

(wind blowing)

Narrator: Unaware of what's happening as the Burkes quietly sleep, a pasty film covers their mouths. They wake with the worst breath of the day.

Both: Morning.

- Ah. Scope?

- I'll use mine.

- Yours leaves your breath mediciny. Not minty like Scope.

- Mine kills germs.

- Scope kills germs.

- Come on.

- Try.

- Ah. Minty, fresh

- And?

- Kills germs.

Both: Morning.

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