

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.

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 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 house?

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.