

Uber Doober Doo
by Jules de Jongh
Season 2 Episode 24

[opening theme music and strapline]

Nanny Bea: Hello there, I am Nanny Bea with a cup of tea! And my neighbour Jules with be bringing us the tale to go with that tea any...

[knock sfx]

Nanny Bea: minute now.

Nanny Bea: Who ever could that be? Hello?

Jules: Hello Nanny Bea, it's your neighbour Jules with a story.

Nanny Bea: Oh, brilliant, come in we were expecting you.

Jules: That's a relief because I have the most incredible tale for you but, but first, I think someone has called in with a wonder word.

[insert Wonder Word theme]

Marina: Hello Nanny Bea my name is Marina. I have a Wonder Word for you

[insert drum roll]

Marina: Hunkydory. When something is hunkydory it's going really well. I feel hunkydory when I visit my best friend. It doesn't matter what we do, it's all hunkydory.

[insert chimes]

Jules: Thank you Marina. Okay listening friends keep your ears on alert for hunkydory! Are you ready for a story?

Nanny Bea: Oh, yes please.

Jules: Okay then, **Uber Doober Doo**, adapted for radio

'How nice to see you Sam,' the college secretary said almost as if she meant it, 'Ms Price will be with you any....,' the phone rang and she quickly diverted to her, also very convincing,

'Hello Ms Price's office, how may I help you? Mmm hmm, Mmm hmm, yes indeedy do, okey dokes, righty ho...'

Sam was mesmerized by her catalogue of confirmation and wondered what other way she could possibly say yes when...Ms Price opened her door and stopped his wondering. 'How nice to see you Sam,' she said as if she kind of meant it. 'We seem to have an issue with your accounts, there's still an outstanding balance that has been due for some time. If we cannot resolve it this week Sam, we will have to give your place to another veterinary student.'

'Oh that won't be necessary maam, my employer covers all my fees except books but I'm meeting them tomorrow and will ask for more hours of work to cover those costs.'

'Tomorrow you say?'

'You betcha!' he replied, pleased he'd thought of another way to say yes, wondering, hoping in fact the secretary would add this one to her catalogue.

'Well then Sam, we look forward to seeing you on Friday, with your payment.'

Sam made his way home thinking of how he was going to fit in more work when he already spent every waking hour working or studying. Maybe he could spend less. I mean how important is food anyway he wondered as he opened the door.

'Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi, oh you've been gone forever, I thought you would never come back but you're here, it's really you, hi, hi, hi, hi.'

'Yes, hello stranger, how long has it been since you've seen me? Can you see me now, look at me now, you like what you see? It's my silky hair isn't it, mesmerizing I know..'

'Ladies, ladies, back away from the man! We talked about this. Give him some space, please, chill out.'

'But it's just so exciting, I can't believe it's him, huh?'

'You wet yourself again didn't you Honey?'

'Only a splash,'

'Hey buddy, come this way, there's nothing to see here, just the two of us, compadres, you know what I mean. Dudes shootin the breeze, with no other agenda just wanna know what's on your mind, dinner perhaps? Always a good time for food. You know what I mean right, right? Yeah, you know, you know like dinner, dinner, dinner now. No pressure, just wondering bud when you're gonna make some dinner, dinner, dinner...'

'Okay, okay, dinner for three coming right up!' Sam conceded.

'Three, no, you got me all wrong, amigos eat together, but I'll just (gobble sounds)'

'Sorry about that, I like my food, now come on buddy, what's the deal? You're not eating? I mean I'd love me some of your leftovers, if you know what I'm saying?'

'Oh Bertrand, if only I could be like you?'

'A challenge I admit but you, you can be anything you want. Remember when you talked about becoming a vet, and look at you now, you are well on that road, the road to the land of plenty, you know what I mean, you know what I'm talking about the land with all you can eat?'

'It's all too much, the time, the cost, the effort.'

'Darling have you looked at me, I mean really looked at me since you came back?'

'Sorry Zeta, I've been ignoring you and how could I when you are so beautiful.'

Mmmhmmm. With Zeta by his side, Bertrand close at hand and Brie running around being busy, Sam forgot all about his worries and just enjoyed their company until, enjoyed (yawn) being with his (snore)...

(buzzz) 'Oh, wha? It's time for work already oh man. Where'd the night go?' Sam said as he threw together some breakfast for the others and headed out the door in yesterday's clothes.

As soon as Honey stopped running around long enough to figure it out, she started crying, 'Gone again, oooooooo, ho, ho, oooooooo, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.' Zeta looked the other way. She found Honey's outbursts...unbecoming of a lady.

Sam made it to work with a minute to spare, 'How nice to see you Sam,' Dr Gooding said and she definitely meant it. 'How have you been?'

Sam wanted to say miserable, lost, broken, worn out but opted for his usual, 'Hunkydory!'

'Good because I wanted to talk to you about your hours at the practice.'

Great, thought Sam, they'll offer him more hours and he doesn't even have to ask.

'You see, the practice has decided to reduce your hours, while we redecorate.'

'Reduce my what?'

'Reduce your hours, only for this week.'

'Oh.'

'They'll still be a job here for you of course, you're developing into an exceptional future vet but we just have a little less work during the renovation.'

Sam couldn't even manage a hunkydory, he just got up and walked away.

'Sam, I'm sorry,' Dr Gooding called out to him, but he didn't hear it, not that it would matter if he did. What was he gonna do now, six years of training, six years of sacrifice all down the drain. He spent the rest of the morning going through the motions as he racked his brain for any other solution. The shift went by quite quickly and Sam was once again opening the door to Honey.

'Hi, hi, hi, hi, hi, hi he's back, it's been so long, where were you? I thought you'd never come back but here you are, hi, hi, hi, hi, h, oops, excuse me while I just mop this up.'
Sam didn't even notice.

'Hello darling you haven't seen me in forever, how do I look, how do I look?'

'Zeta, can't you see the man is dealing with some stuff, back off, both of you. Hey, hey buddy come on in, come on in, take a load off, you want something to eat, some food maybe? Any time is dinner time around here, dinner, dinner, dinner?'

'Oh Bertrand, I think this is the end. I can't pay for school or this place or your food. I guess this dream is dead.'

'Woah, woah, woah, buddy, roll it back, roll it back. I mean food come on, you can always make room for food, surely, like now, maybe, dinner, dinner, you want some dinner?'

'Oh, yeah, yeah, I'll get your dinner!' Sam said as he prepared three feasts, fish for Zeta and her shiny hair, chicken for Honey and her sensitive tummy and beef for Bertrand, well because he's Bertrand.

As he was serving up Bertrand's portion his phone rang. 'Hello? (mumble) oh I'm sorry you must have the wrong number, I'm not an uber dri, what? Fifty dollars? Well I guess I can be for one tonight.' Bertrand heard it all after he downed his food in three gulps, laps and slurps.

'Gotta go guys, I think I've just found my rescue plan!' Sam headed out to collect some random souls and take them to a random place. He got his account all set up, ready to uber away, only one problem. Time. How was he gonna to fit it in?

The truth is, he wasn't, when he wasn't working at the veterinary practice, he was studying, when he wasn't studying he was sleeping so that was the only place he could fit his 'uber' taxi service, when he should have been sleeping.

Zeta was the first to notice as he took no notice of her. Bertrand was worried. Honey didn't have a clue but sat in on the intervention.

'OK, He can't keep working like this, his studies are suffering and his work is getting sloppy. I'll get rid of the problem, Zeta you back me up and Honey, just don't pee.'

When the phone rang again, another Uber taxi call, Sam reached for it but it wasn't there. A muffled ring kept on calling out but Sam couldn't find it. 'Bertrand! Where did you put my

phone? You better not have eaten it! I gotta take that call or I can't pay for school and I can't pay for things like, I don't know, food!

'Food! As you mentioned it, any chance we could - no, no I'll stay on track, focused. You see, we, meaning the girls and me, have watched you working yourself into a zombie. I mean you're getting our meals mixed up, not a problem for me, I of course will eat anything as the bottle top incident of last week will confirm and of course the New year's cork situation. Oh, yeah the girls are nudging me cause they'll never let me forget that birthday bath bomb, I mean how could something that smells so good taste so bad.'

'Darling, focus! Or at least talk about me. I mean look at me, look at my tail how it swings and swizzles. Oh it's so beautiful I can hardly stop looking.'

'Yeah, yeah, focus, I can do that, (sniff) wait is that beef jerky?'

Sam was taking no notice of Bertrand as he threw over every pillow, looked under every chair. The phone stopped ringing before Sam found it. He sunk into his chair so far from hunky-dory he couldn't even remember the word.

Bertrand tried to focus again, 'So what we're saying is, this Uber thing has got to stop. The girls and I have been looking at your accounts, well I've been looking at them, Zeta's been looking at herself and Honey's been looking at her tail as she runs in circles. The point is you're out of money. Strange human invention that money thing but we play the ham we're given, oh sorry, the hand, I mean hand, hand, focus Bertrand!'

'Oh just tell him already. We will do the uber taxi thing darling, while you sleep, hopefully dreaming of me. Are you dreaming of me? Are you dreaming of me? Do you see me, am I beautiful, of course I am.'

Sam was fast asleep, actually dreaming of a giant cupcake of opportunity, drowning him in frosting.

The next time the phone rang, the crew was ready. Zeta took the call, 'Mmmm" she purred, 'mmm, hmm, mmm, hmmm, hmmm, ciao.'

'Okay Bertrand, Honey, 5th and main, your first collection. If he wakes up I will keep Sam distracted with me, I mean just look at me. Aren't I beautiful.'

Bertrand threw on Sam's hat, grabbed his keys and was off. Honey followed not entirely sure what her job was but just happy to be busy, that tail chasing was making her dizzy. You'd be surprised how easily a dog of his size can steer a car while little Honey managed the pedals. These late night collections barely noticed the driver, if they had to recall, they'd say a hairy man of few words.

They were the purrrrrfect team Zeta would say. Sam was none the wiser, just thought his uber calls had dried up. Friday came, time for him to face the music and in that I mean, the mean Ms Price.

He made his way into her office. The secretary was on the phone, 'Mmm hmm, Mmm hmm, yes indeedy, okey dokes, righty ho, you betcha...' 'Hey!' thought Sam, 'she added my phrase to her catalogue.' This little ray of light gave Sam the strength to reply when Ms Price approached him with a, 'how are you doing?' To say, 'Hunkydory.'

'Well that's no surprise given your prompt payment of your account in full. Congratulations Sam, your position at the college is secure.'

Sam didn't know how to respond to that. He ran back home as fast as he could to check his accounts and see what happened. As he opened the door no one greeted him. Odd, no Honey saying, 'hi, hi, hi, hi' or Zeta saying, 'Look at me, looooooook at me,' and what about Bertrand and his bottomless belly! Sam crept quietly in and through a slightly opened bedroom door he could've sworn he saw, all three of them on his computer, typing something. Sam blinked and shook his head. He must be seeing things. The crew in an instant jumped off his computer and around his feet with a reassuring, 'hi, hi,hi, you're home, your home,' and a 'look at me, look at me.'

Bertrand did just that, he and Sam held each other's gaze as if to say, 'Did you pay my bill?' and

'Yes and thanks to me you now have a five star Uber rating, seems passengers like the strong, silent type. Oh and how can you thank me, with dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner, dinner'

'You know Bertrand it almost sounds like you're asking for dinner. So come on guys, dinners on me. Whoah, whoah, I didn't mean literally. No, no, no licking!'

The End

Nanny Bea: Oh, thank you Jules. I myself have given them five stars, the last time Bertrand and Honey collected me from the bus stop, it was a rainy night and the bus service was running late so I treated myself to an uber taxi home. Indulgent I know but sometimes you should spoil yourself.

Jules: Yes, but I'm not too sure I would do that with an Uber Doober Doo taxi.

Nanny Bea: Oh Uber Doober Doo, I, I get it now, was that your making?

Jules: I thought it was the perfect name for a dog taxi, Uber Doober Doo.

Nanny Bea: You certainly have a vivid imagination.

Jules: Why thank you Nanny Bea. How about me with my imagination come back next week for more Tales and Tea.

Thomas: Go to NannyBea.com

Jules: Go there to find out about all our episodes. You can like or follow us on iTunes or Spotify to get a reminder. And get in touch if you'd like to be on the show like the marvelous Marina.

[Be on the Show jingle]

Mr Announcer: This has been a Toad in the Hole production for NannyBea.com.