

English language version

**Mediaplan Oeganda:
SCRIPT** featurefilm story 38:

Title:

**The right to be forgotten, and
the duty not to forget.**

Amsterdam, November 22th, 2013,
SCRIPT version 7, endversion ENGLISH

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English language version

workingtitle: The chauffeur of Idi Amin

Mediaplan Oeganda:
SCRIPT featurefilm story 38:

Title:

The right to be forgotten, and
the duty not to forget.



So speak!,,, mediaplan Uganda

Regarding this script – a monologue - in relation to the realizing of the film versions there are 3 screens:

1. **First Screen:** The entertainment story in 30 minutes, excl. educational boxes. Intended for cinema (commercials-before main film), as well as for closed- and open TV channels, and as 1 of the 4 main films of this series about PTSD on DVD.
2. **Second Screen:** The edutainment featurefilm story during 1½ hours, including educational boxes, in whole and optional interactive with many tags on a separate video-Search&Find-engine ©. **You can read this version as ‘extended edutainment story’ starting from page 3.**
3. **Third Screen:** Live, with a separate videoproduction team on location(s) for this screen, whereby the images *later than live* in the video-Search&Find-engine ©, -publically free with ”infinite lasting” advertisements can be found as knowledge sharing, with (a.o live) interactive management tools for investors, participants, advisors and advertisers/sponsors of the production of this film, incl. the (promotional) *making of’s*... videoclips.

6 SCRIPT

Featurefilm SCRIPT (long version, 90 minutes for second screen)

BLOCK 1 Start of storytelling: MONOLOGUE: EXT. – around a campfire

Drama-ingredients: spirituality, actuality.

Opening credits

*This program features cultural traditions and Human Rights violations.
It contains images which some viewers may find disturbing.
Viewer discretion is advised.*

1 BEGIN-LEADER

Follows in scenario

Scène 1.1:

Evening, Ext. rural Uganda; entrance storyteller; MONOLOGUE by large campfire.

*Full moon, in the dead of night, a cloudless sky.
Stars sparkle abundantly in the dark,
the silver light shines on the world of Uganda.*

Audio:

The sardonic laugh of a hyena can be heard in the background.
Percussion, followed by AFRO music NL-hypno-dance-trance mix drums,
followed by Afro music mix Dutch-hypno dance-trance.

Scène 1.2 Entrance of the storyteller

The storyteller appears out of the dark and dances rhythmically round a large campfire, around which about 40 people sit (men, women, children 12 and older). The storyteller is dressed in typical traditional Ugandan dress, mixed with parts of a military uniform, and modern western sneakers. He is unarmed. As he dances himself into a trance, the audience sways to the rhythm of the music. Murmuring, the storyteller sings his mantra:

Audio:

'Cannibalism, is also the power to possess someone else's memory ...'
By constantly repeating this, the audience softly takes over the murmuring..
It eventually sounds like a mantra being recited and echoing on.

Visual:

The storyteller sets himself down in the only open place in the circle.
It becomes quiet, all attention is directed at him.



Scène 1.3 General introduction to the story

Storyteller: (monologue): *...So I speak!...*

This is the story about the secret dream Idi Amin had...

I tell you this, because everyone needs to know about what I have experienced so that it is not allowed to happen again any more....

My story starts 32 years ago:

I was then Idi Amin Dada's private chauffeur.

I heard and saw what happens to a person when they gain absolute, unchecked power over his people...

Like a beast it rips up love, love to let others experience happiness.

I fled the country to get away from that beast, just like so many others.

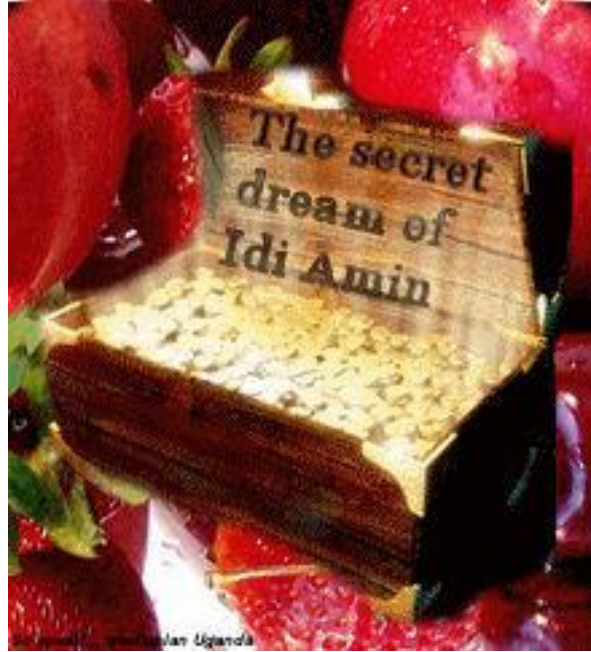
And 3 years ago the nightmare started all over again for me....

Again I was witness to how 1 person wanted to possess all others; like robots, like slaves....

This time I did not flee!

I stayed to help prevent the beast make slaves of us citizens.

I did that because, I believe, that each person has the right to develop in all variedness of our existence.
I did that because I do not want to ever have feelings of deep remorse again



BLOCK 2 MONOLOGUE: Introduction brother Idi Amin and his chauffeur

Drama-ingredients: adventure, thriller, spirituality, samsara, karma, special effects on set, pragmatism, horror, stunts,

Scène 2.1 How I came to work for Idi Amin

As a young boy I worked cleaning up cow muck and goat feces, and for that work I received just enough so my family could eat.

Scène 2.2 In the army

In 1969 I had the chance to become a soldier. They made me a child soldier. And for this I received more than just food!

Scène 2.3 In the army as driver to van idi Amin

Because I had always carried out every assignment faithfully for 6 years, I was allowed as 17 year old to drive the Mercedes of Idi Amin. In return for this I also received money, this was my first really good job!

Scène 2.4 Relationship driver and Idi Amin

You understand... when I am in the car, and as private chauffeur driving my president, that I would hear all kinds of things...

about politics,
about military matters,
about foreigners,
about insurgents.

As his private chauffeur in 1975 I started to get to know slowly but surely my president's personality and beastliness.



Scène 2.5 People disappear

Very slowly it was becoming clear to me that this was Amin's favourite method: to first let persons disappear.

But it became increasingly worse.

From 1976 on many, many people disappeared forever without a trace.

Scène 2.6 Introduction of Omar

I also overheard conversations that Idi Amin had with his ministers, with his military commanders and with members of his family.

This is how I also came to know Amin's stepbrother whose name was Omar.

Omar perpetually very proudly called himself "the treasurer of the family".

He continuously counted the earnings,

and then had the habit of dividing these by the number of inhabitants in Uganda:

"This gives insight into the tax that every Ugandan on average pays", he said.

The more people that are killed, the higher the income per person," was his running joke....

And idi Amin always had to laugh uncontrollably at that, if there ever were two so ruthless, they were.

Scène 2.7 Prison horrors

The most shocking event took place in 1976, when they were both in the back of my car.

They spoke about a tunnel that Idi Amin had made, from his palace straight to the prison.

That tunnel was 300 meters long, and lead straight from his living room, and ended in the prison.

There, people usually were cut into pieces and murdered.

Their bodies were fed to wild animals, especially to crocodiles.

That day, early in the afternoon, my president and Omar left the palace and stepped into my car.

On the street the rumour circulated that the Anglican bishop of Uganda had been murdered.

They talked about the prisoners, that they would be receiving the body of Christ as food.

In what had I landed myself?!!, I started to contemplate.

Scène 2.8 Cannibalism

As a sincere Muslim, I would rather eat pork to survive, than ever eat my fellow Human Being.
I would sooner die instead.
Cannibalism is something my conscience cannot cope with!

Scène 2.9 Omar, the stepbrother of Idi Amin strangles a girl

That stepbrother of Idi Amin's was acquiring as treasurer increasingly more wealth and prestige, and he abused his position a great deal.
One time, he was - damn it - sitting in the back of my car and as I looked into my rearview window I saw how he strangled a young woman!
The reason why he did it I have never known, but when he made that joke again ...
"The more persons murdered, the higher my earnings per person."
I will never be able to forget this ruthless remark, because murder is a violation of
article 3 Universal Rights of Man:

Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person.

Scène 2.10 idi Amin's former chauffeur gets a bad conscience and flees.

I became crazy with fear,
this man could murder me with impunity, at any moment he so wished.
Soon it will be my turn and I will have a rope around my neck!
And Idi Amin, he let it all just happen.
What should I do?!
I did not want to continue working for criminals, murderers!
I felt partly to blame.

Scène 2.11 Enduring fears in bed

Every night I lay in bed worrying, how could I escape from this?
Sleepless nights were the result.
I had the nerves,
I was constantly shaking.
This work as chauffeur is not what I want to do, albeit a nice, well paid job or not...
I can not live like that,
I do not want to constantly live in fear of being strangled on a mere whim.
Later to be fed to the hippos.
I did not want to earn my money in such a way.
What I had seen and heard, was so horrendous.
They could also murder me because I had been a witness!
I had heard about their criminal plans...
I had seen them carry it out ...
I could no longer cope with this job.
I was partly to blame and simultaneously victim

Scène 2.12 Flight to Kenya

One night when I was on my way home, I just drove the car non-stop straight to the border.
Abandoned the limousine by the roadside and fled on foot across the border.
"I had fled to Kenya!"

BLOK 3 MONOLOGUE: The chauffeur's life 20 years later

Drama-ingredients: humour, spirituality, actuality, karma, pragmatism, gags

Scène 3.1 The chauffeur is in Kenya a taxi-driver.

Finally I was free.

I was no longer under pressure, no more of being intimidated.

I bought an old Toyota-van and started as a taxidriver.

When I now looked into my rearview mirror, I no longer felt that I was constantly in danger.

I now had the same feeling as every other average person that travelled in my taxi.

I had a normal, badly paid job...

Sometimes I had 1, sometimes even 15 people at one time in my van.

No longer was I the helper of a killer.

Not any more did I have to bear the feeling of being guilty.

My freedom of choice helped me to get over feeling guilty.

That really made me feel free.

I admit that I did blame myself for having fled, that I had not acted to stop these crimes.

I could have done that by for example confronting Amin or Omar in my van with their crimes, or as how Omar usually referred to it as preemptive elimination.

But I am still alive!, if I had done such things, then...

No, if that means being a fugitive.

I had become a refugee who used the right to be forgotten.



Scène 3.2 My family

I met a lovely woman in Kenya whom I married and we had 2 sons.

That is my right as stated in

Article 16 Universal Rights of Man: RIGHT TO MARRY & FOUND A FAMILY.

Men and women of full age, without any limitation due to race, nationality or religion, have the right to marry and to found a family.

They are entitled to equal rights as to marriage, during marriage and at its dissolution.

We married out of love, we have a close bond with eachother.

I could look after my family, I could sleep normally, I was homely and had become calmer.

Finally I was free from continually trying to survive,

now I could also live enjoying life.

To make others happy, that is the aim in life.

In Kenya I lived happily for 30 years.

Scène 3.3 As a taxi driver driving a small van

So for a small amount of money I bought a small van and started my own taxi business.

This went quite well, and was earning enough to get by.

Scène 3.4 I worked mostly at night and drove a small Toyota van.

I lived and worked in the capital of Kenya, Nairobi.

In my small Toyota van I drove through the streets of Nairobi particularly at night.

This I found was more enjoyable, in the dark I am stronger in spirit.

In the daytime I feel the shame, of things I experienced in the past.

Maybe to the outside World I had been forgotten, but I could not forget my shocking experiences.

Scène 3.5 Problems of Kenya

The nice thing about this work is that you encounter very many different people.
 People that day in, day out went to their work and then returned home, the creatures of habit,
 or fortune seekers,
 or tourists,
 but also the most shady figures.
 Along the road there would often be prostitutes.
 They have often tried to seduce me, but I remain faithful to my wife.
 Especially when that disease aids broke out!
 Survival has also to do with staying faithful to your own promises.

Scène 3.6 Introducing Maria.

There was 1 prostitute who always called me to take her to her regular customers, always to the
 same villa's.
 She was a call girl much in demand by the political elite and the police;
 and she always came back with me in the taxi.
 Yes, politicians and police in different countries do not differ so much from one another...
 Lower-ranking policemen suffer poverty, and do anything for money;
 High-ranking officials like prostitutes.
 From this woman I heard how the rich lived.
 But above all Maria Mach, as she is called, has become a good friend of mine.

Scène 3.7 The double life of Maria.

Maria led a double life, because she was also a kind of nurse.
 I noticed that she often gave loving care to elderly persons on the street.
 And to those seriously ill.
 And to wounded children,
 But above all to the elderly.
 Her elderly patients often had alzheimer or dementia.
 Few healthy persons think of this forgotten group.
 Usually these sick persons are forgotten, out of fear or indifference. ...
 Important in my work as a driver is to keep quiet about everything you hear,
 that gives my clients confidence.
 That is the basis for any business.
 Idi Amin considered that important, just as Maria and all my other customers.
 Hear and see everything, but keep quiet. That is part of my job.
 When persons tried to extract information from me, I often said: *sorry, I have forgotten...*
 A great excuse!
 My problem however was that I could not forget why I had fled.
 It ate away at me, every day again and again....
 Once I had a professor in my taxi, a rich white man from Europe. ...
 He told me that he was a psychiatrist, or some such thing.
 Someone who knows everything about intrusive shocking experiences.
 His conclusion was that I suffered from something with a very complicated name, something with
 'stress Disorder'.
 Well, you can take it from me that there are many many people in Africa who have this problem.
 I am really not the only one ...
 Yes he said, such experiences should really be erased from your memory.
 How much peace there would then be on Earth.
 Yeah yeah, those Europeans...
 When driving tourists in my taxi, they say that Africa gives them a culture shock.
 'I believe there are also many white people walking around with 'stress disorders'.
 Would they also erase their memories?

BLOCK 4 MONOLOGUE: Meeting in taxi with harem + Idi Amin's stepbrother

Drama-ingredients: thriller, humour, spirituality, actuality, samsara, karma, filo's, pragmatism, gags, horror,

Scène 4.1 The evening that changed everything

Meanwhile I had been driving my taxi for over 30 years.

Like every evening I made my daily trips, and I had just taken Maria to an address belonging to a high-ranking official.

Scène 4.2 A rich man with his woman get into the taxi.

On that evening a very wealthy man got into the taxi, he had a whole harem of women with him.

They needed to be somewhere just outside the city centre, in an affluent neighbourhood with hotels that have high star ratings. That is how I started on the taxi journey that I won't forget the rest of my life.

Scène 4.3 An unforgettable taxi-ride

They were noisy among themselves in a distinct way.

That man was talking, but those women..., they were like goldfish ...

They were constantly saying **blub* *blub* *blub** ...

when these women had gotten into the taxi, they immediately took off their burqa and pursed their lips and began colouring them with lipstick.

It wondered me that they performed these acts without hardly any expression.

And that they continuously made little **blub* *blub* *blub** sounds....

The man had a dominant personality.

He gave me a brief command to drive to **XXX**, the most beautiful wealthy residential area in Nairobi.



Scène 4.4 The telephone conversation in the back of the car

Just when I started to drive the taxi, his mobile telephone went.

He picked it up and said: "*Omar speaking!...*"

...Yes I am coming,

Say did you manage to transfer that particular memory to the hard drive?

You should use that beta-amyloid medicine, mixed with tau-protein.

You mix it by means of an injection with a transmitter of biological nano-neuro's!

Only 1/1000th of a milligram per nano chip to be inserted.

If you insert too much, then its memory crashes.

If you insert too little, you cannot affect memory in the long term.

Via the bio matrix after the medicine has been given you can scan it,

And via wifi suck it dry...."

Scène 4.5 The shock of recognition

I did not understand a single word of what was being said.

They talked about bio-computers and medical models, to stabilize the memory and about transferring biological data to a hard disk.

...What really made me shiver, was that voice...

and their talking in that domineering way, with each time that puffing out of smoke.

And then came that sentence, that joke...: "*The more people that die, the higher my income per person.*"

That I had heard before!

In the back of my Mercedes about 30 to 40 years ago.

Immediately I realized that this Omar was one and the same, the stepbrother of Idi Amin!

Could this really be true?

I took another good look in my rearview mirror, he had clearly not yet recognized me.

It was beyond doubt that it was him!

Idi Amin's stepbrother was now sitting again in the back of my car!

And this stepbrother was the treasurer, the tax squeezing stepbrother of Idi Amin Dada.

He was still proud of everything he had done.

Of course, he wants to revenge himself on society for rejecting him.

Scène 4.6 Introduction of the blub women

Those women were quite strange,
 After having done their lips they would put their burqa back on,
 though that sound... **blub* *blub* *blub**...
 It just went on and on,
 it was like robots, but then Human..
 Not like how the Japanese make robots, those are little plastic machines.
 Robots are not covered by

Article 6: Universal Rights of Man: RIGHT TO RECOGNITION AS A PERSON BEFORE THE LAW.

Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law

Human robots though..., they have lost the essence of a person, lost their personality.
 It makes such a person... a living corpse, a nobody, a robot, not a person.....

As he lit a cigarette, this Omar finished his conversation with:
*"I'll see you tomorrow in the medical ICT laboratory.
 Do not forget after copying the data to inject the virus.
 Make sure you have everything ready for me to be checked.
 To forget = to forgive, hail Dada!"*

Scène 4.7 The driver is modest and not proud

What was going on here?!
 This terrible man has haunted me for years in an inhumane way.
 He intimidated me several times in the past and forced me to watch.
 To watch things of which the outside world does not know.
 A man who speaks of "forgetting" and "forgiving", that is not the same as justice.

Scène 4.8 I hear all about a treasure.

After his phone call, he started to talk with his ladies Yasmina, Fatima, Jamila and Aischa.
 To talk is not the right word ...
 It seemed as if he was teaching them, or like he was feeding them information.
 He told of a large treasure belonging to Idi Amin.
 And those women they repeated his every word.
 Okay, not completely literally... *In each sentence they also said two times *blub**

Omar said for example:
'with the financial inheritance of our hail-leader Dada a huge laboratory has been built where a biological memory manipulating virus has been developed..

And those women would repeat simultaneously and monotonous:
**blub*, '!', with the financial inheritance of our hail-leader Dada a huge laboratory has been built where a biological memory manipulating virus has been developed, *blub*'*

Omar then instructed:
*"We have the intention of bringing a form of justice that will make mankind forget the lessons in what is bad.
 That is our revenge, our answer to forgiveness! "*

Yes, you already get the picture ...
 These women would say in unison:
**blub*, '!', "We have the intention of bringing a form of justice that will make mankind forget the lessons in what is bad.
 That is our revenge, our answer to forgiveness!" *blub**

Scène 4.9 After they have been dropped off I continued to observe them.

When I arrived at the hotel they all stepped out of my taxi and entered the hotel.

As Omar paid me he stared deep into my eyes, and said to me:

"What you have heard concerns the improvement of Human Rights!

You are sure to forget what you just saw and heard, if I give you a big tip,...

"That is the taxi driver's code of honour" I told him.

And he paid me twice the price of the fare.

I was so baffled by what had just happened.

I parked the car a block away so that I could see them enter the hotel.

I decided to wait a while and see what would happen.

In any case I did not want to drive away, no more fleeing.

This war criminal, this violator of Human Rights, I had to catch him.

How dared he, who had perpetrated such numerous crimes, a society - us - who had given him the right to be forgotten by it,

because who still remembered this Omar?

use Human Rights to violate Human Rights?

That is contrary to **article 30 Universal Rights of Man:**

Nothing in this declaration may be interpreted as implying for any State, group or person any right to engage in any activity or to perform any act aimed at the destruction of any the rights and freedoms set forth herein.

In the 1970s, when idi Amin and Omar were in power, there was not yet a consumer internet.

The right to be forgotten was then quite normal and applied to everyone.

Now, in 2010 nearly three quarters of internet users is concerned about safety on internet.

Because once you have made your presence there, you will not be forgotten..

Now, 30 years later Omar had been forgotten, we too have forgotten his deeds....

But that cannot be right ...

Those deeds have taught us how NOT to act...!

We say we have learned from our mistakes, but still make the same mistakes.

And the person?, he could have been many other persons...

To forget him, is to forgive....

(only if he has learned from it...)

BLOCK 5 MONOLOGUE: Pursuit

Drama-ingredients: action, adventure, thriller, samsara, karma, special effects on set, filo's, pragmatism, animation, gags, stunts

Scène 5.1 The driver waits in his car;

Meanwhile it was 06.00 o'clock in the morning, and I was still wide awake, waiting in my taxi.

For hours on end I sat waiting in my car for something to happen, but with no result.

Then my cell phone rang.

It was Maria.

She asked if I could come and collect her, at the same address where she had worked all night.

That was not far from where I had been waiting for Omar for many hours.

Scène 5.2 Maria is collected

I collected her and drove back with her to the place outside the hotel.

Meanwhile I explained to her what was going on.

She wanted to help me.

She said this was a great opportunity to cure the elderly of dementia by Alzheimer....

Because, if the memory can be formatted by manipulating the tau protein, which plays a role in the transport of nutrients through the cell, this may possibly also lead to the process where brain cells die being stopped whereby abnormal degradation and intracellular entanglements are deleted

I understood nothing about this medico-biological IT voodoo, and pretended I did....

What I did understand, is that if your memory is affected by a disease

or by commercial companies,

it does not make Man a happier being...

Instead of the light of progress, formatting the memory is the way to take people's personality away.

I began to realize that they were dealing with infringement of me.

I started to realize that they were engaged in violating

article 6 Universal Rights of Man, the RIGHT TO RECOGNITION AS A PERSON

Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law.

Manipulation of memory will become the danger of the 21st century,

The citizen as internet consumer will be duped to the fullest..

History is rewritten, except no one is the person that knows this,.

Orson Wells had already predicted it ...

Scène 5.3 Waiting together in the car; idi's brother leaves his location.

I looked at my watch, it was 7:08.

2 men left the hotel.

One of them was Omar.

You recognized him immediately by his neurotic smoking behavior.

That man smokes a lot of cigarettes.

They got in a car across the street and drove off.

I started my car and followed them.

Maria was sitting next to me.

Scène 5.4 Omar thinks he has shaken off his pursuer

It was very quiet on the streets in this neighborhood, practically no one about.

These two men soon realized that they were being followed

and tried to shake us off by increasing their speed.

The distance increased a little, but I could still keep up with them.

Scène 5.5 A near accident

We drove full throttle, straight through red lights.

I tried to keep up with them and was going fast into a bend.

Maria held tight, she screamed when an old man crossed the road.

Watch out! She cried.

You nearly hit that man, you don't want to hurt him, do you?

I looked at her for a moment.

The problem of the action is that you become ruthless because you're forgetting love, I answered.

article 3: Universal Rights of Man: RIGHT TO LIFE LIBERTY AND SECURITY OF PERSON

Everyone has the right to life, liberty, and security of person.

After which I continued driving at a high speed.

Scène 5.6 Driving without lights in the dark.

During the chase I turned off my lights,

so that Omar and his companion would find it difficult to see us in the morning twilight.

We now drove through a busy neighbourhood, all the various cars in front of us prevented them from seeing us.

It seemed as if they thought they had lost us.

In the forest it was still very dark, I could see very little without my headlights on.

But I managed.

After having followed them for one hour, they stopped somewhere in the middle of nowhere, where a huge laboratory complex emerged from the dark.

BLOCK 6 MONOLOGUE: Laboratory

Drama-ingredients: action, adventure, thriller, spirituality, samsara, karma, special effects on set, pragmatism,

Scène 6.1 Pursuit ends at a huge laboratory

Their car arrived at a huge building, with fences and guard houses.
Armed men with dogs patrolled the grounds...
The car drove into the compound and the gate shut, I could not pursue them any further.
To go back was no option for me, I had to know what was going on there.
I parked my car a little further into the forest, and decided to go and take a look.
I told Maria to stay in the car, but she was determined to come along with me.

Scène 6.2 Over the fence

We made a tour around the fence, halfway I saw a possible way in.
It was an area where no guards were standing and I could easily climb over the fence.
I looked quickly around me to see if someone could see me, it was safe.
Without further thought I clambered over it as first.
Maria followed me and I helped her climb over the fence.
Under cover of the plants and trees growing in the garden we ran to the building.

Scène 6.3 Having arrived at the building

Through the windows of the building we could see men in white suits.
What was going on here?
From our position outside, we were not able to see what they were doing there.
There were also several guards on the grounds.
One of them with his dog was coming our way.
We had to find a way of getting inside fast.

Scène 6.4 Sneaking in through the cellar.

There was a window slightly ajar, the room was in a basement.
I could just fit through it and found myself in a dark room.
A man lay in a bed, his eyes open, but he seemed soulless...
Maria followed me.
We both looked at the man, who was not dead, but like a fish was gasping for air.
blubblub** he kept saying...
I heard voices in the corridor.
I peeked around the door and saw 2 men dressed in white suits walk past.
Maria was quiet as a mouse, she grasped my hand.



Scène 6.5 Creeping along the corridor

We crept quietly through the corridor, in what looked like to be a hospital.
Everything was white and brightly lit, there were several rooms with beds and all kinds of medical equipment.
In one room we saw elderly people, but in another room also children.!
Suddenly I heard people approaching in the corridor.
We quickly fled into one of the rooms.

Scène 6.6 In the video control room of the security services.

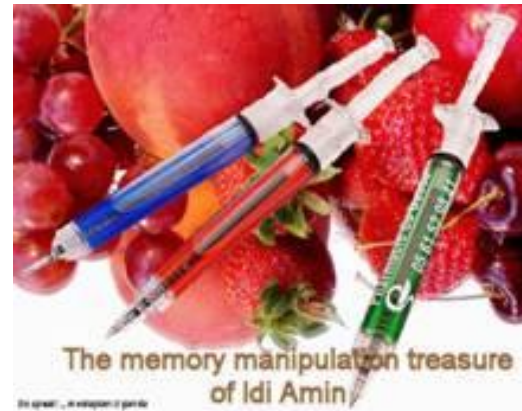
There was no one present in the room.
In this room there were only TV screens.
They were all connected to the camera's in and around the building.
This was the security coordination room of the building!
You could see everything that happened, would they also have seen us creep into the building?
Well, I was not worried about that, I had what I had come for: I had gained insight into what this place was about!

BLOCK 7 MONOLOGUE: Discovery of the effects of the injections

Drama-ingredients: thriller, spirituality, samsara, karma, special effects on set, pragmatism, animation, horror

Scène 7.1 Introduction video-computerimages

On some TV images you saw doctors dressed in white sterile suits, with a large syringe in their hands.
 On other TV's you saw robotarms attach wires in the noses and mouths of people that were tied down.
 All ears had headphones on.
 And all patients had their eyes open.
 Some patients were alone and without wires in their bed *blub* *blub*.
 Some patients were shouting, they shrieked in fear: the fear could be seen in their eyes too.
 Most showed no sign of a soul or energy in their eyes.



Scène 7.2 Computer images of memories

On a TV screen in another room stood enormous stacks with computers which were "on".
 You could see small screens and hear sounds.
 On the screens you could see children playing, people at school, but all *POINT OF VIEW* of that person, and what they were saying was also audible.
 For example, the saying aloud of arithmetic tables learned at school.
 You could see images of books being read and pages being turned over.
 Some were played at "normal" speed, but most of the images were accelerated.

Scène 7.3 images of patients



On one of the screens I saw 2 men that I had pursued.
 They were talking in a room where a 'patient' lay with wires on his head, stomach, and arms, connected to a computer.
 There were also wires coming out of the headphones on his ears.
 There were more patients receiving treatment.
 One undergoing forced medical drugging, others were soulless objects of suffering.
 Those rapid images...Were they memories?

What I was now witnessing was in violation of

article 3: Universal Rights of Man: RIGHT TO LIFE LIBERTY SECURITY OF PERSON

Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person.

And here memories were being adjusted for the short term, the medium term and also the long term, violating the right to life, freedom and security of person.

Scène 7.4 Computer images of Robot-nano's

Omar was standing next to someone in a white suit with a large syringe.
 Despite being in a sterile room, he was smoking like a chimney.
 What was being injected?
 The man with the syringe was injecting something into the ear of the patient strapped down to the bed.
 On a screen could be seen how minute nano-robots in the brain of a patient attach themselves like a kind of crab louse to the frontal lobe.
 These neuro transmitters are purely meant to copy the memory data of beings of feelings.
 What happens here is that personal data that are the sole property of the person become property of the company....

Scène 7.5 Computer images of life experiences: baby

After this on the computer screen appeared all kinds of images at an accelerated pace of a mother, her point of view of her baby as it is lovingly treasured by her.

That is actually quite strange, because people can almost remember nothing of events prior to the age of 2.

Apparently that information is unconsciously stored!

Scène 7.6 Computer images of life experiences: infant

Most adults can usually only remember a few events from before they were five years old..

The images were interposed by a point of *POINT OF VIEW* of a an infant, who was being hit in the face by his father.

Scène 7.7 Computer images of life experiences: adolescent

You also saw that the father was a heavy drinker.

The picture showed small black holes, after each drink had been downed because thousands of neurons are lost after drinking one glass of alcohol....

Those black holes show that excessive alcohol use not only has a negative effect on the short term memory, but also on the long term memory.

I can remember being drunk once, everything turned black then....

The general decline of the memory is partly related to the decrease of awareness of mind.

Excessive drinking causes black holes in your memory!

Scène 7.8 Computer images of life exeperiences: adult

All this was interspersed with images of a funeral of someone's father.

You could then hear that Omar saying, "*inject that forget virus...., do it digitally, via wifi*".

All these acts are violations of

article 12: Universal Rights of Man: RIGHT TO PRIVACY.

**No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon his honour and reputation.
Everyone has the right to the protection of the law against such interference or attacks.**

The virus has been set in such a way that the privacy of a self is deleted.

Forcibly it can be said, clearly no permission has been given for the use of these personal data!

Scène 7.9 Computer images of life experiences: dreams

Very clear HD images with vague memories could be seen on the computer screens.

That is because that particular person had more or had less sleep in his or her life.

Sleep plays a crucial role in the creation of memories.

Internet users also slept often, especially in the beginning when they – with little thought - ticked the box to sign up for one of those fantastic and free services.

Scène 7.10 Omar looks straight into the camera at them

I saw Omar with a pleased look on his face,

but suddenly he made a gesture to say it had been enough.

He turned around and suddenly looked straight into the camera which was connected to the screen I was watching....

He scared me to death, pointing his finger at me.

Was he looking at us? Did he know we were here?

I felt shivers going down my spine, I knew we were not safe here.

We had to flee...!

But I could not go anywhere, people were standing in the corridor and there was no window in this room.

I could very well guess what they would do to us if we were to fall in their hands.

BLOCK 8 MONOLOGUE: Capture and preparations to be used as guinea pig.

Drama-ingredients: adventure, thriller, spirituality, actuality, samsara, special effects on set, pragmatism, animation, gags, horror,

Scène 8.1 Sedated by gas

Both of us felt we had to get out of this room, to get to the corridor and look for a way out there.

But when I tried to open the door it was locked!

Maria started to hyperventilate, our backs were against the wall.

Through the ventilation holes coloured air was being blown out.

It was a gas that sedates the brain.

A type of drug,
chemical weapons!...

From that moment, there is a black hole in my memory.

I lost consciousness.

Scène 8.2 You see your life passby like in a film

When I woke up, I was tied up in a bed, I could not move and had a terrible headache.

I looked around me and saw little because bright lights shined in my eyes.

Many wires were taped to my head and plugs in my ears.

Next to me stood a TV screen, images flashed past.

But those images were coming from my head.

They all were memories *of mine*, from my past.

Images of the time when I was working for Idi Amin.

I tried not to remember, but it did not work ...

In one way or another, I was psychologically forced to look at all my memories.

As my grandfather had once told.

He said: "*young boy, just before the moment you die,*

a film starts to play very fast from the beginning of your life to the end of it now that you are about to die.
And in a flash you see your life before you".

But that was happening now!

Only it was not going fast but slow.

And despite all those flashbacks, I could still think.

I still had my consciousness.

I was only tied up physically, they had not sucked up my will.

Scène 8.3 communicating is blub blub

Then I understood at once what was going on....

I had received an injection with a transmitter of biological nano-neuro's
precisely about what Omar had talked of in my taxi.

At once I saw what made this information so valuable for all databases:

the metadata (that *is the data describing the characteristics of certain data*, for example data about
data, such as where, when and by whom the data were created)

that is data about human social behavior,

and of value to a company.

What was happening here however was psychological,

My personal data as an individual were being robbed from me.

In the bed next to mine lay Maria.

She seemed unconscious, she lay there with her eyes open.

And that sound she was making ...

**blub* *blub* *blub*.*

Scène 8.4 Mary's memory renders juicy images

Maria received all Omar's attention.

It looked like porn what they were looking at on that computer screen...

He was standing next to a number of technicians in front of me, with his back towards me.

I could hear that they were listening to the many secrets that Maria knew about highly placed political and police officials who had shared a bed with her during her professional practice.

By injecting hightech nana-bio particles, Omar and his technical staff could observe on a computer screen the memory images of Maria Mach that were being copied.

The data information from Mary's brain was apparently so impressive, or instinctively so attractive, that there was no more attention paid to me.

Were they observing her professional practice?

Or were they listening to those politicians?

Or is that the same thing...?

Scène 8.5 All my personal data is copied

Suddenly I had a throbbing headache,

I wanted to cry out,

but all I could say was **blub**.

I started to froth at the mouth,

but still I could see everything.

I felt how my soul energy was slowly being sucked out through my ears.

In the dental mirror above me, I took on the appearance of a zombie.

I heard Omar say that the memory manipulating virus should not yet be put into "delete-mode".

His exact words were: *'with him we need to wait a bit before formatting'*.

"First her, this is very interesting information that is being released."

"Let's go to the central control room, we can then better evaluate the data".

And there they went, that Omar and his medical technicians.

They left the room, and Maria and me were left on our own, except for the zombies in the other part of the room.

I started to realize that they were engaged in violating

article 6 Universal Rights of Man, the RIGHT TO RECOGNITION AS A PERSON

Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law.

This virus erases memories and personal memory, whereby the essence of a person, the personality, is lost. This makes the person a living corpse...

He is no longer a person, we have become robots!

Here was a company unilaterally engaged in saving all data, deleting original data,

And as a consumer I did not have the means to decide myself, whether I can move my knowledge from one company to another,

I can request to save my own property, my life, somewhere else, but that company decides, not me....

In that flash I realized also that the right that I want to decide myself where I am forgotten, and where not, is not an absolute right.

Because companies which have a good reason for retaining personal data, are not obliged to remove certain personal information

But this is just a little bit of the personal memory that is mine.

For example, the right to have personal information removed from the Internet means that internet users can (have) their old photos or movies on a social networking site erased.

However what takes place in this laboratory...

They are stealing not a photo-moment, but my whole life!

This is evil!

Not only my face is in a book, my whole personality is engulfed ...

you can google that ...see their privacy terms...

BLOCK 9 *MONOLOGUE*:The escape, but the effects of the injections goes on

Drama-ingredients: action, thriller, spirituality, actuality, samsara, special effects on set, pragmatism, animation

Scène 9.1 I will free myself from my chains

My whole body was sweaty.

I was still connected with all wires to that sucking computer.

Except for the sound of the monitor it was all quiet in the room.

I was tied to the bed with straps, how could I get out of this?

I looked around me, in this room there were also other patients, they lay there like zombies.

The camera's that were hanging from the ceiling were all directed at Maria, I was clearly not in focus.

All these years I had been relieved of these terrible persons, here I was again in captivity.

At that moment I became so angry.

that with all the power that I still had, I tried to wriggle myself out of the straps.

This imprisonment is a violation of

article 9 Universal Rights of Man: Prohibition of ARBITRARY ARREST

No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile.

Here people were forcibly imprisoned and treated psychologically in such a way, that they are socially outcast. That always happens to zombies, they are not socially acceptable.

The straps were very tight, I was not able to free myself quickly.

I used more strength, I think I nearly broke my arms,

but a strap came undone, and so freed myself and got out of the bed.

Scène 9.2 Liberation of the zombies

Out of sight of the camera I freed all patients that were lying there.

These patients have all been memory-erased, thier hard drive was blank, their eyes were dull and soulless.

hun harde schijf was leeg, er was geen ziel meer in hun ogen te bekennen.

Most of them got out of bed and walked around aimlessly.

I instructed them to help me and to free their fellow prisoners.

It was like a choir!

They all said together: " *blub*, 'help mij!, free the others, *blub*".

En: *blub* doe mij na, kopieer mijn gedrag!, *blub*

They were unprogrammed zombies, hundreds of them.

Their memories had been erased, but they had not yet been reprogrammed..

I thought of a favorite saying of Mary's from way back:

"My God, what a huge job awaits to refill all these empty heads with knowledge about love..."

Or will they be kicked out onto the street? Prone to the law of the strongest?

Scène 9.3 Freeing Mary

Then I came to Mary ...

On her monitor there was only a yellow stripe on blackness.

Her entire memory was formatted.

She looked at me with empty soulless eyes.

blub

I freed her and told her to stand up.

She responded just like Omar's women, she said:

blub get up! *blub*

From that moment, in everything she did she followed me

Scène 9.4 Escape from the building

When I opened the door, all the other patients also as zombies followed me.
 In the corridor there was nobody to be seen, I ran quickly to the swinging doors down the corridor,
 All the alarm bells began to wail.
 Beside the water hoses there was a large gas valve built in,
 I opened it as far as it would go.
 It was the same coloured gas as we had previously inhaled.
 A chemical agent to stun large groups of people ...
 The gas flowed quickly from the pipe and filled the entire lab.
 With a cloth over my mouth, and Mary likewise,
 I made a get away and ran to the exit, which of course was locked.
 That is always the case in such situations.
 I threw in a window and jumped outside.
 Followed directly by Maria and all the other zombies.
 When I looked back I saw zombies jumping through all the glass windows and falling downwards.

Scène 9.5 Running to my car

As fast as I could we ran away.
 Climbed over the fence and ran to my taxi van.
 The guard dogs and the guards were doing their best to stop all these zombies, but there were too many of them.
 When I reached the car, I saw so much chaos around the laboratory complex, it looked like a revolution!
 The guards could not cope any more.

Scène 9.6 The laboratory explodes

Omar was walking down the corridor giving his staff instructions to accompany all zombies back to their wards.
 Nervously Omar lit another cigarette and...
BAMMMMM!!!
 There was an enormous fire mass and the building exploded in all directions.
 Many zombies and all medical technicians, as well as Omar were killed instantaneously.
 The lab was irreparably destroyed.

Scène 9.7 Safe in the car

I was looking at it through my rearview mirror and drove as fast as possible out of the forest.
 Maria sat next to me.
 The only thing she could say was **Blub**
 Meanwhile many zombies walked free on the street.

Scène 9.8 The virus on internet

Later I heard the rumour that the virus could not only be injected by a syringe, but also through nano-particles off internet entering headphones of users and so enter their heads.

My plea for *the right to be forgotten*

should not only lead to better protection of citizens' personal data, but also to boost the digital internet economy.

The fact is that if people have real confidence in online communication technologies because they have control over the information stored on them, this confidence boosts the economy.

Companies may have the right to keep the digital files of their users indefinitely, but when a user indicates this to be against his wishes, this right expires.

Companies are allowed to have the right to identify all users of their services.
 but when a user indicates no longer to allow this, this right expires.

Companies may retain the right to integrate all data in all their digital services:

from search engines, e-mail, satellite images of your location presences, to your owning your voice, your photos, your videos, your text messages, and various other apps.

but if the user indicates no longer to wish this, the right expires.

Companies will have to fulfill fewer formalities and make fewer costs to prevent private data without approval being accessed by third parties.'

Companies should be required to have a 'privacy officer' who monitors the compliance with the rules.' In addition to the overall supervisory body it needs be that in each state an authority is set up that is independent of politics and industry.

This organization will be responsible for maintaining links with companies and consumers in situations that play in that country.

Such uniform guidelines will save billions of euro's, dollars and Ugandan Shillings.

The right to be forgotten is a privacy and economic right.



BLOCK 10 *MONOLOGUE*:Evaluation

Drama-ingredients: humour, spirituality, actuality, samsara, karma, pragmatism, love

Scène 10.1 The message of not forgetting

The greatest strength of the Human is willpower.
I had neutralized a black page in my life.
I would like to end with the message: do not forget that you must not forget.
Because every time, we forget love, the care for each other, we forget the lessons of the past,
that if you forget the happiness of others, and think only of yourself, the
beast in every man comes alive..

Scène 10.2 Looking after Maria

I now look after Maria, with all the love she had for others,
And in this way I give it back to her.
I am now obliged to reprogramme her,
she will not become like the woman of my dreams,
because I will make her as she was,
I will remake her with all her talents, why she was here on earth: to be herself!
This provides proof of a makeable World.
A world in which everyone learns they are allowed to be themselves.
And the talents that have been received as special gifts at birth, be allowed to develop.
Maria's talents in life are: caring, love and compassion for others.
If she wishes to return to her former profession, that is her own choice, her responsibility.
Maybe also her pleasure.
I programme her without any interest for myself because I'm still happily married.
I do this completely in the spirit of **article 19: Rights of Man:**



**Everyone has the right to freedom of expression and opinion.
This right includes the freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive
and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers.**

Although the virus has destroyed individual expression by means of its forget effect, but the new data I enter into her mind, is not my opinion but is in the spirit of her, when she was still knowing.

Scène 10.3 Caring for others

If you ever, and there is a big chance, come across empty disks.
know then that you have encountered an ignorant zombie..,
and remember: develop their own talents without self-interest, with care and love.
blub

ARTICLE 29 Universal Rights of Man: DUTIES TO THE COMMUNITY

**Everyone has duties to the community in which alone the free and full development of his personality is possible.
In the exercise of his rights and freedoms, everyone shall be subject only to such limitations as are determined by law solely for the purpose of securing due recognition and respect for the rights and freedoms of others and of meeting the just requirements of morality, public order and the general welfare in a democratic society.**

blub

END-LEADER

CREDITS

The preceding story was fictional. No actual person or event was depicted, except for the historical character of idi Amin Dada.

End