

GREENWICH
(Sample)

by

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LOGLINE:

When her home in Greenwich Village is threatened by a megalomaniacal city planner who wants to demolish it to build an expressway, an unassuming 1950s writer must pull together her neighbors in order to stop him and save their community.

INT. A LOCAL DIVE BAR - NIGHT

CHYRON: 1907

ROBERT MOSES (19) is an athletic swimmer who usually tries to think two steps ahead of any conversation he's in. Tonight, though, he's just a bit tipsy.

MAUREEN (also 19) is his date. At the moment he's reciting his poetry and Maureen is listening enraptured.

ROBERT
*-to bow at thy shrine,
most subtle, most cruel, most
tender / Our Lady Divine?*

Maureen claps enthusiastically.

MAUREEN
Wow. It's so gorgeous. What's it called?

ROBERT
"Mona Lisa."

MAUREEN
Like the painting! Oh wow.

Robert preens, points to her empty glass.

ROBERT
Can I get you another?
(off Maureen's nod)
Be right back.

Robert stands up and walks over to the bar to talk with the BARTENDER.

While his back is turned, STEVE, one of Robert's classmates who has been lurking nearby, strolls over.

STEVE
So. You're here with Robert?

MAUREEN
I'm sorry, are you a friend of his?

STEVE
Not exactly. You see-

At the bar, Robert collects the glasses. He turns around with the two drinks in hand and sees Steve talking with Maureen, pointing at him.

Robert walks back to the table. Maureen is suddenly flustered, anxious.

ROBERT
Steve.

STEVE
Robert.

ROBERT
(to Maureen)
Is he bothering you?

MAUREEN
No. I just remembered, I have to go.

ROBERT
Oh? Okay.

Maureen thinks for a second. Then-

MAUREEN
You know, you should really tell people before they agree to go out with you.

And she leaves. Robert turns back to Steve.

ROBERT
What did you say to her?

STEVE
Just the truth.

Steve smirks and saunters away.

Robert, disappointed, looks down at the two drinks he's still holding, takes a sip from one of them.

EXT. STEPS OF YALE BUILDING - DAY

Robert is at the doorway, on the outside, speaking with a PROFESSOR (60s) on the inside. Because Robert is standing on the step down, he looks short compared with the professor.

PROFESSOR
I'm sorry, as I've said three times already, it's simply not possible.

ROBERT
I'm in the top of my class.

PROFESSOR
You know that isn't-

ROBERT
And president of the Kit Kat Club.

PROFESSOR
Then I suggest you go read
something and not waste more of our
time here.

ROBERT
Please, sir. What else can I do?

PROFESSOR
Robert, the problem isn't what you
have or haven't done, the problem
is simply what you are.

ROBERT
...a poet?

PROFESSOR
(not amused)
A Hebrew.

ROBERT
I don't see how my religion affects
my writing abilities.

PROFESSOR
Perhaps you should try the Yale
Courant? I believe they
occasionally accept the Jewish.

Robert is not someone used to accepting defeat, but he tries
to smile cordially.

ROBERT
Okay. Well, thank you for-

But the professor has SLAMMED the door closed in his face.

EXT. YALE GROUNDS - DAY

Robert is walking back to his dormitory. He sees TWO LARGER
BULLIES looming over a SCRAWNY STUDENT who looks barely 18.

ROBERT
Hey! Let him be!

The bullies both stand up to full height. They're each taller
than Robert.

BULLY #1

Yeah? What are you gonna do about it?

Bully #2 cracks his knuckles. Pure cliché. Bullies are alike no matter the decade.

Robert digs out his wallet.

ROBERT

I'll give you five dollars.

The two bullies consider this.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Apiece.

Well that decides it. Both bullies step away from the scrawny student and wait. Robert pulls out two crisp \$5 bills and hands them to the young men.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Pleasure doing business with you.

They leave. Robert stands over the scrawny kid, holds out his hand to help him up.

SCRAWNY KID

Thanks. Those guys are always-

ROBERT

What's your name?

SCRAWNY KID

Peter. Pete.

ROBERT

Why did you do that, Pete?

PETE

...why did I do what?

ROBERT

Let those guys beat you up.

PETE

I didn't let them do anything, they-

ROBERT

Can I give you some advice?

Pete is silent. Not exactly saying yes, but Robert keeps going anyway.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What you did just there was you chose to be powerless.

PETE

I didn't choose-

ROBERT

Not done. Power isn't something people hand to you willingly. It's something you take. Get what I'm saying?

PETE

I guess. Well, um, thanks again. For... everything.

Pete holds out his hand to shake with Robert. Robert looks down at the hand, then back up at Pete. Then he PUNCHES Pete in the jaw.

Pete rubs his mouth, looks at the blood on his hand.

PETER

Wha-

Robert PUNCHES Pete again, and down the kid goes. Right back on the ground, almost exactly where he was when Robert first found him.

Robert punches him again. And again. Pete is curled up in a ball with blood gushing out of him, crying and calling for mercy, but Robert keeps punching the shit out of the kid.

Again.

Again.

As he punches, Robert remains emotionless and cold.