

BARRY MANILOW
:30" TV

Open on the back seat of a family car. We can see two seats, but the third is out of shot. A boy and girl, aged between 10 and 12, have just climbed in and closed the door. The boy looks to his right, out of shot, and looks confused.

BOY: **Mom, who's this guy?**

MOM: **That's Barry Manilow, and he's going to sing his greatest hits until you put your seat belts on.**

Cut to a wider shot of the whole back seat. Barry Manilow is sitting next to the kids, stage costume on, microphone at the ready. He launches into "Copacabana."

For a moment, the kids don't know what to do. They look at each other, panicked and horrified. It takes a few bars of the song for them to gain some composure, and the girl comes to her senses first. She puts her seat belt on. The boy continues to panic.

BOY: **Mom, make it stop. Pleeeeeease.**

His sister nudges him, and he too comes to his senses and fastens his seat belt.

The music stops. The singing stops. Barry Manilow lowers his microphone. He looks a little dejected.

VO: **However you have to do it, make 'em click...**

Cut to mom in the front. Satisfied, she puts the car in gear and starts backing out of the driveway.

VO: **and keep 'em clicked.**

Boy tries to unbuckle his seat belt silently, and Barry starts in on his hit "Looks like we made it" until the boy clicks back in. Mom looks back, proud that she came up with this bulletproof plan.

Go to extremes before you go anywhere.

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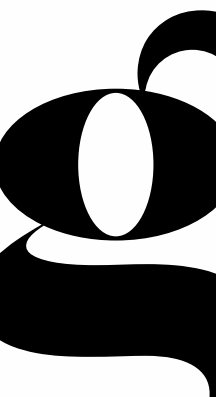
MUSIC: Under the graphics, the song start up where it left off.

SUPER: stayclicked.gov

LOGOS: NHTSA / Ad Council

Cut back to the back seat. The kids and Barry Manilow are all buckled in and behaving themselves.

BARRY M: Can we stop for froyo? Pleeeeeease.



"PROFESSIONAL TICKLER"
:30 RADIO

We're in a car with mom and three tween-aged kids. We hear the doors close.

KIDS: **Mom, who's this old woman in the back?**

MOM: **That's the professional tickler I hired, to make sure you put your seat belts on.**

The Tickler is a very old Eastern European Grandma with thick accent...

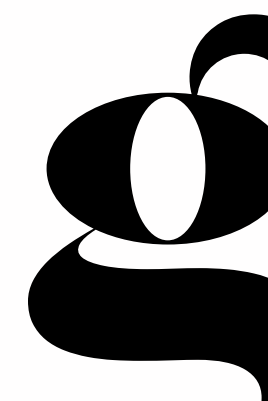
TICKLER: **Hello Michael. I will tickle you until your seat belt is put on. Do ve understand each other? Good. Under ze armpits is ze most hysterical place to tickle. I will now commence with ze tickling.**

SFX: We hear the click of the seat belt.

TICKLER: **Good. You learn fast, Michael.**

VO: **However you have to do it, make 'em click. Go to extremes before you go anywhere.**

VO: **A message from the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.**



Print/OOH: Obviously, the wrestler wouldn't be threatening the boy...

