

“1986”

By

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FADE IN:

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INT. CAR—DAY

RG is driving along Ventnor Blvd in Ventnor, NJ, a couple blocks from Cambridge Street and what would become his doorman security employment building 1 year later for 4 years, Ventnor on the Bay, at 6101 Monmouth Street.

He pulls up to the intersection behind a car at a red light and stops, waiting for it to turn green. Suddenly he gets slammed in the rear of his mother's 1984 tan/brown Pontiac and is catapulted into the car in front of him in a 3 way car wreck.

Regaining his senses, RG attempts looking at the driver in the car in front of him standing at his window yelling at him, teary eyed. RG grabs his neck as the pain shoots through it from the accident, massages it out a little and exits the car.

DRIVER

You hit me! You hit my car! Look at my car!

RG casts his eyes back at the car behind him and heads toward it to evaluate the damage.

RG(V.O.)

The symbology of the 3 way car accident...  
It would seem to continue a never ending series of occurrences dating back decades, and...perhaps further.

A police cruiser pulls up and RG gets into a four way conversation as to the guilty party...

EXT. A CAR LOT—DAY

RG is standing talking to a salesman and 4 other salesman with the car lot manager dickering over a new grey/blue 1986 Monte Carlo with Erica, his mother, beside him.

CAR LOT MANAGER

...so you can't beat this deal. We checked out your car, the frame's bent. Even though there's little exterior damage, someone must've really slammed you with a wallop and driven you into someone in front of you.

RG

You know your stuff.

CAR LOT MANAGER

Okay, so. We've got a deal then?

RG

(beat)

6 thousand cash plus the trade in? My mother's car's only 2 years old.

MANAGER

Okay... let me talk to my people, see what we can do.

He nods his other salesman into what was reminiscent of a huddle and they quietly converse a little and return.

MANAGER

Okay, try this out. We'll give you a personal 1500\$ dealership discount. Can't turn that down.

RG looks them over and mulls it over.

RG

Deal. Lets do it.

FIRST SALESMAN

Follow me.

RG and Erica follow them back inside and sit at a desk through the window while he does the paperwork.

RG(V.O.)

That trade in a word would become a lesson in manipulation. Blatent theft in other words. They were slicksters, to say the least.

LATER

RG and Erica are driving home in their new 1986 Monte Carlo on Dorset Avenue toward their condo. Studying the sales slip, RG quietly slumps as if recognizing something and glances at Erica at the wheel.

CU the sales slip showing 6,000\$ still the cash price with the trade in.

RG(V.O.)

It was my mistake not watching my mother. She didn't read English very well due to her being from Germany. She didn't notice the anything abnormal about the car sales purchase agreement. They must've given us a 1500\$ discount and had simply subtracted 1500\$ from the trade in value in order to the cash pay out to remain the same.

(beat)

I never told my mother as it was a done deal, signed and sealed with her signature...

RG sighs, places the purchase agreement in the glove compartment as they cross Wellington Street and turn onto Marshall to park.

RG(V.O.)

Manipulation rules the world...

EXT. CAR

Erica parks the car, they exit as a platinum blond and her husband, Karen and Shawn Carman pull up to park in their space. RG glances at them as if he has yet to associate with them and they exit their condo door with Karen and Shawn entering theirs two feet away.

EXT. CAR

RG is at the wheel in their new Monte Carlo. Whizzing down Wellington Street, he pulls into his Mid Lantic bank, makes a withdrawal, pulls back onto Wellington and stops at Albany Street, otherwise known as Hiway way, the Black Horse Pike.

RG(V.O.)

A few blocks to my right some years later I would move into a house owned by an Italian man named George Ranalli where I'd meet a 19 year old—or so she would tell me—named Veronica, near Warrena and Porter Streets. Across from O'Connell Park. It would become part and parcel of this ongoing saga, even perhaps somehow involving a famous star duet in Hollywood and the name of one of their daughters as one of the many throughlines. How and why the only question.

The light turns green and RG cranks left and whizzes down hiway 4, the Black Horse Pike. 4  
Suddenly the car sputters and dies out.

RG(V.O.)

But more on that some other time.

RG winds to a standstill, attempts restarting the car with no success.

RG

You're kidding. A brand new car with 100 or  
so miles on it!?

CU the gas gauge stuck at half full.

Annoyed, RG exits, locks it up and walks back down the Black Horse Pike toward Wellington.

LATER

Vaguely limping now, RG reaches Wellington and curls around the corner casting his eyes down  
the 2 miles or so length of the road.

RG(V.O.)

I'd later have the car towed back to the  
dealership who, due to the warranty, had  
to foot the bill for a dented gas tank that  
stuck the gas gauge at half full. Simply put,  
it had run out of gas. Perhaps payback rules  
the world as well...

RG passes the Mid Lantic bank and continues up Wellington and momentarily stops to rub his  
knee.

RG(V.O.)

I don't recall exactly where it started,  
but my right knee started burning inside.  
After having great success in physical  
therapy...

FLASHBACK TO

RG at the Atlantic City medical Center pumping iron with high right leg under the supervision of  
a blond physical therapist, both of them impressed at the exertion, amount of weight and lack  
of pain in his knee.

RG(V.O.)

...pumping iron to strengthen the muscles to help support my knee, it was a baffling conundrum why a simple 3 mile or so walk would end up leaving it needing surgery to repair it. Years later it would seem to become more clear. At least, on the surface.

RG continues down past his Mid Lantic Bank and fades into the distant stretch of Wellington Street, his limp noticeably worsening.

INT. A RECOVERY ROOM—DAY

RG is groggily awakening after having his right knee surgically repaired. Clearing his head, he swings his feet over the bed and tests his knee by putting his full weight on it. He takes a few steps without feeling any pain as an orderly enters, surprised.

ORDERLY

You're walking already.

RG lies back on the bed and his black haired/moustached Italian doctor enters with clipboard in hand.

DOCTOR

How're you doing!?

RG

Not bad. What's the prognosis?

DOCTOR

Okay. We checked the cartilage, it's in good shape, checked the meniscus plate, it's fine, and all four ligaments are in perfect shape.

RG

(hides his shock)

All of them? Nothing out of the ordinary?

DOCTOR

Nope, perfect condition. What you had was a dip in your meniscus which is normal

DOCTOR

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after a meniscus tear due to wear over the years.

RG

What'd you do?

DOCTOR

Simple procedure. Shaved it down evenly. You'll be up to snuff in a couple weeks.

RG studies him, lost.

FLASHBACK TO

INT. HOCKEY RINK—NIGHT

To RG skating toward center ice, age 16. The puck goes the opposite way, he cuts left to turn around and is slammed into the back left side of his body by a player from behind in Dundalk, Ontario, the immediate rat-a-tat tat 3 ligament tears loudly heard on the ice surface leaving his knee buckling on impact.

RG(V.O.)

It didn't make sense to say the least.

As RG struggles back to his bench with his lower leg sliding all over the ice barely hanging on by a thread, he catches a couple of his players, Ron Plant, and a Bobby Orr lookalike, Frank Sprayson, watching him struggle to the bench.

RON PLANT

Shantzy, what's wrong with your leg?

RG

I don't know... there's no power. It's loose.

FRANK SPRAYSON(V.O.)

It might be a hamstring injury. I had one of those...

RG pulls his gloves off, drops his Northstar hockey stick and feels around his knee joint and loosens his Lange skate, baffled.

BACK TO SCENE

RG watches the Italian doctor converse a moment with the nurse, head back out with the orderly, and the nurse hands RG a clipboard for RG to sign for his release. 7

NURSE

You're free to go. Here's a prescription if you have any pain. The orderly'll return with your clothes shortly.

She hands RG the prescription, exits and RG lies back to stare up into the ceiling, ecstatic.

RG(V.O.)

Little did I know it was only the beginning of the innury plagued journey with a second operation a more curious symbology 6 years later, in 1993. Of which I'd call an ongoing anterior cruciate assassination, better stated, perhaps, as an Initiate assassination.

As RG picks up a remote, flips on the TV and distantly takes in a program waiting for the return of his clothes, the CAMERA PANS down to a pencil mark in a small pyramid shape in his palm.

RG(V.O.)

All fodder for part two of 1986...

FLASH FORWARD TO

RG purchasing a white 1985 fiero from a salesman named Frank in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 4 years later. RG slides his eyes down to the licence plate showing 62DGOM on it, fingers 3 black stripes on each side of the hood, jumps inside with a stunning jet black haired bombshell, Veronica, and they speed out of the lot down to the Atlantic City Expressway, a 60 mile long highway running parallel to the Black Horse Pike hiway 40 to Atlantic City, the Fiero breaking down leaving them stranded 12 miles down the Expressway...

FADE OUT

