

Baby Snooks & Daddy
Originally broadcast 11/01/46
Philip Rapp
Transcribed by Jessi Taylor for Arizona TheatreWorks

CAST:
Baby Snooks
Daddy Mommy
Phoebe (Snooks' friend)
Mr. (Harlow) Wilcox (announcer & neighbor)
Roger (Snooks' and Phoebe's friend)
Mr. Hopkins (Roger's father)
Doctor

J-E-L-L-O (SUNG)

ANNOUNCER: Jell-O, in those six delicious flavors, Jell-O puddings for old-fashioned homemade goodness bring you Baby Snooks.

THEME UP AND UNDER (slight variation of an instrumental of "ROCK-A-BYE BABY")

ANNOUNCER: Yes, it's the Baby Snooks Show starring Fanny Brice as Baby Snooks with Hanley Stafford as Daddy, Carmen Dragon and his orchestra and yours truly, Harlow Wilcox. And brought to you each week by Jell-O and Jell-O Puddings.

THEME OUT

ANNOUNCER: Well, I guess I don't have to tell you, ladies and gentlemen that last night was Halloween. I don't know what you did, but here's what happened in the Higgins home. The family was just finishing dinner. . .

F/X: Clattering of dishes/silverware

SNOOKS: Mommy, please can I go?

MOMMY: No, you may not.

F/X OUT

MOMMY: Snooks, I've told you a dozen times you can't go out tonight.

SNOOKS: But it's Halloween.

MOMMY: I know it. That's why you're staying home so you can't get into any trouble.

SNOOKS: But all the kids will be out.

DADDY: Snooks, you heard your mother. The subject is closed.

SNOOKS: Can't we open it just a tiny little bit?

DADDY: No. Tonight of all nights I want to spend a quiet, restful evening.

SNOOKS: Why?

DADDY: Because there's a doctor coming over at nine o'clock. He's going to examine me for insurance.

SNOOKS: Do you think he'll find any?

DADDY: Very funny.

MOMMY: More chocolate cake, Lancelot?

DADDY: No thanks, dear. Not with the doctor coming. At my age it doesn't pay to stuff myself.

SNOOKS: I want some chocolate cake.

MOMMY: Snooks, you've had three pieces. Do you really want some more?

SNOOKS: Yeah. At my age it don't make any difference.

DADDY: Yes, I think I'll go in the other room and lie down. I've had a hard day, and I'd like to relax a little before the doctor gets here.

MOMMY: Go ahead dear, and I'll clear off table.

DADDY: Oh boy, that couch looks good.

SNOOKS: Daddy.

DADDY: What is it?

SNOOKS: If I promise to stay in front of the houseÑ

DADDY: No.

SNOOKS: Please.

DADDY: No.

SNOOKS: (GROANS IN DISAPPOINTMENT)

DADDY: Now please leave me alone. I'm gonna take a nap.

SNOOKS: But it's Halloween outside.

DADDY: It's Halloween inside, too. And you won't get into any trouble.

SNOOKS: (GROANS)

DADDY: Now I want no further discussion on the subject. Yep, this couch was the best buy I ever made. (YAWNS) I could sleep for a week if my nerves would just let go. Hope it doesn't show up in my blood pressure.

(YAWNS)

SNOOKS: Boo!

DADDY: Huh? Now what's the big idea, Snooks.

SNOOKS: I put on my Halloween mask. Ain't it pretty?

DADDY: It's beautiful.

SNOOKS: (GIGGLES) Yeah.

DADDY: Now can't you go away and let me sleep? The doctor will be here in an hour. Perhaps you don't understand how important this is.

SNOOKS: Perhaps I don't.

DADDY: Well it's not myself I'm doing it for. It's for you and the family. Insurance is protection. If anything happens to me, you'll get a lot of money.

SNOOKS: How much?

DADDY: Oh, maybe ten thousand dollars.

SNOOKS: Daddy.

DADDY: What?

SNOOKS: Can I have a dime in advance?

DADDY: No. You've already had your allowance this week.

SNOOKS: I'll give the dime back to ya'.

DADDY: When?

SNOOKS: When I get the ten thousand dollars.

DADDY: Snooks, I don't think you know what you're saying. You only collect insurance if something happens to the insured.

SNOOKS: What could happen?

DADDY: Why, hundreds of things. And there's a different type of policy to cover each one of them.

SNOOKS: Mm-hm.

DADDY: Life, health, accident. Why you could even insure a finger.

SNOOKS: My little finger?

DADDY: Why yes. Suppose you lost your finger.

SNOOKS: (GIGGLES) How can I lose it? It's stuck on to me.

DADDY: I didn't mean ya'd leave it lying around somewhere. But suppose you accidentally cut off your finger. What would happen?

SNOOKS: I could only count up to nine!

DADDY: No! You could collect on it. Let's say it's my finger.

SNOOKS: Yeah.

DADDY: If it should happen to get cut off, the company would pay a thousand dollars.

SNOOKS: A thousand dollars for your little finger?

DADDY: Yes sir.

SNOOKS: Let's cut it off.

DADDY: Snooks, please go away and let me sleep. My blood pressure's bad enough.

SNOOK: Can't the doctor fix it, Daddy?

DADDY: This doctor isn't coming here to fix things. He's coming here to look me over. Whatever he finds wrong, he'll report to his company.

SNOOKS: I don't like that doctor.

DADDY: Why not?

SNOOKS: He's a snitch.

DADDY: He's not a snitch.

SNOOKS: He is too. He's a dirty ol' mean ol' dirty ol' snitch.

DADDY: Oh Snooks, for the love of Heaven, leave me alone. Go away.

SNOOKS: (GROANS) Where?

DADDY: Anywhere.

SNOOKS: All right. I'll go outside.

DADDY: No ya' don't. Go someplace else in the house. I'm trying to take a nap.

SNOOKS: I wanna take a nap.

DADDY: Well, now. That's a good idea.

SNOOKS: (QUIETLY) Yeah.

DADDY: Suppose you run up to your bedroom and lie down.

SNOOKS: No. I wanna lie next to you on the couch.

DADDY: You can't.

SNOOKS: I wanna lie next to you on the couch.

DADDY: Oh, all right, all right. I suppose it's the only way I can get some rest. Oh, come on. Lie here next to Daddy and go to sleep.

SNOOKS: All right. Good night little Daddy.

DADDY: Good night.

SNOOKS: Daddy.

DADDY: Yes?

SNOOKS: I think I got insomnia.

DADDY: Well, just lie here quietly and don't disturb me.

SNOOKS: All right. Daddy.

DADDY: What is it?

SNOOKS: What's insomnia?

DADDY: Listen, Snooks, if you can't fall asleep, count sheep.

SNOOKS: Little wooly sheep?

DADDY: Yes.

SNOOKS: With big brown eyes?

DADDY: Yes.

SNOOKS: I don't like sheep.

DADDY: Well. . . count kangaroos jumping over a fence.

SNOOKS: (LAUGHS) I like kangaroos better.

DADDY: Oh, good.

SNOOKS: Eleven. . . twelve. . . thirteen. . . fifteen!. . . sixteen. . . seventeen. . . eighteen. . . twenty!. . . twenty-one. . . twenty-two. . . twenty-four!. . . twent-five. . .

DADDY: (YELLING) All right, let's have it! What happened to fourteen, nineteen, and twenty-three?

SNOOKS: They tripped!

DADDY: That settles it. Snooks, if I hear one more peep out of you, I'm gonna take my belt off. And you know what'll happen then.

SNOOKS: Mm-hm. You're pants'll fall down!

DADDY: No! I'll give ya' a tanning, that's what. Now either you let me take a nap, or suffer the consequences.

SNOOKS: But DaddyÑ

DADDY: Not a sound!

SNOOKS: But Daddy, I justÑ

DADDY: (RAISING HIS VOICE) Now you heard me!

SNOOKS: (GROANS)

DADDY: Don't even open your mouth. I could get more rest in a boiler factory. Oh, just to close my eyes for fifteen minutes.

F/X: Doorbell rings once

DADDY: Aw, for pete's sake.

SNOOKS: I didn't do it.

DADDY: Well, go and see who it is.

SNOOKS: All right.

F/X: Door opens

PHOEBE: Hi Snooks.

SNOOKS: Oh, hello Phoebe.

PHOEBE: Can you come out for Halloween?

SNOOKS: Shh. Not so loud, Phoebe. My Daddy's asleep on the sofa.

PHOEBE: But all the kids are outside. Why don't you ask him?

SNOOKS: I did ask him and he won't let me.

PHOEBE: Shall I ask him?

SNOOKS: No, you'll wake him up. Can't ya' see he's asleep?

PHOEBE: Well what's he doin' sleepin' so early?

SNOOKS: He's waiting for a man to come and see him.

PHOEBE: About what?

SNOOKS: About cuttin' off his little finger.

PHOEBE: Gee, he don't snore like my daddy does.

SNOOKS: Oh, sometimes he snores. Sometime he even whistles.

PHOEBE: Does he talk in his sleep, too?

SNOOKS: Yeah. (LAUGHS) Does yours?

PHOEBE: No, that's what makes my mother so mad. He just mumbles.

SNOOKS: Poor tired li'l ol' Daddy. Don't he look pretty sleepin' on the couch?

PHOEBE: Yeah, I guess we better not wake him up.

SNOOKS: No, I wouldn't wake him up. (RAISING HER VOICE) I wouldn't wake him up for anything in the whole world.

DADDY: (YELLING) Oh for goodness sake! I give up.

SNOOKS: Did'ya have a nice little rest, Daddy?

DADDY: Great. With you two kids jabbering in my ears.

SNOOKS: Phoebe wanted me to wake ya' up, but I wouldn't do it.

PHOEBE: I just wanted to know if Snooks could come out, Mr. Higgins. It's Halloween andÑ

DADDY: All right, all right, go ahead. Shoo, both of you. Get out of the house.

PHOEBE: Come on Snooks, before he changes his mind.

SNOOKS: All right. Bye, Daddy.

F/X: Door closes

DADDY: I shoulda' done that an hour ago. Maybe I'd have gotten some rest. Now I'm so wide-awake my nerves are screaming.

MOMMY: Lancelot, was that you yelling?

DADDY: Yes. My defenses just collapsed. I held out as long as I could, but I'm only human.

MOMMY: What do you mean?

DADDY: I let Snooks go out.

MOMMY: Oh well, it is Halloween after all. Maybe it's for the best.

DADDY: It's not for the best. Every Halloween it's the same thing. Life and property aren't worth two cents with those kids chasing around the streets.

MOMMY: What do you plan to do about it? Eliminate the holiday?

DADDY: No. But I can teach our daughter a lesson. You see this mask I'm wearing?

MOMMY: Oh, I hadn't noticed.

DADDY: Great. Well, maybe the mask isn't so bad, but when I put on these false tusks.

MOMMY: (GASPS) Oh, Lancelot, that's horrible.

DADDY: (LAUGHS VILLAINOUSLY) Pretty frightening, isn't it? Well, you wait here. I'll be back in ten minutes.

MOMMY: Where are you going?

DADDY: Out to teach those kids a lesson. I'll give 'em such a scare they'll never wanna go out on Halloween again.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

PHOEBE: Come on Snooks, whose doorbell shall we ring first?

SNOOKS: Let's ring this one right here.

PHOEBE: Okay, put on your mask, and I'll sit on my broom. Go ahead, ring it.

SNOOKS: I did. Someone's coming.

F/X: Door opens

SNOOKS & PHOEBE TOGETHER: Trick or treat, trick or treat!

MR. WILCOX: Well, well, if it isn't two little goblins on my doorstep.

SNOOKS: Hello Mr. Wilcox.

MR. WILCOX: What's this trick or treat business?

PHOEBE: Well, you gotta treat us to something or we'll play a trick on you.

SNOOKS: Yeah.

MR. WILCOX: Ya' know, I sort of suspected this might happen tonight. So I've got a treat all ready for ya'. Come on inside.

F/X: Door closes

MR. WILCOX: Here it is, kids. Right on the table.

SNOOKS: Oh boy, orange Jell-O!

PHOEBE: With cream.

SNOOKS: And little pieces of fruit inside!

MR. WILCOX: Ah, that's a Jell-O Halloween special! (LAUGHS) Snooks, that looks like a dish of sunshine all dressed up, doesn't it? And just taste that wonderful flavor. But, hey, don't eat so fast. That's the famous locked in Jell-O flavor, ya' know. Sealed in by a special

process so it's safe and sound till your first big spoonful. Makes ya' think of the real ripe fruit, doesn't it?

SNOOKS: Mm-hm. Doesn't it.

MR. WILCOX: Ya' know, I can't think of a thing I like better than a dish of Jell-O. Can you?

SNOOKS: Yeah. Another dish.

MR. WILCOX: (LAUGHING) Well, I'm afraid that'll have to do for now. When the sugar shortage is over and there's lots of Jell-O again, you come around, and I'll give you six dishes. One of each of the six delicious Jell-O flavors. Strawberry, raspberry, cherry, orange, lemon, and lime. How's that?

SNOOKS: Oh boy!

MR. WILCOX: And now, if you two goblins have finished goblin', just put a mark on my door and leave me alone for the rest of the night, 'eh?

PHOEBE: Thank you, Mr. Wilcox. Good-bye!

SNOOKS: Buh-bye!

MR. WILCOX: Bye-bye, kids. Happy Halloween!

F/X: Door closes

PHOEBE: Well, who's next?

SNOOKS: Let's try the house on the corner.

PHOEBE: Okay. Come on!

ROGER: Hello Snooks. Hiya Phoebe.

SNOOKS: Who are you?

ROGER: It's me, Roger.

SNOOKS: (LAUGHS) Oh.

ROGER: You didn't recognize me w/this punkin' on my head, didya'?

PHOEBE: Gee, is that a real pumpkin'?

ROGER: Sure.

SNOOKS: Ain't it uncomfortable?

ROGER: Well, it was a little warm at first, but it's better now that I put the candles out. Hey, c'mon let's go down to the drug store and see what we can get.

SNOOKS: Yeah!

PHOEBE: Swell!

ROGER: (WHISPERING) Uh-oh. Wait a minute.

SNOOKS: (WHISPERING) What's the matter?

ROGER: I saw something move behind that tree.

PHOEBE: It looks like a man.

SNOOKS: No, it's an animal. (YELLING) It's got big long teeth sticking out of its mouth!

PHOEBE: Oh! I'm scared!

SNOOKS: Here it comes. Run for your life!

DADDY: (ROARS)

SNOOKS, PHOEBE, & ROGER TOGETHER: (SCREAM)

DADDY: (ROARS) Little children should be home in bed! (LAUGHS VILLAINOUSLY) Huh. (LAUGHS TO HIMSELF) That oughta' teach 'em.

MR. HOPKINS: Hey, what's the big idea, bud?

DADDY: Huh?

MR. HOPKINS: Haven't you got anything better to do than to go around scaring kids?

DADDY: Look, friend, I suggest you mind your own business. One of those kids happens to be my daughter.

MR. HOPKINS: Well, one of those kids happens to be my son. And I don't like any overgrown ape with false tusks runnin' around scarin' him.

DADDY: I did it for their own good. Every Halloween those kids go out and get into trouble. Besides, I don't like your attitude.

MR. HOPKINS: Oh, you don't huh?

DADDY: No.

MR. HOPKINS: Say that again.

DADDY: I don't like your attitude.

F/X: A scuffle, including DADDY being hit

F/X: DADDY hitting the ground

MR. HOPKINS: Next time, try scarin' somebody your own size. So long.

DADDY: (GROGGILY) Oh. What's this? (SCREAMS) My teeth! Oh, they're the false ones.

SNOOKS: Hello Daddy. What are ya' lyin' in the gutter for?

DADDY: I tripped and fell down.

SNOOKS: Gee, that's funny.

DADDY: Now what's funny about it?

SNOOKS: You musta' tripped just when that man hit ya'.

DADDY: You tell me something. Who was that man?

SNOOKS: That was Mr. Hopkins, Roger's father.

DADDY: Well, where does he live?

SNOOKS: Right on the corner. Why?

DADDY: Never mind. Come on. Any man who punches your father does so at his own risk.

SNOOKS: Why didn't ya' sock him back?

DADDY: Because I've got a brain in my head, that why. Suppose I did punch him back. With the tremendous power I generate I could easily have broken my hand. Nine chances out of ten, the hand wouldn't have healed straight.

SNOOKS: Mm-hm.

DADDY: And there I am, faced with the prospect of never playing the piano again.

SNOOKS: Oh. But Daddy. DADDY: What?

SNOOKS: You don't know how ta' play the piana'. (LAUGHS) DADDY: Mind your own business. Pick up that rock.

SNOOKS: All right. Here. What are writing?

DADDY: Oh, just a little note.

SNOOKS: A little note?

DADDY: Yes. I'm gonna throw a scare into that bully. Now, do ya' see that window in Hopkins' living room?

SNOOKS: Mm-hm.

DADDY: The one that's open?

SNOOKS: Yeah.

DADDY: Well, I take the rock, thusly, and I attach the note with a rubber band, thusly, and I draw back my arm, thusly, and with uncanny accuracy, I toss it through the open living room window. (VOICE STRAINS AS HE THROWS THE ROCK)

F/X: Glass shattering

SNOOKS: Thusly.

DADDY: Guess my aim isn't what it used to be. Come on, let's get home

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: Door closes

SNOOKS: That was fun, Daddy.

DADDY: Uh, don't say anything about it to your mother. Well, come on, we'll just sit in the living room as though nothing happened.

SNOOKS: What did it say, Daddy?

DADDY: What?

SNOOKS: The note you tied to the rock?

DADDY: Oh, I just thought I'd worry him a bit. He won't figure that one out in a hurry. All the note said was "Guess who?".

SNOOKS: (LAUGHS) That's a good one, Daddy.

DADDY: (LAUGHS) Yes. Was pretty clever.

F/X: Glass shattering

DADDY: What was that?

SNOOKS: It's a rock. It came through the window. And there's a note on it.

DADDY: What does the note say?

SNOOKS: It says "Who?".

DADDY: Ah-ha! Wants ta' play, does he? Well two can play at this game.

SNOOKS: Can three play?

DADDY: Yes. Come on.

MOMMY: Lancelot! What happened? What was that? Good heavens! Who broke our window?

DADDY: Vandals, Vera. Irresponsible hoodlums. A law-abiding citizen like me hasn't a chance on Halloween.

MOMMY: Where are you going?

DADDY: Out to chase him away. Let's go, Snooks.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

DADDY: (WHISPERING) Shh. Now quiet, Snooks. Inch your way forward a little.

SNOOKS: Daddy.

DADDY: What?

SNOOKS: I'm tired of crawling on my stomach.

DADDY: This is the way they do it in the Army. If you don't want to be seen, you crawl forward on your stomach.

SNOOKS: Yeah, but not down the middle of the sidewalk.

DADDY: The idea is that we don't want him to see us from the house.

SNOOKS: What are we gonna do?

DADDY: I don't know yet. Oh, wait. I've got it. You see this gate here?

SNOOKS: Mm-hm.

DADDY: You see the garage over there?

SNOOKS: Yeah.

DADDY: Well, if Mr. Hopkins wants to use this gate tomorrow morning, He's gonna hafta' climb up on the garage to do it.

SNOOKS: You're so smart, Daddy!

DADDY: You can say that again.

SNOOKS: You're so smartÑ

DADDY: Never mind, never mind. Let's go to work.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: Door closes

DADDY: Home sweet home.

SNOOKS: Gee, that gate looked funny up on top of the garage!

DADDY: Yes, it did, didn't it? (CHUCKLES)

SNOOKS: (LAUGHS)

DADDY: But I don't want you to get the wrong idea from all this.

SNOOKS: Mm-hm.

DADDY: Certain things are merely mischievous pranks. Others have a purpose behind them. Understand?

SNOOKS: No.

DADDY: Well, let's put it this way. Your daddy has never been a believer in a policy of appeasement.

SNOOKS: Neither have I.

DADDY: That's the way I like to here you talk.

SNOOKS: What does appeasement mean?

DADDY: Well, when someone strikes you, and you don't strike back, that's appeasement.

SNOOKS: How do ya' like that.

DADDY: What?

SNOOKS: I've been appeasing you and Mommy for years!

DADDY: Well, off to bed with ya', Snooks. After the gate episode, I don't think we're going to hear from Mr. Hopkins again tonight.

SNOOKS: I wanna stay up and see what else happens next.

DADDY: Rest your pretty little head.

SNOOKS: My pretty little head?

DADDY: Well, your little head. Nothing's going to happen next. Our friend Mr. Hopkins has shot his bolt.

F/X: Loud crash

DADDY: Hm. Did you hear something, Snooks?

SNOOKS: Yeah. What was it?

DADDY: I don't know. The windows seem to be okay.

SNOOKS: Yeah.

F/X: Doorbell rings

DADDY: Oh, that must be the doctor. Go answer the door, Snooks.

SNOOKS: All right. (YELLING) Can't answer the door, Daddy.

DADDY: Well, why not?

SNOOKS: There is no door to answer!

DADDY: What?! No door?

SNOOKS: It's gone!

DADDY: That does it! He wants trouble. All right, he'll get all he's

looking for. I got it. A brilliant idea. Run into the kitchen, Snooks, and get some hamburger, a pail of water, and your mother's flat iron.

SNOOKS: What do you want withÑ

DADDY: Now don't ask questions. Just get 'em.

SNOOKS: All right.

DADDY: Now, before I pay a visit to Mr. Hopkins, I'm gonna prepare a little reception for him in case he returns. First, this rope stretched across the front stoop, and up over the trellis. Hurry up Snooks!

SNOOKS: (YELLING) I'm comin', Daddy.

DADDY: And now another rope stretched this way.

SNOOKS: Here you are, Daddy.

DADDY: Oh, thanks Snooks. Now I just put the flatiron up here, and the bucket of water goes up on this side. Get the fiendish ingenuity of it?

SNOOKS: No.

DADDY: Well, if an unexpected visitor, say Mr. Hopkins, walks across this side of the porch, he gets the flat iron on his noggin. On the other hand, if he trips the rope on this side, he gets a refreshing bath of aqua-pura.

SNOOKS: Who gets the hamburger?

DADDY: I think this hamburger will interest some of the many dogs in our neighborhood. To arms, Snooks! The Higgins's ride again.

SNOOKS: Yeah, let's go to the dogs!

MUSIC UP AND OUT

F/X: Dogs barking until OUT

SNOOKS: Gee, Daddy, I bet we got fifty dogs followin' us.

DADDY: Well, quit patting them. Just keep dangling that hamburger. And stop nibbling at it.

SNOOKS: Can't I have a little taste?

DADDY: Well whadaya wanna eat raw hamburger for?

SNOOKS: I just wanna find out what they see in it.

DADDY: You'll find out when we toss it through Hopkins' front door. Come on, there's the house. Now here's the strategy, Snooks. One of us knocks on the door. When the door opens, the other one throws the meat inside. The dogs follow the meat, and Hopkins' living room becomes a bedlam. You got it?

SNOOKS: Uh-huh. We throw the meat inside and Hopkins' living room becomes a bedroom.

DADDY: Not bedroom. Bedlam.

SNOOKS: What's a bedlam?

DADDY: Never mind. Go up and knock on that door.

SNOOKS: All right.

F/X: Knocking on door

DADDY: Now run, Snooks.

F/X: Door opens

DADDY: Here ya' are Hopkins! Some groceries!

F/X OUT (Dogs barking)

MUSIC UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: I'll bet there never was a youngster yet, including the contrary Snooks, who didn't go for the flavor of butterscotch. And when it's Jell-O butterscotch pudding, well, mothers, get set to serve seconds. For Jell-O butterscotch pudding has such a buttery brown sugar taste, such a rich, mellow flavor, a creamy smoothness, that's just plain melt-in-the-mouth goodness. It's a real old-fashioned homey flavor, but made a quick, new-fashioned way. Jell-O butterscotch pudding cooks to velvety perfection in just about five minutes, and it's nourishing, made with milk. A grand dessert for the youngsters. Then there's Jell-O vanilla pudding, rich-tasting and distinctive. And there's Jell-O chocolate pudding, with that swell, chocolatey goodness. A little hard to get these days, but a wonderful treat when you do get it. And take whatever flavor your grocer has. For all three Jell-O puddings are so good, they're just like Grandma's, only more so.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: And now back to Halloween in the Higgins' home. Mummy is on the telephone. . .

MOMMY: What's that Mrs. Hopkins?. . . Oh, well that doesn't sound possible. . . You mean you were sitting in your living room minding your own business and my husband threw a pound of raw hamburger in your face?. . . Oh, really, Mrs. Hopkins, my husband wouldn't do a thing like that. . . Well, it's probably just another Halloween prank. . . Well, I don't know what you're complaining about. You should see my house. Windows broken, the front door gone, and theÑ(GASPS)

F/X: Crash and man hitting the floor

MOMMY: Good heavens, Mrs. Hopkins, I've gotta hang up! A strange man just staggered in here and fell unconscious at my feet!

F/X: Hangs up phone

DOCTOR: (GROANING) Oh, get me a doctor.

MOMMY: Who are you?

DOCTOR: I'm the doctor. The insurance doctor.

MOMMY: You poor man. What happened?

DOCTOR: Somebody hit me with a flatiron.

MOMMY: Oh, dear. Oh, here comes my husband. He'll help you.

DADDY: Oh, what's the trouble, dearest?

SNOOKS: What happened, Mummy?

MOMMY: Oh, Lancelot, this poor man is the insurance doctor. Somebody hit him with a flatiron.

DADDY: A flatiron? Shocking!

SNOOKS: Oh, Daddy, that must have been the iron thatÑ

DADDY: Uh, Snooks! Run into the kitchen and get the doctor a glass of water.

SNOOKS: All right.

DOCTOR: Oh, my head.

DADDY: Okay, Doctor. Up we go.

DOCTOR: (GROANS)

DADDY: On your feet.

DOCTOR: (GROANS)

DADDY: There. How do you feel now?

DOCTOR: A little wobbly, thanks, but I guess I'll be all right. Are you Mr. Higgins?

DADDY: Yes. Would you prefer to skip the examination for tonight?

DOCTOR: No. As long as I'm here I might as well get it over with. I'll get my bag. It's out in the car.

DADDY: Oh, fine. Oh, Doctor, look out for theÑ

F/X: Crash

DOCTOR: (YELLS)

MOMMY: Oh, that poor man. Lancelot, who put that water bucket up there?

DADDY: Vandals.

SNOOKS: (YELLING) Daddy! Daddy !

DADDY: Get out of the way, Snooks. I've gotta drag the doctor back in. Oh, how do you feel, old man?

DOCTOR: (GROANING) Oh, my head. What's going on here?

DADDY: Here. Drink some water. Gimme that glass of water, Snooks.

SNOOKS: I didn't get it.

DADDY: Didn't get it? I told you to bring a glass of water for the doctor. Why didn't you get it?

SNOOKS: I was scared.

DADDY: Now what could you possibly be scared of?

SNOOKS: There's a horse in the kitchen!

DADDY: A horse?!

SNOOKS: Yeah.

DADDY: Ridiculous! What would a horse be doing in the kitchen?

SNOOKS: Eatin' the curtains.

F/X: Neighing

MOMMY: Good heavens, there is a horse in the kitchen!

F/X: Horse walking until OUT

SNOOKS: Not anymore. He's comin' right here!

DADDY: Stand back everybody!

F/X: Neighing

DADDY: Look out, Doctor. The horse is going to step on you!

DOCTOR: (WHEEZES)

SNOOKS: He did step on him!

MOMMY: Oh, the poor man. I hope he carries insurance.

F/X: Neighing

MOMMY: (GROANS)

F/X (Horse walking) OUT

SNOOKS: He's gone! Out the front door!

DADDY: Are you—are you all right, doctor? Let me help you up.

DOCTOR: (GROANING) Oh, what a house. Help me to my car. I wanna go home.

DADDY: Oh, sure, Doctor. I'm terribly sorry.

F/X Glass shattering, rock falling to floor

DOCTOR: (GROANS)

SNOOKS: He's out again.

DADDY: Well what hit him?

SNOOKS: A rock. It just came through the window.

DADDY: Oh, another one, 'eh? And there's a note attached to it. What does it say?

SNOOKS: It says, "Thanks for the dog. Here's a horse on you."

DADDY: Why, that low-down, dirty—

MOMMY: Lancelot, what is this all about? What's going on here tonight?

DADDY: I'll explain it to ya' later, Vera. Meanwhile, there's work to be done. Come on Snooks.

SNOOKS: All right. What are we gonna do this time, Daddy?

DADDY: This time he gets the works. It's a little trick I learned in college called the sunken living room. It's fiendish in its simplicity. I merely climb a tree beside his house and drop the end of a garden hose down his chimney.

SNOOKS: And I turn it on?

DADDY: You guessed it.

MUSIC UP AND OUT

PHOEBE: Snooks! Snooks! Where you runnin' to?

SNOOKS: I can't talk to ya' now, Phoebe. I gotta call the fire department.

PHOEBE: What for?

SNOOKS: My daddy's stuck head-first in Mr. Hopkins' chimney. He fell out of a tree.

PHOEBE: Well, what are ya' callin' the fire department for?

SNOOKS: To get him out.

PHOEBE: I don't think they'll come, Snooks, unless there's a fire.

SNOOKS: There is a fire all right. Mr. Hopkins is building it in his fire place.

PHOEBE: My my.

MUSIC UP AND UNDER

F/X: Fire engine sirens

MUSIC OUT

F/X: Phone rings ONCE

F/X: Picks up phone

SNOOKS: Hello?. . . Oh, hello, Roger. How's your father feeling today?. . . That's good. . . Oh, the doctor says my daddy'll be all right in a couple of days. . . Yeah. . . As soon as they take the stitches out. . . What?. . . Oh, I'd love to come over and go wading in your living room, but I can't leave the house. My daddy won't let me. I don't understand him. But he says every time he lets me out of his sight, I get into trouble. (LAUGHS) Ain't daddies funny?

MUSIC UP AND OUT

ANNOUNCER: Well, Snooks has done it again. She's really wonderful. And we hope you'll be with us next weeks when Snooks gets going in another one of her amazing adventures. Until then, remember Jell-O and Jell-O puddings. Snooks, what do you say about Jell-O?

MUSIC UP AND UNDER

SNOOKS: (SINGING) Just a taste of Jell-O pudding or of Jell-O and you know it's the one and only J-E-L-L-O! (LAUGHS) I like it.

MUSIC UP AND OUT