

FROM THE SMALL HOUSE
HALFWAY UP IN THE NEXT
BLOCK

VIC and SADE

APRIL 2, 1937 — RUTHIE STEMBOTTOM AND THE DOLLAR

THEME: "CHANSON BOHEMIENNE"
Establish, then to background for . . .

ANNOUNCER: OPENING AND
COMMERCIAL CREDITS FOR CRISCO

ANNOUNCER: Well sir, it's early evening as we enter the small house halfway up in the next block now, and here in the living-room we find Mr. Victor Gook and his son Mr. Rush Gook. Mr. Victor Gook is established at the library table playing himself a game of Solitaire, while Mr. Rush Gook sprawls informally on the davenport and reads a book. And now there's conversation. Listen.

VIC: Better hike upstairs an' put on a necktie, Andy. Mr. an' Mis' Stembottom'll be here directly.

RUSH: O.K. Wanta hear something exciting?

VIC: No.

RUSH: All about how Four-fisted Frank Farley beat up on a gang of Mexicans?

VIC: (neg.) Uh-uh. Listen, you better get in the saddle or you'll have your mother in your hair. Bring down my coat when ya come.

RUSH: (getting up) O.K. (yawns) I got a crick in my back.

VIC: That's because ya sit on the middle of your spine with your feet in the air.

RUSH: I *enjoy* gettin' in peculiar positions while I'm on the davenport. I

got in a peculiar position the other day where my knees an' elbows were touchin' each other an' my feet

SADE: (coming in briskly) It's past seven-thirty, fellas. Let's get ready for company. You'll hafta clear that table, Vic.

VIC: I'll finish this game in five more seconds.

SADE: Hop upstairs an' get a necktie, son.

RUSH: All right.

VIC: Bring down my coat.

RUSH: What pants ya got on?

VIC: Blue. Coat's hangin' over a chair in the big bed-room.

RUSH: (moving off) O.K.

SADE: (after him) Kinda glance around up there, sonny, an' see that everything looks all right.

RUSH: (moving off) Uh-huh.

SADE: (after him) I think I left a soiled towel on the rack in the bath-room. Throw it in the hamper.

RUSH: (off) O.K.

VIC: (to Sade) Why is it you always make me put on my coat when Fred an' Ruthie visit?

SADE: *Look* decent.

VIC: Yeah, but I take it *off* again three seconds after they get inside the house. You always say, "Why don't you boys slip off your coats an' be comfortable?"

SADE: Oh, well. (reflectively) Say.

VIC: Yeah? (to the cards) *There* you are, Mister Ace of spades.

SADE: Know what I got half a notion to do sometime this evening?

VIC: No.

SADE: Work around some way an' ask Ruthie for that dollar.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This copyright VIC AND SADE script material, from the original broadcast of Friday, April 2, 1937, is used with permission of Mary Frances Rhymer.*

by Paul Rhymer



SADE (Bernardine Flynn) invariably has a rough time with her finances. And **VIC** (Art Van Harvey) adds to her confusion.

VIC: What dollar is that?

SADE: She's owed me a dollar for almost a month now. Never said beans about it.

VIC: Um.

SADE: A dollar is a dollar.

VIC: Uh-huh.

SADE: The way it was we were in the gas company payin' our gas bill. That was . . . let's see . . . when did I pay the gas bill last.

VIC: Prob'ly around the first of March.

SADE: An' *this* is what?

VIC: Second of April.

SADE: Uh-huh . . . that's when it prob'ly was . . . around the first of March. By the way, it's due again.

VIC: Yeah.

SADE: Anyway, Ruthie's gas bill was two dollars an' forty cents or in around through there an' she was sixty-some

cents short of havin' enough. So I let her have a dollar. She put the change in her purse an's never said beans about it since.

VIC: Prob'ly *forgot*.

SADE: Oh, *sure* she's *forgot*.

VIC: All ya hafta do is *remind* her.

SADE: (slowly) Oh . . . yeah . . . but . . . person hates to come right out an' *ask* for it.

VIC: / remind people quick enough when they owe me money.

SADE: Hmm (slowly) Yeah . . . but this is only a *dollar*.

VIC: You pointed out a minute ago that a dollar is a dollar.

SADE: I can *use* dollars easy enough. Specially when I got 'em comin' to me.

VIC: Well . . . collect.

SADE: Jump right out of a clear sky an' say Ruthie give me my dollar, huh?

VIC: No. Say, "Ruthie, remember borrowin' a dollar from me there in the gas company?"

SADE: She'd think I was makin' an awful too-doo, wouldn't she?

VIC: No. She'd prob'ly thank you for reminding her.

SADE: Ruthie hasn't got any too *many* dollars, ya know. Fred keeps her so close to the line with money. (raises voice) Whatcha wanta wear *that* necktie for?

RUSH: (coming up) I couldn't tell which one it was in the dark. I just reached in my clothes-closet an' took the first one handy.

SADE: Well, stuff that straggly part in your shirt.

RUSH: O.K. Here's your coat, gov.

VIC: Thanks. You're a mighty sweet person.

SADE: Put it on. They'll be here in a minute. An' clear that table.

VIC: All right.

SADE: Gonna be in all evening, Rush?

RUSH: I might possibly decide to stroll over an' see Rooster after while.

SADE: I'll want you here around nine o'clock to go get ice-cream, ya know.

RUSH: Yeah.

Continued . . .

FROM THE SMALL HOUSE HALFWAY UP IN THE NEXT BLOCK

SADE: Vic, *should* I ask her?

VIC: Sure.

SADE: Maybe she *hasn't* forgot. Maybe she just hasn't had the dollar to spare.

VIC: Well, suit yourself in the matter.

SADE: I'd hate to ask her for it an' she hafta say she didn't have it. Be embarrassin'.

VIC: Um.

SADE: Still though, it's been a whole month since she borrowed it. You'd think if she'd remembered she'd of paid before this, or at least *mentioned* it.

VIC: Uh-huh.

SADE: Far as *that* goes I don't see how she *could* forget. A dollar's pretty *big* to Ruthie. She keeps track of every penny. *Has* to.

VIC: Um.

SADE: Dollar's big to *me* too.

RUSH: What's the discussion?

SADE: Why don't you go put some polish on your shoes? Look *terrible* dingy.

RUSH: *Fred an' Ruthie* never pay any attention to

SADE: Mr. an' Mis' *Stembottom*. Where do you *get* that "Fred an' Ruthie"?

RUSH: You an' *Gov* refer to 'em as Fred an' Ruthie an' I

SADE: They're Mr. an' Mis' *Stembottom* to *you*. Go on: put a little polish on your shoes.

RUSH: *They* never pay any attention to my shoes. Fact of the matter is, they never even pay any attention to *me*. Ever notice that?

SADE: (thinking about the dollar) No.

RUSH: Absolute fact. Mis' *Stembottom*'ll say "Hello there, Rush, how are you?" an' Mr. *Stembottom*'ll say, "Hi, pardner, how's tricks?" an' then I could lay down an' *die* for all *they* notice.

SADE: (to Vic) How'd it be to put it like *this*: "Ruthie, I've simply got to . . ." (rejects this) No.

VIC: Ruthie, I've simply got to what?

SADE: Gonna say, "Ruthie, I've simply got to have a dollar an' you *owe* me a dollar." But that's comin' out too blunt an' sounds funny *anyway* me needin' a dollar so bad.

VIC: Yeah.

RUSH: What's the discussion?

SADE: (to Vic) Hey, How's this? When it gets around nine o'clock or in around through there an' time to send Rush for the ice-cream, I'll say, "Goodness me, I haven't got a penny in the house." Then you say, "I haven't either."

VIC: Make *them* shell out for the ice-cream, huh?

SADE: Would that work?

VIC: Maybe. However, Fred might decide he didn't *want* any ice-cream. He likes his ice-cream *free*.

SADE: I feel *mean* sittin' here makin' such a hubble-da-hoo about a stinky little bit of money. (little giggle)

RUSH: Is the discussion that Mis' *Stembottom* owes you a buck?

SADE: What?

RUSH: Mis' *Stembottom* owe you a dollar?

SADE: Yeah.

RUSH: You're tryin' to figure out a way to hit her for it, huh?

SADE: She's forgot, I think. Borrowed it from me at the gas company last month.

RUSH: Why dontcha just say very casual, "Ruthie, please fork over that berry you"

SADE: Mis' *Stembottom*.

RUSH: I'm quotin' what *you're* gonna say. *You* call her Ruthie. Say, "Ruthie, please fork over that berry you got off'n me a while back."

SADE: (sarcastic) That's the way *you'd* do it, huh?

RUSH: I don't mean be *tough* about it. *Talk* tough, but in a joking way. Like they do in the *movies*, ya know. "Mr.

Silvers, you dirty ol' son-of-a-gun you, let's get married."

SADE: (disgust) Ump.

RUSH: Or be kinda *coy*. Put your arm around Mis' Stembottom's shoulder an' tickle her under the chin. An' say, "Ruthie, I bet it's slipped your *mind* about last month in the gas company when

SADE: *That* might work, Vic.

VIC: What?

SADE: Make an enormous big *joke* out of it. (light laughter) "Ruthie, I certainly got a good one on *you*. You went to work an' borrowed a dollar off'n me an' never paid it back." (laughs)

VIC: Uh-huh.

SADE: (maybe that's not so hot) Might hurt her feelings though.

VIC: Why?

SADE: Oh, Ruthie's so funny. Just as apt as not to bust out cryin'.

VIC: Aw.

SADE: Wears her feelings on her sleeve, that girl. I tell you about at Thimble the other day?

VIC: No.

SADE: Mis' Brighton, not meanin' a thing in the world, says to the ladies, "Wasn't it funny in last night's paper about that man eating his shoes in New York City?" Well sir, Ruthie jumped out of her chair an' ran right upstairs. Lay down across the bed an' sobbed like her heart was broken.

VIC: How come?

SADE: Her grandfather died in New York City.

VIC: Yeah?

SADE: Uh-huh, an' every time she even hears New York City *mentioned* she cries.

VIC AND RUSH: For gosh sakes.

SADE: She thought an awful lot of her father, Ruthie did.

VIC: Holy smoke, there's a thousand guys die in New York City every day in the *week*.

SADE: Uh-huh. But Ruthie can't help it. She's such a softy-silly.

RUSH: Puts me in mind of Mildred Tisdell. She claims the tears fall out of her eyes just like rain when she hears



PAUL RHYMER is the man who pulled the strings of fate for Vic and Sade. The daily program featuring sketches of family life was first heard on the Blue Network in 1932. The series originated in Chicago but listeners in Bloomington, Illinois often recognized street names and other "localisms" in the dramas. Bloomington was Rhymer's home town.

the story of the fall of Rome. Now I ain't any better'n anybody else but praise heaven I'm not so thin-skinned I can't. . .

SADE: What do *you* think of puttin' it like a joke, Vic?

VIC: In regards to the dollar, you mean?

SADE: Yeah. Say, (laugh) "Ruthie, if I haven't got a dandy one on *you*."

VIC: / imagine that'd do the trick.

SADE: She's *so* sensitive, though.

RUSH: / got a scheme, mom. Lay a dollar bill here on the library table. Put it right out in plain sight. An' then swerve the *conversation* around to dollars.

SADE: Go put some polish on your shoes.

Continued . . .

From the Small House Halfway Up in the Next Block

RUSH: No, but that'd be swell *psychology*. Gov, have a conversation with me about dollar bills.

VIC: O.K. I wish I had a dollar bill.

RUSH: I *did* have a dollar bill but some crook borrowed it off'n me an' never paid it back.

VIC: Where was that?

RUSH: In the gas company.

VIC: What date?

RUSH: Around the first of March.

VIC: Who was the crook?

RUSH: I *forget* the name. *Initials* though were R. S.

VIC: Somethin' like Rupie Stilltrottom?

RUSH: More like Rufie Stenbottle.

VIC: Rootie Stemcotton.

RUSH: Might possibly of been Ruthie Stembottom.

VIC: Well, whoever it was she oughta be thrown in jail. It's a *crime* the way some people will

SADE: (to Vic) Maybe I better just *forget* about the dollar.

VIC: (chuckles) Oh shucks, kiddo, why dontcha just say, "Ruthie, I bet you've forgot all about the dollar you borrowed in the gas company. No hurry about it, only I thought you might wanta be reminded."

SADE: Be just like her to take it the wrong way.

VIC: I can't *understand* you women. Here you an' her have been pals for *years*. How the heck can ya keep up an ordinary *conversation* if you're afraid everthing's gonna be taken the wrong way?

SADE: With money though it's different, Vic. You know that as well as I do.

RUSH: I'll tell ya, mom. I'll help out. I'll stall around while you people are playin' Five Hundred an' make remarks like, "Mom, as soon as Mis' Stembottom comes through with that buck can I have fifty cents for pencils." "Mom, if Mis' Stembottom ever comes across with the dollar she owes ya can I have

SADE: Oh, Rush, for goodness sakes.

RUSH: I'm only tryin' to

SADE: (to Vic) Guess I might as well *forget* the dollar, huh?

VIC: Yeah.

SADE: 'Course a dollar is a dollar. Can't get away from *that*.

VIC: No.

SADE: Goodness, a dollar in Groucher's will buy enough groceries to (door bell)

RUSH: There they are.

SADE: (gets up) Yeah. I'll go. Vic, straighten them magazines around.

VIC: O.K.

SADE: (moving off) Fluff up the davenport cushions, Rush.

RUSH: All right.

VIC: (to Rush) Look here, Ruthie, I've fooled around long enough. I want my dough an' I want it quick.

RUSH: How'd you like a slam up side the snoot?

VIC: Oh, so it's *fight*, huh?

RUSH: I'll jump in the river before I'll hand *you* a buck.

VIC: You'll get *thrown* in the river, you big fake.

RUSH: Give me three seconds to get outa my coat an' I'll cut you into forty thousand pieces. Doggone, I've stood *enough* of your

SADE: (approaching) Boys.

VIC AND RUSH: (call) Yeah?

SADE: (almost up) Here's Mr. an' Mis' *Stembottom* come to see us.

END OF SCRIPT

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

APRIL 2, 1937 — RUTHIE
STEMBOTTOM AND THE
DOLLAR