ONE SONG

Genre: Drama / Music / Psychological Journey

Format: Feature Film

INT. DARKNESS - ABSTRACT SPACE - PROLOGUE – TAPE DECK / METAPHOR SEQUENCE

From the silence, a way of life appears...

ONE SONG - (noun)

/ˈwən ˌsôNG/

1. A perfect, uninterrupted sequence of rhythm, intention, and presence.

2. A life philosophy: live in sync, mix with purpose, never lose the groove.

3. A DJ’s truth — not a playlist, but a single, continuous vibe.

CLICK, a flip from Side B and then Side A of the tape begins.

First sound. Then light.

The click-clack of a tape flipping inside a cassette deck. We see the mechanical working pieces, plastic gears spinning each other to move the hub that spins the ribbon of tape over the head.

The reel spins down. A brief silence, then one beat, then another.

We move through the plastic casing of the tape deck to inside the car — sounds build from ambient street noise, distant birds, air conditioners humming in time and on beat. A rhythm created from the ordinary.

EXT. 4-WAY INTERSECTION – ORLANDO EARLY MORNING

[THE SOFT BEAT DROPS – “Hey..”]

Golden hour. A quiet suburban intersection.

Four-way stop lights. No cars.

Suddenly — a soft beat kicks in.

In sync with...

Chris’s light blue Cadillac — SKY — idling at one of the corners.

Digital sounds float through the air.

A distant lawn sprinkler ticks rhythmically,

syncing with the digital hi-hat.

A breeze sweeps magnolia petals across the asphalt like confetti.

They tumble, scatter, then regroup — moving in time.

Inside the car — CHRIS.

Elbow on the window. Fingers tapping.

Not just to the music — to something deeper, bigger than himself.

He scans the other corners.

A JOGGER slows, tying a shoe.

A CYCLIST glides through, tires humming against the pavement.

Life in fragments. Small, ordinary rhythms.

Light flares off SKY’s chrome, strobing with the beat.

The glass catches the dying sun, throwing golden fire across Chris’s face.

CLOSE ON — his eyes. Focused. Searching.

It’s not the intersection he sees, but a universe of timing.

He exhales slowly.

The air fogs against the glass, vanishing in sync with the snare.

A traffic light clicks. Red to green.

Silent, mechanical percussion.

Chris leans forward. Turns the volume up.

The rhythm builds.

CHRIS (V.O.)

(calm, reflective)

People think the music starts when the beat drops.

But it’s already playing, everywhere — in the hum of

a power line, the wind through Spanish moss in the oak

trees, the tick-tock of a blinker, the breath between

thoughts. It all makes one harmony and a single source

of information. You just have to be quiet long enough

to hear it.

He looks left. Then right.

CHRIS

One place... One Song...

[BEAT DROPS]

Chris reaches forward to the classic cassette tape and nudges the volume up even more until the sound lands in sync with his breath, his heartbeat and the streetlight that pops green.

The camera rises in a smooth drone-style shot as the car glides forward. One green light, on the beat... then another... then another. Each perfectly timed.

As he moves down the city street, everything is fresh, new, and sweet.

He taps the wheel. Not with impatience. With rhythm.

The reflection of a green light hits the windshield.

CHRIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That was the day I connected with what I believed to be true,

with the rhythm of my life. The rhythm of the Universe around me.

He lets off the brake and moves one step closer to his future.

ONE SONG TITLE MONTAGE –

[Beat slows]

(ONE SONG – TITLE - APPEARS and FADES AWAY 1:20 sec)

— Chris at small gatherings (2–10 people).

— Driving around town.

— Unpacking gear.

— DJing personal experiences.

— Walking to his car.

(WAIT FOR THE UPBEAT)

EXT. GAS STATION / PORCH NEXT DOOR – NIGHT

Chris loads gear into the trunk of SKY, his light-blue Cadillac.

The flickering gas station sign hums above.

From the porch of the house next door — the party still glowing faintly inside —

the HOST COUPLE leans against the railing, glasses in hand.

Bass and laser light still seeps out through the windows and garage panels.

HOST MAN

That was epic, if I was a religious man,

I would say that was the closest thing to God!

Chris! You tore it up tonight, brother. Thank You!

HOST WOMAN

Best set we’ve had in this house. For sure!

You made it feel alive. Thank you.

Both of their hands rested in a prayer formation.

Chris smiles, lowering the last crate into the trunk.

CHRIS

I appreciate you both for letting me spin.

That room... the energy was already there.

it had a sound and rhythm all its own.

HOST WOMAN

Well, whatever it was, you constructed it.

Everyone’s still buzzing in there.

You sure you don’t want to stay?

We promise, no one will ask you to spin!

CHRIS

I can’t, made a promise to myself

I would get some sleep tonight.

HOST MAN

Safe drive, man. Sky looks ready to fly.

Chris nods, closes the trunk with a gentle thud.

CHRIS

She always is. The tunes carry us.

(beat, warm)

They laugh, raising their drinks in salute as Chris as he slides into the driver’s seat.

INT. SKY – DRIVING – NIGHT

Chris eases out from the parking lot, weaving through narrow Orlando streets.

He exhales, eyes steady on the road ahead.

Bass hums softly through nearby storefronts as he turns the corner.

EXT. SIP & SPIN – MORNING

Chris parks. Puts up the convertible roof on Sky.

Steps out, adjusts his hoodie, and walks toward the hybrid coffee-and-record shop.

The neon sign flickers: SIP & SPIN.

At the back of a cramped record store off Colonial Drive, he flips through dusty vinyl bins, nodding along to something only he can hear. Then a distant thunder and a moment of remembrance, he stops and looks at a poster that shows a music festival world tour. As we fade to see the rain starting to hit the front windows.

(AUDIO – ZARA)

INT. – FLASHBACK MONTAGE – VARIOUS YEARS

(Audio — ambient strings with a subtle house beat weaving in)

Quick, evocative flashes — each city a new break in the rhythm, a new reset:

CHICAGO – MILITARY BASE HOUSING

A younger CHRIS (10–11) sits cross-legged with a small portable radio.

Jets scream overhead. His DAD, in fatigues, loads a duffel into a truck.

CHRIS

Dad, how long this time?

DAD

(tight smile)

Long enough. You take care of your mom, hear?

Chris nods, turning the tuner, catching fragments — Spanish stations, gospel, classic rock then finally an EDM channel — all blending into one strange harmony.

MOM

(calling from the porch)

Don’t play it too loud, Chris. We’ll get a complaint our first week in.

CHRIS

(Turning it down just after the beat)

I’ll keep it low.

(another beat)

It sounds different here.

His dad rests a hand on his shoulder — heavy, protective.

DAD

Different doesn’t mean bad. Learn to listen.

That’s how you’ll find your place.

Chris leans into the sound, turning it up slightly, absorbing every note.

NEW YORK – CITY STREET

High school CHRIS unpacks boxes from a moving truck.

Headphones hang around his neck. Kids across the street toss a football.

Chris pulls a small turntable from a box before his clothes. Plugs it in to a garage outlet.

The record spins, faint through tiny speakers.

MOM

(tired but playful)

We have furniture to move first, Christopher.

CHRIS

Just one song. Then I’ll help.

She watches him — smiling, though her eyes are weary.

Across the street, a TEEN waves a football.

TEEN

Hey, new kid! You play?

Chris shakes his head, pointing to the headphones.

CHRIS

Not that kind of player.

The teen shrugs, tossing the ball again. Chris drops the needle.

The beat rises, drowning out the noise of the city.

GERMANY – COLD APARTMENT

Teen CHRIS stares through rain hitting the window at gray rooftops.

Inside: his father’s duffel bags lined by the door.

A stack of vinyl records — his only constant.

The needle drops in on a new record from Kraftwerk.

Chris leans closer, hearing the precision, the math of music.

FRIEND (O.S.)

You’ll be back soon, right? After you get settled in the states?

CHRIS

Yeah. Soon. I just...

…need to get this right first.

He taps the vinyl sleeve, listening harder.

FRIEND

It’s only music.

CHRIS

No... it’s everything.

The camera CLOSES on the spinning record,

its grooves reflect the gray light outside.

Chris exhales — the first hint that music is becoming his anchor.

ORLANDO – FINAL MOVE – SUBURBAN HOME

Chris’s family sits around a modest dinner table. His dad’s face is proud but worn.

His mom:

MOM

At least this time, we’ll stay long enough

for you to finish high school. Maybe this

time you’ll make some friends before summer…

CHRIS

I want to go back to visit some old friends before school starts…

Parents nod, because they know — roots are fragile. Music is the only thing that has stayed with him.

CHRIS (V.O.)

(soft, reflective)

Every time we moved, the beat changed.

New streets. New schools. New friends

I’d lose as soon as I found them.

The only constant was the sound.

My dad served the country, but music...

I served music. It kept me steady

when nothing else would.

CUT TO A REVISIT OF OLD FRIENDS AS CHRIS STARTS TO DJ:

(AUDIO – CONTINUED ZARA)

BACKYARD WITH NYC SKYLINE

Christmas lights strung across the yard. Six people. Someone’s cousin freestyles into a karaoke mic while CHRIS layers ambient house over the moment.

SMALL CHICAGO STYLE BAR

More people groove to Chris spinning for a small Chicago house party.

GERMAN STYLE LIVING ROOM — Rain drops hit the windows, mismatched lamps, one spinning disco ball, maybe twelve people swaying in time as Chris spins on some old turntable setup. Raindrop come back into focus to morph back to the raindrops hitting the windows of the Sip & Spin.

This is the small stuff. The real stuff. The alignment.

[BEAT/THUNDER DROPS TO BRING CHRIS BACK FROM THE PAST]

CHRIS (V.O.)

Orlando isn’t New York... Or Berlin. Or Chicago.

But if you know where to listen... the city still hums.

There were nights I spun for five people. Basements or Bars

and Record shops after closing. Half the time, the crowd

was just two bartenders and a guy charging his phone.

It didn’t matter to me, I was searching for something.

Every room has its own frequency, its own beat —

its own life! The way neon hits old brick, the way

a bassline bounces off cracked linoleum, the way sweat

smells differently when the beat is slower and the crowd

is small.

I used to walk any street USA with headphones on,

not even plugged in or turned on, just looping sound

in my head, matching footfalls to phantom rhythms.

I was Imagining mixes no one would ever hear...

rain blending with conversations, car horns,

police sirens, leaves blowing in the wind creating

tumbling sounds of dancers’ point shoes

moving across the stage... It all made one sound to me…

INT. CRAMPED RECORD STORE – REFOCUSED – BACK RECORD BINS

(Audio — No Reason)

CHRIS (V.O.)

You learn patience decoding the sounds life presents to you.

And what they say to you – guiding you.

I learned that some music, Soley house music doesn’t beg

for attention — it rewards being present, being in the moment.

And when you find that one record, in the back bin —

the dusty one, no label, no hype —

and then, drop it in the right room, at the right time...

It’s like the room exhales and then breathes in life for the very first time.

That’s what I found.

Chris pulls a white label from the bin and sets it to the side.

It didn’t matter how small the crowd was.

Or how busted the gear.

If I could shift the attention in the room...

So that everyone could hear what I hear,

The fullness of everything, even just a little...

Then, I would be creating something bigger.

Chris grabs the record, heads to the counter to pay, then he sits in the small café section near the front of the old streetside store.

INT. HANGOUT – VINYLS & VISIONS – EARLY AFTERNOON

[JINGLE — the door bell shakes.]

Volumetric sunlight now cuts through the dusty windows. Record bins in the back.

Chill deep house plays quietly.

Steam hisses from the espresso machine. Shelves hold local flyers, tapes, and used gear. A couple of DJs test vinyl on the shop’s turntables, shoulders bouncing in time with the beat.

Characters present:

- CHRIS — calm, listening more than talking

- MAYA — driven, sharp, emotionally intuitive

- NOVA — young, energetic, ambitious, unsure of her place

- JALEN — comic relief, into visuals, planning to leave town

- AMIRA — visual artist, AV skills, showing signs of a small crush on Chris

INT. SPIN & SIP – CONTINUOUS

Chris and Maya sit at a side table with Nova, Jalen, and Amira.

In the background, DJs try new records in the listening stations — sounds softly warping between tracks. The vibe is cozy but electric.

NOVA

Hey Jalen, what are you doing this summer?

JALEN

I’m heading to Tallahassee. Probably filming

skate rats, maybe sleeping on couches.

Art school can wait.

AMIRA

You say that like it’s noble. It’s not.

It’s just lazy with good branding.

MAYA

(laughs)

I’ve got that AV internship interview next week.

If I land it, it’s all night shoots and video

editing sessions.

JALEN

(teasing)

You really think you’re gonna land that Video internship,

Maya? They got like... forty applicants.

I asked the same recruiter...

MAYA

They also want people who can actually do the job.

I’ve been editing and cutting reels for three years, J.

You’re just mad you’re bouncing to Tallahassee

without a plan.

JALEN

(defensive)

It is a plan. It’s just... broad. Open.

Spiritually flexible. Buddhism on a budget.

CHRIS

(sipping coffee, amused; he’s never

studied any religion)

Sounds like chaos with a backpack.

I look forward to hearing all the stories

when you get back.

[UP-SWING IN TEMPO]

AMIRA

Chris, did George finally hook you up with a gig?!?

I saw you guys hanging out last night at the bar...

CHRIS

He gave me a couple Wednesdays a month at Club X.

Just the opening set to start.

NOVA

That’s big! Tonight’s Wednesday! Are you on tonight?

Can you put me on the list?

MAYA

(grinning)

Seriously, Chris. That’s huge. You’re so lucky.

CHRIS

No, Nova. I’m a newbie — I can’t get you on the list yet!

And it’s not luck, Maya. Just...

MAYA

(cuts in)

...Chris calls it One Song!

NOVA

Wait — what is this “One Song” thing, really?

I’ve heard you say that before.

CHRIS

It’s not just one track. It’s... alignment.

Every sound, every set, every breath you take —

part of something whole. It’s all part if the same system.

The idea is that if I play it right — from start to finish —

the night becomes one song. And, Same with your life.

AMIRA

So like, no breaks? No randomness?

CHRIS

Exactly. The transitions all flow to make a pure song

or a pure life.

It’s one continuous vibe — building, rising, evolving.

If I lose my groove or make the wrong moves...

The moment breaks.

MAYA

(small smile)

And if you hold it, or do all the right things.

You keep this... One Song?

CHRIS

You can change people. You can change yourself!

Even if you can hold it for one moment of one night, it’s worth it.

The magic happens right then…

A sudden siren outside matches with the background turntables —

Another DJ in the next stall misaligns a cue.

Somehow, it all blends perfectly into one track.

The group instinctively reacts.

NOVA

Wait, was that a mistake, or…?

CHRIS

(smiling)

Maybe. Or, Maybe it was the universe mixing back.

[Beat. The group goes quiet. A deeper silence — respect and wonder.]

CHRIS

(Looking at the time)

I’ve gotta run and get ready for tonight.

INT. CHRIS’S ROOM – EVENING

(Audio — “Ascend”)

Smooth, slow cuts to begin. A camera arc — focused energy.

Milk crates organized with hand-written labels and filled with records. Sticky notes on the walls.

Rave posters taped to the ceiling. Set-list ideas, BPM sequences on a white board.

Tape decks and turntables centered against the wall.

ON THE BREAK — the cuts quicken. Energy sharper.

Chris counts under his breath.

CHRIS

(murmuring)

135... 136... 137... too fast... 134. Yes, there.

The needle drops. Seamless mix. A small nod.

His eyes close. He breathes, then pauses.

(A deep inhale.)

A quick montage on the beats:

— Folded paper with BPM reminders stuck to the crates.

— A laptop open to a Spotify “House Bangers” playlist.

— Chris leaning over the turntable, gliding the stylus across deep grooves.

Flickers of the last daylight spill through blinds, strobing gently across the vinyl.

Chris tilts his head, listening for imperfections — a hi-hat too sharp, a bassline just off.

Fingers hover above the mixer, adjusting with reverence.

The room is a temple of sound:

— Tattered posters of Orbital and Underground Resistance on the ceiling like constellations.

— Cables snake across the floor, looping around a pulsing lava lamp.

— A scuffed record crate on the bed, three-quarters full, sleeves hand-labeled.

Chris reaches for a sleeve with care, inspecting the grooves like a rare artifact.

CLOSE ON the perfect sheen of the vinyl...

AND THEN — release.

The bedroom door creaks open.

NOVA steps inside, silhouetted in soft orange from the hallway.

She nods once — aware of the moment she’s entering.

Chris meets her gaze. Without a word, he lowers the volume.

The room dips into sacred quiet.

NOVA

Is that for tonight? I’m so pumped

to see you spin in a big space.

She walks to the crate, pulls out a record, pauses — studies it.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Oh, I hope I’m there tonight when you drop this one.

BTW, did you ever come up with a DJ name?

She sets the record back — but slightly out of place.

Chris notices, walks over, and subtly shifts it back into position.

NOVA (CONT'D)

Why’d you do that?

CHRIS

These are placed, organized, by BPM.

QUICK MONTAGE — records with mad-scientist sticky notes.

NOVA

What?!

CHRIS

I line them up so I can move to the beat of life.

If I go too hard too soon, I lose the room.

Too soft, and it dies before it lifts.

Every groove has its place — like breaths of a living mix.

Nova stares at him, struck.

NOVA

Damn. You really live inside this religion of sound.

They should call you Saint Christopher!

Chris just smiles.

CHRIS

IDK, Let me play a few for you...

He turns up the track. Lush house chords stretch over a pulsing four-four beat.

The speakers hum low, like walls whispering. Chris sways slightly, eyes closed, adjusting the pitch.

The record flows into the next — seamless — carrying the message Chris is trying to deliver.

Nova doesn’t speak. She sits on the bed’s edge, absorbing.

Chris opens a second crate beneath the decks. Fingers flick past dozens of jackets —

annotated in pencil, corners crisp despite the use.

He pulls one. Lifts it like sacrament. Lets it spin.

Finally — the last record ends…

Chris slides the vinyl into its sleeve, presses it into the final slot.

He packs the crate, then walks with Nova out the door.

EXT. CHRIS’S DRIVEWAY – SUNSET

(Audio — “So Far So Good”)

Chris starts the car and we see the tape deck start. Darkness settles over the cul-de-sac, only ambient streetlights glowing. Chris carries his travel crate and sets it into the trunk of his Cadillac.

The car gleams faintly.

Nova leans against the passenger door, arms crossed.

NOVA

You ready for this?

CHRIS

I’ve been living really close to my “religion”, as you call it,

and I’m starting to feel good about my rhythm of life.

She studies him for a moment.

A subtle tension. Not nerves — gravity.

NOVA

Go make history then.

(beat)

Hey, I know it probably doesn’t matter to you,

but I heard DJ Sandy requested an early set to

get the crowd hype...

I guess Instead of just playing lame

recorded music when the place opens.

(softer)

I just want you to be careful.

CHRIS

Why? If you’re worried about Sandy and his crew,

I can handle those older guys.

NOVA

No. Didn’t you hear about DJ Matt?!

Sandy spun before him two weeks ago — and just to

fuck with him, he made Matt sound like a bad DJ...

CHRIS

Matt’s great! You were serious about that last week?

NOVA

Dead serious. Matt’s been spiraling ever since.

Sandy’s not just about the music — he plays games.

Mental ones.

He was spinning faster, harder beats — got the

crowd so frantic Matt couldn’t even find a good match

when it was his turn. He froze up.

CHRIS

(thoughtful, steadying himself)

Then I better keep my head clean.

And no scratched grooves.

They exchange a look.

Not fear. Clarity.

EXT. SKY (CADILLAC TOP DOWN) – EN ROUTE – NIGHT

Chris drives through the city. Neon glow and streetlight shadows paint the windshield.

Reflections flicker — his crate, his breath, his beat.

Inside the car, a slow, deliberate pulse rises.

He taps along, syncing his breath to the rhythm.

One light. Another. Each perfectly timed with the beat.

So far so good.

He pulls around CLUB X. The general lot is packed. Only limited VIP and staff parking in the back remains.

Chris swings around — into a wall of sound.

He kills the engine. The hum of the tape deck fades in time with the club’s thunder.

His fingers tap once more on the steering wheel.

Steady. Faster. Purposeful.

Chris steps out, moves to the trunk. Pulls the crate.

At the corner of the building, people linger — probably the end of the admission line.

He walks to the back entrance.

The BOUNCER nods. Chris nods back.

BOUNCER #1

(low voice)

First night on the pulpit, huh?

Sandy was looking for you. Said he was playing

one last song then pulling the plug unless you were there.

As I turned, I overheard him say he was gonna

announce it was your first track — dead air.

Or saying something like that to his crew.

BOUNCER #2

(grinning, arms crossed)

That’s Sandy for you. He likes to throw heat

just to see who melts.

(leans in slightly)

Don’t let the crowd smell nerves or fear, kid.

Just drop a clean beat and hold the floor.

(pats the door)

Now go give’em something they won’t forget.

CHRIS

(half-smile)

Thanks. I better not keep everyone waiting then.

INT. CLUB X – NIGHT

CAMERA: LOCKED TO CHRIS — ONE LONG SHOT BEGINS.

The entrance door swings open — a concussion of sound is released.

Two floors of pulsing energy. Laser grids ripple across walls like dancing angels.

It smells of sweat, fog fluid, and a cheap beer / vodka infusion.

The heartbeat of the room is deafening, overpowering everything. Electric. Fast.

Above it all — suspended like a sacred pulpit — the DJ booth glows in strobe-soaked bursts.

A glass cage of command, floating on a catwalk. Every bass drop draws the faithful closer.

We haven’t seen the crowd yet.

But we feel them. We feel everything.

Chris enters the room.

Crate in both hands. Eyes forward and wide. Shoulders squared.

The bass doesn’t greet him like a friend.

It slams into him like a challenger.

[THE HORN]

ON THE DECKS: DJ SANDY.

Shirtless. Tattoos like hieroglyphics of rebellion.

Piercings catch every strobe. Hair green and matted with sweat.

And the sound? Brutal. Jagged. Mechanical.

The track isn’t an invitation to dance.

It’s a dare not to.

CAMERA: FOLLOWS CHRIS FROM BEHIND.

He moves through a blur of limbs and faces.

Bodies bump into him as they pulse to Sandy’s warpath rhythm.

Light cuts them into fragments — every frame, a stuttered hallucination.

Chris overwhelmed, One person grabs at the Chris’s DJ pass.

But, Chris only sees Maya standing next to the stairs.

[THE HORN]

TIGHT SHOT — Chris’s jaw. His breath.

Fingers gripping the case like church relics from youth.

A GIRL brushes his arm.

GIRL

Hey, I know you from high school.

You’re spinning tonight?

Chris nods.

Across the path, a FRIEND bounces and shouts:

FRIEND

Yo... that’s him. That’s Saint Chris.

A BOUNCER steps into Chris’s path.

Plants his feet. Holds out a hand.

No words — just the wall.

Chris slows, tempo broken.

He pats his chest. His pockets.

The pressure builds… The pass is gone.

Panic flickers. He turns back, scanning the path behind him.

(THE HORNS)

In the crowd — MAYA.

She’s already in motion, kicking at a punk-rock guy trying to pocket the pass.

She rips it free, sprints through the press of bodies.

For a breathless moment, it’s just the two of them in the storm.

She slips the pass over his head, hands brushing the back of his neck.

Close. Charged.

Their eyes meet — a spark, brief but undeniable.

Then she lets go.

The pass settles on his chest.

Chris turns back to the bouncer.

The man nods once, stepping aside.

Chris moves forward —

TOWARD WHAT SOME CALL THE STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN.

He passes the VIP section — velvet ropes, leather booths.

Faces hidden behind champagne glasses.

The rich. The connected. The critics.

Their eyes track him like searchlights.

Judging. Waiting.

Daring him to fail.

Two steps from the stairway entrance, Chris knows:

this is where the message will be delivered.

He takes the first step.

Internalizes the moment as—

[THE HORN DROPS]

STAIRCASE TO THE BOOTH

The first part of the stairs rise before him like a tunnel gilded in gold.

Each riser catches flashes of strobe, bending light into

a crown of color that seems to anoint his climb.

Halfway up — the sound shifts.

The chaos below dulls with each step.

Bassline recedes. Crowd noise softens.

All that’s left is his breath...

and the bleeding of Sandy’s brutal beat above like the Sunday organ hitting full blast.

CLOSE ON — Chris’s hip trailing the rail.

Steady. Determined.

CLOSE ON — his jaw tightening, the rhythm pounding

inside his chest louder than the club itself.

He ascends like a pilgrim to the altar.

Every step syncs to an invisible downbeat in his own head.

At the top — DJ SANDY.

Waiting. Smirking like a wolf at the edge of the sheepfold.

Sandy rips his headphone cable free from the mixer on mid-beat.

The signal flutters, wobbles.

DJ SANDY

If there’s silence...

it’s your name they hear.

Sandy picks up the MIC ready to call out any misstep.

CREW #1

You’re fucked. I only see a few revolutions left —

and no headphones to mix in with.

(grinning)

Good luck, Oh, did I hear someone

yell out Saint Chris?!?!? More like Saint Piss.

You’re gonna need a heavenly miracle to pull this off.

CAMERA: OVER CHRIS’S SHOULDER

Chris kneels, not in prayer but in conviction.

The world compresses into the space between his crate and the decks.

He opens the box.

Fingers brush vinyl — each sleeve humming with possibility.

He whispers, barely audible over the tension:

CHRIS

One-forty-six... one-forty-seven...

no. One-forty-eight.

He pulls a record.

A white label.

With a faint blow from his lips — as if to give it life —

he places it gently.

Lifts the needle off the cradle.

Lines it up well into the records grooves.

Fingers loose — with an exhale and release.

One perfect beat into another, and then—

DROP.

(AUDIO – CONTINUED OFF THE GROUND)

CAMERA: CUT TO ULTRA-WIDE OVER HIS SHOULDER

CLUB X stops. Breathes and Listens. And IGNITES.

The crowd erupts like fire hitting oxygen.

Arms fly. Feet leave the floor. Screams turn to chants.

Strobes attack. The walls breathe deep and cry out like a new born.

The club is finally alive with a moment that would change everything for the listening.

And Chris?

Still.

Eyes closed.

Arms lifted slightly.

Not riding the wave —

He IS the wave.

The frequency. The message and the messenger all in one.

Tonight he didn’t just lift the vibe.

He lifted us all off the ground — and slammed the beat down to awaken us!

(OPTIONAL)

Chris turns to the stunned crew behind him,

their faces lit with amazement.

CHRIS

Say my name!

CREW #1

Saint Chris...

The crew leaves the pulpit one at a time, in defeat.

Chris returns to the song before the break — finally

acknowledging the entire club. Still echoing the drops of gold.

INT. CLUB X / ROOFTOP / STREETS – VARIOUS – EARLY MORNING

(Audio — Continued “Off the ground.”)

MONTAGE — a drifting visual journey in the wake of Chris’s set.

VO – MAYA, NOVA and JALEN

(reflective, layered with subtle reverb)

MAYA (V.O.)

That was the night we all became alive

or aware of what music could do to us.

That was the moment everyone knew

Chris was the new premier DJ in town —

and that was going to be the song we needed

to hear the rest of the summer.

NOVA (V.O.)

We all saw Chris a bit differently after that. A healer.

A visionary. A saint spreading the message of frequency.

JALEN (V.O.)

When he dropped that beat — every heart in the room

synced to one rhythm. It wasn’t just DJing anymore...

He was translating something universal.

MONTAGE (40 SECONDS):

— A dancer spinning in slow motion under laser lights, tears streaking down their cheeks.

— Jalen’s phone camera briefly catching Chris mid-mix, the lens flare forming a halo.

— A clubgoer closes their eyes, arms wide, whispering “thank you” to the booth above.

— Record grooves spinning, reflecting the crowd like a warped mirror.

— Amira pulling her sunglasses down, stunned, as if she witnessed something sacred.

— Chris in silhouette behind the decks, head bowed, hands hovering like a conductor.

— A pulse of bass shakes the rafters, dust falling like glitter from old beams.

— Nova holds her drink low, just watching — no presence to film because this was out of body.

— A wide aerial from the rooftop: hundreds moving as one tide.

— The sunrise cracks over the horizon... and no one notices. They’re still inside the song.

MAYA (V.O.)

(whispered, like memory)

That was the night everything changed.

Not because of some promoter or owner of the club.

Not because of the crowd.

But because it felt like the universe gave us

a single, a perfect, down and then an up beat...

and we caught it for the ride of our lives.

VISUALS WITH THE BEAT (CHOP EDIT):

— Hands in the air, sweat flying from fingers.

— A couple kissing under a flickering LED fixture.

— Amira watching from the crowd, her glasses fogged with heat.

— Nova dancing on a speaker, lit from beneath like a shrine.

— Jalen bumping with a promoter, eyes wide.

— The security guard who nodded earlier now mouthing: “That was insane.”

— A girl clutching a drink tells her friend: “That mix? It changed something. I swear.”

ROOFTOP

(AUDIO – YOU & ME)

Chris stands alone on the rooftop of Club X, looking out over the city.

Dawn teases the skyline. A gentle wind stirs his damp shirt.

The hum of the city below — distant pulsing horns from after-hours clubs opening, street sweepers, neon signs flickering out.

He steps forward slowly, to the edge of the rooftop watching everyone leave.

Below: scattered clusters of clubgoers still glowing, still swaying, unaware it’s morning.

Chris exhales. Eyes catch the first glint of orange cutting the skyline.

It’s not just the building that was breathing and pulsing anymore. Everyone is taking a piece of that energy back home with them – so now the whole city will be breathing this newfound religion.

CHRIS (V.O.)

People think DJs just play songs...

But the truth is? They listen and travel in time before they play.

They find the silence between beats.

The space where something raw is waiting.

And if you’re faithful to it, really faithful….

that silence answers back with harmony.

The VO fades...

CHRIS

(quietly, to himself)

That was… One song.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CLUB X – PARKING LOT – EARLY MORNING

The world is quiet now.

The low buzz of a generator, distant sirens, the final echoes of bass fading into the humid dawn. Gangs of people holding hands as they leave.

Chris walks slowly through the lot.

His crate of records feels heavier now.

His shirt clings with sweat.

His chest still rises with the aftershocks of adrenaline.

By his car — SKY, glowing light blue in the morning sun —

Maya leans against the passenger door, hoodie pulled over her head, arms folded.

CHRIS

(surprised, but calm)

You stayed?

MAYA

Someone had to save you from getting beat up

by Sandy or those other guys.

(chuckles)

Geez, that was some move he tried to pull off.

CHRIS

(half-smile)

He gave me no choice. I was either going to

blow up the place... or bomb. Nothing in between.

She tilts her head, watching him.

The moment is warm — charged with new respect and a new look of attraction.

They both get in the car.

INT. CHRIS”S ROOM – LOW LIT WITH CANDLES

MAYA

You didn’t just spin tonight. You said something

through those songs, through your set... it was the fuse.

Both their bodies come together.

It’s like you were saving us all from the void

we’ve been living in all these years.

(beat)

Have you ever thought about documenting this?

Like, everything that’s happening? Not just sets,

but the movement. The people. You. Saint Chris,

you are gonna have some choices after tonight.

MONTAGE CLIPS — quick flashes to the beat.

— Chris on stage, backlit by strobes.

— Crowd moving as one tide.

— Maya’s lens catching his silhouette.

— Vinyl grooves spinning under needle light.

Chris and Maya’s silhouette reflect off the wall, his hand gently to her face.

(CHRIS AND MAYA IN BED – COVERED – TALKING)

CHRIS

(stretching his back, leaning against the bedpost)

So, you want to film me?

MAYA

I want to follow the thread.

Call it a docu-series, maybe. I don’t know.

It just feels like something’s starting — and if no one

captures it, it disappears.

(beat)

Plus, i need a capstone project for grad school application.

This sure as hell beats filming a mock

student council election.

They both lightly laugh. Chris looks at her — really looks.

A stillness passes between them.

CHRIS

Alright. But if I flake, you cut around it.

MAYA

Deal. But if you melt down on camera,

I’m keeping it in the director’s cut.

They grin as she reaches out and touches his wrist and hand.

CHRIS

Hey - During my set, a promoter named Dez asked

if I could spin a party for him tomorrow night. Well, now it’s

tonight, shit yeah tonight, Maybe we can start there.

MAYA

Perfect! Let’s go, DJ Saint Christopher!

Let’s get this ‘something’ started. First,

I need to call Nova, and J…

tell them to get the gear ready!

Then, can you drop me at my house, I must sleep.

EXT. ROOFTOP BAR – NIGHT TO DAWN (TIME-LAPSE SEQUENCE)

(Audio — “Explore Your Future.”)

A steady pulse, like a heartbeat. Mid-tempo house — hypnotic and soul-lifting.

The rooftop breathes with life.

Neon glows under string lights. Concrete softened by palms.

Skyline flickers beyond the edge — the full moon sliding down,

the sun waiting to rise.

MAYA sets her time-lapse camera on a tripod.

TIME-LAPSE BEGINS — shadows lengthen, lights bloom.

— DJ booth assembled.

— Cables snake under tables.

— The AV crew wheels in gear. Tripods unfold. Lenses glint.

The crowd swells like waves. Slowly at first. Then faster.

Drinks pour. Shoulders sway. Speakers pulse.

FROM BEHIND THE BOOTH

Chris nods to the beat, locked in.

Every mix, every blend — a sermon.

AMONG THE CREW

NOVA

Hey Jalen, try not to trip on your own cables this time.

JALEN

Please. My feet work and my hands are steady,

That’s the only reason anyone knows

Chris isn’t just a rumor.

AMIRA

Well keep the lens flares to a minimum this time. Half your footage looks like

UFO sightings.

JALEN

Artistry. You’re welcome.

They laugh, energy light. Maya smiles, adjusting her rig.

MAYA

Just keep your frames tight. Tonight isn’t about us.

CAMERA FOLLOWS —

— Nova traces the footwork of a breakdancer.

— Amira locks close-ups of laughter, spinning, surrender.

— Jalen drags light into dream sequences.

The CROWD surges. A girl with glitter makeup screams into her friend’s ear.

Chris hears it, folds the shout into his mix — a raw sample dropped like gospel.

Conversations. Chants. Beatboxed fills. He bends them all into rhythm.

THE EDGE OF THE CROWD

Dez sidles up to Maya, smooth as a shadow.

She doesn’t flinch, just shifts her camera to lower it.

DEZ

Maya, right? You shoot like you’ve done this before.

MAYA

Long enough to know when not to miss the action...

DEZ

Yeah? Then don’t miss this moment.

Or, what I have to say next…

He leans closer. The bass swallows their voices.

We catch only fragments —

DEZ

(muffled) ... access... Miami...

(beat) ...you and I could...

The bass hits hard — drowning it out.

Maya nods politely, lips tight, unreadable.

WIDE SHOTS — DRONE STYLE

From above: a sea of dancers surging around the booth.

The AV crew moves like machinery, capturing everything.

CAMERA MOMENTS —

— A guy in an oversized hoodie mouths lyrics only he knows.

The camera spins around him, hoodie bouncing like a metronome.

— Two glittered girls scream-laugh, hair lit with sunrise glow.

— A barefoot dancer twirls endlessly near the speaker tower,

hem of her dress rising like smoke.

— A guy with a Polaroid hands fresh prints to strangers.

One photo flutters to the ground — Chris mid-mix, flash-frozen.

— Someone at the rooftop’s edge stretches arms to the skyline,

receiving a signal from the universe.

— A girl with a tambourine dances two beats ahead —

already inside the song’s future.

— A couple slow dances, motionless in chaos.

Stillness louder than the sound.

— A circle of strangers chants a hook.

One steps inside, beatboxes off-time. Nobody cares.

Applause erupts. Chris folds it into the track.

— Friends swap shoes, laughing.

Mismatched steps land perfectly in rhythm.

— A homemade sign: “PLAY SOMETHING HONEST.”

It drops just as Chris cuts the bass — silence.

Then BOOM. The crowd detonates.

— A drone’s shadow skims the mass, dips with a laser through fog.

It lands on Chris’s hands mid-fader move.

— A man spins poi — LED trails weaving tunnels of light.

— A quiet girl sketches in a notebook.

Her page reveals: Chris and Maya, drawn orbiting each other

in the same rhythm.

THE ROOFTOP SWAYS AS ONE.

Music. People. Sky.

But off to the side — Maya shuts down her camera,

her eyes lingering on Chris, not Dez.

SUNRISE BEGINS:

The crowd thickens.

Maya watches from a distance.

Camera down at her side now.

Not filming — just feeling the moment.

Her eyes find Chris behind the decks, bathed in golden light.

Her instinct is to capture this, she doesn’t record him.

She just watches and admires.

FINAL SHOT:

From above — the rooftop slows to stillness.

The sky turns blue.

Maya’s gaze locked on Chris’s silhouette — still golden, still at the decks.

He and the turntables seem to be one.

Then — a DARK FIGURE steps onto the stage.

Leans into Chris’s aura and muddles the bright halo around Chris. Gestures, pointing down.

We all assumed that was the end.

The party was over…

INT. THE INVITATION & AFTER PARTY – PENTHOUSE LOFT – 7:17 AM

(AUDIO - COLA)

The energy is low, hazy, electric in a different way.

VIP’s are starting to come in from the party above.

A minimalist loft stretches beneath the concrete ceilings

and lit by an LED glow. Not bright enough to make out

who was in each room, but light enough to see serval

are starting to pass around a bag of pills.

Getting ready for the next shift…

Vinyl sleeves scattered on the floor around the DJ booth.

A DJ — LADY AMTRACK (always a smooth ride) — spins down groove.

Ashtrays. Incense smoke. A bong and glass pipes on most ever table.

A couple pours out lines of cocaine on the marble island under flickering lights.

Music plays soft — ambient, pulsing beneath voices — indistinguishable from the atmosphere.

Chris sits on a sunken leather couch.

Elbows on knees. A towel draped over his shoulders.

Still buzzing. Still inside the set he just delivered.

A GIRL hands him a cold-water bottle and a cola-cola.

She laughs at something off-screen and walks away.

Chris nods thanks. Opens, and sips the water.

All around the loft: people scattered, glowing. Warm. Dreamy. The comedown hum.

CAMERA PANS – KITCHEN AREA

Maya, Nova, and Jalen pack gear near the front door.

Maya glances at Chris through the wide opening in the foyer.

Her smile slight. Eyes still reflecting propped lights.

But she sees everything — especially the man approaching.

ENTER DEZ

Smooth. Varnished.

A national promoter? A self-proclaimed DJ? A parasite?

None, or all of the above are TBD.

Tall. Vintage rings. Perfect posture.

He slides onto the couch beside Chris.

DEZ

Yo, Saint Chris. That set, sick!

You pulled sound outta another system, man. Religious!

Like you cracked open some other dimension.

CHRIS

(nods, muted smile)

Glad it spoke to you.

DEZ

It didn’t speak. It yelled.

The vibration carried us all tonight.

You got the pulse, man. The way you read the crowd…

You conduct it like no one I’ve seen in years, if ever.

(leans in, softer)

Ever wonder how far you could take that?

(under his breath)

Do you party?

Chris raises an eyebrow.

DEZ REACHES INTO HIS JACKET.

Sets a small silver tin on the table.

Clicks it open. Each section clean, intentional:

— A few tightly rolled joints.

— A compartment of colorful X pills in clear gel wraps.

— One small glass vial of white powder.

DEZ (CONT'D)

No pressure. Just... Options. Flavors.

Ways to stretch the night, or Fuck, the morning!

He speaks the last part louder as the room of people now cheer the morning on.

As he points to the light coming between the blinds.

(grins and pauses)

I like the Cola-cola myself! It’s a real lift!

DEZ OPENS THE VILE OF POWDER AND LAYS IT OUT ON THE TABLE

(pauses)

Most people chase that feeling you gave us tonight for years.

Most of us get it here… But you made tonight’s mixes just as potent.

Pointing at the table.

This just widens the good book you’re speaking from.

Gives you more verses to teach.

You know what I mean?

Dez grabs the straw from the tin and leans in… then leans back head cocked.

I just like the high... Yeah!!!!!

but for a talent like yours, there’s no telling how far

your vibration, your message, could reach with this stuff.

I really like you, you’re pure and innocent.

People love that shit…

I can book you for a couple gigs — LA, SF, NYC.

Then we finish back here in Florida for the premier event in Miami.

I’ve already got the line up and printed the flyers,

So, we’d only use you as a fill-in if someone’s sick

on rave night. The pay is shit. But there’ll be plenty of...

Dez eyes the tin.

Chris doesn’t move.

Just breathes.

DEZ

Don’t worry kid, like I said, no pressure.

I’ll even cover your travel costs and food.

So, I’m gonna count you in!

CAMERA SHIFT – MAYA’S POV

Halfway through zipping her gear bag, frozen.

Watching.

Dez talking. Opening something.

Chris leaning forward.

Her jaw clenches.

She doesn’t interrupt.

CLOSE-UP – CHRIS’S HAND

He doesn’t reach.

Not yet.

He just lets the beat of the room shift around him.

CHRIS

I’m not in for the “party.”

It’s something more pure for me...

the spirit and the moment is what I’m after.

Chris gestures toward the tin sitting between them.

The choice. The temptation.

ENTER DJ SANDY

From the shadows of the loft, SANDY emerges.

His swagger is slower now, deliberate.

Shirt half-unbuttoned, tattoos slick with dried sweat.

Eyes sharp — a predator who knows the scent of uncertainty.

He cuts through the haze, every step slicing into the quiet.

SANDY

Spirit, huh?

Funny word for a kid chasing beats.

You were lucky the other night…

He stops just short of Chris.

Leans a hand on the couch, looming.

Dez grins, letting Sandy take the stage.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Dez told me he want you to head west with him?

Big tour, big lights, for most, but…

For you, it’s more like back-up coffee runner kid.

Dez is setting me up to be resident DJ

at all his nights here…

He know real talent when he hears it.

So, sounds like you’re gonna be gone for a while.

(beat, sly)

Don’t worry about that girl Maya.

I’ll take real good care of her while you’re gone.

Chris freezes. His jaw tightens.

Across the loft, MAYA see the three interacting.

Her hands still over her gear bag, knuckles whitening.

CAMERA CLOSES on Chris’s face — the flicker of rage he swallows down.

His knee bounces once, then stills.

CHRIS

(low, steady)

Watch your mouth. Maya’s nice,

she would have no reason

to hang with or even near you.

Sandy smirks, unbothered and winks at DEZ.

He leans closer, his breath hot with smoke and liquor.

SANDY

Relax, Saint.

I’m just saying... some of us know how to keep the

home fires warm. And how to keep this town hoppin’

(leans back, hands raised in mock surrender)

Besides, she deserves someone who’s here...

not off chasing ghosts or spirits in other cities.

Dez chuckles, lays out two more lines from the glass vile, then tapping the tin shut.

The silver lid clicks like a trigger cocked.

CAMERA SHIFT – MAYA’S POV

She’s frozen, caught between stepping in and letting Chris fight his own battle.

Her breath quickens, but she does nothing.

CLOSE-UP – CHRIS’S HAND

Clenched tight around his water bottle and can of coca-cola.

He stands and gives the seat to SANDY, then gestures.

CHRIS

(measured, ice-cold, head turns to Dez)

For now... Thank you, and…

let me sleep on your tour invitation.

(beat, staring Sandy down as he lifts his head back up from the table)

I’ll text you when I wake up.

The tension hangs thick.

Dez smiles faintly, sensing a storm.

Sandy’s smirk lingers — daring Chris to break.

The room holds its breath as CHRIS walks towards MAYA and the crew.

INT. MAYA’S HOUSE – KITCHEN – LATE MORNING

(Audio — “On My Knees.”)

Chris sits at the small kitchen table.

Yesterday’s shirt clings like he slept in it.

A hoodie tossed over, barely zipped.

One hand clutches a chipped coffee mug.

The other rubs his temple.

Eyes red — not from tears, but from the exhaustion of the last few days.

Maya leans against the counter, arms folded.

A half-eaten piece of toast beside her.

Her jaw tightens.

She watches him breathe.

Watches his knee bounce under the table — a warning signal.

She’s not angry. Not yet.

But she’s holding something back. Like a storm at sea ready to come on shore.

MAYA

So this is real? This tour?

Miami, I also heard Atlanta, LA, maybe New York...

all in a blink, you think your luck

or your whatever just changed???

I haven’t even seen a flyer for this thing.

How do you know it’s real?

CHRIS

It’s happening fast, yeah.

But it’s real. Dez gave me

some of the other’s numbers

and I called them.

They said, sound systems that swallow you whole.

Packed floors.

I don’t want to miss it.

MAYA

And what about us? …And the crew?

Chris glances up, surprised.

CHRIS

You’re coming, right?

Maya exhales. Shakes her head.

MAYA

We can’t. Dez made it clear last night...

That was the only time we’d have access to the rooftop.

Or any of his upcoming events.

He already has a hired film crew — nationwide,

full access, polished, press-ready.

It’s bullshit! Amira even called Dez to help.

He told her if we show up, it’s fan footage only.

That’s it.

CHRIS

What? That’s—

MAYA

If we pay our own way, we can get floor passes.

But backstage? Candid moments? Gone.

That’s not what we have been building, Chris.

Chris leans back. The shift hits hard.

CHRIS

It is our thing. But spreading the message

and growing is the mission.

Film crew or not—

MAYA

Yeah. And now it looks like it’ll be filtered through

someone else’s beliefs. Their lens.

(gestures like holding a camera)

We worked to tell the truth — the messy, beautiful,

“unsponsored” truth.

(quieter)

With Dez’s people behind the lens... I don’t know.

It feels like the soul of it is already edited out.

(beat)

I’m not mad. I just...

It looks like you’re walking into something, and I won’t

be there to say, “Hey — remember who you are.

A healer. A guide... a Saint!”

Chris meets her eyes. There’s more there. But he doesn’t press.

MAYA (CONT'D)

If you go, looks like you’re in someone

else’s story, Chris.

Just make sure it’s still your song.

MONTAGE – CHRIS IN SKY - DRIVING ORLANDO – DAY

(Audio — instrumental, introspective. 2:00 min. – Grab a drink, this is gonna be a while)

Chris drives alone. Cityscape rolls past. Thoughts heavy.

INT. CHRIS’S ROOM – LATE NIGHT - (Audio — “ID If There’s One Thing...”)

INT. CHRIS’S ROOM – NIGHT

Dim light through a cracked window.  
Chris drops the record on the turntable.  
The beat loops. Uneven.

He adjusts the mixer.  
Slides the fader.  
Still not right.

MAYA (V.O.)  
But all I’m starting to hear is noise.

CHRIS  
(quiet, steady)  
It’s not noise. It’s a signal. The song’s still there — I just have to explore it.

He grips the edge of the table.  
Breathes deep.  
Tries again.

The loop bends, distorts.  
Chris doesn’t flinch.

CHRIS  
Every drop is hiding the next rise.  
NEW \*\*\*\*

He locks eyes on the spinning vinyl.

CHRIS (CONT’D)  
(to himself)  
Come on. Stay with me.

The walls hum faintly with bass from a neighbor’s party.  
It bleeds into the mix.  
Chris listens, tilts his head.

CHRIS  
That’s it. Not noise. The Feeling.

He rides the bleed like it belongs, folding the chaos back into rhythm.

But his eyes betray him — tired, hollow, uncertain.

He shuts down the fader.  
Silence.

Chris lies back on the bed.  
One leg off the edge.  
Eyes locked on the ceiling.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
LAME

MONTAGE – THE CALL

He reaches for an old rotary phone on the nightstand.

Smoke-stained yellow. Slinky cord.

It shouldn’t work anymore... but it does.

He dials. Click-click-click.

Ring...

Ring...

A VOICE answers. Excited. Filtered through static.

VOICE (V.O.)

You’re in?

CHRIS

Yeah. I’ll come. I’m in.

VOICE (V.O.)

That’s great! If there’s one thing I know for sure,

you won’t regret it.

Chris’s eyes drift upward.

A poster of the universe catches his attention.

CHRIS

What do I need to know?

VOICE (V.O.)

You need to know nothing... except this—

The voice fades off…

CELESTIAL DRIFT – INT. CHRIS’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

(Audio — “Give It Up.”)

Chris lies back flat on his bed.

The rotary phone hums a dial tone in the background.

His eyes stare upward.

A cheap poster of the universe — half velvet, half glossy, peeling at one corner — clings to the ceiling.

CLOSE ON – CHRIS’S EYES

Heavy-lidded. Exhausted. Overwhelmed. But still alive.

MUSIC: Low ambient synth — rising slowly.

CAMERA PUSHES INTO THE POSTER.

Suddenly, the colors move. Swirl. The stars begin to pulse.

CGI DREAM MONTAGE – COSMIC DIMENSION

A surreal, audio-reactive journey:

— Cosmic turntables spin nebulae like galaxies, scratching rhythms made of starlight.

— Beats ripple across Saturn’s rings, meteors hitting as snares.

— In silhouette, a floating DJ presses his hands to a mixer made of crystal and code.

— Soundwaves cascade as waterfalls across moonscapes, morphing into stage lights.

— Black holes pulse outward like bass dropping.

VOICES ECHO THROUGH SPACE:

MAYA (V.O.)

Just make sure it’s still your song...

DEZ (V.O.)

You could go further than any of them...

CHRIS (V.O.)

Not many. Just one...

More visions:

— Vinyl records become planetary rings.

— Fans on alien worlds, faces tilted upward in awe.

— The rotation of a record transforms into the orbit of a planet.

The tempo accelerates.

Everything speeds toward a massive DROP—

NEW IMAGE – STARS ALIGN INTO TWO FIGURES:

Maya, reaching upward. Sandy, beside her — hand on the same glowing record.

Their outlines shimmer, almost tender, almost threatening.

Chris reaches toward them — but his fingers slip through starlight.

CHRIS (V.O.)

(whisper)

Maya...?

The figures blur, swallowed by static. The beat fractures.

INT. CHRIS’S BEDROOM – NIGHT

(Audio — “Be Someone.”)

Chris gasps. Eyes wide. Sweat beads his brow.

The rotary phone is silent now — the dial tone gone.

A faint CLICK echoes from the receiver.

He sits up, breathing hard.

Grabs a battered notebook.

CLOSE UP — the page as he scrawls two words:

AIRPORT TOMORROW.

COAST TO COAST – SPLIT SCREEN: LEFT – CHRIS / RIGHT – MAYA

[MORNING LIGHT]

LEFT: Chris steps out of his driveway. Crate in one hand.

Backpack slung. Fresh hoodie but sleep still in his eyes.

RIGHT: Maya in her room, tying her hair back in the mirror.

The AV rig sits unused on the desk.

— Chris parks in a long-term garage. Static shot: him looking up at the terminal.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Sky’s safe here. Guess it’s just me now.

— Maya walks campus paths alone. Backpack heavy.

MAYA

Everyone else in groups… yeah, guess I like walking solo anyway.

— Chris at MCO Airport. TSA shuffle. Headphones on, eyes shut.

Beat tapping in his palm.

CHRIS

(to stranger, quiet laugh)

My Beats are better than waiting room Muzak, right?

— Maya in class, zoning out as other students laugh.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)

Ms. Alvarez? Your thoughts?

MAYA

Uh—sorry. Just… thinking about a different project.

— Chris in a plane window shot: Orlando fades to clouds.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Funny… whole city shrinks, but the rhythm? Still in my head.

— Maya at home. Sitting at the editing suite. Fingers hover over the controls.

Nothing moves.

MAYA

If I can’t film him… why am I even editing?

— Chris lands at LAX. A different energy. Wider. Faster. Less personal.

CHRIS

(into phone)

Mom, I’m good. Yeah, landed fine. No, don’t worry. I’ll eat. Promise.

— Dinner with Maya’s parents. The fork taps in rhythm.

MOM

You barely touched your food.

MAYA

I’m just… tired.

DAD

Or worried about that DJ friend - chris?

(Maya sets the fork down. a Silence beat.)

— Chris in a taxi. Neon blurs. He leans on the window, watching.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Every new city feels the same at night.

Like the bass is hiding under the pavement, waiting.

— Maya in her room. Rooftop footage paused on her laptop. Phone rings.

She ignores it.

MAYA

(softly)

Not tonight.

— Chris at Motel check-in. Key on the counter.

CHRIS

(to clerk, polite but tired)

Any chance for a late check-out?

— Maya rewinds footage. Stops on a frame of Chris looking into camera.

MAYA

(whisper, almost a smile)

You really don’t see it, do you?

— Chris in a small motel room. One light. Posters taped instead of framed.

He sets the crate down. Exhales. Sits on the bed.

SPLIT SCREEN MEETS – NIGHT

(Audio — “Voices Above”)

Chris, with wet hair, sits on the motel bed. Looking out the window.

Rain streaks the glass. Rotary phone in hand. Suitcase unzipped

on the second twin bed. A pile of damp towels in the corner.

Unseen voices all around.

Maya sits cross-legged in her room.

Arms folded. Hoping somehow

Chris could feel her across the

miles that he has put between them.

Unseen voices all around.

CHRIS CALLS

Hey.

MAYA

(long pause)

Hey.

CHRIS

I made it.

LA... it’s FIRE. But it’s a lot.

MAYA

Yeah. I bet.

CHRIS

You doing okay?

MAYA

I miss you, I mean I miss it.

Being around you, You know,

I mean videoing the movement

around you, the movement you create…

Not just the shows. Or, I guess - you.

All of it. All of it I guess.

CHRIS

Me too. I miss you!

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It doesn’t feel the same without you here.

MAYA

Then remember who you are without the crowd or without us.

MONTAGE –

Old parties with Maya and the crew.

The Rain.

The crew outside the clubs.

Full club explosion scene.

CHRIS

Yeah. I will.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON BOTH FACES

The SPLIT SCREEN slowly fades into a single frame of Maya with the note about filming DJ Sandy.

Then fades to black.

CLUB CITY (CLUBS OF THE RISE) – VARIOUS CLUBS ACROSS THE U.S.

INT. CLUB – L.A. – NIGHT

Blazing neon. The club pulses like a living organism.  
Ceiling fans spin lazily overhead, but the heat is thick, wet.

DEZ hands CHRIS the mic.

Shy at first. He says nothing. Just raises his hands.

The room ERUPTS.

But his eyes — scanning. Searching. (For Maya.)

A RUNNER slips Chris a stamped pill and a bottle of water.  
He pockets it. Doesn’t think.  
Moves to the next beat.

INT. CLUB – SAN FRANCISCO – NIGHT

A rooftop dome wrapped in refracted glass.  
Lasers ricochet like comets. The bay glitters below.

Opening DJ eats too much raw fish.  
Chris spins a minimalist techno set.  
The music is colder. More synthetic.

He’s sharper, less fluid. Reserved.

DEZ introduces him like a brand, not a person.  
Crowd cheers. Cameras flash.

Backstage — someone hands him a tiny glass pipe.  
A nod but a wave off.

Back into the light.

INT. NIGHTCLUB – NYC – NIGHT

An underground venue.  
Low ceilings. Brick walls sweat under red lights.

The crowd tightly packed.  
Hypnotized by Chris’s flawless transitions.

He’s bolder now. More theatrical.  
Flips a record with a smirk.

DEZ center-stage. Camera crew orbiting.  
Lenses flashing like paparazzi.

CROWD MEMBER #1  
(shouting over the beat)  
Chris! Are the rumors true? You signed with Dez?

CHRIS  
(dodging, half-grin)  
I’m about the music. That’s it.

CROWD MEMBER #2  
But why is Sandy saying Maya’s crew isn’t with you anymore...

Chris hesitates. Beat skips.  
He hides it with a quick drop.

CHRIS  
(leaning into the mic)  
Every story has noise. Don’t listen to noise — listen to the song.

The crowd ROARS, eating it up.  
But Chris’s eyes drop for a beat.

Later in the green room — a line of powder waits on the table.

Chris walks past to the far couch.  
A missed call...

INT. CLUB – MIAMI – NIGHT

(Audio — “Tighter.”)

Closure. To connections. To presence. To truth.

But also full spectacle—

Smoke cannons. Glow sticks. Battery-powered wristbands.

Fur boots of every color. VIP bottles parading like trophies.

LED walls behind CHRIS pulse in sync with the beat.

It’s his name now — SAINT CHRISTOPHER — in ten-foot-high visuals.

The mix is brutal. Tight. Perfect.

Chris drenched, lit from below.

Crowd — some barefoot, some still in sand from the beach outside.

All eating pills… House blended with reggaeton. The floor surges in rhythm.

Offstage — DEZ lurks, drink in hand, silent approval in his eyes.

VOICES (MONTAGE)

— "He’s biblical."

— "This set changes the game."

— "Every track feels like it was made for this moment."

SLOW MOTION SHOTS

— Chris raising a record overhead, sweat dripping from his elbow.

— Dez offers the tin again — casual, ritual, and denial.

— Confetti storms in Miami.

— Rooftop fog in San Francisco.

— Someone tries to speak to Chris. He doesn’t hear. Or doesn’t want to.

FINAL MONTAGE IMAGE:

Chris alone in the booth. Music muffled, as if underwater.

He exhales — steam rising off him.

Glowing, but tired.

He wipes his face with a towel.

The reflective plastic in front of Chris shows someone coming from behind him, he can almost recognizes… Spiky green hair…

INT. MIAMI CLUB – DJ BOOTH – LATE NIGHT

Dim red light spills from the 1200s.

A record spins, steady, hypnotic.

Chris reaches for his last record — the closer.

Hands trembling, but focused.

From the shadowy reflection — DJ SANDY emerges.

Charismatic. Chaotic. Predatory.

He circles Chris, like a wolf.

SANDY

Hell of a set, Saint.

But you know you’re not

the only sermon in town tonight.

Chris eyes him, guarded.

SANDY (CONT'D)

The rumors are true,

Maya’s been filming me for weeks.

Whole crew is mine now.

(leans closer, whispering)

She’s not just filming, either.

She’s mine when the cameras go off too…

…Or maybe I have my own cameras

set up for those events.?

The words hit harder than the bass.

Chris blinks, chest tightening — but says nothing.

Sandy smirks wider.

Pulls out a hand-rolled bill and a small baggy.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Heard you’re not big into drugs,   
particularly into coke. Yeah?

He checks Chris is turned away grabbing a record, and isn’t looking.

Pours a line directly onto the spinning record.

The powder forms a white ring between the needle and the label.

SANDY (whispering)

Well... tonight you are.

Chris turns — sees it.

The record spinning.

The ring waiting.

SANDY (CONT'D)

Only one way through this.

You’ve got a few revolutions left before the mix crashes.

Let me help…

Sandy leans in — precision.

Snorts half the ring, leaving the rest.

He exhales, eyes dilated and wild.

Nods at Chris.

Chris hesitates.

Heart pounding.

The record spins.

Needle rotating closer to the half ring.

Chris – In the rage of knowing the hurt from Maya - takes the bill.

Bends.

Inhales.

The final part of the

half-ring disappears.

SANDY

(whispering, in his ear)

Yes! Ride it... or get ridden!

Chris’s pupils blow wide.

The rush hits like inspiration to the brain, a thousand thoughts that are groundbreaking.

He throws his head back, arms up, catching the last flecks of powder in the air.

For a moment — time stops.

But it doesn’t.

The record hits the final revolution.

NEEDLE RIPS across blank vinyl, scraping the label.

Chris snaps back, panicked.

Slams the fader to the second table — nothing’s there.

He forgot to load the last record.

CG TRANSITION – CLOSE ON THE SPINNING RECORD

Zooming in — the grooves fade into the cassette tape deck built into the booth.

The tape deck finishes.

Silence.

A CLICK.

Side A ends.

ONE SONG STOPS.

Chris slams down the next record — too late.

CHRIS (V.O.)

You either hold it... or fade out.

I just broke my promise to myself,

and the universe responded.

INT. AFTERMATH DRIVE – CHRIS’S CONVERTIBLE – MORNING – INTERSTATE 95

(Audio — “Angel Dust.”)

Chris drives. Dez rides shotgun.

The top is down. Wind in their faces.

Mostly empty highway, glowing in yellow light.

The engine hums steady and low — a heartbeat trying to catch up.

Chris is quiet. Focused.

Nose running.

Dez leans back, jittery, chewing gum like it’s a drug too.

They take turns bumping coke from a tiny green bullet.

Dez bends to the floorboard every twenty miles or so, refilling it with shaky hands.

DEZ

(looking in the bag)

Shit. We’re almost dry.

Chris says nothing. Eyes forward.

DEZ (CONT'D)

You’re thinking about Sandy, huh?

Chris cuts him a sidelong glance.

CHRIS

I knew, you fucking knew….

You knew he was spinning Miami. And you kept it quiet.

Dez smirks, tapping a bump onto the back of his hand.

DEZ

Course I knew.

But if I told you? You’d have folded before you touched the stage.

He snorts the bump, wipes his nose, still grinning.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Look, Saint — this is the game.

Rivalries, setups, knives out behind every beat drop.

Sandy’s not your friend. But, he’s not your enemy either!

He’s just a test…

Chris grips the wheel tighter, knuckles pale in the glow. Dez opens his phone and starts to press options.

CHRIS

A test you let me fail.

DEZ

Nah. A test you survived.

Dez looks down and right - then speaks into the phone

Yes, one and an Orange one! Yes…

(speaking back to Chris)

Crowd saw you ride that chaos.

They’ll never forget it. Somehow it all worked out.

There was an Amber alert that went out to everyone’s phone as it happened,

Several in the crowd made crazy viral videos from it,

You were too busy freaking out to notice.

(back to speaking on the phone)

Yes, that’s it. Weird, that stripe mall north of you on HYW 95.

Yes, I know weird.

(speaking back to Chris)

…check it out.

Chris exhales hard.

The wind whips his hoodie against the seat, loud as static.

A quick video shows the record mix and then a 1000 cell phones all go off from an Amber alert. The crowd laughs and then dances to their own buzzing beats.

In the background of the video, Chris sees a couple girls by the booth…

Standing off from the booth watching, Then he realizes. It’s Maya.

DEZ (CONT'D)

Don’t look at me like that, man.

Maya’s a grown woman. She made her choices.

I just invited her because of Sandy

He wanted to get her a pass.

Chris’s jaw clenches. He doesn’t answer.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 – 17 MINUTES / 22 MILES LATER

Middle of nowhere past Jupiter. A few cars slow in the right lane. Sky, as if almost driving herself, she passes them and pulls back to the right lane.

In the mirror — a motorcycle. Matte black. No lights until it’s nearly alongside.

Chris slides left, steady on the wheel.

The rider pulls up even with Dez.

THE HANDOFF – IN MOTION

Dez flashes a roll of bills.

A gloved hand snatches it clean.

Seconds later — a brown paper bag comes back.

Quick. Precise.

CHRIS

You’ve done this before.

DEZ

(laughs, wired)

Like breathing, baby.

The bike guns it. Vanishes down the Florida blacktop.

Dez opens the bag.

Inside: One fresh bag of coke, plus a tin-foil-wrapped orange soda.

DEZ

He’s considerate.

He knows it’s a long ride.

Guess I should have gotten two…

Orange sodas, that is.

Chris exhales. Jaw tight. The party continues… but the memories of what use to be get darker.

WIDE SHOT – The convertible slicing through sparse downtown Orlando traffic.

Red taillights trail behind into the vast wasteland of Highrise condos and commercial shops all mashed together without rhyme or reason.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Every ride feels like a mix...

until you miss the drop… or hit a pot hole.

Fuck!

DEZ

Great I just lost some

watch where you are going.

Here, sniff this up on the dashboard

before it blows away, fool.

I’ll hold the wheel.

Fade out

INT. MAYA’S MAKESHIFT STUDIO – ORLANDO – LATE AFTERNOON

Chris stumbles in — sunken eyes, shirt stained with sweat, energy jagged and uneven.

The room is dim, lit only by candles burned halfway down.

Cables snake across the floor like veins. Editing gear stacks precariously beside Maya’s laptop.

MAYA looks up. Freezes. Her shoulders tighten.

MAYA

(flat, controlled)

You look like hell.

Chris doesn’t answer. Just breathes, jaw twitching.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Are you high?

Chris looks down, rubs his jaw.

CHRIS

No... just tired.

MAYA

Bullshit. You fucking liar!

(beat, voice rising)

I drove to Miami. We all did. Jalen, Amira, Nova.

We wanted to surprise you. This was supposed to be our thing —

remember?!

She moves across the room, fists clenched.

MAYA (CONT'D)

But instead you surprised me.

I saw you. With Sandy. With Dez.

(breaking)

Doing blow off a spinning record —

like it was part of the fucking set, part of the act?!?!

Chris’s shoulders collapse. Shame washes over his face.

CHRIS

I wasn’t, I wasn’t,…

MAYA

Exactly. You weren’t thinking.

(beat)

Not about us.

Not about the docu-series.

Not about the message.

Chris drops onto the edge of the couch. He can’t meet her eyes.

CHRIS

It got loud. Too loud.

Sandy said you two were hooking up?!?!?

That destroyed the message.

And, I thought maybe if I matched his energy —

I could get you back.

MAYA

So what — by snorting Sandy’s half-ring?

By crossing his line, literally,

you’d find verses to preach from?

Or whatever lie Dez whispered

in your ear that night?

And yeah, I’ve been filming Sandy,

and some other DJs around town.

But WTF Chris! You made no promises to me…

Silence. The weight suffocates the room.

Maya steps closer.

MAYA (CONT'D)

I was trying to protect you at first.

But you didn’t want that.

(cutting, raw)

You let Sandy own the booth. You let Dez sell your name.

And now…? You’re not even in the game.

You’re not even on the record they made.

Chris finally looks up. His eyes red. Voice low.

CHRIS

What do I do?

Maya takes a beat. Softens — just slightly.

MAYA

Come back.

To center. To the beat that made you, I guess.

CHRIS

I don’t know if I can hear it anymore.

MAYA

Then, get quiet.

Long silence. Just the faint hum of an external drive spinning.

CHRIS (V.O.)

She wasn’t just filming One Song.

She was part of it.

I just couldn’t hear the harmony... until it broke.

(AUDIO – Freyya)

Chris shifts, bumping a desk. Candles and the lamp tip, cable dragging.

A candle pops, sputters.

He stumbles forward to steady it all — but from his hoodie pocket,

a bag slips loose.

White powder dusts across a power strip. A low fzzzt.

INT. MAKESHIFT STUDIO – CONTINUOUS

Fire. Small at first. Then vicious.

The gear — old, hot, packed tight — ignites in seconds.

Maya screams. Chris grabs a blanket, and tries to smothers. Too late.

Flames climb shelves. A monitor cracks. Smoke fills fast.

MAYA

NO — the footage!

Chris yanks at the workstation, but it’s tethered by cords.

Smoke chokes them both. They cough, stumble, run.

EXT. STREET – MOMENTS LATER

They spill onto the pavement, gasping.

Inside, the studio glows orange through shattered glass.

CHRIS (V.O.)

One sound... One Song… now silence.

Sometimes the needle jumps so hard it scars the record.

It makes a permanent mark.

This was now happening in every action I took.

Firetrucks wail in the distance.

Maya’s face lit by flames — rage and heartbreak fused.

Chris trembles, adrenaline and drugs battling inside him.

He backs up, breath ragged.

CHRIS

I can’t... I can’t be here.

Maya doesn’t turn. Doesn’t blink.

MAYA

(quiet, cold)

You have never been here.

Chris stares at her, broken.

Then turns. Runs into the night.

The sirens rise, swallowing him whole.

EXT. BACK ALLEY – NIGHT

Chris ducks into the alley, eyes darting like prey.

Sirens. Smoke. Guilt.

All of it fuses into noise and not song.

He pulls out his phone — fumbles it.

It clatters to the ground.

He scoops it up, trembling.

Keys slip through his fingers.

The world around him bends and warps.

He stumbles into his car.

Door slams shut.

Breath ragged.

Eyes unfocused.

INT. CHRIS’S BEDROOM – LATER

Chris sprawls on the bed.

Shoes still on. Hoodie unzipped and half-off.

His face pale, sickly.

Half ready to vomit from the overload of the last few weeks.

The final traces of the drugs swirl inside him. Producing Serotonin, and dopamine –

All while triggering blasts of cortisol from deep inside the brain to counter act them.

ON THE CEILING — the old cosmos poster.

Stars. Constellations. Comets.

Once grounding. Now adrift. Lost among the stars.

CLOSE ON — CHRIS’S EYES

DREAM SEQUENCE – “THE SONG UNRAVELS”

CHRIS (V.O.)  
The beat was too fast... the pitch too much...  
The drop, missing...

ON THE POSTER — stars begin to move.  
Drifting. Pulsing. Syncing.

Then stuttering.

GALAXIES SWIRL LIKE BROKEN TURNTABLES.

CONSTELLATIONS scratch and skip.  
Stars flicker — on beat, then off.

The image shakes.  
A vinyl record — warped.  
The needle bounces, and can’t hold the groove.

CHRIS FLOATS IN SPACE  
Headphones on.  
But no cord. No sound.

He screams.  
Nothing comes out.

A GIANT CASSETTE TAPE ROTATES IN THE VOID.  
It flips.

SIDE A → SIDE B.

It plays...  
Silence.

FLASH CUTS —

• A crowd turning away mid-drop.  
• Maya walking backward, fading out.  
• Dez laughing, distorted.  
• DJ SANDY holding a record dusted with coke and ash.  
• Flames in reverse — sucked back into the gear.  
• The cosmos peeling away like old faded vinyl stickers.

INT. RETURN TO ASHES – CHRIS'S BEDROOM – MORNING

AUDIO – Take Care

Chris jolts awake. Shirt clings to his chest.  
Eyes sunken. Skin pale. He turns his head —

THE POSTER on the ceiling is half-peeled now.

BENEATH IT — on the floor —  
His cracked headphones. And Dez’s scorched tin.

His breath quickens. He sits up fast. And, grabs his keys.

EXT. BURNED STUDIO LOT – MIDNIGHT

Yellow caution tape.  
Scorch marks blacken the brick.  
The doorframe — warped. Smoke-stained.

Chris ducks low to climb through the side.

Ash and soot everywhere.  
The air smells like melted plastic and memories.

He weaves through charred camera gear.  
Cracked lenses. Shattered shelves.

Then — he sees it.

ANGLE ON — A METAL SHELF  
Charred. But standing.

Beneath collapsed cables —  
A scorched external hard drive.

He pulls it free.  
Blows off the ash.

The label — barely visible:  
"ONE SONG – MASTER / AV\_ARCHIVE"

Chris holds it.  
Like it’s sacred.

INT. CHRIS’S BEDROOM – LATER

Chris unscrews one of his external hard drive cases.  
Does the same to the burnt vessel he brought back.

Unplugs both internal drives.  
Rescrews the case.  
Finds the adapter for his laptop.

It clicks. Spins. Mounts.

SCREEN POV — A list of folders appears:  
• LIVE\_SHOWS  
• INTERVIEWS  
• MAYA\_FINAL\_TAKES  
• NEEDS\_EDITING

Chris hovers over MAYA\_FINAL\_TAKES.  
Clicks.

Clips populate:  
• Maya\_Interview\_V2.mov  
• Maya\_Studio\_Setup.mov  
• BTS\_JulyShoot.mov  
• Maya\_SideClips\_AltCam.mov

He hesitates.  
Then clicks — Maya\_Interview\_V2.mov.

ON SCREEN — MAYA  
She sits in the studio.  
Hair tied back. No makeup. Raw.

MAYA (ON VIDEO)  
(softly)  
People think “One Song” is about the DJ making a perfect mix.  
But it’s not.  
It’s about what the DJ hears. How he translates the room.

(beat)  
Chris hears things other people don’t.  
Not just sounds. Emotions. Cracks in the moment.

Cracks he glues back together with sound.  
That’s why I started filming.

(beat)  
Honestly? That’s why I started... watching him.

Chris leans closer. Swallows hard.

ON SCREEN — INTERCUT FOOTAGE (AUDIO – YOU CANT SAVE ME)

CLUB X — That first explosive drop.  
But instead of Chris… we see Maya in the crowd.  
Eyes wide. Smiling.

ROOFTOP PARTY — Drone cam shot from above.  
Maya on the edge, holding the gimbal.  
But looking at Chris.  
Not just watching the performance.  
Watching him.

BEHIND THE SCENES — The team setting up.  
Chris bent over cables.  
Maya catches a glance, then looks away.  
Smiling to herself — then realizing she was on camera.

BACK TO CHRIS — WATCHING THE VIDEOS

He sits frozen. Eyes starting to wet.

The silence now feels different.

CHRIS (V.O.)  
I thought I was helping them all understand the rhythm.  
Turns out...  
She was helping me.  
She was the groove that kept me grounded.

QUICK MONTAGE — THE REACH

• Chris outside her old apartment. Door unanswered.  
• A voicemail: “Maya… it’s me. Please. Let’s talk.”  
• A text thread: “Just watched the doc footage. I didn’t know... I couldn’t see it before… but, now I do.”  
• An Instagram scroll — Maya posting clips from new cities, without tags.  
• Chris standing at a local open mic, alone, holding a record sleeve.

Distance. Silence.

INT. CHRIS’S ROOM – DAYS LATER

A package arrives.  
A small padded envelope.  
No return address.

Inside — a cassette tape.

Labeled in Maya’s handwriting:  
“Side A – One Song.”

Chris stares at it.  
Breath held.

He loads it into the deck.  
Presses play.

TAPE – MONTAGE AUDIO (V.O.)

• Miami Tape Deck – Side A.

The cassette spins in the deck.  
Chris sits in stillness.  
Eyes closed.

He listens to the rise.  
The drop.

Then — Maya’s voice, faint on the tape.  
“I’m here.”

A slight crackle.  
Chris relives the experience.

Then — silence.

He exhales.  
Not broken. But raw.  
A man holding a thread of hope.

He sets the tape aside.  
As he does, a folded note slips out of the packaging.  
Falls to the floor.

Chris unfolds it with trembling hands.

MAYA’S HANDWRITING —  
“Most songs end. But yours doesn’t have to.

I called the Owner of the club in Miami

I wanted to get a copy of the sets for my video project.

After haggling with him forever he agreed to send what he had.  
It’s your set, but, Side B is blank.  
Maybe you get to make it whatever you want.  
Life is still waiting — if you listen.”

Chris reads it again.  
Eyes wet.  
A breath caught between heartbreak and something like hope.

He looks at the tape deck.  
SIDE B waiting.

FADE TO -

[Soft ambient beat fades in — One Song rising again.]

SCENE OF CHRIS AND SKY DRIVING TRANSISION INTO THE TAPE DECK SIBE B STARTS TO PLAY – GREEN LIGHTS START TO APPEAR.