

Canarsie

By

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A backpack is zipped up as SETH, a 16 year old African-American, stands in front of a mirror, strapping his backpack on both shoulders. On one knee, Seth double knots his four year old Air Force ones.

Seth gets up to tighten his only tie and brush off the lint from his school uniform. Taking one last look, Seth stares deep within the mirror and lets out an overdue sigh.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Seth enters the kitchen and begins peeling a banana as he grabs his keys. He reaches inside of a worn down cookie jar and grabs a roll of twenties, rubber banded together, and puts it in his pocket.

Going over to the refrigerator, Seth writes a note on a post it, puts it on the refrigerator and walks away.

He closes the door. The school bell starts ringing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

In the front of the school, Seth walks down the stairs with his backpack still glued onto his shoulders.

The school bell stops ringing.

Seth nods forward to his friend, JALEN, an 18 year old African-American. Jalen walks towards Seth as the tags of his clothes are still hanging from his oversized hoodie. Opening his arms, Jalen reaches out with an overwhelming smile taking his face hostage

JALEN

What's goin on bruh, how you doin' kid. You're lookin' sharp. Real sharp.

Jalen flicks the knot on Seth's tie. Seth pushes his hand away. Using all the muscles in his face, Seth lets out a hint of a smirk.

JALEN

I'm just playin', I'm just playin. You ready to roll?

EXT. 8TH STREET CANARSIE - AFTERNOON

Seth and Jalen walk side by side on the streets of their neighborhood in Brooklyn.

Homeless men, covered in whatever warmth they could muster, beg for change. The smell of the Avenue L bakery fills the air with a translucent presence. Families sit outside together watching the local children play in the fire hydrants.

Jalen's mouth continues to move on the walk as he talks to Seth. His facial expressions and body gestures are that of a performer on a stage, going from one emotion to another in a matter of seconds.

Seth and Jalen turn the corner

JALEN

Don't worry about Mook, he's been my boy for years. You got the cash right?

Seth reaches into his pocket and takes out a wad of cash. Jalen quickly snags it from his hands.

JALEN

Don't be saying nothin, ite? You know I'd do anything for you but you don't want to fuckin' around wit Mo.

Jalen puts his hand on Seth's shoulder and smiles before walking away and into an Alley. Seth stands startled. His eyes are wide open as he turns his head both ways and follows Jalen in the Alley.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - AFTERNOON

Seth walks into the alleyway. Jalen and MOOK are embracing in a hug as Seth walks up.

MOOK, 25, is incognito with his hood shadowing his forehead. The 5 inches he has on Seth force him to have to look up. Mook's strong smell of reefer hits Seth right in the face, but he tries to shake it off.

JALEN

Yo Mook, this is my boy Seth.

(CONTINUED)

MOOK

Seth, huh, that's some biblical
shit. You one of those Jesus
salesmen or somethin'?

Seth's knees are moving like jello. He quickly locks his
legs tight with all of his energy. He stands silent not
knowing how to respond. Jalen smiles and puts his hand on
Seth's shoulder.

JALEN

(laughs) Naaah He's just
playin' bruh.

Mook turns to Jalen

MOOK

So how you doin kid, hows it going?

JALEN (CON'D)

Good man, I was just tellin' my boy
Seth here about the newest
shipment.

SETH

Yeah man, it sounds awesome. Do you
have the stuff?

Mook reaches into his hood and takes the joint from his ear
and lights it. He turns to Seth.

MOOK

Maybe I do.....and maybe I
don't, but how am I supposed to not
think you are a narc with that
bullshit sweater and government
tie.

Mook takes another hit of the joint before passing it to
Jalen. Seth stands silently and turns to Jalen while Mook
continues to stare at Seth.

Jalen takes a hit of the joint.

JALEN

Nah bro, Seth's cool, no need to
worry bout that shit, ain't that
right Seth?

Jalen now puts his arm around Seth with a big smile on his
face before taking another hit and passing the joint back to
Mook. Seth continues to stand frozen as he finally starts to
open his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

SETH

Yeah, I don't even like the police.

Mook continues to stare for a few moments as he takes another hit. Seth and Jalen anxiously wait for Mook to say something.

Mook begins to crack a big smile

MOOK

(laughs) That's right my dude,
fuck the police!

Mook pauses for a few moments before speaking again.

MOOK (CON'D)

Ite, if Jalen says you're no narc,
than you're no narc. That's why you
wouldn't mind takin' the last few
hits of this, now, ain't that
right?

Mook extends his hand with the joint towards Seth. Seth freezes completely unsure of how to react as Mook, without a single blink, stares directly down at Seth.

After a few seconds, Jalen quickly reacts and grabs the joint from Mook's hand. He takes a long puff of the joint, throws the end of it on the ground and steps on it.

JALEN

(nervously laughing) Nah bruh,
he's gotta earn the right to
have a joint from the legend
himself.

A drop of sweat begins to fall down the left side of Seth's face. Mook continues to stare at Seth as he reaches into his pocket and takes out a bag. In the bag are 8 grams of marijuana.

MOOK

Freshest strain in the county kid.
Straight from the west, doesn't get
better. Not like those dumb ass
Russell brother's whose product
couldn't even get a fucking two
year old high.

Jalen snags the bag away from Mook and puts it in his hoodie pocket. He slaps the wad of cash from his pocket into Mook's hand.

(CONTINUED)

MOOK

No doubt, just spread the word
bruh. Canarsie needs a serious
upgrade.

JALEN

Word. Ite well we're about grub if
you want to roll with.

Seth immediately turns to Jalen with his eyes almost out of his head. The sweat from his face has now slowly made its way down to his neck.

MOOK

Na fam, I gotta go check out my car
in the shop but lets get outta
here.

The three of them walk out of the alleyway and back in the direction they came from. They turn the corner.

A broken down 1999 Honda Civic sits by the alleyway. The RUSSELL BROTHERS, in their twenties and African-American, sit in the car. Both are wearing red bandanas over their face. The man in the passenger's seat loads up a silver Glock 17. The car starts and turns the corner.

EXT. 8TH STREET CANARSIE - AFTERNOON

Seth, Jalen and Mook walk down the street. Seth and Jalen are out ahead. Mook is shadowing them at a much slower pace.

OLD MAN JENKINS (O.S)

Seth! Seth!

Seth and Jalen stop and turn to see OLD MAN JENKINS, 75, sitting on his stoop. His gray goatee speaks that of wisdom as he opens a can of tuna for his cat, SEYMOUR, right beside him.

SETH

Ugh, gimme one sec.

Seth runs over to Jenkins while Mook catches up to Jalen and stops. Mook puts Jalen in a headlock and the two begin roughhousing by a rusted fence.

SETH

Hurry up bruh

EXT. OLD MAN JENKINS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Seth comes up to the stoop and puts down his backpack. He pets a hungry Seymour.

OLD MAN JENKINS
(excitedly)How are you doing
Seth, it's great to see you.

SETH
Good Mr. Jenkins, how are you.

OLD MAN JENKINS
Oh, you know, a man of my age I'm
just enjoying the view. Hows ya
studies going? Don't want to hear
anything lower than straight A's.
And Jenine?

Seth turns towards the fence across the street to see Jalen and Mook still fighting. It's getting more intense, but Jalen continues to smile. Seth turns back to Jenkins.

SETH
Ugh, yes, of course sir. Studying
every night.

OLD MAN JENKINS
Good for you son, good for you. I
wish I had read more back when I
was your age but there's not
much...

Seth turns back towards the fence to see Jalen and Mook slowing down now and wiping off the bits of concrete off their backs. Meanwhile, a 1999 Honda civic pulls up towards the curb in front of Jalen and Mook.

OLD MAN JENKINS (CON'D)
...you can do with a job that pays
a few cents an hour.

Jenkins looks around Seth to see Mook and Jalen standing by the fence across the street. Jenkins taps Seth on the shoulder to get his attention. Seth turns back.

OLD MAN JENKINS
You best be careful boy, you hear
me?

SETH
Of course, sir.

(CONTINUED)

OLD MAN JENKINS

Good. Very Good. Now tell me boy,
how'd you like to come over for
supper tomorrow, Seymour has been
beggin' me to have you over again?

Seth pauses and gets ready to respond until he hears loud arguing across the street. He turns to see Jalen and Mook arguing with the Russell brothers.

OLD MAN JENKINS

Seth?

Seth continues to watch across the street. Mook pushes one of the brothers forward. They both reach into their inside pockets and take out their Glock 17s.

Before Seth can blink, both men shoot at each other. Square in the forehead, Mook gets hit and falls backwards over the fence and onto the grass. The brother gets hit in the chest and falls backward, smashing his head on the Honda civic.

SETH

JALEN!!!!

Before Jalen can even turn, the other brother takes out his Beretta 92 and fires right at his stomach.

Jalen leans over to ease the pain of the hit before eventually falling to the ground. Seth starts to run across the street until Jenkins grabs his arm.

The brother takes his gun and aims it at Jalen on the ground. Jalen reaches his hands upward towards the gun. Seth breaks free from Jenkins and runs towards the fence.

EXT. 8TH STREET CANARSIE - AFTERNOON

The brother turns around and hears police sirens in the near distance. He puts the gun in his pocket, and starts to run.

Seth gets over to the other side of the street. He is scrambling, looking around not knowing what to do until he sees a bloody Glock 17 lying on the ground next to Jalen. He instinctively reaches down, grabs it, points it and fires at the brother running square in the back. The man falls as Seth drops the gun.

Breathing very heavily now, Seth bends down to Jalen. He removes his tie and throws it while taking off his sweater.

(CONTINUED)

Seth squeezes the sweater down on Jalen's stomach where blood is quickly diffusing out of. Jalen reaches into his pocket and hands Seth the bag of marijuana.

JALEN

You gotta get outta here, you gotta go!

The sirens start to get louder as Seth straddles Jalen, squeezing his sweater even harder. His once brown eyes are now infused with lines of red as the veins in his neck begin to pop out.

Jalen takes his hand, dripping with blood, and grabs Seth's white t-shirt.

JALEN (CON'D)

NOW!

OLD MAN JENKINS (O.S)

SETH, RUN!

Jalen pushes Seth up and off of him. Seth turns towards Old Man Jenkins to see him in a state of panic, but everything is a blur. The only thing Seth can hear are the approaching sirens and the sound of his heart pounding out of his chest.

Seth stares for a few seconds before finally running.

Seth turns the corner.

EXT. OLD MAN JENKINS' HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jenkins looks down and sees Seth's backpack. He quickly throws it in the house and picks up Seymour.

EXT. 8TH STREET CANARSIE - AFTERNOON

The police show up a few seconds later to see the four bodies lying in blood.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING STAIRWELL - AFTERNOON

Seth enters the stairwell and runs up countless flights of stairs. He stops and bends down. Panting, out of control, Seth begins to breathe slowly.

Seth takes one long sigh and quickly, but unsuspectingly, walks out of the stairwell and into his apartment.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Seth enters the apartment and shuts the door. A systematic beeping plays in the background.

He goes through the kitchen, passes the refrigerator and exits through the other side of the kitchen. We see a post it note on the refrigerator. It reads, "I will be home after school with the meds. Love Seth."

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The beeping is now louder as we see an IV stand. Seth, covered in blood, takes out the bag of marijuana and places it on the table beside the IV stand. He reaches down and gives a kiss to his sleeping mother, JENINE, who is connected to the IV stand. Her chin hangs low as her body slumps in a wheel chair. Seth walks away.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Seth walks into his room, shuts the door and locks it. He goes over to his mirror and stands in front of it. His right hand shakes uncontrollably as Seth stares deep within the mirror covered in blood.

CUT TO BLACK: