

# SNIPPET OF SUMERIA

By

Ronnie Shantz/Robinson

FADE IN:

1

A SERIES OF SHOTS

RG driving to his best friend's house, Kent Cherry, in Ceylon, Ontario, on No 4 highway otherwise known as DURHAM road.

A shot of SRI Lanka, India, previously known as Ceylon.

John, Jane and Bell streets in Ceylon, Ontario, the only street there along with Durham road followed by Baseline Road and Irish Lake behind them.

Keith Robinson, a somewhat Larry Robinson/Larry Bird lookalike waiving at RG in Ceylon where he lived as RG heads into Kent's house.

Doug Indo, a more European RG similarity, blue eyed blond Larry perhaps, getting pulverized in a fist fight by Keith Robinson in the mens change room on Toronto Street behind Campbell Street where their grade school exists, his face quickly blackening and puffing up, Doug's best friend Paul or Tom Breadner watching on, stunned.

PAUL

Indo... you're losing!

Finally a shot of RG shoving Bruce Rodman into the green lockers just around the corner from the changeroom with The Grey Highland Lions football quarterback, Donald Hargraves, watching on.

HARGRAVES

Hit him, Rodman!

Rodman gets up and walks away and RG heads the other way to his class...

INT. FLESHERTON ARENA—NIGHT

RG, age 17, is skating down the right side of the Flesherton arena in a no contact hockey league. Suddenly Donald Hargraves lunges at him with his stick at face level and rams it into the left side of RG's face sending him reeling to the ice. RG looks at Hargraves sneering at him and heads back to his bench, holding his face, and—

FLASHBACK TO

EXT. GRADE SCHOOL—DAY

--to RG, grade 4, walking behind his grade school on highway 12, Bridge Street in New Dundee, age 9. Suddenly a baseball flies through the air and slams him in the left side of his face, quickly blackening his eye. A 9 year old replica of Donald Hargraves moves ONSCREEN moving up to RG in wonder, glued to his face.

BACK TO SCENE

RG gently touches his face as his eye quickly begins puffing up.

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INT. GREY HIGHLANDS HIGH SCHOOL—DAY

RG enters the hallway with the entire left side of his face blackened and his eye nearly swollen shut. Kevin Eccles, a school mate, meanders up to him to check it out.

KEVIN

Ah, it's not that bad. Hargraves has been bragging he got you for pushing Rodman, but it's not that bad.

RG

A football quarter back twice my size rams me in the face with a hockey stick in a no contact hockey game... really classy guy.

Kevin walks away and RG continues to his math class in Mrs. Romano's room, his grade 10 math teacher and enters.

INT. CLASSROOM

The moment he enters, Mrs. Romano, blue/blond and fiftyish, approaches RG, shocked.

MRS ROMANO

Ronnie, what happened!?

RG

Hockey game. Cheap shot.

Mrs. Romano's emphatically fingers his face, raising her voice.

MRS. ROMANO

Get out of that hockey! Do you hear me?  
Get away from that hockey!

RG takes his seat, and as she grabs a chalk and brush and the class begins, RG looks around the class, disinterested. She begins writing on the chalkboard and the class begins.

RG(V.O.)

Little did I know at the time what her spirit was attempting to relay to me. It was a warning someone's after me, and I'd pay the price dearly if I kept lacing up the skates in various arena hits, all along highway 10, otherwise known as Sydenham and Toronto Street. When and how was the only question...

INT. FLESHERTON AREA—NIGHT

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RG, age 18-19, is skating back into his zone toward the front of his net when the referee blows the whistle, stopping the play. Just as RG starts cross his goalie on the right side of the rink, Kent Cherry, suddenly he gets blindsided from behind in the head by Paul Hamilton and goes reeling to the ice.

RG(V.O.)

The thing about Paul Hamilton was he was a constant trouble maker. A show off. It was his reputation.

KENT

Why didn't you hit him?

The referee motions Paul into the penalty box, RG shrugs a little and gets back up to get ready for the next play. The referee drops the puck and play continues.

CAPTION:

"1 month later"

INT. FLESHERTON ARENA—NIGHT

RG is skating in the exact same place where Paul Hamilton hit him in the head from behind on the right side of his goalie. The referee whistles the puck dead and Paul Hamilton hooks RG's skate a little as he passes Kent Cherry again. Like a coiled snake, RG spin on him and attacks him without warning before the referee and other players separate them.

CU another Larry Robinson lookalike on Paul's team, Terry Thompson.

TERRY

What's wrong with you, Shantzy?

REFEREE

Both of you, hit the showers. You're out of the game.

PAUL HAMILTON

He's crazy! He's fucking crazy, I didn't do anything!

REFEREE

Both. Out.

The ice door opens and RG exits the ice to the dressingroom. As he enters, Hamilton yells after him near Rhonda McCutcheon, a friend RG took to the game, on his way into his own dressingroom.

PAUL HAMILTON

4

Black bastard!

A MAN IN AUDIENCE

Hey! None of that!

RG

(to Paul)

Come in here and say that, asshole!

Hamilton enters his dressingroom, RG enters his and closes the door.

INT. DRESSING ROOM—DAY

RG(V.O.)

Black bastard... curious statement considering the inferred symbology. It would be years later I'd have a different perspective on the series of cheap shots and head attacks.

RG begins peeling off his Lange skates and drops his Northstar stick. He closes his eyes and sits in the silence of the dressing room to relax, subdued.

RG

Little did I know who I attacked on the ice wasn't Paul Hamilton. It was his twin brother, Peter Hamilton. I didn't even know he had one. It would be one of a bizarre series of events over the next decade, continuing three thousand miles away in Vancouver, British Columbia, and ending in Pomona, California with two more identical Paul/Peter Hamilton lookalikes. One, Jeffrey, in Pomona, I would become aware of was obsessed with a Japanese woman called Jan at Cal Poly University. A true obsession...

FLASH FORWARD TO

EXT. A STREET—DAY

RG is standing polishing his 450SL convertible Mercedes in his house parking lot listening to a Paul/Peter Hamilton lookalike, Jeffrey, rambling on about the girl Jan near his red early seventies mustang. They acknowledge each other as Seldon, African America, exits the rear working quarters, and Francis, the landlord, exits the main house on her way to her car to listen in a moment as if used to the rambling with an 'I told you so' grin to RG. RG gets in brief conversation with her they get in their cars and head their separate ways out of the parking lot, the CAMERA following Francis to two mailboxes side by side

at the laneway entrance, mailboxes 714 and 712 Phillips Blvd.

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FLASHBACK TO

EXT. CITY STREET—DAY

The CAMERA PANS down to a black haired/brown eyed bombshell, Rhonda Veronica Brizan, with a one of a kind walk moving across Oxford Street to D building in Ventnor, N.J., an orange/gold condominium complex. The SCREEN warps turning her into a grey eyed platinum blond a year later, and she continues across the parking lot to 712 Dudley Avenue and opens the mailbox. She takes out the mail as RG, 32, pulls up in their purple Park Avenue and parks beside their white 1985 Fiero. RG exits, they kiss, and as he opens the door for her--

CU the pencil mark in RG's hand.

FLASHBACK TO

INT. GRADE SCHOOL

To 7 year old RG clapping with a pencil in his hand in his grade school in grade 2 on highway 12, Bridge Street. It jams into his hand and he pulls it out as the CAMERA PANS past his blue/blond school teacher, Mr. Broadhecker, to another another 12<sup>th</sup> street, the Queen Elizabeth highway.

BACK TO SCENE

RG peels off his hockey uniform, dresses and exits the dressing room, not happy about the ejection.

INT. HOCKEY RINK—LOBBY—NIGHT

RG exits the dressing room and approaches Rhonda, her wondering grin making him shrug.

RHONDA

I've never seen you like that. You looked mad.

RG

Lets get outa here. Pick up Gina. Not one to watch from the bleachers.

RHONDA

(grins)

Best outing I've had in months.

RG smirks at her, picks up his hockey gear and starts heading toward the door. Suddenly RG stops as if remembering something and turns around with his eyes going far down the ice to the right side at the opponents net. Quietly dropping the bag, he distantly goes back in time, and the CAMERA PANS in on Rhonda McCutcheon glued to his wonderment.

What is it?

RG looks through her, not responding.

#### FLASHBACK TO

RG, age 15, a midget, is playing for the larger juvenile team for one game. Skating down the ice, someone takes a shot on net, the rebound bounces directly out to RG on the right side and RG slides it into the right side of the net. Frank Colton, his winger, grins at the smaller RG, impressed.

FRANK

Oh you black bastard!

RG grins at Frank at the tease, heads back to the bench as the first goal for his team is put up on the scoreboard.

RG(V.O.)

A precursor to déjà vu... black bastard?

(beat)

Upon hindsight, it would seem to be some type or synchronicity. Planned perhaps. In a game two years earlier. After I scored the first on a rebound and Frank playfully called me Black Bastard, the next three goals would seem to symbolize a continuing series of events. One scored by my brother, James, and one by Peter VanAlstine.

#### INSERT QUICK SHOTS

Of James Shantz and Peter VanAlstine scoring, followed by RG on a breakaway with 24 second remaining in the game. RG surveys the openings and nets the puck in the bottom left of the net for the 4<sup>th</sup> goal, the game winner. RG sits on the bench with 24 seconds left, mildly thrilled.

RG(V.O.)

It was bizarre. What it had to do with the Hamiltons, Jeffrey the lookalike in California and the other Hamilton clone from Sauble Beach near highway 10 in Ontario I worked beside in British Columbia on the greenchain in my early 20's was a mystery. And the black bastard comments?

CU RG sit beside Peter VanAlstine and James Shantz. FREEZE THIS SHOT.

#### FLASH FORWARD TO

--to an old newspaper photo showing Peter VanAlstine, Lyle McIntyre, RG and James Shantz side by side with Frank Colton and many others on the team, including Joey Gulley and Dale McCracken.

CU volume 39 at the top of the paper, dating the article with a short summary of the game.

RG sits back a moment, googles up an old East Indian fable entitled The Golden Swan and the two main characters of the story, King Nala and Damayanti.

RG(V.O.)

I don't remember exactly when my brother began calling me Swantzi, however, our german foster father Eldon Shantz seemed to be paramount in the story somewhere, symbolized perhaps as Peter VanAlstine. How, when or where back in time was anyone's guess. Perhaps it was a bloodline of some kind. Meaning...

RG flicks to the Olympic ship of the White Star Line company in Scotland showing the ship builders, Harlan and Wolff. RG studies the photo closer and the builders Harlan and Wolff in wonder, shifts his eyes out of the LaVerne, California library window. The CAMERA goes through the window to the address of the library at 3640 then to the community center next to it and stops on a plaque dated 1989 with Lang and Wolff the architects of the buildings just above J.W. Milem. The CAMERA PANS to the third building on D Street to the Liberty Bell fronting 3660 D Street, the LaVerne City Hall.

The CAMERA continues surveying the area, PANS down to the sidewalk builders showing Martin And Jewett, PANS to Dover Street, then Durward Street where the Library is situated, and slides back inside the window to RG still studying the computer, now with a photo of The Olympic and the hull number of 4039 on the hull.

Dumbfounded, RG exhales deeply and flicks off the computer and exits the Library in a conundrum.

RG(V.O.)

If Trenton, NJ, was my brother's and my birthplace, in Burlington County, NJ., at Fort Dix with the Hospital number 2335 in County 23000, with our mother 23 years old at my particular birth and this pencil mark was stuck in my hand at the end of grade 2 before going into grade 3 in New Dundee, Canada...

EXT. GRADE SCHOOL—DAY

RG, age 12, is sitting in class against the wall near the front. He happens to look back at a blond Czechoslovakian babe, Oxanna Lukianchuk, breathtaken, the CAMERA overdramatically PANNING down to her golden pubic hairs just beginning to show under her pantyless skirt.



...what was the continuity with the name Burlington which would show up straight down Highway 10, Toronto Street, 80 miles from Campbell Street which was across from the arena in Flesherton and all my injuries on Toronto Street in Markdale, Flesherton and Dundalk in succession, three towns all in a row on Toronto Street? Also known as Sydenham Street?

The CAMERA shoots out past Oxanna out the window to Toronto Street from Campbell, passes the Flesherton arena, passes Grey Highlands Secondary School and flies down Toronto Street to Dundalk, then Shelburne, then Orangeville, finally stopping in the largest city in Canada, Toronto. It continues on a right angle to Burlington, directly beside Toronto.

RG(V.O.)

And what does black bastard have to do with those two black bastard comments, covert attacks I surmise, both with a Peter theme going through them both? If any?

INSERT a couple shots of Peter and Paul Hamilton from Britain, a couple Saints of historic importance.

BACK TO SCENE

RG continues sitting at the LaVerne Library computer, distantly studying the Olympic and two other ships on the screen, the Titanic and Britannica.

RG(V.O.)

Was it Sumerian In theme, due to the ethnicities involved? Meaning Anglo? A conjectural theory would seem to be European genetics of some type. Suffice to say, since my family was from Burlington County with us moving nine hundred miles away near another Burlington beside the largest city in Canada, Toronto, which was perhaps a hundred miles from New Dundee and Kitchener/Waterloo—the latter of which we had huge german family get togethers during the summer—pic nic tables and luncheons that stretched as far as the eye could see in the park—there may be some authenticity to my theory.

The SCREEN poofs and another google map fades up on the screen showing a series of Burlingtons, beginning in Trenton, NJ, followed by Burlington beside Toronto, followed by RG and Kent Cherry buying a plot of land in Bellingham, Washington, beside yet a third Burlington in Washington, USA.

RG(V.O.)

And what of Lord Kitchener from Britain? All our German get togethers were in Kitchener/Waterloo.

RG(V.O.)

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(beat)

Peculiar, indeed.

EXT. LIBRARY

RG steps onto Durward Street outside of the LaVerne Library, looks left to the major highway, White Street, decides to head down toward the Liberty Bell on D in front of the Laverne City Hall, studies the R. Martin Lomeli, RG Harris and LaVerne Burns names on the plaque with the caption: "to be opened up in the year 2100" and studies the Liberty Bell itself, more curious. RG circles the Bell and reads out loud a signature statement on the bell.

RG(V.O.)

By the order of the assembly of Pennsylvania in  
Philad.

(reads plaque)

ByThe White Chapel Foundry. Millenium time capsule  
to be opened July 4 2100. Enclosed are symbols of our  
rich heritage and memories of our lives and residents  
of Laverne.

(beat)

Pennsylvania... ?

RG looks at the pencil mark in his hand and then into the CAMERA, baffled, and reads a second plaque aloud.

RG

The Liberty Bell, first cast in 1752 by the White  
Chapel Foundry in London... in 1975 two duplicate  
Bells were cast for each state in the United States  
with LaVerne and Bakersfield acquiring two  
of them.

(thoughtfully)

Bakersfield...

A vague image of Marilyn Monroe fades over the SCREEN and RG continues studying the plaque. He scans around behind him to a third plaque showing Frank R. Johnson also commemorating the Liberty Bell, the previously mayor and councilman of LaVerne.

RG(V.O.)

Frank... R... Johnson now.

(looks into the CAMERA)

Liberty rules. Kudos on my parents. They must've  
Been fearless. I've been immortalized. At least...half  
of my German/Italian/Dutch/British/Slovakian/Irish/  
Scottish family tree Martin-ess.

RG fingers his right knee, right shoulder, right vocal cord, right broken hand, and right lower molar torn

out on Indian Hill Blvd in California, looks at the date July 4, 2000 on the plaque when the Liberty Bell was placed in front of the City Hall and heads down the sidewalk. He stops. RG's eyes shift to the sidewalk showing Martin And Jewett the sidewalk builders, shifts his eyes to the CAMERA, exhales deeply and crosses onto Dover Street. He continues down to Dune Lane and stops behind the Edwards Cinema with his eyes trailing across to 1933 Foothill Blvd beside Emerald Street.

RG(V.O.)

King Edward and...Queen Alexandra Louisa Julia of Denmark first lived in a yellow castle before moving into Kensington Castle.

RG(V.O.)

The place Princess Diana lived upon her death.

RG sighs deeply and continues down the street looking at his hand.

RG(V.O.)

(beat)

Did you know the square root of 3 is my mother's Burlington 137B Kennedy Court address at my birth in Trenton, NJ? 1.7320508. Rounded off to 1.732.1. I call it the eye of Ra, the fruit of life, the vesica piscis... and, perhaps, an initiate's symbology. 12-3. I guess some call it, due to their programming, something more hideous. Segue the two streets on each side of it, Shawn and Kerenia.

(adds)

Swans everywhere I guess... I'm going to stop now, I'll float away...

The CAMERA PANS into the 1933 US Bank address beside Emerald Street, stops on a blue Norman Real Estate building on Emerald across from it and the Edwards Cinema one block from B Street, an image of a platinum blond Karen Carman and her husband Shawn in the middle of Marshall/Oxford/Wellington and Dorset Streets in Ventnor, NJ., overlaps the image showing a passing moment with RG, his blond Aunt Elizabeth, his mother Erika and his brother James, and RG fades into the darkening sunset of Dover Street to assimilate the ongoing details...

FADE OUT



