

THE DECKS

Written by

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FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: Inspired by actual events.

EXT. HARBOR WATER - MAINE - EARLY MORNING

An eerie layer of fog floats along the still, black water. Lapping against hulls of an almost silent harbor, SOUNDS of clanking of sailboat masts and distant buoys punctuate the stillness.

A far-off foghorn echoes while the boats rock in their slips. Seagulls cry and caw.

Low-level creaks and moans grow louder, like an orchestra beneath the surface, building on silent rhythm.

INT. MYSTERY FISHING BOAT CABIN - DAY:

Fingers tap along with the rhythm, a tapping foot, a belt buckle clicking against a metal table.

Suddenly, it all screeches to a halt.

SAGE (20), a rugged beauty, whips off her headphones and presses "stop" on her outdated CD player and listens carefully.

MAN (O.S.)
Sage? Sage!!

Hastily, Sage fumbles to eject the CD "SAGE-MIX-7," replaces it with "SAGE-MIX-8" and then, exits.

EXT. MYSTERY FISHING BOAT - MAINE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Sage plunges her way through a crowd of recreational fisherman - pure tourists - toward the commotion up in the bow.

A DRUNK FISHERMAN and his inebriated friend laugh, heaving on a snagged line.

SAGE
(screaming)
Don't pull!
(wrapping the monofilament
line around her hand)
You're caught on the bottom. Gimme
some slack on the line!

DRUNK FISHERMAN
Oh baby, it's a big 'un!

Sage confidently works to clear the fishing line.

DRUNK FRIEND
(impressed)
Maybe you should listen to her.

With one last yank, the hook clears and catches Sage's CD player, launching it and her headphones overboard.

Silently, she watches her music flutter into the cold, dark waters.

DRUNK FISHERMAN
(off Sage's arm)
Hey. You OK? That ain't right! You bleedin'.

In the chaos, a four-inch treble hook is imbedded in her arm. She just takes a breath and pushes the three hooks through to clear the barbs from her flesh.

Resolutely, Sage pulls pliers from her belt loop and with a grimace and a pissed off "FUCK YOU VERY MUCH" she clips the barbs and wrestles the mess trying to back the hook out of her forearm with no further tissue damage.

A few onlookers are on the verge of fainting as the rest of the group stares on in stunned amazement.

INT. "MYSTERY" FISHING BOAT - WHEELHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sage enters the wheelhouse and grabs a bottle of booze, dousing the mess.

The Mystery's Captain is Sage's 'UNCLE' MAYNARD, (early 50's). He's an old salt, he studies her with furrowed brow.

Then, announces over the PA:

UNCLE MAYNARD
(to passengers)
I'm sorry folks, we'll need to...

Sage glares at him, flips off the PA, then plunges her hand into the first-aid kit. Obliging Uncle Maynard with a large bandage to help dress her wound.

Maynard reaches back and rattles a bottle of Oxycodone.

MAYNARD

Doctor gave me some oxy-somethin'
for when the pain gets real bad.

SAGE

Skittle pills? You start poppin'
that crack candy and next thing ya
know, you sell your boat, your
wharf, your truck, gear, wife and
kids all for more.

(Waving them off)

Hell nah.

Sage applies pressure to the wound while tearing off a piece
of surgical tape with her teeth.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Got fish to catch-

UNCLE MAYNARD

No... got bleeding to stop. Take a
breath, Sage.

She does as Maynard hauls out his knife, slicing the tape.

MAYNARD

You gonna ruin those biscuit
rippers that way.

Wild and angry, she flashes a horse smile, swipes up the
intercom mouthpiece calling to the drunken fisherman on the
bow.

SAGE

Any of you feeling real sick, you
make sure you keep watching those
waves roll.

Maynard shoots her a scowl.

MAYNARD

Now, why on earth would you tell
them that? They gonna puke lookin'
at them rollers.

Sage turns back to the PA while speaking to Maynard, devilish
smile.

SAGE

(to Maynard)

Because...

(then, over the PA like
some crazed professional
auctioneer)

(MORE)

SAGE (CONT'D)

...we got us one last Dramamine
pill up here, it helps with the sea
hurls, who'll give me \$25? Who's
got 25-25-25? Can I get 30-30-30-
30?

She reaches into the cooler, blood in the icy water and pulls
up an icy cold one.

SAGE

Or we can bundle it and I can throw
in the Dramamine and an icy Coors
to wash it down, all this for \$35.
Whaddaya say?

Dripping blood from her arm all over Maynard's controls, Sage
holds the Dramamine box for the guys to see.

MAYNARD

You gone rabid, girl.

SAGE

Why, no Cappy, this whole box of
Dramamine costs me \$5 up to the
store. My mark up on those 12
pills, makes me cartel kingpin-
worthy - a drug dealer of innocuous
drugs.

Sage shoots a dead eye to the bottle of Oxi as she reaches
for the liquor bottle which Maynard fails to pull away from
her in time.

MAYNARD

Good Gwod Girl, getta hold of
yourself. She's right rabid...

Sage, satisfied, turns and swigs off the booze. She spins the
dial on Maynard's radio away from his hokey folk music. She
points to a man turning fifty shades of grey-- he hurls.

SAGE

(To herself)
Ka-ching.

MAYNARD,

Dress the wound, lose the attitude
and cut the shit. You had your
tetanus?

He shuts off her music selection.

MAYNARD

My wheelhouse, my rules. You listen to your own crap when you get your own boat. When you're captain you can play whatever damn noise you want.

SAGE

Christ, I gotta do my own thing.

Sage spins off as Maynard bites frustration with a wheeze and a deep hacking cough. He pulls the hose in from the back to wash down his bloody controls.

MAYNARD

Women. The Devil's ballast!

EXT. MYSTERY FISHING BOAT - DOCKED - LATER

Tourists file off as Sage expertly cleans fish off the stern, blood seeps through her dressed wound on her arm.

The drunk tourist tries to tip Sage dropping a dollar down before her. She stabs the dollar with her gurried up Ninja knife and lunges it back. Rather expert knife play she's got.

SAGE

Yo, you need it more than I do.

She stabs the cod fish carcass along with the gurried up dollar bill and flicks the slimy mess off the knife. Its sails high over the stern where the seagulls fight and dive for the dollar and the fish guts.

The drunken tourist watches swaying and slurring best he comes up with is...

DRUNK TOURIST

Well... shit...

INT. MACLEAN'S BAR - DAY

Sage flings herself into the bar as she tears at the fresh bandage on her arm. Passing the balding and nosey DICKY (30's), she stalks to the stairs without acknowledging him.

DICKY

What's with the arm?

She bounds downstairs without a word.

INT. MACLEAN'S BAR - BASEMENT NIGHTCLUB - DAY

Sage works at her DJ setup among dusty relics of old mixing equipment among various music articles strewn about.

Milk crates of old vinyl surround her isolation while Sage starts flipping through the LPs. An old Motown release catches her attention and throws it on the platter with purpose.

She pulls the headset on both ears: Old she-male vocals, pitched up. Sage replaces the needle until she finds the exact piece she wants.

She plays the sample back and listens, and records the sample, again and again.

Next, she samples a drum hit. Then, vinyl textures and crackles. She stretches it, experimenting with the sound, noting everything and anything.

Then, among the dust, silence.

Sage releases a track from the Bloody Beetroots which vibrates the empty rafters.

Sage crisply loops the vocals against the disco samples as her free, blood soaked arm plays her keyboard now layering in drums. Slowly, the music transports her away from her pain.

Sage then searches and selects a track of African Kwaito music from her laptop, listening to its slowed kick drum. Her fingers move across the keyboard.

CLOSE ON:

Her tapered fingers, slowly sliding the volume fader up until it plays; gritty and beautiful, intense.

Low sunlight flickers reflected off the vinyl, keeping time with the music.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MYSTERY FISHING BOAT - ON WATER - DAWN

Pink sunlight dances off the water's surface beyond Sage's closed eyes.

Sage cracks her eyes open greeted by snapping lobster claws and whipping antenna while the tattered Mystery serves as a lobster vessel today.

Beside her, Maynard proudly studies Sage's familiar moves around the boat-- and her confidence around menacing crustaceans.

SAGE AND MAYNARD
(Simultaneously with a
smile)
Cleat it off on the fourth rung.

Speaking at the same time, Sage cleats the trap door with a sideways smile, knowing she's being watched. Then she gently shove/nudges Maynard. They both laugh.

SAGE
Ya' dont say...

Maynard chuckles. Wiseass.

INT. LOBSTER CO-OP WHARF - DAY

The massive lobster co-op building has seen better days, showing the strain on the fishing industry with patched roofs, mismatched repairs and peeling paint.

A full crate of lobsters lands hard on a massive scale in front of DOUGIE (30's), the hard-nosed owner's son. A wad of cash emerges from his pocket. He peels off only a few bills.

Maynard is not happy at all.

INT/EXT. MACLEAN'S BAR - MAYNARD'S TRUCK - DAY

Maynard drives to a hard stop, killing the ignition and leaving the radio playing a folksy song. He pulls the cash from his pocket, peeling off \$40 for Sage, sitting in the passenger seat.

SAGE
Really? That it? I busted my ass
out there.

MAYNARD
You saw what we got for 'em. The
fuel, bait, new gear I had to
replace I'm breaking a big fat
goose egg.
(defeated)
Might as well go park it up at the
school and open the crates, give
'em away.
(Back to Sage)

MAYNARD

Not going out tomorrow, Sagey ...or the rest of the week either. Just not worth it. Got some painting lined up.

SAGE

I dunno how much more treading water I can do. Gotta find some steady work.

MAYNARD

I wish I could do more Sagey. I really do. One day you will have your own boat. Maybe the Mystery if you want.

SAGE

Why would I want to be scrapping it flingin' fish guts and lobster claws? This life is for...

She thinks better of continuing.

MAYNARD

Is for what? What? This life has earned me a life and taken care of you. I'd show a little more respect.

SAGE

I do. I just have to find my own way. This is your way...not mine.

MAYNARD

Last I checked, this is your way too. What's so wrong with it?

SAGE

Everything. Nothing. Nevermind.

Maynard, suppressing a coughing bout, is unable to get any words out as Sage bolts out, slams the door behind her as Maynard wants to rail at her, but she's gone. He hangs his head in frustration.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY - MONTHS LATER

Sage's frozen breath breaks through her bundle of gear as she whacks SNOW from of the tugboat ARGO's winches and cables, haunting echoes pierce the cold fog.

INT. MYSTERY - WHEELHOUSE - DOCKED

With his son JAKE (10), Maynard radios the Argo Captain.

MAYNARD

Bobby, you take good care of Sage.
And pay her! She'll need it for the
next leg of trip. You sure she can
berth up to City Island?

Squawking over the radio:

BOBBY (O.S.)

Ayuh, will do, Maynard. Cappy,
she'll be alright. Johnny's a good
man.

Jake, bundled up in warm clothes leans against Maynard then
tugs on his father's sleeve as the Argo pulls out.

JAKE

Father, Sage coming back?

Jake and Maynard watch Sage wave back.

MAYNARD

Sagey's got stuff to do. Dreams to
chase. Water always finds its way
back to the shore.

Maynard fights back emotion as Jake reaches to tug on the
horn blasting:

WHOOMP! WHOOMP! WHOOMP!

MAYNARD

(Holding his ears) For Chris-sake
Jakey! Warn me next time!

Maynard fails to keep a straight face among Jake's laughter.
But it's bittersweet as they watch the old tug carry her
asea.

EXT. ARGO TUGBOAT - ON DECK - MOVING

Despite her best efforts, Sage can't quite hide her tears
through her smile. With a final glance back, the Argo tug
pushes southward.

INT. ARGO TUGBOAT - WHEELHOUSE - DAY/NIGHT

Resting against the glass, the sleepy Sage nods to her music as the Maine coastline passes.

EXT. MAINE COASTLINE - MOVING TUGBOAT - DAY

Passing under the Piscataqua Bridge that marks the state line, the sunlight strobes through the cables.

Thick wire cables moan a strain as she registers every sound from the ping of high tension wires, to the flowing waters.

EXT. SURREALISTIC CITY - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Streaming neon tails of white, red, and green, overexposed against black, circling to the music, then sharpening into--

White headlights, red taillights and green traffic lights on the highway, seen through the bus window, still dancing to the beat.

Blurred Christmas lights, neon, wet pavement and standing water registers among the visions.

Traffic, pedestrians, buildings skew and distort among them. Sage's face reflected lightly in the glass and out to the night-lit Boston gliding by.

INT. ARGO TUGBOAT - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Sage is sleeping slumped, face smashed up against the wheelhouse window in the predawn. Sage's headphones have slipped over one ear.

The music continues over...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY HARBOR - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Boats of all sorts move about on the swift current.

EXT. NEW YORK - CITY ISLAND DOCKS - DAY

Bobby and Sage gaze at disheveled looking boats strewn and tied off, but plenty of space to claim a boat as a squatter.

A HEAVY SET GUY appears and signals to the old trawler in the first dock slip. Bobby shouts.

BOBBY
(to Heavy, shouting)
How much?

Heavy holds his 3 fingers out.

HEAVY
Call it \$300. Cover water and
electric. Even got surveillance
cameras somewhere. Pretty safe down
in here.

Sensing everything, including dry skepticism, Sage retrieves
and slings her rigging KNIFE with flair and dexterity.

A moment passes.

HEAVY
You'll be fine. Ya can mooch
internet from warehouses up across
the lot. You may be out here on the
fringe of the city, but, hell, ya
got all the 'accoutrements' just
like them fancy folks in their Soho
lofts 'n shit.

Sage's eye wanders to the old motorcycle in a heap of junk.

SAGE
(to Heavy)
Hey, what's the deal with that pile
over there?

HEAVY
Help yourself to whatever, less
shit for me to lug.

Out on the water a seal leaps and barking in the water.

SAGE
No! Way! Silkie?! Silkie!

Silkie swims closer as Sage's mouth drops in shock! She
whoops and laughs at her childhood ocean companion!

HEAVY
I see you have a friend. We don't
need to encourage stowaways, those
things will rip up everything, then
shit on it for good measure. Clear?

Sage launches an infectious smile.

SAGE
Ay-ay, Cap.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ISLAND DOCKS - LATER MONTAGE:

- Bobby heaves one of her duffels on the deck.
- Sage sets to cleaning up and fixing her new home aboard her squatter's boat. Perfect.
- Sage prepares to fully disassembling her new old motorcycle.
- Silkie slips onto the deck next to Sage, whose nursing a beer.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT CABIN - NIGHT

Sage is wide awake listening to her music with Silke warming next to a space heater. Sage plays a crazy new amalgam of deep beats until she stops to hear something outside. She just listens to the rhythmic thrumming of a tugboat beating upriver.

She glances to Silkie who slaps his flippers over his ears and shoots her a "fer fuck sake woman you've played this track to death...'

SAGE
What the fucking Fuck is that supposed to mean.

She points vehemently to the cabin door.

SAGE
Feel free to take that attitude outside!

Her pet seal ignores her with a groan, a rather dramatic burp, then back to sleep. She just about dies at the smell.

SAGE
Oh. My. God. You did. You ate Satan.

Her seal shoots her the most fucked up smile.

She sits up blechk then stares through the window towards the tugboat heaving a barge upwind. Sage stares at tiny Christmas lights glimmering from the stout roof of the boat.

Sage drifts off hearing her poem.

Eyes moistening, reflecting the many shiny dots of the light.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA FEVER LOBSTER BOAT - MAINE HARBOR - DAY TITLE CARD:
14 Years Ago.

Sage (6), smiles as her MA, (30's), blonde, strong, beautiful, completes installing a string Christmas lights along the wheelhouse of the her mother's lobster boat "Sea Fever".

Grabbing the camera, Ma leans into Sage and holds up the camera in the glow of the lights. SNAP!

Sage's Ma heaves Sage up onto the cabin roof where Sage lies down on her stomach dangling her hair over the edge playfully.

SAGE

Okay Mama, ready! 1, 2, 3...

Sage scooches back to see the lights on their tree glow as Sage's Ma climbs up to join her there with their proud Christmas tree all aglow.

The sound of the Drummer Boy wafts over the boat's speakers up from the wheelhouse: "Pah-rump-a-pum-pum. Me and my drum..."

SAGE

Perfect!

CUT TO:

EXT. MAINE SHORE - DAY

A young girl walks along a dirt road, obscured by wild grasses blowing from the sea breezes.

Young Sage scampers faster when she sees the bow of her Ma's boat round the point. Sage's pants flop and drag, too big on her lanky frame and running far too fast for her small frame.

INT. "SEA FEVER" LOBSTER BOAT - WHEELHOUSE - DAY - SAME

Folk music rattles the wheelhouse radio as Sage's Ma spots Sage up on the hill. She spins the wheel hard, glowing at her little girl whose waving her arms holding wild flowers.

Ma's fingers find the running-light switch.

MA
(to herself)
Let's see if my little Sagey
remembers our code...

Ma hits the switch.

EXT. MAINE SHORE - DAY

An anxious Sage stands, watching intently for the boat's
lights to flash on.

LITTLE SAGE
(to herself)
One flash... ran out of bait, fuel,
and faith.

A beat then: A SECOND flash...

LITTLE SAGE
Two. Not as full...

A THIRD flash...

LITTLE SAGE
Three! A great haul!

She cheers, tearing down the path towards the dock even
faster. She holds her pant legs up as she runs.

INT. SEA FEVER LOBSTER BOAT - WHEELHOUSE - SAME

Overcome with laughter watching Sage race to the docks after
the third flash.

Sage's Ma smiles as Sage calls out exuberantly holding up her
three little fingers!

SAGE
Ma! Three!

EXT. MAINE SHORE - SAME

Sage's loose pant-leg grabs one of the cleats and she skids
down the ramp. The sandpaper tread devours her knees through
her pants.

She stands, wobbling at first, then without even a glimpse
down, Sage defiantly wipes a tear as the blood streaks her
spindly legs down into her tattered socks.

She rises and keeps running to meet her Ma.

INT/EXT. SEA FEVER LOBSTER BOAT - SAME

Her Ma winces when her little Sage falls then pushes her throttle harder, hurrying her boat to the dock.

EXT. MAINE SHORE - END OF DOCK - DAY

Sage smiles through the tears with her three little fingers held up proudly.

SAGE

Mama! Three flashes! Three.

Her Ma nestles the boat along the dock as Sage cleats off fast and hard. Even at her young age, Sage is a natural around boats.

Ma springs up on the dock with strong steps and a hardened face. In an incongruous moment, she slips her leather belt as if to whip the child. Only then does Sage look up at her afraid to show any pain.

The moment melts away as her Ma kneels down to wrap herself around her little girl with bittersweet tears. Her anger not at her daughter but at her own shortcomings.

SAGE'S MA

I'm sorry. Mama's gonna buy you
your own new pair of pants,
promise!

SAGE (HOLDS OUT FLOWERS)

These are for you, Mama.

Clamping her arms around her Ma's neck, Sage buries her face in her mother's hair, deeply breathing in the sea, the salt of the ocean. Her Ma finally unfurls the belt and violently slams the spike of her rigging knife into the leather to make a hole small enough to fit her Sage. She feeds it through Sages belt loops and cinches it tight.

SAGE'S MA

Looks like you could use a hoist
for those pants.
(Off Sage's scarped leg)
Let's have a look?

Sage nods sweetly through tears.

SAGES MA
 You're my little lifeline, tying me
 to this life ashore, you do.
 (blows on scuffed knee)
 Let's get you cleaned up. You sure
 left a nice bit of you on the dock,
 didn't you?

Another nod as Sage nestles down against her Ma's old chamois shirt.

EXT. MA'S SEA FEVER LOBSTER BOAT - DAY

Little Sage plays with the long metal bait threaders and an old lobster trap, drumming along to her old MP3 player.

Ma throws the boat in idle to swipe up the next lobster potbuoy and calls back to Sage.

SAGE'S MA
 Sagey, are you ready on the bait-
 bags? Sage?

Amused, Ma just stops and watches as Sage lost in music with headphones too big for her head, moving to an unheard beat.

Sage's poem ascends softly over a floating Seagull.

EXT. SEA FEVER LOBSTER BOAT - LATER

Sage shakes a feisty crab clamped on her hauling glove, flinging it back to the frothy water off their stern as SEAL PUP pops its head up. Sage locks eyes on it. She pitches a starfish off the trap and the seal jumps nearly clear of the water to catch it playfully. Sage is absolutely enchanted!

SAGE
 Hi there. Ma look!
 (laughing together)
 Gonna call you Silkie? Just like in
 my library book. My Silkie.

Silkie dives back under the waves.

SAGE'S MA
 Sagey, you're gonna go deaf with
 that music so loud. I can hear it
 all the way from here. Hit me again
 with the coffee, would ya?

INT. SEA FEVER LOBSTER BOAT - GALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Sage descends carefully into the room with Ma's chipped coffee cup.

The ship-to-shore radio squawks to life, garbled with fishermen yacking and chattering on distorted by the radio bands. Sage explores the radio handset ON/OFF SWITCHES creating her own signature sound mixed nicely with the music playing on her headphones.

Maynard comes on the radio.

MAYNARD (O.S.)
Hey there, Pidlet. That you?

SAGE
Uncle Maynard? How'd you know it's me?

MAYNARD
The feedback. You playin' with radio noise again! They broke the mold after you was born.

She laughs.

MAYNARD
(garbled)
Pidlet... hey... your Ma know... storm... big noreaster... due...

The badly distorted transmission goes unheard by Sage.

SAGE'S MA (O.S.)
Ah, Sagey, shut that racket off. Don't pay no attention to all that squawkin' on the radio.

C'mon, we still got a slew of traps to haul.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEA FEVER LOBSTER BOAT - SAME

Sage's Ma finishes squinting as she scans the water out ahead for more traps.

SAGE'S MA
Jeezus! I'd rather listen to music than all their moaning. Don't they guys bitch and moan. Here, pop this in.

She frisbees the CD to Sage who catches it before it clears overboard and slips it into the fish-gurried CD/tape-deck. A heart and soul folk song, "The Other Side," floats up from below.

Another empty lobster trap lands on the deck.

SAGE'S MA

I've gotta head offshore. Winter's upon us and them lobsters are crawlin'.

SAGE

You're gonna leave me behind?

SAGE'S MA

Of course not, but you've got school.

Sage just looks at her and smiles. Over the folk music, the two continue working hard.

BACK TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - MOTORCYCLE - MOVING - DAY

Sage's blonde locks whip beneath her helmet as buildings, taxis, people from all walks of life become part of her blur.

INT. LOUIE'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Sage walks up to larger than life LOUIE (50's), the chef and co-owner holding a 'help wanted'.

SAGE

I'm here about the job.

LOUIE

Have any experience?

Sage has a hard time speaking. Sage motions to the lobster crate tossed by the kitchen entrance that's settled in a rancid puddle. The lobsters bake in the sun.

SAGE

Um. With seafood, yeah.

Selling it.

SAGE

Ya know you can't cook a lobster back to life.

(MORE)

SAGE (CONT'D)
Once it's dead, she boils and all
the meat just goes to stew.

Good point, she continues.

SAGE
I can fillet grouper, flounder,
Cod, cusk, hake, haddock.. shuck
Blue Points, cherrystones, de-beard
mussels...

Louie gestures ok, ok you're good. He ends with a thumbs up.
Sage smiles a thumbs up back. Signature Sage sass.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUIE'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - LATER

Sage stares at herself in the dining room mirrors wearing her
WAITRESS get-up, not quite the plan.

LOUIE
Well? Get a move on...

A MAN at table one is waving at her, trying to get the check.

But, she's at table 13, where she apparently got the order
wrong.

LOUIE (CONT'D O.S.)
Who the hell wrote this? Is this
how she takes orders?

The corporate manager and co-owner, MARCIA (40's), watches
Sage from across the room coldly. She's mean in heels.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Exhausted, Sage does the same stare at herself in the mirror
wearing her "uniform". Ugh. Her eyes drift off towards her
meager, cheap and outdated music equipment.

Then, her eyes settle onto an advertisement for a nightclub--
Club Output.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - NIGHT

A smoky, packed warehouse where sweating, drinking hipsters,
cluster up against a stage and a resident DJ is spinning a
drum & bass mix.

Sage barely makes it past the DOORMAN and stares out over the scene.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - DJ BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The DJ, SANTI is aging upwards and his bad boy antics aren't helping any. Well tattooed, he wipes sweat fueled by all the drugs he's taken. His best friend and tour manager TRISTAN (mid 30s), is a focused, professional who has seen enough of Santi's antics.

The music is club-calibre loud so yelling is the only way to communicate over the uttzz uttzz uttzz and the crowd goes wild.

CROWD

SANTI! SANTI! SANTI!

TRISTAN

(yelling)

Should we call the ambulance now or wait for the set to end? Water?

(Beat)

Methadone?

SANTI

(yelling)

Do what you do best, Tristan.
Leave. What's the problem? Look at this place! Loud, obnoxious and crazy, everything you hate. Any more energy, you'll relapse to Iraq!

Not cool. Tristan inserts his earplugs to shut out Santi and all the provocations. He adjusts his dark glasses.

TRISTAN

You're a fucking shit-show.

Tristan looks at the crowd, oblivious to anything. Disgusted, he storms out of the booth as Santi follows amped and begging for a fight.

SANTI

The fuck you just say?

TRISTAN

It doesn't matter. You don't matter.

Santi, high on whatever has had enough and launches at Tristan shoving him-- ripping at his shirt revealing a world of pain in the scars and his ripped torso. Tristan, an Iraqi War Vet, reacts instinctively.

Tristan straight-arms Santi in a full tactical maneuver. The big BLACK BOUNCER quickly move to break up the fight, but it's over as soon as it begins.

The Bouncer catches a glimpse of the scars as Tristan quickly tucking his shirt back in, shaking off the assault and exits.

TRISTAN
(to bouncer)
We're all good, Chris, he's
nothing.

Santi calls out at him.

SANTI
Fuck You Tristan.

Tristan shoves through the crowd with only a quick and angry glance back.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - EXIT

Tristan removes the earbuds as he makes his way towards the club exit. A CLUB GIRL playfully puts her hands around his waist. Tristan grabs them hard as the girl crumples and cries out as he twists her hand. Tristan snaps out of it and catches himself. He abruptly releases the girl.

Sage takes in the scene.

A group of girls next to Sage are wearing high stilettos and short dresses, stabs Sage's foot with a heel.

SAGE
What the fucking fuck!

The club rats move on as Sage bends over to her stiletto-d foot and in the commotion, the tightly wound and anxious Tristan dumps a waitress's tray of drinks over Sage.

From bad to worse, Sage is stunned trying to fathom wtf just happened.

Tristan can't see Sage clearly whose bent down, he leaves after dropping some bills on the waitress whose trying to retrieve her tray. The bills sail down on the waitress and Sage whose caught up in the mess. It's completely demeaning.

TRISTAN
(To waitress)
Hey. Sorry.

The waitress scoops the bills from the floor. Sage just gawks at this prick.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - WOMENS BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sage bolts into the woman's bathroom, dripping daiquiri. Sage cleans up in the giggling gaggle of girls all competing for mirror and hair spray. Like. Oh. Ma. God.

Their "like-uptalking-like-totally-conversation" about Santi first annoys the shit outta her but then somehow peaks her interest as she hits the Dyson to dry off. The sticky mess. She pushes through them to the sink pops the drain plug down. Just wanting to shut these vapid vixons up Sage full on face plants into the filling sink.

CROWD (O.S.)
"SANTI! SANTI! SANTI!"

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - DJ BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Santi is back in the booth, breathes deep and brings up the level. The crowd goes wild.

Sage now with newly slicked, hair looks amazing. She eyes the DJ setup hungrily, taking it all in.

Sage's eyes are pulled away from the booth, travel upward and around, taking in the crowd. They are literally buzzing with anticipation.

Santi steps up with his drink alongside the current DJ to scattered APPLAUSE and CHEERS. He nods to the other DJ's vibe, pulling on his headphones.

Santi chooses a track on his computer and cues it up - leaving the mixer to Santi as he scans the crowd, a slow grin spreads.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - FLOOR - SAME

Onto the floor and around Sage, everyone is dancing, giving themselves over to Santi's vibe. Sage starts moving, letting the music wash over her, seep into her - become her.

When the beat finally DROPS, Sage complies; jumping up at the precise moment with everyone else lost in the music, which is to say - everyone in the room or even around the block.

Lighting and strobes freeze, blur and manipulate their dancing bodies at random moments so they resemble snapshots of punk kids with bodies frozen into ecstatic twists, faces alive with music and possibility.

EXT. BROOKLYN PARK - WATERS EDGE - LATER - NIGHT

Outside the club, Tristan approaches the river's edge and looks out. He picks up a rock and skips it across the water. He picks up another and fires it up high in the sky waiting to hear it hit the water like a bullet. He mock aims up at it, target practice and some bad memories he's trying to bury.

He looks over visualizing he sees a little Muslim boy with his father, skipping stones, too. The sound of bullets still ring with distorted echoes.

Tristan is mesmerized by this. The father looks at him. The eyes lock on him in a thousand-yard stare.

Tristan angrily turns away, the sound of a single bullet reverberates and echoes and the images of the boy and father disappear. Gone.

After an anguished moment and a deep breathe, he makes a desperate call on his cell.

TRISTAN

(into phone)

Hey man, what time is it over there? Sorry to wake you up. I'm in. Get me that flight. Gotta get the fuck outta here. For good.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - SIDE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sage walks through the narrow, dimly-lit red hallway where pulsating bass literally penetrates the dark walls. She touches her fingers along the black paint to also feel the music.

She's Alice coming into Wonderland exploring the black curtain that opens up into new realms of music. The beats are alive and on fire. The dancing mass is under the spell of the DJ - Santi and she can't take her eyes off his performance.

There is no distinction between the music and the movement - it's pure, palpable energy living in every atom.

Exhale.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. LOUIE'S RESTAURANT - NEXT DAY

Sage inhales and walks over to table three, where four Wall Street BUSINESSMEN sit.

SAGE

I'm sorry, it'll be just a minute.

The main businessman just looks at her like, "Yeah, and..."

Marcia, the manager, is watching from across the floor as they all laugh at Sage, staring them down. She bites back her sass, pivots and leaves.

INT. LOUIE'S RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sages pushes through the swinging door seething, as she sees Louie and the sous chef gasping at the fish on their prep table. They are yelling in broken curse words about the product from "Hunt's Point."

INT. LOUIE'S RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marcia's mean heels sashay through the lunch crowd, barking orders at a busboy on her way.

MARCIA

Where is she? I need her out on the floor.

The busboy points to the kitchen.

INT. LOUIE'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS ANGLE ON:

A worm is squirming out of the nape of the fish filet.

Sage grabs Louie's large meat cleaver and turns it on its side to mash the worm. Louie watches on in shock.

SAGE

It's. Just. A. Worm.

Sage pitches the meat cleaver down and unfolds her rigging knife out of her back pocket.

SAGE

You really need a better knife for
these stubborn little fuckers.

Sage holds up the filet to the light to inspect for more
worms. Louie still hasn't moved.

Marcia has stopped in her tracks, watching Sage flicking out
the worms from the fish filet. Marcia heaves over, her head
dipping down below the circular window of the swinging
kitchen door.

The lunch guests can hear the hurl over the cheesy piano
musik.

Marcia pops her ashen face back up, her brown painted lips
quiver with spittle.

MARCIA

You're fired.

Sage is looking at her, cups her ear with her hand that still
holds the knife, a worm wriggling on the end of the blade. As
she walks out, she wipes her blade on Marcia's dress, the
padded shoulder a perfect resting place for the worm. Marcia
shrieks.

Out in the dining room, dinner guests all startle - one old
guy spills his martini down his front.

The sous chef, two dishwashers, and a busboy all stand there,
frozen, staring at Sage with a new level of attraction and
respect. One bends to hurl.

DISHWASHER

Coooogno. (shiiiiitttt!)

EXT. LOUIE'S RESTAURANT ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Louie leads Sage out the back door and the door slams hard
behind.

SAGE

(Back over her shoulder to
Marcia)

Brown lipstick never a good idea,
vagina mouth!

Louie laughs. Out. Loud.

LOUIE

And that is now among the
somethings I just cannot un-see.

Sage tosses her apron to Louie. Then, throws her backpack on, her earbuds go in, grabs her helmet and takes off.

Louie just watches her leave with a genuine smile.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - PREDAWN

Sage thrums a beat on her table with her coffee mug. Silkie is teething on her pant leg for some attention. She swipes open the newly installed dog door for him to slip out over the side.

Sage looks off to the ocean as her hand plays with a light switch. She turns the lights on and off - three times. After a moment, she turns away.

Haunting, soulful folk plays as Sage skims the headlines.

She thrums out a beat on the counter where The National Fisherman Magazine spread out in front of her. Cover shot of the boats all up on dry-dock.

Front cover reads: Lobster Prices Bottom Out Forcing Foreclosures.

Pictures of houses all strewn in the yellow foreclosure tape. The lobstermen are closed down. She stares out the cabin window.

Opening up her beat up computer mooching internet to search where Santi is playing next and finds:

"CLUB OUTPUT - RESIDENT DJ SANTI - FRIDAYS!"

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Two scantily clad dancers in garish animal garments and warrior jewelry move trance-like in the middle of the floor.

Brilliantly colored and lights offer an almost voodoo scene of soul and energy. Strobos highlight sweat and motion.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - NEAR DJ BOOTH - CONTINUING

Santi is at the back of the DJ booth where no one can see him. A messed up club rat YOUNG THING dances her way near Santi giving him his own private show.

CLUBBER GIRL
You're amazing.

She pops a pill on her tongue, then kisses Santi and slips it into his mouth. He grabs her breast.

SANTI
We rollin' now!

A short club TECH ASSISTANT comes to help the messed up Santi and usher him back in the DJ booth.

Sage watches as Santi appears in the booth and the crowd goes wild. She watches every detail of his technique, then, closes her eyes feeling the vibration from the speakers.

The place is taken to new levels of depth and energy, until her reverie is cut short by the NEXT DJ's voice.

NEXT DJ
Give it up for Santi!

Sage quickly approaches the DJ booth. Attempting to get Santi's attention. He looks right at her hard and intense.

They connect, but it's fleeting and clearly disappointing for Sage. As the other Club Rats claw to get at Santi, she turns to leave.

Sage's rejection of his obvious seduction, triggers Santi's pure ego and he peels her back around to face him.

SANTI
Hey!

Sage looks at Santi's hand gripping her shoulder sloppily, eyes glossy, he forcefully pulls on her.

SAGE
Hey! Really? Wow. Hey? You suck, actually.

Using a defensive move, she tears his hand off her.

SANTI
(Puncturing his inflated
ego)
Owe! Wait, Shit, Wha? I don't
suck...

Sage smiles bitterly.

SAGE

Dude, you're wrecked. I came a long way to hear you, what a monumental waste of my time and money.

SANTI

Wait, what did you just say to me?

SAGE

Your music's as predictable as you are. Let me guess, you play the same set last Friday too?

(looking him up n down)

Probably.

SANTI

OK, so, wait, I'm messed up. What are you? Some critic? You sound like a fucking manager. I hate managers.

She turns to go but Santi holds her by both shoulders. He sees something as she stares him down.

SANTI

OK, sorry, what the fuck, OK, my manager's a prick. He left me and I'm pissed.

SAGE

I can see why. I don't give a shit.

The tech assistant comes in between them

TECH ASSISTANT

Yo.Santi. C'mon. Vamos.

SANTI

Wait! I need help with my gear. You want to help me?

SAGE

The help you need is a fucking medic.

SANTI

Didn't you say you came all this way to see me. Come onnnn!

SAGE

Correction. I came all this way to hear you...

Boom. Santi coughs like he took that one in the gut.

SANTI

WAIT! Fahhck it. As long as the
knife's facing outward and not at
me, I could use you.

Her ticket in.

SAGE

It's gonna cost you.

SANTI

Pay to play, Baby.

He slurps a sloppy drink and sways.

SANTI

Get my gear...

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sage blasts through, loaded with gear. Santi pulling on full
lines of blow with his friends. Santi offers her a line while
she scans the scene.

SAGE

Nah, hate that booger-suger. Ruins
the libido.

No one knows what she means.

SAGE

Anything else?

SANTI

Yeah. Chill the fuck out.

She hesitates then allows herself to touch the record's vinyl
with her fingers.

SANTI

(off her move, to
friends)
Oh God, we've got a purist.

SAGE

Where you want your crap?

SANTI

Leave it there. I'm playing again
next Friday.

SAGE
K, so I'll see you then.

Santi taunts her.

SANTI
Where you going? I need some more
Goose. Be a doll and go get us a
few bottles.

Santi frisbees the line cutting credit card at her which she catches neatly.

SAGE
OK, Big Man, here's to your long
dirt nap.

She's out. Santi drops his head down as the door shuts.

SANTI
(to friends)
Boom! She blowin' my high, Gawd!

EXT. CLUB OUTPUT - LATER Sage follows Santi out.

SANTI
I never had an assistant before.

SAGE
I'm not an assistant and you gotta
pay me more than...

Before she can finish, he smiles at her body, gets in a black car filled with women.

SANTI
Next Friday, don't be late.

He's gone, leaving her standing there all alone by a brick wall illuminated dramatically from above by a street light. (ala Edward Hopper's Nighthawk Diner) The straggling club crowd shadow her and move off in the background.

With a stab of her tongue she utters one word.

SAGE
Prick.

CUT TO BLACK.

We hear Sage's voice as if coming through a million speakers around a mega warehouse club.

SAGE (V.O.)
(Poetry)
I must go down to the sea again, to
the lonely sea and the sky...

Beeping sounds and techno sounds blare in.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - EARLY MORNING

Sage shoots up in bed and grabs the ALARM CLOCK beeping.
She climbs onto her bike, nearly skids in the pool of oil.

SAGE
Shit, Shit, Shit!

INT./EXT. SURREALISTIC SUBWAY - DAY

Sage waits for the train approaching, she pops her headphones out, swipes and taps her small digital recorder - game on.

The subway starts slowly, then gathers speed. We stay with Sage as she presses her forehead against the door, her music taking her somewhere else.

Sounds of people walking, pens clicking, doors opening and whistling air captivates her.

Stations flicker past as the subway transports day into night.

EXT. LONGWOOD AVE SUBWAY STATION - LATER

The subway rolls to a stop, Sage steps out wearing headphones and she gets her bearings. The station is mostly empty except for a few rough riders.

INT. HUNTS POINT FISH MARKET - NIGHT

Sage walks through the enormous, brightly lit warehouse space. There is a quiet, all work bustle.

Ice-lined boxes hold crabs, clams, mussels, squid. Pallets of seafood whizz across the giant space, as forklifts expertly avoid each other.

INT. NORTHEAST FISH COMPANY (FISH MARKET) - NIGHT

Sage looks up at the company's sign and then glances at the men standing at the tall tables, filleting fish. She checks her phone and clears her throat. The men quietly check her out, hands busy.

Sage flags down a man resembling a CAVEMAN (40's), in brightly-colored rubber coveralls.

SAGE

Excuse me?

He stops, saying nothing.

SAGE

I'm looking for... Johnny?

Caveman calls loudly over his shoulder, winking at her.

CAVEMAN

Yo, Johnny!!!

A big-n-burly man, Johnny (60's), lumbers over. Gaff hook slung on his shoulder, coverall bib pants both a familiar look up at Hunt's Point Fish Market.

CAVEMAN

This young lady's here for you.

Johnny looks at her and waits. Sage glances at Caveman, who makes no motion to leave.

SAGE

Bobby Tibbetts and my Uncle Maynard from up in Boothbay Harbor said you might have a job for me.

Johnny squints at her.

JOHNNY

Well holy shit, you made it down. Bobby didn't work you to death on the tug? Maynard said you know your way around fish.

SAGE

Yeah.

CAVEMAN

If he doesn't hire you, I know someone who will.

JOHNNY
(to Caveman)
Owww!

Johnny dead-eyes Caveman who heads off, backwards, winking.

JOHNNY
How are those boys doing up there?
Shit for prices on them lobsters. I
don't even bother no more with
those sea chickens down here. No
margins.

Johnny looks her over, debating.

JOHNNY
Come on back, we'll set you up.

He stops to inspect her small very female sized feet.

JOHNNY
We gonna have to find a pair of
kids boots to fit you.

Sage trails him to the back office. The workers follow her with their eyes. Who the hell is this? Woman?!

INT. NORTHEAST FISH COMPANY - LATER

Sage stands at one of the tables wearing a rubber apron, a pair of borrowed boots, big and clunky. Her headphones are in her ears, she nods her head to the beat of the music. She kinda clomps and dances. The guys all laughing shake their head at this creature until they see what she is capable of.

She wears a latex glove on her left hand, which holds a flounder in place. Using the sharp, curved knife in her right, she deftly slices through the fish, exposing its pearly interior. In three swift cuts, the fish is gutted and cleaned. Two more, and she holds neat filets.

A group of guys with Johnny stare, impressed.

Sage adds the filets to the growing pile beside her, and reaches for another fish.

Two Latino WORKERS pause to watch the precision in Sage's work - she's a machine, oblivious to anything outside her head.

EXT. EAST RIVER WATERFRONT - DAWN

Sage walks along the riverfront, headset still in. She notices something down on the water and pulls her headphones out to listen.

Sage watches in sick fascination as a pipe belches a rushing grey stream of sewage into the water below. In the distance, a buoy CLANKS, a melodic counterpoint to sewer.

EXT. SAGES BOAT - CITY ISLAND - EARLY MORNING

Sage drops a case of motor oil by her bike, then rips it open. She empties a quart of oil into her engine, wipes her hands on pants and starts it up. She guns her bike out from the City Island docks headed down into the bowels of New York City.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOTORCYCLE - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Music pumps as she hauls it through the gears. Her leather jacket swells against the wind. She leans, banging a left, slipping through the traffic, swerving around the potholes, bounding over steel plates that cover streets. She's quick, agile and athletic.

EXT. HUNT'S POINT FISH MARKET - ENTRANCE - EARLY MORNING

A parked utility truck and CREW are on break while fixing a broken water main. Sage pulls her bike to the curb through a flume of steam, revs it then cuts the engine.

UTILITY WORKER 1
(re: bike and Sage)
Sounds good, all cylinder's firing.

Ogled by the crew, Sage climbs off, pulls her helmet revealing her flowing mane of blonde hair.

SAGE
Yeah, cylinders are fine. Clutch
isn't calibrated.
(MORE)
She's leaking oil. But, yeah, the
engine makes some sweet music.

She leans over her bike to inspect her clutch line and saunters though the steam. To these guys she's strutting like some sorta runway model.

UTILITY WORKER 1
Make sweet music with me...

Sage winks, then full on laughs and disappears inside. They sit, stunned. Just then, the busted main erupts with more steam. One of the workers just turns to the busted pipe.

WORKER
Exactly.

EXT. CLUB OUTPUT - BROOKLYN - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The pumping house is heard from inside the club as the Bouncer denies Sage entrance to the club.

BOUNCER
You're not on his list.

SAGE
But I'm his new ass...

The bouncer laughs, his eyebrows raised like yeah that's what they all say.

BOUNCER
Hon, you can pay twenty-five
dollars like all the pieces of ass.

She takes an angry moment and rips out her money.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - BROOKLYN - LATER

She knocks incessantly on the DJ booth and waits.

Santi eventually lets her in without a word. Sage just stands there reluctantly mesmerized and watching him work. His headphones go on and off his head with an occasional glance at the crowd.

Finally...

SANTI
Go dance. Then come back.

SAGE
You owe me twenty five for the
door.

Santi acts like he doesn't hear her and continues.

She finds a spot right in the middle of the super hot trannies all vibing to the beats.

A beautiful black trannie PUSSY SHAKER (30's), turns and approaches Sage for an introduction.

PUSSY SHAKER
Work it, Natural. Pussy Shaker,
yours?

Once she understands, Sage smiles at her, glad to feel warmth from somebody while Santi watches Sage moving with the group. He's on the hunt.

EXT. CLUB OUTPUT - LATER

Sage carries out one of Santi's music bags.

SANTI
So, you have any fun?

A moment passes and then Sage enthusiastically nods and smiles. She is pure, innocent and honest - loving the freedom of music and people and it blows her mind.

SANTI
Good, that's good. And now
assistant, I need a taxi. Does an
assistant do that?

Sage tosses him a helmet. He looks at it, then at her, quizzically. He watches with deep concern as she pulls out a quart of oil from her bag.

SANTI
(oddly turned on)
Sure... lube me up...

Sage stares at Santi while pouring the Valvoline into her bike without missing a drop. She then turns nonchalantly and 3-points the dead soldier in a trash can.

Santi watches her stunned by her long shot.

She eyeballs him. Get on already. She guns it. He grabs her so he doesn't fall off the back.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - LATER

Santi holds on for dear life behind her as she tears through the streets.

He grabs her jacket at the waist and starts to grin.

INT. DECKADANCE - LATER

This place is a cool mess: part recording studio, part office, and part crash-pad. Old bottles, cigarette butts, traces of lines on a dirty mirror coffee table, leftover beer, piles of magazines and papers.

Records, vinyl, CD's abound everywhere. Sage follows Santi in and in a trance she drops his heavy record bag. Thud.

She pauses before a wall of Vinyl and pulls an LP from the rack of an original Daft Punk release of their first single, Da Funk/Musique. Her smile infectious. Santi shakes his head drunkenly at her unbridled enthusiasm.

SAGE
Super-Cool.

ANGLE ON:

Her eye inspecting the record grooves and her fingers feeling the grooves.

Then, she gently touches the Technics turntables, feeling the circular lubrication of the round plate, her reverie interrupted by...

The SOUND of Santi throwing up in the other room. Sage shoves her hands back into her pockets.

Santi reemerges, now with no shirt and speaks to Sage like a random busboy.

SANTI
Meet me at Output tomorrow.

SAGE
Are you going to put me on the list
this time?

SANTI
What's your name, again?

SAGE
(seriously?)
Sage!

Baiting her.

SANTI
And by the way, everybody else uses
computers now. Even old school
boys, Tenaglia, Vega, Digweed,
Morales. Evolve.
(MORE)

SANTI (CONT'D)

(MORE)

So don't be all high and mighty
like I oughtta purely bring vinyl
back. You wanna lug all those heavy
crates.

He wags his finger, oh no, not me. She watches him fall onto the bed and pass out. Incredulous, she flashes a glance at her watch, turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. HUNT'S POINT FISH MARKET - NEXT MORNING

Sage quietly arrives at work after only three hours sleep with house music pumping in her ears. Sage walks past the fish fillet-ers at tables back to her station.

OLD SALT

Party all night, Sweetheart?

Sage, draws a deep breath, gears up offering a crusty eye to the Old Salt.

EXT. HUNT'S POINT FISH MARKET - LATER

Sage slops her boots to the waters edge on break. Floating garbage, bottles, syringes, used condoms and other trash line the muck.

She closes her eyes to it all and hears all kinds of isolated sounds: Forklifts, lapping water, shouting men, crates dropping. Finally, birds.

Her thoughts ride a poem:

SAGE (V.O.)

The enormity overhead, yoked by the
shoulders of that vast sky ...
Smile Moon. Smile Moon...

She pulls out her sound recorder.

With her eyes closed, she "sees" a crowd before her as she imagines the sounds with crystalline beats, people dancing to her music. She raises her hand, like a maestro, and "feels" the crowd cheering. She imagines the sound of a Maine foghorn in her set - and all the other sounds of home.

Big Johnny calls out to Sage, pulling her from her daydream.

JOHNNY

Sagey, your break's up. What are you doing down there? You'll get sick just looking at that water. Jesus, you had your shots?

She shoots Johnny the worrywart a look then slips the recorder back in.

SAGE

Comin'!

EXT. OUTPUT CLUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

A frustrated Sage waits for Santi. When he finally shows up with a BRAZILIAN T&A GROUPIE. He throws Sage his bag.

SANTI

I need your cell.

SAGE

Don't have one.

SANTI

Really? You're a fucking trip.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sage follows Santi in.

SANTI (CONT'D)

You know the software called Traktor, right? No crates tonight, Schwarzenegger. Get that computer, follow me to the booth.

She picks up the computer and stops suddenly to watch Santi do blow. She watches Santi kick the mirror and coke to her.

SANTI (CONT'D)

C'mon take some.

SAGE

Just because you got fancy boots on doesn't mean they need to tell me what to do.

He studies her wtf does that even mean. She sorta wonders herself.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - DJ BOOTH - LATER

Visual moments freeze, slow down and speed up in a rush of kinetic energy in unison with the music.

Sage watches Santi's fingers work. He swigs a vodka drink. Fingers on the fader. His laptop computer and program graphics chase the lighting patterns everywhere. Extremely detailed close shots of every technical moment blends with the sweat off Santi's cocktail and his face, all dripping onto the keyboard.

The beautiful guys and girls spice up the visuals and thumping music.

A clear-eyed and focused Sage watches Santi as he delivers the music. But Sage, for all of her intensity, she is the music. She is exactly in the moment and on the journey. She looks out at the crowd and the bodies suddenly shift and ramp in speed changes - sweaty, in motion.

INT. OUTPUT CLUB - LATER

Sped up visuals witness Santi walk through the bowels of Club Output after his set, girls grab him with a french kiss here and a pill there. A hand through his dark hair. Fists pumping in the air and dancers in their own beautiful world.

INT. DECKADANCE - DAY

Fast motion, Sage cleans up all the junk, answers the phone and then, stops in front of the "Technics" turntables letting her finger rotate the plate, she leans over close to eyeball the deep grooves of the vinyl.

Suddenly, the speed and music stops. Reality.

SANTI (O.S.)

Why don't you have a cell phone?

Sage whips around - busted fiddling his gear.

SANTI (CONT'D)

(playfully)

What's your fucking problem?

SAGE

Don't have a problem.

SANTI

Where'd you come from? A trailer park?

SAGE
No, Maine.

SANTI
Close enough.

SAGE
Easy killer.

He growls and tosses her a box. A brand new iPhone brings a huge smile to Sage.

SANTI
Don't make me teach you how to tweet. You'll never stop.

She's got this.

INT. HUNT'S POINT FISH MARKET - DAY

Sage is quiet, doing her work. Some of the fish cleaners at the next stall tease her by showing off.

OLD WORKER
No go, Jose. She don't speak.

That stops Sage for a moment, she slips her headset off one ear and resumes her work.

JOHNNY
That's enough. Leave her alone.

OLD WORKER
Tax break for being some sort of equal opportunity employer?

They step up the chiding, inciting competition. She slips her headset back on.

Sage steps to the old workers station, game-on. Her big boots slosh.

The sound of her beats explode with her every dexterous slice, gut and fillet in smooth, accurate cuts.

Everyone is gathered around Sage, whooping ass at filleting. Winning against any and all challengers as Johnny clicks his stopwatch.

JOHNNY
Damn, girl! That's not normal!

Caveman steps forward sheepishly.

CAVEMAN

What battle songs you got playing
in your head girl?

(Beat)

Let's hear what you got.

Sage laughs along with Big Johnny and the others and tosses him her new iPhone. Someone plugs it into their hurried-up Bose Wave speakers. She smiles nostalgically at the old Bose.

SAGE

My Ma used to have that same system
on her boat.

Sound explodes from the speaker.

Caveman, Johnny and the guys stand slack-jaw by at they hear, totally new to them.

CAVEMAN

Wait... What The Hallucinogenic
Fuck?!

Sage looks at Caveman shocked counting off that 6 syllable word he just uttered. Then she is suddenly flustered, self-conscious, exposed and doubting herself.

SAGE

I'm a DJ. I hear things. I... I...

She becomes tongue-tied. Big Johnny wraps an arm around her shoulder and hands her a beer.

JOHNNY

Don't need to explain. Whatever
them voices in your head are
telling you, they ain't doin' no
one no harm. In fact, you are
killing the quota.

(To the other filleters)

You guys gotta find new music!

One of the guys tosses Johnny a pair of bright pink boots against the guys black boots.

Sage surprised smiles to Big Johnny and grabs the boots and beer. All toast her with a hearty Hoo-Rah! Soon, everyone is drinking a beer together.

CAVEMAN

DJ Sage in the mix!

Sage laughs! Then Sage dons her very pink boots.

JOHNNY
Best I could do in the kid's
section.

She smiles and clicks her heels like Dorothy.

INT. SAGES BOAT CABIN - LATER - NIGHT

Santi's text comes through on Sage's iPhone:

"Space gig was amazing."

Sage fumbles trying to reply to it.

"That's great." - Sends it five times.

Santi:

"Read the manual."

CUT TO:

INT. DECKADANCE - DAY

After booking another gig for Santi, Sage walks over to the turntables.

She stares up at the wall of vinyl. She pulls out a record. Santi walks in.

SANTI
You just love that vinyl, huh?

He powers up the system as Sage smiles with each decibel. He stands next to her, taking the record from Sage and puts it on the deck.

SANTI (CONT'D)
Truth is, DJs today don't know shit
about vinyl.

Santi leans in real close drawing Sage's eye to it.

SANTI (CONT'D)
But how many can actually read the
music from the shades of the
grooves on the vinyl.

ANGLE ON:

Shows the light change on the grooves.

SANTI (CONT'D)
Now all these guys do is use the
sync function to beat match the
waveform ... lazy.

SAGE
Worse- mixed on USB drive. Wait,
it's not only guys!

SANTI
The fuck it isn't. Only way to rate
a chic DJ? T-n-A.

Sage smacks him. But hard.

SANTI (CONT'D)
Owww. No seriously, with vinyl we
had to do it manually, using the
pitch fader.

He manipulates the speed of the record by the platter,
rubbing his hand along the record and down the side of the
plate as Sage smiles.

ANGLES ON:

The needle in the groove and the speed variances.

SANTI (CONT'D)
You see the darker the grooves, the
less musical information meaning
the higher the frequency.

Santi studies Sage while his hands guide hers...

SANTI (CONT'D)
This is a lost art form vinyl
mixing. I love the old 60's stuff.
So much soul. Now, computers show
the cycle of the wavelength.
Turntables and sound systems - now
that's the shit! Sound pressure,
air displacement.

Connection. She touches a fader...

SANTI (CONT'D)
That's the switch fader between
decks. Try it.

He shows her how it goes between one record and the other
with the fader.

SAGE

This music from where you were
raised?

SANTI

Bronx. On da street! Never left,
mia famiglia left me, but I never
left them. I'm always home and...

Santi stops talking. Not pressuring, she changes the subject.

She picks out a song and uses the fader going from one song
to the one on the other deck. Santi nods, impressed by her
track selection.

SANTI (CONT'D)

Good choice, it could be so strong
remixed on the dance floor. That's
it, queue up.

He spins it back a quarter turn.

SANTI (CONT'D)

Give it a lil' push with my finger
and help it stay on the beat.

(Guiding her hands)

If you adjust the pitch slider a
little faster- hear that? On beat.

She spins the table a few revolutions. He quickly cross fades
between the two records with the switcher and has Sage do it
with her hand.

She smiles, he proudly touts:

SANTI (CONT'D)

Where producing started. Here, take
these turntables if you want to
practice. I have a couple sets.

She's beyond thrilled.

SANTI (CONT'D)

Oh Christ, take 'em. Don't forget
Motown.

He hands her a stack of old vinyl LP's.

EXT. LOS ANGELES HOTEL - DAY

Tristan picks up his ringing cellphone with no name.

TRISTAN
 (to himself)
 New York... New York...
 (answers)
 Hello, New York.

SANTI (V.O.)
 Tristan. Another apology.

TRISTAN
 Fuck. It's you. You suck. You know
 that? Really, you are a dick
 sometimes.

Tristan stares off into his reflection of scars that we don't
 see as Santi rambles on into the phone.

INT. DECKADANCE - DAY

Santi smiles an easy smile, takes monster hit of weed.

SANTI
 I know, but I love ya, bro. And
 yea, I suck without you. Leave no
 man behind, right? Oorah!

The call ends as Santi continues to organize and imports new
 music into his computer. Teaching Sage where his music is in
 his laptop.

SANTI
 This software's called Traktor, see
 the BPM?

SAGE
 I know BPM...and Traktor.

SANTI
 Good, so organize my music. I have
 all these new tracks, no skills
 organizing.

She nods, sees a pattern.

SANTI
 With this program you can visually
 see where the music changes. Only a
 few of us know that trick, now you
 do too.

Santi smiles at her. Sage can't contain herself.

SANTI

No guessing, right? In electronic music, you know every eight bars-

SAGE

It changes.

SANTI

Right. Smart. I like you... I've never met anyone like you.

She's lost in the program.

SANTI

Are you a dyke or something?

SAGE

What? No. Really?!

SANTI

Uh-huh.

She spots something on the pile of new magazines by the couch and stares at the cover on top, her mind racing. Santi does another line in the background.

INT. CABIN - LATER - 3 AM

Sage lies in bed, dead asleep among DJ Magazines, her wish list of equipment, magazine tear outs scattered. She's passed out, that fish-mouth snore.

The Alarm is going off.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNT'S POINT (JOHNNY'S STALL) - NIGHT

A loading-dock buzzer goes off as Sage rushes late to work. She's so sleep-deprived and all thumbs trying to slip in unnoticed.

The guys are unloading a fresh, big, blue fin tuna. 1,500 pounder.

JOHNNY

(Hollering)

Caveman, where's the gaff mark?

CAVEMAN

A perfect hit through head an' jaw.
Body meat's clean, Cap.

JOHNNY

OK, highest grade sushi. Manuel,
you step out. Learn from Sage how
to filet this big beautiful beast.
Sage, show 'em how to max out the
meat.

Sage scurries, she's fastening her bib apron.

JOHNNY

Where's your knife?

She fumbles it. Johnny inspects her skeptically.

Sage slashes behind the head for the most precious meat. Her
knife is dull and she butchers the fillet.

SAGE

Fuck, my knife.

JOHNNY

It's not your knife's fault.

Sage stops to sharpen her knife on the soapstone. She dunks
the stone in the bucket.

Johnny traps her hand and holds it in the ice water. Sage is
shaking.

JOHNNY

Don't bother.

Sage stops, looks at him. He takes her knife and stabs it
into the table as he stalks past her. He waves to Caveman to
take over for her.

JOHNNY

And don't clock in.

SAGE

Really?

He heaves a codfish onto the cutting block and grabs a knife,
pointing it at her.

JOHNNY

Really. You show up all bloodshot,
stink of an all nighter. That's
bullshit and you know it.

(MORE)

No slackin' here, you know that
too. You're an accident waiting to
happen. Clock out. You're done.

He starts slicing through the fish and doesn't look up at her again.

Incredulous. She slowly turns on her heel and leaves.

EXT. SAGE'S BOAT - DAY

Sage sits licking her wounds and nursing a beer. Silkie slides up on the deck and nuzzles her. She is just pathetic pile of woe.

Silkie mimics her woeful look, then slides off the deck, impatient and this is a downer.

Sage gets up slowly to go get another beer. She slips on Silkie's shit gift and WHAM! Serious yard sale. She lands flat on her back. She tries to mouth some expletive but wind's just knocked out of her.

INT. DECKADANCE - NEXT DAY

Sage is messing around with Santi's headphones on, she is mixing cool and dissonant sounds that reflect her own dichotomous and disparate life from Hunt's Point to the Underground DJ sounds.

Santi suddenly stops and listens, clearly impressed. She senses she's being watched and stops.

SANTI

Someone's a good listener and a quick learner.

SAGE

I got fired today. I messed up, was so tired I overslept. I can't catch a break.

SANTI

You don't need that joint. I'm your break. It's your dream right?

SAGE

Right, but...

He reaches out to forcefully grab her and she doesn't deny him. She stares at him, almost kissing him.

SAGE (CONT'D)

This is a bad idea Sage. Very bad idea.

She pulls away from his mouth. He studies her, perhaps the only one whose ever denied him.

Sage slides a thumb-drive out of her jeans, slips it into his hand.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Look, I put this together. I want you to listen.

He thinks.

SANTI

So, what're you gonna do for me?

SAGE

I'll cook for you! Tomorrow?

SANTI

What? No one cooks. This is New York. You a crazy one.

He takes the drive and pitches it on the pile on the table and just goes for her. He couldn't give a shit about anything but having her. Totally turned on by her sexy and tough innocence, making his move.

Teasing him along, Sage slips a hand down to pull on her knife lanyard. She unfurls her knife, her kinky display is an incredible turned on, Santi teases and slides his arm along the knife, but no blood is drawn.

Sage flicks her knife to fish out her thumb-drive from the pile.

She turns her sexiness around, hips into him and leans down low over the computer to slide in her thumb-drive into the computer and glides the volume up with her knife then backs out to leave.

She's gone.

SANTI (CONT'D)

We still on for tomorrow? Sage?
Sage!

(to himself)
What's the deal?

Santi, unsure why Sage is denying him, sniffs his armpits, then, his breath.

EXT. SAGE'S BOAT - LAPPING WATER - DAY

Sage sitting on the edge of her boat has a lost look over the water.

Silkie circles for some treats and Sage watches her seal play.

SAGE (V.O.)

His voice...a whiskey whisper out
across the black waves where sound
slips off the troughs...The sea's a
jealous lover. The skies shrug, the
moon smiles a crescent smirk.
Stealing him, the sea drowns all.
Smile moon.

The water lapping against Sage's boat leads Sage into:

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - LATER ANGLE ON:

The old picture of Sage's Ma, with the Christmas lights behind her hangs proudly from the beam above.

Flicking past the photo of her Ma and Sage smiling, we rest on herself as a baby. The photo is pinned up in her wheelhouse-- the wheelhouse that tells a whole life in its relics and memorabilia. Engine grease marks on her Grunden's cap among all lucky charms and magic fish hooks. Teasers, swivels, bobbers and poppers all swaying off their leaders and hung from the beams.

She smiles at the photo and then pulls down a scrap of paper that's pinned up beside it with lyrics, poetry. Dog-eared, and yellowed with age. She's reads it and places it down on her table. Carefully lining up the pinhole with her knife's tip to tack it to the wooden work table.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - CABIN - NIGHT

We HEAR the metallic thrum of a belt buckle on the decks. Then, the SOUNDS of beats and scratches... mixed in to anchors and foghorns where more beats and scratches emerge.

Silkie, the reluctant audience rests by the heater, occasionally glancing to Sage's efforts. A yawn. Head back down.

Sage is sitting on the floor below the picture, mixing together all of her random sounds. The organic mixologist in her element.

Her eyes fall onto and scrutinize the article of Santi.

Than back to the music on a joyful and creative path of her next great dreams. Next to her is her Ma's old belt with buckle.

Drifting off to...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. MAINE SHORE - END OF DOCK - DAY

From little Sage's perspective, She watches her Ma tie the old belt onto her tiny waist.

Wild flowers are handed to her Ma.

The wild grasses blowing wild in the wind. Waves.

BACK TO:

EXT. NEW YORK WATERFRONT - MOTORCYCLE - DAY Sage and Santi pull off to a remote stretch of waterfront.

They explore sounds as she slips out her mini recorder and together they unearth a sound that neither one of them has heard before. It's signature sound between them-- unique, and all theirs like a boat's moan against the slapping halyards against the mast, the moan of the lighthouse, or a shrill screech wooden pilings can make as they scuff and strain against the rub of a large steep hull.

Over music this lush, polyphonic spree that invokes discovery and lightness.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CHINATOWN MARKET - EVENING

Sage and Santi wander Chinatown past the shops with dead ducks hanging, the tank of crabs, fish, eels. Santi looks sickened at an old Asian woman who hucks and spits into the street.

The smell is unbearable for Santi.

SANTI

You gotta be kidding. Dogs, cats,
seal meat even. Anything with it's
back to God is fair game at this
place.

An Asian driver veers down the narrow Chinatown street slightly tagging the handle bars without stopping.

SAGE

Yo! DWA!
(hollering to the driver)
Driving while Asian.

INT. CHINATOWN MARKET - VENDOR - CONTINUOUS

She points confidently the CHINESE FISH MONGER to the fillet she wants. He scoops it up for her to inspect it with a smell and holding it to the light to check for worms.

Behind, we see Santi green and gasping, out of his element.

SAGE

Hey Little Seizure, you gonna be
able to handle this on the bike?
Make sure to cut Dramamine into
your coke tonight.

The Monger throws it on paper and wraps it.

EXT. STREET - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Santi rides with the wrapped fish under the Bungee cords, gestures for Sage to take a right near an abandoned construction site.

He points up.

SANTI

My boy, Whisbe! See him way up
there? Best artist around.

Sage follows his gaze. Up high hangs the muscled and mysterious street artist, WHISBE, shirt off working in the summer night. Whisbe's behind a funky respirator with his telltale long blonde mane pulled back in a ponytail.

He works feverishly and possessed.

Santi takes Sage by the hand and they climb up. Sage is not a fan of heights. High over the city, he's anonymously tagging a billboard with artistry.

A long precarious way up, Sage takes in the views she passes as moody music echoes below.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - SCAFFOLDING - NIGHT

Whisbe turns and gives Santi a hug and greeting.

SANTI

Yo, what's our Whisbe up to now?

Whisbe laughs devilish and turns back and points to the perfect view of the club's roof.

WHISBE

A little Gummy Bear for all to see.

SANTI

Perfect view from Output.

SAGE

You ever worry about getting
busted? Hellova repel, some serious
free solo shit.

WHISBE

Sometimes expression has risks.
It's what makes us different by
saying or doing what others don't.

Back to his work with a gesture.

WHISBE

Besides, best view of NYC. And
free.

Sage and Santi breathe in the vista- and the sound of the spray can and traffic below.

EXT. SAGE'S BOAT - NIGHT

Sage is out on the deck, filleting the fish on a makeshift cutting boat, hung off the stern.

She scrapes the fish racks off into the water, Silkie is in the water below there to gobble it down.

She rinses the fillet with a hose. She addresses the Hibachi grill and with some mad concoction as she seasons the fillets and lays them on the grill.

Santi takes a hit of WEED watching her. His eyes linger on the knife as the BLOOD is cleaned from it's shiny edge.

Santi, higher than a kite, leans over the page on Sage's table, reading the words from her poem;

"Smile Moon"

He pulls Sage's headset on, hits play as Sage watches him skim the poem and recite.

SANTI

Yours?

She nods.

SANTI (CONT'D)

A jealous sea...

Sage listens to Santi recite some of her words staring off toward Hudson Park.

SANTI (CONT'D)

...they hide under that vast desert
of a sky. They whispered in the
crowded corners of stars... a
secret kept and the crescent moon
smiles ...

Santi finishes.

SANTI (CONT'D)

...she spilled the ocean in search
of him, no greater a love, an ocean
of time away. Smile Moon...

After a moment of silence, Sage looks back and walks over to a passed out Santi. He shifts as she unsuccessfully tries to wake him. Even Silkie who burps fish bait breath at Santi's face only elicits a slight grimace from dead asleep Santi.

Her frustration is not lost on his ignorance, she pulls a blanket over him, look out to Hudson Park.

The night is not over yet for Sage.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUDSON PARK - CHRISTOPHER ST. - WATERFRONT - LATER.

Sage kick-stands her bike from her high-heeled boot and looks out at the procession of CLUBBERS carrying the party over to the Christopher Street Pier in Hudson Park, the last bastion of the Underground.

Back in the day, the beautiful dancers, gay men and cross dressers invented "voguing". The music plays - a throwback to the original, classic deep sounds.

Sage is captivated to see the wild fringe of NYC still alive and still free.

She spots Pussy Shaker whose now pulled her into the group. Hanging around Sage's neck is her thumb drive. Pussy Shaker plucks it off her neck and plugs it into the boom box.

Sage's futile protest fails as an amazing mix blasts through.

Pussy Shaker looks her up and down and then sashays back.

PUSSY SHAKER

Who is this? It's phenomenal.

SAGE

It's me.

PUSSY SHAKER

We met at Output. That's right!

Sage is about to answer...

PUSSY SHAKER (CONT'D)

-No! Stop! Wait. Rewind. What was the name of your first pet?

SAGE

Umm. Silkie. He was and still is my seal. He's old now...

PUSSY SHAKER

A seal?! A harbor dog?

Pussy shoots Sage a look.

PUSSY SHAKER (CONT'D)

Oh, sweetheart. Andre's got lil' cousin? OK... What was the name of the street you first lived on as a little princess?

Sage muses at "princess."

SAGE

Well, I didn't really live on a street.

Pussy's raised eyebrows.

SAGE (CONT'D)

I lived on a boat in Cozy Harbor.

PUSSY SHAKER

(extending her hand)

Oh shit! Nice to meet you Silkie Cozy. That's Silkie Cozzzeeeeeyy.

(MORE)

PUSSY SHAKER (CONT'D)
Your porn star name. Remember Me?
Pussy Shaker.

SAGE
And is it that you perform
by...say...

PUSSY SHAKER
Shakin' my pussy cuz I sure ain't
no librarian.

SAGE
Shakin' it to deep house?

PUSSY SHAKER
What else is there? For a beauty
queen like me?

With a full game show hostess head to toe sweep.

PUSSY SHAKER
House music is not some radio
station. It's House culture honey.
Of complete acceptance. Total
tolerance for the gays, crossies,
trannies, fags and free spirits,
long before it was cool to be
queer.

Impressive pitch.

SAGE
Why you like house?

PUSSY SHAKER
For freaks and outcasts like us,
this our Amen. Escape. I was beaten
up. Gangster-tough or get the fuck
out of my house. So this hard deep
house is my house.

Pussy holds up for some girly-boys to pass by, blows a kiss.

PUSSY SHAKER
Jersey City gang-banger by day,
Pussy Shaker by night.
(MORE)
I need a place to keep my head
straight. Welcome to my house!

They watch the dancers vogue and strut. MISHO ROCKER (30's),
an Asian American trans joins them.

Pussy Shaker brings it all back around with a smile to Sage.

PUSSY SHAKER

Yea, today we got the rank EDM,
blowing up the crowds and making
House all commercial with beautiful
people. At least we got festivals
outta that crap. It's still gritty
on the fringe, sista!

SAGE

Anything goes, huh?

Pussy Shaker swipes hand to demonstrate the dancers'
beautiful moves.

MISHO ROCKER

Anything. No police, no security.
No need. All that matters is the
music. People as different as the
sounds- all collide.

Pussy Shaker pulls back his wig to reveal the man with a
gangster-rapper persona.

PUSSY SHAKER

My name is also Billy. Better than
the "fuck them hoes" lyrics of Rap
and the niggers-n-gangstas crying
in their mics "hey boiyyy".

Pussy and Misho study Sage for evidence of shock.

MISHO ROCKER

(to Pussy)

She don't look freaked out.

SAGE

Freaked out? Whaaa? I love this!

While she's at it...

PUSSY SHAKER

Do I judge? Do I hate? Nah. If the
boys in Jersey City knew my
Saturday night thrills.

(MORE)

Gangsta' in stilettos swinging it
to some Underground House under
tunnels and over bridges, I'd be
dead.

Pussy Shaker seems to want to get a rise out of Sage, but
impossible.

SAGE
It's a long-ass journey from the
Gang over there to- this.

PUSSY SHAKER
Mmm-hmm. None this shock you?

Pussy's kinda curious and confused when Sage leans in close to Pussy.

SAGE
(Whispers)
Nah, I was just gonna wipe the
lipstick off your front tooth.

Pussy Shaker breaks into a huge smile as Sage wipes.

SAGE
Your secret's safe with me, Jenny
from the block.

Sage smiles and nods at Pussy Shaker, rests her head on Pussy's shoulder in the glow of SUNRISE. The Hudson River is as still as an oil slick as a ferryboat's horn blows off in the distance.

Early morning motorcycles racing each other up the West Side Highway punctuated by a signature NYC siren.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OUTPUT CLUB - DAY

The club is closed, clean up crew works under bright, harsh lights that reveal all the mysteries a club can hold at night. The dirt, cracks, wear and tear all fully visible draped in the waft of stale liquor, sweat and spent pheromones.

On the dance floor area, areal performers rehearse their seductive routine in a surrealistic ballet on cables. Low-end moody music plays low under the harsh lights.

Technicians tweak a few speakers, bar-backs restock the liquor shelves.

Following Sage's walk through the daytime club, we settle on her back which sports a new tattoo of a wave.

Sage is taken back by the club's raw and ugly side, seen only by the workers.

Behind her, Tristan approaches and startles Sage.

TRISTAN

The place looks like shit when the lights are up.

SAGE

Oh. It's you.

TRISTAN

Have we met?

SAGE

Yea, well, Santi speaks so highly of his manager, that and I mean, ya did water-fall drinks all over me.

(Sarcasm as she squinches her face and smiles)

Ow, those first impressions

It registers.

TRISTAN

Oh, right. Sorry 'bout that. But in all fairness, it was the waitress's tray.

(Beat)

And Santi shit-talking me? Get used to it. Everyone's fair game with Santi. Let me guess Sunday scaries and Mondays bring out his best?

She can't really disagree with that. Tristan tries a reset. Sticks his hand out for a shake.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

...Tristan, hi.

Sage accepts and makes her handshake felt.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

(Off her grip)

Owwwkay, Ahh-rrnold.

SAGE

Sage.

(Beat)

Tristan... THE Tristan... as in Santi's manager?

Tristan curiously nods.

TRISTAN

Former... manager. Hard to pin him down. One minute, he's on like a fucking airstrike and then boom...

SAGE
(Boom gesture)
...he blows the bridge.

TRISTAN
Well I'm guessing you don't drink
his kool-aid.

SAGE
Seems to me you guzzled that shit
for a while.

Tristan
(Checking his watch)
It is after all eleven in the
morning and you are here unlike
Santi and his band of vampires.

SAGE (CONT'D)
Garlic.
(Beat)
Besides one guy's night is another
one's morning.

TRISTAN
(Nodding)
Ah yes, the club at sunrise. The
stragglers.

SAGE
No actually I meant those of us who
actually work a night shift.

TRISTAN
(Not at all what he
expected to hear)
Touche.

They walk under the ballet of cables dancers.

SAGE
C'mon, we both know Santi is a good
ride for you. It's like the Hop On,
Hop Off Tour Bus.

Tristan keeps on her, she's different from the others.

TRISTAN
Santi fucked me over on a big Vegas
gig. Yea, yea. I'm selling him out.
No other way. He's a cliché but
that sells.

SAGE

Success is a slippery slope. You may as well sell him out, set him up, and cash in, then cut and run.

TRISTAN

But he's unreliable. His enemies wrap him in that whiskey blanket and point him to the edge.

SAGE

He's so used to yes, there is no other way.

Tristan challenges her.

TRISTAN

And you don't want it like the others?

SAGE

I'd rather kneel on rice. Going back to my day job, which is actually a night job, I just can't handle his drama.

(Beat)

I wanted to learn from him. I thought if I could help him... maybe I could learn from it all.

Tristan nods at her.

TRISTAN

What he possesses no one can learn. That's some DNA-deep shit. Besides, no one can save him from him.

SAGE

Fair enough. And to be clear, there will be no shrink wrapping me over buried abandonment issues.

Tristan shakes his head hands off in a 'not my intention' surrender.

SAGE (CONT'D)

But before I go, here.

She pitches him her thumb drive. He swipes it reflexively. Off The thumb drive, he snaps to cynicism re: the millionth times someone's asked him to give a listen to their shitty music.

TRISTAN
(re: the thumb drive)
And what would this be? Your break
out set? DJ Sage? Dreaming of that
residency are you?

SAGE
(Incredulously)
There he is.
(Same as their first
encounter with him she
repeats)
Prick.

It hangs there as she turns and leaves. Tristan realizes what
an asshole move. He follows to apologize.

TRISTAN
Hey, fuck... wait. I'm sorry...

SAGE
I've met you two times. Both times
you're sorry. You should work on
that.

Tristan stands there as she stalks off. Then she stops dead.
On the other hand...

SAGE (CONT'D)
You almost got to hear this, but
you know what they say "Almost only
counts in horse-shoes and hand
grenades".

Sage returns, pulls her knife up from the lanyard, and
unfurls it and plucks the thumb drive clear out of Tristan's
hand. She turns and walks away, re-sheathing her knife.

SAGE (CONT'D)
You absolutely know nothing about
me. Almost certain to keep it that
way.

Tristan's stunned by her sheer bad-ass knife-play / attitude.
He watches her leave then there it is. She flips him the bird
over her shoulder.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - DAY

A notice for rent and utilities is tacked to Sage's cabin
door.

Sage rips the notice down. She grabs another quart of oil from the case and dumps it into the old leaking bike motor, pitches the dead soldier on the pile, climbs back on her bike.

INT. HUNT'S POINT NORTHEAST FISH COMPANY - NIGHT

Sage stands in front of Johnny's operation, her leather boots soaking in the slick gurry. She eyes the crate of rubber boots by the office door. Her small pink pair are buried now under the rest. A huge cardboard box of whole Striped Bass on ice await their fate.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

You don't work here anymore. Get out of here. Shoo!

Sage stays rooted. She opens her mouth to speak but closes it.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I can't just give people jobs for when they feel like working! I've got a business here! You know, I almost thought you were actually a together kid.

Sage swallows.

SAGE

(quietly)

I fucked up. I'm sorry Johnny. I really am.

He rolls his eyes and picks up his clipboard.

JOHNNY

Business sucks! I do NOT need to hire your bony ass, I did it for those good folk up in Maine who would fucking gut you themselves if they knew what you's up to!

Sage nods, looking away. The men look back at their work. Johnny shakes his head. Sage inches closer and leans in for a hug from Johnny.

The guys mumble / gesture-ish to Johnny to give her another shot, etc. Such a bunch of softies besides it's much more fun with her around.

JOHNNY

I don't need this shit! I really don't! You're killin' me.

He just stands there, getting a long hug.

JOHNNY

God dammit! Get dressed! And fer chrissake get those fucking pink boots outta my crate! It's hard to be taken seriously when they are just there...

(Gesturing to the crate of boots)
so pink...

The guys cheer, as Sage springs towards her apron and very pink boots.

JOHNNY

And don't fucking massacre those stripers. No nape! I want 'em clean!

Caveman (getting all Jason Momoa on us) full on ribs his boss cupping his hands into a heart shape and sending it out to Johnny.

JOHNNY

(to the guys)
Ahhh, shuddup already!

He slams the office door behind him, pulls down the blind.

EXT. CLUB OUTPUT - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Pussy Shaker is about to be roughed up by a stout NEW JERSEY GUY and his boys.

NEW JERSEY GUY

Yo, you didn't tell me you were a dude. Fucking freak.

PUSSY SHAKER

Don't look at me! You started it. And honestly, you don't look all that straight to me.

Pussy Shaker gives a long wink. That does it, the guy launches into Pussy with a few hard punches, knocking Pussy Shaker down with a bloody nose.

He walks up close and leans down, grabbing Pussy Shaker's wig and ripping it off.

Unseen from behind and wicked fast, a man launches into another level of physical attack skills, pulling the Guy away from Pussy.

Highly specialized and military precision, the guy lands on the ground. Out cold.

Tristan rolls him with his foot away from Pussy Shaker and lends a hand to Pussy Shaker.

He turns back ready for the other guys watching. One of them picks up a beer bottle in defense, this is going from bad to worse.

Suddenly, the roar of a motorcycle cuts in.

Sage guns her bike up close at the guys. Wearing a black helmet with a mirror screen, she throws a helmet to Pussy.

Along side Tristan, Sage whips out her rigging knife in such a way that no one really feels like this is worth it and back off.

Sage guns the engine, looking ready to run over the guys. They scatter and spook off the 'black and mirrored presence'.

With gravel launched like shrapnel off her spinning tires, she takes off on the bike with Pussy. Tristan, thankful for the assistance, watches the mysterious rider drive off before he can offer thanks.

EXT. NJ PATH TRAIN ENTRANCE - LATER

Sage pulls up and Pussy gets off. Pussy waddles a little bit.

SAGE

Didn't you go and tell those boys
you were an uptown girl? Yer such a
tease.

PUSSY SHAKER

I need a better jock strap for
rides home like this.

They smile at each other in an unspoken thank you and a deep hug. Pussy walks into the NJ Path Train entrance while Sage watches for Pussy's safe departure.

Sage's phone vibrates on her belt. It's Santi. "Where R U?" She ignores it again, gunning the motorcycle out of there.

But, she can't help pulling the bike over and looks at the text again.

SAGE
(to herself)
Don't do it.

Too late, cursing herself as she types, send.

She whips the bike around the opposite direction and guns it.

EXT. CLUB OUTPUT - NIGHT

Sage stands outside with Chris, the bouncer from Club Output on Brooklyn's waterfront waiting for Santi to show.

SAGE
You seen Santi?

He nods no. Incredibly irritated, she walks over by the water.

She picks up a stone and rockets it high into the sky. It's dark out and she waits to hear the bullet sound of the rock sucked into the water.

She takes out her key-chain LED flashlight to help her find her way, and sits at the water's edge. Against the silence, she habitually presses the button to flash three times over the water.

Sage waits for a reply that won't ever come she skims a rock out over the water. 1,2,3 it makes long skips.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

EXT. MAINE SHORELINE - NIGHT

Maynard fires the rock high into the sky and Jakey and Sage giggle when they finally hear it hit the water.

Then, Maynard counts off 1,2,3... And they all three fire them up in the night sky. When they sounds a "pffftttt" into the water, they send sparks of phosphorescence flash.

1,2,3...

BACK TO:

EXT. CLUB OUTPUT - WATERFRONT - NIGHT

She leans over for another stone and suddenly in the distance, she hears the same sound, 1,2,3. And the three flashes of the phosphorescence as the rocks bullet the glassy water. 1,2,3. She can't see who's throwing the rocks. She looks out, but can't see who it is or if it is even real or a dream.

Tristan brushes his hands together and turns back around and heads off.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - BROOKLYN - MUCH LATER

Santi's messed up, again. He turns back to see Sage's knapsack flung in the corner. Staggering over, he grins at her favorite sheathed Ninja filet knife in the side pocket. He unsheathes it.

SANTI

"Hi-yaaa!"

Then misses as he tries to re-sheathes it, and slices his hand slightly.

A grimace and a finger suck, he slips it into a drawer completely unaware of why he did it.

Sage catches sight of his bullshit as she comes across the club floor. Sage shoves into the booth and holds up his bleeding finger.

SAGE

Cutting your coke? This paper cut won't be what kills you. Where the fuck were you?

SANTI

Around. This is the life, you don't like it, doors work both ways.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - BAR - CONTINUING

Watching from the bar behind his dark glasses, Tristan concludes that Sage has succumbed to Santi's spell. Santi traces her left hip where her un-tucked shirt exposes skin. She can only stare with anger.

Then, Sage's lightening quick reflexes swipes the glass that intoxicated Santi almost knocks over, saving the gear. He gesturing for her to take over the decks as he abruptly leaves.

Sage loads a next song and shows skill under pressure. Tristan noticing Santi's behavior, he moves towards the booth. She ignores Tristan completely.

INT. DECKADANCE - NIGHT - LATER THAT NIGHT

As Sage gives a slight tap and it's timber. Santi hits his cot dead center. He vomits. Sage groans, stripping his covered shirt.

SAGE

Sleep it off. I'll hose you down tomorrow.

Just as she thinks he passed out, he rouses and fumbles and grabs her hair and yanks her head back and kisses her fully on his vomit laced mouth.

SANTI

C'mon. Pay to play, baby! I pay and I get to use you, remember our deal? You wanna play in Santi's big sand box, you gonna have to pay.

She wrenches off his kisses and she claws at him. In his stupor, he somehow manages to recite her poem. True. This is some DNA-deep shit Santi has.

SANTI (CONT'D)

I will beat the music harder... I will control you... drive you beyond... you will try to find a warm, supple body to rhyme with, but I hold your heat against your lover I feel your burn. I'll pull the music around you. You are mine. You are lost... gone into the music. Find me there...

Santi's strong hold rips her hair holding her head back.

SANTI (CONT'D)

Bitch.

A caged animal, Sage screams, spits, scraps and claws to get free, then wipes her mouth and spits out the taste of vomit.

Santi tries to get up again. Sage turns back around and lands a solid boot to his balls and Santi collapses.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - NEXT NIGHT

Santi can barely walk into the studio. Tristan jumps up from the couch with record executives brahs ERIC (30's) and ROB (30's), shaggy, in cool T-shirts and jeans.

They are joined by MATTHEW DEAR (30's), a revered producer and artist sitting in a leather chair by his MANAGER (40's).

They all stand as Santi enters, all greeting each other.

Tristan's eyes dart from person to person.

TRISTAN

(to Santi)

Matthew, Rob and Eric are here to
listen to some of the new stuff.
You said they should come by today.

Santi forgot.

SANTI

Right. I am so sorry, guys.

Matthew interrupts an expectant silence.

MATTHEW

Nice to meet you.

SANTI

Just give me one sec. Gotta hit the
head.

Santi is stalling for anything, he discovers Sage's drive.

The guys make polite conversation in the awkward moment. A long moment passes. Santi reenters the room; something has changed- there's a tightly coiled spring in his step. He's wound up.

SANTI

Let's do this!

Santi grabs a chair on wheels and rolls it over to the console. Tristan joins them at the controls as the room settles in. Santi seems newly wound, one leg tapping in a nervous staccato.

Santi is oblivious to everyone's nervous exchanges.

The guys sit watching his back, as Santi inserts a thumb drive and clicks through a Traktor screen program.

Santi clicks his mouse, and a MIX begins to play as he adjusts the levels. It starts with a slow four on the floor, around 122 BPM with not much texture, or progression.

Rob and Eric, Matthew listen intently, unsure of this sound, waiting for it to become amazing. Santi clicks around, looking busy.

Suddenly the music picks up with a a slowed-down, denatured Bossa Nova beat. A CLANG of a distant BOUY, stretched and repeated. Tristan's expression begins to register how incredible this is.

The buoy's CLANG morphs into a wall of sound, the clanging replicated upon itself until it becomes something altogether different.

Santi recognizes a sound, like the sound of bullets in the water. Tristan hears it but cannot decipher it, it is gone. Then, a line of pure melody against the beat. Over it, comes a woman's voice singing a an old Blues standard.

Tristan eyes Santi, wondering where this came from as the music grows richer, darker. A bit twisted and heavy - but still funky out.

Tristan looks over at the record guys and then to Matthew, who are starting to feel it. With relief, Matthew and his manager swap nods with the others.

INT. SAGES CABIN - LATER

Sage looks at her iPhone where Santi's apology never comes and wonders if she made the right decision.

She sits on her bed and allows herself to cry, knees hard into her chest. Her rough breathing brings her to:

SAGE (V.O.)
I must go down to the seas again...
for the call of the running tide.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. FISHING BOAT MYSTERY - MAINE - DAY

With one last yank time, the hook clears and catches Sage's CD player-- launching it and her headphones overboard-- silently, she watches her music flutter into the cold, dark waters.

And then she chokes on the sight of the four-inch treble hook in her forearm. Nothing but silence. Sage's face, frozen.

SAGE (V.O.)
Is a wild call, and a clear call
that may not be denied...

INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY

FLASHBACK: The silence during young Sage's inability to recite the poem in a gym, empty chairs and wind blown rain pounding the windows.

Sage at 6-years-old, face frozen.

EXT. DOCK, MAINE - DAY

FLASHBACK: 6-year-old Sage watches out the rain drenched window waiting for her Ma to answer the three signal code.

Sage's face, frozen.

SAGE (V.O.)
And all I ask is a windy day with
the white clouds flying...

INT. FAMILY HOME, MAINE

FLASHBACK: 6-year-old Sage sits with the picture of Sage and her Ma on Christmas light strung all around them.

Sages face, frozen.

SAGE (V.O.)
And the flung spray and the blown
spume, and the sea-gulls crying...

EXT. MAINE SHORELINE - DAY

FLASHBACK: Point of view of wind swept grasses from the main shore when Sage was young.

Flowers, seagulls, water.

Sage's face, frozen.

END FLASHBACK

INT. DECKADANCE - DAY

The door to the place is flung open to a bright sky. Tristan takes a few steps inside and the place is a mess. He shuts down the humming equipment that's been left on all night.

TRISTAN

Are you asleep back there? Jesus...
it smells like death died in here.

He spots the thumb-drive buried under the crap. He picks it up and reads Sage's name tagged on it, slips it into his pocket. He looks around at the place with disgust.

Santi, awakes to Tristan hitting a break on the pool table loudly.

SANTI

Why are you here?

TRISTAN

You called me, remember?

SANTI

I've reconsidered. How far the
mighty have fallen. From hero to
whore. Fucking sell out, you cash
in on your sell-outs. Not on me.

TRISTAN

Shoulda known you were full of
shit. You use to have such passion
for music. Santi, pure fucking ego.

SANTI

No man left behind, right? Comin'
back to airlift me out, huh?

Takes a moment, lines up a shot.

TRISTAN

Do you know your music saved my
life? Fuck, you'd send me your sets
and for a little while, I was safe,
I could disappear.

(Beat)

I was trained to throw down my ego
to save my guys...

(Beat)

Not the great Santi. I gave
everything when I hit the badlands
of fucking Iraq.

SANTI

Is this the part where you tell me
your humvee became a hand grenade
and you dragged body parts back to
base? I know your hero tale.
Santi with a slow clap.

SANTI (CONT'D)

Heroes all of you, selfless,
Marines, Oorah, or the Army, Hoo-
Hah, all the same, that's some
country 'n western shit. Doesn't
make the slightest bit of
difference. You all come back
medaled and badass and completely
fucked up inside.

TRISTAN

Don't look now, your true
compassion is showing.

SANTI

Boo-Yah, you know what that sound
is? It's the last sound you'll
hear. And that's the sound of drive
by gun fire. We got plenty of that
on our own fucking streets. No need
to go soldier rogue to find that
gangsta glory right here.

TRISTAN

(Hands up, surrender)
OK hero, What kinda hillbilly
heroin is it today? Molly? Percs?
Shit's got you by the balls. This
really matters?

Santi takes steps toward Tristan.

SANTI

What matters is I've made it. I
worked for this and now, I'm
enjoying it.

TRISTAN

And when we were young, music was
all that mattered, especially to
you.

Deflecting.

SANTI

Ya know your call sign should be New York. You swore if you were ever cut, you'd bleed yellow cabs.

TRISTAN

Shhh, don't tell anyone you only climbed downtown from up on Park Avenue, not da Bronx. Or that you smell of stale cigars from your rich daddy's humidor. Poor little Santi, nosebleeds from your...

(sniff)

...uptown coke.

Santi pulls up his hand in mock "finger on the trigger".

SANTI

Right. Marine Gunner Tristan Cass, AKA New York, blew you away? Ego, Alter Ego and the infamous Id. It's all just suicide in the end 'cuz bang, bang, bang, you're dead in there.

Tristan's had enough, tosses his pool-stick.

TRISTAN

Trust fund dryin' up or you just gave up? I can't tell.

SANTI

Get the fuck out of here before your PTSD pops off...

Tristan pulls out a contract, lands it on the table.

TRISTAN

One of two things will happen. Your signature or your brains on this Vegas deal. See? I got you your big break. Probably can't handle it anyway. Too lazy rippin' off other people's stuff.

Without looking at it, Santi stabs the contract with a pen hard, bleeding ink onto the fiber. Santi wildly launches a beer bottle past him, LOUDLY shattering against the door, nearly missing Tristan's head.

Tristan snaps his eyes shut, ever hidden by the dark glasses.

SANTI
(yelling)
Right there. See it? Door. Out.
Now.

Tristan contains himself just enough to leave.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - NIGHT

Sage gets up from a dazed nap to a message from Santi: "Hey, my balls hurt, did we go at it hard the other night?"

She throws her knife directly into Santi's magazine photo. She shrugs on her jacket and leaves.

INT. DECKADANCE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Sage walks in the door, stepping over glass and dried beer to retrieve her things.

She proceeds in silence, except for some faint sounds of giggling, moaning in the back room.

Stepping out of the shadows toward Sage is the BRAZILIAN MODEL (20's), in a red bra top with no panties holding a glass of water. She calls to Santi in the back room.

BRAZILIAN MODEL
Cool music babe, this you?

Santi calls from the back bedroom.

SANTI (O.S.)
What? Yea.

Sage steps in not really hearing them, but she stops dead in her tracks to the sounds of familiar music that she created with Santi.

The Brazilian looks up nonplused to see Sage there then smiles to Sage.

BRAZILIAN MODEL
Care to join?

Sage backs up slowly, as if sick. Grabs her remaining possessions and bails.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY RIVER STREETS - LATER

Blazing along on her motorcycle, Sage rides and rides and rides near the water's edge.

Rain begins to fall onto her visor, wind blowing the droplets across the glass.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBSTER BOAT SEA FEVER - WHEELHOUSE - STORM - DAY

Wind pushed rain along the window of the wheelhouse as thunder claps on the night Sage's Ma died.

The jostling and jarring begin to subside.

In an instant, sunlight streams into the Wheelhouse and the wind has stopped.

Ma stands up and checks her compass, tapping the falling barometer and looks out the window.

The radio static clears to "The Other Song" Ma's favorite ole' folk song. In the chaos of the ensuing storm, Ma is stumped.

EXT. LOBSTER BOAT SEA FEVER - ON DECK - DAY Ma opens up the door and steps outside.

The water is calm and sunny - and sitting there side by side are adult Sage, calmly fishing off the side of the boat.

Fog rises up from the water. The fishing lines streak deep into the dark waters off the stern.

A moment passes.

SAGE'S MA

I like your tattoo. That a wave?

Kinda ironic, considering the situation.

SAGE

The wave was the only thing that seemed to float me. The same cursed wave crashed me to pieces when it took you out for good.

Ma sits on the gunwhale.

SAGE'S MA

It's the wax and wane.

SAGE

I kept waiting for you to come back. The tide always comes back to shore. You never did.

SAGE'S MA

Bad stuff just happens, Sagey.

SAGE

Ya know, I had this whole vision in my head about you all caught up in the hell's gates, that storm kicking up the current and some massive waves and you being pulled over with a lobster trap.

SAGE'S MA

Sorry to disappoint. You live best you can between the outgoing tides that'd sweep me to sea, and those that carried me back to shore and back to you. My little lifeline.

SAGE

I miss ya Ma. Didn't get to hear it or say it... I love you.

Just then, Sage's Ma abruptly pulls the hose running down the deck off the sea water and douses Sage's face.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - DOCK - CONTINUOUS

A wave splashes Sage's face as she lies on her stomach looking out over the water. There is beauty in the rusted out and decrepit things of the past. She sweeps her hand through the water and the phosphorescence dances on the lapping water.

Closing her eyes, she HEARS young Sage recite the old John Masfield poem, "Sea Fever" - perfectly.

YOUNG SAGE (V.O.)

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow rover, and quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trip's over.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. SEA FEVER BOAT - DAY

Young Sage is looking out over the water from atop the wheelhouse of her mother's boat.

BACK TO:

EXT. BROOKLYN - DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Sage wants stillness, nothingness. Sounds pierce the silence, maybe a seagull. Perhaps an early morning clanking motor or the calm lapping water.

Even in the midst of her deadpan darkness, her sunken valley of silence, sounds find her.

She reaches into her pocket and fishes out her flashlight and presses the signal up against the night's sky.

Flashing three times, she waits for an answer.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY MONTAGE:

Midday in the city, people go about their business.

Sage stares thoughtfully at each moment, with a sense a reverie and deep appreciation as we hear moody, slow trance sounds.

- As if we see various point of view of someone observing the city. Subway. Elevated rails, towering buildings and seaside water.

- An artist who painted old South Street Seaport scenes, Naomi's artwork throws us way back in time paired with moody beats of ambient lounge music.

- Shots of exterior Hunt's Point Fish Market, the lights, the sounds. The commotion and fish cleaned. It's beautiful and right out of a magazine.

- The fish cleaners work hard and fast and Sage see's beauty as strong as her music.

END MONTAGE

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - DJ BOOTH - NIGHT

Crouched down on his music case, he fires up long and lean lines of coke. He breathes them in, then stands and confirms the locked door of the DJ booth.

From the booth, Santi is watching everyone below and spots Tristan.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - CONTINUOUS

Santi spots Sage returning for her things and trains all the spotlights onto Sage shoving across the dance floor below. She shields her eyes, squints.

Sage stands back in the shadows watching a different type of Santi.

Santi and his entourage laugh as she removes herself from the spotlights. The music throbs, Sage moves desperately through a sea of clubbers, suits, money, girls in outrageous heels, outfits and layered in sweat.

It's as close as it gets to sex on the dance floor, Brazilian model and others, girls on girls, guys on guys, girls and boys, whatever. Barely covered hard bodies move seductively all curves and sexiness.

Sage seems to be moving in slow motion - time stands still. She observes the people with new found clarity and respect.

Then, she HEARS it.

The signature sound she and Santi had worked on together bleeds into **her** sounds, stopping her in her tracks. All of her sound samples she had collected and mixed into the set Santi is now playing as his own.

The shards of sound, the metallic thrumming of a belt buckle coming through the larger-than-life speakers.

Her sound of a foghorn and then tom-toms, the thrumming beat through the speakers permeates everything. Sage fueled by the adrenaline of betrayal, her breathing becomes jagged, it seems to be all we hear, her heart beating louder than the bass beat.

Suddenly the music picks up - the intro is a slowed-down, denatured Bossa Nova beat. The CLANG of a distant buoy, stretched and repeated.

Completely her music, stolen.

Sage flinches, confused as the buoy's CLANG morphs into a wall of sound, the clanging replicated upon itself until it becomes something altogether different - a line of pure melody against the beat.

Over it, comes a woman's voice singing a line from an old Blues standard and then:

SANTI'S VOCALS (O.S.)

... they hide under the vast desert
of a sky ... a secret kept from
that jealous sea... the crescent moon
smiles down to his forbidden
lover...

(Beat)

...she spilled the ocean in search
of him... searching as the sea drove
jealous waves over her. Smile
Moon... she bathed in its glow til
she could breath no more.

Sage starts around the perimeter, through the crowd trying to get out of there.

Pussy Shaker finds Sage before she can flee. Pussy's bevy surround Sage. Sage has a crazed look Pussy Shaker has never quite seen before.

PUSSY SHAKER

(to Sage)

That sure as shit sounds like your
music! C'mon, Ms. DJ Sage, we gonna
claim what's yours from that cheeky
freak.

Pussy grabs Sage and is lead by her gals through the crowd headed to the DJ booth.

INT CLUB OUTPUT BAR - CONTINUING

Tristan smiles and laughs with balding club promoter DAMIAN (40's), when Santi's sound drops - with Sage's music. His smiles slips and he looks confused as hears the sound that he had heard before.

He knows this sound as his eyes lock on Sage.

The music grows richer, darker. A bit twisted and heavy but still funky out.

Sage catches eyes with Tristan who studies her across the floor. The crowd is working up to mounting excitement.

Sage stands in the spotlight Santi has swung back on her as the tide of clubbers sweeps in and surround her, thrumming by her to the sound, waves to the shore, she slowly sags back against a dark wall that now reverberates with **her** sounds...

It's all so disorienting. No one but Sage could create these sounds that come from a tugboat cable singing through the water against the sounds of Buoy Marker 725 or Station 44065 at the entrance of New York Harbor.

Tristan watches. Looking right at her like he now knows something is very wrong. She looks back up at Tristan as his eyes flash at hers.

INT CLUB OUTPUT - DJ BOOTH CONTINUING

Santi is an uncontrolled mess of motion. He tugs on the bottle and sways.

In search of any other goodies, he finds Sage's knife in her backpack that's left flung on the chair in the booth. He laughs and unsheathes it. As he starts ramping up his set, he adjusts the levels, upping the theatrics, he removes his shirt.

Using Sage's knife, he slides the knife up the levels. It starts with a slow four on the floor. The dizziness of the lighting, strobes and heavy smoke obscure any clear views of Santi.

The full lighting array gets the crowd crazy. The stark light holds on Santi. It's the Santi freak show now. Holding the bottle up to drink, the crowd screams, egging him on.

Santi's is completely tripping out, featuring-- the knife. He begins to cut himself and crowd thinks it's part of the show. Cutting, experimenting, feeling no pain and he doesn't seem to care. He cuts deep, the blood on the equipment seems prophetic. He begins to rub the blood from his fingers on his body and then on his face.

The crowd reacts to the show, thinking it's just a gimmick and part of the act-- they go wild.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUING

Sage and the Pussy Shaker crew whirl around - shocked. Sage's eyes are wild as she looks up to the booth. She's violated, confused, gutted, but completely in shock at Santi's spectacle and uncertain if he's actually hurting himself in front of everyone.

A desperate act?

Santi seems to be conducting with Sage's knife. It glints eerily against the blue strobes.

Alcohol-thinned blood streams easily down his arm, caught only in fleeting glimpses and flashes from intense lighting.

Santi turns around a bloody drunken mess and salutes Sage and Pussy Shaker drunkenly and completely addled.

Security can't get into the locked booth, something is deathly wrong and Tristan thinks the worst following Santi's eyes locked manically to Sage.

Deep in the crowd he pulls the large bouncer Chris along with him to get Sage.

TRISTAN

(yelling over music)

We gotta get Sage outta here, she's
the reason he's lost it. Take care
of her and I'll get to Santi.

CHRIS

(yelling, nodding back)

Ok. I'll get her.

Tristan bounds up the stairs, climbing over bodies to reach the locked booth.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - OUTSIDE OF DJ BOOTH - CONTINUING

Tristan kicks the door repeatedly until it smashes open.

Sage cranes back and sobs watching trance-like as Tristan disarms Santi and removes knife.

Tristan spins the knife out of Santi's hand, he can't fathom Santi's self mutilation for show.

Santi laughs and sobs at the mess he has made. Tristan turns back, finding Sage and shakes his head, holding her knife and looking at her. He powers up more lights, more smoke, more strobes.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUING

Chris reaches Sage and man-handles her out towards the front, against her protests.

CHRIS

(Yelling over music)

Boss says you gotta go. Santi's
doing this because of you and it's
gotta stop.

SAGE
(Yelling over music)
No it's not, let me talk to him!
Please.

No go-- she's out. Her music plays and no one seems to even notice any problems. Tristan is locked on Sage being removed from the club in sheer confusion and shock.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - DJ BOOTH - CONTINUING

Santi reaches over and hits the fog machine button. And vanishes out of the clubs back door among the chaos and thick smoke.

In the confusion, lights and smoke, Santi has disappeared from the DJ booth. Tristan pulls the technician in to cover for him.

EXT. CLUB OUTPUT - SIDE ALLEY - CONTINUING

Sage stands by her bike in complete frustration, thrusting her helmet on when she HEARS the echoes maniacal laughter of Santi down the alley.

She knows his laugh, fearing the worst. She runs toward the back of the club following the crazed laughter, blood dripping on the street.

Sage stops and looks up to:

Whisbe's new tag of the Gummy Bear looming high overhead on the billboard. The scaffolding is lit like a skeleton delivering Santi up to the best view of NYC. She can see a body climbing up.

Slipping from his own bloody grip, Santi is possessed. Sage musters her inner strength to follow him alone.

SAGE
Tristan! Anyone! Help!

She is unheard over the height, the traffic, night construction nearby and ambient music, it's impossible to be heard. She powers through her fear and follows him up, stopping to see the blood on the rungs of the scaffolding.

EXT. SCAFFOLDING - ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Santi sits on the edge, scanning over the city like the Joker, while the wind whips plastic and trash about.

When Sage arrives 10 stories up, he's waiting for her. Sage tries to reason withn him.

SAGE

Hell of a show, huh? Santi, come on down with me. You know it scares me up here. You gotta help me back down, OK?

Santi laughs, still with his back to her holding Sage's knife, teetering and likely, black-out state.

SANTI

Nothing scares you, Sage.

Looking down...

SAGE

This does. Yup. Give me the knife, you don't have to hurt yourself.

Santi laughs a manic roar. More afraid than ever with his sudden mess of emotion, Sage's unwilling to get any closer to Santi holding a knife.

SAGE

I'm sick of people hurting. Ma left me, I didn't know anything about any Pa... Fuck! Santi, you matter to me, you can't give up!

Santi rises, turns and moves closer and lowers the knife.

SAGE

Santi, you and me, you promised. You said so, remember? Sage, you find the melody, I'll find the beat. I'll be timeless, you be ageless, you corny fucker... let's get together in music... Santi...
(Then sobbing desperate)
Please SANTI! look at me!

Santi is resigned, looking off into the distance.

SANTI

I have. All the time but you don't want what I am.

Santi lifts his arms outstretched with the blood dripping onto his imaginary canvas.

SANTI

And so I ask you Sage, why is it a heart that is empty weighs so much more?

(beat))

Tristan's heart is Purple, his wounds were real. A Purple Heart is no award. You receive one when bad shit goes down. Like with Tristan.

Santi looks at Sage's knife.

SANTI

You can have this back. My wounds are just a show.

SAGE

That's not true. You are just a little lost, like all of us.

SANTI

You're wrong. I know exactly what I am.

Suddenly, he tosses the bloody knife to her. It scuttles to her and nearly veers past and she instinctively stops it with her boot.

At that moment, she takes her eye off Santi, trapping the bloody knife and looks back to Santi.

But Santi is simply gone. Sage drops to her knees as the wind rustles to break the silence of his unremarkable fall to his death.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. SAGE'S BOAT - A WEEK LATER

Sage makes a call on her cell. Maynard picks up on the other end in Maine.

INTERCUT

MAYNARD (V.O.)

Yello.

SAGE

Uncle Maynard, it's Sage!

INT. MAINE DOCK - MORNING

Maynard sits on a rocking chair in the shade. In advanced stages of a chronic disease, he struggles not to cough and alert Sage of his condition.

MAYNARD

Sagey! Where you been? We was just talking about you. How's my Pidlet doin' down there in the big, bad city?

SAGE

Oh, it's alright. A little-dramatic. How's Jakey?

MAYNARD

The kid talks more 'an any woman I know.

SAGE

How's it going out there?

MAYNARD

Things ain't so good, lobster prices driven us down too low to bother going out to haul. But meanwhile the buyers keep mark up 500 percent.

SAGE

I told ya you guys gotta all stick together and set your own prices.

Maynard laughs, coughs.

MAYNARD

Jeshhhsss, you move to that big Apple and get all Union Boss Man on me. I know you ain't calling to discuss the price of lobster.

SAGE

No sir. Sorry to hear that just the same.

Silence.

MAYNARD

What's going on, Pidlet?

A silent moment passes then Sage talks tearfully as eyeing a photo of her Ma over on the cabin wall, it is covered by the scrap of paper with the poem Santi had read and recorded.

SAGE

Just missin' you guys. You're pretty much all I got. Sometimes it just feels like my safety net's got a hole in her, ya know?

Maynard tries to steady his voice.

She pulls the photo all the way out to reveal, Sage's Ma smiling big and bright, Sage as a baby and 'Uncle Maynard', he's in his Old Iron-sides military jacket, tailgate down on his pickup.

On the rear window, his stickers read:

EAT FISH - WEAR GRUNDEN

MAYNARD

Ah Sagey. Christ girl, ya better know we miss you too! Your Ma, she was real important to me. And when you come along, I wasn't round for her or you. Getting my ass cooked in an M1-Abrams tank. We kicked those tin cans from Kuwait into Baghdad.

Sage then stares deeply at the other rear window sticker, MARINES Semper Fi. He's got his big loving arm around his family.

Sage senses something, then...

SAGE Father...

Maynard, white knuckle, cups the phone piece, muffling the strain in his voice.

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

I... I couldn't bear how I wasn't nowhere around. Pretty sure yer Ma never knew how wrecked I was being away. She couldn't forgive me, I din't mean you and your Ma no harm.

Sage listens, flicking a light on and off.

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

The day your Ma was took from you. Jesus, I weren't leaving no more.

SAGE

That was a bad storm.

MAYNARD

It weren't no storm. The ocean blew
up that took her. You was born to a
woman, possessed of that sea fever.
She died trying to provide for her
little girl. She just went out too
far, couldn't get back.

In the background, Sage plays "The Other Side" that old folk
record her Ma once played.

Sage is wise and calm and loved.

SAGE

Don't ya ever wonder when you're
way out there if your ever gonna
get back?

MAYNARD

Yes. Every time I head her out.
Kinda like you right now, huh?

Sage melts.

Maynard clears his throat, unable to steady his voice.

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

Jeeesus, ain't we something, sound
like we both got line spun up in
our props.

Sage laugh and sobs, the kind when the sobs just keep coming
involuntarily.

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

Grandfather always said when we was
out hauling, ya set your string, no
point second guessing yourself.
Gear don't fish less it's in the
water.

Sage looks out at the water, laughs, tears in her eyes as we
hear:

SAGE (V.O.)

Under the shoulders of a sky so
vast...smile moon...

Water and skyline glow.

INT. DINER, BRONX - DAY

Sage, sullen, stuffs her gloves in her helmet and walks through the diner to find BILLY (AKA Pussy Shaker), a handsome, black and hard gang leader, fresh from the streets of Jersey City.

After a moment, Sage looks up to Billy.

SAGE

He's all gone like silence to sound. Static...the sound of nothing.

BILLY

You beating yourself up. You could've saved him?

SAGE

Shoot, no. He was like a dropped fire hose.

BILLY

He almost sucked you down with him, I watched him, Sagey. He took all he could, but you got away before it was too late.

(Beat)

When my dad blew himself back against the kitchen wall, first, I felt like I would never eat spaghetti sauce again... then I wondered how the fuck am I supposed to clean this up before my Mom gets home from working the graveyard shift.

Sage can't help but kinda mix laugh/shock at Billy's blunt humor.

BILLY (CONT'D)

But then I felt I could've prevented it, if only I was stronger, more gangster, less gay.

(laughs)

I felt so helpless. I loved him even though he could never get beyond himself to see it. Selfish fuck.

SAGE

I thought music could save anybody.

BILLY
It can. I think it saved you.

Sage looks at him deeply.

BILLY (CONT'D)
It takes courage to live this life.

SAGE
And a coward to give it up.
(beat))
You just cannot cook a lobster back
to life.

Billy kinda chews on that while not quite sure what that means.

BILLY
Still going back to Maine? With the
crap you've taken. God knows, I'd
be done with New York, too.

She might be back...

SAGE
You and I aren't cut out for
quitting. For one, you look better
in stilettos than spaghetti sauce.
And, as long as you don't go all
gangsta' on me back in *the Jerse*,
then we still got a chance.

They clasp hands, intertwining fingers.

ANGLE ON:

Sage's rough hands against Pussy Shaker's male hands, one
pinky painted blood red.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAGE'S BOAT - DAY

Rain starts Sage is holding a box and some tape when she
comes out on the deck.

INT. TRISTAN'S APT. - DAY

Rain continues outside as Tristan sees the box of stuff from the Club - Santi's wallet, Santi's watch and his signature heavy bracelet he always wore, also in the box is Sage's beat up backpack (she had it on when he met her that first day at the club) with a thumb drive hanging off the zipper.

He curiously grabs the bag, wretches at the fishy smell, he hesitates then unzips the bag, inside is a pay stub for Sage from Johnny's Northeast Fishing Co. Hunt's Point NYC. Her hours are clocked a full week of all nighters 11/1-11-5 : 1 am - 5 am. He laughs.

TRISTAN
Night shift...

He fiddles Sage's thumb drive on the zipper then unhooks it. He plugs it into the deck of his WALL OF SOUND SYSTEM.

The first thing he hears is the sound of a belt buckle tapping rhythmically trying hard to figure out the source.

Then, the beats pulsate. The sound dips and returns with even greater soul and skin tingling power.

He sits down on his couch and just listens. He hears all the sounds she found, even the sound he couldn't place: the bullet of a rock thrown high in the air and sucked down into the water.

He drops his head to his hands, then looks to:

His muted TV, catches images of the storm warning and turns up the volume of the weather report.

WEATHERMAN
...inches of rain expected with
severe winds heading in from the
north east. Hurricane Annie is due
to arrive this evening...

Tristan's iPhone pings with the severe weather alert on his iPhone. He looks at the paystub again and sees the phone number. He dials it.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Sage is sitting cross-legged in front of the sound equipment, in a daze blaring new, beats. Her cell phone rings. She ignores it, not wanting to deal with anybody.

She listens to the message on speaker.

JOHNNY (O.S.)
Hello. Johnny here. Just wanted to
make sure you're OK. We're watching
that storm. Worried about you, so
give a call.

Sage looks up, no biggie.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - LATER

Sage is packing up some boxes and gets tired. She lays down
on her bed. A severe weather text alert pings and, in a daze,
she powers down her phone, closing her eyes to it. And the
world.

The boat rocks gently like a cradle.

EXT. BOAT HARBOR - LATER

The storm outside pounds the shoreline while boats in the
harbor pull on their moorings.

The boat jars, dishes and glasses shift along with her DJ
equipment. Her vinyl records slide.

Nothing gaff tape can't handle.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYM - SAME

Clenching the hem of her skirt, Sage is next up at her poetry
recital. Schoolchildren, parents and teachers fill the gym.

Sage obviously nervous, teeters to the podium. Her small
voice competes with the howl of foul weather ripping outside.
The sweat on her palms and the hesitation in her voice is
obvious.

Uncle Maynard gives Sage a reassuring nod of much needed
encouragement. He hoists a cam corder up and begins taping.

Everyone waits for her to speak. Her wrinkled, second hand
skirt is held up by her Ma's big leather belt cinched tight
around her. Her socks are mismatched in scuffed shoes, topped
off by disheveled hair, pulled back by someone other than
her mother.

YOUNG SAGE
Sea Fever, by John...Masefield...I
must go down...

Sages gravely voice wavers and everyone is staring at her.

Maynard's eyes mist with pride, he nods and mouthing her words along with her.

YOUNG SAGE

...to the sea again to the lonely
sea...and the sky...for the call...
and all I ask is a tall ship and a
star to steer by...

Through awkward silences and broken patterns, her voice quivers as she rubs her huge belt buckle nervously.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LOBSTER BOAT SEA FEVER - SAME

Poised on the edge of the storm front. Sage's Ma expression says it all, facing an impending storm. Her body stiffens then slouches from a close lightning strike, angry SOUND of howling wind and rain pelting the windows outside.

INT. SCHOOL - GYM - SAME

In a valiant effort with all eyes watching.

YOUNG SAGE

...and the wheel's kick... and the
wind's song... and the white sail's
shaking...

She takes a hard breath. The crowd of children rustles, parents whisper and judge.

The wind pounds the rain and hard claps of thunder punctuate.

YOUNG SAGE

And grey mist... on the sea's...
face, and... and... a grey dawn
breaking.

She works through the poem without ever looking at her audience. Then, she glances up to the windows-- LIGHTNING flashes.

INT. SAGE CABIN - PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Flashes from lightning illuminate the rain is pounding on the windows and SOUND on the metal roof.

Sage is fast asleep.

INT. MAYNARD'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As more loud thunder claps continue, Sage stares transfixed out the window. Homer's Grand Bank's Fisherman painting hangs eerily in the adjacent room.

Rain and wind SLAM at the shutters as Maynard pats her head and tries to comfort her.

MAYNARD

Sagey, you done good today. Your
Ma'd be real proud. Let's give her
a call. What'd you say?

INT. MAYNARDS DEN - CONTINUOUS

Maynard tries to contact her Ma on the ship-to-shore radio.

MAYNARD

Sea Fever, Sea Fever, you read?

Static.

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

(unconvincing)

She's probably riding it out in a
cove out of range, Pidlet...

Maynard confidence is betrayed by his concern. Sage tries her best to smile and turns to stare out at the angry, black night. She turns to look back at the radio - her only link to her mother.

MAYNARD (CONT'D)

Here, you try.

INT. LOBSTER BOAT SEA FEVER - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Through the chaos of the storm outside, the radio's red light glows with the faintest of signals.

Then, almost lost in the radio static, Sage's little voice.

SAGE (V.O.)

Sea Fever, the Sea Fever, call
letters Whiskey Zulu, 458, this is
Sage.

Her Ma reaches toward the radio, despite the motion and force around her. The radio sounds again.

SAGE (CONT'D)

This is Sage, Ma. Can ya' hear me!?

Her little voice crackles and is gone, just as her Ma's hand holds tight onto the radio flicking the button their 1,2,3 code.

INT. MAYNARD'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sage gasps as she can hear the faintest sound of her Ma's 1,2,3 code. Tears well up and fall as Sage stares miraculously at her hand piece.

Then, cut off by the deadly sound of pure static and blends into SOUND of rain.

INT/EXT. SAGE'S BOAT - PRESENT TIME - NIGHT

Sage awakes with a start with Silkie's urgent BARK. Silkie hears something. She gets up to look out the window, hard rain is pelting. She closes Silkie's door to protect her.

There is a shadow outside near her bike parked along the Jetties. The wind makes it hard to see.

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS - SAGE'S POV - NIGHT

Just outside of Sage's boat, she sees her BIKE in the distance with someone near it. It's too dark to tell, who or what's happening. It's highly suspicious.

Sage prepares herself with a knife and shuts off her inside lights.

The lighting flashes and the figure is gone.

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS - POV OF SOMEONE WALKING - NIGHT

Through the foggy and wet dark glasses we walk along the docks, closer to the boat.

Hands wind rope walking along the dock.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - NIGHT

Dark except for a few shadows created by harsh marina lights scattered by rain.

Sage is petrified, her phone is unable to connect due to the storm. She walks slowly to another window and looks out.

Suddenly, a shadowy figure glances in, she drops and refrains from screaming the best she can.

Her mind is racing and panicked, the figure moves closer. She's frozen in fear.

She hears the boat being slammed by the storm and horrifying sounds of cables stretching.

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS - POV OF SOMEONE WALKING - NIGHT

Ropes are tied in the heavy rain. The obscured intruder is has full rain gear prepared for the weather.

His gloved hands are pulling hard on the rope.

He moves closer to the boat's cabin door.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - NIGHT

Sage is pulled up close to the wall in shadows, next to the door, she shushes Silkie.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The door shakes and opens up from the loose and rusted hinges.

The sheathed intruder explodes through the door, helped by the wind, Silkie makes a HORRIFIC growling bark and leaps at the intruder's ankles.

Sage with her quick response, uses her knife to slash at the hands. Although gloved, the knife is able to cut into the flesh.

Silkie, such a drama sea dog, starts howling and screaming along with Sage!

The intruder grunts and bolts, from panic and pain of the bites and knife assault.

He runs away fast and off the dock into the shadows.

The door is slamming back and forth from heavy wind and rain, but Sage's adrenaline forces her to leap out and scream at the top of her lungs.

SAGE

I will kill you if you ever come
back here you son-of-a-bith!

Silkie punctuates it with a loud roar/ growl/ whimper.

EXT. ON SHORE - DOCKS - LATER

The figure wraps cloth around the right hand with pressure applied hard to the bloody wound on his hand with a painful groan. Everything is chaotic, dark, sheets of rain and wind. Hidden by rain gear and water.

The intruder looks back and is transfixed by the event. He holds the dressing on his messed up hand. He winces in deep pain, but we still cannot see his face clearly.

He turns and leaves.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - LATER

Closing and locking the door, Sage quickly attends to Silkie to make sure he's not hurt.

SAGE

Ohhh, you are such a good sea dog!
Oh my God. We showed him huh. Never
fuck with a Sea Hag!

She sits down and takes a deep breath. Decides to fortify the door with chairs, metal and finally, topping it off a meager pan from the kitchen.

The wind still whips outside.

INT, SAGES BOAT - MORNING

Sage gets up and takes stock of the mess. Not too bad with some disheveled items.

She moves to let Silkie out. Silkie barks and slides out.

INT. HUNT'S POINT FISH MARKET - NEXT MORNING

Sage walks through the empty, post-hurricane market towards the Northeast Fish Stall. The place is in tatters with debris scattered about.

Caveman stares at the mess.

CAVEMAN

No one's here 'cuz the storm. No fish today. No boats out except for one. We have not heard back from her. You rode it out OK?

Sage nods, not wanting to talk about anything.

Then she starts to help clean things up. Tidying everything that Johnny hasn't been able to get to going above and beyond the call of duty.

Jose and the others silently follow her lead. Caveman plugs his iPhone into the Bose and cranks up the volume. Sage's set comes to life, it's haunting but it's deep house. Sage smiles weakly and the men set to work to the energetic ambience.

Johnny stops to watch and listen. He wells up. This is his crew.

Taking pictures for insurance he begins to document the people helping the cleanup.

EXT. SAGE'S BOAT - DAY

Sage brings some fish for Silkie who is happy to be back in water.

Her battered boat looks sad and the door hinges are needing repair too.

She pulls open the cabin door to finally face the contents in disarray. She sits down on the galley stairs, immobilized by sadness. Her little world is upside down and strewn about. Her turntables and equipment smashed on the cabin floor.

She sits down on her cabin steps in utter resignation. She finds the transistor radio and seeks out the only station with music.

Folk music - irony.

She starts gathering her cherished pictures and belonging from the floor and begins to clean up her place.

EXT. CITY ISLAND DOCKS PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

A car idles in the lot off in the distance.

INT. CITY ISLAND DOCKS PARKING LOT - PARKED CAR - SAME

Tristan speaks on his phone. He's exhausted and just worn out.

TRISTAN

Thank you. Santi was a tragedy. He was a friend. I'm on the 8 o'clock.

(beat)

Tell them I'll be there and they better be ready, no amateur hour in Vegas and they better not be fucked up. I've had it with high maintenance talent. They can kill themselves, but not at my expense. Never again.

Tristan ends the call, lost in the memory of what was once his best friend.

He looks up to a seagull hovering above him on a stream of air, sunlight's bright behind the bird, beautifully.

Santi was at one point like a brother to Tristan, choosing now to only remember the good of him, not the bad.

Whether it's a sign or simply a way to have closure, Tristan respects the sentiment of it all.

Tristan's eyes move from the floating gull to Sage in the distance, on her boat.

He takes a long last look at her and moves to the car and gets in the back.

TRISTAN

(To his driver)

LaGuardia Airport. Let's go.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - NIGHT

Sage is sitting cross-legged on the floor of her boat, clenching the picture of her mother to her chest - the one of the two of them in front of all the Christmas lights.

Don Conoscenti's "The Other Side" plays off in the background.

Sage closes her eyes and then soldiers on.

In the middle of the mess, Sage discovers something. It's a nautical map and she tacks it on the wall. She charts a course back to Maine with her finger. She turns to Silkie who cocks his head curiously.

SAGE

Think we should go home.

Silkie nods barks.

INT. CAR - STOPPED IN TRAFFIC - EVENING

Tristan gets a 911 call from Damian, the Club Output promoter.

TRISTAN

Hey.

(beat)

Nah Dude, listen, I'm on the way to Vegas now, I can't.

(beat)

I know, but now is the worst time.

(Exasperated)

Fine.

Tristan steams anger for a moment, mind racing.

TRISTAN

(to driver)

Change of plans, turn us around.

Fuck me.

EXT. CLUB OUTPUT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tristan's pushes through the performers' door with a bandaged right hand.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - CONTINUOUS

Tristan and Damian are in a heated argument. Tristan finally just explodes.

TRISTAN

What the fuck, Damian, I came straight from the airport. What the fuck do you want me to do about it?! Figure this shit out man.

(backing him the fuck off)

(MORE)

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Look as fucked up as Santi was, he was still **my** best friend!

DAMIAN

Yea, yea, sorry for your loss, but now, you gotta cover this FUCKING loss! Who am I supposed to get in here last minute?

TRISTAN

I don't know! How about anybody! DJs are fucking fish in a barrel. It's New York City for chrissake.

EXT. CLUB OUTPUT BACK DOOR - SAME

Sage has been crying. She takes a deep breath, gloves in helmet as she approaches the back door where Chris the bouncer is posted for security.

SAGE

Hey Chris. I'm just getting my things.

CHRIS

Sorry for that 86. Santi was in some messed up state. Boss man T said to get you out fast and I was jus doin' my job.

(beat)

You know how it all went down?

SAGE

Yea. I know.

Fighting back tears.

CHRIS

I'm so sorry. You're my favorite here and you're welcome here anytime Sage, it's those other club rats and time-fighters I can't stand. I'll miss you.

Chris offers her a big bear hug, opens the door.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - HALLWAY - SAME

Sage rounds a corner and comes face to face with Tristan. Tristan looks deeply at her. She fights to get past him. He grabs her and she winces.

TRISTAN

Sage!

He peels her around, she is wild and tears rim her bloodshot eyes.

SAGE

Fuck you! I'm done, just getting my
shit and I'm never coming back to
this place.

She pounds his chest and starts to cry as he pulls her in.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Where were you? Why did you kick me
out! Why did he jump, you know he
jumped right in front of me? Why
did he do that?

TRISTAN

I'm sorry, Sagey.

When he calls her Sagey, she sobs and collapses against him.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

He left me too.

A moment and then Sage pulls back from Tristan trying to
regain her composure.

SAGE

Where's my stuff?

She doesn't notice nor care about his injury.

TRISTAN

Wait! Your music. Sage, I know.
Those samples, that music, you made
and produced it. I listened to
every beat of it.

Her tough facade giving way to pain and anger.

SAGE

You fucking coward! You wanted to
sell him out, but you did it using
my music! Mine!

Tristan bows his head, nodding. She is right. Sage is weeping
but notices Tristan's hand and the bandage.

SAGE (CONT'D)

It was you?! You were the one who
tried to break in!

Her eyes widen, grabs his cut hand and twists it for answers.

TRISTAN

Owe!!! Ok Ahhh Ahhh-nold Hold on--
no, let go! I mean WAIT! I came to
apologize, but I wasn't sure it was
the right place. Most sane people
have addresses and building. I
wanted to talk about your music.
But then the storm..SAGE
You scared the fuck outta me!

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You cut the fuck outta me! The
damn'd storm got in my way. I got
caught up in it like some storm
chaser and got bitten by the
funkiest looking dog I ever saw. I
got the hell outta there.

Sage laughs, releases the hand.

SAGE

You had all your shots? Silkie
saved your life then cuz I was not
stopping. How did you know where to
find me?

TRISTAN

Johnny is worse than my mother.
Your disgusting backpack fucking
putrid. I found your pay stub from
Hunt's Point Fish Market. By the
way pew, I'm buying you a new
backpack.

Tristan gestures a big shoulder shrug wtf?

SAGE

Maybe call next time.

TRISTAN

I don't have...

Damian suddenly comes at Tristan.

DAMIAN

What the fuck are you standing
around for? How ya gonna cover your
shit show? Planning to get in there
yourself?

TRISTAN

No, but she can.

Eyes on Sage.

DAMIAN

The fuck! No. I need a real DJ.

TRISTAN

She is. And she's good.

(selling it)

Better than Santi. She knows his set up, she's been helping him out. Shit, Santi stole all her sounds, that's how good she is!

Sage looks panicked and Damian remains fully unconvinced.

DAMIAN

I'm not running some America's Got No Fuckin Talent contest here. I need a win here. Club's taken enough heat for the Santi show.

TRISTAN

I'm telling you she can carry it.

Damian nervously looks at the booth.

DAMIAN

I'll give her twenty minutes. Then I'll pull the plug. And then, you'll be finding me my refund.

Tristan pulls Sage off in the direction of the DJ booth, but Pussy Shaker intercepts to unleash some fury on Damian.

PUSSY SHAKER

Mark my words, I will make sure NO ONE wants to step foot in this club if you don't give this girl a break.

(calling out to Damian)

I can empty any club!

Pussy shoves past Damian and all and yanks Sage off.

PUSSY SHAKER (CONT'D)

Bitches MOVE! We got work to do here!

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pussy and her Glam Squad are surrounding Sage. Pussy rips her shirt open, revealing Sage's bra and torso.

PUSSY SHAKER
 Much better! And hello girls!
 (Beat)
 It's a man's world, so you gotta
 use what you got.

BLONDIE (25) teases up Sage's hair. Pussy applies spray and Moshi tends to her eyes makeup.

PUSSY SHAKER
 You got what none of them got.

MOSHI
 Tits?

BLONDIE
 Ass?

PUSSY SHAKER
 Hair!!

They all giggle and whoop around Sage. Sage is overtaken by Pussy and her crew.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - CONTINUOUS

From behind:

Sage steps forward into the DJ Booth and into the light like a Goddess.

Sage comes up behind Tristan who is sucking back a Red Bull. He chokes on her sexiness that we have yet to actually see.

He still can't quite breath, we too can now see that she's amazing.

Then, almost forgetting, he reaches into his back pocket for his phone.

SAGE
 Who are you calling now?!

With a relaxed look, and flips his phone wallet and slips out a card to her.

SAGE (CONT'D)
 What's this?

TRISTAN

Jared Shaq from Ghostly. I played him some of your stuff. They're pulling together some unknown artists for a compilation.

She blinks, surprised. Looks down at the card.

SAGE

You are kidding me?

TRISTAN

He's out there somewhere.

She is too busy scrutinizing the card to notice.

SAGE

Same Jared Shaq who used to be at DFA?

TRISTAN

Yeah. He's a music geek, like you. You'll like him.

She looks up, and finally pulls his signature dark glasses up so she can see him. She searches his eyes. A wordless moment passes between them.

Sage stands in front of the set up, lit up from underneath. She swallows hard.

She nervously looks out at the crowd. She picks up the left-over bottle of Grey Goose and takes a huge swig.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Well, that's one way to start.

(Beat)

Santi's playlist is a mess.

SAGE

I am very aware.

He just looks at her. Looks at the crowd. With no time to waste.

TRISTAN

Dig in, quick. Sage quickly goes to the record crates and selects a few.

Tristan looks at the crowd, back at the decks, hoping-yet-knowing he didn't make a mistake.

He smiles confidently at Sage then switches up some knobs, buttons, plugs as Sage puts her thumb drive in and begins her own sound. Deep, dark and intense.

Tristan reaches over and pulls Sage's age-old belt into him, and they kiss long and hard.

He then unfurls it and hands it to her to help her start.

We hear the tap, tap, tap as the metallic thrum of her buckle on the edge of deck and she starts her set...

Sage puts the needle on the record. Spins it back a quarter turn with her hand, lets it go. Crosses the fader.

We hear the CRACKLY sound of an old record starting.

Everyone is looking up towards the booth, wondering what this is and who she is.

TRISTAN

If that was really you who made
that mix, then you know that
feeling. It's just you and the
music.

Sage looks at him. Then down at the decks. She slows the current song down to a warbling speed... then we hear the sudden wailing of a gospel diva into a blood-pumping track.

The crowd moves.

TRISTAN

Easy. Don't rush things. Don't take
them up too quickly. Pull them in,
like they're at the end of your
line.

She breathes in the music, then goes to the song, gets another. The tension laid across the tracks she weaves tight, the slightest hint of dissonance, she cues it up. Waits for the right moment. Totally focused on the beats, music, and technology before her... staring at the colored levels going up and down on the computer.

She cross fades to a deep, slower, thumping track that sounds like a heartbeat ready to explode.

And she fades back to deeply moving vocals.

SAGE

Hook, line, and sinker.

TRISTAN

That's it.

INT. CLUB OUTPUT - DJ BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

The sound of gentle flutes and then a soothing male voice from Don Conoscenti's "The Other Side." Tristan just looks at Sage. Wondering what's going on in her head.

Sage closes her eyes, plugged in fully.

It melts into a reverb and then suddenly, in almost-silence, we hear a loud BELL-BUOY chiming through EVERY speaker in the house - like a 360 round-robin. Then, several deep thumps like a heartbeat. Silence.

Then, a FOGHORN moans, as if a real lighthouse.

And then... the deepest bass beat you can imagine pulsates into something that sounds like a Bon Iver remix. Luscious, wicked, and deep.

The crowd roars. Sage sees Pussy Shaker on the dance floor who points a finger of fierceness at her. Whisbe. His blonde hair flowing. He removes his hand to reveal the bottom half of his face as it had been concealed under the bandana. A cut away before his identity is revealed.

Sage smiles at him with a wink.

The bass is firing from every corner of deep woofers in the club. People are mystified by her, ready for what's next.

The record slows to almost a stop. Everything is warped, as if under water. She cuts in a sound something like what fish might make under water. Bubbles. She slows the sound to almost nothing.

The lighting mimics that we are underwater, rays dancing in the blue aquatic spectrum.

Then, like a killer explosion KABOOM! - Beats to die for.

The floor is shaking. The giant speakers in the club are like shrines. Dancers are possessed by Sage's orchestration. Sweat is flying. Races, every ethnicity, lifestyles all converge on the dance floor.

The snares come in. Tristan is now standing behind her, watching her at work. We HEAR the crystalline bass beat coming clearly through Sage's headphone - as if going into her own world - where she IS the music.

Damian looks up to the DJ booth and looks at Sage for a second, and then to Tristan, who looks at his watch. Tristan catches his eye. Damian roars for him to keep rolling. The club is on fire like old days at the Paradise Garage.

Sage and Tristan explode in laughter and the moment.

Finishing the set, Tristan leans into the mic.

TRISTAN

Let's hear it for DJ Sage!

THE CROWD moves. Shakes. Thumps. Spins. Slides. Sweats. Roars.

Tristan fades into background. This is Sage's moment and she glows, her dream coming true. In the light show, sets of 1, 2, 3... three distinct flashes chase in order, blended among the chaos, a subtle message that might easily be missed.

EXT. SAGE'S BOAT - NEXT DAY

Sage is filthy and exhausted as she practically drops her motorcycle, slides off and walks down the dock towards her boat.

Silkie is barking enthusiastically. She bends down and kisses her seal pup.

She looks at the padlock, slightly ajar, wondering if she left it that way. The sounds of a sexy mellow deep beat can be heard faintly coming through the cabin of the boat.

Suspiciously, she walks slowly inside the boat.

INT. SAGE'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

She stops and her eyes widen.

New sound equipment has replaced the old decks straddled by crates of records. A record is spinning on the new deck.

There is a note atop it:

"TO NYC'S HOTTEST FEMALE DJ - SAGE."

Sage drops her bag to the floor in shock and walks further in and enters the cabin.

INT. SAGE'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

She turns the light on. Tristan is lying there in her bunkbed, asleep, fully clothed. Nearby, the picture of young Sage and her Ma.

Sage finally kneels down beside the bed. Tristan turns his head and opens his eyes.

TRISTAN

I planned to leave before you got here.

SAGE

I don't know what to say.

TRISTAN

Just say thank you to the manager.

SAGE

Thank you to the manager.

Sage smiles.

SAGE (CONT'D)

So, whose manager are you now?

TRISTAN

No! I quit that ride. And if you think I do this music install thing for a DJ Fishmonger...

(Waving his finger)

No. No. No.

Tristan takes her shoulders and rests his forehead against hers.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

My God, you cannot be seriously that clueless.

Sage is incredulous and his look says it all. He deflects by picking up the picture of Sage and her Ma.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You were cute.

SAGE

Yeah, I don't know what happened.

She smiles and looks down.

SAGE (CONT'D)

Sometimes, I don't know what to say. I get flustered.

TRISTAN

DJ's rarely say anything, so you're good. I'll let it slide.

With that, she leans in and kisses him deeply.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I should bring sound equipment more often.

He takes her hands and studies the delicate and beautiful shapes, rough from years of working the sea. He traces his finger up her arm seductively, coming upon the scar where the treble hook had snagged her forearm several years ago. He kisses it, loving the flaws, the ruggedness that come with this beauty.

SAGE

Battle scars are my beauty marks.

She suddenly stops and just looks at him and peels his shirt back to revealing his own scars.

Sage softly traces his scars with her fingers.

TRISTAN

A bit bunged up, I know. But they didn't get my heart, you did, so I had to come back for it.

She smiles devilishly.

SAGE

What if I don't give it back?

TRISTAN

Then, I'm so screwed.

He stares at her and repeats.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I am so screwed.

He pulls her in close again, lifts her hair, revealing the tattoo of the ocean wave and kisses it. They disappear into each other.

EXT. OPEN BOAT DECK - NIGHT

Out on the glassy waters, the full moon reveals the boat's name, The Mystery, written across the stern. The Northern Lights streak the sky. A symphony of stars for just the two of them. Sage and Tristan lie on the deck.

And up overhead there's that smiling moon, curved like a mouth that catches itself grinning for no particular reason.

Just below is a star that pierces the night. Sage leans into him and maybe he hears it too like the moon whispering and it's something like a memory in the making.

Their shoulders touch and the silence holds them there when her smile catches in his eyes. She has spoken between words and maybe he has heard her.

SAGE
(Whispers)
Smile Moon.

She smiles. Sage holds her fishing pole lazily across her chest. Tristan places it in the rod holder and pulls her to him. Her head in the nook of his shoulder.

Her belt buckle raps three times on the deck as the waves roll her in Tristan's loving embrace.

She looks off far into the distance. He kisses her.

A boat's foghorn moans THREE TIMES. Followed by the THREE FLASHES of the bell-buoy marking Dry Ledge.

And just like that, the bell bouy disappears from the horizon.

The distant BARKING of Silkie in the water confirms that Sage has come home.

And Ma's not far off.

FADE TO BLACK.