

HOW TO MAKE IT IN AMERICA

by

Ian Edelman

September 16, 2008

GOOD MORNING BROOKLYN - MONTAGE

Early morning in the outer Borough. Across the river but worlds apart from Money Making Manhattan, this is a blemished Apple. Enterprising homeless people rummage through the trash for recycling, old Korean men do tai-chi in the park, early bird hipsters walk their pit bull rescues.

We punch in above it all - into a studio apartment.

*

INT. STUDIO APT - MORNING

A small studio apartment packed with collectibles: records, sneakers, art books and stacks and stacks of identical, unused skate decks.

ANGLE ON: The Wilfredo Lopez Pro Model featuring a graphic of an elephant in a pimp suit flanked by slutty looking giraffes.

This is the home of BEN EPSTEIN - mid 20's, lean and scruffy. Ben is struggling to do push ups in his living room.

BEN
(to himself)
7...9... fuck it.

He falls to ground then pops up and goes directly to his kitchen. He pulls open a drawer and pulls out a pack of cigarettes. There are two left.

Ben lights a cigarette off the stove and takes a big drag. His exhale is pure joy.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - MORNING

LIL WAYNE "A Milli" comes over loud through a pair of cheap oversized COBY headphones. Wearing the headphones is CAMERON TELFAIR - light brown skin, mid 20's, very good looking - he appears to be floating down Marcy avenue.

We pull back to reveal that Cam is actually riding on the axel pegs of a BMX bike. Driving the bike is a gangly 11 year old Hasidic boy.

In front of an old building the Hasidic boy stops. Cam hops off the bike, returns the headphones and gives the boy a soulful handshake.

CAM
Aight Avi, stay strong Hebrew.

Cam enters the building.

CUT TO:

INT. BEN'S APT - MOMENTS LATER

Ben sits at his kitchen table enjoying a moment of complete cigarette Zen - violently interrupted by a loud KNOCK on the door. Ben quickly crushes out the cigarette and wafts the smoke as he opens the door. Cam blows past Ben.

CAM
I gotta piss, yo!

BEN
I can't believe you actually got up this early.

The rushing sound of long over due piss.

CAM (O.C.)
Up early? I never slept, man. I just left that tattooed girl.

BEN
She's not a lesbian?

Over the piss sound.

CAM (O.C.)
She is. But she makes an exception for black dudes.

BEN
You're black?

CAM (O.C.)
Black enough! Were you smoking?

BEN
No!

CAM (O.C.)
You know you owe me a hundred dollars if you were smoking.

BEN
What's up with the decks? I gotta get these out of my apartment.

CAM (O.C.)
Nobody wants them. Sorry bro.

BEN
What happened to Mr., I can sell
ice to Eskimos?

Cam walks back into the main room and plops down on the couch.

CAM
You can't sell skateboards without
the skater! Wilfredo is officially
a missing person now. Nobody can
find him.

BEN
Fucking Wilfredo man.

INSERT: Portrait sequence. Wilfredo Lopez dancing/
skateboarding in Washington Square Park.

BEN (CONT'D)
He could've just told me he hated
my designs.

CAM
It's got nothing to do with your
design - Wilfredo lost his mind!

BEN
If my design didn't suck, kids
would've bought his deck - and
Wilfredo wouldn't have had the melt
down.

Cam rolls his eyes - then slowly closes them.

CAM
Don't take all the credit, Ben. You
heard Wilfredo stopped taking his
meds, right?

BEN
(off Cam's closed eyes)
What are you doing?

CAM
I'm tired.

BEN
I told Gingy we'd be there by 8 -
we gotta go.

CAM
Give me 5 minutes.

Ben turns the stereo to the pop station - and pumps the volume all the way up

CAM (CONT'D)
STOP! NO NELLY FURTADO!

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR - MORNING

The New York City skyline looms large in the background as Ben and Cam sit in a mostly empty J train subway car as it rolls over the Manhattan bridge. They sip coffee from the blue "It's a Pleasure to Serve you" bodega coffee cups.

BEN
See, that just sounds exhausting to me.

CAM
Exhausting? That's the Triple Bang Session. Three times before sunrise.

BEN
I'd rather do it once - well.

CAM
I do it well - three times.

Ben looks confused as he pops a piece of Nicorette gum into his mouth.

BEN
And you don't chafe from all this?

CAM
Ben, I think it's been so long you forgot what its like.

BEN
It hasn't been that long.

Cam gives Ben a look.

CAM
I promise you - new pussy will help you get over Rachel.
(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)
Please believe.

Before Ben can respond, their conversation is cut short by:

ANTHONY DELGADO - a chubby, twelve year old Puerto Rican kid.

Anthony enters the subway car holding a COSTCO size box of M&M's and begins his sales pitch:

ANTHONY
Pardon me ladies and gentlemen, my name is Anthony Delgado. I'm out here today selling Peanut M&M's - not for no Boy Scout troop, or no basketball team. I'm out here hustlin' for my damn self. So I can make some money and be a positive member of my community and stay away from drugs and the disgusting fiends that use them.

There are no takers. Anthony waits a beat - then strolls down the car - to Ben and Cam.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
(off of Ben's sneakers)
Oh snap Ben! Where'd you get those?

ANGLE ON: Ben's pristine ultra rare Jordan III sneakers.

Anthony gives Ben and Cam a knuckle to knuckle 'dap' - they know each other.

BEN
From the source!

ANTHONY
How much you want for them?

BEN
They're not going to fit you.

ANTHONY
Not for me, yo. I could flip those in an hour.

BEN
You know how many offers I get on these - it's not about money - it's about respect.

ANTHONY

Look at you two: all the swagger,
downtown respect, thousand dollar
sneakers - and you still taking the
train to work. Pathetic! When I'm
your age, I'mma have me a Mercedes
Maybach.

BEN

Yes. And you'll make an excellent
chauffer.

CUT TO:

INT. GINGY'S GALLERY - MORNING

Chinatown. Ben and Cam arrive at an unassuming storefront
turned gallery space. Opening the door for them is:

GINGY KWAK - Late 20's, half Asian, beautiful, great style.

Gingy greets the boys as they walk in.

ANGLE ON: an empty gallery. The walls are bare, the floor
covered in paintings and prints.

GINGY

(kissing Ben's cheek)
Good morning Sunshine.

Cam walks in behind Ben.

GINGY (CONT'D)

Good morning Meth lab.

CAM

Meth? C'mon Gingy, I'm old school.
I'm like Cocaine and caviar.

BEN

More like Red Bull and Pringles.

*

Cam plops himself down on the floor, then pulls his hood over
his face.

GINGY

What are you doing?

CAM

Give me five minutes - I'll be good
to go!

GINGY

I don't have five minutes Cam! I got Artforum coming at 10. I need this place to look like a real gallery.

BEN

Should we eat first? I'll run out to Cosmos.

CAM

Hell yeah. Get me bacon, egg on a roll -

GINGY

(losing it)

STOP IT! NOBODY IS GOING ANYWHERE OK? I've just spent 18 grand on digital C prints, 7 grand on acid free matting, and don't even ask me about framing. Everything is over budget and I am going to end up broke living out of my car.

A beat. Ben and Cam look at each other.

CAM

Your car is nicer than my crib.

GINGY

You guys are missing the point.

BEN

You could never be broke Gingy.

CAM

Yeah, in the fund we trust girl.

GINGY

(matter of fact)

Actually assholes, I haven't taken a dollar from my father since I was 16. I make my own money now. I just need a little help this morning. Can I count on you two or what?

FADE TO:

INT. GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Gingy are hanging a large sized photograph. Cam hangs smaller pieces in the background.

GINGY

So my friend Jane specifically asked me if you would be at the opening tonight.

BEN

(down playing it)
Which one is Jane?

GINGY

Cute, Dark hair, blue eyes, writes for Elle...She'll definitely have sex with you.

BEN

I wanted to talk to you about tonight...

GINGY

Don't even -

BEN

Gingy, I am sorry to say, but I have retired from New York City nightlife. *'I'm getting too old for this shit.'*

GINGY

The joke was funny the first thirty times you made it.

BEN

It's not a joke.

GINGY

I can't believe you're still scared of running into Rachel.

BEN

(awkward)
I am not.

INSERTS: Fridge photos of Ben and Rachel. At the beach, eating Korean BBQ, dressed up for Halloween.

BEN (CONT'D)

Is she definitely coming?

GINGY

Why, would that be weird?

BEN

Not at all.

GINGY

(trying to bait Ben)

I was going to make it a surprise -
but I want to give you one of Tim's
photos as a thank you for all your
help with the opening.

LOSE ANGLE ON: Tim's photos. Oversized black and white prints
of a group of kids hanging out drinking beers and smoking
weed. Ben can be seen in the background of the photo.

BEN

(a little too much
sarcasm)

Great, that's just what I need: a
framed reminder of what losers all
my friends are.

GINGY

Eeew! Forget it! I was trying to be
nice. But never mind, don't come.

BEN

(back peddling)

I'm kidding. Losers was too harsh -
I meant to say degenerates. Of
course I'll be there.

GINGY

You better. I'm counting on you.

Ben checks his watch.

BEN

I gotta get to work.

FADE TO:

INT. BARNEY'S - LATER

The COOP floor. Ben is setting up the Denim Bar while his
boss, ALEX, a clean cut yoked up gay guy approaches

ALEX

Where's the name tag?

BEN

I lost it.

ALEX
That's the 3rd time. I'm docking
your paycheck 20 dollars to replace
it

Ben rolls his eyes, goes into his pocket and pulls out his
dreaded name tag.

BEN
Found it.

ALEX
Put it on and keep it on.

Ben grudgingly puts on his name tag as Alex sashays off.

DAVID
(O.S)
Ben?

Ben looks up to find a familiar face he can't quite place.

It's DAVID KERPEN - tall and pear shaped (like a woman). With
David is a way out of his league Russian woman. Ben stares at
David speechless.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(pointing at name tag)
Ben Epstein right?

A beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's David Kerpen. From High
School.

INSERT: High School yearbook portraits. We pan over a sea of
awkward young faces landing on David Kerpen with sloppy
clothes and acne.

BEN
(remembering)
Oh right! How you doing David?

David gives Ben a firm hand shake (after which Ben
nonchalantly wipes his palm on his pants).

DAVID
I'm great. Doing great. I'm
managing a little hedge fund - they
got me baby sitting 400 mil. Here -

David pulls out a business card from his pocket: "DAVID
KERPEN ALCHEMY GROUP."

BEN

Wow.

DAVID

This is Natalia!

NATALIA

(thick Russian accent)

Hello.

DAVID

Last time I saw you - you were
skateboarding in Tompkins Square
Park. And Tompkins was still the
hood!

BEN

Ha.

DAVID

How's Cam?

BEN

Good.

DAVID

We gotta all hang out, bro.

BEN

(taps card)

I'll call you.

DAVID

(To Natalia)

You shoulda seen this kid in High
School. He made these tee shirts -
they were the shit! You still doing
art? Cause I collect now by the
way. You ever hear of Damian
Hirst?

BEN

Course.

DAVID

I got some of them.

NATALIA
 (thick Russian accent)
 He needs jeans. Which are cool
 jeans?

David checks the price on a pair

DAVID
 \$350?! Ouch! I shoulda been a
 Garmento!

David laughs at his own joke.

BEN
 (swallowing his pride)
 Let me show you some new jeans we
 just got in from Japan that I think
 you'll like.

DAVID
 Are they gonna fit my fat ass? I
 happen to be oddly shaped.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE TENAMENT - MORNING

Cam walks up the stairs of his dingy apartment building.

INT. CAMS APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Cam opens the door to his apartment to find his sweet old
 Dominican grandmother ROSA cooking up a feast in the kitchen.

Cam gives Rosa a big kiss.

ROSA
 (in Spanish)
 My little angel.

CAM
 Wow, grandma, cooking up a feast
 for the two of us, huh?

Cam washes his hands in the kitchen sink.

ROSA
 It's not just two of us. Guess who
 has come home from Ossining? It's
 your cousin Rene!
 (MORE)

ROSA (CONT'D)
 He got the good behavior. He wanted
 make a surprise for you!

Cam lifts his face from the sink - it's as if he has seen a ghost.

Cam tries to quickly escape.

CAM
 Oh no! Grandma, I forgot your Malta
 at the market. I'll be right back

But it's too late - loud Timberland foot steps can be heard.

Enter RENE CALDERON: a hulking, bald headed, Dominican Pit Bull.

Rene's face lights up at the sight of Cam. Rene grabs Cam in a TIGHT bear hug, almost trying to crush him.

RENE
 (excited)
 You never came to visit! You never
 put nothing in my commissary! What
 happened, yo? You forgot about me?

From under the crushing hug.

CAM
 (gasping for air)
 Of course not.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARNEY'S - EARLY EVENING

Ben exits the building and begins to walk to the subway. A silver Range Rover swerves up to the curb and almost picks Ben off. Cam is behind the wheel.

SANTO GOLD "Creator" pumps through the after market car stereo.

CAM
 Need a lift?

BEN
 (caught off guard)
 What the fuck are you doing? Why do
 you have Gingy's car?

CAM
 Get in.

Ben gets in the Range Rover and Cam peels off.

INT. RANGE ROVER - CONTINUOUS

BEN
Where we going?

CAM
the docks.

BEN
Why?

CAM
Butter soft Marc Buchanan leather
jackets is why. Deal goes away in
an hour. Get in on this with me.

BEN
Oh hell no! I am going home to nap
before Gingy's opening. Pull over.

Cam accelerates to make a yellow light and BLASTS through as
it turns red.

CAM
C'mon yo, easy money. We'll have
fun!

BEN
It's never easy money with you.
That's why I am done dude - I have
a legit job now.

CAM
You're working the denim bar at
Barney's. You're dying in there.

Cam accelerates through yet another yellow light.

BEN
Why are you so desperate to make a
buck all of a sudden? You get the
gay girl pregnant?

Ben pops a piece of Nicorette gum and gives Cam a "stop bull
shitting" look.

CAM
Alright, fuck it...I'mma tell you.

BEN
Tell me what?

CAM
My cousin Rene came home.

BEN
Already?

CAM
And he wants his loan paid back.

BEN
What loan? What are you talking about?

CAM
The five grand for the Wilfredo Lopez Pro Model. He needs it by Monday.

BEN
(getting it)
What? You told me that was an investment from a wall street guy who owed you a favor?

CAM
Investment - loan, what's the difference?

BEN
The difference is your lunatic cousin breaking my arm. Pull over!

CAM
Nobody is breaking your arm.

BEN
He threw you out the window over a video game.

CAM
That was the first floor. It was a joke.

Cam laughs at his cousins criminal ways, but Ben isn't finding any of this funny.

CAM (CONT'D)
Relax Ben, I got it all worked out.
We're good with the leathers.

BEN

That's your idea of having it all
worked out? Boot leg leather
jackets?

CAM

Well, it's the leathers or we sell
coke for my cousin at Gingy's
opening.

Cam slows down at a red light. Ben considers.

BEN

If I go with you to the docks - I'm
smoking without the hundred dollar
penalty.

CAM

Deal.

BEN

Alright fuck it! Take the tunnel -
Gingy's got an E-Z-Pass.

Cam aggressively merges across three lanes of traffic -
making a right turn from the left lane.

INSERTS: still photos of Ben enjoying a cigarette. Blowing
smoke in Cam's face.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DOCKS - DUSK

A hustler's paradise where you can find anything you want -
for cheap. Cam and Ben each hold a black leather jacket in
their hands as a weathered grizzly bear of a dock worker
looks on.

Ben spots a spool of denim, puts down his jacket and walks
over to it for further inspection.

BEN

Is this Selvage?

DOCK WORKER

Fuck Selvage. That's hand dyed
indigo from a left handed weave.

BEN

No way.

DOCK WORKER
Came off a boat from Osaka bound
for Marc Jacobs - until it met me.

BEN
How much?

DOCK WORKER
Three grand.

CAM
Ay yo Ben we don't have 3 grand
today - focus on the pleathers.

DOCK WORKER
They ain't pleather, pal.

Cam takes a jacket and huddles with Ben.

CAM
(in a whisper)
What'chu think?

Ben gives Cam a nod signaling that the jackets are real. But
Ben covers for Cam.

BEN
(in a LOUD whisper, so the
dock worker can hear)
Even the name on the tag is spelled
wrong - straight up bootleg.

Cam swaggers back to the Dock Worker.

CAM
Bad news my dude. These are
bootlegs.

DOCK WORKER
They ain't bootleg.

BEN
Last I checked Buchanan spelled
Mark with a K.

DOCK WORKER
I don't give a shit if he spells it
with a KKK - that's real leather.

BEN
And it's almost summer.

DOCK WORKER

Give me five hundred for the rack.

CAM

Four hundred!

DOCK WORKER

Go fuck yourself.

CAM

Five hundred it is...Ben how much cash you have on you?

CUT TO:

EXT. GALLERY OPENING - EVENING

Hordes of scenesters smoke cigarettes. A Japanese camera crew interviews the man of the evening, photographer Tim.

TIM

I didn't find photography,
photography found me. I was a
living in a halfway house and I
stole a Leica from The Wiz. I just
started shooting. True art is on
the streets. Everything else is
bullshit...By the way, I'm offering
a discount tonight on my 30x40
prints. Very cool for Japan!
Konichiwa!

INT. GALLERY - EVENING

The place is packed. All of downtown has showed up: skaters, models, artists, bankers, actors, Euro-trash, and thugs.

Enter Ben and Cam. They know EVERYBODY and everybody knows them. From the scariest looking drug dealer, to the hottest model - it's all smiles and hugs.

Gingy spots the boys and comes right over. She looks amazing.

GINGY

Finally!

CAM

How's is it going? You moving units
or what?

GINGY
So far, so good.

CAM
I still can't believe people
actually pay for this.... I gotta
get myself a camera.

A party photographer emerges from the crowd. Ben, Gingy, and Cam pose - then break apart.

BEN
Is Rachel here?

GINGY
No, but Jane is!

Gingy takes Ben by the hand and drags him off to meet Jane.

CAM
I'mma catch up with your pops.

GINGY
(as she drags Ben off)
Leave him alone Cam.

CAM
What are you talking about? Your
Dad loves me!

Gingy and Ben walk up to JANE: cute with dark hair and blue eyes - alternative style, like an American Apparel model.

GINGY
Well hello Jane.

JANE
Hi Gingy.

Gingy leans in for a kiss on the cheek.

GINY
This is my friend Ben.

Ben following Gingy's lead, leans in for a kiss but ends up smashing cheek bones with Jane.

BEN
Wow. I think I just broke half your
face off are you OK?

Jane laughs at Ben.

JANE
I'm fine.

GINGY
(excusing herself)
Anybody need a drink?

BEN
No thanks.

Gingy walks off leaving Ben and Jane alone.

JANE
So, I think we may have actually
met once before.

BEN
We have?

JANE
(flirting)
You don't remember?

BEN
Of course I remember...Wait, where
was it?

JANE
I can't believe you don't remember.

BEN
Give me a hint.

JANE
It was at a beautiful loft in
Chinatown.

BEN
Oh, Nico's loft - that was my
birthday party.

JANE
Oh my God. I totally crashed your
birthday party.

BEN
And you didn't even bring me a
gift!

A beat as they share a laugh.

JANE

So, I'm having some people over
after the show, you should come.

BEN

(suddenly awkward)
Yeah...maybe. Not sure I can
tonight. Thanks though.

JANE

Oh...ok..Too bad.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Holding court in a crowd of beautiful women is Gingy's father
and famous restaurateur DONNY KWAK: 60 years old, a small
powerhouse impeccably dressed, with his hair in his signature
perm. Cam stands next to him.

CAM

It's Coldstone Creamery but for
donuts. I call it Build-A-Nut!

DONNY

No Cam.

CAM

You pick your own toppings. Camo
frosting for the dudes, Jimmy Choo
hi heeled sprinkles for the girls!
With a little seed money - this
idea is a smash.

DONNY

I drove a cab in the South Bronx
for the seed money of my first
restaurant Cam.

CAM

That's cause you gangsta, Donny!

DONNY

You keep coming to me with these
crazy ideas, and some of them might
even be good. But everybody has
ideas - nobody wants to put in
work. That's the difference between
you and me.

(MORE)

DONNY (CONT'D)
Don't tell me what you're going to
do, show me what you've done. Then
maybe, finally, I'll write you a
check.

CUT TO:

INT. GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Ben locks eyes with a girl at the bar, then quickly looks
away. It's his ex, RACHEL (pretty, mid 20's, brown hair) and
she is with a guy (older, good looking and wearing a nice
suit).

BEN
(to himself)
Shit.

Ben takes a giant gulp of beer and approaches Rachel and her
friend.

BEN (CONT'D)
(eyeing her dude)
Hey Rachel.

RACHEL
Hi Ben. This is my friend Darren.

DARREN
Nice to meet you, Ben.

Darren extends hand and Ben shakes.

BEN
Darren.

RACHEL
How have you been Ben?

BEN
Good...I quit smoking.

DARREN
(pointing at the wall)
Is that you in that photo over
there?

BEN
It is.

DARREN
(eyeing the photo)
I like it. Maybe I can put it in
the bar? What do you think Rachel?

RACHEL
(to Ben)
Darren's opening a new hotel on the
Bowery. He hired me to help design
it.

BEN
Good for you.

DARREN
She's got a good eye this one.

Awkward moment as Darren gives Rachel a smile. Off Ben as
Cam heads in...

CAM
There she is!

Cam swoops in and gives Rachel a big hug and kiss.

RACHEL
(annoyed by Cam)
Hi Cam.

CAM
Sorry, but I got to steal this man
for a minute.

Cam throws his arm around Ben and walks him away from Rachel
and Darren.

CAM (CONT'D)
You OK?

BEN
I'm fine.

CAM
She doesn't even look that good
anymore - you had her at her
prime...no offense.

BEN
None taken.

CAM
C'mon yo, we're going to an after
party at GI Jane's!

CUT TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jane opens the door of her apartment for Ben and Cam. Her party is mellow and moody, a stark contrast to the frenetic gallery atmosphere. Women wear flats and shapeless dresses, dudes wears skinny jeans and white wing tips. Everyone smokes.

A vintage recorder player spins ROXY MUSIC.

JANE
(pleasantly surprised)
You made it afterall.

BEN
Hello Jane.

Cam notices somebody in the background.

CAM
Yo! Is that Harold?

Cam exits. Jane takes Ben by the hand and walks him inside the apartment to the bar area.

JANE
Have you ever had Absinthe? I'm
obsessed with it. But it has to be
the real deal - with the thujone
wormwood.

As Jane pours Ben a drink a skinny/gay art dude slides up next to her.

MARCO
Pour me a shot too, bitch.

JANE
Ben this is Marco. Marco is a
painter. He just got back from his
solo show at KBK in Mexico City.

MARCO
I sold it out, so yay for me!

A couple walks into the party and waves to Jane.

JANE
Will you guys excuse me for one
second.

Jane walks over to the couple.

MARCO
(re: Jane)
I'd tear that ass up.

BEN
(confused)
You would?

CAM (O.S.)
Ay-yo Ben!

Cam is standing with a group of model chicks and (celeb
photographer).

BEN
Excuse me.

Ben walks over to Cam. Cam steps in close to Ben and huddles
up.

CAM
Yo, thanks for coming with me to
the docks today.

BEN
No doubt.

CAM
That shit really meant a lot to me,
that you would still do that for
me.

BEN
Of course.

CAM
And you'll help me flip the jackets
right?

BEN
Hell no.

Cam laughs.

CAM
(changing subject)
You good here? We're going to the
Pig for Steak Frites.

BEN
I'm good.

CAM
If I was you I'd push Jane into the
bedroom and tongue her down. Don't
wait until 4am to make a move
neither. I know you.

BEN
(sarcasm)
Not me. I'm going for the triple
bang session tonight!

CAM
He who hesitates - masturbates.

Cam gives Ben a pound and exits with the photographer and
pack of models.

FADE TO:

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LATER

4 am. The party has cleared out except for a couple awkwardly
slow dancing. Ben, Jane and Marco are sprawled out on the
couch wasted. Ben and Marco exchange look behind Jane's back,
each motioning for the other to leave.

The couple stops dancing.

GUY
Think we're gonna bail Jane.

JANE
(to couple)
You guys are leaving? I'll walk you
out.

Jane stands and exits.

MARCO
(in a whisper)
Dude, stop being a cock block

BEN

Marco, how come you don't realize
you're gay?

MARCO

(shocked)

Gay? You wish I was gay so I'd let
you put your dick in my mouth.

BEN

Now is that the talk of a
heterosexual man, Marco?

Jane returns carrying Marco's jacket.

JANE

Thanks for coming over Marco.

Ben wins, he gives Marco a smirk.

MARCO

(upset)

What are you doing Jane?

JANE

C'mon, I'll walk you to the door.

Jane passes through the living room. Marco reluctantly
follows after her.

BEN

(rubbing it in)

Nice meeting you Marco.

Marco and Jane exit. Ben sits on the couch, smug in his
victory, waiting for Jane to return. A beat - Ben checks his
phone.

Another beat...

Where is Jane? Ben gets up stumbles into the hallway to find
Jane and Marco wildly making out. He grabs the bottle of
Absinthe off the credenza and awkwardly squeezes by the hot
and heavy duo to exit.

BEN (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Use protection. Both of you.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST VILLAGE - NIGHT

Ben stumbles to the door of a small building and leans on the buzzer for an obscenely long amount of time. (Bottle of Absinthe in hand.)

RACHEL
(through the intercom)
Go home Ben.

BEN
I just need to talk to you.

RACHEL
(through the intercom)
Call me tomorrow.

BEN
Please, just 5 minutes. I'm not
going to try and make out with you,
I promise. Unless you want me to?

RACHEL
(through the intercom)
Please just go home.

Ben steps out of the lobby, lights a cigarette, counts up to the third floor and screams up at Rachel's window.

BEN
(screaming)
I'll remember this Rachel. You said
we'd always be friends. And you're
not being a good friend.

No response.

BEN (CONT'D)
You think I'm such a loser, don't
you?

No response - and then it just comes out.

BEN (CONT'D)
Well jokes on you Rachel. Something
BIG happened today. I'm starting my
own denim line! It's going to be
FUCKING AWESOME!

Rachel comes to the window, looking sexy in a tight vintage Yankees tee shirt.

RACHEL
BEN GO HOME!

BEN
I'm going to make the most
beautiful jeans the world has ever
seen!

A figure emerges from behind Rachel. It's DARREN! He has his shirt off. He puts his arm around Rachel and leads her away from the window.

DARREN
(nice guy)
Ben, why don't you go home buddy.

BEN
Why don't you come down here so I
can kick your ass buddy.

Darren shakes his head, then shuts the window and turns off the light.

BEN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Whatever Rachel, it's all happening
for me. Remember we had this
conversation. I'm making jeans
now!...I'm not a loser!

Ben stumbles down the block.

INT. BEN'S APT - MORNING

Ben is in bed, passed out. He looks like shit.

A loud knock stirs him.

CAM
(O.S)
GET UP BEN! IT'S TIME TO GET PAID!

Ben pulls a pillow over his head.

BEN
(screaming)
GO AWAY!

CAM
(O.S)
C'mon dude, you said you'd help me
with the leathers.

BEN
(screaming)
IT'S SATURDAY! The flea markets are
SUNDAY, asshole!

CAM
(O.S.)
Fuck a flea market, we're going old
school bro!

CUT TO:

EXT. SOHO - MORNING

Spring and Mercer. Amid street vendors and throngs of tourist
Cam and Ben set up their rolling rack cum leather shop.

Ben is haggard and worthless (sitting on the curb drinking a
coffee and smoking a cigarette) while Cam sells jackets like
a man possessed.

CAM
Leather jackets! Butter soft
leather Marc Buchanan! A hundred a
piece!

Sales are going great until from out of nowhere an over
weight beat cop rolls up on their operation.

COP
OK guys, lets see the vendors
permit?

Without thinking Cam grabs an armful of jackets and bolts
down Mercer like a man possessed. Ben (hung over) does not
share this instinct. The Cop stares at Ben blankly. Ben
shrugs and then offers a smile.

COP (CONT'D)
You wanna call your friend back
here please.

Ben takes out his cellphone and reluctantly dials.

FADE TO:

EXT. SOHO - MOMENTS LATER

The cop loads the last of the leather jackets into the trunk
of a squad car, then drives off.

Cam is holding a yellow citation in his hand, and for the first time, he looks pissed off.

CAM

I can't believe you bitched out on me like that.

BEN

You are out of your mind Cam.

CAM

You think that fat ass was going to catch you?

BEN

You are missing the point. I am not running from the police. Not at my age and not over some fake leather jackets. We did well.

CAM

We're three grand short.

BEN

So, you'll deal with Rene. Figure something out for the rest.

CAM

Oh so it's like that now? All on me?

BEN

I never wanted to borrow money from your shady ass cousin in the first place.

CAM

(getting pissed)

Shady or not at least I'm going for it. Still trying to make dreams a reality. Not working for the man like you.

BEN

What are you twelve? How long can you keep saying 'fuck the man'?

CAM

Until we are the man!

BEN

Sorry to be the one to break it to you - but it's time to grow the fuck up Cam.

CAM
Like you did, one failure and its a
wrap? Now you're all grown up
working at a denim bar?

The truth hurts.

CAM (CONT'D)
(apologetic)
Look Ben, I'm sorry I lied to you
about that money...I just wanted us
to actually do something for once.
Not just watch as it happens to all
our friends.

Cam's words settle in with Ben. He knows his best friend is
right.

BEN
(calm)
I know where we can get Renee's
money.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - EVENING

A sprawling pre-war labyrinth of luxury. Deco sconces, marble
floors and brass details. Ben and Cam look out of place as
they walk past Park Avenue MILFS (who make eyes with Cam).
Ben is holding a pizza box.

CAM
Fuck a downtown loft - it's all
about uptown luxury. I love all
this marble.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Ben and Cam ride up a tiny elevator. The door opens directly
into a penthouse apartment. Waiting on the other side is
DAVID KERPEN - he is thrilled to see Ben and Cam.

DAVID
What up my dudes? Welcome to Villa
Kerpen!

David's apartment is beyond ridiculous: huge, Central Park
views, decorated in over the top luxe.

LINKIN PARK's pop ballad "Shadow Of The Day" plays on the apartment's state of the art stereo system

CAM

Guess we know which one of you
paid attention in High School.

DAVID

Fuck that, I barely graduated. But
anything's still possible in
America baby. Even for a loud mouth
Jew!

BEN

Where's your girlfriend?

DAVID

That Russian from Barney's? She
wasn't my girlfriend - she was a
pro - I got off Eros guide. Why
fuck one when you can fuck 'em all,
right?

CAM

I try to tell him David.

DAVID

So what do you got for me?

Ben holds up the pizza box.

BEN

(super sales-y)

This is my boy Tim. He is the
hottest photographer in the game
right now. He just sold out a show
at Kwak Gallery. Everyone is buying
his shit.

CAM

Tim is the man.

BEN

This is a steal at 3 grand.

DAVID

I love it! Let's see it.

Ben opens the pizza box to reveal the large black and white
photo from Gingy's show.

Ben passes David the photograph. David considers it for a
beat - then shrugs it off.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Nope. Not for me.

BEN
(sort of crushed)
Oh...really?

DAVID
I don't do black and white - sorry.

ANGLE ON: the apartment walls covered with brightly colored paintings and photos.

Ben and Cam can't argue this one.

BEN
(sad)
Oh...Ok...I get it...

CAM
(pushing it)
But David, you got to think of this
as an investment.

DAVID
No thanks guys. Not worth it for
me.

A beat...Ben looks deflated.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(off sad Ben)
Bro, do you just want me to loan
you the money?

BEN
What?

DAVID
Want me to just loan you three
grand? You look like your going to
cry.

BEN
Naah.

DAVID
It's all good bro. Know how you
could pay me back? Can you get me
into the Beatrice Inn Saturday
night - that promoter hates me.

CAM
He hates us too.

BEN
(starting to smile)
But I play basketball with the
doorman.

CAM
Dezzy!

BEN
And Des owes me a favor...We can
get you in there Kerp-o!

CUT TO:

INT. CALDERON ENTERPRISES - MORNING

In a dingy waiting room in a low rent office space, Ben and Cam sit quietly while a pair of Rene's thugs play Grand Theft Auto.

RENE (O.S.)
Bring in my cousin!

CUT TO:

INT. RENE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

BLASTING Reggaeton music. Ben, Cam, and Rene sit in the cluttered office space over run with cases of an energy drink called RASTA MONSTA. There are lots of weapons in here - a large chain saw sits in the corner.

Rene pulls out a can of the energy drink.

RENE
You guys tried this yet? I just
bought the exclusive Tri State area
distribution rights.

Rene opens a can and pours a splash into three little plastic cups.

RENE (CONT'D)
It's Jamaican. You drink it and you
can fuck all night. Turns your
little dick into a rasta monsta!
White kids are gonna love this shit
'duuude'!

Ben pulls out a wad of cash and places it on the table.

RENE (CONT'D)
Look at that! And I didn't even
have to hurt nobody! Y'all stepped
it up.

CAM
(confident)
I guess were not the losers you
thought we were?

Cam gives Rene a pound. Rene smirks at Cam's bravado.

RENE
(nodding at the stack of
decks in his office)
Naah, you still are. One look at
them skate decks and anybody can
tell that. Aint that right, Jabar?

JABAR - Rene's muscle picks up one of the skate decks and
smiles.

JABAR
I kinda like the elephant.

RENE
(snapping)
Shut the fuck up Jabar! Who asked
you.

Rene passes out the cups of RASTA MONSTA.

RENE (CONT'D)
Now taste this shit.

Ben looks at Jabar looking at the skateboard. Rene raises
his cup for a toast.

RENE (CONT'D)
To not having to break my cousin's
arm!

The three take the shot of "Rasta Monsta" and all gag at the
foul taste.

BEN
(out of nowhere)
Rene - how'd you like to loan us
another three thousand dollars?

The room is shocked.

RENE
(to Jabar)
What'd this fool just say?

Jabar shrugs.

CAM
(to Ben, confused)
What are you doing?

Ben looks different now: relaxed, calm, confident.

BEN
Fuck the man...right Cam?

Off on Cam still slightly confused.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN - MORNING

Crossing Atlantic Avenue we see Ben and Cam. Ben pushes a large spool of denim in a shopping cart. Cam walks ahead blabbing on his cell phone.

CAM
(on the phone)
The kid is back! We're making jeans now...Me and Ben. Premium denim - \$900 a pair. Don't ask me for a discount!

The two continue down the block triumphantly...until the wheel of the shopping cart hits a crack in the sidewalk causing the cart to topple over and the denim to spill out.

THE END