


Vic and Sade Old Time Radio Scripts

## Vic, Chef for Dinner, Quotes Pantley on Peanuts

By [Paul Rhymer](#)



**Announcer:** *Well sir, it's time for the noon-day meal as we enter the small house half-way up in the next block now, and here in the kitchen we discover activities in progress toward that end. And these activities are being conducted by no less a person than Victor R. Gook - who is wearing an apron and who is setting the table. Since his wife is standing over her ironing board, we judge she's drafted her husband into service. Shall we listen to their talk? O.K.*

**VIC:** The table it set, kiddo. I have done my best. An' looking over the work I cannot but feel a little proud.

**SADE:** Move over so I can see.

**VIC:** You'll notice that a

**SADE:** You *have* got 'em right at *Rush's* place.

**VIC:** Of course, I never make the same mistake twice. Since this type of endeavor is new to me, I was careful to *feel* my way. Very very deliberately I...

**SADE:** You've got two yards more table-cloth hangin' down one end of the table than you have hangin' down the other end.

**VIC:** Yes, so I have. Well, a simple flick of the wrist will...

**SADE:** No, better leave it be. You'll knock things over. Why is it you put on the salt-shaker outa the dining room set an' the pepper shaker outa the kitchen set?

**VIC:** Have I done that?

**SADE:** You can see they don't match, can'tcha?

**VIC:** I like to inject variety into my work. The salt-shaker *contrasts* with the pepper-shaker. It eliminates the danger of gettin' 'em mixed up.

**SADE:** I don't see *how*. Neither one's *transparent*. An' there's no *printin'* on 'em.

**VIC:** If you feel that I should go get the other...

**SADE:** No, they'll do. You ready to dish up your corn an' things now?

**VIC:** You bet.

**SADE:** Use the blue-bordered saucers there on the stove.

**VIC:** I *will*. Or *die*.

**SADE:** I hear Rush talkin' to somebody out in the alley. Guess he's gonna show up

on *time* for once.

**VIC:** It'll be a thrill for him to eat a meal prepared by the expert hands of his father.

**SADE:** Yeah. How's your meat?

**VIC:** Done to a turn.

**SADE:** Put it on the plate then.

**VIC:** I thought I'd let it writhe a moment or two longer in its own rich juices.

**SADE:** [giggles] All right.

**VIC:** Ain't you surprised to find out what a handy man I can be around the kitchen?

**SADE:** Uh-huh. Got bread cut?

**VIC:** I have. It's arranged neatly in the center of the table. An' a cleverly sliced chunk of butter sleeps close beside it.

**SADE:** I expect we oughta open a glass of jelly for sweet.

**VIC:** That *too* has been has been anticipated by the man in charge. A glass of jelly has been opened. If you look you'll see it lurking coyly behind the sugar bowl.

**SADE:** Thought of everything, huh? I'd dish up my meat now. I hear Rush outside.

**VIC:** You ready to sit down to dinner?

**SADE:** Just about. All I hafta do is finish this shirt.

**VIC:** Will you be through with your ironing then?

**SADE:** Lands, no. I'll be on the jump till two o'clock. See all I got left in my clothes-basket?

**VIC:** Yeah.

**SADE:** Maybe you an' Rush will do the dishes?

**VIC:** Maybe. This the knife you jab the meat with?

**SADE:** Uh-huh. Say, ya know the magazine that come yesterday?

**VIC:** Your woman's magazine?

**SADE:** Yes. Did you bother it?

**VIC:** I *never* bother women's magazines.

**SADE:** Looks to me like somebody... Watch out there ya don't splatter hot... *That's* all right... looks to me like somebody musta tore a *page* outa that magazine.

**VIC:** Why?

**SADE:** Because I was talkin' to Mis' Harris over the phone this morning an' she told me about a cake plate offer they got. Where you can get one for fifty cents. Exactly the cake plate I been wantin' so long. I leafed through *my* copy of the magazine an' couldn't find head or *tail* of it. An' it's the same magazine, I *know*.

**VIC:** Maybe Rush can throw some light on the matter.

**SADE:** I'll certainly *ask* him. If I can get a cake plate for fifty cents I wanta *know* about it. They're so handy an' good-lookin' a person'd be *foolish* not to take advantage of... Better use a *cloth*, Vic, that'll be terrible hot.

**VIC:** My hands are hard an' horny with toil. They... Ouch!

**SADE:** See. You'll find a little

towel hangin' on the hook  
behind the stove.

**VIC:** What *become* of that  
guy you heard out in the alley  
just now?

**SADE:** Rush? He might of  
got talkin' with... Here he  
comes. [Door Opens]

**VIC:** Get *out*.

**RUSH:** [Laughing] Who says  
so?

**VIC:** / say so, you scoundrel.

**RUSH:** C'mon out in the alley  
an' *fight* me then. [Door  
closes] Hi, mom.

**SADE:** Hi. Who'd you talk  
with so long outside?

**RUSH:** Rooster Davis.

**SADE:** What's he doin' in *this*  
neighborhood at noon-time?

**RUSH:** Gonna eat dinner with  
his aunt.

**SADE:** Oh.

**VIC:** Clear the track. Here  
comes the waitress.

**SADE:** [To Rush] Your *father*  
got dinner today.

**RUSH:** That so? *Smells*  
good.

**VIC:** Gonna *taste* good, too.  
Ladies an' gentlemen, dinner  
is announced.

**SADE:** How about your  
potatoes?

**VIC:** Coming up. Pray be  
seated, friends.

**RUSH:** [To Sade] Gov cook  
the meat?

**SADE:** Uh-huh.

**RUSH:** Didn't think he had it  
in him.

**VIC:** [Off a little] Am I being  
insulted behind my back?

**RUSH:** I'm throwing bouquets  
at ya, gov.

**VIC:** Don't hit me in the eye

with one while I'm carryin' this dish of potatoes. [Closer] Everybody settled an' happy?

**SADE:** Things do look good, Vic.

**VIC:** Things *are* good.

**SADE:** Here, I'll take 'em.

**VIC:** Dig in, George. You're due for adventures in fancy flavor.

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

**SADE:** Sit Down, Vic. I think you got everything on.

**VIC:** Sure I have. Never-miss-a-trick Thompson they call me.

**SADE:** [Giggles] What on earth did you do to the jelly?

**VIC:** *There's* nothing amiss with the jelly.

**SADE:** Ya *slice* it?

**VIC:** I did.

**SADE:** Why?

**VIC:** Because I always have my nose out for new ideas. I never stand still. I scout around for the novel an' the revolutionary. Sliced jelly is my own invention. It may sweep the world. How's that bite of meat, Haile?

**RUSH:** *Good.*

**VIC:** Perhaps you mean *wonderful.*

**RUSH:** Round-steak never *is* what you'd call *wonderful.* It's *good,* but...

**VIC:** It's good, but it'd be wonderful if it was anything besides round-steak. That what you mean?

**RUSH:** [Chuckles] Yeah.

**VIC:** I am appeased.

**SADE:** [Approvingly] Not bad at *all.*

**VIC:** Say it *positively* rather

than negatively, kiddo.  
Instead of "Not bad at all,"  
say Good as can be."

**SADE:** [Giggles] All right--  
good as can be. See how it is  
to cook something nice an'  
then fish for compliments?  
You always josh me about  
doin' that an' here you are  
doin' it yourself.

**VIC:** I wasn't fishin' for  
*compliments, Sade. I was*  
*fishin' for justice.* Have a slab  
of sliced jelly.

**SADE:** [Giggles] Sure.

**RUSH:** Say, did we have a  
swell assembly this morning.  
Best assembly we've had  
since I been goin' to high  
school.

**SADE:** What'd they have?

**RUSH:** They had an animal  
trainer. An', boy, was he a  
whiz. Well, I'll tell ya what he  
*done*-- he determined my  
life's work for me.

**SADE:** You gonna be an  
animal trainer?

**RUSH:** If I'm not a  
professional animal trainer, at  
least I'll be an amateur animal  
trainer.

**SADE:** What kind of animals  
did he have?

**RUSH:** Didn't have *any*. He  
didn't *need* any. I said he was  
an animal *trainer*, didn't I?

**SADE:** Uh-huh.

**RUSH:** Well, he ain't so much  
of an animal *trainer* as he is  
an animal *charmer*.

**SADE:** Charmer, huh?

**RUSH:** *Yeah*. He hypnotizes  
'em.

**SADE:** Snakes?

**RUSH:** *Anything*. Doggone,

ya oughta see his eyes bulge out. Enough to make ya sick.

**VIC:** Why don't you folks *eat*? Instead of wastin' your time with idle chatter.

**SADE:** *We're eatin'.*

**VIC:** You find things satisfactory?

**SADE:** Excellent.

**VIC:** Potatoes the way you like 'em?

**SADE:** Uh-huh. See how it is to be a cook? If you've taken any pains at *all* you hafta be told how *nice* everything is every minute.

**VIC:** The musician must have his applause.

**SADE:** Exactly.

**RUSH:** This animal-charmer-guy can work on *people too*.

**SADE:** Yes?

**RUSH:** Makes 'em weak as a rag. It's the way he *looks* at 'em an' the way he *talks* to 'em.

**SADE:** How's he look at 'em?

**RUSH:** Put down your knife an' fork once an' gaze in my eyes.

**VIC:** Aw, shucks, Harry, you're crampin' my style. Let your mother enjoy her dinner.

**RUSH:** This'll only take a minute. O.K., mom, gaze into my eyes.

**SADE:** I don't think you washed your forehead very good when you left school this noon.

**RUSH:** Don't look at my *forehead*. Look in my eyes.

**VIC:** Who wants another shot of potato?

**RUSH:** One second, gov. Now concentrate.



**VIC:** Huh?

**RUSH:** talkin' to *you*, mom.

**SADE:** What'll I concentrate about?

**RUSH:** Nothin' in particular. Just make your mind a blank.

**SADE:** You're gonna have a mole under your left eye some day. You got exactly the same kind of little spot that Uncle Fletcher had when he was younger.

**RUSH:** Don't look *under* my eye. Look *in* my eye.

**SADE:** Which one?

**RUSH:** *Both* of 'em

**SADE:** You *can't* look in *both* a person's eyes, son. Hafta choose one or the other.

**RUSH:** O.K. *Choose* one.

**VIC:** Wish people around here'd eat. A man breaks his back building the dinner of the century.

**RUSH:** Just half a second, gov. Concentratin', mom.

**SADE:** Uh-huh.

**RUSH:** Are my eyes bulgin'?

**SADE:** No.

**RUSH:** Bulgin' a *little* ain't they?

**SADE:** Look awful *stare-y*.

**RUSH:** Fine. *Now* we're gettin' there. Keep concentratin'.

**VIC:** I'll queer *your* act sometime, Pete. Someday you'll be showin' your girl how you can throw your knee out of joint an' I'll come along an'...

**RUSH:** This works better in silence, gov. Feel your brain slippin', mom?

**SADE:** No.

**RUSH:** Don't ya feel kinda

hazy an' dreamy an' weak as a rag?

**SADE:** [Giggles] No.

**RUSH:** Try my *other* eye.

**SADE:** I guess I'll eat my dinner.

**VIC:** Sure. An' you better do the same thing, friend. Won't get another dinner like this prob'ly for the next forty years. Can I help you to potatoes, kiddo?

**SADE:** All right.

**VIC:** you haven't taken much of your *corn*.

**SADE:** I will though.

**VIC:** Taste suit you?

**SADE:** Taste is very good.

**VIC:** Notice a barely perceptible difference in flavor?

**SADE:** Why... I don't know. Did you fix it different than I told you to?

**VIC:** I brought into play a little notion of my own.

**SADE:** What was that?

**VIC:** I vigorously shook the can.

**SADE:** Why?

**VIC:** On the theory that corn, allowed to settle over a period of time, allows it's more delicious elements to settle to the bottom.

**SADE:** [Giggles] Aw.

**VIC:** That theory might very well be true. By *shaking* the can, all the various little flavors are mixed deliciously together.

**SADE:** Canned corn's only got one flavor.

**VIC:** There's where you lack vision as a *cook*, Sade. Your *real* artist works along the line

that nothing is impossible.  
When I was preparing this  
corn I made myself believe  
that it had *forty* flavors. I  
made it my aim to bring those  
forty flavors to the surface.

**RUSH:** *I* can only taste thirty-  
*eight* of 'em, gov.

**VIC:** Your levity is misplaced,  
Lester. Did you ever hear of  
Walter B. Pantley?

**RUSH:** No.

**VIC:** The dirt-track discus-  
dodger of Des Moines?

**RUSH:** [*Neg*] Uh-uh.

**VIC:** His chief claim to fame  
was the discovery of the  
second flavor in peanuts.

**RUSH:** Second flavor in  
peanuts?

**VIC:** Yeah. *There's* two  
flavors in peanuts.

**RUSH:** I only know of one.

**VIC:** Look: you've eaten a  
batch of peanuts.

**RUSH:** O.K.

**VIC:** When you first *began* on  
the peanuts they had *one*  
flavor.

**RUSH:** Yeah?

**VIC:** After you've got down a  
whole *sackful* they taste a  
little *different*. Ain't that right?

**RUSH:** Why...a... Yes, I  
guess it is.

**VIC:** The discovery of Walter  
B. Pantley.

**RUSH:** I don't see how you  
can call it a *discovery*.

**VIC:** I don't see why I *can't*  
call it a discovery.

**RUSH:** *Everybody* know that  
about peanuts.

**VIC:** Yes, but who, besides  
Walter B. Pantley, had the  
courage of his convictions an'

got his discovery registered at the Capitol building in Washington, D.C.?

**RUSH:** He do all that?

**VIC:** He did all that. *Now* when you go to Washington, D.C., you notice great crowds standin' in front of a metal tablet, sacred to the memory of Walter B. Pantley, discoverer of the second flavor in peanuts. Have another piece of steak?

**RUSH:** Sure.

**VIC:** You, Sade?

**SADE:** I believe I can stand just a smidgen.

**VIC:** Is this a good dinner or *ain't* it a good dinner?

**SADE AND RUSH:** Good dinner.

**END OF SCRIPT**

**ANNOUNCER:** And so we've sat at the table with Vic, Sade, and young Rush Gook, who have been eating a meal prepared by the head of the family, and who have been talking about this, that, and the other thing.