

# STREET SMART

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FADE IN:

**EXT. HOBOKEN STREET - DUSK**

Cigarette butts line narrow streets where kids with frosted tips and baggy jeans talk about their plans for Friday night. There's a distant hum of the city's endless activity. The faint smell of exhaust fumes hang in the humid air.

ANTONY, 22, short hair, that he spent an hour spiking at the front to look 'effortlessly' cool. He's the kind of guy who irons his t-shirts.

He's walking with his brother, CHRISTOPHER, 18--skinny and pale wearing loosely-fitting clothes. He's a tech whiz who owns more computers than pairs of pants.

A delivery van obscures the view of the road as Christopher begins to cross--just as a car passes! HONK!!

At the last second, Antony pulls Christopher back.

ANTONY

You're wrong, but that doesn't mean  
you should step into traffic.

Christopher exhales in relief.

CHRISTOPHER

I thought there was a gap.

They continue across the street and walk along a black fence.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

I'll maybe concede that *Seven* is  
the better movie. But Brad Pitt's  
much better in *12 Monkeys*.

ANTONY

(imitating Pitt)

"What's in the Box?" Nothing in *12  
Monkeys* compares.

They stop at a crack in the fence. Christopher pulls back the mesh curtain.

**EXT. ABANDONED WONDER BREAD FACTORY - DUSK**

Antony ducks through the gap in the fence and a panoramic vista of New York City comes into view for the first time.

We're *On The Waterfront*, but it's not 1955--it's 1995!

Manhattan's glass towers reflect the sunset, bathing the rotting pier and abandoned Wonder Bread factory in warm light -- a postcard of promise across the river from decay.

The area's been reclaimed by nature and Hoboken's youth as an evening hangout.

A few are sat on cinder blocks drinking beer.

A teenage boy and girl disappear into the bushes together.

A group of goths and alternative kids with long hair and black clothes pass a cigarette between themselves.

Antony is older and uncomfortable around these teens. He hangs back at the entrance. Christopher spots the goths.

CHRISTOPHER  
Give me half an hour.

ANTONY  
Toss me my book.

Christopher swings his backpack off his shoulder, and pulls out a book: "The Rules: Time-tested Secrets for Capturing the Heart of Mr. Right"

CHRISTOPHER  
Looking for a sexy hunk, eh?

ANTONY  
It's market research. You gotta  
know how the other side thinks.

Christopher gets up and with a cheeky smile ribs Antony.

CHRISTOPHER  
I just hope Mr. Right treats you  
right.

Then he quickly jogs away as Antony performatively kicks dirt at him.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
(calling back)  
Past performance doesn't guarantee  
future returns.

Antony watches his brother approach the goths as he cracks open the book and settles in against the fence.

**EXT. BESIDE THE FACTORY - CONTINUOUS**

Christopher bounds up to the goths & slips off his backpack.

CHRISTOPHER

Dean-o! I got what you're looking  
for. Metallica. Megadeth.

**EXT. BESIDE THE BREAK IN THE FENCE - LATER**

Antony checks his watch as NOODLE (21) enters--tall and thin  
like a pasta noodle who spends all his money on weed so can't  
afford to get fat from the munchies.

NOODLE

Your brother around?

Antony warily eyes him back.

NOODLE (CONT'D)

He's got CDs for me.

Antony nods to the crowd near the water.

ANTONY

I'll take you.

**EXT. NEAR THE RIVER - CONTINUOUS**

The two approach a group flipping through CDs. Christopher  
spots them.

CHRISTOPHER

Noodle!

He gives Noodle an elaborate handshake, then reaches into his  
bag and passes him a couple of CDs: bootleg copies of the new  
Smashing Pumpkins and Green Day albums.

NOODLE

My man!

Noodle slides Christopher an eighth of hash wrapped in foil.

CHRISTOPHER

What's this?

NOODLE

It's bare out there, homie. Hash is  
all anyone is selling.

Antony shakes his head as Noodle lives down to expectations.

CHRISTOPHER  
What the hell? I don't know what to  
do with this.

NOODLE  
You just roll it into a spliff.  
Here.

He takes back the hash, grabs a paper from his pocket, and inserts a roach.

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
Pass me a cigarette.

CHRISTOPHER  
I don't smoke. Wait! You smoke!

NOODLE  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
But I can't let a loosey go for  
less than a quarter, though.

Christopher reaches into his pocket and pays. Antony rolls his eyes. Noodle tears the cigarette, drops tobacco on the paper and heats up the hash with a lighter.

Christopher watches closely; Noodle crumbles the hash onto the joint.

CHRISTOPHER  
Nood--which Brad Pitt is better?  
*Seven or 12 Monkeys?*

Noodle raises the joint to his mouth and licks it sealed.

NOODLE  
*True Romance* Brad Pitt. Floyd's the man.

He lights the joint and takes a long drag.

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
(imitating Pitt)  
Don't condescend me, man. I'll fucking kill you, man.

Christopher smiles approvingly and leans forward to take the joint. Noodle ignores him and takes another huge drag.

NOODLE (CONT'D)  
(imitating Pitt)  
Get some beer... and... and some cleaning products.

Just as he takes another drag a police siren starts and flashing lights fill the area. Everyone scarpers. Christopher grabs his bag and CDs and runs.

Noodle takes another huge drag and pockets the hash. Before he can run, Antony grabs his arm and plucks the spliff from his mouth.

Police begin to emerge through the gap in the fence.

Noodle reluctantly hands over the hash.

ANTONY  
Gimme his quarter, too.  
(Noodle hesitates)  
You're already holding his product  
and his cash. That's not business--  
that's stealing.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

Christopher ducks into an alley and catches his breath.

CHRISTOPHER  
Too close!

A cop appears at the far end, backlit by street lights--just a silhouette except for the distinctive hat and the badge catching a glint of light.

COP  
Caruso! I saw you running.

Christopher, panting, turns to run but sees flashing police lights blocking his escape.

COP (CONT'D)  
You're selling pirated CDs. This  
won't slide.

Antony appears, locking eyes with the cop.

ANTONY  
Bungle?

BUNGLE  
This isn't high school stuff,  
Caruso. I'm booking your brother  
for selling bootleg CDs.

ANTONY  
Oh shit, Bungle! You went into the  
family business!

BUNGLE

I graduated the academy like  
everyone else.

Antony feels in control and saunters past Bungle to his brother's side. Antony puts his arm around his younger brother.

ANTONY

How about you take the CDs and let  
us go. It's a win for you and we'll  
get lost.

BUNGLE

I won't have him slinging this junk  
in my city any more.

ANTONY

Jeez, bungle. It's not like these  
kids are going to pay \$20 for a new  
CD. No one loses out from pirated  
discs. Anyway,  
(to Christopher)  
you promise to stop?

Christopher nods meekly and hands the bag of CDs to Antony.

CHRISTOPHER

Promise.

Antony tosses the bag to Bungle who drops it! Christopher flashes him a smile and shoots finger guns at him.

ANTONY

Bungle!

BUNGLE

I don't want to see you littering  
the waterfront. It's a delicate  
ecosystem.

ANTONY

Ecosystems! Ms. Elm's class!

BUNGLE

Is that clear?

ANTONY

Crystal.

Christopher nods and Bungle leaves.

After a beat Antony hands his brother the joint and hash.

CHRISTOPHER  
Thanks, man. You saved my ass!

Christopher lights the mashed spliff, inhales, and coughs as he's already out of breath. He offers Antony, who declines.

ANTONY  
You can't keep doing this.

CHRISTOPHER  
Come on! I just smoke on weekends.

ANTONY  
Not the weed. Selling knock-off CDs for pocket change. You wanna end up a loser, like Noodle.

CHRISTOPHER  
It's not like that.

ANTONY  
It is.

Antony flicks the quarter back to his brother.

ANTONY (CONT'D)  
Come to work with me on Monday.  
Ellis is always looking for new talent.

CHRISTOPHER  
Screw that! Dad dabbled with Wall Street and look what happened to him.

ANTONY  
I'm not like the guys who screwed dad over. I'm the one doing the screwing now. Getting rich and getting even.

CHRISTOPHER  
I don't know.

Christopher takes another drag and coughs again.

ANTONY  
Either that, or get a job at RadioShack.

CHRISTOPHER  
(examining the joint)  
At least they sell electronics.

ANTONY  
 They sell batteries to people who  
 can't program their VCRs.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

**EXT. BROTHERS' APARTMENT - MONDAY MORNING**

A pre-war brick walkup with a green awning: "251 6th Street."

**INT. ANTONY'S ROOM - SAME**

Brown cigarette stains web across the ceiling. Layers of lead paint tell the building's age like tree rings.

At the far end of the railroad apartment, Antony's domain: made bed, ironed shirts hung with military precision, weights in the corner. He fixes his hair in a prominently placed mirror, then drowns himself in CK One.

**INT. CHRISTOPHER'S BEDROOM - SAME**

A mattress on the floor. Smashing Pumpkins and Sublime posters. Computer parts everywhere.

Christopher hunches over a keyboard, typing intensely--in the zone.

ANTONY (O.S.)  
 Come on. We gotta bounce.

**MONTAGE - MORNING COMMUTE**

-- The brothers exit their building, past a row of strollers outside a preK

-- JARED COHEN, late 40s, in a perfectly tailored pinstripe suit poured over ambition given human form. The kind of man who treats life like a zero-sum game (and hasn't lost since the '80s). He closes his Greenwich mansion's door. A waiting town car, manicured lawn, no neighbors in sight

-- PATH station: CLINK of fare token, CLUNK through turnstile. Brothers squeeze onto packed train as doors DING shut

-- World Trade Center to Liberty Securities: brothers climb narrow stairs past rat traps under buzzing fluorescent light