

FRANKLY MY DEAR...

By

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FADE IN:

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EXT. A GOLD HOUSE—DAY

RG, circa 2003-4, is piddling around his gold Mercedes at 1360 Cordova Street. His room mates Rick and Eileen meander past his third roomie Jimmy heading toward his car as the ugly of his room mates, a Christian man named Adon Sanchez, is seen taking his golf clubs around to the back of the house.

RG acknowledges them, RG picks his gold Mercedes over his SL blue European model convertible Mercedes and white Mitsubishi Precis, jumps inside and fires it up and drives away, waving at the house owner Bill Horton pulling up on the corner of Elmcroft and Cordova.

RG watches him in the rear view mirror, pulls onto Indian Hill and heads toward the 10 freeway a few blocks away.

INT. GOLD MERCEDES

RG pulls into the freeway entrance and quickly speeds up in his luxury 300E Mercedes, his pleased demeanor indicating this is the car of his choice.

FLASHBACK TO

INT. HOUSE

Showing Sanchez attempting to punch RG out in the house and RG easily pinning him to the counter.

RG

What's wrong you? Are you crazy!?

Infuriated, Sanchez continues struggling and RG slams him against the counter to wake him up. Sanchez finally submits and cools down.

RG

Stop! What is wrong with you?

SANCHEZ

Alright alright... I got it...

RG lets him go and heads down the old house hallway to his room passing Jimmy along the way.

BACK TO SCENE

Mockingly reliving the scene, RG pulls into the passing lane and speeds past a couple other cars.

RG

Because I'm sleeping with Eileen... unbelievable.

RG shakes his head and looks at the sign Los Angeles, 36 miles and the car buries itself in the traffic.

LATER

RG is speeding down Wilshire Blvd in Los Angeles, searching the building addresses. A naked image of RG and Eileen warp over the scene on his bed making him grin a little, and he pulls up at 6060 Petersen Museum beside Orange Street. RG pulls across the block and heads toward 99 Cent store parking lot, pulls inside and parks.

EXT. WILSHIRE BLVD

RG makes his way toward the entrance of the museum, goes inside the open entrance and stops to study a red and black fire truck, circa 1919.

CU the only numbers on the licence, 658. RG reads the plaque showing the first model made in 1916.

RG

Looks like a wind up toy.

RG moves to the other side of the entrance to another vehicle, green in color, fronting the glass door entrance and reads the plaque.

RG

The Vagabond tractor trailer, the first model
ever built in 1937,
(reads license)

Jin?

Scratching his head at the green Vagabond truck, RG looks upward and scans all the various worldwide country flags, his eyes stopping on the flag of Pakistan which consists of a WHITE FIVE POINT STAR on a DARK GREEN FIELD, curious. He continues to a couple other vehicles housed inside, reads the plaque of a world speed record car, then another, goes back up the steps to the glass window and peeks inside noticing a large plaque full of names inside and rooms full of old cars and paraphernalia. Finding nothing more of real interest, he heads back out of the parking lot to Wilshire Blvd.

RG looks around, heads to the other side of the Peterson museum to Orange Street and stops, searching for something. RG's eyes stop on another museum across from the Peterson museum named The Broad Museum, leaving him dumbfounded.

FLASHBACK TO

INT. A HOCKEY ARENA—DAY

RG is drifting past his goalie Kent Cherry during a whistle, age 18 or so, in Flesherton, Ontario. An opposing player hooks his left Lang skate a little and RG whirls on him in a fight, they get separated by the referee and other players, get kicked out of the game, and Peter yells back at RG on their way into their dressing rooms.

PETER

Black bastard!

A FAN

Hey! None of that!

RG

Come here and say that, asshole!

Peter enters and slams his dressing room door and RG enters his, slamming his.

BACK TO SCENE

RG continues studying the Broad museum and Petersen museum on either side of Orange Street.

RG(V.O.)

At the time I stumbled onto the Broad Museum, it didn't register at first the birth hit. As in my brother's father and my mother's husband, James Broady Robinson. Since I was born out of wedlock, as time went on from a third party, the redundancy of the symbology would show up everywhere including Deuteronomy 23 which states a sadistic assassination of bastard children born out of wedlock. It seemed to be symbolized by my mother's birth age of 23 as well as my birth hospital of 2335 in

Fort Dix, NJ.

(adds)

While we were living at 137 B. Kennedy Courts, a direct parallel to the 1937 green Vagabond inside the Petersen museum.

RG turns to stare up at the 6060 Wilshire address and then down toward the area of the 1937 Vagabond inside and then at the grey pencil mark in a pyramid shape of connecting lifelines in his palm.

RG's eyes catch a passing bus with a movie billboard showing a bleach blond actress on it advertising a film and distantly watches it all the way down the street.

RG(V.O.)

Which may've been covertly symbolized through other avenues, including...

INSERT; A SLOW MOTION SHOT

Of a world class star who seems to be the model of a more up to date Marilyn Monroe, Scarlett Johanssen. Directing her short film entitled VAGABOND, she goes about marking her actors and directing the film, and the CAMERA PANS in on her appearance more indepth as if searching for some connective with the Petersen museum.

RG exhales deeply and sits on the empty bus seat to continue evaluating the museums.

RG(V.O.)

I would hear about a short film a world class film star named Scarlett Johanssen would direct and shoot perhaps a decade later for a film festival. Though I don't know what it was about, logic dictated there were some Petersen Museum symbolisms somewhere in the film she wouldn't know about for various reasons. Fact or fiction is irrelevant, the covert promotion being paramount to my ongoing forced deprivation.

RG looks up at the Orange Street sign beside the bus bench, analyzing on the fly.

RG(V.O.)

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Since the address of the Petersen Museum address was 6060 which was my reversed birth date of 0606, to complete my theory, the year '58 was needed for my exact birth date . Secondly, reversing the 1937 year of the Vagabond, the result becomes 7391, or 731 with 39 the wild card. And, since 7.31 is the square root of three which is found in the vesical piscis which is the root of all physical matter in the universe explained through physics, otherwise known as the fruit of life, there may be a scientific slant to consider as well in the name Scarlet and the first ever green Vagabond tractor trailer model ever made.

RG gets up and meanders down the street past a street musician appearing at the corner and watches him play his guitar a few moments with a couple of lookyloos.

RG

I like that song. How long've you been playing?

OLD MAN

A long time.

RG

Sounds like it. Good stuff.

He continues on and RG continues watching him as a few passers by drop some money in his guitar case.

A passing couple begin loudly arguing in a car stopped at the corner and RG takes it in as he crosses the road on his way back to his car.

RG(V.O.)

Forced deprivation... Eileen would be the last female I'd have any type of relations with in any way during my upcoming black out from society, and my upcoming far below poverty level existence, elimination of my civil rights, illegal incarceration based on various excuses and cons, all of which would be justified by some very powerful interests.

Suddenly RG stops, distantly going back in time.

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FLASHBACK TO

EXT. A HOTEL—DAY

RG is sitting on the front hood of his blue 1986 Dodge Colt, distantly watching the cars whiz by on Hiway 4, the Black Horse Pike, the corner of Harding Road to Mays Landing a half mile away.

Suddenly the tiny silhouette of a platinum blue/blond 6 year old model of Eileen slides up between his legs with a mischievous little grin, leaning her face into his a few inches away as if to kiss him. RG quietly pulls back, thunderstruck.

RG

Ooooooh...nooooo... no no no no, little girl...

RG gets off his car hood and heads around to his room past her half white/black green eyed father, Tony, and two of the filthiest blue/blond 9-10 year old children he'd ever seen, his eyes lingering back on the 6 year old watching him with that little grin on her face, shellshocked.

BACK TO SCENE

The momentary memory fades into the bowels of time and RG comes back a little, his distance changing more into a quiet realization.

RG

(beat)

Segue the color orange. Orange is the color Scarlet, thus there may be some authenticity to it being connected to an old East Indian pantheon I'd learn about years later named the Golden Swan which seemed to be a very Sumerian/anglo pantheon of some type, perhaps a precursor to our present homo sapien modernization. Or at the very least, in ethnic terms, something within it, genetically. There's very little written about it, thus, it's based on pure conjecture due to the symbology of the planet, however, the story itself may lend to the theory when coupled with my birth parents and my apparently dirty or unclean three race ethnic genetics, ergo my caste system-like existence, a comment I'd hear periodically for decades and used without conscience in various covert ways. Logically, other people as well.

RG continues to his gold Mercedes with the blond interior, unlocks it and hesitates entering, stopping to continue studying the surroundings, colors, numerology and architecture all around him.

RG(V.O.)

In the end, nothing may be as it seems,
and everything, interpreted properly,
may be exactly as it is. Only those in the
know may really know. Then again, perhaps
not... it may not even matter, anyway...

RG gets in his car, fires it up and pulls out of the parking onto Wilshire. He weaves into the traffic as the Green and White Star flag of Pakistan fades over the screen and fades into the waves of car on the highway, followed by highway '58' which turns into Swan Road in New Dundee, Canada, RG's place of upbringing and his birth date, his gold Mercedes vanishing in the midway point of Wilshire Blvd. near the museums and Orange Street...

FADE OUT