**Commercial Sketch for Online Beauty Services**

Start with an establishing shot of the back of a woman’s head sitting in a salon chair. Behind her is a stylist blowing out her hair.

VO

Alright ladies, be honest, who actually knows what the \*bleep\* those ladies in black do to make you look so damn good? Don’t try to tell me that there isn’t any illegal “fairy dust” use going on.

ACTION: glitter is thrown across a white backdrop. Or a bag of glitter labeled “The Good Stuff.” Then back to the woman in the chair. Maybe her hair then looks fabulous.

VO

But of course the next day comes, when you have to look as good as you did yesterday, because someone at work nicknamed you “Beyonce.”

ACTION: Woman walks into work looking empowered and hot as shit.

VO

You know in high school when Holly invited you over for a makeover? Stylists do the exact same thing. I mean, you’ll look beautiful then, but how the hell are you supposed to recreate it?!

ACTION: We see a highschooler walking down the hallway, with terrible raccoon eyes of eyeliner at school or outside school when she sees the popular cute guy. He starts to back away slowly and then runs screaming.

VO

Shallow asshole.

VO

Remember when you got your makeup done for your cousin’s wedding, and when you asked your stylist where she got her eye shadow, she “accidently” glued your eyelashes shut?

ACTION: Woman is in a chair with falsies on and they are stuck together. Stylist is apologizing.

VO

You even tried the “holistic” approach. They promised you that oreo dust “works just as well as mascara.”

ACTION: A woman at her counter eating an entire package of Oreo’s or generic cookies.

VO

Maybe they’ll give your insides “volume and lift…”

ACTION: The woman eating oreos shrugs like her can hear the VO.

VO

Then there were the makeup parties. Just as traumatizing.

ACTION: Mary-kay type lady pushing makeup onto a woman who doesn’t need it. She sternly puts out her hand for the woman’s credit card.

VO

Hey, I get it. Those ladies are like traveling salesmen on steroids. We’ve all heard of what happens when no one buys anything…right?

ACTION: Flash to a party of women tied up in chairs with compacts in their mouths to stop them from speaking.

VO

And of course, the Department Store Sharks. They drag you into their booths, and each tell you something different about the undertone of your skin! Are you yellow or red?! You’ll never know.

ACTION: A woman walks into a department store and gaggle of department store women all wearing black with a black aprons surround and swarm her. She emerges with half her face yellow, and half her face red.

VO

You shouldn’t need to go to blow dry bootcamp just to learn the secrets.

ACTION: A woman dressed in all military garb is yelling at a bunch of women all with a hair brush and a blow drier. They are synchronized and doing the same motion w their brush over and over again. Or doing pushups with a hair drier in one hand or a round brush on their back.

VO

Stop the pushups ladies. We’ve found a way to crack open these secrets.

**Second Commercial Sketch**

Three women all stand in a line in “white infinity.” One mid 20’s (Kelly), one late 30’s (Karen), one late 40’s(Kacey). Some bumping female empowerment music plays in the background. The way to not make this too commercially is with comedy. These are situations that all women have gone through and can easily connect with. The women each walk into frame as they say their line just like they are exiting from whatever they are done with. We are kind of mocking infomercials here.

KELLY

(starts to walk on, she is by herself)

We.

KAREN

(starts to walk on, she is by herself)

Are.

KACEY

(starts to walk on, she is by herself)

Done.

KELLY

(has just gotten her hair done, looks like she just stole the hair stylists round brush)

Done with the secret society of stylists.

KAREN

(wearing a baseball cap and a full suit and briefcase, she is on her way to work)

Done with not washing our hair after a haircut because Tracy won’t share where she gets her “special spray.”

(throws off her cap)

(whispers, camera zooms in close on her face) I’m on to you Tracy.

KACEY

(Holding a glass of wine and has a party hat on her head, as she walks on confetti explodes from behind her.)

Done with the pyramid schemes disguised as traveling makeup parties.

(Holding a glass of wine and has a party hat on her head)

You can’t manipulate our beauty pressure points any longer.

KELLY

(walks on with a package of cookies)

Done with life hacks that tell me to use oreos as mascara.

(she eats a cookie)

I deserve to use cookies like a normal person.

KAREN

(walks on carrying a giant makeup case in one hand a brush in the other)

Done with trying to contour my face for hours.

(she grabs a contour brush and creates a 5 o’clock shadow with it)

I’m not a makeup artist, and I’ll never be…

KACEY

(has a gaggle of department store women in all black chasing her down)

Done with six different department store women telling me that my undertone is red or yellow…

ACTION: The girls rotate on still doing some sort of activity that they were doing before. Kelly might still be eating oreos or trying to use a round brush, Karen still has a 5 o’clock shadow and a baseball cap, and Kacey has half her face red and half yellow.

KELLY

We’re smart.

KAREN

We can figure it out…

KACEY

You don’t have to keep us from doing it ourselves…

ALL WOMEN

(they arrive together)

We deserve better.

(All women grab a cookie from Kelly and take a giant, feisty bite.)

**Post-Apocalyptic Draft for the Viral Commercial for Online Beauty Services**

This world is a dirty world, full of gangs that roam the streets with secrets about hair and makeup. It is not that the gangs themselves are powerful, but rather the secrets they keep are used to rule over the land. This is kind of like a trailer.

Voiced by a 20-something year old.

It starts by zooming into the white space where the gangs are oriented.

VO

In a world…one woman, one search, in a time where female gangs rule and beauty tips are never shared, the hierarchy of cosmetology, otherwise known as HOC, can only be broken by one thing…

Cut to the gangs standing next to each other is semi-circle formation. It goes from the heartless high-schoolers, salon sisters, the nonconformist naturals, the Egyptians, the ladies in black, to the aloof artists. The all have their own gang name. A graphic comes up when we zoom in on each one.

VO

The world was not always so divided. It all started with the heartless high-schoolers. These were the girls who would lure you in with the promise of true love if only you followed their rules. Bright eyeshadow, sticky liploss, and smooth straight hair were the foundations of which they lived by.

VO

Until one day, when one of those girls realized she was better at preening herself than the others were. Her fellow sisters begged to know of her secrets, but instead she found others to like her, and created, a salon where she empowered women by doing their hair and makeup for them, but only long enough so that it would last a couple days, leaving them begging for more.

VO

Next came the noncomformist naturals who left the salon by choice after learning of the harsh chemicals. They say you can smell a natural from a mile away. By the time it’s too late, the smell of tea-tree oil and tiger balm will have you reeling and unable to control your own limbs. Your makeup will be wiped off and your hair braided, and before you come to your senses, they are gone.

VO

Ah, the Egyptians. The women who realized there was great capital in the beauty world, and not only that, women could be manipulated by promises or bonuses and rewards if they could sell enough product. The queens of this level rule with flush cheeks, lined lips, and pink cadillacs.

VO

After long enough, some Egyptians realized that if they joined together, they could sell many different types of product in one area…later named a Department Store.

VO

These women eventually left to become artists of the trade. The ones with the biggest secrets shut up in their magical clear makeup kits.

If they could only share their knowledge, women would be unstoppable. Empowered. Fearless.

That’s when one woman found a way to share the secrets and the cosmetology revolution was born.