

**Vic and Sade**  
by Paul Rhymer

**Applying for a \$4.80 Refund from the Lodge**  
(First broadcast 1935)

**ANNCR:** Well sir, Virginia Avenue is shrouded in the pleasant half-light of winter afternoon as our scene opens now, and here in the living room of the house where our friends live are Mr. and Mrs. Victor Gook and their son, young Mr. Rush Gook. Mrs. Victor Gook is darning socks; young Mr. Rush Cook is gazing without enthusiasm at his Latin grammar; and Mr. Victor Gook is unbuttoning his overcoat . . . for he's just this minute arrived home from the office. Let's join the group . . . and listen:

**SADE:** Gettin' colder out?

**VIC:** Much. I felt like I was wadin' through ice water on my way home.

**SADE:** Guess I better bring in my plants tonight.

**VIC:** Yeah. An' throw a couple extra blankets on our bed.

**SADE:** They're in the closet if we need 'em.

**VIC:** [to Rush] Ike.

**RUSH:** Yeah.

**VIC:** Busy?

**RUSH:** I'm tryin' to study Latin. Not havin' much luck. My brains wanta wander to *other* stuff.

**VIC:** You need your brains shook *up* a little. How about doin' somethin' nice for Papa?

**RUSH:** Huh?

**VIC:** Take my overcoat out in the hall an' hang it on the hook.

**RUSH:** [arising] O.K. Anything to get away from this.

**VIC:** You're not fallin' down in your Latin, are ya?

**RUSH:** I'll prob'ly get *by*.

**VIC:** Gettin' by is not enough. Either you bring home a report card with good marks on it or you bid high-school farewell. Trouble with you high school guys is . . . Hold it by the collar now; there's pencils in the breast pocket.

**RUSH:** *[moving off]* Yeah.

**SADE:** Believe that overcoat's gonna do you all right.

**VIC:** *It's* not in such bad shape.

**SADE:** No. I watched you an' Mr. Kneesuffer walkin' up the street just now. Your overcoat looked *very* trim an' neat.

**VIC:** This is the fourth winter for it.

**SADE:** I think if we have it cleaned an' pressed nice an' . . . what's all that . . . more Christmas cards?

**VIC:** Nope. This bulky envelope is a communication from Lodge headquarters in Chicago. I hafta fill out some papers an' send 'em back. *You* do too.

**SADE:** *I* hafta fill out papers?

**VIC:** Yep. Gonna be startin' supper very soon?

**SADE:** In a half hour or so . . . why?

**VIC:** We might as well do this right *now* then. Get it over with.

**SADE:** You say there's papers for *me* to fill out?

**VIC:** Uh-huh. Do you remember last week when I . . . *[raises voice]* where ya going, George?

**RUSH:** *[off a little]* Milton *Welch* is out on the sidewalk loafin' around. I thought I'd join him an' . . .

**VIC:** C'mere. I need your cooperation in a matter of official importance.

**RUSH:** *[closer]* Yeah?

**VIC:** Your mother an' yourself hafta sign some papers.

**RUSH:** *[up]* O. K. Gimme a pencil.

**VIC:** We'll take our *time*, Hank. Just sit down an' make yourself comfortable.

**RUSH:** But Milton *Welch* is loafin' around outside.

**VIC:** Let 'im loaf. *[to Sade]* I'll explain what this is all about, kiddo. Remember last week when I sent the lodge dues in to head-quarters?

**SADE:** Yes.

**VIC:** I discovered the next day I had sent in four dollars an' eighty cents too much.

**SADE:** Of your own money?

**VIC:** Of my own money.

**SADE:** Well, *that* was silly.

**VIC:** Yes, it was. But no harm's been done. I wrote to Chicago immediately an' *told* 'em about it.

**SADE:** We haven't got enough four dollars an' eighty centses to be throwin' 'em to the *winds*. Goodness, if *I* . . .

**VIC:** Don't get worked *up*, Sade. *I'm* gettin' the money back. That's what this *letter* is . . . I told you to stick *around*, Ralph.

**RUSH:** [*off a little*] Thought I'd step over to the window an' watch Milton Welch loaf. He . . .

**VIC:** Step right *back*. I need you. [*to Sade*] Kiddo, that's what this *letter* is. Headquarters checked over my figures, found I'd sent in too much dough, an' sent me these *papers* to sign.

**SADE:** What are the papers?

**VIC:** Questionnaires an' stuff. There's always a certain amount of red tape in a business like this.

**SADE:** Where do Rush an' me come in at?

**VIC:** You an' Rush are members of my family an' . . . Well, *here*: I'll *read* you the letter.

**RUSH:** If you'll give me a pencil, Gov, Ill write down my John Henry an' . . .

**VIC:** Aw, sit still. Listenin', Sade?

**SADE:** Uh-huh.

**VIC:** [*reads*] "Dear Sky-Brother Gook: Yours of the twenty-sixth last received an' contents noted. Sky-Brother Wilson of our auditing staff has checked your statement an' substantiates your claim of four dollars an' eighty cents in excess of the amount due in this office. The cash will be returned to you in the form of a Post Office money order. Before this is done, however, headquarters requires certain written formalities. Enclosed please find routine questionnaires, et cetera, which you and your family will kindly fill out an' remit. Yours fraternally. L. B. Washman, Secretary."

**SADE:** Means you get your four-eighty back again, huh?

**VIC:** Yeah . . . after I get these papers fixed up.

**SADE:** Why don't they just *give* you your money back as long as they *know* you sent in too much?

**VIC:** Can't run a big organization like the Sacred Stars of the Milky Way fast an' *loose*, kiddo. Every detail's got to be handled with *care*.

**SADE:** Where's the thing you want me to put my name on?

**VIC:** Believe *this* is . . . Yeah, see up here? Says "Wife."

**SADE:** Can't understand what *I* got to do with it. Might as well have the *garbage man* sign his . . . Hey, I don't hafta fill in all these *spaces*, do I?

**VIC:** Sure. They're questions.

**SADE:** Oh, for land's sakes. There's a *million* of 'em.

**VIC:** Naw. Won't take you five minutes. Got a pencil?

**SADE:** [*negative*] Uh-uh.

**VIC:** Here's one.

**SADE:** I'll just put Mis' Victor Gook down at the bottom an' *you* can . . .

**VIC:** *No*, Sade. It's all got to be in your handwriting.

**SADE:** How foolish.

**VIC:** We want that four-eighty back, don't we?

**SADE:** They sure make a person go to a lotta *bother*.

**VIC:** Can't be helped. Rush, here's *your* thing.

**RUSH:** O. K. if I use my fountain pen?

**VIC:** I don't care what . . . No, maybe you better use a pencil. Might hafta erase somethin'.

**RUSH:** Got an extra pencil?

**VIC:** Fish one outa the library table drawer.

**SADE:** Vic, there's forty of these questions.

**VIC:** Oh, no.

**SADE:** Sure. They're numbered.

**VIC:** Well, heck, what of it? Look at the big long document I got.

**SADE:** You hafta fill all that in?

**VIC:** Yeah.

**SADE:** I never heard of anything so crazy.

**VIC:** You just don't understand the ins an' outs of operating a large fraternal body.

**SADE:** Says here "Give name of father an' maiden name of mother."

**VIC:** Don't you have that information about your parents?

**SADE:** What business is it of your ol' lodge what my mother's maiden name was?

**VIC:** Hey, if you'd quit doin' so much belly-achin', you'd be through with that.

**SADE:** I bet if you'd sent in ten dollars too much they'd of wanted to know what Mis' Fisher's grandfather used to eat for breakfast. *[laughs at this lest]*

**VIC:** Aw, bunk.

**SADE:** Rush, hear Mom's funny joke?

**RUSH:** *[coolly]* About Mis' Fisher's grandfather? Yes. Gimme some room to write, Gov.

**SADE:** *[laughs]* I thought that was a pretty funny little joke.

**RUSH:** Uh-huh. *[to Vic]* what's all this carbon paper for?

**VIC:** You use that to . . . Wait a minute, Sade, you started to fill in your thing yet?

**SADE:** No.

**VIC:** Well, don't. It's got to be in triplicate.

**SADE:** Huh?

**VIC:** Ya hafta make three copies.

**SADE:** *[horrified]* Three *copies!* If you think I'm gonna sit down here an' answer a hundred an' twenty . . .

**VIC:** *No.* You don't hafta *make* three copies. Ya use carbon paper. Here.

**SADE:** A person don't need to go to *this* much bother when they make out their *income* tax.

**VIC:** Don't blame *me*, doggone it. If we want our money back we gotta follow directions.

**RUSH:** Know how to fix your carbon paper, Mom?

**SADE:** Yeah.

**RUSH:** Ya use two sheets of it an' put the shiny sides face down an . . . Yeah, that's the way.

**SADE:** Such a nuisance.

**VIC:** Kiddo, do you recall what our address was when we lived in Dixon?

**SADE:** West River Street.

**VIC:** Yeah, but what number?

**SADE:** Heavens, they wanta know *that*?

**VIC:** Question reads, "Give the street an' number of residences occupied in any cities in which you've resided prior to 1925."

**SADE:** I don't remember the exact address.

**VIC:** I'll make one up.

**RUSH:** [*laughs*] Shucks . . . "Name five responsible people, exclusive of your parents, who will vouch for your character."

**VIC:** Can't you name five?

**RUSH:** No.

**VIC:** Aw, ya can too.

**RUSH:** Rooster Davis, an' Milton Welch, an', an' Heinie Call, an . . .

**VIC:** They want *grown-ups*.

**RUSH:** I don't know any grown-ups that'd vouch for my character.

**VIC:** Put down Ike Kneesuffer an' Hank Gutstop, an' Mr. Ruebush an' guys like that.

**RUSH:** O. K.

**VIC:** How ya comin' along, Sade?

**SADE:** I'll *never* be able to wade through all this.

**VIC:** Stuck on somethin'?

**SADE:** *[reads]* “Make a list of your brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, an’ cousins, placing an “X” after the names of those deceased.”

**VIC:** I got that question here myself.

**RUSH:** So have I. Did Cousin Brooks kick the bucket that time he was so sick?

**SADE:** No, he pulled through.

**VIC:** How about Uncle *Wolrab*? He passed on, didn’t he?

**SADE:** Yes, but he wasn’t any *relation* of ours.

**VIC:** Thought he was your mother’s brother-in-law.

**SADE:** No, he was brother to my mother’s *sister*-in-law.

**VIC:** He was always hangin’ *around*.

**SADE:** Yes, but he was no relation.

**VIC:** I won’t mention Uncle Wolrab on my thing then.

**RUSH:** I never even *heard* of him before.

**SADE:** *[in disgust]* Oh, my.

**VIC:** What’s the matter now?

**SADE:** *[reads]* “Have your eyes ever been tested for color blindness?”

**VIC:** Well, have they?

**SADE:** No.

**VIC:** Write down “No” then.

**SADE:** The lodge has got to know if I’m color blind or not before they’ll send you your four dollars and eighty cents, huh?

**VIC:** I can’t help it, kiddo.

**RUSH:** This *twelfth* question is a good one: “Have you or have you not ever felt as though a belt were drawn too tight around your waist?”

**VIC:** They’re tryin’ to find out if you’re *crazy*.

**RUSH:** Yeah, I know. Thirteenth question is along the same line: “Have you or have you not ever been conscious of jagged splotches before the eyes immediately after retiring?”

**VIC:** Still tryin' to find out if you're crazy.

**RUSH:** They owe you your four-eighty whether I'm crazy or not, don't they?

**VIC:** *It's* just red tape. Go ahead an' *finish*.

**RUSH:** It'll take me all *night*. Fourth question is, "Give a complete list of hobbies." I got *forty* hobbies.

**VIC:** Do what it *tells* you to do. I got troubles here of my own. [*reads*] "Enumerate positions held an' salaries paid from first job to present vocation." Shucks, I had nine different jobs before I was fifteen years old.

**SADE:** "Make a list of surgical operations submitted to within the past ten years."

**VIC:** "Do you travel by airplane?"

**SADE:** "Are you an instrument in your husband's decisions on important matters?"

**VIC:** "Do you entertain political aspirations?"

**SADE:** "Has there ever been, to your knowledge, any member of your family, immediate or remote, who has been for any reason imprisoned for a crime?"

**VIC:** "Are you afraid of electrical storms?"

**SADE:** Vic, is all this worth four dollars an' eighty cents?

**VIC:** I doubt it.

**RUSH:** *Here's* something.

**VIC:** What?

**RUSH:** Read this business on top of your letter here.

**VIC:** What's it say?

**RUSH:** *Read* it once. Read it out loud, so Mom can hear.

**VIC:** *This* what ya mean?

**RUSH:** Yeah, the paragraph on top.



**VIC:** *[reads]* “When the enclosed questionnaires have been duly filled out, please assemble an’ mail to J. K. Latimer, Stuckley, Pennsylvania. Mr. Latimer is president of our Congress in Charge of Finance, which meets July 13, 1936. Your claim will have its initial reading at that time. After it has passed through the hands of the Congress, it will be sent to the Grand Tribunal in Chicago for research an’ investigation. The Grand Tribunal convenes in September of 1936. If your claim is accepted, it will go into the hands of our exalted Auditor, Clyman Smurch, who passes on monetary matters during the financial session held each year. The next session of this nature is scheduled for January 9, 1937. Unless unforeseen difficulties an’ delays arise, you may expect a Post Office money order for the amount of your claim one month from that date.”

**SADE:** One month from *what* date?

**VIC:** One month from January 9, 1937.

**SADE:** You mean you get your four dollars an’ eighty cents then?

**VIC:** Yeah.

**SADE:** Here’s my thing.

**RUSH:** Here’s mine.

**VIC:** Whatcha doin’ with ’em?

**SADE &**

**RUSH:** Puttin’ ’em in the wastebasket.

**VIC:** O. K. Put mine in too.

**ANNCR:** Which concludes another brief interlude at the small house half-way up in the next block