

PISTOL CITY

Written by

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FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING - CITY OF PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA - 1997

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

The streets are dark and desolate. Steam bellows up from the sewers and man holes.

A single car sits parked with the engine running.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

In the console sits a detective's badge attached to a lanyard along with a Glock 9mm handgun.

A ruggedly handsome White male sits behind the wheel, a fitting White T-shirt accentuates his chiseled upper body. There is an intense and serious look on his face. This man is TIMBRE GAVIN.

In the back seat, a young boy lies down, coughing. He is TIMOTHY GAVIN.

Timbre dials a number on his cell phone. There is no answer.

Timothy's coughing becomes worse. He wheezes as he tries to catch his breath.

TIMBRE

Hang on buddy. I'm gonna get you to the hospital, OK?

TIMOTHY

Daddy, I don't want to go to the emergency room again.

TIMBRE

You don't? But they'll make you feel better.

TIMOTHY

Can't we just go home?

TIMBRE

There's no more medicine at home buddy. We gotta get you some, alright? Then we'll go home. OK?

TIMOTHY  
(reluctantly)  
OK.

Timbre's cell phone vibrates.

He answers.

TIMBRE  
(into phone)  
Tell me something!

MAN (V.O.)  
(through phone)  
Tim! The snitch is nervous, maybe  
too scared to talk!

TIMBRE  
(into phone)  
What? Man I got my son out here  
with all this shit! Why's he  
scared? Who got to him?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET CORNER - SAME

UNKNOWN P.O.V.

Someone walks nervously towards Timbre's parked car.

This unknown person pulls out a handgun and fires into the car, striking Timbre in the head.

There is another shot to Timbre's chest.

Timothy rises from the backseat, screaming.

The unknown person shoots the young boy through the back window. Timothy falls to the floor of the car.

The unknown person drops the handgun and rummages through the car, erratically.

They open the trunk and continue searching.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - PRESENT DAY

Cars drive through the same intersection where Detective Timbre Gavin and his son Timothy were slain over 20 years earlier.

INT. CAR IN MOTION - CONTINUOUS

TYSON WALKER, a late thirties, Black male sits in the passenger seat as CAM HOLCOMB, a much younger, White kid drives through the neighborhood.

Tyson focuses on the street sign as they pass the scene of the crime.

CAM

So this married guy felt like he needed to cheat on his wife with this other chick just to take his mind off of his wife's best friend.

TYSON

Who he wanted to fuck with?

CAM

Exactly. And who was willing to cheat with him too.

TYSON

The wife's best friend?

CAM

Yeah.

TYSON

Damn. And what was his rationale?

CAM

He just figured, cheating on his wife with some arbitrary hoe would be a little better than cheating on her with her best friend.

TYSON

Shit. Yeah, I guess I could see that. And he told the chick that?

CAM

Oh I don't know.

TYSON

But his wife's best friend was down to creep?

CAM

Oh yeah.

TYSON

Damn. That's a fucked up friend.

CAM

I guess that whole cheating on me with someone I know is way worse than cheating on me with a total stranger holds true.

TYSON

Yeah, shit at least for them.

CAM

That's why I'm glad I'm single, too much drama.

TYSON

Nah, you won't stay that way for long.

CAM

As long as I can.

TYSON

Nobody's happy alone.

CAM

You happy married?

TYSON

OK first of all, me and Christina are not married. Second, yeah, I'm pretty happy with my relationship.

CAM

You guys have been together long enough to be married. Hell, you've probably been going together longer than some marriages.

Tyson chuckles.

TYSON

Yeah, but that's more of a testament to society's crumbling moral fiber than it is to the strength of our commitment.

Cam looks over at Tyson with a "WTF" look.

CAM

What the fuck?

They both laugh.

CAM (CONT'D)

Where the hell did you get that?

TYSON

I don't know, I heard in a movie or something.

CAM

You're an idiot.

There is a beat.

CAM (CONT'D)

Well how about it? You or Christina ever had any infidelity issues?

TYSON

No. Definitely not. Well-

Cam chuckles.

CAM

No "well" about it! Who was it, Christina?

TYSON

(more serious)

Nah, seriously. Tina is so not that type of girl. She's one of the great ones, for real.

There is a beat.

CAM

So it was you?

Tyson smiles.

EXT. RECORDING STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Cam pulls up to the front of the dingy, brick building.

A busted neon sign reads LEGENDS RECORDING STUDIO as it flickers on and off.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tyson grabs his book bag and opens the door.

TYSON

Appreciate it C'.

CAM

No problem. You need a ride to work later?

TYSON

Nah, don't worry about it man. I'll walk.

CAM

Alright man. Don't be late.

TYSON

I gotcha.

INT. SMALL VOCAL RECORDING BOOTH - LATER

Tattered foam bedding is stapled to the walls and serves as home made acoustic sound proofing.

A work light dangles from the ceiling.

Tyson goes over song lyrics.

He holds a writing tablet in his right hand as he repositions headphones with his left.

A booming Hip Hop track plays back through the headphones.

Between the track, a VOICE is heard giving directions to Tyson.

VOICE

You wanna run it again?

TYSON

Yeah, let's double up the choruses.

VOICE

Bet.

Tyson prepares to perform his chorus.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is small, tight and cluttered.

Much of the walls are plastered with posters by the likes of KOOL G. RAP, ERIC B. & RAKIM, BDP, PUBLIC ENEMY and other old school Hip Hop artists.

Smoke fills the air.

A large mixing board takes up most the room.

Other old school recording components light up and flicker as the thunderous beat is played back.

Q MACK, engineers the sound recording and bobs his head to the thick bass line and heavy drums music.

From the booth, Tyson delivers unrelentingly vicious lyrics.

He performs like an artist from an earlier time. His voice is deep and raspy.

INT. VOCAL BOOTH - SAME

Tyson continues his verbal assault on the rugged Hip Hop song.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. OFFICE - SAME

MARTIN WATERS sits in a large, leather office chair smoking a cigar.

With his feet are propped up, he is talking into a phone.

The desk is cluttered with paperwork and several musical trinkets.

MARTIN

I'm telling you, this is the guy for it. I can guarantee it!

(pause)

I mean if anybody's got what it takes, it's this dude. He's been doing it for so long. He's the truth man. I'm telling you!

Everybody in the hood loves him. They trust him!

(pause)

Where else we gonna find a jewel like this?

(pause)

All this guy does, all he is, is his music. That's the kind of guy we need!

(pause)

I know. I know. So we on? Bet! I'll put it in motion.

(pause)

Alright. One.

Martin hangs up the phone.

He smiles.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tyson joins Q Mack in the control room to listen to his recording. The two study the song.

Q MACK

Yeah. That's the shit right there!  
Tough.

TYSON

You feel that?

Q MACK

Definitely. I like this one the  
most T'.

TYSON

I appreciate it man.

Martin enters the control room, puffing a cigar.

MARTIN

Yeah! Yeah! That's my shit right  
there T! You killing them man!

Martin gives Tyson props on the track.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That's that old, Freddy Foxxx type  
shit! I'm feelin' it, homie!

TYSON

Thanks man.

MARTIN

Yo, you know I got them young boys,  
the Pitty Pat Gang coming through,  
right?

Q Mack rolls his eyes in disgust.

Tyson chuckles.

TYSON

Marty, why you let them cats record  
here man?

MARTIN

T' it's not about letting anybody record. Them boys pay and they pay well.

TYSON

Them cats is so wack man. They're a joke.

MARTIN

Well, wack or not, T, they paid for a whole block of time. And the wacker they are, the easier it is to record them. Ain't that right Q?

Q MACK

Man them niggas come in here with they shit on a fucking thumb drive man. All I do is hit the red button on they asses.

TYSON

That's what I'm saying. Them young boys don't know shit about the music man. And they don't care.

MARTIN

Of course they don't. They call themselves the fucking Pitty Pat Gang for crying out loud.

The men laugh.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

That's Hip Hop for you these days, T'. What can you do?

TYSON

Aight Q. I'm out.

Tyson daps Q Mack up and stuffs his book bag with his notebook and other items.

Q MACK

Aight homie, I'll check you out later man.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

Tyson rushes to the store. He struggles to find his name tag in his book bag as he runs.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Tyson sprints past co-workers, heading for the time clock.

CO-WORKER  
Damn T', are you ever on time?

TYSON  
It's no biggie.

Tyson looks at his watch.

TYSON (CONT'D)  
Just eighteen minutes.

CO-WORKER  
No, an hour and eighteen minutes.  
Schedule change, remember?

TYSON  
Shit!

CO-WORKER  
You over an hour tardy homie.

TYSON  
Is Craig around?

CO-WORKER  
He's already been asking around for  
you.

TYSON  
Shit!

Tyson quickly clocks in and rushes to his department.

INT. GROCERY STORE/DAIRY SECTION - LATER

Now wearing a ridiculous, name tag and Black apron over his tight, White button up shirt, Tyson stocks milk, eggs and other dairy products from a metal rolling cart.

Helping Tyson is Cam.

CAM  
(rapping)  
*"So he's callin' up his homie who  
done came up, livin' lavish, now  
they dealin' with the same stuff.  
And had that attitude that who he  
was, was worth land.*

(MORE)

CAM (CONT'D)  
*And with that fucked up attitude he  
killed his first man."*

Tyson and Cam burst out with excitement and dap each other up.

TYSON  
(laughing)  
Yeah, that was the shit, man!

CAM  
Scarface was a beast!

TYSON  
Damn, I wish they still made joints  
like that!