

plies are limited, though, so he'd better hurry over to yer local dealer right now. Y'don't wanna be left out.

RALPHIE. I don't want to be left out.

*(RALPHIE tears the ad out of the magazine and exits as lights fade to black in the room. Lights come up full in the kitchen as THE OLD MAN enters from the basement, hanging the poker back on the hook.)*

THE OLD MAN. I got it lit again.

MOTHER. How about the clinker?

THE OLD MAN *(with the air of a warrior)*. Whipped that, too.

MOTHER *(carrying a bowl of oatmeal to the table)*. Have some breakfast.

THE OLD MAN *(looks at RANDY, then the oatmeal)*. I'll just have a cup of coffee. *(MOTHER turns back to the counter for coffee as THE OLD MAN returns to his contest form. He reads.)* "The Perfect Fool is also known as the Texaco blank Chief."

MOTHER *(mumbles)*. Fire.

THE OLD MAN. What?

MOTHER. Fire!

THE OLD MAN *(jumps up, turns to the basement door)*. Fire!

MOTHER. No, no! That's your answer. Ed Wynn is "The Perfect Fool," and he's the Texaco Fire Chief.

THE OLD MAN. Oh. Right. Sure. Sure. I knew that. Everybody knows that. Easy one.

*(He sits, picks up the contest form and writes as MOTHER brings his coffee to the table. The lights fade to black in the kitchen and come up full in RALPHIE's bedroom. RALPH has removed the hat and bandanna and sits on the edge of RALPHIE's desk.)*

OK + MOM

START

END