

Conor Gallagher

Writing Portfolio

Introduction & Contact

Hi there,

I'm Conor Gallagher; a multidisciplinary writer and actor that has (at least) tried out every type of writing I can think of. My favorite genres are fantasy, horror and comedy—especially when all three intersect. You can find me @conorsaidwhat. I've never beaten a Super Mario game :(

But I *have* written novel manuscripts, comedic sketches, half-hour pilots, satire articles and even tweets!

Within, please find my writing portfolio (Table on Contents on Pg. 2) and some testimonials below.

Thanks for your time and I hope you have a great day.

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Testimonials

“One of Conor's best features is his positive attitude and ease working in a group setting. He's incredibly creative and personable, and his enthusiasm for his work is palpable, both through his demeanor and his results. Conor is an excellent worker, and a wonderfully fun person to work with.”

- *Dr. Niamh O'Leary, writing professor at Xavier University*

“Conor is one of the most phenomenal people I had the privilege of working with. He approaches everything with a can-do attitude and a creative intellect, with a guarantee of excellent output. As a teammate, Conor gives and receives feedback freely and elevates the level of every person around him. Conor also has extremely high emotional intelligence and empathy... I hope that you too will have the luck of working with Conor, and I will be shouting his praises from the rooftop for the foreseeable future.”

- *Anna Kohlasch, my supervisor at FINN (a Series C tech-startup located in NYC, NY)*

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Game Narrative Samples

STORY CONTEXT

FRANK VINES, the youngest member of a family of supernatural researchers, has never quite fit in and left home as soon as he could. Now, he's been called back to the (haunted) family manor on a pine-shrouded island in the Chesapeake Bay...by the House itself. Something triggered a distress signal, and now it's up to Frank to save his estranged family and defeat whatever malevolent forces dare challenge their esoteric dominance.

CHARACTER

Frank Vines

Frank has never been particularly interested in the occult and thought the feeling was mutual. After a disappointing childhood where he was always the odd man out—Frank's gifts in researching and dominating the supernatural world never materialized like the rest of his family—Frank has developed a hard exterior reinforced with sarcasm and skepticism. Returning home is hard for him, even if he pretends it's no big deal. Half the stuff his family claimed to be true is just silly ghost stories anyway...right?

MISSION: HELLEBORE

Part One - Movement tutorial/Get to Know

After searching the manor grounds, and finding it to be abandoned, Frank has jumped through a window into his father's private study...and activated one of the Vines family's famous security systems: a razor wire maze! The player, as Frank, must traverse the study, dodging the razor-sharp wires and collecting the WRENCH so they can deactivate the security system at Frank's father's desk.

Part Two - Combat tutorial/Get to Know

Frank has successfully deactivated the security system, but alerted a horde of Tooth Fairies. They want the WRENCH!

“Easy extractions...and we’ll start with you!” - Tooth Fairy Leader

Armed with his father’s wrench, Frank must beat back the horde of Tooth Fairies and find a way to plug the hole they’re streaming in through. Perhaps the chandelier could help...

Part Three - Branching Dialogue Introduction

The player has successfully beaten back the Tooth Fairies and loosened the chandelier. It swings far to one side of the room—smacking a hole into a brick wall—and back again, plugging the hole the fairies were flying in from.

Branching Dialogue Sample - End of Mission 1

As the air clears, you approach a newly-created hole in the brick wall. Chained up behind it, you encounter **AUNT ELEANOR**.

A severe, stately woman coughs out cement dust, steadying herself so she can scowl at you properly.

ELEANOR: "Oh. It's you."

You grit your teeth.

FRANK: "Hello, Aunt Eleanor."

You ignore her swipe.

Aunt Eleanor looks down her nose at you while you pull on her restraints.

ELEANOR: "So, you're who the House called to save us, eh, Franky boy? How many of the family have you released so far?"

FRANK: [LIE] "You're the last one. Everyone wanted to try and enjoy this little tragedy as much as possible, and you're not exactly known for upping the vibe."

FRANK: [TRUTH] "You're the first, I'm afraid."

Aunt Eleanor approves.

ELEANOR: "That's a good bite, Franky, but take a note: Always direct cruel wit at homicidal home invaders, not your allies."

ELEANOR: "You were never the bravest child. Or the quickest. Most powerful. Last I recall, you couldn't even host a proper seance."

FRANK: "Sorry. I guess I missed that lesson when Mom and Dad didn't take the time to train me."

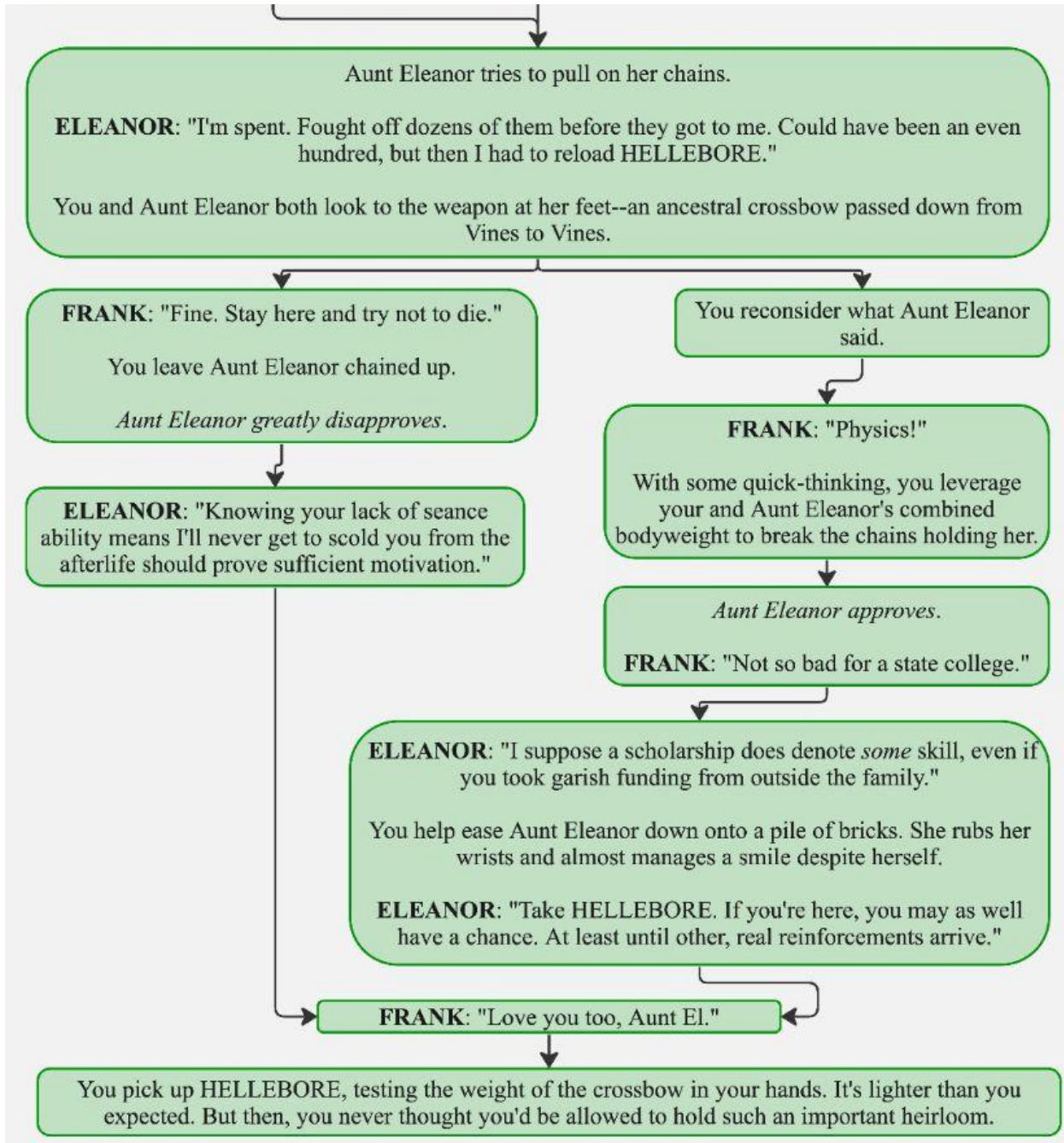
ELEANOR: "You hadn't the slightest interest! Went off to a *state* college, on scholarship no less, to study... What was it you were studying again?"

FRANK: "Physics."

FRANK: "Just imagine you remember and said something mean and clever. Now help me pull on this chain."

ELEANOR: "Right! Useless, New Age pseudoscience. But Old Gods forbid you ever take an interest in Octagonal Harmonics. You know your brother--."

FRANK: "Are you going to help me or not?"



Bark Samples

“Street Urchin” and “Young Laborer” NPC in Medieval City

Bark Sheet (Fantasy Setting)

NPC TYPE	SCENARIO: Player arrives on the outskirts of a bustling, medieval city			
Street Urchin	Animation	Who NPC is talking to	Personality Trait	Dialogue
	Follows at Player's heels	Player	Mischievous	<p>You're new in town. I could tell you what's what...for a price.</p> <p>Is that a <i>real</i> sword? My mum had a real sword once. Say, where'd you get yours?!?</p> <p>Walking fancy, prim and proper; can't be bothered to spare a copper!</p>
	Young Laborer	Animation	Who NPC is talking to	Personality Trait
Hugging his new fiance just after proposing		His fiance	Endless optimistic, Romantic	<p>I'll shout it from the roof and from the ramparts! I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love!</p> <p>Your father will say 'Yes.' I just know he will. I've been saving up all year.</p> <p>Of course I don't want to elope, dear. But if we have to, we will! ...Dear, what's wrong?</p>

“Graverobber” and “Talking Crow” NPC in Gothic Cemetery

Bark Sheet (Fantasy Setting)

NPC TYPE		SCENARIO: Player searches for an artifact in a gothic cemetery		
Graverobber	Animation	Who NPC is talking to	Personality Trait	Dialogue
	Digging into a fresh grave site	Player	Unbothered	Don't mind me...just getting my daily bread.
				Sweet ole Mary McSwain... a shame what happened to her family.
				That's a nice set of armor you've got. Anyone call dibs from when...I mean, <i>if</i> you die?
Talking Crow	Animation	Who NPC is talking to	Personality Trait	Dialogue
	Eating the eye of a corpse	Their fellow (non-speaking) crows	Posh, Frustrated	I say, Bartholemew, you must try this cornea. UGH! For the last time, <i>you</i> are Angus. <i>That's</i> Bartholemew.
				Don't you touch... <i>KAKAW!</i> Oh, pardon me. I forget myself.
				Has anyone read the latest in <i>The Herald</i> ? A terrible scandal at the McSwain's.

Screenplay Sample

The Death Of... - "Pilot" Pg. 1

COLD OPEN

INT. BODEGA - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS -- ITEMS PULLED FROM SHELVES

A) Rubber gloves.

B) Bleach.

C) Trash Bags.

D) A Matchbox.

E) Shelf full of candy. The grabbing hand hesitates.

JAKE (late 20s, creative, treats everything with dignity and is certain if he stops smiling, he just might die), examines the candy shelf. His hands are full of the above items.

After a beat of serious consideration, Jake reaches for a candy, dropping everything else in the path of **TITUS** (late 20s, someone so charming and cheerful you figure they had either a very good or very bad childhood).

JAKE

Aw, jeez. I'm sorry. Also, sorry
Jesus for the name in vain.

Titus leans down to help Jake recollect his stuff.

TITUS

Don't worry about it, and I bet
Jesus feels the same. I mean,
you're already on nickname basis.

Everyone melts, just a touch. Just that first icy layer you wear when you're alone in public. Both men instantly don't feel alone in public anymore.

TITUS (CONT'D)

Would you like help with your...

Titus realizes the common thread of Jake's items.

TITUS (CONT'D)

(intrigued)
...murder supplies?

Jake freezes, eyes wide. Panicked. Exposed. A BEAT.

Titus breaks, laughing at the joke. Jake sighs and joins him laughing at, yes. The joke. Just a joke.

The Death Of... - "Pilot" Pg. 2

"PILOT"

2.

TITUS (CONT'D)

Sorry. That wasn't funny, I guess.

JAKE

Oh, c'mon. No one's saying that.

A MAN DRESSED IN SCRUBS walks by, shaking his head at them.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Not out loud at least. I'm Jake.

TITUS

Titus. Nice to meet you.

JAKE

Listen, I know this is forward, but do you want do something? With me? Like, once. To start.

Titus points at the Old Man and grimaces.

TITUS

That's actually my boyfriend.

A beat from Jake. Titus shakes his head, defeated.

TITUS (CONT'D)

Let me give you my number. I promise I'll be funnier the next time we see each other.

JAKE

And I promise not to murder you!

Other shoppers turn towards the pair as they laugh too hard.

INT. CAR

CLOSE UP on Jake as he gets into the car, beaming.

JAKE

Today is the day. I just met my husband.

We pull back to see two women in the car: **LYDIA** (late 20s, confused by everything and not at all worried about that) and **JULIET** (late 20s, a diamond fractured under the immeasurable weight of her guilt).

They are covered in gore. Juliet is seething. Lydia, not so much.

The Death Of... - "Pilot" Pg. 3

"PILOT"

3.

JULIET
(deadpan)
Congrats.

Jake rips open his candy and offers her one.

JAKE
Sour Patch Child?

She slaps it out of his hand.

JULIET
Did you remember the paper towels?

JAKE
Crap, no. Maybe if you...

He wipes a Sour Patch Kid in the air in front of her face.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Like he's your little helper?

JULIET
Give me that. Least it'll get the
taste out.

LYDIA
(jealous)
I still don't know how you got so
much in your mouth.

JULIET
God, please. Strike me down. Just
end it now.

PENDLETON (40s, any gender, and oozing like an unfortunately
hot hungover used car salesperson -- Kathryn Hahn/Dean
Winters type) appears.

PENDLETON
Fine. Someone give me a bat.

Lydia reaches beneath her seat.

JAKE AND JULIET
Lydia, NO!

Pendleton snags a Sour Patch and points at the bloody women.

PENDLETON
Gushers would have been more
appropriate, huh?

Prose Sample: Short Story Excerpt

“The Worst Thing You’ve Ever Done”

Context

After years of not seeing each other, Beale must assist Dr. Madeline at his job at Facility C. There, Beale is an Attendant—a person tasked with going through each client’s sins so that they may absolve themselves before death. This chance meeting is further complicated by Dr. Madeline having been unable to save Beale’s ailing child Louie years earlier.

Excerpt

Dr. Madeline Yardley walked in. Two minutes early to her appointment, she went straight for Beale’s desk. He recognized her immediately, and the acrid taste in his mouth that she brought with.

“Good afternoon,” said Beale; a woeful, ingrained reflex. “I’m sorry, ma’am. But you have to check in at reception.”

“This is Desk Seven, yeah?” Yardley hugged herself tight around the waist, cinching her already tailored trench coat. Beale nodded, frozen in his work ethic. “Then I’m right where I’m meant to be.”

Yardley exhaled, not quite a laugh. Perhaps a sob that changed its mind halfway through. “That’s actually what I’m afraid of.” She took a seat and put her ID and admission slip on Beale’s desk. The latter looked worn and ancient, many-times-handled. A waterlogged book from the library of Alexandria. “I’ve been in here, like, nine times already. Not ‘like’ nine. Exactly nine. Thankfully, you guys don’t punish that sort of thing.” She was rifling through her bag. “Wait, you don’t. Right?”

Beale shuddered when she finally looked up at him, locked in and staring at those green eyes. Louie, having recently learned about birthstones, had called them ‘emerald’ over ‘green.’ Beale scrunched his nose at the memory, even if his son had been correct.

Her eyes, her candor, felt out of order with her body. It was like someone had buttoned her up wrong. The stuffing, asbestos-ridden, was popping through. *Not too long now*, Beale thought. The realization pulled him out of verdant-hued shock and back into Company-neutral.

“Oh damn,” said Yardley. Had she recognized him? “You can tell, can’t you? I can. Sometimes. Because of my job. I’m a physician. Well, you read that. But I am. A doctor. Pediatrics. It means... It’s for kids.”

Beale smiled a Company smile; closed mouth, relaxed jaw, slight nod.

“The eyes are the windows, your smile is a slide,” his orientation trainer had said. “Let them fall towards you. Gently, slowly. Gleefully. We’re saving them. They should enjoy that. At least at first.”

He held the silence, his murmured smile casting an ease on her. Yardley chewed her lip, glancing to his desk, to her forms and back up at Beale. Finally, he spoke.

“Welcome to Facility C. What’s the worst thing you’ve ever done?” Yardley looked at the ceiling; mostly windows. She was thinner than he remembered. Before, her long limbs had seemed like they were for someone who might play a doctor on television rather than the real thing. Beale wondered if she’d make it to winter. “It’s hard,” he said. “To narrow down your whole life.”

Yardley bit hard into her lip and recoiled. Her tongue lapped at the would-be wound. She shook her head. “Uhn, uhn.” She unbuttoned her coat, but kept it closed. Tight on her. Beale could see the sweat gathering at her collarbones as she refused to settle into the situation; an

awkward dinner she didn't want to arrive at. "Not for me. I can count them. I used to count them every day." She wouldn't look at him, but Yardley's eyes landed on her file. A notepad on the left of his desk. She scanned the rows, even the blank ones, left-to-right, all the way down the page.

"I'm dying," she said.

"Yes."

"Soon," she said.

"Yes."

"I don't think I deserve it." Yardley looked around the open room. The easeful, gently smiling attendants. The spotless floors. Clinical bathrooms. "All this."

Beale looked with her, trying to recall what it had been like the first time he stepped into Facility C. Had he felt awe? Hope? No. No, he remembered fear. That he wouldn't be good enough. That it was a trap. The polished floors felt slippery. The surfaces so clean the smell of bleach might scorch his nostrils.

"No one does," he said. "Now let's see what we can do."

Beale typed Yardley's admission number into the system and tapped the glass plaque on his desk. Her eyes refracted the afternoon sun into the back of the computer monitor. He imagined green laser vision fingers slipping in, flipping through the computer files like an ancient library catalog. He tapped the plaque again and this time, the movement caught her attention.

'Nobody's Perfect,' it said. 'Thank You for Five Years of Service'

"Nobody's perfect," said Yardley. She licked her injured lip once more and then swiped on some lip balm. She swayed, shrugging off one shoulder of her coat and finally releasing the

fever that must have been gathering. Yardley relaxed and slung one arm over the back of her chair. Her dress was green velvet with the thinnest straps; supporting threads that said ‘I can afford another.’ She caught him staring.

“Would you like some water?” said Beale. Yardley pulled a few tissues from the always-stocked box on his desk. She scrubbed her skin like it was already just bone.

“This close to the end and my liver should be lucky I still wait til noon. But the cocktail dresses. They’re getting worn out. Worn through. Every day is a Saturday night when you’re rotting from the inside, eh, champ?”

Beale nodded as he was trained, butt chafing from his position on the fence. An attendant was never in anyone’s corner; and was in all of them.

“I hope you feel good in your outfit.” Beale sounded genuine, he was sure of it, but Yardley still laughed.

“You don’t even know what I’ve done yet,” she said, jerking her head toward the screen. “I could be an axe murderer.”

If only just, thought Beale. The computer dinged.

“Hit me,” said Yardley.

A crack. A baseball to the head. Beale was back in the hospital, holding a cup of apple juice up to his son’s lips. Dealing still-slippery playing cards from the gift shop. Blackjack.

“You’re at seventeen, Louie,” he’d said. “What do you do at seventeen?” But Louie had been, always would be, a six-year-old.

“Hit me!” he said, cracking dry lips with a smile.

Back at his desk, Beale rubbed watery eyes.

“Damn screen time,” he said. Yardley crossed her legs.

“Are you supposed to say ‘damn?’ I mean, I won’t tell if you won’t. But I think the whole point is that they already know.” She jumped her eyebrows, looking at the windowed ceiling.

Oooh, spooky. Beale paused, remembered his training, ran through the proper responses.

He pushed them off his desk.

“They can add it to my ledger,” he said, earning a smile from the doctor.

“I’m glad I got you.” This confirmed for Beale that she had no idea who he was. “So, which way am I going?”

“Whichever direction you want. As long as you’re not afraid of a little work.”

“Aww, it’s only a little?” She leaned forward, sweat clinging her dress to a visible sternum. “Damn.”