

Vic and Sade
by Paul Rhymer

Manual for Wives of Sky-Brothers in the Sacred Stars of the Milky Way
(First broadcast 1941)

ANNCR: Well sir, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cook are in the living room as we join them at the small house half-way up in the next block now. It's late afternoon, and the master of the ménage has just arrived home from the office. And his wife is saying:

SADE: *[dryly]* I received a peachy letter from lodge headquarters this afternoon.

VIC: *[surprised]* You did?

SADE: They wanta sell me a book.

VIC: Was the letter *addressed* to you?

SADE: Sure.

VIC: What kind of a book?

SADE: *[little giggle]* A fine elegant book I'm s'posed to *study*.

VIC: What's the name of it?

SADE: I don't know. "A Manual for Wives of Sky-Brothers in the Sacred Stars of the Milky Way" or something.

VIC: Where's the letter?

SADE: Believe I left it on the kitchen sink. Rush still out there?

VIC: Yeah. Studyin' algebra.

SADE: *[calls]* Willie, bring in that yella envelope an' trash on the sink.

RUSH: *[off]* O. K.

SADE: *[to Vic]* Them Chicago fellas sure got their nerve.

VIC: Why?

SADE: *[giggles]* They tell me I oughta wash my face nice an' clean so my husband won't be ashamed of me.

VIC: *[incredulous]* Aw.

SADE: Truth. One of the rules to be followed by wives of lodge members. *[quotes]* “Keep the face an’ hands clean at all times.”

VIC: Um.

SADE: *[with some heat]* Who are *they* to insinuate I go around with a dirty face?

RUSH: *[coming up]* That stuff cookin’ on the gas-stove O. K., Mom?

SADE: Why?

RUSH: *[up]* Makin’ a gurgling sound like it needed water.

SADE: It’s all right. You through studyin’ algebra?

RUSH: For the time being. I may get in a few more licks after supper. Hello, Gov.

VIC: I believe I greeted you in the *kitchen* a moment ago.

RUSH: Yeah, ya did.

VIC: Then I won’t waste my breath with further hellos.

RUSH: *[chuckles]* O. K. Here’s your letter, Mom.

SADE: Thanks.

RUSH: *[to Vic]* Be interested in a hand or two of rummy?

VIC: *[negative]* Uh-uh.

RUSH: Smelly Clark passed an astonishing remark this afternoon. He was sittin’ on a bench in the gymnasium takin’ his shoes off an’ he noticed a hole in his sock an’ says, “Fellas, let me call your attention to . . .”

SADE: *[to Vic]* Your chum Homer U. *McDancy* wrote this elegant book lodge headquarters wants to sell me. *[reads]* “A Manual for Wives of Sky-Brothers in the Sacred Stars of the Milky Way,” by Homer U. *McDancy*.

VIC: *[interested]* Well.

RUSH: He’s on your all-star marching team, isn’t he, Gov?

VIC: Yeah. *[to Sade]* They didn’t send you the book *itself* did they, kiddo?

SADE: No. Just samples an' selections from the different chapters. Here's a list of rules. The one about keeping my face clean is right up on top. *[reads]* "To be a true an' loyal wife of a Sky-Brother in the Sacred Stars of the Milky Way, madame will take pains with the neatness of her person. She will never appear in her husband's presence with soiled hands or dirty face."

VIC: Um.

SADE: *[strong distaste]* Now I ask you!

VIC: *[little chuckle]* Well, it's good advice.

SADE: Homer U. McDancy must be in the same class with *those other* idiots.

VIC: What other idiots?

SADE: H. K. Fleeber, Y. Y. Flirch, Robert an' Slobert Hink.

VIC: *[prefers not to resent this]* Read me your letter.

SADE: I dropped it on the floor. Pick it up, will ya, sonny?

RUSH: *[O. K.]* Um.

SADE: Here's *another* beautiful rule I'm s'posed to follow.

VIC: Um.

SADE: *[reads]* "To be a true an' loyal wife of a Sky-Brother in The Sacred Stars of the Milky Way, madame will refrain from stealing property belonging to others, using coarse language, and engaging in rough street brawls."

VIC: *[some distaste]* That is pretty *stupid*.

SADE: *[airily]* No, it's fine advice. I'm so used to stealing property belonging to others, though, an' using coarse language, an' engaging in rough street brawls I don't know whether I could quit now or *not*.

VIC: *[to Rush]* Read that letter, George.

RUSH: *[O. K.]* Um.

SADE: *[to Vic]* Three dollars an' seventy-five cents they want for this dandy book.

VIC: Um.

SADE: Believe I'll send for a dozen.

RUSH: *[reads]* “Mrs. Victor R. Gook. Madame: We take pleasure in announcing a new volume just off the press. ‘A Manual for Wives of Sky-Brothers in the Sacred Stars of the Milky Way,’ by Homer U. McDancy. Mr. McDancy is a distinguished author residing in East Brain, Oregon, and his latest work promises to set high standards for books in the practical field. You will find enclosed a leaflet containing excerpts from the Manual. We hope, Mrs. Gook, that you will . . .”

SADE: *[dryly]* . . . cough up three seventy-five.

RUSH: *[looking up]* Huh?

SADE: *[dryly]* “We hope, Mrs. Gook, that you *will* cough up three dollars an’ seventy-five cents.”

RUSH: *[chuckles]* Yeah . . . that’s what it’s leading *up* to.

VIC: Give me the letter, Tomato juice.

RUSH: Um.

SADE: Latin also I’m s’posed to learn it says here.

RUSH: *[chuckles]* Yeah?

SADE: *[reads]* “To be a true an’ loyal wife of a Sky-Brother in the Sacred Stars of the Milky Way, madame will acquaint herself with a treasury of Latin phrases to be committed to memory an’ recited at mealtimes. Here are a few typical examples.”

RUSH: *[little chuckle]* Read ’em.

SADE: *[reads]* “In hoc spittle dum cluck yEEP. Ad agricola spinach est fobo raymond beerman itch. Ickle yamp libertas cum cornucopia feesh.” *[giggles]* Goodness.

RUSH: *[chuckles]* Read some more.

SADE: *[giggles]* No.

RUSH: *[chuckles]* Go ahead.

SADE: *[giggles]* At mealtimes I sit down to the table but instead of sayin’ “Please pass the potatoes,” I say . . . *[consults leaflet]* . . . “Yammer fump ad Gallia divisa tres partes hunk.”

RUSH &

SADE: *[laugh]*

VIC: *[soberly]* It’s a handsome enough book.

SADE: Is it?

VIC: *[reads]* “Mr. McDancy’s volume is bound in fine red leather, inscribed with gold. It is printed on Bible paper and furnishes a very attractive adornment for the bookcase or library table.”

SADE: It *should* . . . for all *that* money.

VIC: “Copies personally autographed by Mr. McDancy, four dollars an a quarter.”

SADE: Charges fifty cents for just writing his name, huh?

VIC: Um.

SADE: Ink must be expensive in Oregon.

VIC: *[reads]* “Copies with a photograph of Mr. McDancy in full lodge regalia serving as a frontispiece, five dollars an’ ten cents.”

SADE: Um.

VIC: *[reads]* “Copies with photograph an’ autograph *both*, six dollars an’ a half.”

SADE: *Those* are the copies *I* want. A whole gunny-sack full of ’em.

VIC: Um.

RUSH: Another nice rule for ya to follow, Mom.

SADE: What’s that?

RUSH: *[reads]* “To be a true an’ loyal wife of a Sky-Brother in the Sacred Stars of the Milky Way, madame will see that the home is kept swept and dusted at all times. It is suggested that madame purchase a broom and use it regularly.”

SADE: *[dryly]* Good old Homer U. McDancy. He’s right up to snuff. Rush, wanta go to the store an’ buy me a broom? I’ve always wondered what a broom looks like.

VIC: *[seriously enough]* I’m surprised at this nonsense *myself* Sade. A bunch of *nit-wits* must of filtered into Lodge Headquarters. I can’t understand why they’d go to the expense of publishing any such dumb book as they describe on that leaflet.

SADE: Homer U. McDancy is about as big a nit-wit as *anybody*.

VIC: *[thoughtfully]* He’s s’posed to be smart. H. K. Fleeber wrote me one time and said McDancy was one of the brainiest men he’d ever met. Taught school as a young fella.

SADE: Um.

RUSH: *[chuckling]* Were you listening, Gov, when Mom read the Latin?

VIC: No.

RUSH: Slop him out some Latin, Mom.

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

RUSH: Go ahead.

VIC: Is there some Latin in the leaflet?

RUSH: [*chuckles*] Sure.

SADE: [*giggles*] It's trash I'm s'posed to memorize an' then recite to my husband at suppertime.

VIC: Um.

SADE: I sit down to the table an' instead of saying, "Would you mind passing the butter, please, Victor?" I say . . . [*consults leaflet*] . . . "Yop voomer in pluribus hunk. In hoc signo veni vidi webster stockdale horse. Ip extra-curricular feep."

RUSH &

SADE: [*laugh*]

VIC: [*seriously*] I'm surprised at this nonsense. Homer U. McDancy *is* a member of the lodge all-star marching team too. I can't understand headquarters giving an honor like that to a lame-brain.

SADE: There's plenty *other* lame-brains on that marching team.

VIC: [*coldly*] Are there?

SADE: Well – H. K. *Fleeber*.

VIC: [*coldly*] You're not even *acquainted* with H. K. *Fleeber*.

SADE: No, I'm not. But he sent me a pair of men's easy-slippers at Christmastime addressed to "Charlie, Gus, Walter, an' Margaret." What'd he send you, Willie?"

RUSH: [*chuckles*] A pipe without any stem on it addressed to "Hazel, Eddie, Herman, and Fat."

SADE: [*to Vic*] H. K. *Fleeber* for ya.

VIC: Name over some *more* lame-brains on the all-star marching team.

SADE: Everybody *knows* Y. Y. *Flirch* isn't bright.

VIC: [*coldly*] Really?

SADE: Wears his shoes on the wrong feet.

VIC: [*coldly*] Does that conclude the list of lame-brains?

SADE: Are Robert an' Slobert Hink on your marching team?

VIC: Yes.

SADE: [*dryly*] If *they're* in their right minds I'll send my undershirt to Detroit Michigan parcel post.

VIC: [*coldly*] Do Robert an' Slobert wind up your list of lame-brains?

SADE: Who else is *in* the outfit?

VIC: O. X. Bellyman.

SADE: Don't know anything about him

VIC: J. J. J. J. Stunbolt.

SADE: Don't know anything about him either

VIC: I. Edison Box an' Harry Fie.

SADE: [*negative*] Uh-uh.

RUSH: Another nice rule for ya to follow, Mom.

SADE: Um.

RUSH: "To be a true an' loyal wife of a Sky-Brother in the Sacred Stars of the Milky Way, madame will at all times be cheerful, truthful, and obedient. She will be on the alert to anticipate her husband's slightest wish."

SADE: [*airily*] Trust me, Homer.

RUSH: [*chuckles*] Shucks.

SADE: [*to Vic*] Going someplace?

VIC: [*not ill-humored*] Ike Kneesuffer's home. I told him I might drop around for a game or two of indoor horseshoes before supper.

SADE: Um.

VIC: [*moving off*] What time we eatin'?

SADE: I *think* my things'll be ready by six.

VIC: *[moving off]* O. K.

SADE: *[raises voice]* Better be back a little before then to be on the safe side though.

VIC: *[moving off]* O. K.

SADE: *[after a pause, to Rush]* Movie show might be nice this evening.

RUSH: Yeah.

SADE: What's on?

RUSH: Gloria Golden an' Four-fisted Frank Fuddleman.

SADE: Name of the picture?

RUSH: "Gazing into Your Eyes Like This Is Heaven, Minor-league Assistant Umpire Drake."

SADE: S'posed to be good?

RUSH: According to the *paper*.

SADE: *[little yawn]* Well, we'll see what your father says.

RUSH: Um.

SADE: Here . . . take this letter an' leaflet.

RUSH: Don't want 'em?

SADE: No.

RUSH: Garbage bucket?

SADE: *[yawns]* Garbage bucket.

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