

GIRL SKATEBOARDS DROP



Treatment by David Blumenfeld

LET'S TAKE A RIDE...

It might sound played, but doesn't 27 years just pass in the blink of an eye? I'm pushing 40 now, and sometimes I can't tell you what I said five minutes ago or even what I did this past weekend, but I remember the first time I picked up a board like it was yesterday.

The kids on my block were all into BMX in the 80's. My dream bike was a GT Pro Performer with the works...odyssey gyro, dia-compe brakes, three piece cranks, pegs. A little bit of dirt track mixed with a whole lotta freestyle street. What I wouldn't give for that thing. And then one day, my friend from two doors down came outside with something really different. I can still see the strange nose on his Hosoi Hammerhead II, and I remember thinking to myself if that was what a skateboard looked like now. I'd only ever played around with some skinny plastic kid's toy, but I'd never seen anything like this before. I tried it out and quickly fell on my ass, but I was hooked! I needed one of these for sure, and just like that, BMX took a back seat. Sadly, I didn't have much cash, so the best I could do was a Variflex from the nearby Target, which was a brand new store that replaced the Gemco where I got hit by a car about two years before riding an oversized bike that belonged to my friend's sister. I can't hide the fact that this thing was the biggest piece of shit on a stick with wheels ever, but I did learn the basics, especially enough to know I needed a real board. I'd buy my copy of Thrasher every month in the store, and read up as much as I could. I geared up on some Stüssy shirts and Jimmy'Z pants to look the part, and after some patience, my time finally came.

It was the last day of 7th grade, and my dad picked me up from the bus stop after school. It was raining out that day, and pretty cold too, at least for LA. He took me over to this little shop on Parthenia and Balboa called Valley Skate & Surf... they're still there after all these years believe it or not. He told me to pick what I wanted, and I knew without hesitation. I got a white Caballero with red dragons, with the perfect amount of concave and a good nose lip. Tracker SixTrack trucks, OJII Speed Wheels, Schmidt Stix Type II rails and risers rounded it out. The moment we got home, the rain

slowed to a light drizzle through some divine intervention, and I spent the next few hours in the middle of our street learning to slide on the wet asphalt until the sun went down and I could barely see. Talk about a dream come true.

Over the next couple years, I would end up having every model of Cab they made, minus one. I'd break a board in half, save up, then go get the next type. There weren't all that many skaters close by, but I ended up with a small crew eventually. Scott Grabowski and his younger brother Steve (Steezel the Weazel), Clint Nguyen, Mondo (whatever his last name was), and me. We'd build a launch ramp once in a while and take it to the back of the Ralph's loading dock and ride it 'till we broke it, or got chased away by a security guard. We'd shred the grade at the Pierce College parking lot, or just tear up a strip mall somewhere close until getting kicked out by some hater. Skateboarding is not a crime, DAMMIT! The best fun we had though was behind the Bob's Big Boy where this little kid named Cody with a three-legged dog named Bentley had a six foot tall mini-pipe. We'd rock that thing for hours, trying to master our Hurricanes or failing miserably at our McTwist attempts. Thinking back on it, Scott rode a Double Vision. I remember thinking to myself how odd it was to have a board with no shape and an identical nose and tail. Who would've thunk that every modern board would be based on that one to this day?

Those were some fun times to say the least. My skating days ended the moment I got a car. I got into building speaker boxes and autosound installation as a side business, and its not like I had the skill to even dream of going pro anyway, but those memories have lasted with me ever since. I think skating is just something that gets into you and never leaves. My little boy is eight now, and his current passions are auto racing and bowling of all things, but when he gets older, if he ever gets a jonesing to rip up the local skatepark, I'll be the first to take him over to that little store in Northridge and buy him his first board...you never know if he'll need a story to tell some time down the road.



I'm gonna get straight to the point. GIRL is a company founded by people who are considered legends among their peers and define the brand identity with their style and skill. Over the past two decades, their films and videos embrace visual effects and graphical art which carries over into their decks and apparel. At Brickyard, we make incredible visual effects and animation for film, television, and web with the same second-to-none attention to detail and high caliber quality. What I have envisioned here is a way to collaborate and create a larger-than-life spot that showcases all of these qualities in a roller coaster ride journey through the streets from a skater's point of view, with the audience riding along in this action packed adventure.

Our tale kicks off with our hero doing what he does best, tearing up the skatepark on a hot afternoon. The rest of the day evolves into anything but ordinary as a massive fifty foot tall concrete letter drops from the sky. Shocked but exhilarated, he takes off through the city as more letters fall from unexpected places, narrowly missing him as he presses on through this urban landscape, never missing a trick opportunity along the way. Finally, having skillfully dodged the onslaught from above, our view pulls back from him into the sky, serendipitously revealing the GIRL logo made up of these enormous monoliths from this bird's eye view.

Come with me as we dive into how this journey will unfold on the following pages. I can promise you it will be one helluva ride!



SCENE 1 - SKATEPARK

Our story begins in an urban skatepark, with a mixture of semi-pros, kids, wannabes, and bystanders filling the scene naturally. The late afternoon sun casts hard shadows and washes out the hard concrete. Our handheld camera catches up with our unsuspecting hero transitioning down a bowl and kicking across the flat bottom to pick up speed for the approaching rail. Out in the blurry distance, where the park grass stretches away towards the tree line, a massive object falls from the sky, shaking the ground and kicking up a large wall of dust and debris from the impact. We can't quite make out what the object is as the camera scrambles to look back at it. Everyone in the area reacts with a mixture of fear and surprise. Kids fall mid-trick, bystanders flee in fear and disarray. Shocked but in awe, our hero scrambles back to his nearby board, grabs it quick, and takes off in the opposite direction down a pathway towards the nearby street.

Looking back briefly, he turns away again as we pan around him from a low wide-angle chase-cam view and follow behind out onto the sidewalk. From another locked off view farther away, we see back and make out the large letter L in the grass and the remainder of the havoc which it caused. Our epic has begun, and we're on our way.



SCENE 2 - AIRCRANE



After escaping the confines of the skatepark, our hero makes his way down a wide boulevard separated by a grass island. He darts between the random cars he encounters, grinding the curb edge as he narrowly dodges a passing bumper, horn blaring. He turns to look back at the car as it drives off, when out of nowhere, a shadow moves overhead like an ominous cloud. As he looks to the sky, we cut to his point of view and witness a large Air Crane helicopter passing overhead. Dangling precariously from its harness is another monolithic concrete letter. We crash zoom to a closeup view of the latch mechanism just in time to see its jaws unclamp, sending the cage truss recoiling upward as the braided steel quivers. We cut to our camera as it falls Earthward, with a view of the letter hurtling towards the ground at an incredible rate as it outpaces the camera. We see the street rushing up below, and our hero in the distance looking up at what's unfolding as he skates past beneath the path of impending doom.



We cut again to a front-on view from the street as he skates towards us. Just behind him, the giant letter crashes to the ground, barely missing him as he presses onward. With a strangely casual glance back, we see his reaction as he faces forward again, flashing a cocky but reassuring smirk. Pitching the board sideways into a long controlled power slide, he picks up speed and darts around the corner onto a much smaller suburban street. He's escaped danger for a second time today, but will his luck hold out?



SCENE 3 - ROLLING



As our protagonist navigates his way down this quiet street, the flat pavement gives way to a sloped hill, and he picks up speed. Weaving by parked cars, he ollies up a driveway onto the sidewalk where obstacles present some freestyle opportunities. Approaching a tee junction in the road where the street breaks off to the right, he kickflips off the corner of the curb as he glances to the right down the road. Not far away, he glimpses a car in the distance approaching. From his view, we see the vehicle. We now cut back to a reverse shot of the front of him skating towards us in the middle of the hilly street. From out of nowhere, a large rolling concrete letter crests the top of the hill in the distance, rapidly making its way down towards him and violently shaking the ground. The leaves and branches on nearby trees sway wildly, and parked cars bounce on their shocks as it passes by.

Our hero crouches down aggressively to pick up speed in a more aerodynamic stance, and looks back once more. As the letter, nearly round but gapped and slightly flattened on one side, approaches the tee junction, we see the car come in from offscreen and screech to a halt, albeit too late. The tumbling mass destroys the hood of the car as it rolls over, lifting the back into the air and dropping it back down, glass shattering and metal crushing, like a tin toy beneath the foot of a gargantuan giant. The asphalt behind crunches and cracks under the weight, and dust and gravel fly off in its wake.

Before the letter can reach our hero, he dives down another corner driveway which enters on both streets and empties into an alleyway which leads to the back of a tall apartment complex. Once again, he has averted sure disaster, but the end is far from near!

SCENE 4 - TOWER

Shooting out into the alley, the downward slope of the grade continues. Cement retaining walls alongside planter boxes provide a great opportunity for grinding, which he takes copious advantage of before narrowly missing the base of a skyscraping tower crane mounted alongside the building. The whole alley is a jobsite, with construction being completed on a new multi-story apartment complex. Building materials are scattered about, providing multiple obstructions that must be dodged with skill. All of a sudden, terrible high pitched spring sounds ring out, echoing off the walls, and our hero looks up, concerned and shocked. We cut to a view high up in the air of the turning crane's braided steel cable, which is rapidly beginning to fail and unravel. Pings of splitting metal snapping and whipping about reveal the catastrophic failure, and cutting to a wider view, we see another colossal concrete form which the crane was carrying falling towards the ground below.

Crashing down to the alley amid piles of debris, the mountainous mass sends sand and dust billowing the way a collapsing building demolition would. Metal pipes, rebar, metal fasteners, scaffolding, and other materials are sent airborne and scattered about, as our cunning traveler once more miraculously escapes being crushed and impaled. A quick left turn towards the front of the building reveals a multi-leveled courtyard with a large pond and fountains, covered eating areas, and many staircases, one of which he finds himself at the top of. Of course there's only one way down this obstacle, so naturally he embraces the opportunity to showcase some boardslides and massive ollies to navigate this new environment. Despite all he's faced up until now, he's fairly certain there's still more coming his way not far up ahead.



SCENE 5 - METEOR



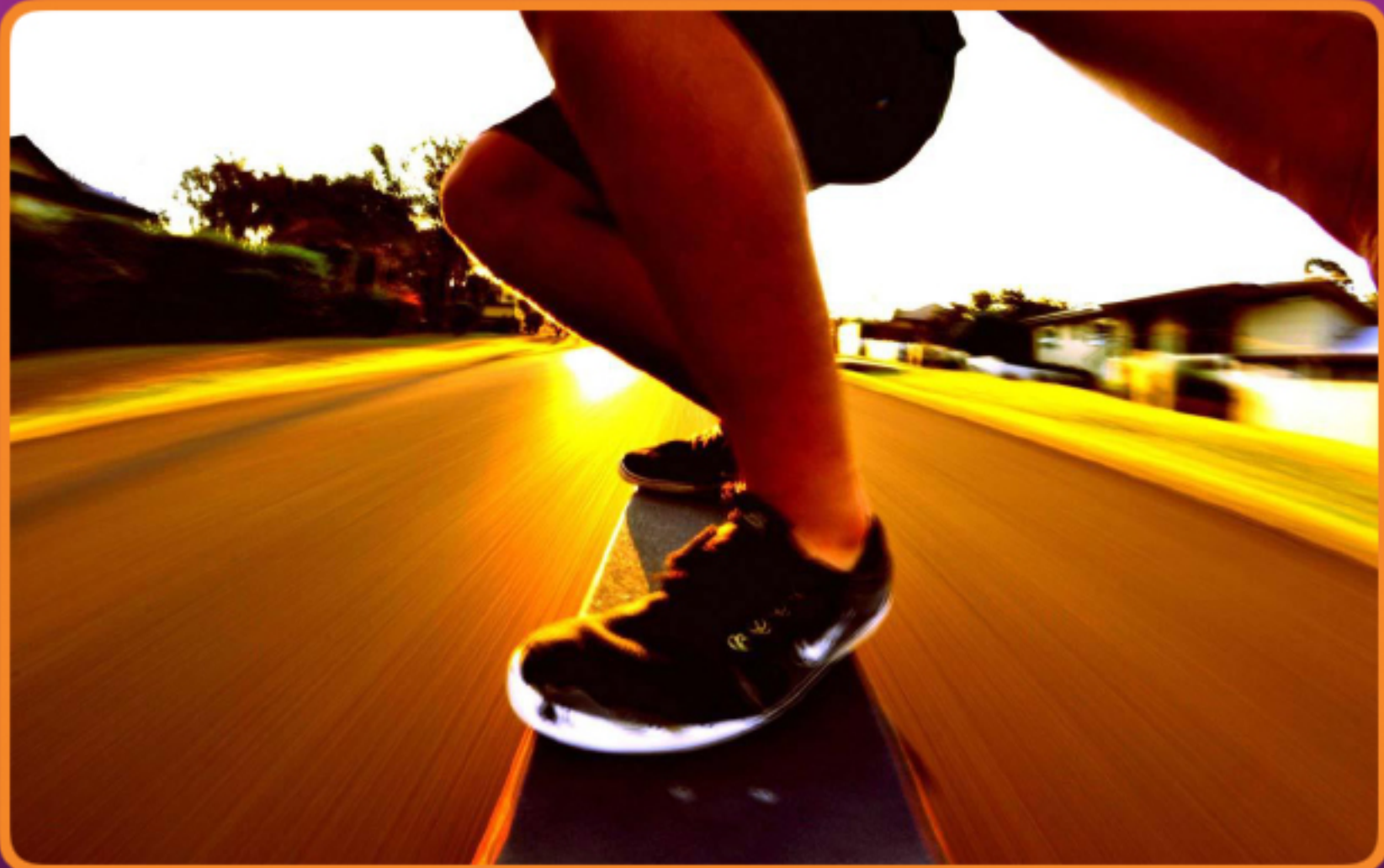
Our camera cuts to a partial view of daytime Earth from high above the clouds nearing the edge of space, slowly tilting up to reveal a large block of concrete on a direct collision course with the city. As it enters the atmosphere and begins to heat up, the leading edge glows white hot, streaming fire and bits of rubble behind in a cataclysmic trail. Cutting to a further vantage point, we glimpse the intense speed as it falls lower and lower, and we see it begin to leave smoke behind as the air thickens. Another view from the ground, as if through high magnification and barely able to follow, shows the nearly vertical descent through the cloud layer.

All of a sudden, back at this idyllic courtyard, our hero looks up in amazement at this apocalyptic sight, and turning past the pond, he just clears frame as the impact occurs in the center of the water, sending huge waves and pieces of ejecta into the surrounding area, cracking some nearby glass panes, and shaking the ground immensely. Fortunately, this object wasn't large enough to do massive damage, but it was an impressive event to say the least. The large concrete block reveals itself at a slight angle as the water and flying broken debris subsides, partially wedged into the ground at the base of the manmade lake. The camera spins around to catch our fortunate friend making his way out of this havoc yet again.



SCENE 6 - AERIAL

For our final denouement, we cut to a backwards move facing the front of our hero who's pushing away down the street, the setting sun warm on his face, his smile ear to ear. As we ride along in front of him, we realize this is an aerial drone shot as the camera pulls away and up into the air. As we rise up, we begin to see all the concrete blocks that landed in their respective locations, and realize there are four letters and one logo. While they don't perfectly line up, they sit in the proper visual order to spell iGIRL. Among them, we see the aftermath of what has taken place, as dust still rises around them, and emergency vehicles can be seen driving in response to calls from the concerned public. Cars have stopped near the ones in the street, and we can barely make out crowds of people gathering like ants around a dead insect. As the camera slows, it passes through a low wipsy cloud, and out of nowhere from screen right, the view is briefly overtaken by a news helicopter. In the distance, we see there are more of them hovering overhead covering this strange event from the sky, while a police helicopter circles around the building.



The scene slowly fades to darkness, hiding everything but the letters. They transition from their concrete forms into graphical shapes, which begin to move towards screen center and line up to form the logo perfectly. The tagline for the spot fades up at this point, with any voiceover desired. After a pause, the text drops off screen leaving a small puff of wispy dust in its wake, and we fade to black. Hopefully the audience can finally pause to catch their breath from this high powered adrenaline filled journey!



IN CLOSING

In summary, this short film should be a powerhouse of excitement, showcasing skill, speed, and a bit of awe at the sheer scale of the visuals and story. A matching music track needs paired with this, perhaps something new by a good indie rock band or electronic artist with a heavy pounding beat and a catchy guitar riff to match the pace and theme. The sound effects should be crisp and in your face, putting you in the action and raising your pulse. While the story as written features a single skater throughout, an alternate version could be proposed where each scene features a different pro, and in the final shot, all five of them converge on the street as the camera pulls back into the air for the reveal.

This spot works equally effectively as a well-timed television commercial as it does a strategically targeted web spot. The imagery lends itself well to print advertising and graphical treatments, as well as on various merchandise across the board. The name of the spot has multiple inferred meanings and can easily be played off of in press releases.

At the end of the day, I'd love to collaborate with you and make something sweet, featuring the best skaters, the highest quality footage, and the latest cutting edge photorealistic visual effects. Thank you so much for taking the time to have a look at this, I hope it was nearly as fun for you to read as it was for me to write!

-David

