

Wheaties

The Personal Coach

:30 | The Half-Marathon

In this spot, we can hear Coach, a man not entirely different from the ninth-grade gym teacher you loathed in high school, trying to motivate his client to continue training for the upcoming half-marathon.

We are immediately startled by the barking of coach, whose angry and disappointed demeanour wakes his client.

COACH: You have got to be kidding me! I arrive at 6:00 A.M. sharp, like we agreed to, and I find you sound asleep? Not only that, I watch you press snooze on three of your alarms?

An alarm can be heard beeping as the client yawns. His feet hit the floor as he starts to get ready.

COACH: Why are you putting your shoes on? Are you about to stretch? We're not going out to train for that marathon yet! You haven't had your Wheaties!

We hear limbs being overstretched, as the client crashes to the floor.

CLIENT: I give up...

COACH: What do you mean you're giving up? It's a half-marathon! Look at this box of Wheaties. You don't deserve it! Look right there- it says, "Breakfast of Champions". But with sorry "athletes" like you eating them, it should say "Breakfast for LOSERS!"

Coach's continued shouting fades out.

NARRATOR: Don't listen to him. Wheaties isn't for losers. And it's not just for champions! Wheaties my friend, is for the up and comers too.

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The Personal Coach

:30 | The Back Injury

In this spot, we can hear Coach, a man not entirely different from the ninth-grade gym teacher you loathed in high school, watching in awe as he praises the most determined, regimented basketball client he has worked with in years.

COACH: Yes! Yes! This is unbelievable! I have finally found my prodigy. You are going to be the next basketball legend!

The squeaking of sneakers can be heard as the client dribbles the basketball across a gymnasium floor. Coach blows his whistle, signalling for the client to take a break.

COACH: Alright, bring it in! I've got some Wheaties for you.

Before heading to the sideline, the client shoots one last shot. After releasing, he falls to the floor, screaming in pain. The basketball bricks off the backboard, missing the net. Coach runs over with the box of Wheaties.

COACH: Hey, everything is alright! We'll just get you up, you'll be okay!

The client tries to get up but can't, wincing in pain. Coach realizes what has taken place, and his positive demeanour turns sour.

COACH: Are you kidding me! You tore your ACL? Why do all bad things happen to me! You were my first client to not sleep in! You were confident, daring, incredible. It is such a shame that you turned out to be such a failure!

CLIENT: But coach, I-

Coach cuts his client off, continuing to rant in anger.

COACH: See this box of Wheaties? You don't deserve it! Look right there- it says, "Breakfast of Champions". With that injury of yours, I guess you'll never be one! Then they would have to call Wheaties the "Breakfast for LOSERS!"

CLIENT: Coach, I need an ambulance...

NARRATOR: Don't listen to him. Wheaties isn't for losers. And it's not just for champions! Wheaties my friend, is for the up and comers too.