

Narrator: As the night creeps by, a pasty film covers the Neals' mouths, teeth. They wake with the worst breath of the day.

- Mm. Morning.

- Morning. My breath.

- Mouthwash.

- Ah. Scope?

- I'll use mine.

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

- Ah, but mine cleans.

- Can't clean your mouth better than Scope.

- Okay.

- Ah. Hmm. (overlapping) Morning.

Narrator: Scope fights bad breath. Doesn't give medicine breath.