

Emily Faris - Writing Samples

**SAMPLE 1: Example of copy for creative projects**

**SAMPLE 2: 7-pages from short film, *OVERTIME***

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These are samples of log-lines, and synopses that I have either written, edited, collaborated on, or all of the above. Although my writing background is in the performing arts, I strongly believe these exemplified skills are applicable to advertising.

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*Eager to get a head-start on a deadline, WOMAN arrives early to work. Her enthusiasm quickly diminishes when she and her team receive news that their deadline has been pushed to EOD! At their boss' request, the team works late into the night until the project's completion, since 'we're all in this together.' After a series of micro and macro-aggressions from machiavellian co-workers, Woman succumbs to her vicious sense of justice, becoming a true workplace vigilante.*

\*

*When a sexy night out is interrupted by the worst period of her life, a woman's unforeseen walk home quickly devolves into a bloody nightmare.*

\*

*We follow WOMAN as her night unravels after she unexpectedly gets the worst period of her life. Dirty Girl shits on society's gaze and forces us to laugh at and embrace the parts of ourselves we so often try to hide – especially the nasty parts. From everyday blood to glistening gore, this short film explores the space between expectation and reality.*

INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA - EARLY MORNING

Semi-darkness. Someone is finding their way through an unlit room.

**FLIP**-- the overhead lights turn on one at a time.

A modest and drab office space with eight identical desks.

A middle-aged man, CHARLIE (50s-60s), pushes a cart with cleaning supplies. He parks, grabs a rag, and starts wiping down surfaces.

The desks are separated from one another by half-walls, creating pseudo-cubicles. There's an office and a conference room. A few low-maintenance plants.

Charlie continues to clean.

PRE-LAP: **BUTTON PUSH** AND **ELEVATOR HUM**.

INT. LOBBY - OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

WOMAN (20s-30s, plain) waits for the elevator in a small, nondescript, and brightly lit lobby. She waits in a blazer and skirt combination.

She talks/mumbles to herself while chewing gum, repeating a set of gestures and movements. She is practicing something out.

Everything is quiet except for the sound of WOMAN's mouth moving.

**DING** -- the elevator arrives.

WOMAN stops moving.

She grabs the gum with her fingers and rolls it into a tiny ball. Then, after a moment, crushes it between her fingers.

The doors open on CHARLIE, he lights up when he sees WOMAN.

CHARLIE

Don't you ever get any sleep?

WOMAN smiles as CHARLIE pulls his cart out of the elevator.

WOMAN

You know I only get here early to say hi to you!

WOMAN throws the used gum in the trash attached to CHARLIE's cart, then pats her friend on the shoulder as she passes him.

CHARLIE

It's a cut-throat world up there,  
huh?

WOMAN

You have no idea.

They smile at one another as the elevator doors close.

INT. WOMAN'S CUBICLE - OFFICE - LATER

At her desk, WOMAN delicately unpacks her bag. She pulls out a juvenile looking reusable water bottle and a pen case. She unzips it and pulls out a mechanical pencil and an eraser in the shape of a great white shark. She delicately props the shark up against her computer monitor.

On a cork-board next to WOMAN's computer monitor hangs a DIY habit tracker. The tracker is titled, **MOOD FORECAST**. The tracker is framed with glittery clouds and stickers. Below the title are boxes for each day of the month. WOMAN's made it about half-way, with each box/day that's passed marked with an 'X'.

The tracker counts down to a big box filled with more stickers surrounding the words '**CLEAR SKIES AHEAD!**'

INT. KITCHEN/BREAK ROOM - OFFICE - LATER

WOMAN makes the day's first pot of coffee in the break room.

The room consists of a kitchenette, an old refrigerator and a table to sit at. Next to the sink a few plates and sets of cutlery dry.

WOMAN waits. Her gaze drifts to a glossy and flimsy poster on the wall depicting a varied group of happy women and men huddled together above the text:

**WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER!**

WOMAN studies the poster.

The lifeless faces smile back.

Sounds of percolating coffee grow louder and louder --

CUT TO:

INT. WOMAN'S CUBICLE - OFFICE - AN HOUR LATER

WOMAN is laser focused on her computer screen, editing an over-stuffed and meticulously color-coded spreadsheet. A sarcastic and vocal-fried voice cuts through her focus--

FEMALE CO-WORKER 1 (O.S.)  
Look who got here early. Again.

WOMAN turns to see FEMALE CO-WORKER 1 (20s-30s, cool kid) and GLASSES (20s-30s, wears glasses) enter the office together.

FEMALE CO-WORKER 1  
Don't you know? Makes us look bad.

WOMAN isn't sure if she's joking...

WOMAN  
Oh, no, I'm on deadline for--

FEMALE CO-WORKER 1 (with a smile)      WOMAN  
Yeah, I'm sure you are.      No, no, no, really I'm--

WOMAN (cont'd)  
(raises voice)  
I'm just trying to keep up!

Silence.

FEMALE CO-WORKER 1  
Yeah, for sure. I'm just messin' with ya'. Sorry.

WOMAN is embarrassed.

WOMAN  
No, no--you're fine. Sorry. Just a little stressed.

WOMAN puts on a smile.

INT. WOMAN'S CUBICLE - OFFICE - A FEW HOURS LATER

The office is now alive. WOMAN continues to work on her spreadsheet. She chews at the inside of her mouth.

FEMALE ASSISTANT (O.C.)

Hey, sorry...

WOMAN

(slams fists)

What?!

WOMAN's gaze is met by FEMALE ASSISTANT's shocked face (20s-30s, pregnant). Upon realizing who it is, a wave of embarrassment washes over WOMAN.

WOMAN (cont'd)

Oh, my god-- I am so sorry! I thought you were...

FEMALE ASSISTANT

Oh, no! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to scare you. I should have--

WOMAN

No, no, it's not your fault...I... long day.

(beat)

What's up?

FEMALE ASSISTANT smiles sweetly.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

Simon wants to see you and the rest of the team in like, ten minutes. Does that work?

WOMAN

Absolutely.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

I think I saw the guys in the kitchen, would you mind telling them for me? My feet are killing me.

FEMALE ASSISTANT rubs her belly.

WOMAN

Of course. I need more coffee anyway.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

I miss coffee. I stopped for--

She rubs her belly again. WOMAN smiles and nods.

WOMAN

I'll tell the guys.

FEMALE ASSISTANT  
I appreciate you.

WOMAN watches FEMALE ASSISTANT walk away.

INT. MAIN OFFICE AREA/BREAK ROOM - OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

WOMAN walks toward the doorway that leads to the break room,  
but hushed voices from within slow her down--

MALE CO-WORKER (O.S.)  
Nothing but fuckin' net man. Wild.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/BREAK ROOM - OFFICE

MALE CO-WORKER (30s, white teeth) and MALE INTERN (20s,  
stoked to be here) talk at one another.

MALE CO-WORKER  
I read somewhere it's like, all about  
creating buoyancy in your calves.

MALE INTERN  
Oh, for sure. Get that bounce going.

MALE INTERN bounces on his toes, ever so lightly.

WOMAN enters and heads to the coffeemaker.

MALE CO-WORKER  
Spiderman. Steph. One-on-one.  
Imagine?

MALE INTERN  
Damn. Still think Steph would take it  
though.

The guys shift around, the energy has changed slightly.

WOMAN  
Talking superheroes?

MALE INTERN's gaze drops to the floor.

WOMAN fills up her mug. The inspirational poster looms above  
them.

MALE CO-WORKER

Oh, kinda. Mostly about the game last night.

WOMAN

Gotcha. Thought I heard Spiderman. Personally I'm more of a Batman kind of gal.

WOMAN laughs. The guys do not.

MALE INTERN

Some people don't really consider him a superhero, ya' know. Since he doesn't really have any powers...

WOMAN

Oh. Hm.

MALE CO-WORKER

Just a traumatized rich kid with toys.

MALE INTERN

That's so funny.

The guys drift back into their own bubble.

WOMAN

Anyway, Simon wants to see everyone in about ten minutes. Does that work?

MALE CO-WORKER

Definitely! See you in there.

MALE INTERN gives her a thumbs up.

WOMAN leaves. As her body turns the corner--

MALE CO-WORKER (O.S.)

I think I'm gonna do Ironman next year.

MALE INTERN (O.S.)

Hell yeah.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OFFICE - TEN MINUTES LATER

The team-- MALE CO-WORKER, MALE INTERN, FEMALE CO-WORKER 2, and WOMAN -- sit around a table waiting. FEMALE CO-WORKER 2 (40s, self-serious) texts on her phone.



INT. PRIMROSE PARK - FANTASY - DAY

A beautiful sunny day in a park built on a soundstage.

Trees, bushes, and even the shining sun, are made out of painted plywood, or maybe even cardboard. It's completely fake but also absolutely beautiful.

A pretty young woman, **MAYA** (30s, woman-child) dressed in a slightly ill-fitting, sparkly pinkish-purple dress with a pinafore. She reads out of cartoonish looking book titled: *Am I the Problem?*

Fake birds and butterflies attached to string float by MAYA. It's quaint.

V.O (O.C.)

Hi there Maya!

MAYA looks up from her book and smiles.

MAYA

Hi there Chamomile

Trotting over to MAYA is an animated tabby cat, **CHAMOMILE** (a cute cat with odd proportions).

CHAMOMILE sits on their hind legs at the corner of MAYA's blanket. She licks her front paw.

MAYA (cont'd)

How are you today?

CHAMOMILE

Oh, just making sure you're learning your lessons young lady.

MAYA giggles, it's uncomfortably juvenile.

MAYA

Of course. I'm reading all about the consequences of learned and repeated behavior, and how to undue my childish tendencies. It sure makes my little head hurt.

MAYA and CHAMOMILE laugh together.

MAYA reaches into large cardboard picnic basket and pulls out a large amount of sweet treats. She grabs a big chocolate cupcake for herself and offers one to CHAMOMILE.

CHAMOMILE  
No thanks, I'm a cat.

MAYA giggles.

MAYA  
Of course, how silly of me.

MAYA takes a bite out of her cupcake and savors it.

CHAMOMILE  
Honestly MAYA--

MAYA  
What?

CHAMOMILE  
I think your Dead Mom would be very proud of you.

MAYA smiles warmly.

MAYA  
You know what? I think that Dead Mom of mine would be proud too.

MAYA takes another bite of her cupcake.

CHAMOMILE (O.C.)  
Yeah, proud of having such a loser child.

Shocked, MAYA looks to CHAMOMILE.

MAYA  
Pardon?

CHAMOMILE is now on all fours, something menacing flashes behind her cartoon eyes.

CHAMOMILE  
I said...your dead fucking Mom would be proud of what a loser you've grown into--

Something sours in MAYA's mouth.

She looks at the cupcake, which has transformed into a edible home for **mold** and **maggots**.

Repulsed, MAYA spits up the contents of her mouth onto her dress.

CHAMOMILE (O.C.)

Dumb bitch.

MAYA gasps and falls back dramatically onto the blanket.

CHAMOMILE stalks toward MAYA.

CHAMOMILE

Honestly it was good your Mom wasn't forced to watch you grow into this pathetic loser and over-grown woman-child you've become. Her cancer was a gift.

With cupcake spit-up all over the front her pretty clothes, MAYA scrambles up to her feet to get away from CHAMOMILE.

Just as she turns around she's struck by a hideous vision.

With fake thunder and lightening behind her, a sickly woman in a hospital gown stands before MAYA. This is her MOTHER. She's bald with a puffed up face from the steroids and morphine pumping through her veins, she's dying.

She weakly raises an arm in MAYA's direction. Through rotting teeth she barely musters the strength to say:

DYING MOM

Ma-ya

MAYA panics and runs away. She trips over her dress and stumbles into the perfect looking man-made river. She struggles to get to her feet, her wet clothes weighing her down.

She finally gets up and runs as fast as the knee-high water will let her.

SUDDENLY-- one of the fake birds **SWOOPS** down at her. MAYA covers her head and keeps going, but the bird does it again taking a **SNAP** at her this time.

MAYA keeps going but more birds show up, and this time they're **BIGGER** with even **STRONGER** beaks!

An especially large bird swoops down and **GRABS ONTO** onto **MAYA's mouth** before she even has a chance to defend herself.

MAYA **screams** and panics through a clenched jaw.

The bird squeezes harder and harder. MAYA's teeth can't handle much more pressure.

The bird keeps clamping down until--

**CRACK**

The bird let's go and all of MAYA'S teeth, mixed with blood and spit, fall out of her mouth into a million pieces into the water. Sobbing, she touches her now toothless gums.

MAYA looks down at the mess, but notices the water has turned into a milky substance.

The liquid level starts to rise, or is MAYA sinking?

The milky liquid turns dark, becoming a brown and mud-like shade.

As the mud rises over MAYA's body, her MOTHER has made it down to the water brink.

She **calls** to her daughter.

Desperate for a way out of the mud, MAYA tries to move toward her mother, but the mud slows her down.

Just as she's about to grab her MOTHER's sickly hand, she starts to **puff-up** and **expand**. Distorting her already terrifying appearance.

She grows and grows, becoming a cancer-riddled humpty-dumpty until--

**POP!**

CUT TO:

INT. MAYA'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - DAY

MAYA wakes with a gasp.

She rips off her sleep-mask and catches her breath.

Her phone's **ringing**.

MAYA

Fuck.

She spits out her night-guard and answers the phone.