

"Silver Saves the Day"

COORS LIGHT  
(Spec Commercial - 30sec spot)

by  
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EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A Man, JIMMY(30s) and a Woman, JENNY(20s) walk together arm-in-arm down a quiet street. Jimmy holds a 30-Pack of COORS LIGHT BEER CANS under his arm.

JENNY

Well I still don't agree with it,  
but I understand your point now.

JIMMY

Of course you do. That's why they  
call it Mixed Martial Arts. I mean  
watch the way he punches people in  
the head. It's, like...

JENNY

Artistic?

JIMMY

(Total agreement)  
... Yeah.

They turn a corner and SUDDENLY:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Small clusters of people running away in scattered  
directions. They are in a frenzied panic.

PERSON IN CROWD

Oh my God! Somebody do something!

A WEREWOLF in a shredded business suit runs out into the  
clearing to the middle of the street. It HOWLS at the sky.

THE FRIGHTENED MOB

scatters to the left and right, revealing Jimmy and Jenny  
getting really scared.

JIMMY

Oh no...

THE WEREWOLF

turns and locks focus on Jimmy and Jenny. He raises his arms  
in a terrible spectacle and thrashes about, gnashing his  
teeth, stomping on the ground.

JIMMY

pauses... wearily staring down the Werewolf... He dumps the  
30-PACK of COORS LIGHT into the Jenny's hands.

THE WEREWOLF  
is infuriated with Jimmy's insolence and fearlessness.

JIMMY  
exhales deeply.

THE WEREWOLF  
howls to the sky, furious. A MAN in the crowd runs by and the Werewolf grabs him, flinging him away.

JIMMY  
tears the 30-pack open, and pulls out a can of ice cold COORS LIGHT.

THE WEREWOLF ATTACKS  
running towards Jimmy and Jenny.

JIMMY  
cool as a cucumber, rears back and hurls the can at the charging Werewolf.

Jimmy throws a perfect strike. The can SMACKS the Werewolf between the eyes, dropping him like a bag or dirt to the street.

Jenny, relieved, turns cheerfully to praise Jimmy's heroics.

The Werewolf is knocked out cold.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jimmy and Jenny sit on the couch holding CANS of COORS LIGHT while watching a football game on TV.

Next to them, on a reclining chair, the Werewolf sits with his feet up, a CAN of ice cold COORS LIGHT held fast to his head.

WEREWOLF  
Can we please watch something else?

JIMMY  
... Ah, quit your huffin' and puffin' over there.

Giggling, Jenny lightly slaps at Jimmy. They both chuckle.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Coors Light Beer. Sic 'The Silver' on'em.

The Werewolf shakes his head, annoyed.

END