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Advertising Copywriting

Assignment: Two 60-Second Radio Spots

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Target Audience:

Although Grey Poupon's target market is upscale, upper class, this radio spot is geared for a younger male demographic (college grads) with high aspirations of being successful. Currently middle-class consumers (ages 20-28) who want to impress their friends, co-workers, and families with the elite taste of Grey Poupon. This radio spot could be aired on stations like as KQ92 and Cities97 that attract such demographics.

Grey Poupon: Definitely Not Yellow

MUSIC: Classical music in the background.

ANNOUNCER: This commercial is sponsored by award-winning Grey Poupon mustard. Jim...

JIM (interrupting the announcer): James (spoken with a snooty affluent tone).

ANNOUNCER: Sorry. James recently graduated with honors from Metropolitan State University with a Masters in Marketing. He's invited his girlfriend's parents over for dinner for the first time. Thinking this one could lead to holy matrimony, he wants to make a fine first impression.

BARBARA: James, the table looks great: white linen, fine wine, candlelight, and a jar of Grey Poupon mustard.

DOORBELL: Ding dong.

BARBARA: James they're here!

Sounds of Barbara and James walking to the door and opening it.

BARBARA: Mother. Father. Come in! Meet James. James meet my mother and father.

JAMES: It is a pleasure to meet you Mr. Von Drake and Mrs. Von Drake. Please come in and have a seat.

MR. VON DRAKE: Grey Poupon. Oh, this young man has class.

ANNOUNCER: Grey Poupon mustard is handcrafted from a famous French chef, Monsieur Poupon. His secret recipe has been handed down for generations. Grey Poupon is made of the finest mustard seeds, white wine, herbs and spices and awakens even ordinary food into an exquisite flavor frenzy, sure to impress your guests.

Sounds of silver ware, classical music, and people enjoying the food.

Sound of a knife clanging an empty Grey Poupon mustard jar.

JAMES: Please Mr. Von Drake allow me to get more Grey Poupon.

Sounds of James taking the empty jar to the kitchen. Sounds of him searching the refrigerator, clanging bottles and jars.

JAMES (speaks out loud to himself): Oh no. I'm out of GrEy Poupon. Oh, this will do.

Sounds of James squirting the yellow mustard into the Grey Poupon jar and returning to the table.

Gasps are heard from the parents.

Sound of record needle scratching across an album and the music stopping.

Sound of the girlfriend fainting and falling to the floor.

Sounds of mom and dad abruptly leaving the table, gasping and running to the door shutting it on the way out.

Girlfriend wakes up.

JAMES: What happened? Dinner was going so well. Was it the fire-roasted franks?

BARBARA (speaking without a snobbish accent): No Jim. It was the yellow mustard. Yellow mustard, tastes so ... yellow. Just by looking at that processed yellow color...you know how ordinary it tastes. It leaves ordinary food tasting...well...ordinary.

JAMES: Will I ever see your parents again?

BARBARA: You may never see me again! Goodbye Jim.

ANNOUNCER: Grey Poupon Mustard. Seven award-winning flavors; none are yellow. Sold in clear jars at your neighborhood grocer. And remember, don't set out yellow mustard, until you want your guests to leave. But beware, they just may never come back.

Grey Poupon: Definitely Not Yellow (part II)

ANNOUNCER (talking in an affluent tone): This ongoing saga is sponsored by award-winning Grey Poupon mustard. James here...

JIM (clears throat and interrupts the announcer): Jim. Just call me Jim. (spoken with a down-cast, dejected tone).

ANNOUNCER: Sorry. Jim recently graduated with honors from Metropolitan State University with a Masters in Marketing. (Whispering) He just got dumped by Barbara for serving processed yellow mustard at his last dinner party with her parents.

JIM: What did you just say?

ANNOUNCER: Jim, that you have such fine and distinctive tastes, and you compliment every meal with the exquisite taste of Grey Poupon mustard handcrafted from a famous French chef, Monsieur Poupon. His secret recipe has been handed down for generations.

DOORBELL: Ding dong.

ANNOUNCER: Jim, were you expecting company?

JIM (sounding reluctant): Yes, my mom set me up with a blind date.

Sounds of Jim walking to the door and opening it.

BETTY SUE (with a steep southern drawl, snapping her gum): Well, I'll be! Ain't you a pretty boy. I'm Betty Sue.

JIM (unenthusiastic and hesitant): Ah, wow, Betty Sue...you're so... tall. Ah, come on in.

Sounds of clomping footsteps and Betty Sue tripping while she walks.

JIM: Have a seat. I'll be right back.

Jim runs to the kitchen and returns with the appetizers and grabs the processed yellow mustard.

JIM: I hope you're hungry.

BETTY SUE: Golly, Jimmy-Jam, how did you know that I love that yeller mustard.

Sounds of mustard squirting out of the plastic squeeze bottle.

JIM: Ah...um.

BETTY SUE: Ah Jim, will ya git me smore yeller mustard. The well ran dry on this er one.

Sounds of Jim walking to the kitchen, clanking through the refrigerator and returning with Grey Poupon.

JIM: I'm sorry, Betty Sue, all I have is Grey Poupon.

Doorbell: Ding dong.

JIM: Excuse me.

Sounds of Jim walking to the door and opening it.

JIM (surprised): Barbara! I didn't think I'd see you again!

BARBARA: Oh James, I've missed you! Can I come in?

JIM: Ah, no, the place is a mess.

BETTY SUE: Jimmy boy. Who's that ya got at that there door?

BARBARA: Who is that? Do you have a new girlfriend already?

Sounds of Barbara pushing open the door. She sees Betty Sue with the Grey Poupon.

BARBARA: James how could you!

JIM: Ah.

BARBARA: How could you serve Grey Poupon to her and not have enough for me?

Barbara starts to cry and runs out the door slamming it on the way out.

Betty Sue: Jimbo, I'm blowin' this popsicle stand if you don't got any more yeller mustard.

JIM: I'm sorry, Betty Sue. Goodbye.

Sounds of Betty Sue clomping to the door, tripping on her way out.

ANNOUNCER: Grey Poupon is made of the finest mustard seeds, white wine, herbs and spices and awakens even ordinary food into an exquisite flavor frenzy. Seven award-winning varieties; none are yellow. Sold in clear jars at your neighborhood grocer. Please be careful of who catches you serving Grey Poupon. And remember, don't set out yellow mustard to bad company – they may never leave. Will Jim get another chance to redeem himself with Barbara? Stay tuned.

Sources:

<http://brands.kraftfoods.com/greypoupon/pairings>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Grey_Poupon