

VENUE 1: RADIO

Title: The backdoor

Duration: 60 seconds

Product: Claussen Pickles

[We are hearing dialogues from a (fictitious) movie from the 1960s. The sound quality should resemble that of an old television set].

[Old tv set being switched on and tuned in]

[3 dramatic footsteps]

Martha: *(anxious)* Oh Gerald! Thank God you're here! I was just-

Gerald: *(cold & stern)* with Hector.

Martha: *(flustered)* Oh um!-

Gerald: I saw him leave through the backdoor so *don't. even. bother.*

Martha: *(dramatic)* No! He was just helping me with the-

Gerald: the cleaning? Like last week, when I walked into the study?

Martha: No! No we were just-

Gerald: Or the dishes? When I barged in on you two in the kitchen

Martha: Gerald!-

Gerald: *with the lights off?*

Martha: How dare you!

Gerald: *(angry)* Dare I what, Martha?! *(in a low, intimidating whisper)* Dare I ask you the truth? [dramatic SFX] Is this *our* child? [quick steps] Is it mine?

Martha: *(crying)* Oh Gerald!...This child is ***loud crunching ensues***

VO: *(as the crunching fades out)* **Well, looks like you'll never find out because of that crisp and crunchy bite into a Claussen pickle. But hey, that just means you can believe whatever you want to! Claussen just wants you to be happy and spend the rest of your days peacefully, thinking it was Gerald's. Or Hector's. Whatever helps you sleep at night. Claussen Pickles, Tune out the world. [Crunch]**