

# Sample Script

## MERLE HUBBLE'S DRIVE-THROUGH LUBE TUBE (142 - Shorter Scripts)

**Judy:** (Entering with Bob) Hello? Uncle Merle? We're here!

**Bob:** Uncle Merle? It's us. Bob and Judy.

**Judy:** Uncle Merle? (Looking around) He's got to be around here somewhere.

**Bob:** We're here to deliver your new summer help. (Calling to offstage) Hey! Jared! Get on in here, son.

**Judy:** (Crossing off) Merle?

**Bob:** You all set, son? You all ready to take on the responsibilities of a real job? Of real gainful employment?

**Jared:** (Entering) Gee, Dad, you don't have to make such a big deal out of it. It's just a summer job.

**Bob:** It is not just a summer job, Jared. Your Uncle Merle Hubble has agreed to take you on and your Uncle Merle is a state certified mechanic.

**Jared:** Yeah, but--

**Bob:** Yeah, but he has the state-certified right to issue inspection stickers. He has the right by law to carry 'em around like a tablet in his back pocket.

**Judy:** (Crossing through) Merle? You in here?

**Bob:** I'm here to tell you, son, you can learn one heck of a lot from a man who is sanctioned by the state to issue inspection stickers. That is one man of major importance, let me tell you.

**Jared:** But, Dad, this is just for the summer. You said so yourself. I'm going to be a computer engineer. I don't plan to make auto mechanics my career.

**Bob:** Hold it right there, son. Don't be disrespecting the auto mechanic's trade.

**Jared:** I'm not--

**Bob:** It is one honorable trade, I'll tell you, a real vocation! Why, just wait till you see Uncle Merle's hands. They're dirty. Black as oil, greasy as transmission fluid!

**Jared: But, Dad--**

**Bob: What's a computer nerd got? Carpel tunnel Syndrome? What's that? That's for wimps! There's no workman's comp for that! But your Uncle Merle--why, son, the man's lost whole fingers getting them caught in an angry fan belt. That's a real man's job!**

**Jared: Yeah, well, we'll give it a couple weeks and see how it goes.**

**Bob: Oh, you'll see, all right. You'll see. Merle will show you. He'll show you what real work is.**

**Judy: (Back in) I can't seem to find him anywhere.**

**Bob: Oh, he's here, all right, Judy. He's here. I can smell him. Smells like . . . (sniffs) WD 40!**

**Judy: I'm sure. (Turning) Merle!**

**Bob: I love the smell of WD 40 in the morning, son. Smells like . . .(Bigger sniff) Victory!**

**Merle: (Entering) Well, gad dog! What we got here?**

**Judy: Oh, there you are, Uncle Merle. So nice to see you again. (She moves to take his hand) Oh, you're all covered in grease.**

**Merle: Am I? (Licks finger) Yep. Guess so.**

**Bob: See that, son? Not a full set of fingers on either hand.**

**Judy: Uncle Merle, you remember my husband, Bob.**

**Merle: Naw, don't think so.**

**Bob: Mr. Hubble, sir, (pumping his hand) it is my pleasure. Truly.**

**Merle: Yeah, right, Boob.**

**Bob: It's Bob.**

**Merle: Bob, leggo my hand.**

**Bob: (Lets go. Turns to Jared. Shows hand) Look, son. Real grease!**

**Judy: Merle, this is our son, Jared. You said you'd be able to take him on as a summer employee.**

**Merle: I did, huh?**

**Bob: Well, Mr. Hubble, sir, I can promise you, he will do you proud.**

**Merle: He will, huh?**

**Bob:** Jared, you be on your best behavior, now. Mr. Hubble, sir, we leave him in your noble hands. (To Jared) Don't screw this up, son! (Gone)

**Judy:** Just be easy with him, Uncle Merle. He's still our little pumpkin! (Pinches Jared's cheek. Gone)

**Merle:** That true, boy? (Sizing him up) You some one's little pumpkin?

**Jared:** No.

**Merle:** Good. You want to be an auto mechanic?

**Jared:** No. I want to be a computer engineer.

**Merle:** Good.

**Jared:** But I promised my folds I'd give this a shot.

**Merle:** Big of you.

**Heather:** (Offstage) Hello? Mr. Hubble?

**Merle:** Well, here's your first customer, kid. See what she has to say.

**Jared:** What? You want me to see what she--

**Merle:** Gad dog! What's the matter, boy? You got a spoke loose in your wheel? If I'm gonna be payin' you, you danged sure better earn it. Now go see what she wants.