

Narrator: As the night creeps by, a pasty film covers the Neils' mouths, teeth. (alarm clock ringing) They wake with the worst breath of the day.

Both: Morning.

- My breath!

- Mouthwash. Ah! Scope?

- I'll use mine.

- Yours leaves your breath medicine-y, smell. Not minty, like Scope.

- Oh, but mine cleans.

- Can't clean your mouth better than Scope.

- Okay. Ah, clean.

Both: Morning!

Narrator: Scope fights bad breath, doesn't give medicine breath.