

Cafe Maroc Radio Commercial #1 — 1 min. Writing and male voice.

Street Sounds in the distance, Humphrey Bogart/Casablanca music in foreground

Man

It was the spring of '09 and the world was falling apart around me.

Woman

Are you being Nick Danger again?

Man

I'm a glass full kinda guy, but things were looking bleak and we had to do something fast!

Woman

You're right, baby. It's time for a foreign adventure.

Man

The world needed me, but we couldn't afford a foreign adventure.

Woman

Morocco in Eugene for entrees that are less than \$19 is an adventure we can afford!

Come on. We're going to Cafe Maroc.

Man

Then I remembered. Cafe Maroc. Downtown Eugene.
Braised lamb, sirloin kabobs, exotic wine, beautiful belly dancers . . .
A romantic evening with my woman.

Woman

That's right, honey. A five course dinner under a Moroccan tent for \$24.
The world will be safe while you get away for one beautiful night.

Middle Eastern music and finger cymbals

Man

So I took her to Cafe Maroc. Surrounding the large white tent were dark nooks and crannies, perfect for romance. We sat close, secluded in one of the pillow-filled booths.

Food appeared with a whisper. Exotic sounds, scents and flavors surrounded us. It reminded me of Algiers in '98. Or was it Paris in '94?

No matter. I was in Eugene in '09 and, suddenly,
I knew that all was right with the world.
I had another sip of wine as my girl whispered in my ear.

Woman

Cafe Maroc.