

copywriting portfolio

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Education For Tomorrow



Teachers have enough to compete with.

Education doesn't end in the classroom. The simple acts of talking about the books they're reading, practicing with flashcards, or just making sure their homework is done everyday can make a world of difference. To find more ways you can help bridge the gap between the classroom and home, visit EducationForTomorrow.org

Basil Hayden's

Perhaps George Washington had a glass after his farewell address.
Perhaps it kept him warm on Mount Vernon's colder nights.
Perhaps it's the signature, spicy finish.
Perhaps it's just one of those days.

for whatever the reason...

BASIL HAYDEN'S since 1796
As good now as it was then.



Perhaps Napoleon gave Josephine a bottle on their wedding day.
Perhaps he needed a glass after her dog bit him.
Perhaps it's the signature, spicy finish.
Perhaps it's just one of those days.

for whatever the reason...



BASIL HAYDEN'S since 1796
As good now as it was then.

I am Sweden Facebook Campaign

Aimed to inform and introduce Sweden to future tourist - specifically, American tourists.

Americans currently spend 1 billion minutes per month of Facebook.

Companies and industries have grasped this as a way to advertise and communicate. It's time for countries to do the same. This is educational, fun, interactive, and accessible.





I am Sweden

Friends

Message

Country in Scandinavia

Population: 9.3 Million

Land Mass: 450,295 sq. km

Part of the EU

About

100 Mutual

Friends 1,127



Photos 109



Map 19



Likes 139

StatusPhotoPlaceLife Event

What's on your mind?

 I am Sweden

Unites States of America

5 hours ago near Stockholm, Sweden

Hey. I'm Sweden. My timeline might be a bit longer than yours but I'm pretty much the same as you. I love sports. I let loose on the weekends. I have a king... Wait, right. You don't have a king anymore. Well, it's really just an excuse to have a palace....[Read More](#)

Like · Comment · Share

Greta Garbo, Dolf Lundgren and 9 others

Like this

View all 5 comments

 Spotify

Check out the Princess' playlist!

March 17 at 3:16pm via mobile · Like

 James Hoban

But is your palace white?

March 17 at 4:29pm · Like

Write a comment...

Likes

March



The Ice Hotel



Way Out West


 I am Sweden

January 30

Välkommen to our new Royal!



Like · Comment · Share

 I am Sweden

Tuesday near Stockholm


The country that brought you the Bergmans, the Skarsgaards, Volvo, Spotify, Ikea, Alfred Nobel, Greta Garbo, Strinberg, ABBA, Roxette, Ace of Base, H&M, Smorgasbord, and so much more...

I am Sweden. You should get to know me.

Like · Comment · Share


Sweden's Friends

See All




Alfred Nobel

1 Mutual Friend




ABBA

1 Mutual Friend




Greta Garbo

1 Mutual Friend




Björn Borg

1 Mutual Friend




Spotify

100 Mutual Friends




Volvo

1 Mutual Friend




Ikea

5 Mutual Friends



Dolf Lundgren


1 Mutual Friend

 I am Sweden


was tagged in the album

Swedish Summers





Like · Comment


 I am Sweden

shared a link

June 24

Swedish Midsommar – It's like the Fourth of July only a couple thousand years old...

www.youtube.com/watch?v=i-132MQx57



Swedish Midsommar Celebration

www.youtube.com

Gather your best snaps glasses, raise your maypole, put on your dancing shoes, and get ready for the songs, the dances and the feast that is Midsommar's Eve.

- Now
- February
- 2012
- 2011
- 2010
- 2009
- 2008
- 2007
- 2006
- 2005
- 2004
- 2003
- 2002
- 2001
- 2000
- 1999
- 1990
- 1980
- 1970
- 1960
- 1950
- 1925
- 1900
- 1800
- 1700
- 1600
- 1500
- 1400
- 1300
- 1200
- 1100
- 1000
- Born

I am Sweden.



You Should Get To Know Me.

facebook.com/sweden



**We don't wear the
horned helmets
anymore.**

But we do pillage.

**I am Sweden.
You Should Get
To Know Me.**

facebook.com/sweden

:30 second Television
 Swedish Facebook Page/Swedish Tourism
 Title: I am Sweden

Video	Audio
Camera up on very friendly Peter Stormare standing in the center of a large white soundstage.	
Annika Sorenstam enters in full golf attire.	PETER: Hello. I'm Sweden. ANNIKA: Hi. I'm Sweden.
Alexander Skarsgård enters.	ALEXANDER: Hey. I'm Sweden PETER: I'm Sweden. ANNIKA: I'm Sweden
Nicolas Lidstrom, Henrik Lundquist, and Peter Forsberg enter in full pads and skates.	NICOLAS: I'm Sweden HENRIK: I'm Sweden PETER: Hey. I am Sweden.
Greta Garbo (superimposed from a black and white film) enters. Followed by a string of famous Swedes (i.e. Pippi Longstockings, Ingrid Bergman, Margnus Samuelsson, Malin Akerman, Stellan Skargård, Dolf Lundgren, The Swedish Chef, Ingmar Bergan, Alfred Nobel, Ingvar Kamprad, Maria Moltesanti, Ace fo Base, ABBA, Björn Borg, etc..).	MAGNUS: I'm Sweden. INGRED: I'm Sweden GARBO: Hello. I'm Sweden MALIN: I'm Sweden. INGMAR: Hello. I'm Sweden. ACE OF BASE: I'm Sweden. BJÖRN: Hi. I'm Sweden (etc...)
As they enter, they mingle and introduce themselves to each other.	
As the crowd is mingling, Princess Victoria, Daniel, and their daughter step into FRAME. Everyone gets quiet and looks over at them.	
They all move towards The Royals, introducing themselves.	VICTORIA: Hello. I'm Sweden.
TITLE FRAME: I am Sweden. SUBTITLE: You should get to know me.	
TITLE: www.facebook.com/sweden	

Vick's VapoRub

"My dad always brought
it along when he traveled.
Only, back then, you
could carry on a lot
more than 3 ounces."



You're never too old for something that works.

"I put it under my nose
and on my chest....
just like my mom used to.
But my version
of twinkle twinkle
is way more off-key."



You're never too old for something that works.

Concussion Awareness PSA

memory loss
pain
fatigue
dementia
nausea
stutter
blurred vision
depression

?

Concussions Add Up.

for more information about concussion awareness and
prevention, go to ConcussionsAddUp.org

Pros

Cons

memory loss
pain
fatigue
dementia
nausea
stutter
blurred vision
depression

There's No Pro to a Concussion.

for more information about concussion awareness and
prevention, go to ConcussionsAddUp.org

www.theswedishamerican.com
short stories

Excerpts from Short Stories
Featured at

theswedishamerican.com

Simple Story

[Click Here](#) to read the whole story

Joe excuses himself politely. He slides out of the oversized bed, giving his toes a moment to enjoy the now obnoxiously plush carpet, which incidentally is magenta – Joe’s favorite neon color. He walks quietly to the bathroom where he breaks down in a silent, tearless sob. His stomach opens up and, for a moment, is both empty and full. He is breathing heavily and is completely void of air. He is nothing but a shell. He is broken. He is unable to stand. Every muscle tenses and he can’t fall to the ground. His heart throbs. He sees himself in the mirror and curses everything. He is all the world’s fear and hurt balled into this persona of a mid twenties unsuccessful actor. And then he stops.

“Yes, we are friends.”

En Wittium Testivari

[Click Here](#) to read the whole story

And then it happened. So casually, I almost didn’t notice it. I was on a morning walk, taking in my new, rural environment. Spreading the word of “en wittium testivari,” watching the buildings grow taller and taller, my eyes fixed on the horizon that seemed so epically far off. I was turning onto a small side street, where the most unbelievable aroma of fresh baked deliciousness was floating. I saw it just out the corner of my eye and nearly thought I was imagining it. Hanging in the window of a small, one room bakery, the same beautiful fire red wood, and the same singed black cursive. It was my mantra. It hung there so naturally. So simply mixed in amongst the kitsch.

The Piece Titled “The Crooked Man”

[Click Here](#) to read the whole story

He had been painting when he received the call. A commissioned work that, to this day, remains unfinished. It hangs in the entrance of his small, one bedroom on the Upper East Side of New York. It’s his second favorite part of the sublet. Never being one to waste time finding overly clever, pretentious titles for his art, he named it, “The Day My Grandmother Died.” His father rambled on about the importance of family and how much she had meant to everyone. Desmond didn’t need to be reminded. He knew. He fell back onto his large, black couch. The brush he had been holding fell to the ground and made a large blue smudge on the wood floors, a smudge that also remains. In fact, he photographed it and sold the print, titled “Smudge From When I Dropped My Brush,” for two months rent. Time slowed down as he hung up the phone. His father had booked him a flight that departed two days later, and Desmond knew he had to pack, but even standing seemed a daunting task. He had never been religious or in any way spiritual as most of his family is. He looked up as though to pray but felt false doing so. So, he simply sat for a while and allowed time to retake its normal pace.

Excerpts from Short Stories
Featured at

theswedishamerican.com

The Magician's Death

[Click Here](#) to read the whole story

Lawrence had to ask if she had done what everyone knew she did, even though he didn't want to. He bent down on one knee outside the old fashioned holding cell, his eyes half defeated, his heart heavy, and his hope to hear a truth that he knew didn't exist as high as could be. Barbara saw him struggling to find the words. It reminded her of when he had tried to ask her to the winter formal their junior year of high school. He was so cute and nervous. And just as she did back then, Barbara took the lead. *It's okay, Lawrence. I killed him. I did it.* Lawrence's reaction to being asked out by a doe eyed coed was slightly more jubilant than to hearing the confession of a dear friend who had just poisoned her husband and cat. But, he was still thankful for her rescuing him from having to ask.

Who is James Gray?

[Click Here](#) to read the whole story

His laugh was raspy and crackled like a clove cigarette, which he smoked on the weekends only. During the week, he stuck to blended cigarettes, which he claimed were a stepping-stone towards quitting. The bartender, Jenny, asked him how long he had been trying to quit and he responded by ordering another J&B with extra ice. He turned to me and asked that I not tell her he'd been trying to quit for nearly ten years.

The Barista

[Click Here](#) to read the whole story

As the years passed, Danny tried time and time again to "acquire" the taste for the bitter morning treat so many people consider life-blood. The closest he came was when he met his fiancé. He was living in New York and she in Paris. She drank coffee like some drink water, averaging four to five double espressos per diem. It's amazing what a guy will fake to get a girl to like him. He started drinking coffee daily because, on one of their first dates, she casually mentioned that coffee is sexy. Forget any fascination with becoming Don Draper, "coffee is sexy." That's all Danny needed to hear. He was hooked, though he still found it revolting. But as he would say, "it'll make me enjoy everything else I'll eat today." Something a friend in college told him after it became "cool" to do all studying and writing in coffee shops. Danny hated it. His friends, on the other hand, found nightly havens at one of three local "non-corporate" coffee-houses that reeked of ground beans, stale cigarette smoke, and aged cedar tables. But they didn't really drink coffee while there. They drank crazy roasted cocktails with names that sane people can't pronounce or remember. Danny drank a lot of hot chocolate and developed a great relationship with Earl Grey.

Excerpts from Short Stories
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theswedishamerican.com

The Interview

[Click Here](#) to read the whole story

I examine his demeanor. He is uncomfortable. His department store outfit is perfectly picked out and clearly designed by a catalog. He doesn't have someone to lay his outfits for him, but he cares more than I do. The whole get-up is meticulously put together, right down to the pressed line in the front of his pants, and the slightly modern shirt under his classic, power tie. The only imperfection in the outfit is the large scuff on the inside of his right shoe, most likely from his jittery leg that taps the bag of his foot against the leg of his chair almost at a techno beat pace. Had I the same intense and sometimes violent malevolence towards such repetitive noises that my friend, Brad, has, I would've tied his leg to the chair with his faux-designer tie. His hair is perfectly still, even through the pouring sweat. If it were not for the sweat, he might actually be able to work in an in-person sales position, but with the uncomfortable amount of moisture building just above his lip, under his arms, and, I assume, on his back, no one would be able to focus on the pitch. I am proof of this right now.

Screenplays and Teleplays

Screenplays and Teleplays

“Cleveland.”

Feature Film

Cleveland. is a window into a two week period of Ethan’s life. He is twenty four, living in New York, battling the heart break and depression left him by his ex, trying to find a job, helping his friends navigate their problems while avoiding his parents, and although he hasn’t done it for months, considers himself a writer. It is a very true to life story. It’s great friends, classic characters, unusual conversation, and debating change more than actually changing.

“The Waiter”

Feature Film

Blake, an aspiring actor and one-of-a-kind waiter, witnesses a mafia hit and is forced into the roles of a lifetime. With the help of his mob-movie obsessed roommate and on-and-off girlfriend, along with two rival mob families and the FBI, Blake has to maneuver the difficulty of keeping himself (and the three personas he’s being forced to play) alive.

“Un-Dunn”

Pilot

After a series of devastating financial blows, including her husband and daughter losing their jobs, Emily is cornered into partnering up with drug kingpin, Green, and his lackey, Roe. Emily, now, finds herself maneuvering an angry rival supplier, her delinquent son, her out of work husband, and one very suspicious detective, all the while keeping her new ‘position’ a secret from her employer, Avowal Health Insurance, her best friend and her daughter, who are both living with her.

“Highlighters”

Short Film

Jeremy is stuck in a go-nowhere temp job. He has no girlfriend. He is depressed. And, his best friends, whom he meets every night, are the perfect couple, only highlighting the misery of his lot. As such, his friends, while they are out drinking, poison Jeremy’s beer. And he could not be happier about it.

Shecky's Best of New York

BEST TOTAL KNOCKOUT (Gleason's Gym)



Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to tonight's match. In the far corner, the challenger - high prices, expensive work out suits, posh lotions, and machines Chuck Norris can't figure out how to use. And in it's standard corner, the reigning world champion – the oldest boxing gym in the United States, sweat on the floor from 1937, bags used by Muhammad Ali, Jake LaMotta, Mike Tyson and over a hundred other world champs; home to four of the top trainers in the world, gold medals, silver medals, and thousands of current members (ranging from world champions to that guy you saw fall down on the subway). Ever wonder how you would hold up against the greats? Find out at Brooklyn's classic boxing empire. Let's get ready to rumble!

BEST GONE FISHIN' (The Meer)

In a city bursting with concrete gardens, technological, and architectural monstrosities, there are few places left for a day of good fishing. Aye, but one still remains – The Meer (Dutch for lake, which is what most think of when envisioning Harlem). In this 11-acre man made lake, one can find a variety of fish and turtle species. Enough to make any scurvy ridden pirate smile. So, find yourself a deck swab, visit the near-by Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, borrow a fishing rod, and enjoy this beautifully designed meer. Don't be expecting' to eat these fish, though – catch and toss fishing only. Sorry, Ahab! Perhaps you should pack a nice picnic and enjoy the lush surrounding Conservatory Gardens, Fort Clinton, or the always-beautiful rock formations.



BEST SKATER CENTRAL

First, choose your weapon: is it going to be board or blades. Next, choose your surface: Are you looking to get extreme on snow, water, pavement, or just kick it at the skate park. Blades has any option you may need. Never tried any? No worries, dude, Blades has Skate School. Your chance to show off some wicked Ollies, 50-50's, and maybe a gnarly Beni-Hana. Having the feeling of Venice Beach, this chain has given New York a little bit of the laid back atmosphere it needs. Maybe your not interested in any heavy equipment or extreme activity. Come in for some digs. Blades has a full stock of killer shirts, shorts, pants, sunglasses, hats, pins, bumper stickers, everything you need to transform from New York chic to skater punk.

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