

Vic and Sade
by Paul Rhymer

Caramels on a Hot Day
(First broadcast 1936)

ANNCR: Well sir, it's the latter part of a soft, lazy, summer afternoon as we approach the small house half-way up in the next block now, and here on the bottom-most step of the front porch sits Mr. Rush Gook. He seems to have a pile of what appear to be caramels beside him, and he . . . But here's somebody else coming up the sidewalk. It's Mr. Victor Gook . . . who greets his young hopeful with a cheery:

VIC: Hi.

RUSH: Hi.

VIC: Warm day.

RUSH: Yeah.

VIC: Whatcha doin'?

RUSH: Just drummin' up a little excitement for myself.

VIC: That *candy* ya got there?

RUSH: Carmels. Want one?

VIC: No thanks. They look soiled.

RUSH: They *are* soiled. I'm lettin' the sun shine on 'em.

VIC: With what object in view?

RUSH: The sun melts 'em, get the angle, an' then I take 'em between my hands an' roll 'em into balls.

VIC: Why?

RUSH: Furnishes me mild excitement.

VIC: Soon as I get a dollar an' a quarter ahead I'm gonna have the doctor examine your skull.

RUSH: I fail to get the idea you're attempting to put across.

VIC: Don't it strike you peculiar a man fourteen years old can amuse himself playin' with little sticky hunks of candy?

RUSH: [*good-natured chuckle*] Oh, I see. Well, after all, this is a hot day. An individual's got to take his fun where he finds it.

VIC: Guess I'll sit down then.

RUSH: Help yourself.

VIC: Ya don't happen to have a carmel that ain't been *fooled* with, do ya?

RUSH: *Here's* a square one.

VIC: Thanks.

RUSH: It *was* rolled into a ball.

VIC: This one was?

RUSH: Yeah. I rolled it in a ball an' then made it square again with a couple bricks.

VIC: Very interesting. Here, you may have it back again.

RUSH: Don't ya want it?

VIC: I've had a change of heart.

RUSH: Thought you *liked* carmels.

VIC: I do . . . now an' again. However, I'm a somewhat fickle carmel-eater. Catch me one day I dote on 'em, catch me the next day, ya couldn't give me one for five dollars.

RUSH: Smelly Clark's the same way with weenies.

VIC: Yeah?

RUSH: Catch him one day he dotes on 'em, catch him the next day, ya couldn't give him one for five dollars.

VIC: Quite a coincidence. Say, *here's* a pretty respectable lookin' carmel. Has *it* been rolled in a ball?

RUSH: No.

VIC: I might consider eatin' this carmel.

RUSH: Help yourself.

VIC: Thanks.

RUSH: These is a pretty good grade of caramels. Three for a cent.

VIC: *[with his mouth full]* Uh-huh.

RUSH: Good?

VIC: Uh-huh.

RUSH: Funny thing about that caramel.

VIC: *[mouth full]* Which caramel? *This* caramel?

RUSH: Yeah. Ya see I . . . It's all right, Gov. You don't hafta take it outa your mouth.

VIC: Before I put it back *in* my mouth, please tell me what's so humorous about this caramel.

RUSH: *Nothin'.*

VIC: You said funny thing about this caramel.

RUSH: I was gonna say that that one wouldn't *melt*. *That's* all.

VIC: *Why* wouldn't it melt?

RUSH: I dunno. It just got soft on one side. I stuck it up against the side of the house for a long time but it stayed hard as a rock. I guess . . . hey, what's the idea throwin' it away?

VIC: I've lost interest in it.

RUSH: That was a darn good caramel.

VIC: It may have been. But caramels that have been stuck up against the side of the house lose their charm for me.

RUSH: Stickin' it on the house didn't hurt it.

VIC: Perhaps not.

RUSH: *Here's* one, Gov. It's got a rock stuck in the middle of it but if ya kinda eat around . . .

VIC: No. Thanks just the same. My appetite for caramels has vanished like a bird on the wing. Just like I said before, catch me one day an' I'm a fiend for caramels; catch me the next . . . Aha!

RUSH: *[looking up]* Huh?

VIC: A friend of ours is coming up the sidewalk.

RUSH: Where? Oh. *[calls]* Hi, Mom.

SADE: *[off]* Hello there.

VIC: *[calls]* What's the name, please?

SADE: *[smartly]* Puddin' Tame. Ask me again I'll tell you the same.

RUSH: *[to Vic]* I just about forgot that joke. Usta pull it on guys a lot when I was in the third grade.

VIC: *[to Sade]* We enjoy warm weather.

SADE: *[up]* Lands, yes. Let me sit down a minute. Never *felt* the sun so hot. What's going on here?

RUSH: I'm rollin' carmels into little balls.

SADE: What for?

RUSH: Oh . . . just for the excitement of it.

SADE: Looks to me like you're ruining good candy. Gimme one.

RUSH: Want a square one or one that's been rolled in a ball?

SADE: Square one. I certainly wouldn't eat the ones you've rolled around . . . what's the matter, Vic?

VIC: Matter?

SADE: You winked?

VIC: Did I? Perhaps I was trying to imply in the most delicate manner possible, without hurting anybody's feelings, that I strongly advise against the eating of them carmels.

SADE: What's the matter with 'em?

VIC: Why . . . a . . .

RUSH: Nothin's the matter with 'em, Mom. Heck, Gov, whatcha wanta run down a guy's carmels for?

VIC: My suspicions may be unjustified. Before Mom eats that carmel, though, I'd like to inquire if at any time in the past it has been shaped into a *ball*?

RUSH: No.

VIC: Has it been stuck up against the side of the house?

RUSH: No.

VIC: Has it got a rock in it?

RUSH: [*indignantly*] No.

VIC: Has it got *any* foreign matter in it?

RUSH: Heck, no. *I'd* tell Mom if I stuck somethin' inside.

VIC: You certify then that that carmel in Mom's hand has not been molested since it was purchased?

RUSH: Sure.

VIC: Sade.

SADE: Yes?

VIC: Eat.

RUSH: Well, of course I *did* . . .

VIC: One second, Sade. Yes, Rush? You were saying . . . ?

RUSH: It didn't hurt the *carmel* none, but we *did* kinda play a couple minutes catch with it

VIC: By "we" you mean . . . ?

RUSH: Guy down at the livery stable an' me.

VIC: I submit my case, Sade.

SADE: [*reproachfully*] Rush.

RUSH: [*defensively*] What?

SADE: Givin' your Mom old thrown-around candy to eat.

RUSH: That candy's all right. Heck, it don't hurt carmels to . . . Aw, ya threw it away.

SADE: Sure I did.

RUSH: I coulda made a ball out of it. I coulda . . .

SADE: Great big enormous boy fiddlin' around with such silliness *anyway*. I bet they don't teach you in *high* school to sit on your front porch an' mess with lick-dab like a baby.

RUSH: *[tough]* Everybody throws my caramels away.

SADE: Look out somebody don't throw *you* away.

VIC: *[guffaws at this]*

SADE: *[laughs because she's pleased with her wit]*

RUSH: Darn caramels *cost* three for a cent. Hate to have everybody act like they grow on trees an' throw 'em in the street.

SADE: Might as well throw 'em in the street as ruin 'em the way you're doin'

RUSH: It don't hurt caramels to roll 'em around. Science tells us . . .

SADE: *[impatiently]* Take my hat

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

SADE: Hang it *behind* the hall-tree so things don't brush against it.

VIC: *[to Sade]* Been callin' on Ma Corkle this afternoon?

SADE: Yes. Almost ashamed to show my face over there I've let it go so long. Curtis off his feed an' all, an' none of us callin' up or inquiren' how he feels or anything.

VIC: How's he feel?

SADE: Better. He can lay down in bed now.

VIC: He can?

SADE: Uh-huh. Laid down for a while when *I* was there.

VIC: What's he *been* doin' all this time? Standin' up?

SADE: Sittin' up. It's his *back*, ya know. The doctor didn't let him lay down for weeks.

VIC: Oozy-woozy-squoozy.

SADE: Huh?

VIC: Whee.

SADE: Does sound kinda funny . . . person well enough to lay down in bed. Ya generally hear of a person well enough to *sit up* in bed.

VIC: Yeah.

SADE: Mis' Corkle passed a remark on that this afternoon. She called up the newspaper to tell 'em Curtis was healthy enough to lay down in bed an' they thought she was givin' 'em the blueberry an' . . . [*lower tones*] Hey, there goes Mr. Vogel.

VIC: [*to Sade*] Go sit on a tack, Vogel.

SADE: Bet *he's* warm . . . so stout.

VIC: He looks all soft an' runny like Sam's caramels.

SADE: Must be a real trial to a fat person in weather like this. I know Mis' Ropeholder there on West Monroe Street that boards with the Wilsons suffers just terrible when . . . [*to Rush*] Hang it up nice?

RUSH: Sure.

SADE: I wanta be real careful with that hat. If I treat it nice it'll do me next summer too. Lands, it's warm.

VIC: Pretty soon the sun'll go down an' it'll cool off.

RUSH: [*accusingly*] Who kicked this caramel off on the ground?

VIC: I didn't.

SADE: We haven't moved from right here.

RUSH: Found it right in the dirt.

SADE: You musta knocked it off yourself.

RUSH: [*finds the world full of grief*] Shucks.

SADE: Listen, Mister Funny-face, get over that peevishness. Somebody's liable to give you something to be peevish *about*. . . . Vic?

VIC: Uh-huh?

SADE: Know what I'd like to do?

VIC: No.

SADE: Take supper at the cafeteria.

VIC: O. K.

SADE: Be all right?

VIC: Sure.

SADE: I never ordered any groceries today, an' besides I think it does a person *good* to eat other peoples' vittles now an' then.

VIC: Be nice to stroll down towards town later on.

SADE: Might go to the show afterwards too, huh?

VIC: Sure.

SADE: I feel like I *need* a little spree. [*raises voice*] Rush?

RUSH: [*off a little*] Yeah?

SADE: How'd ya like to eat supper at the cafeteria?

RUSH: [*coming up*] Fine.

SADE: Go to the picture show afterwards.

RUSH: Fine.

SADE: Trot up in the swing an' get the newspaper. We'll see what they got on.

RUSH: I *know* what they got on. Rex Radley in . . .

SADE: I like to see for myself. [*to Vic*] That's one of the things Curtis missed the most while he's been sick. Picture shows. He used to go every single evening. Sometimes he even . . . There goes Mis' Eaglefrump.

VIC: Got her hair fixed different, ain't she?

SADE: Yeah. That's called the Stream-line Tuck. Her daughter brings all them fancy hair-fixin' tricks from Decatur. I think that's too young for a woman Mis' Eaglefrump's age, don't you?

VIC: Looks a trifle racy.

RUSH: [*coming up*] Here's what they got at the show, Mom. "Rex Radley in *The Burning Stars of Love* . . . a symphony of two hearts torn in the great conflict of . . ."

SADE: Give it here so I can see.

RUSH: Picture of a guy with a revolver shootin' a lady in the head. The guy is Rex Radley . . .

SADE: Let *loose*, will ya. Lands. [*to Vic*] Here's what they got, Vic. [*reads*] "Rex Radley in *The Burning Stars of Love* . . . a symphony of two hearts torn in the great conflict of career or riches."

VIC: Rootle-tootle.

SADE: *[reads]* “Burn to the kisses of Rex Radley. Thrill to the tears of Irma Illington.”

VIC: Habble-strabble.

SADE: See the picture? Fella shootin’ a lady in the head.

VIC: Uh-huh.

SADE: Sounds like it oughta be pretty good.

RUSH: Rex Radley always takes the part of a guy . . .

SADE: *[reads]* “Also Happy Hyena Comedy, News Events, an’ travelogue” . . . how ya say that . . . travelogue?

VIC: Yeah.

SADE: An’ travelogue, “With Bill an’ Bernice through the Red Hills of Rooglie, East Africa.”

RUSH: That’s one of them darn things where ya see guys climbin’ trees an’ ladies dancin’ around an’ funny birds an’ . . .

SADE: *[reads]* “Extra added attraction: two full reels of world-famous boxing match between Cannon-cracker Clark an’ Buffalo Barnes.” *[approvingly]* Uh-huh.

VIC: *That* oughta be pretty good.

RUSH: Couple guys havin’ a fist-fight

SADE: It don’t state who the leading lady in the main picture is. Irma Illington always takes the part of the *mother*, so she can’t be . . .

RUSH: There goes Four-eyes Johnson.

SADE: Huh?

RUSH: I say there goes Four-eyes Johnson.

SADE: Who’s he?

RUSH: Just a kid. Resides on East Jefferson. Left-handed.

SADE: What?

RUSH: He’s a left-handed kid.

SADE: Oh. *[to Vic]* Say, listen, it's going on five o'clock, ain't it?

VIC: Must be. I'll find out. *[fishes for watch]*

SADE: Rush, you better throw that junk away an' get started. Get started gettin' ready. You're gonna hafta take a bath an' everything.

RUSH: I took such an intense bath just last *night* I . . .

SADE: You played baseball an' helped me this morning.

RUSH: Yeah, but just the same . . .

SADE: We don't need to talk about it. What time was it when you looked, Vic?

VIC: It was . . . Doggone, I forgot. *[fishes again]* It's ten minutes to five.

SADE: That late? We better *all* go in the house. You better change your shirt, Vic. Real nice people take meals at that cafeteria.

VIC: O. K.

SADE: C'mon, son.

RUSH: Mm, O. K.

ANNCR: And so we've spent a while sitting on the front steps. Don't you feel a little uncomfortable from those hard boards?