

Otto & Jeanie's

Accompanied by a barrage of brilliantly reimagined classic surf tunes, is this groovy 1970s surf romcom

Though I've made my home here in Portland Oregon, the sights and sounds of growing up in Northern California never left me. I have fond memories of familiar short cuts to hidden sands, the screams of the rollacoasters on the boardwalk and the crash of the waves at Cowells beach. I grew up as a "Latch Key Kid", my mother working to make ends meet . . . and I, in the splendor of the mid 1970's spent most of my days in-and-near the waters of a tiny sea side town called Santa Cruz. . . . At just 13 years old, It was my whole world.



Arlo has upset the local surf thugs. What will it cost him?

This encounter is followed by lots of running and hiding, but it also brings him together with two very different people; a reclusive, old surf champion who seems to dislike Arlo, and the beautiful sister of the thugs who wants to hurt him! Befriending them both only causes greater hostility from the gang. He only escapes the worst by lying about his surf abilities, and agreeing to join the big surf contest.

Life only gets worse.

Realizing he must now learn to surf, Arlo gets lessons from the aging champion, who has some serious secrets of his own. Despite the strain between them at first, Arlo and Otto draw close when the old man learns to trust Arlo, and visa-versa. Arlo's relationship with the sister makes things bearable in many ways, but it also is the fuel for more intimidation and threats. On top of all of this, Arlo's mentor suddenly passes away the night before the big contest!

The Big Day Comes

A distraught, and hurting Arlo is encouraged to still surf in the competition. The contest arrives, along with massive surf, strong currents, and resounding swells. Against the trusted advice, Arlo jumps in full throttle and soon finds himself swimming to save the lives of others, and his own. Whether it means being smashed against the cliffs above, or being driven to the rocks below, Arlo's going to give it all to save others....and in the process, discover he has always had what it takes to make it.

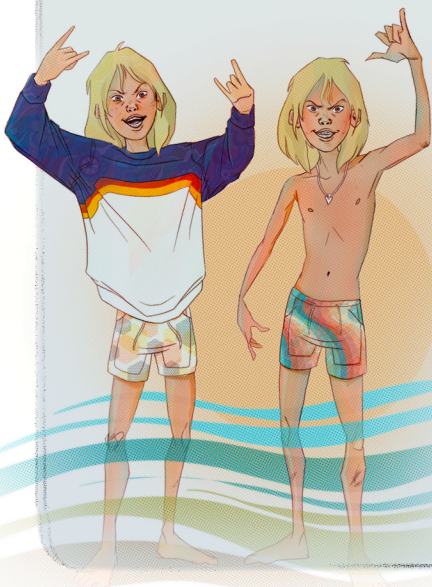
It's late afternoon (early summer) and like quick shots of a Polaroid the image freezes and we hear the muffled and staticky sound of a car radio playing - "Sunshine" by J Edwards, we take in stills of the vast expanse of the ocean. Among the undulating waves, a mosaic of surfer's weaves through the colorful tapestry of tourists, their struggle to maintain balance evident as they clutch on to their vibrant, dayglow plastic inflatable mattresses and tubes. With another flash, we see, a small, sun-kissed girl, her cheeks concealed by a generous smearing of protective zinc oxide, stands with trembling hands, she cradles an empty ice cream cone, as she does her best to hold back the tears. (flash) The enormous scoop is perched atop her tiny foot, tucked into a pair of pristine flip-flops still adorned with the crisp, unblemished price tag.

We view still images of the pier, a line of old colorful painted Victorian homes and a metal sign, stretching across the street that reads "Welcome to Santa Cruz". With another pop, we land on the white-walls of a brown 1960 Dodge Polara station wagon as it creeps forward in the stop and go traffic, (flash) a group of bare feet, bell bottoms and dragging beach towels shuffle by (flash) A car window filled with the reflections of hundreds of beach goers sitting shoulder to shoulder on the sand near the glimmer of crashing waves. The image comes to life and we see the window cranked down, it jerks and falls to reveal a sour faced boy in his early teens, his face buried in a tattered paperback book . . . as he tries to tune out the full volume of the car radio. He's wearing a baggy long sleeve shirt and a baseball cap pulled tight over his forehead (covering most of his short dark hair and thick glasses).

He cautiously hangs one arm out into the warm air and we hear the sounds of squawking seagulls as he tests his environment.

Arlo

"Damn, it's way too hot here."



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