The video opens on a brown warehouse building with a white sign that reads ‘Starline Supply Company’ to the left and a large piece of refining equipment around three stories tall has the words ‘Walkers Concrete Incorporated’ to the right of the screen and clear blue skies behind.

A large mural of graffiti with a Pachucha-style Latinx woman with the words “Ode to Oakland” spray painted in a stylized font underneath is seen.

A long haired graffiti artist wearing a hat, mask and gloves, paints a shadow under the ‘O’ of a large four foot tall graffiti tag of the word ‘Oakland’ done in cursive, on a long, very large wall.

The camera zooms in on a large brown painted warehouse. The building has two large black rectangles positioned vertically separated by a strip of brown paint. On the left rectangle is the words, ‘Made in West Oakland’ in white block lettering. On the right, on top of the other black rectangle, there is a neon-colored, spray-painted image of a Black woman with dreadlocks pulled into a large bun at the top of her head, in her arms she swaddles a baby that faces her and is surrounded by spray painted daisies.

The camera zooms out to a wide shot of Horn Barbecue restaurant, a black building with bold italic white lettering that reads, “Horn Barbecue”. It is sunny, cars are parked outside and there is a line of people stretching out from the front door, down the street.

Next, there is a close-up shot of a shovel stoking coals of a fire inside a large barbecue smoker.

Camera cuts to a wide shot of the interior of Horn Barbecue restaurant. Owner, Matt Horn, stands at a counter with a clear glass enclosure that goes up to his chest, in front of him, and he is slicing a brisket as a customer with their back to the camera looks on. There are several employees standing next to him serving up side dishes in to-go containers.

Super close up shot of a cut of smoked brisket on a brown cutting board, black-gloved hands hold the brisket and slice through it with a serrated knife.

A picnic table outside has four large aluminum to-go platters filled with barbecued meats inside. Two women sit at the table. The jean jacket wearing woman in the foreground holds a pork rib in both hands and bites the meat slowly pulling it from the rib. The woman seated next to her to the right in a camouflage jacket sips from a straw with eyes wide in awe and watches the other woman eat the rib.

Matt Horn is seen outside in an all black outfit, with a black mask and a black chef’s apron with the logo “Horn Barbecue” printed on the upper right hand side. He is holding a shovel by his side and walks toward another man in a grey sweatshirt. They bump elbows together and chat for a moment in the sun, in front of the large barbeque smokers.
Matt Horn appears on screen saying, “I had my mind made up on opening Horn Barbeque.” He’s seated with the camera showing him from the shoulders up.

TEXT: Matt Horn, Owner and Pitmaster, Horn Barbecue

There are many shots of Matt slicing meats. Customers walk around inside of the restaurant. We see macaroni and cheese being scooped into round, white, to-go containers.

Slightly elevated shots show the restaurant building’s wall to the left and a line of people stretching all masked, from the front door and beyond. The end of the line is not visible.

Framed newspaper articles from different publications are mounted to the wall and photos accompany them.

Masked customers take their phones and are snapping photos of Matt Horn cutting meats inside the restaurant.

At the line, “It’s all in the spirit of barbeque..” two masked Horn Barbecue employees appear to the left of the screen, standing outside the entrance and are speaking to the people waiting in line closest to the front door.

Matt pulls a brisket out of the smoker. There is a montage of people ordering food inside, and the long lines outside, stretching down the block.

Matt stokes the fires as multiple shots come on screen showing food and people eating outside at picnic tables.

At the line, “At that time I told my wife…” on screen is a framed photograph of Matt Horn and his wife Nina Horn on screen. The next shot then shows the counter where people are ordering, Matt is slicing meat to the left, an employee watches on in the center of the screen and Nina Horn stands to the right taking the order of a customer who appears off screen.

There is another succession of quick shots showing brisket being pulled from smokers, being sliced, and being set on a scale to be weighed.

Customers are then shown in a wide shot outside where there are two rows of black picnic benches that are on either side of the screen, with green astroturf below them and a line of people standing on the sidewalk waiting to order is the far background behind them.

There is a shot of Matt interacting with a customer, then there is a close up of many pieces of smoked turkey breast, browned with the skin on, resting on a sheet tray covered in aluminum foil. A ladle comes onto the screen and pours glistening butter over the tops of them.
Another shot shows a close up of a rack of very large beef ribs being sliced on a cutting board.

Outside in a fenced off area, sits a huge, white, cylindrical shaped smoker that has two rectangular large doors. Matt opens both doors. He is holding a spray bottle in his hands to spray the meats and baste them.

In the next scene, a closeup shot of a large cut of brisket is pulled from the smoker and held in both of his hands.

Two people, a man and a woman sit side by side on one of the picnic tables. The man seated to the left has a plastic fork in one hand and takes a bite of food and starts to rock his arms side to side while enjoying the food. The woman next to him is cutting through some meat.

At the line, “Thank you for this food..” the screen shows a masked woman with many long braids in a black Horn Barbecue sweatshirt standing to the left of the screen. The camera is pointed at a down angle next to her above her head. Her eyes are closed and she is standing over the same table with the two women who were enjoying the meats from four aluminum platters, one in a jean jacket and one in a camouflage jacket. The two women are seated with their heads bowed and hands clasped in prayer close to their chests.

At the line, “Anything that he puts his mind to…” From the shoulders up we see the same masked woman with long braids speaking directly to the viewer.


Guitar music begins playing up and under a close up shot of a faux wood patterned electric guitar that is being played by a man in a blue t-shirt. The next shot is wider and shows the man standing to the left of the screen playing the guitar. To the right of the screen is an older, seated, grey haired, bearded man, playing a black electric guitar. They are outside and to the left and right are large speakers on stands. In front of them are many wires and boxes for music equipment. They are standing on the astroturf and there are cars parked behind them on the street.

The next shot shows a table of four seated at a picnic table eating from three aluminium to-go platters.

Back inside the restaurant, two men from the same household, stand in front of the carving counter. They have momentarily removed their masks, as they are distanced from everyone else around them, to taste some sample barbecue given to them by Matt. They simultaneously look at each other while chewing and nod in agreement, look back at the meat being carved and replace their masks.
Matt is seen giving an elbow to an employee standing outside the front door, monitoring the line, as he walks back into the restaurant. The end credit screen plays at the bottom in white lettering on top of a black bar that covers the lower third portion of the screen.

A montage plays along with the credits of people standing in line, a dog resting on the sidewalk in a dog bed with the sun shining on its fur, the legs of people standing in line in the background, people being ushered into the restaurant, and lastly the two guitar players.

The last scene is Matt Horn, interacting with three other masked men, who are standing in line waiting for barbecue, two of them stand to his left and one to his right. They are all bumping elbows with each other and Matt laughs heartily with them before turning around and walking away to converse with other people waiting in line.

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