Ghetto of Princeton

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author

### EXT. PRINCETON

Various shots of Princeton University, Downtown, and Township.

Sped up shot from Campus to Ghetto of Princeton block.

BENJAMIN speaks, voice-over, sounds like he is from the "hood". Soft jazz music plays in the background.

BENJAMIN (V.O.) Princeton, right? Rich snobs, big houses, trees and shit. Smart ass people, stone buildings, fuckin' Happy Potter Land, Hogwarts-looking bullshit. Yeah, I bet that's what you thinkin' it's all about. Nah, I'ma take you to a place you ain't never knew existed. Bet you never realized this was here: The Ghetto of Princeton.

EXT. GHETTO OF PRINCETON BLOCK

Benjamin walks and talks as he introduces the Ghetto of Princeton. 90's hip-hop plays in the background.

BENJAMIN What's good in the hood crackasnax? I'm Ben, but 'round here they be callin' me Jamin. Like Benjamin, but 'cause I rock them phat beats up in my castle, straight jammin'. We be callin' houses castles 'cause at first we was like, yo let's call 'em casas, and casas sounds like castles, so there's that. Mad jumped up slang out in the P-town hood, get used to it.

Benjamin stops and leans against a blue honda accord car.

BENJAMIN Shit be pretty busted 'round here, nobody rockin' porsche's or nothin', few beamers, maybe.

Shot of a yellow ferrari.

BENJAMIN But mostly we on that honda, volkswagon grind. This is my lil slut right here. Benjamin gives his car a quick double pat. He walks to a tire and bends down.

# BENJAMIN

Now most hood brah's be like, yoooo check my dubs, friend. No. Check my scratches, homie. Hub caps straight busted up, 'cause we go hard, ain't even gon' get into that story.

# FLASHBACK.

#### EXT. DOWNTOWN PRINCETON STREET

Benjamin parks his car on the street outside of Starbucks. The side of the tires rub up against the curb, which scratches the hub cap. Ben is seen inside his car, as he throws up his hands and mouths out "Fuck!"

### PRESENT.

# EXT. GHETTO OF PRINCETON BLOCK

Bejamin walks behind the car and leans down to the license plate. He covers the numbers with his hand. All we can see is a picture of a dog and a cat, and the words "ANIMAL FRIENDLY."

### BENJAMIN

But anyway, yo, focus ya view-sockets here. Gotta cover them digits and letters up, I know kids be after this ride. See that shit though? Animal motha-fuckin friendly, all day. And notice something about these streets...

Shot of a "one way" sign.

# BENJAMIN

One way. Yeah, you can get in, but you prolly ain't gettin' out.

Benjamin continues to walk down the block. He approaches his friend, KEN, and they high five. Ken is much less enthusiastic than Benjamin.

BENJAMIN Yo this's my boy Ill. We call him that like Kim Young Ill,- KEN -It's Kim Jong-Il.

# BENJAMIN

Oh true? Yeah, but like Kim Jong-Il, 'cause they both Korean and both runnin' shit, you know Ken dictates these fuckin' streets!

> KEN t even Korean.

I'm not even Korean, stop calling me Ill.

BENJAMIN Oh word? Shit, Ill gon' nuke my ass right quick. Haha!

Ken looks at Benjamin quizzically.

KEN

Alright, I gotta go study.

BENJAMIN

Study deez nuts, boy-ee! What you gotta learnicate 'bout?

KEN S.A.T. comin' up.

BENJAMIN Why you just spell "sat"?

KEN

Nevermind.

BENJAMIN Yo I'ma 'bout to head into town, want me to piggyback you up in the slut?

KEN

Huh?

BENJAMIN Do you want a ride, son?

KEN

Yeah, sure.

INT./EXT. CAR - PRINCETON STREET

Benjamin drives, Ken looks out the window.

BENJAMIN (sings) I'm cruisin' down the street-et! Ridin' dirty with my boy, Ill!

Benjamin looks out the window.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D) Oh shit! Check out that *fine* piece of ass!

Benjamin rolls down the window and yells out.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D) Yo! Yo! Man, fuck ya'll!

KEN Drive, idiot.

INT./EXT. CAR - KEN'S DRIVEWAY

Ken gets out of the car.

BENJAMIN Ight yo I'm droppin' off my boy, Ill, peace out, stay alive kid.

KEN Bye. Thanks for the ride, Cheese

BENJAMIN Oh true, I forgot, people 'round here also be callin' me "Cheese". 'Cause I throw some cheeseee on that bitch! Ya feel me?

Ken shouts from far away:

KEN It's because you're Cheesey!

Benjamin glares at Ken. He backs out of the driveway and continues down the street.

BENJAMIN But yeah I was sayin', shit gets real around here. Like check this out. Benjamin stops at a house and points to the driveway.

BENJAMIN My dude Chad down the street, only got one lil' boat now. And he keeps that shit in his driveway; can't even afford dock fees. I don't man, just like, sometimes I wonder how it happens...shit's crazy.

Benjamin continues to walk down the block. A normal-looking person walks by. After that person walks away, Benjamin yells towards him.

BENJAMIN Get the fuck out P-Town ghetto! John Nash-ass lookin Einstein motha-fucker!

# BENJAMIN

These fuckin' quanatative phyisa-fucks need to learn respect. Damn..stompin' round in they lame ass clothes. That's another thing about the Ghetto of Princeton. Clothing gotta be fresh 'til death. Eyeball this.

Benjamin points to each item of clothing he talks about.

BENJAMIN First. The big-ass hoody. Summer time, still frontin' it, why? 'Cause I don't feel temperature. Son, Ghetto of Princeton ain't got no central AC, no winter heatin', you dig? So that's that. Next. Hat. Optional.

Ben holds up a variety of hats.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D) This be my main hat.

The hat reads: 'Check out the other white meat'

Benjamin holds up a hat that reads 'C'.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D) C? I don't even know what the fuck that stand for.

Benjamin holds up a hat that reads 'Mallet: Specialists in Edible Oils.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D) And this shit, Mallet, specialists in edible oils. I'm surprised them bitches ain't callin' me mallet if you know what I mean.

## BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Then you rock out a t-shirt, any t-shirt, usually a free one you'da gotten at some shit tennis camp or nothin'back in the day. If you real hard, add ya tag on that shit, originize it. Next you got your shoes, make 'em fresh, no shiesty sneaks in this block. Final-mente, the jeans. Skinny jeans, and not like them fuckin' hipster-ass, Princetonean, Starbucks sippin'

### INT. PRINCETON STARBUCKS

Benjamin sips on a Starbucks beverage.

## EXT. PRINCETON STARBUCKS

Benjamin peers out the Starbucks door, looks around, and walks out and swags down the street.

BENJAMIN (V.O.) ,textbook reading, poem writing fools up in downtown, nah, skinny jeans like you see New Boyz rockin'.

EXT. GHETTO OF PRINCETON BLOCK

BENJAMIN (CONT'D) That you can get ya jerk on wit.

Jerkin' music plays. Benjamin does a "jerkin" dance move.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D) Last thing I'm boost ya knowledge in today, fresh lyrics. Rhyme game's always gotta be on point, know what I mean, green bean?

Benjamin walks down the parking lot.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D) Now it takes some practice, but yo, I could rap about anything. To my left, there's a car. Check. BENJAMIN (CONT'D) (raps) They call me the car because I hit and run, I get in and out after the damage is done. Benjamin walks past a court house. BENJAMIN (CONT'D) (raps) They call me the judge because I hit it and acquit it, and yes, like your girlfriend, I often spit it. BENJAMIN You heard it, now squirt the word my sons. Nigs and hoes, cracka bros, be easy, peace! A BLACK MAN walks past, overhears Benjamin. BLACK MAN Excuse me? BENJAMIN What? BLACK MAN What'd you just say? BENJAMIN Chill and freeze, at ease my brotha. BLACK MAN I am not your "brotha"! I'm a Princeton professor, I-BENJAMIN

Yo chill my nigga!

Black man is furious. Benjamin looks scared. Benjamin is punched in the face. He leans against a car. He speaks, nearly in tears.

> BENJAMIN Hate crime! Told you shit's rough in the ghetto of Princeton! I'm out!

Benjamin walks away quickly as he talks to himself.

BENJAMIN Whack! Triflin'-ass professors think they big!

Benjamin turns to the cameraman.

BENJAMIN Yo get outta here man! Fuckin' film later!