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*Client: Discovery Networks*

*Title: "American Chopper - Europe" promo*

*Director: Adam Bluming*

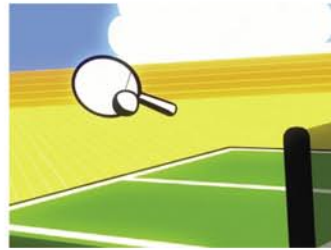
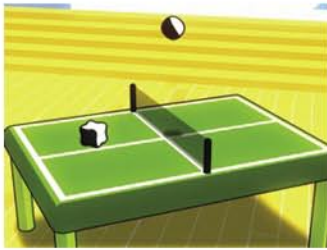
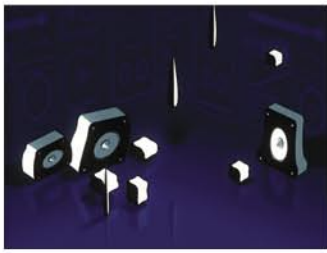
*Design/VFX: Convert*

*Production Company: The Ebeling Group*

*Length: 00:30*

*The client wanted to emphasize that the guys from American Chopper should feel 'larger than life' as they descend upon Europe.*

*The challenge was to write scenarios that they felt comfortable performing (as non-actors), while still retaining their signature attitude.*



*Client: NBC/Nelvana/Scholastic*

*Title: QUBO*

*Deliverables: block/station name, brand strategy, bumpers (:05)*

*Creative Directors: Caskey, Mateus de Paula Santos, Daniel Piwowarczyk*

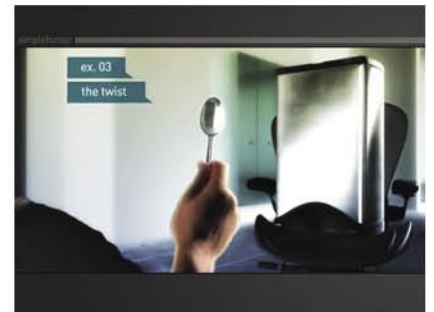
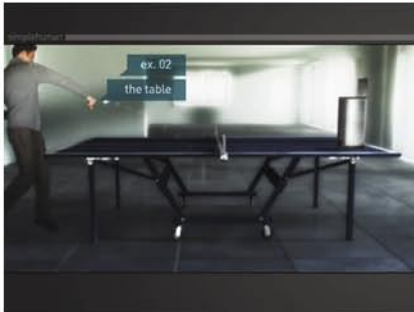
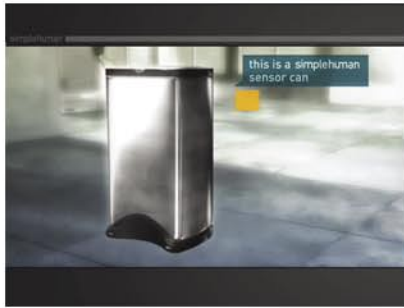
*Design & Animation: Lobo*

*Production Company: The Ebeling Group*

*This creative brief was interesting:*

*Create a programming block for NBC and Telemundo's Saturday morning cartoons (also to be developed into its own 24-hour cable network), targeting kids ages 4 to 7 (but watchable by kids up to age 12) that can be understood in both English and Spanish, without translation, in educational-but fun!— interstitial pieces.*

*And each one has to be under five seconds.*



**Client:** Simplehuman

**Product:** Motion Sensor Trashcan

**Project:** In-store promo video

**Production Company:** 5-x-b

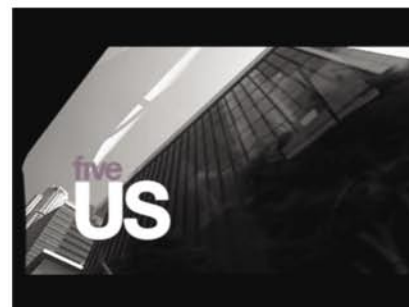
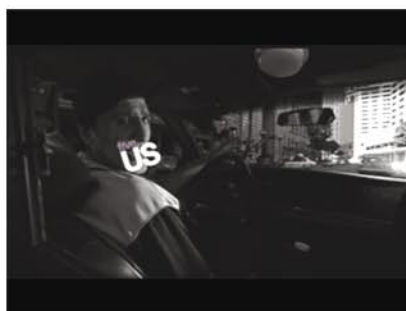
**Animation/Design:** 5-x-b

**Length:** 01:27

*Simplehuman needed an eye-catching in-store promotional piece that would demonstrate the benefits of their hands-free motion sensor trashcan while still retaining the look and feel of a high-quality, upscale item.*

*The result: A blend of live-action and animation with a unified strategy-*

*"Your trashcan is smarter than you think."*



Client: FiveUS

Title: "Nothing Good" network promo

Director/Editor: Adam Bluming

Design/VFX: Convert

Production Company:  
The Ebeling Group

Length: 00:40

*Five US is a British TV network showcasing the best programming in American television.*

*Per the original brief, I wrote the first version of this as a monologue for Quentin Tarantino.*

*The client then changed the character to a cab driver and it became a different piece.*

*In short: I learned that a lot of interesting things were invented in America.  
And Scotland.*

**FISHING.  
WITH STRIPPERS.  
WHO ARE DANCING  
ON A POLE.  
ON YOUR YACHT.  
ON A TUESDAY.**

*Just what exactly is the*



\*All print work is spec.



**KNOWING  
KARATE.**

**AND OCCASIONALLY  
USING IT  
ON PEOPLE.**

*Just what exactly is the*



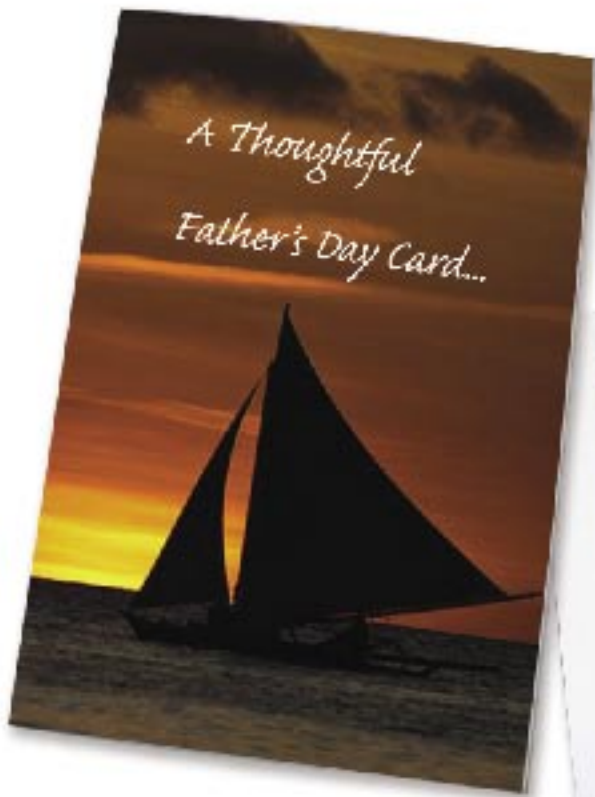


**WATCHING  
POOL.**

**WHILE PLAYING  
POOL.**

*Just what exactly is the*





Client: Miller High Life  
Format: magazine insert



Client: Miller High Life

Format: Point-of-purchase promotion (w/Jiffy Lube)



Client: Miller High Life  
Format: Premium Gas Promotion



**BUGS AREN'T SCARY.  
EXTINGUISHING YOUR OWN  
ENGINE FIRE IS SCARY.**



**IT'S TIME TO BE A MAN.**

Client: Swanson

Format: beverage coaster



**IF YOU HAD  
THE GUTS TO  
ASK FOR A RAISE,  
YOU COULD BE THE  
BOSS OF PEOPLE, TOO.**



**IT'S TIME TO BE A MAN.**

Client: Swanson

Format: beverage coaster



Client: Swanson

Format: beverage coaster



**CLIENT:** SWANSON HUNGRY MAN TV DINNERS  
**MEDIA:** RADIO  
**LENGTH:** :60  
**TITLE:** "SUICIDE NOTE"

SFX: (answering machine beep)

Joe: April. It's me, Joe... again. By the time you hear this, I'll be dead...  
But I've thought about your demands and I'm open to making some changes...I'm  
willing to stuff your tampons into my pockets so you don't have to carry a purse.  
(sigh) I'll even pee sitting down, like you told me to...I need you, April. I can't even  
cook for myself. In fact, I splurged tonight and bought a Swanson Hungry Man TV  
dinner. My last meal...

SFX: (microwave bell)

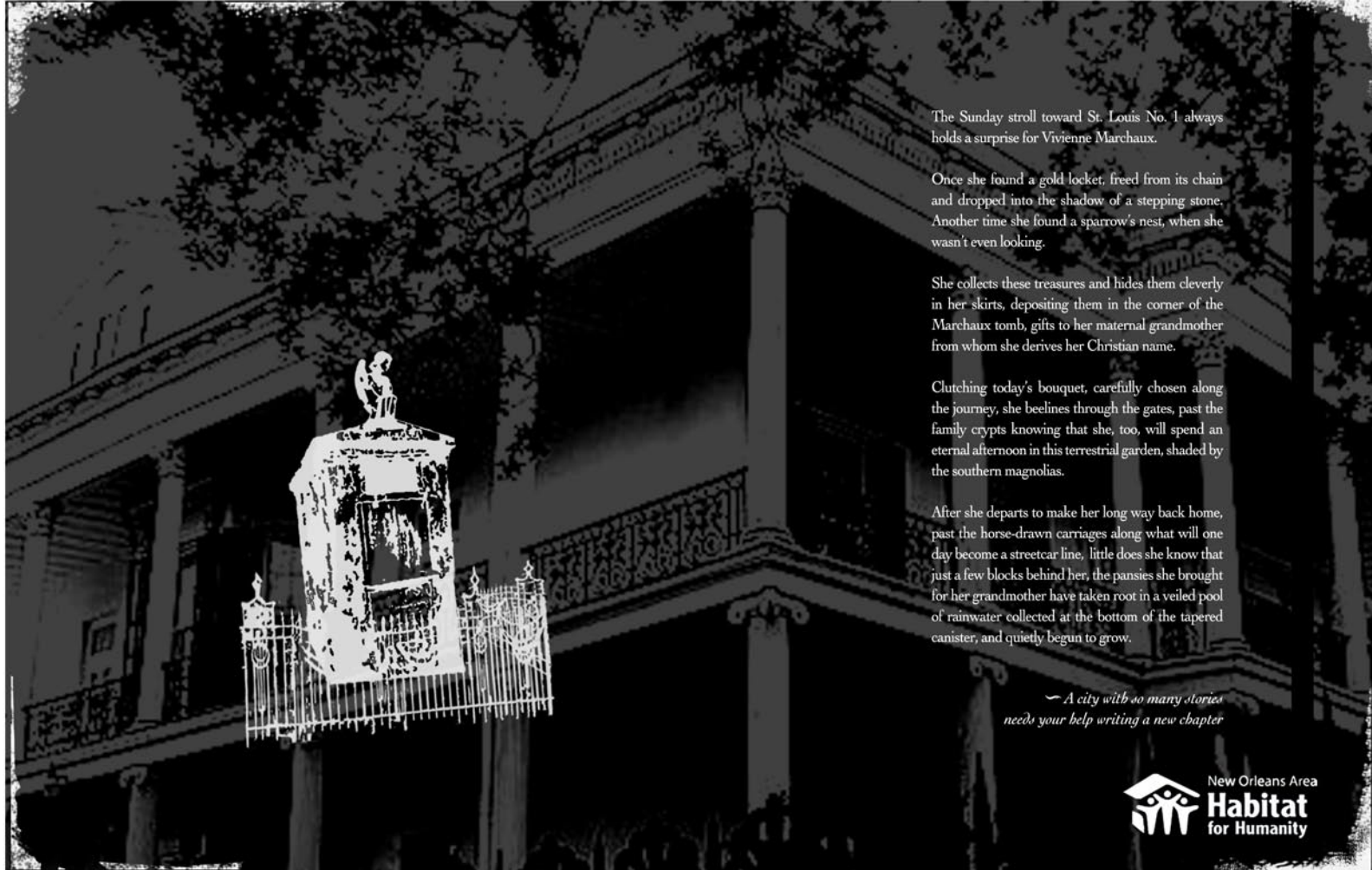
Joe: Oh, wait one sec--

SFX: (TV dinner being torn open)

Joe: (chewing) Just know that I'm— mmm!...This salisbury steak is great... And these  
potatoes! I could eat one of these hearty meals every night for the rest of my life...  
Ha! I don't need to kill myself, April, because you've been slowly sucking the life  
out of me anyway. Well I'm done with you! I'm a new man. Guess what: I enjoy  
pornography! In fact, I often imagine you kissing your sister! Goodbye, April. And  
good ri--

SFX: (click. dial tone)

NARRATOR: Swanson Hungry Man TV dinners. It's time to be a man.



The Sunday stroll toward St. Louis No. 1 always holds a surprise for Vivienne Marchaux.

Once she found a gold locket, freed from its chain and dropped into the shadow of a stepping stone. Another time she found a sparrow's nest, when she wasn't even looking.


She collects these treasures and hides them cleverly in her skirts, depositing them in the corner of the Marchaux tomb, gifts to her maternal grandmother from whom she derives her Christian name.

Clutching today's bouquet, carefully chosen along the journey, she beelines through the gates, past the family crypts knowing that she, too, will spend an eternal afternoon in this terrestrial garden, shaded by the southern magnolias.

After she departs to make her long way back home, past the horse-drawn carriages along what will one day become a streetcar line, little does she know that just a few blocks behind her, the pansies she brought for her grandmother have taken root in a veiled pool of rainwater collected at the bottom of the tapered canister, and quietly begun to grow.

*~ A city with so many stories  
needs your help writing a new chapter*





Just around the corner, behind a curtained cloak,  
locals hunch over highballs abrim with tears gone by.  
Step and creak, old-timer takes the stage, nary a face  
turns up as he starts to blow.

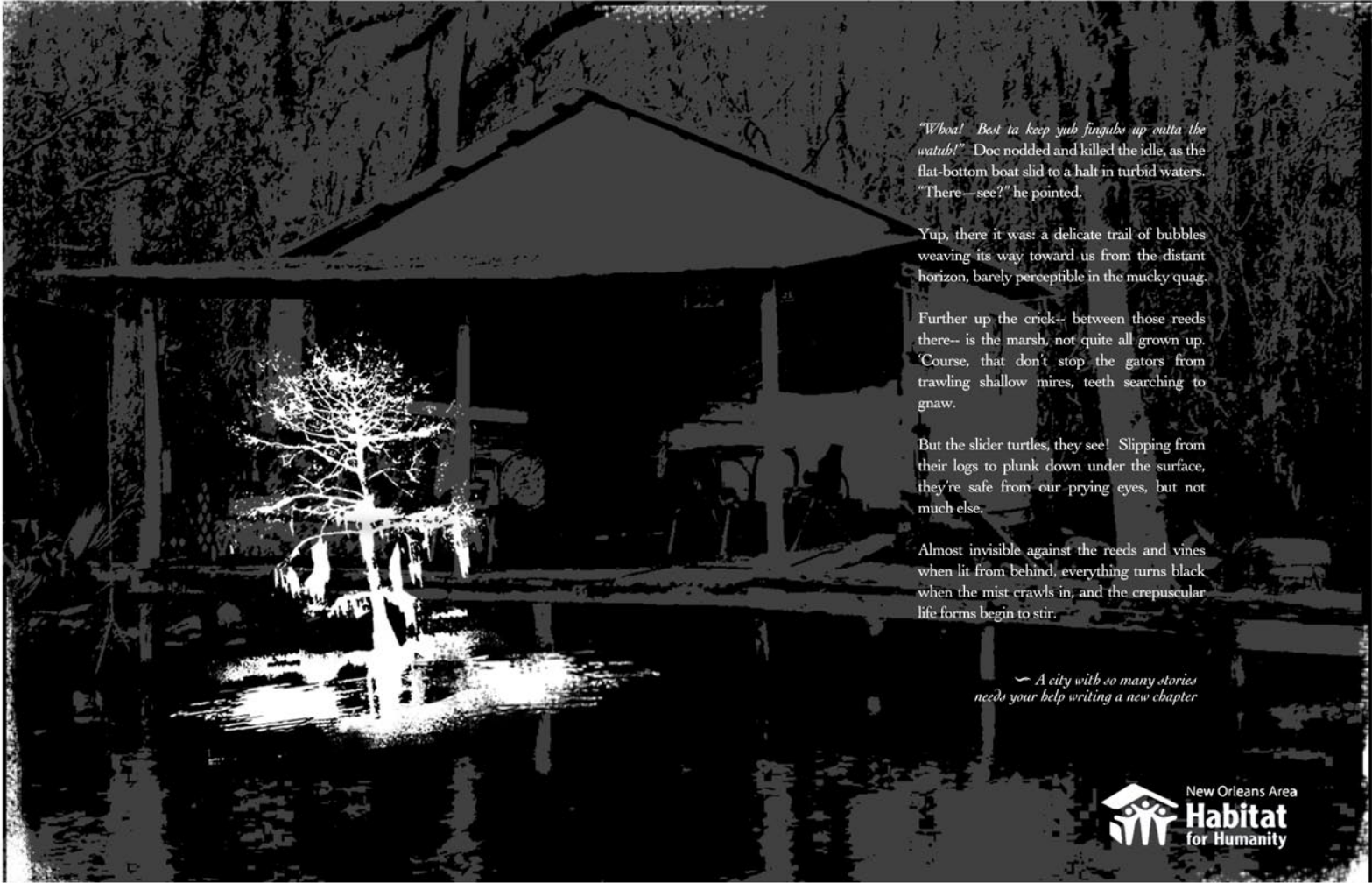
First notes first, but picking up thrust, now his melody  
begins to rise—there it goes! taking flight, and eyes  
glance up from their pool cues, murmuring in assent.  
Just like the boys beneath the shipdeck when the  
Captain let him loose one desolate watery midnight  
floating deep in the Atlantic, so far from home.

O, the ghosts of this town burrowed deep in his heart  
for safekeeping, but when he opens his mouth, they  
sneak past for a screaming night out.

While the johnnies and betties twist in their armchairs,  
he'll still be here all night, long past his last breath  
breaks free.

*— A city with so many stories  
needs your help writing a new chapter*





*"Whoa! Best to keep yuh fungubs up outta the watab!"* Doc nodded and killed the idle, as the flat-bottom boat slid to a halt in turbid waters. "There—see?" he pointed.

Yup, there it was: a delicate trail of bubbles weaving its way toward us from the distant horizon, barely perceptible in the mucky quag.

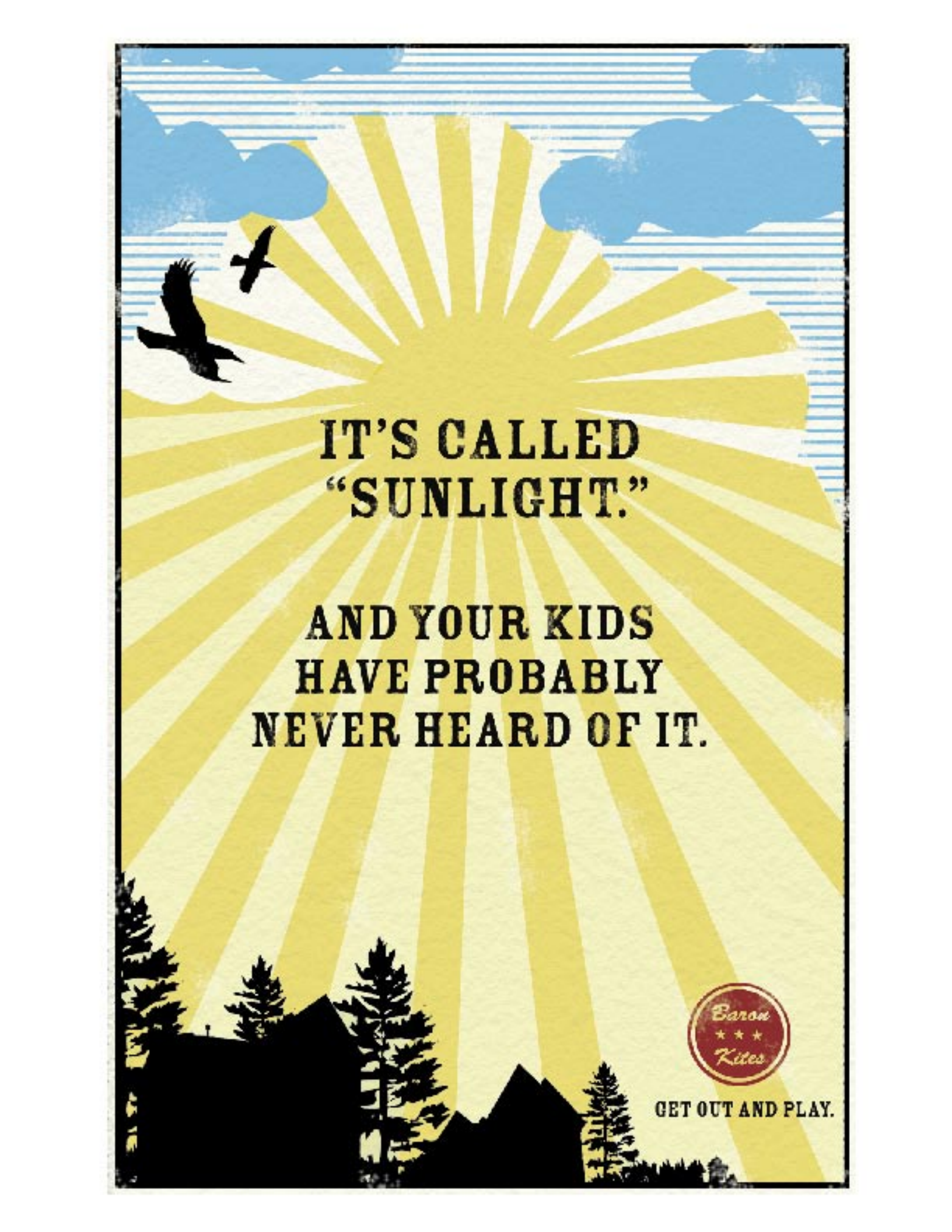
Further up the crick— between those reeds there— is the marsh, not quite all grown up. 'Course, that don't stop the gators from trawling shallow mires, teeth searching to gnaw.

But the slider turtles, they see! Slipping from their logs to plunk down under the surface, they're safe from our prying eyes, but not much else.

Almost invisible against the reeds and vines when lit from behind, everything turns black when the mist crawls in, and the crepuscular life forms begin to stir.

*— A city with so many stories  
needs your help writing a new chapter*

New Orleans Area  
**Habitat**  
for Humanity



**IT'S CALLED  
"SUNLIGHT."**

**AND YOUR KIDS  
HAVE PROBABLY  
NEVER HEARD OF IT.**



**GET OUT AND PLAY.**



**CHILDREN  
ARE SO MAGICAL.**

**ESPECIALLY THE ONES THAT MOVE.**

**GET OUT AND PLAY.**





**YOUR KIDS WILL  
STILL FIGHT OVER  
THE CONTROLS.**

**BUT THAT'S  
THE NEIGHBORS'  
PROBLEM NOW.**



GET OUT AND PLAY.





**CLIENT:**       **BARON KITES**  
**MEDIA:**       **RADIO**  
**LENGTH:**     **:60**  
**TITLE:**       **“ZOMBIES”**

SFX:            (ambient phone line static throughout)

OPERATOR: 9-1-1 Emergency.

WOMAN:        Please help me! Oh god!

OPERATOR: I need you to calm down, ma'am. Is there an intruder in your house?

WOMAN:        Yes. Well, no. It's my son.

OPERATOR: He broke in?

WOMAN:        No. He lives here, but he hasn't come out of his room since last Christmas-- Oh God! Brandon, put that down!

SFX:            (gruesome roar; breaking glass)

OPERATOR: Ma'am! Ma'am! I need you to stay with me here. Ma'am???

WOMAN:        (whispering) I'm hiding in the laundry room now.

OPERATOR: Okay, can you describe your son for me?

WOMAN:        He's twelve years old. Dark hair. His eyes are all glazed over. And his skin— it's pasty and white.

OPERATOR: Oh yeah, definitely the look of the Undead. Happens when these kids hole themselves up in their rooms. Video games, TV— sucks the life right out of 'em.

WOMAN:        Oh god-- my commemorative plate collection!

SFX:            (SMASH!)

OPERATOR: Wow, sounds like a Code Five. He probably won't stop until he eats your heart.... Do you have any other children, ma'am?

WOMAN:        Yes, a daughter.

OPERATOR: Okay, listen carefully. I need you to go out immediately and buy your daughter a Baron Kite. Then encourage her to play outside with it. Do you hear me: OUTSIDE!!

WOMAN:        (sniffing) Baron Kite?

OPERATOR: It's the only way to save her. Your son, of course, will have to be euthanized.

ANNOUNCER: BARON KITES. BECAUSE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO EUTHANIZE ZOMBIE CHILDREN ANY MORE.



She loved me not.

And neither did my wife.

We can't touch up your life. But we can touch up your car.

**Dupli·Color**  
Automotive Touch-up Paint



Gosh, I have no idea, Officer...

We can't touch up your life. But we can touch up your car.

**Dupli-Color**  
Automotive Touch-up Paint



Mommy's drunk again.

We can't touch up your life. But we can touch up your car.

**Dupli·Color**  
Automotive Touch-up Paint