

EARL'S GAS

By John C. Havens

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CAST: *one male*

ACCENT: *Southern, sort of "hickish"*

NOTE FOR PERFORMANCE: *EARL is a very energetic gas station attendant who has a prominent vocal tic and a bit of a chip on his shoulder. HE thinks the well to do people getting gas at his station are judging his position in the world until HE realizes otherwise.*

Howdy! Wookch! (**Pronounced wook, with a 'ch' at the end. It has no meaning, other than a vocal tic EARL frequently uses.**) How ya'll doin'? Wookch! Alright, what can I get for you, regular or unleaded? You want regular or decaf? Ha Ha! Hey...you want regular? O.K., I'll get regular for you. I'll pump it for you, wookch. Where ya'll from? Atlanta? Well I love Atlanta, I been to Atlanta, I can spell Atlanta! Y'all have a good time there when the Olympics came through? I bet you did. Man, I woulda' loved to have been there. Cept' for that bombin' business. That's one Olympic sport I don't wish to observe. 'Course it ain't official yet. Ha! Wookch. I'm just playin' with y'all. They ain't never gonna' let bombin' become an event. Too expensive.

Speakin' of the olympics, you know what event they're trying to make official? Wookch? Ice carvin'. Can you believe that? These fellers, I seen it on ESPN 2, they take chain saws and carve these huge blocks a' ice into all kinds of shapes and designs. It really is quite a thing of beauty. Wookch. And then their masterpieces melt within 12 hours of finishing them. Kind of sad, don't ya' think? Such a fleeting bit of frozen beauty. Just like a Klondike bar melts in your hand at a ball game if you don't eat it too quick. Yup. Makes you appreciate the good things in life, don't it.

Which reminds me, I'm jabbering on and on, wookch, over here and not even offering you a libation or some edibles. Listen, while the gas is goin', let me get you somethin' to eat, eat and drink, wookch! I got a good combination for you from back in the food pantry. How bout' an RC Cola and a Moon Pie? Wookch!! Nothin' better for ya', combination as good as biscuits and gravy. Dark chocolate of the Moon Pie combines with the fizzy sweetness of the RC and ya'.....What's that now? **(Pause, they want him to leave them alone)**

Just the gas, please, you're in a rush. I see. I get the picture. You're refusin' my offer of kindness. Big city folk and all. Fine then, wookch! **(starts to walk off)**

(Coming back) Can I just say somethin' to you folks? Drivin' along through my gas station? Now this is a beautiful car you have, if I can be so bold, and I realize that my gas station does not have silver oxide pumps and the types of things you might be used to in the big city where you come from...but I am tired of, wookch! Of you, wookch! Drivin' through my little gas station, and lookin' down your noses to me, when I pour my sweat to you, and my blood and my tears, into your car, as it were. And that kind of frustrates me, because you drive through, and think you're so much more important.

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