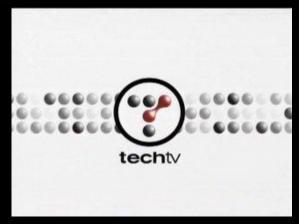
## The Last days of rechtue





Bill: Bill Tucker here from the New York desk. I want all of you cats out there to know that our transmission from the shagadellic San Francisco studios went down some time ago and we'll be going back to those fine ladies in San Fran as soon as the satellite comes back up.



Bill: What we do know is that most of the lovely city of San Francisco has been destroyed by the Mecca of modern funk, the one, the only, dancing king to all you giant disco lizard queens out there



Bill: ... Godzilla.



Bill: Now Godzilla isn't alone tonight. He's joined in the boogie battle supreme on the flattened dance floor of San Francisco by none other than the 50 foot



Bill: ... Marshmallow Man Leo.

tall giant dance machine that is known as



Bill: Our feed from the San Francisco studio is coming back online at any moment, my children, and once it's up let's talk to that hot mama, the lovely lady who can take a twirl on my dance floor at any time, Ms. Erica Hill. Erica, are you there?



Erica: ... (Can't look into his eyes. My ears are tingling. My toes are curling. Must resist.)



Bill: Erica? Erica? Can you hear me?



Erica: ... (The words, the words won't come out. I'm trapped. I've looked into his eyes. That hair. Those eyes. That body. That disco set. Oh my god ...)



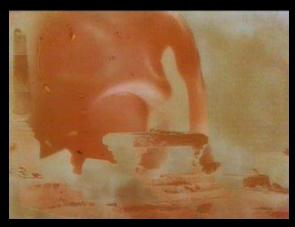
Bill: Erica must be having some trouble with her high-hi audio equipment. I hate it when that happens to me when I'm busting a move here at my desk. Erica, if you can hear me, are the monsters locking up as of yet?



Erica: ... (Just one kiss. I'd melt. No, this isn't like my crush on Desi Arnez. Jr., no this might be the real thing! Oh how I'm lost, lost in all that is ... "Boogie" Bill Tucker!)



Bill: Well those groove-miesters out in West California are telling me that they have footage of the monsters fighting so let's bid the lusty Erica a good-bye for now. Yes, that boogie bottomed Leo and that hep cat Godzilla are funkin' it out with no mercy on the dance floor. Leo is going for the hustle attack while it looks like Godzilla is firing back with his awesome atomic boogie breath. Let's see if soul jivin' Leo can stand up to it



Bill: Oh, that's not righteous in a disco wav  $\dots$ 



Bill: ... and that's not either.



Bill: My Disco babies, this is the Doctor of Love, Bill Tucker, saying clear the dance floor and run, I say run, with your finest ladies to your love shacks and pray, dare I say plead, with the big disco ball in the sky for some guidance from above before you kiss your boogie shoes good-bye!



The Gnome: Oooh! Oooh! Excuse me



Bill: Out of the disco haze, he appears,

sir! I hate to interrupt, but I have some Arnold Horshack? breaking news!



The Gnome: No, Mr. Tucker, Sir, it's me! The Gnome! Sir, Mr. Norton, Sir, said that he'd handle this problem!



The Gnome: Yes, Sir! He has his trusty sledgehammer Dolores with him. Oh boy I think this is going to be rock-'em sock-'em fun!



The Gnome: Mr. Norton can do anything, sir! In fact, he's gone up on the roof to take care of things as we speak! This is going to be so cool! I'm gonna turn on the roof cam and see what's up! Whoo hoo!



Bill: Mr. Norton? The hep cat with the square head? He can't dance, I've seen him try, those knees just don't bend. Are you sure he can take on the funky soul beast that is ... Godzilla?



Bill: Rock-'em Sock 'em? My little boogie boy, I think you need to work on your vocabulary, that phrase went out with the 70's. How are you ever going to get the ladies with lines like that? Now if the funky soul brother can't dance, how can he take on the might of the disco dy-nomite this is ... Godzilla?



Patrick: I guess this is the end. Come on Dolores, we're not going out without a fight. Give us your best shot you darn dirty lizard!





We'll be right back ...

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