

04/10 – MGM Grand – “Breakout” – :30 TVC

EXT: Suburban, two-story house.

We open on a slightly elevated view of a nice two-story suburban home from across the street. It’s morning.

INT: Hallway, home.

Cut to a close up of a man’s bare feet (coming out of nice pants) as he stealthily tiptoes down a hallway. The camera rolls alongside.

SFX: orchestra strings being plucked, soundtrack-style.

One foot accidentally steps hard onto a prickly kids toy and freezes.

Smash cut to a close-up of Todd’s face, frozen in a silent, way-over-the-top contortion of pain. (Think Edvard Munch’s “The Scream.”)

INT: kid’s bedroom.

Todd pulls a small black suitcase and garment bag from under a girl’s bed. He planted it there. We hear a young girl sleepily say, “Daddy?” Todd puts his finger to his lips.

EXT: House.

Cut to the window of the girl’s room from outside the house. There’s a tree. The window opens. Todd throws out the suitcase, garment bag and his shoes.

Cut to the tree. Todd tries to climb out onto the tree and falls out of frame.

Cut to an elevated view of the front yard. Todd limp-runs towards us as the camera lowers, revealing a car pulling up to the curb with three guys in it.

The guys, all mid-30s, throw open the back door for Todd. Suddenly a woman’s voice...

Woman:  
**Hey!**

It’s Todd’s wife on the front step in a bathrobe.

The camera pushes in fast on Todd’s terrified face.

Todd’s wife holds up his wallet. She tosses it to him.

Woman:  
**Don't have too much fun.**

Beat. Todd nods solemnly and turns to jump in the car. The other guys cheer. The car pulls away.

VO:  
**The guy's weekend at MGM Grand.**

Cut to black screen with MGM logo.

VO:  
**No bro left behind.**

Super:  
**MGMGrand.com**

3/10 – Starburst – “Brandon” – :30 TVC

SFX: Gypsy-style surf music from two guitars.

Ext: Park. Open on Zach, a normal 11-year-old kid, standing looking into the camera. He’s slightly confused and somewhat perturbed. He waves.

Zach:  
**Hey Brandon.**

Cut to Brandon. He’s also an 11-year-old kid, but he’s fully decked out like a cool beach bum, in a Hawaiian shirt, flower lei and bead necklaces around his neck, sunglasses, board shorts, sandals. He’s flanked on both sides by boys playing jangly, soft, gypsy-style surf music on the guitars hanging around their necks. We also hear the sound effect of ocean surf, despite there being no ocean anywhere. Brandon finishes unwrapping a Tropical Fruit Starburst and pops it in his mouth.

Brandon:  
**Zach, aloha.**

Zach:  
**Since you started eating those Tropical Fruit Starbursts,  
you’ve been acting...**

Brandon:  
**Awesome?**

Zach:  
**Weird.**

Beat.

Brandon:  
**Awesome?**

Zach:  
**Weird!**

Brandon (lifting an eyebrow):  
**Have you even tried them?**

Cut to Zach. He doesn’t respond. He hasn’t tried them.

Brandon:  
**And I’m weird?**

Brandon starts laughing an almost-sinister laugh. He looks at his minstrel players, and they start laughing too.

VO:  
**Starburst. Share something juicy.**

6/09 – GARMIN – “JEB” – :30 TVC

This campaign should be shot with a very moody film tone. Think the American version of The Ring. The choice of VO talent will be crucial (possibly similar to classic Lexus VO). Location and actors will be key.

SFX: Moody music plays

Open on ramshackle shack on the side of a dirt road, with woods behind it.

A scary-looking, older hillbilly is slowly stepping off the porch toward the camera with a sharp knife in one hand and a whittled block of wood clutched in the other. He’s talking to the camera, but we don’t hear what he’s saying (MOS). The VO comes in.

VO: **Meet Jeb.**

He scratches his head with the knife blade as he thinks, then points with the knife down the road. He shakes his head in confusion, then points the other way.

VO: **Outdoorsman. Amateur surgeon. Rodent gourmet.**

The camera is slowly pushing in on Jeb’s whiskered face. He has a slightly menacing look on his face.

VO: **Jeb knows these woods like the back of his good hand...but the way back to the interstate? Not so much.**

Jeb smiles a broad, toothless grin. Cut to a family in a sedan all looking at Jeb with fear on their faces. They’re like the Griswolds.

Cut back to Jeb saying something.

VO: **He invites you to stay the night.**

The wife and kids are screaming (we don’t hear it) at the dad who floors it.

Smash cut to black with a Garmin GPS unit slamming down into the slate with text.

Text: **DON’T MEET JEB.**

Super: **Nuvi. Starting at \$199.**

Cut back to Jeb who gazes down the road while whittling the wood.

02/10 – Match.com – “Curtain” – :30 TVC

Open on a first-person POV of an opened magazine. Underneath is a bathroom floor.

The POV camera turns to reveal a bare cardboard toilet paper tube on the holder. No TP. We gasp, “Ah!”

The camera shuffles over to the under-sink cabinet and opens the doors. There’s nothing inside but old toiletries. The camera shuffles to the bathroom closet. It’s empty. “Ah!”

The bathroom door is opened and the camera quickly shuffles down a hallway. We turn and see a few guys sitting in another room. They see us and shout in disgust. We continue to the kitchen.

The paper towel rack is empty. We riffle through drawers. Nothing. Look in the cabinets. A box of coffee filters turns up empty. “Ah!” There’s nothing in the fridge.

We glance over at a window. We shuffle over and reach out and grab the ratty cloth curtain.

**VO: This wouldn’t happen if you had a girlfriend.**

The camera swish pans to show a Match.com spokesman in a suit, sitting at the kitchen table. He was the one who just spoke. We yank the curtain down and shuffle back down the hallway.

Cut to black and the Match.com logo.

**Super: It’s time.**

02/10 – Jack in the Box – “Sleuth” – :30 TVC

*Note: if you can't include Jack, just remove him from the script – it still works.*

INT. DAY – Apartment living room.

Mark walks into the living room of his apartment from the front door and stops short. The camera moves in comically fast and close up on Mark's eyes. They narrow in suspicion and anger.

Cut to his roommates Brandon, Jesse, and Paul sitting obliviously on the couch watching TV.

MARK:

(Full of insinuation) **What's going on here?!**

The three guys notice him for the first time.

JESSE:

(Dispassionately) **What?**

MARK:

**You guys got Sirloin Swiss and Grilled Onion Burgers from Jack in the Box and didn't get *me* any?**

(There's no sign of said food anywhere.)

PAUL:

**That's not true!**

MARK:

**Oh yeah? (Quickly) Peppercorn mayo sauce on Jesse's shoe.**

Jesse dabs a spot of sauce on his shoe and tastes it inquiringly.

MARK:

(Takes a few sniffs at the air then taps his nose) **Grilled onions, fresh lettuce and tomato, zesty pickle strips and a bakery-style bun.**

The other guys sniff the air curiously.

MARK:

**Brandon has that blissed-out look he only gets from eating 100% sirloin.**

Brandon is slumped down in the couch with his eyes glazed over. He raises one eyebrow.

MARK:  
**And Jack is sitting right here eating one.**

For the first time, we see Jack on a side chair about to take a bite of his burger. He stops when he hears his name.

MARK:  
**So which part isn't true?**

PAUL:  
**That we didn't get you any.**

Paul reaches next to him and picks up a Jack in the Box bag. Mark smiles.

Cut to white slate with Jack bag falling into place.

VO:  
**The Sirloin Swiss and Grilled Onion Burger. Only at Jack in the box.**