

GULLY

by
Mr. Shamel P. Smith

ESTABLISHING SHOT: MEANS STREETS OF THE HOOD - TWILIGHT.

Donnie McClerkin sings "We Fall Down". Orange blue skies drift aimlessly through the open air above, calm peaceful and serene for as far as the eye could see, slowly submerging into the stark contrast of the harsh realities below. You can sense an eerie incongruousness pulling you, deep within. Vivid images of the hood clash in the dark streets below racing toward an elusive salvation. We see a man being chased by a group of men through a park. They quickly catch up to him and melodically attack with surreal precision like a swarm of killer bees, with every traumatic blow becoming more graphic. In stark contrast to the gospel music being heard.

NARRATOR V/O

It was eighty seven, crack money was ghetto heaven and we were the fallen angels left to burn in our own iniquity. Dude catching the wrath was receiving Universal Justice, a way of life in the hood and the order of the day for those who violated. Kaos J. Hines. The sh*t poper, I like to call em. All sh*t popers end up the same way sooner or later, with the sh*t beat out em or dead. See nowadays niggas don't play in the concrete jungle.

CU-TO: FEET BRISKLY WALKING TOWARD THE CROWD.

NARRATOR V/O (CONT'D)

This megalopolis is Real and when you f*ck wit the realness...

The feet stop in front of the beaten but defiant man. His bloody double vision focuses into a rude awakening. Suddenly extreme fear fills his eyes as he cowers in defeat pleading for his life. We see a nickel plated nine being pulled from the waist side of the towering body.

Cu-to: Gun barrel.

NARRATOR V/O (CONT'D)

(con't, we hear, the
gun cocking)
... you get dealt wit.

BLAST!!!

FLASH: INT - DIMLY LIT BEDROOM, AN ALARM CLOCK BLAIRING - DAY.

A single bed sits in a plain white room sprinkled with exquisite religious artifacts. Eyes open. A man wakes in a cold sweat awkwardly surveying his circumference and trying

to regain his awareness as he returns from the haze of rem state. At first he resists the intrusion of reality as he suddenly realizes where he is. He haphazardly reaches for the alarm clock with a sense of urgency to stop the offensive assault on his ears. He wipes his face with anguish before pulling back the covers and resting his bare feet on the floor. With a sigh of remorse and a great deal of effort he rises fumbling toward the mirror. Although we never see his reflection, he is a deeply tormented man. Atop the dresser we see a beautiful bible and on either side of the mirror hanging, we see rosary beads and a priest collar. As he stares pensively at his reflection it's clear, what he's looking at is not his physical image, it's his spiritual, his soul. Intently pondering with more and more regularity, a question of his sanity, but seldom long enough to come to any conclusions, for if he were to pursue this in his own mind, it would not be himself he'd face in the end but the blinding light of GOD in his mental mirror.

NARRATOR V/O (CONT'D)

Wasn't my intention to be the sole controller of this legacy, it just ended up that way.

EXTERIOR: MERRICK BLVD, QUEENS - DAY TIME.

SUPERIMPOSED: 2007

An all black Corniche Rolls Royce is whipping through traffic, as the mirror like chrome rims glide with ease and a custom system booms on its way toward Jamacia ave. Father Shamel & Big Just are dipped and rock'n so much ice that you could feel a breeze as they drove by in the one hundred and ten degree heat wave.

JUST

I knew I shouldn't f*cked wit this nigga Benny. Look at this bull sh*t!

CLOSE - @ Diamond Rolex watch missing a few stones in the bracelet.

CU TO - SHAMEL DRIVING: As he glances at the watch nonchalantly.

JUST (CONT'D)

This nigga don't fix my sh*t, that's my word, he gon' have problems.

NARRATOR

Benny was the local jeweler who made it big in tha hood selling glitter to all the street thugs. Lotta shine little ice. But niggas loved 'em cause he had style and a lot of game. He made custom sh*t and it was hot

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

for niggas just coming up in the game who had a little bit of cash and wanted to floss. But we out grew Benny a long time ago and my brother was just to cheap to admit it. Anyway I sold all my bullsh*t back to him for a profit, of course and started coping from Jacob uptown on fortyseventh & fiftieth. He had the real bling. (@ the shine of his jewels glistening in the sun light)

INT. - COLISEUM- BENNY'S BOOTH - DAY.

Shamel & Just walk down stairs into the pit where there are jewelery booths for as far as the eye can see. They head towards Benny's booth just off to the left.

NARRATOR V/O

Benny's the fast talking, shady dealing arab type without the garb. His showcase is laced with all the hood necessities that come with putting you on the road to ghetto stardom. Including fake Rolexes, light weight gold chains, white gold guised as platinum and so on. He relates to the needs of the hood while at the same time being smart enough to take advantage of it. He will get you and you won't even know you got "Got" until it's all said and done.

JUSTICE

Yo Benny what kinda bull sh*t is this!?! (tossing the watch on the counter)

BENNY

Jus, my main man. (@ watch) What!?! What's wrong, with this?

JUSTICE

Benny don't f*ck wit me. I blessed you!!! And this is how you treat me, with that bull sh*t!

BENNY

What sh*t Jus. Dis is good Sh*t. De real deal holy feld bra'da.

Jus smirks a supercilious sinister smile and leaned over the booth to whisper in Benny's ear.

JUSTICE

Benny. (putting his nickle plated
9mm on the glass)

Hearing the metal touch the glass, other patrons quickly move out of the way in anticipation of deadly force. Security notices the commotion and begins to hustle toward the booth. But as they realize who it is they pause with a revered reverance and engage Shamel in idle conversation hoping things don't get out of hand.

SECURITY

Oh Black... What up? (a pound & ghetto hug) Everything 'aight? (beat) Benny shytering again?

SHAMEL

Benny 'bout to get two to tha dome,
he don't come correct. For real.

Cu-to: Benny & Justice.

An errie calm settles in.

JUSTICE

I've killed niggas for less. You know. (beat) That's my word, on everything I love fam', you don't put my twenty cent on this glass by the time I pick up my pistol, you'll be just a memory. Understand?

BENNY

But....

JUSTICE

I'm reaching.

BENNY

But...

JUSTICE

Don't make me say it twice. You know how I hate repeating myself. Makes me feel like I studder... And I hate to studder. People who studder appear stupid. Is that what you want to do? Make me appear stupid. Dumb. Ignant! In front of all these people you want to make me look IGNANT!

BENNY

Jus calm down. You got it all wrong.

JUSTICE

Calm down!?!

(MORE)

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Who tha f*ck iz.... Nigga I am calm.
 (beat) Know what? I'm tired of talk'n.
 See this watch. You have until the
 "second" hand reaches twelve, or
 breathing will be an after thought
 for you. (beat) End of story.

We hear the synchronized movement of the "second hand" pounding in unison with every heartbeat in Benny's chest, while Justice seems cool as ice. Benny is sweating bullets. Every eye in the place is on them. The watch ticks on at an eerie melodic pace.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

That's six.
 (tick)
 Seven.
 (tick)
 Eight.

BENNY

(nervously)
 Jus, you kidding, (unsure) right?

JUSTICE

(reaching)
 Nine.
 (tick)
 Ten.
 (tick)
 Eleven...

BENNY

Okay. Okay!

Benny instructs his worker in Arabic to open the safe and get the money. Seconds later twenty thousand cash appears. He rushes it over to Benny who slams it on the glass. With that, a completely different demeanor falls over Justice.

JUSTICE

Benny. I love you like a step brother,
 but you know what they say. Never do
 business with family. (wink)

BENNY

With a brada like you I no need
 enemies.

Justice picks up the cash and pockets it along with his pistol. The tense situation seems to dissipate with a strong sigh from the co-worker at the booth and a smile from Benny.

CO-WORKER

You no count? Yes?

JUSTICE

Benny know. My paper ain't
correct...(supercilious smirk) Benny
know.

EXTERIOR: COLISEUM - DAY.

Shamel & Justice are walking out the mall as a white Escalade slowly rolls by. The tinted windows come down simultaneously to reveal their arch rivals. DEAD ARM AQUAN & ORIGINAL SIN. The four men stare coldly at each other in a motionless second framing all other movement out with an intense focus.

JUSTICE (CONT'D)

Peep these clown a*s niggas, front'n.
(intense stare) I know they don't
want it.

CU-BACK TO:

SHAMEL

F*ck 'em. (beat) Keep it mov'n Black.

FADE IN:

A MONTAGE: Over Jay-z's "The Ruler's Back". A mixture of NEWSPAPER HEADLINES, NEWS FOOTAGE and LIVE ACTION. Economic Booms all over Brooklyn! Police Photographers documenting crime scenes. The meat wagon hauls the thugs of the street life to the morgue. Where will it end?

EXT. BROOKLYN'S SKYLINE - SUNSET

Actions of the street silhouette against a cherry sky. City lights twinkle. Brooklyn N.Y.C. A place where anything is possible. A place where you too can be ghetto fabulous. As the sky darkens, triple-kleig lights begin to sweep back and forth.

EXT. GARCEY MANSION - NIGHT

The KLEIG LIGHTS are out front. Valets hurry to park a line of elegant cars.

MAYOR (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the
future of New York!

INT. GRACEY MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

THE MAYOR YANKS BACK A CLOTH TO REVEAL A MODEL OF THE
BROOKLYN NAVY YARDS REVITALIZATION. THE CROWD OOHS.

A COUNCILMAN claps. A SOCIETY MATRON nods her approval.

In the background, PETER GUNNS, 20, jiggled out, chilling. A behind-the-scenes power broker, GUNNS exudes authority much more so than the Mayor does.

MAYOR

The Manhattan Seedco Project is just the beginning of the Brooklyn revitalization. We're planning low cost housing from Downtown Brooklyn all the way to Canarsie. Twenty minutes to work or play is the longest you'll have to travel.

More applause. One REPORTER asks a little too loudly...

REPORTER

How many bodies you think Kenneth Green will be able to hide in all that cement?

The Mayor wears a plastic smile, ignores it.

INT. THE ARK NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A CLUB PHOTOGRAPHER pops snapshots, but the real action is on the floor where KENNETH GREEN is flanked by THREE different WOMEN at once FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY. At first we think he is dancing with them, but we soon realize these women are his bodyguards.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Kenneth Green, Premo to the streets is the biggest... Well, You know Premo, Drugs and prostitutes. Nothing but Premo sh*t. Hence the name.

A bottle of Crystal champagne pops; all of the women react, nearly drawing pistols. Premo snickers slightly to himself knowing his hit squad is on point.

INT. GRACEY MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The party continues. The Mayor has moved off to the side with the power brokers. Gunns is a presence.

MAYOR

We're selling an image, gentlemen. Beautiful weather. Affordable housing. Trouble-free transportation. And the best police department in the world to keep it all running smoothly.

EXT. STOREFRONT - NIGHT

A dozen people watch a display window TELEVISION as it rolls the opening of the hit show "NYPD BLUE."

Over familiar THEME MUSIC, "Sgt. Joe Reno" (actor ICE TEE) walks the streets of New York.

ICE TEA (V.O.)

My name? Joe Reno. The city? New York. The rooten apple. If I seem a little jaded, that's because I am. I'm a cop. That's what I do. Over and over again until I get it right. Why? Cause, that's what I do. I'm a cop.

INT. GRACIE MANSION - BALLROOM - NIGHT

The Mayor continues.

MAYOR

But with Kenneth Green, this second rate Al Capone out there, Brooklyn feels like Chicago in the '30s. Something has to be done.

As Peter Gunns nods sagely.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

In the middle of the third round, boxer Zab Juda primps and poses before K.O.ing his opponent with a precision upper cut and a beautiful right cross. The crowd goes up in a triumphant roar.

EXT. JAMACIA ESTATES (QUEENS) - DAY

In monogrammed silk pajamas, Kenneth Green answers the door, his ROCKWELLER at his feet. To see UNIFORMED POLICE, multiple news crews and REPORTERS' camers flashing.

POLICE OFFICER

Mr. Green, Kenneth Green. You're under arrest.

PREMO

What's the charge?

POLICE OFFICER

The old standard. Non-payment of federal income tax.

PREMO

Bullsh*t.

POLICE OFFICER

No, that's real sh*t.

(@ the other officer)

Get this piece of sh*t outta here.

THE DOG GROWLS, THE COP DRAWS, THE DOG LEAPS AND THE COP SHOTS HIM DEAD. THE REPORTERS GASP WHILE GETTING IT ALL ON TAPE.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Add attempted assault with a deadly weapon to this a*shole's sheet too.

EXT. BROOKLYN NAVY YARD - DAY

PAN TO CONSTRUCTION WORKERS impatiently waiting with bulldozers under a "Spirit of the Future" BANNER. As the last railworker leaves the railyards, the bulldozers move in.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - STEPS - DAY

Flashbulbs pop as KENNETH GREEN exits down the steps accompanied by his LAWYERS, his female bodyguards FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY and the Supreme Team lieutenants PRINCE and RAHMEL, GREEN ignores REPORTERS' shouts.

REPORTER

Hey Premo, I hear there's nothing promised to us but death and taxes, how you making out?!

PREMO

If I was you, I'd diffinately be more worried about the death part. Especially where my family's concerned, Bob.

As GREEN gets into a waiting car, the media turn their attention to District Attorney DIANE FLORENTINE. A singularly ambitious woman who loves sensationalism and the spotlight.

FLORENTINE

Today is an auspicious one for the burroughs of Brooklyn and Queens. Kenneth Green aka Premo has just been sentenced to ten years in federal prison for failure to pay income his taxes. This is the beginning of the end of the "Supreme Team". They now realize that they can be touched. As the District Attorney for New York City, it is my pleasure to declare our great city organized crime free. It is truly the dawning of a new day.

INT. BBQ'S, LINDEN BLVD. - NIGHT

July 3rd. DEAD ARM AQUAN, sits back on his tricked out sports bike staring at the enormous Fireworks display on the deco platform over BBQ'S entrance. Built like Mike Tyson, a true gangster in his own right and the toughest nigga since Larry

Davis. Known as Dead Arm for his legendary one punch knockouts. On his side, ORIGINAL SIN on his all yellow tricked out sports bike chilling.

FAITH exits BBQ's and walks over to DEAD ARM AQUAN. AQUAN just stares.

FAITH

Hey "A". Heard you got a hard-on for my girl Charity.

AQUAN

And I heard you f*cked Charity. So I guess that makes us both lesbians.

FAITH grins stealthily as AQUAN dismisses her presence with a blink and continues to watch the fireworks.

SIN

We ain't in the mood for small talk.

FAITH

Look, Premo's doing a dime maybe more. -- Anybody who'd hire me is dead or left town. -- I need money. You need a bodyguard?

AQUAN

Do I?

SIN shifts on his bike impatiently CRACKING his KNUCKLES.

FAITH

I mean I know you the man and you probably could knock out ten men with one blow. But Premo wasn't no slouch either. And the fact that you can knock out ten men is great but it's always that eleventh man. That one inconspicuous, last man standing. If you're as smart as I think you are you'll want to make sure that last man standing is you.

AQUAN's eyes narrow at this last bit of info. FAITH puts her card in the windshield of his bike.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Call me. We'll talk insurance. You're in good hands... or least you will be.

FAITH smiles smugly and heads off.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Enjoy the fireworks fellas.