

THE GREEN DIARY

“The Power Of Imagery”

(based on a true story)

By Ronnie Shantz/Robinson

FADE IN:

1

INT. A CLASSROOM—DAY

Circa 2014, RG is sitting in Crossroads Security training academy listening to the instructor going over the details in the class, approximately ten or so other students laughing at his antics. This is a very polished instructor who likes performing for an audience and is exceptional at what he does.

INSTRUCTOR

Okay. So. Having said that, what is the No. 1 way of controlling someone. Anybody?

No one responds, uncertain about the answer.

INSTRUCTOR

Think, guys. There's one way and one way only. Is it conning you, stealing your girlfriend, talking bad about you in a free society, taking away your rights as a human being, dissing your mama or what?

RG shifts back in his seat, distantly studying the instructor.

RG(V.O.)

The thing about the Instructor was, hidden behind his antics, there was a very intelligently thought out methodology of socio-political commentary intermingled within the training course. Being my second time around, I knew it well.

INSTRUCTOR

Money. Pure and simple. Controlling your pocket book.

RG(V.O.)

It was well worth the 300\$ I paid to update my guard card even though it was every cent I had to attend the class.

INSTRUCTOR

There're various ways to control your pocket book. Name one.

A STUDENT

2

A job.

INSTRUCTOR

Good. Employment, the bread and butter
of acquiring a full and fulfilling life.

(to a student)

Got a girlfriend?

STUDENT

Of course.

INSTRUCTOR

The babe kind, I can tell by the bags and
tattoes.

Class laughs.

INSTRUCTOR

I'm from your territory, I know the score.
Been there, done that. So, in order to stay
out of jail, not a nice place to be, this security
class is to insure you keep getting laid and
keep her and not be some toothless inmate's
bitch. Trust me, you know women, no bucks,
she's gone, simple as that. Am I right? Am I
right?

The class bursts out laughing and nods. He flicks on a projector and the Crossroads Security
program pops on.

INSTRUCTOR

I'll be back in 15 after you finish watching the
details about Crossroads and what a security
job has to offer and all the job opportunities
available to make certain you keep the willy
wet, acquire things you need without stealing
them and/or live the type of life you desire.

He exits, and RG scans around the chuckling class opening notebooks to take notes as the video
instructor begins his diatribe about the business.

RG is sitting on a bus, scanning around. A couple lovers enter hand in hand, RG takes them in and studies their demeanors as they take a seat across from him. He shifts his eyes past them out the window to take in an upscale couple pass by in a new Mercedes benz with a child in the rear.

RG(V.O.)

The thing about being a writer is, we write about our life experiences. Document in other words, sometimes in the form of a creative fictional storyline. Sometimes it's subconscious. It's what we do.

The Mercedes pulls in front of the bus down the West Covina highway, its pretty newness quickly grabbing his envy.

RG(V.O.)

There're many ways of controlling someone's money. By getting someone else to do it for them. One perfect example is using the Power of Images, and Innuendo. I call them doubles, something I never use due to how easily doubles can be manipulated into assassination weapons, especially honest ones which can be massaged into their opposite intent and perpetrated on the less informed or dishonest who'll then use it to to enrage and instigate terror on the target by the general public, a crime punishable by incarceration in America. Puppets can kill.

(beat)

Propaganda in other words can create public citizens into becoming puppet hitmen in employment, car sales lots etc, thereby backing up injustice against the innocent target.

RG toasts the mercedes, the bus pulls away, and RG sits back to enjoy the ride back to Claremont.

FLASHBACK TO

INT. A RESTAURANT—DAY

Circa 2012, RG is sitting waiting in line in a restaurant at a buffet, studying the patrons. He

studies their clothes, hair styles, the type of food they're heaping on their plate and joins in when the line thins.

RG(V.O)

It's a technique old as the hills. Using Propaganda in other words, something Hitler did with great success. Motive is everything, something to gain or lose the bottom line.

RG fills his plate and goes back to an empty table and sits as a waiter brings him a glass of water.

WAITER

Would you like anything else?

RG

No, thank you. I'll let you know if I do.

The waiter exits, and RG continues studying his surroundings in the restaurant.

RG(V.O.)

In the Christian world, ill gotten gains are called temptation. I choose to call it positive and negative energy battling each other for supremacy due to my more logical and clinical outlook on the workings of the world which aren't based in emotionalism, or programming.

(adds)

Everyone has their own system of staying grounded I suppose.

As RG digs into his meal, he pulls up a paper someone left on his seat, opens it up and begins reading a page of the newspaper, his wonderment on the page showing Joe Biden as vice president.

RG

Joe Biden's vice president? I didn't know that.

(adds)

Or who any of the Presidential candidates were during the election for that matter.

RG fingers the date of 2012, his distant eyes smirking a little.

Blacking someone out is a great way of controlling someone's fiancés. Money is freedom, thus, de-educating someone by keeping them penniless is another wonderful assassination method. Works wonders, using the various techniques/excuses available.

RG turns to the front page and double-takes at an image showing the LA Kings parade after their Stanley Cup run, not noticing his waiter intermittently glancing at him from his post by the desk.

RG

The Kings won the Stanley Cup!? You're kidding!

(adds)

I wonder if they caught Saddam or Bin Laden yet?

Fascinated, RG continues reading the article and studies the faces as if not recognizing a single player on their roster...

FADE OUT