC: SNEAKS IN...CHILDHOOD NOSTALGIA...UP...DOWN AND OUT

ANNCR: Here ends our story about "The Woman Who Turns Back" to be followed

now by the commentary of Dr. J.D.M GRIFFIN, psychiatrist of the
National Committee for Mental Hygiene of Canada. Dr. Griffin!

GRIFFIN: COMMENTARY

MUSIC: OPENING BARS OF THEME

ANNCR: This has been problem #10... "THE WOMAN WHO TURNS BACK"

another in the series of dramatized programmes on human relations,

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GEOFFREY WADDINGTON.

Production: ESSE W. LJUNGH

MUSIC: THEME...TO B.G.

ANNCR: Next week we will deal with Problem # 11... "The Girl Who Suffers

From Anxiety".

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