

"BEATS PER MINUTE"

An Original Screenplay

by

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ALL EDGE ENTERTAINMENT:

PRODUCERS:

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1 EXT. MUSIC FESTIVAL - NIGHT 1

On a majestic, but empty DEEJAY STAND, re-mixing boards brilliantly lit up, ready to go. Suddenly darkness, nothing to be seen over the decks but a glittering galaxy of phones recording this as the festival CROWD in crazy masks, day glow costumes, and bare skin, anxiously wait for the beat to drop.

Backstage, the silhouette of a DEEJAY shaking out his arms below the stage. Then he darts up the ladder to the platform, and crouches down behind the decks.

The PA booms *"Please welcome the 2015 No 1 DJ in the world. Smoke cannons fire, lasers swirl, and the arena turns hell red! The Deejay triumphantly takes the stage as a MUSIC GROVE starts! "Give it up for El Diablo!"*

20,000 people collectively lose it!

On EDM star, EL DIABLO, 28, a lone figure dwarfed by gigantic wrap-around video boards flashing his name & symbol.

EL DIABLO

What up, Honolulu? Know what I think? Anytime is House Time!

El Diablo builds the groove into a ROUSING EDM HIT.

On TRU, 22, no costume, standing absolutely still amongst thousands of fans dancing to this EDM idol's music. Tru is mesmerized by El Diablo. He is Tru's idol.

2 EXT. NORTH SHORE, OAHU - MORNING 2

Waimea Bay in a large swell.

Underwater shot looking up at a tow rope HANDLE dragging along the surface. A surfer picks it up. This is TRU.

A JET SKI driven by UNCLE OWL, heavysset Hawaiian surf legend, tows the young man along a gentle blue descent. The jet-ski turns out of frame, and follow TRU, dropping his rope, as he commits to the drop.

His descent grows steeper, but nothing out of the ordinary. The camera begins to pull out. We see this wave is big. Maybe a 15-footer.

We keep pulling. All becomes eerie quiet, only an occasional gust of wind. Tru is now a spec on the lip of the largest, thickest, heaviest wave of his life. We continue pulling out. This wave is over 40 feet tall. This mother is a fucking four-story building!

And now it is chasing Tru, who charges straight down the steep vertical drop. As he reaches the bottom, the wave starts to break, shattering the silence. Tru cannot out run the barrel. He is tubed. Locked in a ferocious foam ball!

Inside the green-room, on Tru's face -- locked in, the monster curling over him, time slowing, surreal... the barrel beginning to crash down, wanting to obliterate him!

But Tru shoots out of harm's way, streaking across the face of this monster as the tube collapses behind him. He takes a line and outruns this white-water devil at his heels...

3 EXT. BEACH - DAY 3

Tru helps UNCLE OWL load the JET SKI on a trailer hitched to a PICKUP... Owl's wide-body is inked with Tahitian tattoos.

They pause to watch an INJURED SURFER being helped away.

Uncle tugs at the MEDALLION hanging around Tru's neck on a chain, embossed with a Tahitian SYMBOL.

UNCLE OWL

Dis protected you today. You
got da Tahitian Warrior in you.
But why push so hard? Respect
the ocean. Live another day.

4 INT. PICKUP, DRIVING NORTHSORE HIGHWAY - DAY 4

Tru drives his pickup along the coast road.

TRU

You know that music festival I went
to? There was this deejay. El
Diablo. He had this heart problem.
Wasn't given long to live. So with
he time he had he set out to be the
best. He pushed hard. He had to
commit to the drop. Now he's one
of the best in the world.

UNCLE OWL

'Dat house shit sounds like engine
room of a space ship gonna blow up.

The burly Hawaiian pushes his hands up and down into the air and whoops! Tru looks away, ignores the disrespect.

UNCLE OWL (CONT'D)

You a musician. Stay wit dat.

5 EXT. OWL'S SURF SHOP, NORTH SHORE - DAY 5

The PICKUP pulls into the parking lot of a surf shop.

6 INT. OWL'S SURF SHOP - DAY 6

Tru shapes a big wave gun with UNCLE OWL, This man of few words checks Tru's work, pats him on the back.

TRU

Okay if I cut out early? I'm playing tonight.

UNCLE OWL

Get it glassed and den you go.

7 EXT. TURTLE BAY TROPIC GARDEN BAR - NIGHT 7

We move past HULA DANCERS in grass skirts, and in a white jacket at a keyboard, TRU PLAYS Do Ho's cheesy island classic "TINY BUBBLES" at this half empty Waikiki Beach Tourist Trap.

TRU

(singing)

Tiny Bubbles. In the wine.
Make me happy. Make me feel fine.
Tiny Bubbles make me warm all over.
With a feeling that I'm gonna love
you until the end of time--

Tru has an okay voice, but behind his forced smile, we sense embarrassment, because this is so fucking stupid.

As Tru is playing, an EL DIABLO TOUR JACKET captures his attention, worn by a guy walking into the bar.

On this handsome Dutchman, CASPER, 25, dressed Euro chic, with pale skin that marks him as a tourist. Casper knows he's God's gift, as several ladies size him up. He saddles up to the bar, and with a practiced sweep of his Rolex jeweled wrist, he clears his long mane of white blonde hair out of his eyes, and flags the bartender.

Tiny Bubbles ends to scattered polite applause and the Hawaiian dancers run offstage. Tru looks at the MANAGER, asking for permission, more like pleading... and gets a reluctant okay.

Tru removes his white jacket, and moves behind a DEEJAY DECK. His laptop and music gear are already set up. As Tru works the dials, he sees El Diablo Tour Jacket flirting with a table of SEXY ISLAND GIRLS.

Nobody is paying attention as Tru DROPS A BEAT TRACK. This turns Casper's head, finally feeling energy in this tourist trap, as Tru builds his EDM song, adding layers, melody.

TRU'S EDM PERFORMANCE triggers several hot girls to get up and take the dance floor, followed by the guys.

Most impressed is Casper, who watches Tru... Until the bartender serves a TRAY OF MAI TAI'S, and then the Dutchman makes his approach to a table of SEXY ISLAND GIRLS.

CASPER

Ladies, may I enlist your help
with this tray of Mai Tai's?

They fall for this Dutch Cassanova's charm.

8 EXT. TURTLE BAY TROPIC GARDEN BAR - LATER 8

FIRE DANCERS have taken the stage again, as Tru packs up his laptop and gear... when he sees a violent scuffle.

A BIG MOKE has El Diablo Tour Jacket in a painful headlock.

BIG MOKE

Les go, Kolohe. I make you dead
local style.

CASPER

Ow! Fuck! Let go! I didn't know
she was with you! She was sitting
there alone. Fuck! How 'bout some
island hospitality here?

Tru comes to the stranger's rescue, using a respectful tone.

TRU

Ease down, brah. Let 'em go.

BIG MOKE

I fuck 'im up first den you
sweep up the pieces.

TRU

You're breaking his neck. I'm
asking you nice. Let 'em go.

BIG MOKE

What da fuck you care, bitch?

TRU

I like his jacket. Let 'em go,
brah. I'm not kidding around.

(MORE)

TRU (CONT'D)

You had your fun. You tuned him up
a little bit. Don't make us call
the cops.

The BARTENDER has come to help, the MANAGER too, making this
big Moke realize this is no good... so he releases Casper,
but issues a threat to Tru.

BIG MOKE

You 'n me, Tru.

TRU

Yeah... I know.

The Big Moke storms away.

CASPER

Shit, that guy nearly ripped my
head off--

TRU

You with the tour?

CASPER

'Course, I'm part of Diablo's
team. I'm his ghost producer.
Team Diablo!

9

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - LATER

9

Some LOCALS party on a secluded beach. TRU sits in the sand,
beside CASPER, as the Dutchman demonstrates his European weed
rolling skills to very interested HAWAIIAN GIRLS.

CASPER

Squeeze in tight ladies, 'n follow
along as I demonstrate how to roll
an Amsterdam style cone spliff--

He breaks up a cigarette and mixes it with the fresh bud.

TRU

Don't ruin good pakalolo.

CASPER

Chill, yo. Isn't that how you say
it? Americans view rolling with
tobacco with the same kind of
disgust as we Europeans do seeing
one your big, rugby ball-shaped
slobbery joints.

Casper proceeds to roll a cone shaped masterpiece.

TRU

You really ghost produce for El Diablo? But he writes his own stuff? He's not some 'push-play' deejay like 90 percent of 'em.

CASPER

Nobody does it alone at his level. Let's talk about you. That set was amazing. You were playing all originals. Am I right?

POLYNESIAN PRINCESS

I swear half the time Tru's making it up as he goes along.

CASPER

I don't get why you're playing Tiny Bubbles and this hokey Hawaiian shit at a tourist trap?

TRU

It's called a job.

CASPER

Come to Amsterdam. I can hook you up. I have a crew you can work with. Do some ghost producing and live shows. The sky's the limit if you have the ability.

Casper fires up the spliff, takes a heavy toke... holding it, then tugs the Polynesian Princess closer, and BLOWS OUT THE SMOKE INTO HER WILLING, SENSUOUS MOUTH. He grins at Tru.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Wait 'til you check out the Amsterdam bud at the coffeeshop downstairs from our studio. We work hard to play hard--

With a wink, Casper lays back, pulling the Polynesian Princess close. She straddles him and he slides his hands up inside her blouse...

10

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH - LATER

10

Tru and Casper stand alone in the wet sand, while down the beach some LOCALS light TORCHES, and mark a SQUARE in the sand with the heels of their feet.

CASPER

Here, look, check me out--

On his smartphone Casper brings up a VIDEO OF CASPER DEEJAYING AT CLUB ZOOM to a huge dance crowd... Casper is good, very good.

CASPER (CONT'D)

The sound comes from Amsterdam. I know because I'm the fucking Mayor. I'm the headliner at the best club. Same club that El Diablo blew up in. Club Zoom. Heard of it?

TRU

I'm not sure. When do you leave?

CASPER

Tomorrow. But I'm serious. Come work for me. Unless you wanna keep playing Tiny Bubbles? I've got a cool apartment where you can crash until you get organized.

TRU

Why you doing this?

CASPER

You're that good.

TRU

Are you being straight with me? I don't have the dough to fly to Amsterdam on a whim. I need you to be legit.

Walking up comes the Big Moke.

BIG MOKE

You ready?

TRU

Yeah.

Tru starts following the Big Moke to the square in the sand lit up by torches.

CASPER

What's going on?

TRU

I gotta do this--

Tru takes off his shirt and steps into the square, where he faces off against the Big Moke. Everybody starts gathering around, clearly worried for Tru.

CASPER

Do *this*?

TRU

This is local style.

THE HONOR MATCH BEGINS! Tru has insulted an old school Moke and this is the way things get settled. The Big Moke comes out swinging--

But Tru is quicker, avoiding contact, and is fearless as he lands a series punches, bam, bam, bam--

Casper watches in amazement, and for a moment it looks like Tru might actually win this--

Until the Moke CONNECTS.

TRU GOES DOWN like a sack of potatoes. After a moment he roll over, seeing stars, trying to focus, and trying to get back up on his feet, but collapses again.

The Big Moke offers a friendly hand--

BIG MOKE

We good here.

Tru accepts the hand and GETS PULLED UP, slumping in the Big Moke's arms, still seeing stars. A LOCAL puts a COLD BEER in the Moke's hand, which he graciously hands to Tru.

BIG MOKE (CONT'D)

Drink up.

Tru holds the beer over his black eye.

CASPER

You did that for me?

TRU

That's why I need you to be legit.

11 EXT. NORTH SHORE - DAY 11

Tru stands on a mountain turn-out, leaning against his PICKUP, looking at the ocean, thinking about his future.

12 EXT. USED CAR DEALER - DAY 12

Tru hands over the KEYS to his PICKUP to a USED CAR SALESMAN in exchange for a CHECK. UNCLE OWL gives Tru a look.

13 INT. AIRLINER - DAY 13

TRU flying economy, back of the plane, stuck in the middle seat between TWO LARGE PEOPLE overflowing into his space. Poor Tru is unable to get comfortable... when suddenly the seat in front kicks back, crunching his knees...

14 INT. LAX BOARDING GATE - DAY 14

The board lists LAX to Amsterdam as *Delayed*. Tru is burned out, sprawled on a bench, ELECTRIC GUITAR beside him, waiting for his connecting flight...

Finally comes the announcement that the flight will begin boarding. First Class Passengers Only. Tru has eyes half open when he realizes he is looking at EL DIABLO.

He looks fantastic, wearing his stardom well, with a small ENTOURAGE that includes a GORGEOUS BLOND hanging on his arm.

Tru bolts upright, then stands, intercepting his idol--

TRU

Hey, uh, I'm working with Casper.
I'm Tru. Is he with you? 'Cause
he said he already flew back.

El Diablo gives Tru the same polite look he gives any fan, produces a PEN, pulls Tru's BOARDING PASS from his shirt pocket, and quickly SIGNS AN AUTOGRAPH.

His entourage hurries the star away, leaving Tru watching his idol board, as First Class passengers are ushered aboard.

15 INT. AIRLINER - DAY 15

Tru in economy, back of the plane, again stuck in the middle between TWO LARGE PEOPLE overflowing into his space. Again the seat in front kicks back, crunching him...

16 EXT. AIRLINER OVER AMSTERDAM - DAY 16

An AIRLINER descends over the Netherlands.

17 EXT. SCHIPHOL AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 17

Tru is exhausted, hammered shit, as struggles to carry all his LUGGAGE, the guitar, a heavy PACK on his back, another on rollers, hurrying with it outside...

He spots EL DIABLO and his ENTOURAGE ushered into a LIMO, as VALETS load his matching Louis Vuitton LUGGAGE with the El Diablo logo.

On Tru, hitch-hiking, as the limo drives past.

18 EXT. METROLINK APPROACHING CENTRAL STATION - SUNSET 18

We follow the modern Metro Link as it cruises along the gorgeous IJ Harbor and pulls into Central Station.

19 EXT. CENTRAL STATION, AMSTERDAM - NIGHT 19

Tru steps outside with his luggage. Amsterdam is fusion of renaissance and futurama with a reverence for water ways.

Across the street Tru sees a big TRAFFIC SIGN blinking an ominous message *"White Heroin Being Sold As Cocaine."*

20 EXT. "TRAVELEX" CURRENCY EXCHANGE - NIGHT 20

Tru stands at the window, changing Dollars into Euros. His WALLET is chained to his belt.

TRU

Two thousand and eighty two
bucks is only 1,822 Euros?

He glances at a guy walking past eating FRENCH FRIES out of a cup covered with cheese, mayonnaise, and relish.

21 EXT. FRITES SHOP - NIGHT 21

A fat middle-aged DUTCH MOROCCAN serves Tru a hot heaping cup of Vlaamse Frites, and they taste really good.

22 EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT 22

Tru finishes his frites as he walks with his luggage past gabled facades along a canal reflecting the neon signs, advertising Peep Shows, Live Porno Shows, the Bulldog Cafe.

And red lit curtained windows where PROSTITUTES beckon.

Tru stops by a row of closed windows, taking in the scene, when a window OPENS, revealing a gorgeous Dutch Blonde PROSTITUTE in bra & panties and stripper heels. She gives Tru a come hither smile.

He smiles back, a bit uneasy, as she opens her window door and steps halfway out to greet him with passable English.

PROSTITUTE IN WINDOW
You want come inside with me?

TRU
Nope. I'm good. But you're cute.

PROSTITUTE IN WINDOW
Where you from?

TRU
Honolulu. United States.

Suddenly a MOROCCAN, who appears drunk, pushes up close.

PICK-POCKET
American? You from America?
What state? I love Americans.
You like our girls? But I think
you don't want to drive the first
car you see off the lot--

As this too-friendly drunk is talking, his hands are all over Tru, swiftly patting him down, and suddenly the CHAIN pulls taut on Tru's WALLET, now in the hand of this Pickpocket.

TRU
You sonofabitch--

The Moroccan RUNS!

Tru CHASES the Pickpocket, but his luggage slows him down.

He manages to make some distance with his things, and turns a corner into a narrow alley -- but the thief is gone.

TRU (CONT'D)
Goddammit! Motherfucker!

Tru angrily returns to the prostitute in the window, but she is closing the curtain, now entertaining a CUSTOMER. Tru bangs on her glass. She pulls back the curtain a bit to see who is knocking, but doesn't open the door.

TRU (CONT'D)
The Pickpocket stole my wallet!
You must know who is was? C'mon,
help me. I asking you please--

The hooker shrugs, having seen this many times before, and draws the curtain. Tru is left in the Red Light District of Amsterdam broke down and busted!

23

EXT. BABA COFFEESHOP - NIGHT

23

The disheartened Hawaiian finds this coffeeshop in the Centrum District. Big marijuana menu. Tru scans tables of people huffing weed out of water pipes. No sign of Casper.

The clerk is BERLIN, 23, sexy fashionista from Germany with one headphone on, the other off her ear, so she can hear the customers. She has a small mixer and is tweaking her deejay set, between making espressos and selling weed and hash.

TRU

I'm supposed to meet Casper.
He works upstairs?

Berlin gives a look, sizing up this American.

TRU (CONT'D)

Do you know him? He's a ghost
producer for El Diablo.

This prompts Berlin to smirk and roll her eyes.

BERLIN

Casper told you he's ghost producer
for El Diablo?

TRU

So you know him. Yeah, that's
how I met him in Honolulu. He was
wearing the tour jacket.

BERLIN

Casper won that trip in a contest.
The jacket was part of the gift
package.

TRU

Fuck, no... C'mon, don't say that.
Don't mess with me. I just had my
wallet jacked in the Red Light and
I'm so fucking jet-lagged that I
just wanna lay down 'n die.

BERLIN

Oh no... those assholes. Here.
Have a slice of this. Fresh baked
Spacecake. On the house.

Berlin serves him a slice.

Then buzzes an intercom to the upstairs lounge, where a VIDEO MONITOR behind the counter shows a crew of EDM deejays working at tables.

BERLIN (CONT'D)
(into intercom)
Hey Casper, Hawaii Five-0 is here.

We hear a whoop of excitement and bounding down the stairs comes CASPER! The Dutchman gives his visitor a big hug.

CASPER
You made it! This is so great!

BERLIN
One of those fuck-offs in the Red Light just stole his wallet.

CASPER
What? No. Shit. Really?

TRU
I got played in front of one of those hooker windows. I'll find that asshole, swear I will, and when I do I'll fuck him up.

CASPER
Whoa, hold on, was he Moroccan? 'Cause you don't want to go up against those Moroccans--

TRU
I had almost two thousand Euros in that wallet.

CASPER
Okay, here's what we're gonna do first. Get you stoned-off-your-ass on Chocolate Fondue.

(to Berlin)
Berlin, this is my boy Tru. Set us up, and put ice in that hookah with a splash of the good cognac.

(to Tru)
Don't worry, we'll handle the money thing. I'm gonna hook you up.

TRU
I saw El Diablo on the flight.

CASPER
(uncomfortable beat)
You did?

TRU
Yeah. I talked to him too. He didn't seem to know who you were.

(MORE)

TRU (CONT'D)

And now I'm hearing that you got to Hawaii by winning some contest. Dude, you told me you were there with Team Diablo. You said you were ghost producing for him.

Berlin throws Casper a look, familiar with his bullshit.

CASPER

I was drunk. I don't know what I was saying that night.

TRU

So you don't know El Diablo?

CASPER

I know him... We all know him. He came up out of Club Zoom. But now the guy's making 150,000 Euros a night. He orbits in another stratosphere. The guy's bigger than King Willem. But look, I said I'd hook you up, and I will.

Berlin gives Tru a reassuring nod. She has hookah ready on the counter, and pushes it toward the Hawaiian.

BERLIN

Get after it, Five-0.

Casper hands him a fancy DuPont LIGHTER. Tru sees he drips of money; the right clothes, shoes, jewelry, sunglasses.

CASPER

You're family now. We take care of each other here.

Tru has been ripped off and lied to, yet eases into a grin.

TRU

Fuck it. Let's burn.

He sparks the flame, hits the hookah, and draws deep!

24

INT. BABA COFFEESHOP, UPSTAIRS LOUNGE - NIGHT

24

Casper leads Tru upstairs. We hear EDM MUSIC pumping.

They enter a lounge with sofas and tables where a CREW OF DEEJAYS are doing the indie music label thing -- KRUSADER, YARA, and SWEET&SOUR. They are all kind of funky, messing with samples, editing them, mixing a groove right before Tru's eyes.

SWEET&SOUR

It needs put more energy in the low mids. If you think that mix-down is acceptable you might as well shoot yourself in the face with a bazooka.

KRUSADER

Fuck off.

CASPER

We use the lounge whenever Berlin's working. Hey guys, this is Tru.

They give a look, each offering a cursory wave.

TRU

I thought you had a regular studio?

CASPER

Hey Krusader. Say hey to Tru.

KRUSADER, 25, is a black UK dude with a jazz edge, focused, talented, super competitive, and his frustration over not having "made it" yet makes him a real prick.

KRUSADER

You're Five-0?

CASPER

Krusader's dad is Courtney Pine, the famous saxophone player--

KRUSADER

Fucking hell, Casper. Why must you always start with that? Leave it alone for once.

SWEET&SOUR is a Chinese geek with a heavy Cantonese accent who never sits still. He is McLovin on speed.

SWEET&SOUR

He must have been really impressed when your 27th release made the Beatport Deep Liquid Trance Top 1000 after selling three copies.

Krusader slips his headphones on, ending the conversation, as he returns to a remix he is working on with SWEET&SOUR, 22, who is a Chinese Napoleon Dynamite in a Polka dot shirt.

YARA

Krusader hates it when we talk about his dad--

SWEET&SOUR

Which is why we always talk about
his dad.

YARA, 21, a local girl, is printing out FLYERS. She is the girl who ate lunch by herself in high school, stumbled upon the EDM scene, and finally found a place where she belongs.

YARA

Not me. Krusader doesn't like it.
You're insensitive.

Sweet&Sour mocks her with a freaky monkey dance.

YARA (CONT'D)

And definitely somewhere on the
Asperger's Scale.

SWEET&SOUR

It's *sensitive* to tell somebody
on the Asperger's Scale that he's
on the Asperger's Scale?

Their bickering is interrupted by the CLACKING OF HIGH HEELS up the stairs...

SILVER walks in wearing thigh high Louboutin boots that cost \$1,200 Euros. Her Prada skirt is so short, everybody has a hard on. Her hair is slicked back. She is straight up gangster, and is not wrong to think she is above them all.

Tru turns to watch her from across the lounge. She looks past him as if he doesn't exist.

CASPER

You have the jump drive?

Sweet & Sour ejects a JUMP DRIVE. It has Casper's name printed on it. He hands the drive to Casper, who walks across the room to Silver. He likes those boots on her.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Nice Louboutins.

Silver quickly counts out 100 Euros. Casper accepts the cash, hands her the jump drive, and just like that she walks out. Tru turns to Sweet&Sour.

TRU

What was that about?

SWEET&SOUR

We uh... I mean Casper, he did
a remix for somebody.

TRU
So who is she?

KRUSADER
Some artist rep who used to be a
big deal. I'm sure she's desperate
to find the Hawaiian House Music
that will put her back on top.

25 EXT. AMSTERDAM STREETS - NIGHT 25

KRUSADER, YARA, & SWEET&SOUR ride rusty old BICYCLES, trying to keep up to BERLIN and CASPER gliding on SCOOTERS along an old canal street. TRU rides on the back of Casper's Vespa.

Everybody is in club attire, especially Berlin, a fashion diva. We follow the crew zipping around corners, along brick streets, rising up and down stone bridges over canals.

Casper brakes, and the pack stops to hand out FLYERS to a group of GROOVY GIRLS who look like they might want them.

CASPER
Tonight, Club Zoom, it'll be going
off. Bring her. And you, too.

An UGLY GIRL wants a flyer, but Sweet&Sour takes one look at her and refuses to give her one.

SWEET&SOUR
Sold out. No skanks allowed.

26 EXT. CLUB ZOOM - NIGHT 26

The crew rides past outdoor tables at bars & cafes in Rembrandtplein Plaza. They turn down a brick alley glowing brilliant red, lime, blue, and yellow from neon signs; Sumo Sushi, Magic Mushroom Gallery, Hangover Information Center.

The crew stops at Club Zoom. Lock up their bikes.

They push past the LINE AT THE DOOR and approach JANZOOM, the DOORMAN, who opens up, allowing the deejays to enter--

27 INT. CLUB ZOOM - NIGHT 27

Tru follows Casper into this dazzling mecca of lights, music, flesh, fashion, and power.

He watches the handsome Dutchman cut a bold path, commanding glances from a several hot ladies.

Casper knuckle-taps DIRK, the BARTENDER, signaling for two Heinekings, which are swiftly passed across the bar, in exchange for folded Euros ready in Casper's hand. He hands a beer to Tru as they continue on.

Casper brings Tru over to meet LARZ, 42, the promotor/club owner who wears exquisite suits and a persona that vacillates from polite to dangerous. Larz rules from his regular table, entertaining top industry players, and club girls.

CASPER

Pardon me... Larz? This is Tru.
He's the hot deejay out of Honolulu
I was telling you about.

Larz looks, but doesn't remember. The glib Dutchman offers the Hawaiian a cursory handshake.

LARZ

Casper, I can count on you to
fill the place tonight? And
with people who spend money?

CASPER

We marketed the hell out of
tonight. Check out our flyer--

He hands Larz a FLYER, who hardly glances at it, then returns to his conversation with an industry colleague squeezed between two club girls sipping Dom Perignon. Casper nudges Tru, leading him over to the deejay decks.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Help the crew set up.

Casper leaves Tru with Krusader, Berlin, and Sweet&Sour, then heads off and vanishes in the growing crowd.

Tru tries to help the deejays, who don't want any help.

KRUSADER

We got it. Get out of the way.

Tru doesn't know exactly where to sit. He finds a spot. He sees a GUITAR CASE off to the side. Opens it up. Pulls out a BEAT-UP MARTIN ACOUSTIC. He starts to tune it up.

SWEET&SOUR

Not there. Put that guitar away.
It somebody else's. We need to
keep that area clear.

Tru moves to another spot. He watches YARA setting up her MERCHANDISE TABLE by the entrance.

SILVER emerges from the crowd, coming right at him. This statuesque beauty approaches the decks, walking past Tru, who turns to watch her marvel over Berlin's outrageous outfit.

SILVER

Look at you, Berlin. I love tonight's ensemble.

BERLIN

An ensemble is a compliment of clothing *off the body*. When it's fabric upon skin then it becomes an outfit. I'm an integral part of the whole, don't you think?

Silver flicks a perfect painted fingernail at the JUMP DRIVE hanging around Berlin's neck, dangling in her cleavage.

SILVER

Lucky all you have to do is insert the drive and push play. Who has time to be real deejay when you're such a busy Fashionista?

Silver winks at Krusader and Sweet&Sour.

BERLIN

Fuck you, Silver.

SILVER

Didn't we try that already? It was disappointing.

She turns to go when Tru cuts her off.

TRU

I saw you at the coffeeshop.

All he gets is a blank stare.

SWEET&SOUR

Tru flew in today from Hawaii to work with us.

SILVER

So you've come all this way be one of Casper's Friendly Ghosts? I hope you have family money.

Tru doesn't know how to respond. And Silver could care less. With a practiced smile she moves past Tru.

He turns to watch her join the VIPs at Larz's table. They squeeze over, allowing this beauty join them.

28

INT. CLUB ZOOM - LATER

28

CASPER DROPS A BEAT! He sets the club aflame with energy as the crowd starts dancing in the hot glow of swirling lights.

As he builds the song we realize it is the new remix that Sweet&Sour and everybody worked on earlier.

The crew hangs behind the decks. KRUSADER on a microphone spot-singing, showing jazz chops. The Brit attempts to stand up on top of the deck cart, but BERLIN pulls him off.

SWEET&SOUR beat matches for Casper on his laptop, the Asian in all his Asperger's glory with hands in the air, moving all herky jerky -- set against the entrancing cool of Casper.

Tru stands perfectly still among the surging, pulsating crowd, ebbing and flowing like a single organism to the hypnotic beats per minute that Casper programs for them.

We share Tru's POV checking out the scene.

--SILVER cozy at Larz's table with industry VIPs.

--Discrete drug handshakes as Ecstasy is dealt to Tourists and Locals by Dirk The Bartender... by Janzoon The Doorman...

--A table of slick UKRAINIANS in glossy Euro flash suits, spending ridiculous money, with vacant eyed escorts twitching on too much cocaine.

Tru watches a Ukrainian, VALIK, with ponytail, chains, tattooed neck, approach Yara selling t-shirts and DVDs at the merchandise table. He offers a whiff from a tiny spoon.

A DUTCH STRANGER taps Tru on the shoulder. He opens his palm, offering a round pink tablet of ECSTASY.

DUTCH STRANGER

You American? American tourists
love my ecstasy. Twenty Euros.

Tru waves him off. Not interested.

DUTCH STRANGER (CONT'D)

It's the bomb. Best ecstasy in
the world comes from Amsterdam.

Suddenly JANZOON The Doorman grabs them both.

JANZOON

Did he sell you drugs?

Tru doesn't want to rat anybody out...

Dirk the Bartender hustles over. He and Janzoon pat down the dealer and find a BAGGIE of ECSTASY. They wave over LARZ, and the boss promptly heads over, as the employees manhandle both Tru and the Dealer off the dance floor.

When the boss catches up, Janzoon shows him the baggie. Tru watches as the boss gestures them to take the dealer out the back. Larz turns to Tru... recognizing him.

LARZ

You want something, Casper knows
who to get it from. You don't
buy from anyone else.

Tru nods, then watches as Larz catches up to his employees hustling the dealer away out the back exit...

Tru opens the door a crack, peering out into the alley, and watches Janzoon, Dirk, and Larz beat up the dealer.

They pin him down, as Larz bends over, and snaps the man's pinkie finger. He screams!

Berlin comes up behind Tru, seeing... quickly pulls him away.

BERLIN

The house controls everything.
Especially the dope.

The door swings open and Larz returns. He stops, realizing from their faces that they witnessed the violence.

Larz regards the BLOOD glistening on his knuckles. He pulls the HANDKERCHIEF from his suit pocket. He dabs it into the COCKTAIL Berlin is holding in her hand, and cleans his hand.

Then without a word, Larz returns to his VIP table as if nothing has happened, leaving Tru and Berlin standing there, exchanging a "whoa, fuck" glance.

29

INT. CLUB ZOOM - LATER

29

BERLIN IS PERFORMING. Her flash drive is plugged into her laptop. The fashionista is pretending to beat match and spin dials -- all show and "deejay air guitar."

Tru sees her game, sipping a Red Bull, again standing still amongst the sweat and waving arms of this surging sea of dancers rendered in monochrome red under the lights.

CASPER seems to come floating through the crowd, buoyed by the euphoria of ecstasy. He is wiping himself with a towel. He gives Tru a back slap, and both turn to watch Berlin.

CASPER

You've been standing here like a
fucking oak all night. C'mon!

Casper gets the Hawaiian dancing. They are surrounded by Hot Club Girls, and most everybody is drunk or high or both and the energy is freaking insane!

Tru is surprised to find himself dancing near SILVER, up on the floor with ladies from Larz's VIP table.

Tru drifts closer... he gets in her space... He leans close and WHISPERS INTO HER EAR. Silver looks at this man who has violated the force field she puts up.

SILVER

Don't get cute. Shut up 'n dance.

Tru accepts the challenge, finds another gear and now he is really moving, showing a style all his own, and we can see the athlete, the one who knows no hesitation.

Silver is nothing short of spectacular, a flawless beauty, eyes closed, feeling it, hips moving, hands over her head, one with the dance floor and the beat.

Finally she opens her eyes, allowing Tru closer... her sexuality on display, uninhibited and hungry... and Tru is upon her now, their hips finding that perfect sync...

For a moment Tru and Silver become Travolta & Uma Thurman, they own the screen, and we want them to be together--

--Then suddenly it is like Tru never existed, as the CLUB GIRLS return and engulf Silver, pulling her away, all of them trotting off on their high heels not a care in the world to Larz's table and the endless flutes of Dom Perignon.

Tru is left behind, disappointed, but too proud to show it for some cold-hearted club bitch.

30

INT. CLUB ZOOM - LATER

30

KRUSADER PERFORMS as Tru wanders the club as the night grinds on and on and the drugs and alcohol conquer and overwhelm. Tru is yawning and slamming another Red Bull to stay awake.

He spies CASPER semi hidden in a dark alcove...

Tru walks up to realize the Dutchman is getting a blow job from a CLUB GIRL on her knees. Casper turns, with vacant eyes, needing a moment to register Tru. He gives a nod, then looks down, his hands on her head, keeping her on him.

Krusader jumps up and stands on the steel cart to get the crowd going! He stands tall, up on a platform...

The WHEEL LOCKS start to slip...

Sweet&Sour tugs at him to get down, but the Brit swats the freaky little Asian away.

Suddenly the wheel locks go! The steel cart ROLLS off the platform... CRASHES TO THE DANCE FLOOR, taking Krusader with it... The Brit lands hard on his ass.

The music STOPS.

The crowd is flabbergasted. They start to boo.

Silver turns from a conversation. Larz stands, furious.

Casper, Sweet&Sour, and Berlin start bumping and pushing through the dance crowd, rushing to the fallen decks.

CASPER

What the fuck? What'd you do?

SWEET&SOUR

This dumb-ass Brit keeps jumping up on top of the fucking decks!

KRUSADER

You're the asshole bloody pushing 'n pulling at me!

BERLIN

Shut up! Both of you. Somebody run 'n get the back-up deck from the closet! Fucking go!

As the crew scrambles, Tru sees an opportunity... He picks up the MICROPHONE, sees it still has power. He takes command and talks to the crowd.

TRU

Don't act like this never happened before. Imagine when we get this fixed and that beat drops... It's gonna come back strong.

He starts to create a beat on the microphone, much to the shock of the other deejays. TRU IMPROMPTU SONG. He gets the crowd involved.

TRU (CONT'D)

You in the corner, you are the drums, add this sound... You're
(MORE)

TRU (CONT'D)
the hight. And you. You give
us a clap. C'mon. Like this...
Yeah, get a beat going.

He does the bass with his mouth. Beat boxing.

TRU (CONT'D)
Hey -- hand me that guitar.

Sweet&Sour goes and opens up the GUITAR case...

Meanwhile Tru keeps beat-boxing as he stands up the fallen microphone stand and slots the mic. Tru never misses a beat as he is handed the ACOUSTIC GUITAR, straps it on, and starts to strum... Tru sets a groove riff... Think Ed Sheeren's You Tube performance of "You Need Me, I Don't Need You." He uses his foot as a bass drum.

While the crew fixes the gear, Tru gets the crowd going by singing his ORIGINAL UPTEMPO SONG. Tru is awesome. He impresses the hell out of everybody--

Especially SILVER. She is now the one standing absolutely still amongst the heave and sway of the dance crowd.

Krusader watches dumbstruck, he cannot fucking believe this is happening, but he cannot deny Tru's genius.

Casper, Berlin, Sweet&Sour, they stop to watch, dumbstruck. They see the crowd loves Tru! Larz has to swat them to get back to fixing everything. But then he stops, also amazed.

But most amazed is SILVER, standing fixated, a hunger in her eyes, the notion of a second chance -- Silver is thinking she can mold this raw material into a star.

31 INT/EXT. CLUB ZOOM - DAY

31

Silence. Only the sound of vacuum cleaners.

The crew steps outside, squinting at the sun coming up. A black LIMOUSINE is waiting by the curb. Yara is thizzing on X and coke and alcohol. She presses up on Tru and gives him a big kiss.

YARA
You were so amazing.
(turns to all)
Who wants kabobs?

Outside comes LARZ with his entourage, which includes SILVER, the party continuing as they step into the waiting limo.

Silver lags behind the others, pausing in front of Tru. She gives him a look, slate blue eyes that draw him in, as she takes his hand, presses her BUSINESS CARD into it.

Then without a word Silver joins the others in the limo. The driver closes the door, and proceeds to take them away.

Tru inspects the elegantly embossed card, Silver Van Hooten, with her contact info. She has scribbled "CALL ME."

32

EXT. MOROCCAN KABOB STAND - DAY

32

The CREW woofs down KABOBS from this typical 24HR fast food counter in Old Town. Everybody is goofing around, pouring hot sauce on each other's kabobs, daring each other to eat it Habanero Pepper hot, and paying the price.

CASPER

Quiet, everybody listen up...
I'd like to propose a toast.
(points his kabob at Tru)
Please raise your kabob in honor
of Hawaii Five-0, who saved our
sorry asses tonight--

Sweet&Sour shoves Krusader--

SWEET&SOUR

Dumb-ass.

The Brit shoves him back--

KRUSADER

Eat me.

CASPER

Cut it out. I'm totally serious.
Raise your kabobs!

Everybody obliges.... Except Krusader. The others give him dirty looks, and finally the Brit acquiesces.

KRUSADER

It kills me to say it, but I
suppose you're... not *terrible*.

Tru grins. He and Krusader tap Kabobs.

SWEET&SOUR

Everybody cross swords!

The crew all tap kabobs. Tru has earned their respect.

Sweet&Sour nudges Yara, pretends he is giving a blow job to his kabob. She kicks him.

33 EXT. CASPER'S APARTMENT BLDG - DAY 33

Tru rides on the back of Casper's Scooter down an alley with stone walls a canvas for bizarre pop GRAFFITI ART. They lock up at Casper's building.

34 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT - DAY 34

Casper and Tru walk into his charming shoebox of a one bedroom pad, decorated with original art, designer furniture, and high end electronics. The best part is the outdoor deck. Casper pulls an extra KEY off his ring and gives it to Tru.

TRU

This is for me?

CASPER

You can leave your shit over there.
The couch is yours. Only one rule:
What happens in my place, stays in
my place. Lemme get you a blanket.

Tru follows Casper to his bedroom door, surprised to see a NAKED LADY (Chloe) wearing only a thong crashed on the bed.

Casper returns with a blanket.

TRU

Who's that?

The handsome Dutchman winks at Tru, hands him a blanket, and closes his bedroom door.

35 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT - DAY 35

The afternoon sun is shining through the curtains. TRU rolls on the sofa, turning away from the sun... but then he rises up, checking his smartphone. It is 3PM.

He stands up. Heads into the bathroom -- finds CHLOE naked brushing her hair and toking a CONE SPLIFF.

She smiles, not embarrassed in the least to be seen naked, and blows out a thick cloud of weed SMOKE.

CHLOE

Hi. I'm Chloe.

She offers Tru the spliff. The Hawaiian plays this cool, casually accepts the spliff, takes a small hit, hands it back as he holds it, and closes the door.

Tru heads into the tiny kitchen, blowing out the hit, and starts to pee in the empty SINK, as CASPER comes out of the bedroom, half asleep, and walks past Tru to START THE COFFEE, not disturbed by somebody peeing in his sink.

CASPER
Morning... Take cream 'n sugar
with your coffee?

36 EXT/INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT, DECK - DAY

36

CASPER is painting CHLOE'S toe nails. TRU sits with them out on the small deck, sipping coffee, and eating bread, fruits, cheeses, and sliced ham.

CHLOE
No glopping the polish...

CASPER
I'm keeping it smooth. Stop
moving your foot so much.

TRU
So Casper, when were you thinking
about getting me a slot?

CASPER
I said I will.

TRU
Like you're doing for Sweet&Sour?

CASPER
Don't get me started on him. Some
guys are better behind the scenes.

CHLOE
But you said Tru was really good
last night.

CASPER
He was. But everybody has to pay
their dues. Don't forget -- we
split the royalties.

TRU
And what will I spend all that
money on? It's a tough decision,
maybe a new plug in?

(MORE)

TRU (CONT'D)

At this rate I'll only need to write you a new song every week until the sun explodes to make up for what that Pickpocket took off of me.

CHLOE

You dragged him all the way from Hawaii with your big talk bullshit. Time to put up or shut up.

She gives Tru a conspirator's wink, then the stink eye to Casper, until he acquiesces.

CASPER

Okay, okay... I might know a place.

37 EXT. TOUR BOAT IN CANAL - DAY

37

CHLOE is leading YARA in dance moves on the deck of a ferry boat. Both laughing, waving at people watching from bridges. TRU and CASPER watch the girls entertain everybody.

TRU

Chloe's a trip. How long have you been seeing each other?

CASPER

Not too long. I let her crash at my pad. We're not heavy. But I dig her. It's all good. Hey, what about Yara? She 'n Chloe met in High School. Yara likes you.

TRU

She's alright. But I came here to blow up. I can get blown anywhere.

CASPER

No, you're thinking about Silver, aren't you? Those impenetrable blue eyes, those long legs, all six feet of her.

TRU

What's her story?

CASPER

She's the One-Trick-Pony who let the horse get away.

Tru doesn't understand.

CASPER (CONT'D)
She discovered El Diablo.

TRU
No way.

CASPER
Built up his career from nothing.
He became King and she was his
Queen. They got engaged, the whole
deal, but check this -- he left her
at the alter. Now she's hustling
like the rest of us. And ever
since Silver's put up this Force
Field. Nobody gets past it. She's
closed off, damaged goods.

38 EXT. CLUB CANDELA - DAY 38

This small, kitschy dance club is next to an internet café on a busy walk street. The club is closed. CHLOE, YARA, & TRU hang back as CASPER knocks... Nothing.

CASPER
They're in there. They're always
in there.

As he keeps banging, the door opens. It is MUAZ, a massive, dread-locked Moroccan, who seems to recognize Casper.

CASPER (CONT'D)
I need to talk with Jubair.

39 INT. CLUB CANDELA - DAY 39

Some MOROCCANS are stocking liquor. Muaz speaks in Arabic to SABEER, 30, who knows Casper. The girls stay behind as the guys go off with Sabeer. Chloe is protective of Yara, as the Moroccans leer at both pretty ladies.

40 INT. CLUB CANDELA, JUBAIR'S OFFICE - DAY 40

Sabeer knocks on a closed door, and calls out in Arabic, before entering... Inside is JUBAIR, 45, who reeks of gangster in dress shoes, slacks, and a white undershirt revealing a prison ripped, tattooed physique. He is running tall stacks of EUROS THROUGH A MONEY COUNTER. The Moroccan knows Casper, but isn't overly friendly.

CASPER
Hello, Jubair.

JUBAIR
Why you here? Who is he?

CASPER
My new deejay, Tru. Just flew
in from Honolulu. He's got a big,
big international following. Tru is
somebody you want in your club.

Tru throws Casper a look, knowing this is not true.

JUBAIR
Leave a jump drive.

CASPER
Tru will bring in a lot paying
customers for you. I wouldn't
vouch for just any deejay.

JUBAIR
Leave a drive. You do have one,
don't you? I like it, maybe I
call. We'll see.

The Kingpin's irritable tone ends this conversation. Tru
pulls out a drive with his name on a strip of tape. He sets
it on the desk, then EXTENDS HIS HAND TO SHAKE JUBAIR'S.

TRU
Thank you, sir.

Jubair STARES at the Hawaiian's extended hand, leaving Tru
hanging like an idiot. The Kingpin looks to Casper, then
Sabeer... Finally back to Tru, who REFUSES TO WITHDRAW HIS
HAND, demanding respect.

FINALLY JUBAIR SHAKES TRU'S HAND, not without a bemused
smirk, then returns to counting money.

41 EXT. LEIDSEPLEIN PLAZA, OUTDOOR TABLES - DUSK 41

Tru, Casper, and Yara drink beer, but Chloe is drinking a
martini, too early for the others to go this hard.

CASPER
I don't understand why you need
to shake his fucking hand so bad?

TRU
He can't return a handshake?
What's the deal with those guys?
And all that money on the table?

CASPER

They're cool.

TRU

Are they? Didn't feel that way.
You're the one who told me not to
mess with the Moroccans.

CASPER

That's right. You don't. You
keep it light and don't power trip
anybody. Need somebody to shake
your hand, Yara will shake it.

YARA

Any time, any place, sweet cheeks.
Hey show me your medallion?

Tru pulls the chain from around his neck and hands it over.

YARA (CONT'D)

It's heavy. Looks super old.
What does the symbol mean?

TRU

It's a Tahitian Warrior heirloom.
It was given to my Uncle by his
father, who gave it to me.

Casper puts down cash to pay the check.

CASPER

Yara, it's getting late. We
gotta pick up the new tee-shirts
before that place closes.

Chloe stands up, a little too fast, a little too drunk...
Tru helps steady her.

CHLOE

Silly me, I got the spins...
Why don't you walk me to work?

TRU

(looks at Casper)
Is that cool?

CASPER

Yeah, you go with Chloe, we'll
meet up back at the pad.

She gives Casper a kiss, Yara too, grabs her knapsack, takes
Tru by the arm, and leads him away...

42 EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT

42

Night falls as Chloe leads Tru into the red neon reflecting in ripples off the canal.

CHLOE

I love Yara 'cause we're so different. I sized her up the moment we met, at some Halloween event in high school. We had to carve up Pumpkins. Yara insisted on using a spoon to scoop out the gooey insides, while me, fuck it, I was fine using my hands.

Tru laughs as they approach a row of PROSTITUTES beckoning from their windows. Tru is surprised when Chloe waves back.

TRU

You know them?

Chloe stops, pulls out a key, and OPENS AN UNLIT WINDOW WITH THE CURTAIN CLOSED. Tru had no idea Chloe is a prostitute.

CHLOE

Well... this is me. Oh... I assumed you knew? Casper didn't say anything?

She can see his surprise by his expression, but shows no embarrassment. This is Amsterdam. Attitudes are different.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Can't beat the money. Costs me 200 Euros to rent the space. Tonight I'll make 1,000 Euros. The government takes 21% percent, but we get that back end of the year. Besides, I like sex. I'm good at it. Ask anybody.

She gives a wink, then steps into her window. Tru grins, no judgement, as she waves goodbye and closes the door.

Tru moves off, still processing all this. He leans on the rail along the canal, and settles in, calmly scanning the passersby, looking for his Pickpocket. He sniffs weed, and nods at TWO FRENCH COLLEGE GRADS on a youth hostile trip. They kindly offer their spliff--

TRU

Thanks.

He casually hits the marijuana, then passes it back--

FRENCH COLLEGE GRAD
D'où êtes-vous? *Where is
you from?*

A group of drunk, loud BRITISH CHICKS from Liverpool trample past. They draw attention, including Tru, who can't help but look, grinning, and when they pass--

TRU FINDS HIMSELF LOOKING AT THE PICKPOCKET. The crafty Moroccan has his hands on a DRUNKEN TOURIST.

Tru comes up behind his prey, clamps his hands on the Pickpocket, then swings him around -- immediately realizing this is the wrong guy.

WRONG MAN
What's your fucking problem?

TRU
Whoa. Sorry. Wrong guy. My bad.

WRONG MAN
Fuck you. Goddamn Americans.

Tru steps away, gesturing he is sorry. He turns, walking away, seeing CHLOE standing in her window with the red light on, wearing lingerie and stripper heels. She is flirting with a POTENTIAL CUSTOMER stopped to admire her.

Tru walks past... and turns to corner.

43 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

43

TRU uses his key to enter. CASPER comes out of the bedroom wearing his new Casper TEE-SHIRT and matching cap.

CASPER
Whadaya you think?

TRU
I like it.

He spins to model it, then tosses Tru a tee-shirt.

CASPER
XL, right? Try it on.

TRU
Right now?

CASPER
I want you to wear it tonight.

TRU
What's tonight?

CASPER
I got you the slot.

44 EXT. CLUB CANDELA - NIGHT 44

TRU rocks his Casper t-shirt under a hoodie. He stands outside the club, excited. He pulls out his phone and takes a SELFIE with the club behind him.

He sends the photo to Uncle Owl. *"My first gig!"*

Pulls out Silver's CARD. Taps out a text. *"Got a slot here tonight 11PM. Check me out. Tru"* Sends it with the photo.

He approaches MUAZ at the door, black suit draped over his menacing frame, not showing much hospitality.

TRU
Your boss hired me. Uh, you gonna let me in?

Muaz stares for an uncomfortable beat, then steps aside.

45 INT. CLUB CANDELA - NIGHT 45

Tru enters this small club, with mirrored walls, uninspired decor. A POPULAR EDM TUNE is playing, not too loud, because nobody is on the decks. It's early, and what few customers are there -- mostly MOROCCANS, hosting blonde Dutch girls -- are huddled by the bar.

Tru sees a customer doing the drug handshake with SABEER, a peacock tonight in a ruby red suit. As they complete their molly exchange, Sabeer feels eyes upon him, turning to Tru.

SABEER
There you are. Are you alone?
I thought you were going to sell
this place out? Where are the
people with the money?

Tru walks by The Office, door ajar, offering a glimpse of JUBAIR inside with other MOROCCANS. Tru stops, wondering if he should say thank you...

The Kingpin sees Tru, and quickly closes the door.

Tru approaches the decks. He pulls his LAPTOP from his knapsack, along with some other GEAR, and starts setting up.

Doesn't take long for him to set a beat track... People turn, looking, as he builds his groove, adding layers, and then melody, breaking into a full blown **TRU PERFORMANCE**.

Tru is fabulous. But nobody seems to think so. It isn't long before Sabeer gets agitated, and comes up to Tru.

SABEER (CONT'D)

What is this shit? Nobody knows this. Play the hits. El Diablo. Play Swedish House Mafia.

TRU

I do originals. I'll get 'em going. Let me do my thing.

46 EXT. CLUB CANDELA - LATER 46

SILVER swings a leg out of a Taxi. She pays the fare, then approaches Muaz, who knows her -- everybody knows beauty.

47 INT. CLUB ZOOM - NIGHT 47

Silver walks in, slicked back and stunning, turning heads, and pretending not to care, keeping her force field up. She stops to behold TRU's PERFORMANCE, now 20 minutes in, the Hawaiian busy creating, in the zone.

She realizes the Dutch Moroccan crowd is not responding. The music doesn't have them dancing. Most are standing on the perimeters of the dance floor, on their cell phones. Though Tru might be great, his music is so original, most don't appreciate it.

Sabeer starts hassling at Tru again.

SABEER

They're not dancing. It's a party. People need to have a good time. Nobody likes this shit. Play the hits! Play something they like!

Silver watches this, curious how Tru will adjust his music to draw in the crowd. The Hawaiian picks up the microphone.

TRU

Amsterdam -- Put your phones away. No, for real, put your phones away because Snapchat can wait.

Silver cringes, knowing he is making a big mistake, and now the crowd wants this deejay to fail.

TRU (CONT'D)

Like for real, you look like statues. If you want to enjoy this party, let me hear you right now! Fuck Snapchat, let's make some noise!

Tru starts to dance, swinging to the left, swinging to the right, trying to get the crowd to join him, hype them up, and change the energy of the room...

TRU (CONT'D)

If you gotta tweet, tell the world where the party is!

After an agonizing attempt, with virtually no response from the people standing three feet from him, they start calling out to play something else.

CROWD

Play Calvin Harris!

TRU

Fuck that.

CROWD

We want DeadMau5!

TRU

I'm not spinning remixes from pretenders who have to wear a mouse head or some shit, who need ghost producers to write their music because they're no talent posers who can't even play an instrument!

The crowd starts booing him.

TRU (CONT'D)

Fine, stand there like fucking statues all night.

Silver is mortified. Sabeer is furious! Silver watches as the Moroccan pushes Tru away from the decks.

SABEER

You're done. Get off the decks. Get the fuck outta our club!
(at an Employee)
Get up here. Go! Play *Ghosts n' Stuff*. Play the Mouse!

Tru stands there, his blood boiling.

Then he turns away, cutting through the crowd watching him, few of them sorry to see this deejay get his comeuppance.

Tru is surprised to come face to face with Silver, who gives him an incredulous look.

SILVER

I came here to see that?

Tru has nothing to say. He just moves past, heading straight to Jubair's Office.

48 INT. CLUB CANDELA, JUBAIR'S OFFICE - LATER 48

Tru gives a knock, then steps into Jubair's office without being asked. The Kingpin turns, not pleased. Again Tru sees stacks of EUROS on the table.

TRU

Sir, can I get paid?

JUBAIR

You yell at my customers and you want to get paid? Casper told me you were going to bring 100 people. You need to bring people who spend money. Nobody liked your show. My club is half empty. Get the fuck out of here.

TRU

I need to get paid.

Jubair pulls back his suit jacket, exposing the GLOCK-21 PISTOL he is strapped with.

TRU (CONT'D)

Now you're going to shoot me?

Muaz comes up behind the Hawaiian and puts him in a headlock.

JUBAIR

Throw this smart mouth piece of shit into the fucking street.

The doorman brutally manhandles Tru out of the office.

49 INT. CLUB CANDELA - DAY 49

Tru struggles, but resistance only makes Muaz tighten his grip. Sabeer joins in and they whisk the Hawaiian stumbling past the bar, and Silver, who turns to watch.

She sees Tru slip free, only to get punched. Now concern is turning to fear as she follows them hustle him outside--

50 EXT. CLUB CANDELA - NIGHT

50

Sabeer and Muaz muscle Tru out the door and throw him to the curb. The Moroccans start kicking Tru, giving him a beat down in front of passersby, who know better than interfere with the Dutch Moroccans.

SILVER

Stop it! That's enough!

Muaz gives the Hawaiian one last kick. Satisfied, the two Moroccans stroll back to the entrance, giving Silver a cold bastard grin as they walk past.

Silver hurries to help Tru. She kneels over the Hawaiian, who is bloody and unresponsive.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Omigod. Are you hurt?

Sabeer and Muaz watch with smug bravado from inside the door as Silver helps Tru to his feet. He angrily spits blood.

TRU

Mother-fuckers!

Tru turns to Passersby, stopped in the street, watching this. Nobody wants to mess with these Moroccans. Then Tru realizes he left his computer and knapsack inside the club.

TRU (CONT'D)

Oh fuck no. My laptop's inside.

Silver doesn't know what to say? That's when Tru sees the POLICE OFFICER, stoically watching the whole mess.

TRU (CONT'D)

Hey? Didn't you see this? My computer and knapsack are in there.

DUTCH POLICE OFFICER

What do you expect me to do?

TRU

I expect you to help me walk in there and get my stuff.

DUTCH POLICE OFFICER

I advice you to go home.

TRU

They've got my computer and all my gear. I need to go in and get it.

DUTCH POLICE OFFICER

My advice is not to do this. Do not go back into that club.

Silver pulls Tru away from the officer.

SILVER

He won't help. I'll get it.

She bravely struts right back toward Muaz and Sabeer, still watching with droll amusement from inside the door.

SILVER (CONT'D)

I need to get back in...
Would you step aside, please.
(they laugh)
His gear is still in there.
Let me just his stuff. C'mon.

MUAZ

Get the fuck outta here.

She glances back at Tru, watching this, then resumes trying to reason with these smug bastards.

SILVER

C'mon, play nice. You don't need artist reps boycotting your club. Let me get his laptop.

Muaz and Sabeer step forward, intimidating, menacing.

Silver nervously glances at Tru again -- BUT HE IS NOT THERE.

She turns back to the Moroccans, catching a glimpse of TRU BOLDLY WALKING PAST THEM AND INSIDE!

On Silver's face, trying not to give it away, but they saw it too... She scoots forward, blocking their the path.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Just let him get his stuff!

The EDM music is deafening as Tru moves purposefully, showing no fear, nudging past the people on the dance floor and straight for the decks.

Silver backpedals into the club, defiantly keeping in front of Muaz & Sabeer, slowing them down, continuing to plead with them, which we cannot hear over the music.

Tru discovers a MOROCCAN DEEJAY using his gear. He shoves the asshole out of the way, grabs his laptop, yanks out the cables, and the music STOPS.

Now heads are turning, as Tru quickly collects his gear, and stuffs it into his knapsack.

Silver is still blocking Muaz and Sabeer, back pedaling, her hands out wide, hoping they won't punch a girl.

Jubair swings open his office door, standing there, angrily processing this madness, just as Tru walks right past--

Tru beelines for Muaz & Sabeer, who fling Silver aside, toppling against the bar, then brace for his arrival.

Never breaking stride, Tru grabs a COCKTAIL GLASS off the bar, FLINGS ALCOHOL INTO THE EYES OF MUAZ, which stings and blinds him, as TRU STUNS HIM WITH A HIGH LEG SWEEP!

Tru two arm shoves his KNAPSACK straight into Sabeer's chest, the Moroccan bringing up his hands to catch it, as TRU GIVES HIM A VICIOUS HEAD BUTT.

Then Tru takes back his knapsack, grabs Silver by the arm, and curtly leads her outside--

52 EXT. CLUB CANDELA - NIGHT 52

Angry Moroccans follow, including JUBAIR, but they all stop at the sight of the POLICE OFFICER just outside the door. This allows Tru and Silver to keep walking. They glance back over their shoulders, as they get the hell out of there.

They see a parked TAXI, the DRIVER waiting for a fare. Tru opens the door for Silver, then slides in beside her.

53 INT/EXT. TAXI, DRIVING - NIGHT 53

Silver says something in Dutch to the Driver, who with a shrug nonchalantly pulls out. She turns to Tru, her heart pounding, eyes wild and alive, never having experienced anything like this before... and all she can do is laugh.

SILVER
FUCK... Did that really just
happen?

TRU

You were great. You were awesome.
You didn't back down an inch.

SILVER

I cannot believe you walked right
back in there! Maybe you could've
told me that's what you were going
to do? I was trying to talk to
'em, when suddenly I see you--

Tru kisses her on the mouth. And suddenly they cannot want
each other more, hot and primitive, their bodies grinding...

Silver puts on the brakes.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Whoa whoa. What're you doing?

Tru holds his eyes on her, unwavering, wanting more.

TRU

I was just getting started.

SILVER

That's not what this is about.

He confidently holds her gaze... until Silver pulls a pack of
moist TOILETTES from her Fendi purse and starts cleaning up
the blood on his face.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Hold still.

TRU

Where are we going?

SILVER

Someplace we can talk.

54

EXT. "THE BUTCHER" BURGER JOINT - NIGHT

54

The taxi pulls over at a greasy burger joint. As Tru helps
Silver step out, he seems surprised.

SILVER

What's wrong?

TRU

Nothing. Smells good. Just assumed
we were going someplace... you
know, that matches the fancy way
you're all put together.

55 INT. "THE BUTCHER" BURGER JOINT - NIGHT 55

She leads Tru into the sizzle and steam of this greasy spoon with cramped tables filled with stoners and late night drunks gobbling up burgers and fries.

Silver leads Tru past the open air kitchen and CHEFS who don't seem to mind these intruders. Back past stacks of food stuffs and DISHWASHERS buried in steam and slop.

She leads him to a steel door. Rings a buzzer. Tru looks at her curiously, but Silver doesn't give it away the surprise. A women's voice comes over an intercom. "*Who is it?*"

SILVER
Taramara, it's me, Silver.

A door opens up to an exclusive VIP Club.

56 INT. SECRET VIP CLUB - NIGHT 56

Silver leads Tru inside a swanky hall where lovely TARAMARA and a BOUNCER manage the guest list. Silver exchanges polite cheek kisses with Taramara.

She leads Tru into an opulent bar where the most exclusive of VIPs can bask in their success. Dom Perignon labels glow emerald in the black light.

Silver leads him to an intimate table in the corner, where he takes a seat, leaving her standing. She impatiently clears her throat to remind him of his manners. Tru jumps up, pulls out her chair, and seats her. The moment he sits down again she lays into him.

SILVER
Look, I can't even begin to count
the ways you've screwed up tonight.
If we're even going to consider
working together--

TRU
So we're together?

SILVER
Shut up. I'm talking. Okay, first
of all, this business is all about
connecting to an audience. So what
were you possibly hoping to gain by
hurling insults at them?

TRU
I lost my temper.

SILVER

Never again. Promise me. Look, I can market you, connect you, book you in the right clubs, but I can't take you all the way until you learn to touch people's lives. Not just make people dance. You don't want to reach them through their feet. You need to reach them through their hearts.

Tru is taken by her words, but it leaves him with smirk.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Did I say something funny?

TRU

No, I get it, it's just--

SILVER

What?

TRU

Coming from you...
(toying with her)
Word is you're a cold heart. That you put up this force field to keep from having to feel anything.

SILVER

Who said that?
(guessing)
Fucking Casper. Well, you know what? He's right. He's spot on. But I'm not the star. I get to be the mean bitch. That's because I MAKE the star.

Tru admires her fire.

57 INT. SECRET VIP CLUB - LATER

57

Silver sips her Lemon Drop served icy cold a martini glass, as Tru enjoys a Heinekin, which is piss water to the Dutch.

SILVER

My family's back on a Lillyhammer farm milking cows. That's why I love animals. I've throw quite a few charity events to raise money for animal shelters. But my folks sacrificed to bring me up to be a professional dancer.

(MORE)

SILVER (CONT'D)

Paid to send me to this prestigious performing arts academy... I spent a few years performing, but life happened... and here I am.

Suddenly a stir of commotion, people looking, and this is when the blood drains from Silver's face, her gaze fixed past Tru's head, toward the entrance.

Walking in comes EL DIABLO. The young superstar has a his entourage with him. GLAMOROUS GIRLS are hanging over him.

Tru turns, seeing his idol approaching, then glances back to Silver to gauge her reaction -- which isn't good.

The big industry players stand to greet him. El Diablo is sheperded by NIELS, 41, a legendary label guy from Sony, who protects his steak horse from anybody he doesn't pass muster.

But El Diablo sees Silver, and things get uncomfortable.

Niels sees her too, and nods a terse, nuanced hello to Silver that communicates his awareness of the situation.

Tru can sense she and El Diablo share a deep, intimate history, and one that ended badly. Silver is a women scorned. And not one to forgive. Tru senses the awkwardness even as they exchange trifle pleasantries.

EL DIABLO

You look great.

SILVER

Thank you.

EL DIABLO

How is your mother?

SILVER

She's fine, thanks for asking.

El Diablo quietly excuses himself from the girls hanging onto him, who go with Niels ahead to their table, where TARAMARA is removing a Reserved Sign.

El Diablo ignores Tru -- not even a glance, as he tries to pull Silver aside.

EL DIABLO

Can we talk a sec? Somewhere private.

SILVER

There's nothing to talk about.

EL DIABLO
Please. It's been too long.

SILVER
You have something to say, say
it here.

Tru watches, feeling awkward and insignificant, as El Diablo leans into Silver. His ego says he can get her back.

EL DIABLO
How many times do I have to
tell you that I'm sorry? I was
terrible. You didn't deserve what
I did.

Silver refuses to be sweet-talked. She uses his first name that nobody knows.

SILVER
Wouter, what world are you living
in? Do all these women hanging
over make you delusional? You left
me at the fucking altar. I was
publicly humiliated. So was my
family. My father spent a fortune
on that wedding.

El Diablo takes a step back from the anger and humiliation he sees in her eyes. He finally takes a look at Tru.

EL DIABLO
Is that business or pleasure?

SILVER
None of your business.

El Diablo is not a bad person nor lacking the compassion and decency to know he has inflicted pain. He offers Silver an authentic look and a nod. Then El Diablo walks to his table, where the star is welcomed and adored.

Silver turns to Tru.

SILVER (CONT'D)
I'm tired. I want to go.

58 EXT. KEIZERSGRACHT STREET - NIGHT

58

Tru walks Silver home along this charming canal street. Reflections off the water make everything dazzlingly beautiful and romantic. Tru takes her arm, but Silver's force field goes up.

SILVER

You don't need to take my arm.
That is not what this about. This
is business. I'm willing to make a
handshake agreement with you to
help guide you, get you some good
slots, get a video made, get it out
there, See how things go before we
sign a formal agreement. But this
is not a romance? You good with
that? I need to hear you say it.

She extends her hand to seal the deal. Tru regards this glamorous diva, who disguises her broken heart with every accoutrement of style and success.

TRU

I'm good with that.

They shake on it. Then she gestures to the building and fishes a key from her Fendi purse.

SILVER

This is me. Good night.

Tru cannot help but take a look at Silver's long legs in that amazing short dress as she enters her place.

59 EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT 59

Tru walks home through the Red Light District.

He is looking for that Pickpocket. Discretely scrutinizing the face of every skinny Moroccan he comes across... He sees a COFFEESHOP. Steps inside.

60 INT. RED LIGHT, COFFEESHOP - NIGHT 60

Tru places a bud of sativa in the house grinder and mills it down to magic green dust...

He pours the marijuana onto two rolling papers licked and sealed together as one. Fuck rolling a cone spliff, Five-0 is fine going Hawaiian style.

61 EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - NIGHT 61

Tru keeps walking through the Red Light, puffing his joint...

He spots CHLOE across the canal, standing in her red lit window in lingerie. She looks bored, checking her iPhone...

By the time Tru walks around and over a bridge, Chloe has gotten a customer and is closing the window.

Tru walks back to the bridge, and takes a lean on the rail, where he pulls out a cheap lighter and fires up that joint again. He takes a hit, looking at the beautiful lights reflecting off the water--

--WHEN AN ALARM BLARES! Tru bolts to attention. He follows the sound... It is coming from inside Chloe's private room!

Tru tries to open the door. Won't budge! It's locked! He bangs on it with his fist!

TRU

Chloe! You okay? Chloe!

Other PROSTITUTES step out of their rooms, when suddenly Chloe's door swings open, and running out of it comes a DRUNK PERVERT with his pants down around his ankles!

Chloe emerges, furious and shouting after the pervert as he scurries away, trying to pull up his pants.

CHLOE

Keep running you sick fuck!

TRU

Chloe? Want me to chase him down?

She sees Tru, then folds into him, as he consoles her.

CHLOE

That asshole was choking me.
I hate chokers. I fucking hate
that violent shit. I got my arm
loose and smacked the panic button.

62 EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - LATER

62

Chloe is covered up as they sit talking, sharing the joint.

CHLOE

Keep it low, using Cannabis on
the streets is not legal.

TRU

Could of fooled me.

CHLOE

Seriously, only licensed
coffeeshops can sell, five grams
max, to people over 18.

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Did you know we have one of the lowest cannabis consumption rates in Europe? I take online Cannabis College courses.

TRU

They have a cannibus college?

CHLOE

I'm getting my degree.

Tru marvels at her, then flicks the roach into the canal.

63 EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT - LATER

63

Still talking, another subject.

CHLOE

Casper doesn't do emotions. He doesn't do commitment. We're birds of a feather. We burn through a lot of cash together. Fancy restaurants. Trips. A few months ago we went to China. That's where Casper found Sweet&Sour.

TRU

Where does Casper get his money?

CHLOE

He's always got some scam going. I know better than to ask.

Tru stiffens. He is watching THE PICKPOCKET work a drunken TOURIST stumbling out "*Royal Nudes Girls Girls Girls!*"

PICK-POCKET

English? You from England?
What part? I love the English.
You like our girls? But I think you don't want to drive the first car you see off the lot--

While this too-friendly crook is joking around, his hands are all over the drunken Tourist, swiftly patting him down, and suddenly his WALLET is in the hand of the Pickpocket.

TRU

(turns to Chloe)

Hey, uh, I'll talk to you later.
I gotta roll. Tired.

Tru gets up and follows the Moroccan.

Chloe shrugs it off.

The Pickpocket turns down a tight alley of residences, the walls painted with creative graffiti art.

Tru sees he is wearing a KNAPSACK. Tru pulls his hood over his head and hangs back, watching--

64 INT/EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT, ALLEY APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 64

The Pickpocket uses a key to open a DOOR... He opens it and STEPS INSIDE...

Tru rushes him from behind, pushing inside the doorway and swinging the Moroccan around.

TRU

Hey asshole. Remember me?

TRU PUNCHES THE THIEF'S LIGHTS OUT.

He brutally drops the Pickpocket, who crumples into a ball on the hallway floor, dazed and confused, as Tru searches him.

Tru finds a wallet. Belongs to the drunk Tourist. Opens to an ID of the Brit. He tosses it aside.

The Pickpocket murmurs, so Tru smacks him again. He doesn't find much otherwise, maybe 80 Euros in a clip, but keeps it.

Tru hears MOROCCAN VOICES from upstairs.

He gets up, and as an afterthought, he pulls the KNAPSACK OFF THE PICKPOCKET'S BACK, and gets the hell out of there!

65 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 65

Tru uses his key to enter Casper's Apartment. Nobody is there. Tru looks at the knapsack clenched in his hand. He realizes his knuckles are bloody.

He washes his bloody hands in the kitchen sink.

The Hawaiian sits on the sofa. Finally opens the KNAPSACK...

What Tru finds inside takes his breath away...

66 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT - LATER 66

CASPER arrives home from Zoom. Moment he steps through the door he angrily confronts the Hawaiian.

CASPER

I heard some shit, Tru. Look at your face. Fuck, it's true. You got into it with the Moroccans. Are you trying to get your throat slit, you dumbass?

Tru sighs, looking down at the KNAPSACK on his lap.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Hey! Look at me. I can't have you bringing that shit into my life. Two weeks ago one of 'em tore up a coffeeshop with an Uzi. Took out some drug rival. They don't give a shit. So I'm warning you, don't bring that here.

TRU

You think I like getting my ass kicked? This is where you get me a slot? Thanks a lot.

Casper eases into a grin.

CASPER

You really walked back in there?

TRU

I needed my shit.

Casper can see something else is going on... something in the way Tru has his arms wrapped tight around that knapsack.

CASPER

What's up with the knapsack?

TRU

I found the Pickpocket... I took this off of him. Didn't know what was inside it... Until just now--

Casper already has a sick feeling as Tru hands him the knapsack, and when he looks -- HOLY SHIT, inside are 1000 PILLS OF ECSTASY and a kilo of COCAINE.

Casper is too blown away to utter a word... Trying to keep calm, he grabs a blade, and cuts open the coke for a taste.

CASPER

This isn't coke. It's White Heroin. Laced with Fentanyl. The Moroccans are pushing this shit hard.

(MORE)

CASPER (CONT'D)

It's killed a bunch of tourists,
they think it's coke and snort it
up and fucking die.

TRU

I saw a sign about it.

CASPER

He had to be one of their runners.
Oh fuck me. And now this guy knows
that you took it--

TRU

Maybe not. I came up behind him.
Had my hood up. I came at him
fast, said something, then bamm.
He went down like a ton of bricks.

CASPER

Where? In the street?

TRU

In a doorway. He unlocked this
door and had just stepped in.

CASPER

Somebody could have seen you.
Jesus. These Dutch Moroccans have
eyes fucking everywhere.

Casper checks the DEAD BOLT. Looks out the peephole.

TRU

You don't think they'd come here?

Casper silently walks out to the deck to think. Tru watches
him looking over the railing, paranoid.

67 EXT. CASPER'S APARTMENT, DECK - CONTINUOUS

67

Tru joins Casper, who is deep in thought.

CASPER

The drugs are going back. I have
to fix this. We can't have this
shit hanging over us.

TRU

What're you gonna tell 'em?

CASPER

I dunno, I'll spin some fantasy.
You know I'm a good bull-shitter.

TRU

You can't give me up.

CASPER

No, of course not. I've saving your ass here. I'm gonna fix this. But you gotta promise, fucking promise me not to say one word about this to anybody.

TRU

Yeah... I promise.

68

INT. DYLAN HOTEL - DAY

68

Slick-backed SILVER walks into this swanky hotel dressed to kill. There is a small industry event sponsored by a vodka company with HOSTESS GIRLS in bikinis offering free shots.

Silver finds LARZ nursing a flavored vodka and chatting with industry types. She pulls him aside.

SILVER

I signed the American. Now I want a prime slot for him at Zoom.

Larz runs his hand along Silver's thigh and she removes it.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Larz, let's not dig up all those skeletons you've got buried.

LARZ

Goodness gracious, Silver. Is he that good? Or just in bed?

SILVER

You still owe me for all the money you made off El Diablo.

LARZ

I hear your runaway groom just announced he's playing the festival next month. Tell me, is it still difficult to see him now, I mean they don't get much bigger?

We see Silver's humiliation, but also her determination to win back some degree of respect in this town.

SILVER

I want the midnight slot -- this Saturday.

LARZ

That's Casper's slot. I'm not
bumping Casper. He fills my club.

She gives him a look. He can see that Silver is determined
to turn a no into a yes...

69 INT. BABA COFFEESHOP - DAY

69

SWEET&SOUR is **PLAYING A NEW TRACK** for TRU...

TRU

Brah, this track rips... Straight
up real... but why keep giving away
material to Casper? You can't keep
giving away your best stuff.

SWEET&SOUR

He's gonna get me a good slot.
He promised me.

TRU

And you're okay with that?

SWEET&SOUR

Oh yeah I fucking love updating
software that keeps crashing,
fiddling with buffer settings,
trying to remember dozens of
passwords, and an operating system
that is completely inoperable,
instead of making music.

TRU

Brah, you're good, seriously good,
you need to get up front.

SWEET&SOUR

Damn straight I do!

Sweet&Sour turns the track up LOUD, and this Asperger dynamo
GETS UP DANCING. He pulls YARA to her feet, dancing with
him, making everybody laugh with his weird kinetic bullshit.

SWEET&SOUR (CONT'D)

C'mon baby, set that baby-I-got-
you-so-wet-groove... Drop the beat
and drop your panties!

Yara plays along -- as BERLIN angrily bursts into the lounge!

BERLIN

Turn it down! I got customers!

Sweet&Sour teases her, blocking her the controls, and starts trying to do the bump with her... and even Krusader has to laugh -- when SUDDENLY THE MUSIC STOPS...

SWEET&SOUR

Fucking system crashes! I hate this goddamn software!

BERLIN

Would somebody PLEASE have sex with Sweet&Sour so he can calm down.

Berlin walks out past the arriving CASPER as the Asian makes some salacious gesture.

Tru turns to Casper, silently asking the question... Casper nods. Tru gets up, pulling the Dutchman aside.

TRU

You did it?

CASPER

They were pretty angry. But yeah, I smoothed it over. We're good.

TRU

What did you say? Do they know it was me?

CASPER

No, everything is cool. Don't worry what I said. I spin shit. I sold 'em. It's over. Just stay out of the Red Light for a while so that guy don't recognize you. But we're all good.

Another set of footsteps. In hurries SILVER, excited, looking like the cat who ate the canary.

SILVER

Casper, some bad news. Larz bumped your slot up an hour.

CASPER

What're you talking about?

SILVER

You're opening for my new client.

Silver winks at Tru.

TRU

No fucking way... really?

70 EXT. AMSTERDAM PLAZA, "KING'S DAY" - DAY 70

One of the most wild, colorful festivities in Amsterdam is April 27th when the city celebrates the King's birthday. Everybody wears something orange. Vendors sell shirts, neck beads, cheap orange wigs, silly hats, and orange jello shots. The canals are choked with boats of party people all in orange. Water cannons spray arcs of water. Orange confetti rains from the upper floors of buildings.

YARA presents TRU a FLYER to promote his club date this Saturday night. She has used the Tahitian warrior symbol from his medallion as his logo.

YARA

I made it up for you. What?
You don't like it?

TRU

You used my medallion. Yara.
I totally love it. This is so
fucking thoughtful.

Yara beams as KRUSADER walks up smoking an orange hash spliff. With him is a glum SWEET&SOUR. The girls give them each a stack of flyers.

TRU (CONT'D)

(to Sweet&Sour)

We're going to get you up there
next, alright?

SWEET&SOUR

Yara made you a flyer? Of course.

SILVER

Shut up. Where's Casper and Berlin?

KRUSADER

Said they had business and left.

71 MONTAGE BEGINS: 71

MUSIC BEAT as the crew hands out flyers in the plaza.

They start adorning and transforming each other with orange crap being sold out here for King's Day.

They are putting up flyers outside a BUSY PUB, when suddenly charging out comes a big angry PUB OWNER!

PUB OWNER

You can't poster my property!

This quickly escalates to shoving. Wild Sweet&Sour squares off to fight, even though this pub owner is twice his size...

This cracks up Tru, as Krusader hustles the Asian away.

The girls tear off the flyers, and they get the hell out of there, everybody now laughing and bonding as friends.

Silver sees a LEATHER JACKET in a STORE WINDOW.

She makes Tru try it on.

Silly fun as the crew helps Tru accessorize his new deejay wardrobe. Silver is taking charge of this metamorphose.

Shots of them all trying on lots of crazy cool clothes.

The body language between Silver and Tru is getting more intimate.

Silver pays for Tru's new wardrobe.

MONTAGE ENDS as Silver sits at a sewing table embroidering Tru's logo on the back of his new jacket. She looks up to see Tru looking at her.

TRU

You really ran up your credit card on me today. Thank you.

SILVER

Don't thank me. This isn't charity. I plan to make a lot of money off of you.

72

INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

72

TRU wears trunks and flip flops, but has not taken off his new jacket with the LOGO, as he cooks in the kitchen, when CHLOE walks in, high as usual, reeking of weed.

CHLOE

Heya.

TRU

I'm making food. Hungry?

CHLOE

No thanks. Maybe later.

TRU

I'll make a little extra, in case you work up an appetite.

She smiles, feeling comfortable around him, then disappears into Casper's room.

73 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 73

She kicks off her shoes... Settles on the big bed.
Opens her laptop. Finds her online CANNABIS COLLEGE WEBSITE.
Starts doing coursework...

74 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - NIGHT 74

Tru is making two of his special ISLAND BURRITOS.

75 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 75

Chloe cuts up a few lines of WHITE POWDER on a mirror.

76 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 76

Tru serves up two plates.

TRU
Chloe! Come eat something.

No reply. He goes and knocks on the bedroom door.

TRU (CONT'D)
Chloe? You gotta try my special
island burrito.

Still no answer. Nothing. Door is locked.

TRU (CONT'D)
Chloe? C'mon... You okay?

Now he is worried. He tugs at the doorknob, SHOUTING her name. Nothing.

Tru slams his shoulder into the door. It holds. He tries again. Breaks it down--

77 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 77

He finds CHLOE SPRAWLED UNCONSCIOUS ON THE BED. He rushes to her side. He realizes she isn't breathing.

He sees the WHITE POWDER...

Tru tries to resuscitate Chloe. He is trained in CPR.
Clears her mouth. Blows... Chest massage...

CHLOE
Chloe! Fucking breathe!

Nothing. He keeps trying. Blows... Chest massage...

TRU
Goddammit Chloe! No, no, no!

78

EXT. CASPER'S APARTMENT BLDG - NIGHT

78

PARAMEDICS load the BODY BAG into the ambulance.

TRU stands numb, in shock, struggling to process this. Chloe is fucking dead. She was just here. Now she is gone.

Casper roars home on his SCOOTER -- having gotten Tru's call. He pulls up, rocking the Vespa up on it's kickstand, watching as the Paramedics are closing the rear doors.

CASPER
Is she okay?

Tru is too busted up to speak.

CASPER (CONT'D)
Oh stop it. She's gonna be fine.

Tru shakes his head.

CASPER (CONT'D)
No way? She's dead? Is that what you're saying? Chloe's dead?
(processing)
That is so fucked up.

Casper seems more surprised than heart broken.

TRU
She Oded.

CASPER
Tell me you got rid of it.
Nobody saw it, right?

TRU
Of course I got rid of it.

CASPER
I gotta clean up whatever shit she was into before the cops come.

Casper gets off the Scooter and starts to head upstairs, but Tru stops him.

TRU
I tasted it. It wasn't coke.
Was it that white heroin?

CASPER
How would I know? Let go.

TRU
You took that shit back, right?

CASPER
Yes.

Tru keeps looking at the Dutchman, who is strangely cold, showing little empathy for his dead fuck buddy.

TRU
Shouldn't we go to the hospital
or something?

CASPER
Why? She's already dead.

Casper walks to his apartment, leaving Tru to watch the ambulance take Chloe away.

79 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

79

TRU walks in to find CASPER staring blankly at some silly nonsense on TV.

TRU
I gotta ask you again. We don't
still have the knapsack?

CASPER
No. I gave it back. I swear.

TRU
Then how did this happen?

CASPER
I dunno. She works in the red
light. She's a prostitute. She
huffs coke all the fucking time.
What can I say? This is fucked up.

TRU
You don't seem too upset that
she's dead.

CASPER

What kind of fucked up shit is that to say? Of course I'm upset. Jesus. Fuck off with judgmental bullshit. Leave me alone.

Casper goes into his bedroom and closes his door.

80

EXT. AMSTERDAM - DAWN

80

YARA leans on a bridge rail, tears falling, staring sadly at the city reflecting off the water.

YARA

--Chloe brought me to Amsterdam. I just wanted a place to fit in. Nobody ever talked to me in high school... Chloe taught me how to dress, how to do my hair, how to fit it...

TRU, SILVER, and the CREW stand with her, all except Casper.

YARA (CONT'D)

I was afraid something bad would happen to her... She always needed to live life faster than anybody else. She always wanted more.

Krusader comforts her.

TRU

I don't get Casper.

BERLIN

He just isn't good at showing emotions. A lot of Dutch are raised that way.

TRU

I guess.

SILVER

Where is he?

TRU

Out. Somewhere.

KRUSADER

Is there going to be a funeral?

Nobody knows.

81 INT. CLUB ZOOM - NIGHT 81

CASPER IS PERFORMING behind the decks. The club is near capacity, the dance floor going, but it is still early.

82 INT. CLUB ZOOM, REST ROOM - NIGHT 82

Tru stands in the far back, fighting nerves... He pulls his MEDALLION from around his neck... Fixes his gaze on the sacred symbol... Squeezes his hand around it. CLOSES his eyes, feeling his Tahitian Warrior blood pumping...

83 INT. CLUB ZOOM - NIGHT 83

VALEK the slick Ukrainian is working YARA again.

VALEK

Think of what you could do with \$100,000 Euros?

YARA

I don't wanna do it.

VALEK

The Sheik would set you up first class. Nice big apartment. A private driver. The best clothes. He treats his hostesses very well. And then there are the tips to be made from his friends...

BERLIN steps up in the Ukrainian's face.

BERLIN

Go away Valek, fucking creepo. Stop trying to pimp out Yara to your freaky Sheik.

Valek keeps his composure, enjoying her fire.

VALEK

I'm sure he'd pay a lot more for you, my sweet Berlin.

With a gracious bow, Valek moves on.

BERLIN

Fuck that Sheik pimp.

SILVER walks up, looking for Tru.

SILVER
Where is Tru?

YARA
I think he's in the restroom.

Silver turns, walks undaunted into the men's room.

84 INT. CLUB ZOOM, BATHROOM - NIGHT 84

Silver walks unabashedly past guys at urinals holding their junk, scanning for Tru.

On Tru, focusing, mediating, breathing steady... Medallion in his closed fist... unaware SILVER is now standing three feet away. Tru OPENS his eyes, surprised to find her so close.

SILVER
There's no upside to being nervous.
Nobody wants to see you screw up.
They expect you to dazzle them.
So you give them what they want.
Feed off that good energy.

TRU
I feel weird about going on with
Chloe being dead and all.

SILVER
Don't let a dead addict ruin
tonight for you.

TRU
That's just it, nobody seems to
care, not even Casper.

SILVER
Don't make this about them. This
is YOU. Chloe was your friend,
right? Wouldn't she want you to
blow the doors off this place? You
bet she would. So go do it.

85 INT. CLUB ZOOM - NIGHT 85

Tru walks purposely out of the restroom, moving around edge of the dance floor, glowing hot white, everybody going off to Casper's set. Silver falls behind, as Tru walks up behind the decks, for the handoff from Casper.

Casper is a little less friendly, no smile, just a simple nod as he steps back, his remix still pounding...

Tru assumes command, in front of everybody, expected to make the seamless beat match transition into his set... But instead he cuts the master volume the club going SILENT.

The dance floor jars to a STOP... Everybody is looking as Tru picks up the microphone.

TRU

I saw a big sign when I got to town. White Heroin being sold for Cocaine. This week I lost a friend. A girl who dreamed of opening a coffeeshop. Watch out. Don't do any. Life can end at any moment, so what do we do? We go after our dreams. Right now. No hesitation. No putting them off. Are you with me? We go for it! Together! Tonight!

He drops the beat and it is on! The lights swirl on as he builds a **NEW ORIGINAL TRU SONG.**

Heads are turning... The Hawaiian reads the crowd energy, and adjusts his performance. Tru ramps up the beats per minute, adds more crunch, and is bouncing with energy.

SILVER works her way through the dance floor, where she dances her way to the front helping to energize people with her moves in synch with Tru's music, as it keeps building, layer after layer.

More hot girls start follow, start to dance with Silver. Now the guys are following, and the energy ignites as the song kicks into high gear!

Tru is fabulous and is noticed by industry heavyweights at the VIP tables.

Casper, Berlin, Krusader, and Sweet&Sour are hanging back near the decks. They share looks, acknowledge Tru's music. This Hawaiian can sling it.

86

EXT. CLUB ZOOM - NIGHT

86

An expensive grey MERCEDES sedan rolls up. It double-parks as close to the entrance as it can. The doors swing open and out step MUAZ, SABEER, followed by a couple other tough looking Moroccans.

They walk to the entrance, cut the line, and when JANZOOM wants to know what is going on, they firmly move him out of their way, and walk inside.

87 INT. CLUB ZOOM - NIGHT

87

TRU TRANSITIONS INTO A NEW ORIGINAL EDM SONG, beat-matching, dropping the volume way down.

Tru's got his GUITAR strapped on, a GIBSON 335, and he starts strumming, something this crowd seldom sees, a DeeJay who is a real musician, and he SETS A UPTEMPO GUITAR GROOVE.

And now the groove is repeating, and he is back on the decks, building the song... Casper, Berlin, Krusader, and Sweet&Sour are loving this.

But it doesn't stop MUAZ, SABEER, and the two Moroccans flanking them, as they move for the stage, throwing shoulders and elbows into everybody, clearing a path--

This draws the eye of Casper, who realizes with rising panic that they are coming for him.

Now Tru sees the Moroccans. He freezes with fear, sure they have come for him!

The doorman Janzoon is trying to catch up, waving to DIRK the bartender, who jumps the bar--

The Moroccans shove past Silver, who stops dancing, her anger quickly turning to fear.

Casper frantically backs away... But the Moroccans get their hands on him... Shaking him... Slapping him!

SABEER

You're fucking dead!

Tru watches them rough up Casper, unable to hear what they are saying, and trying to process what is happening, while keeping the music going,.

Sweet&Sour foolishly steps up to help Casper, only to get punched, spun around, and LITERALLY TOSSED UP ON THE DECKS!

THE MUSIC BUMPS... SKIPS... STOPS.

The club and dance floor comes to a standstill. No reason to continue, Tru whips off his guitar, and abandons the decks to help Casper!

He is cold-cocked by Muaz, stumbling to the floor. As he struggles to get up, he can hear the Moroccans shouting, accusing Casper of peddling their stolen dope!

MUAZ

We fucking know it's you!

CASPER

You got the wrong guy!

Suddenly the Moroccans are surrounded by EVERY EMPLOYEE at Club Zoom, many clutching SLAPJACKS, braced for a fight.

The Moroccans have made their point to Casper, and now they want the entire club to hear it.

SABEER

Casper's a goddamn thief! Why are you employing this piece of shit who steals from us?

CASPER

That's not true!

MUAZ

Fucking liar! We know you've been selling it!

LARZ pushes up into the middle of this.

LARZ

Take this outside.

MUAZ

How much of our product have you bought from this thief?

Muaz takes a step at Larz, who is immediately protected by his guys.

LARZ

I know nothing of this.

CASPER

Either do I. I swear.

SABEER

You are liar. I see your eyes.

And Casper's eyes reveal his guilt.

LARZ

I RESPECT that you are upset. All I am asking is please *take this outside*.

Only when the Moroccans are good and ready, do they walk away. The crowd parts, letting them past.

Silver grabs Tru, gestures to the decks and the crowd.

SILVER

Get back on the decks.

LARZ

No, Tru's done. Fuck Casper and all of his Friendly Ghosts.

TRU

Whatever shit he's into that's not my deal.

CASPER

I didn't steal their shit!
Why the fuck would I steal from them? I'm not stupid.

LARZ

I don't care. I can't have issues with these people. Go fuck off.

Casper grabs his computer and storms out. He refuses to look at Tru, who watches him go.

88 INT. CLUB ZOOM - NIGHT

88

TRU follows CASPER outside, the crew right behind him.

TRU

Shit, Casper. Hold up. Don't you walk away from me.

Tru grabs Casper, spins him around.

TRU (CONT'D)

You never returned the knapsack.

CASPER

I don't need your shit right now.

TRU

That means Chloe's dead because of you.

Casper desperately wants to keep lying, because the truth is too heavy a burden...

He is about to spin more bullshit when he sees the ominous grey MERCEDES, window down, revealing SABEER, watching...

Tru follows Casper's gaze, and is momentarily frozen, not realizing Casper has hurried off to his SCOOTER.

Casper cranks the engine, and HAULS ASS OUT OF THERE!

The MERCEDES pulls out, following... Tru watches, frightened for Casper, this shit getting real. He turns to the others.

TRU (CONT'D)

Did you all know about this?

YARA

We aren't drug dealers, fuck that. No, man. No way.

TRU

How do you know it's drugs?

KRUSADER

Like we're stupid? What else could it be? Time shares?

SWEET&SOUR

Do I look like I'm some fat cat slinging molly? I got holes in my socks and banana hammocks. Here, wanna see?

YARA

This isn't funny. I'm not a dope dealer. None of us have money. Why don't you ask Berlin, she's the one who sells drugs for a living and wears great clothes--

Yara turns Berlin, wearing her expensive couture outfit.

Suddenly they are all wondering about the fashionista.

BERLIN

Why are you all looking at me?
Oh fuck off. Fuck the lot of you.
I'm the only one with a real job.

Berlin swings a high-heeled leg over her SCOOTER, cranks it up, and drives away.

89

INT. BEER PUB - NIGHT

89

SILVER sits with Tru at a table, reading him the riot act.

SILVER

Larz isn't going to change his mind. Who do you think supplies the Ecstasy they sell in that club? Are you involved in something I need to know about?

TRU

No. If I wanted to sell dope
I would've have stayed in Oahu,
dealing ice for the Cane Boyz.
I'm not into criminal shit.
I'm into making music.

SILVER

I hope not, Tru. I really do.
Because I've no tolerance for it.
This business is hard enough.

Tru is wrestling with telling her the whole truth.

SILVER (CONT'D)

What is it you're not telling me?

TRU

I, uh... I guess I haven't been
totally straight with you.

She fucking knew it, bracing for the truth.

TRU (CONT'D)

The night I got into Amsterdam
there was this pickpocket--

ANOTHER ANGLE FROM A DISTANCE

We watch, but cannot hear, as Tru lays down the entire story,
and Silver's face as she reacts...

She bolts to her feet in anger.

Tru rises, trying to calm her down, but Silver wants nothing
to do with him or this bullshit.

He tries to reason with her, stop her from leaving, BUT
SILVER STORMS AWAY, leaving Tru watching his best chance walk
out the door.

90

EXT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

90

Tru comes after Silver again, grabbing her by the arm, but
shakes free of his grip.

SILVER

Get your hands off me!

TRU

Don't be this way. Can't you
see I got totally screwed?

SILVER

Don't drag me into your bull
shit. I was wrong about you.
We're done. Goodbye.

She marches for a nearby TAXI. He still comes after her.

TRU

C'mon, that's not fair.

She turns, her force field fully charged, and gives him a
furious look that stops him short.

SILVER

I SAID goodbye. Go home. Go back
to shaping boards.

She steps into the TAXI and is gone.

91 INT. CASPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

91

Tru sets down his guitar and knapsack, using his key to enter
Casper's apartment...

HE FINDS THE PLACE TRASHED, everything broken, thrown over,
somebody turned this place upside-down looking for dope.
Sofa cushions sliced open.

His has been luggage searched.

TRU

Casper? You in here?

No sign of him -- or a body. Kitchen drawers pulled out,
contents dumped on floor. The refrigerator pulled out of
wall, tipped over, so they could search behind it -- the door
open, food fallen out, splattered on the floor.

The bedroom is worse. Destroyed -- and whoever did this
enjoyed doing it.

Tru dials Casper's number. No answer... VOICE MAIL IS FULL.
Now Tru is scared, really scared...

He starts quickly gathering his belongings strewn around in
this mess and crams in into his backpack and rolling luggage.

He hears a NOISE. It fucking makes him jump. But it's
nothing. He is pretty sure it's nothing...

Tru starts packing faster... He zips up everything, hoists
his backpack over his shoulders, then heads out the door and
never looks back.

92 EXT. BERLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 92

Tru shows up, fighting panic, looking around to see if he's being followed.

He stops short, seeing an exquisite Maybach TOWNCAR double-parked. Tru recognizes VALEK leaning against it, flanked by a couple UKRANIANS.

Tru steps to the DOOR REGISTRY. Finds Berlin. Enters her code. Her hurried, unsettled VOICE comes over the intercom.

BERLIN (INTERCOM)

Valek? I'm almost packed. I just need another few minutes.

TRU

It's me, Tru.

(no reply)

Casper's place has been ransacked. Did you hear what I said? Are you going somewhere? C'mon, let me in. I'm really fucking scared.

The door BUZZES open.

93 INT. BERLIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 93

Tru steps into BERLIN'S quirky cool pad. She is packing, moving fast, scooping clothes out of drawers, and dumping them unfolded into several bags.

TRU

Where are you running to like a rat off a sinking ship? Aren't those guys downstairs the same creeps hounding Yara to hostess for some Sheik in Dubai?

BERLIN

I hear Dubai is like stepping twenty minutes into the future.

TRU

You're out of your fucking mind.

BERLIN

How bad can it be for \$100,000 Euros a year?

TRU

You were selling that dope with Casper, weren't you?

She approaches her row of WIGS ON Styrofoam heads, selects a platinum blonde number, and fits it upon her head.

BERLIN

Arab gentlemen prefer my favorite shade of blonde.

TRU

Should I be leaving too?

BERLIN

I don't know what to tell you... Who can say what Casper will kick loose when they find him? That's certainly a conversation I don't care to have with the Moroccans.

Berlin genuinely wishes there was something she could say to sooth Tru...

Instead she settles for giving him a fashion accessory, a scarf, putting it on him, futzing with it, making it right.

BERLIN (CONT'D)

It looks good on you. Keep it. Help me with my bags, will you?

94

EXT. BERLIN'S APARTMENT BLDG - NIGHT

94

Tru sets down some BAGS, which a UKRAINIAN puts in the trunk. The flashy German diva gives the Hawaiian a goodbye kiss.

BERLIN

You're really very talented.

TRU

What if Casper's not okay?
What if they fucking kill him?

Berlin refuses to engage this concept. Instead gives a theatrical wave goodbye with her gloved hand, and allows Valek to seat her inside the posh Maybach.

Valek gives Tru a sympathetic look, then offers his CARD.

VALEK

There's always a market for a handsome, open-minded young man with a valid U.S. passport.

Tru declines the card. The rejection does not dampen Valek's greasy veneer and ever-creepy smile, as he and the Ukrainians join their female prize inside the Maybach, and drive away.

95 INT. METROLINK STATION - NIGHT

95

TRU buys a fare for the train, heading for Schiphol Airport. He is flying home. As he lugs his luggage to the platform he sees something that stops him short...

The FLYER for tonight's show at Zoom. His name and logo in print. Tru stares at it. This makes him sad. He was so close, just to have life get in the way...

SILVER (V.O.)
Yara makes a nice flyer.

He looks up, surprised to find SILVER standing there.

SILVER
Berlin called me on her way
out of town. I guess maybe she
grew a conscience, or thought you
deserved a break.

Tru doesn't know what to say.

SILVER (CONT'D)
If they wanted you, they would've
confronted you at the club. They
don't know you took that knapsack.

TRU
But what if they catch him? What
if they make him talk?

Silver is not one for false sentimentality.

SILVER
Look, Casper has always been a
two-faced party boy swinging a big
dick who uses people and plays the
angles fast and loose and frankly
I never liked him. So now I'm
supposed to feel bad when he pulls
more of the same shit and it all
comes crashing down on him?

TRU
Putting up your force field again?

SILVER
I came here for you, didn't I?
Don't go, Tru. Stick around. We
don't need Larz anymore... Have
you seen this?

She starts tapping various APS on her SMARTPHONE.

SILVER (CONT'D)
Check you out on Instagram.
You're blowing up...

Each Ap she flows through shows all the hits and shares he's gotten for the VIDEO OF SWEET&SOUR FLYING OVER THE DECKS.

SILVER (CONT'D)
I'm really starting to like this
freaky little Chinese guy. Look
at all these hits?

TRU
Is that good?

SILVER
If a link to a new tune on your
SoundCloud manages to get a
twentieth of the likes a gif of
a cat falling off a table does,
you're doing great.

She offers her hand.

He takes it.

96 INT. SILVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

96

Silver leads Tru into her tidy one bedroom, a place you hold while trying to go somewhere else, that she held three years too long. The walls filled with posters of living somewhere else. All the places she was going to go with El Diablo.

SILVER
I'm tired. I'm going to bed.

Silver makes sure the front door is locked. Then she opens the closet. She pulls some BLANKETS and PILLOWS from a closet and puts them on the sofa.

SILVER (CONT'D)
Get some sleep. You need new
songs. You need videos too.
We start tomorrow.

She closes her bedroom door.

97 INT. SILVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

97

TRU is sprawled on the sofa... He wakes up to Silver in the kitchen brewing coffee. She is fresh out of the shower and a different kind of gorgeous without makeup.

She sees the way he is looking at her, and has no patience for puppy love. She gruffly hands him a mug of coffee.

SILVER

Get up. If you're hungry...
I've got--

She opens her near-empty refrigerator.

SILVER (CONT'D)

--Some sushi from Yamazato...
This curry still smells okay.

TRU

Any eggs and bacon?

SILVER

I don't grocery shop. I do
take away and to-go-boxes.

98 EXT. AMSTELSTRAAT STREET - DAY

98

Silver hurries Tru across Rembrandtplein Plaza and down a commercial street. They are heading for a sign that reads AUDACIOUS RECORDS.

THE GREY MERCEDES zooms up and cuts them off.

Doors fly open. SABEER and MUAZ are out of car in a heartbeat and there is nowhere to run.

Tru steps protectively in front of Silver, his legs wide in a subtle, but clear fighting stance...

Nothing is said as the Moroccans look them over. Sabeer sweeps his jacket back enough to show that he is STRAPPED.

SABEER

Where is he?

TRU

I dunno.

MUAZ

Lemme see your phone.

TRU

Fuck off.

MUAZ WRESTLES TRU INTO A HEADLOCK, as Sabeer pats him down and takes his cell. He points at Silver to step back.

SILVER

He's telling you the truth. He
has nothing to hide.

Sabeer checks the messages... The call log...

Satisfied, he gives Muaz a nod, and the big man releases Tru,
who angrily steps back. Sabeer tosses the his phone back.

They step back into the Mercedes and drive away, as Tru
and Silver both take a seat on the steps...

SILVER (CONT'D)

The good news is they don't have
Casper, and they don't want you.
So we can concentrate on our work.

TRU

Yeah, with what's left of my neck.
I can't fucking turn my head.

99

INT. AUDACIOUS RECORDS, RECEPTION - DAY

99

Tru is wide-eyed, looking at all the GRAMMY AWARDS
in the showcases, as SILVER slips Euros to a sexy young
ASSISTANT alone in this empty recording studio.

ASSISTANT

You have at least seven hours
until Dave comes back.

SILVER

Thank you so much.

ASSISTANT

Least I can do for getting me this
job. Besides, Dave loves you.

Silver leads Tru through this plush facility.

TRU

Dave who?

SILVER

You still don't know where you are?

Tru still doesn't get it as she leads him into--

100

INT. AUDACIOUS RECORDS, STUDIO BAY

100

A spectacular state-of-the-art STUDIO BAY.

SILVER

The legendary Dave Aude. He's produced U2, Lady Gaga, Katy Perry, Rihanna, Madonna, Beyonce, Celine Dion, Coldplay, Sting, Britney Spears - well, nobody's perfect.

Tru is blown away. He has never had access to such gear. He pulls a vintage FENDER MUSTANG with a VIBRATO TAILPIPE off of a rack of spectacular guitars...

TRU

This is the guitar Hendrix used before they had synthesizers to get all those sounds like seabirds and sirens and motorcycles revving, like on *Crosstown Traffic*.

He puts it back, then marvels at the mixing boards.

TRU (CONT'D)

Are you sure this is okay?

SILVER

Get busy and be brilliant.

101 MONTAGE BEGINS:

101

Tru at a keyboard using Pro Tools.

Tru getting crazy sounds out of that Fender Mustang.

Silver watching as he is playing with a new melody. He is riffing a vocal over it... then turns to her.

TRU

Can you sing?

SILVER

No. Uh uh. I sound like a cat.

TRU

Sure you can. Sing this.
La la la, dah dah, la la la.

Silver absolutely doesn't want to do this, but Tru is giving her that look. Silver finally concedes to give it a try...

He helps her find the melody... She is singing... Can't quite hit the high notes, but there is something to it.

TRU (CONT'D)

Let's get you in the booth.

Tru sets Silver up in the booth.

Silver **SINGING BACKGROUND ON A TRACK WITH TRU**. This becomes an intimate moment of them sharing a microphone, standing close together, their faces, their lips so close.

They ALMOST share a first kiss... But she pokes a fingernail into his chest, pushes him back.

Tru back at the boards adding the new vocals to his song, pitch editing to retune Silver's voice, making her perfect...

SILVER

I sang that?

TRU

No, what you sang fell flat of pretty much every high note, but this is the digital age.

Silver swats him, and he grins, their camaraderie growing,

Tru adds musical layers... HIS NEW SONG IS BORN...

102 EXT. BOAT IN THE CANAL - DAY 102

The new song CONTINUES as the crew shoots video of TRU performing at a deejay deck set up on a boat in the canal...

SILVER & YARA are dancing in matching wigs and costumes, flanked on each side of the new star.

KRUSADER operates a Red Camera as SWEET&SOUR holds the boom mic with sound gear hung over his shoulder.

103 INT. SILVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 103

A comical series of shots as SILVER continues to close her bedroom door on Tru every night, leaving him with blue balls.

104 EXT. AMSTERDAM GRAFFITI ALLEY - NIGHT 104

Tru's new song CONTINUES to play as we follow a trail of splashing Gasoline splashing on asphalt...

TRU in his leather jacket with the logo, pouring gas from a fuel can on the street as SILVER and YARA dance in urban outfits... KRUSADER is filming... SWEET&SOUR recording...

Tru strikes a MATCH and drops it, igniting his gasoline trail on fire -- revealing it to be his LOGO!

105 INT. CLUB MELKWEG - NIGHT

105

The song CONTINUES as we follow a guy in a day glow blue PREDATOR MASK, escorting a CLUB GIRL in sneakers, garter belt, and a furry wolf ears, as they enter an unassuming double door, and descend into the dazzling electric starry cosmos of this top Amsterdam nightclub.

They enter the main room where we find TRU, his shirt off, going Tahitian Warrior with his mighty surfer shoulders and North Shore tattoos, on stage deejaying this wild scene...

Tru is playing TRIBAL DRUMS (or whatever) giving the song a new dimension. Tru is crushing it! The crowd loves this live performance combined with electronica!

Silver is dancing by the decks. Yara is selling merchandise. Krusader is videotaping with Sweet&Sour on sound...

Krusader's Red Epic sweeps the audience, stopping on the PREDATOR MASK... who is the only person not dancing in this madness of light, sound, and sweat. He stands staring curiously at the deejay...

The Predator sweeps back his day glow mask, revealing he is **THE PICKPOCKET**... And this Moroccan recognizes Tru.

MONTAGE ENDS:

106 INT. SILVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

106

Tru's song winds down as SILVER previews a potential final edit of the new VIDEO on her laptop. TRU and the others huddle over her shoulder, pumped over the cut... The song ends as the video goes to black. Silver turns to the others, waiting for the verdict...

SILVER

Do I hit send? Once it's out there, no taking it back.

Tru and the crew exchange looks, which one by one become excited nods, and it is unanimous.

TRU

Do it... No, wait...

KRUSADER

We've been here all fucking night. Send it already.

Silver waits on Tru, who smiles. Silver hits send! The video starts uploading on You Tube...

107 INT. UNCLE OWL'S SURF SHOP - DAY 107

The big Polynesian UNCLE OWL has his hands in the air, dancing with SHAPERS and SALESPEOPLE as they watch the new video online off a laptop.

108 INT. DUBAI SHEIK'S PARLOR - DAY 108

On a smartphone playing the video held by scantily clad blonde BERLIN in the lap of luxury nuzzled beside her SHEIK. Seeing this makes her smile.

109 INT. EL DIABLO'S HOME STUDIO - DAY 109

EL DIABLO in his home studio, watching the video, and finding Silver dancing. He FREEZE FRAMES on her.

We see a hint of sadness in the pop star's eyes.

Diablo turns to the wall where a FRAMED PHOTO hangs of them together in happy times.

110 INT. CLUB CANDELA, JUBAIR'S OFFICE - DAY 110

THE PICKPOCKET playing the video for JUBAIR, SABEER, & MUAZ in the Kingpin's office. This cannot be good.

111 EXT. MAGIC TRUFFLES SHOP - DAY 111

SILVER stands outside a Magic Truffles Shop, showing Tru her her smartphone and all the hits their new video is getting.

SILVER

You've gotten over 150,000 plays.

TRU

Is that good?

KRUSADER

You freakin' dumbass, that's bloody brilliant is what it is.

SILVER

We decided that you deserve a day off to celebrate and really see Amsterdam.

YARA

And you haven't truly seen Amsterdam until--

SWEET&SOUR

You've seen the one-eared-wonder on
Magic Truffles.

112 INT. MAGIC TRUFFLES SHOP - DAY 112

Everybody stands gathered, each opening a boxed Truffle,
ready to gobble it down...

YARA

Everyone start with only half
a box--

TRU

Wait! A toast... To Casper...
We hope he's okay... And if not...
then we thank him for bringing
us all together.

Despite mixed feelings for Casper, they all acknowledge the
sentiment and all clink their truffle boxes together. Then
they gobble down their truffles...

113 INT. VAN GOGH MUSEUM - DAY 113

They all stand side by side in a gallery, staring at Van
Gogh's treasure "*Starry Night*." The unusual thickness of
the many layers of paint make everything appear 3-D.

SWEET&SOUR

I have acquired the ability to
see energy and the people around
me while my eyes are closed.

SILVER

I can feel my hair. Touch my
hair. I want you to touch my hair.

TRU

We're all one giant consciousness
condensed into a slow vibration.

YARA

If God dropped Magic Truffles,
would he see people?

KRUSADER

What the fuck does that mean?
You all sound like tools.

YARA

Aren't you high?

KRUSADER

I don't feel shit. I got a bad batch. I'm eating more--

Krusader pulls out his box and gobbles down more Truffles.

CUT TO The gang now staring at "*Trees and Undergrowth*." The trees begin swaying in a heavy wind...

SILVER

Look, I can move those trees with my mind.

TRU

I thought I was doing that.

Silver erupts into another giggling fit. Krusader still doesn't feel anything and is grumpy.

KRUSADER

I had a fucking box and half and nothing! Give the rest of yours.

YARA

I wouldn't do that.

The Brit grabs Yara's box and gobbles down more Truffles...

HOURS LATER... Everybody sitting on a bench in the gallery staring at the paintings... when a MUSEUM GUARD taps them.

MUSEUM GUARD

Excuse me, the museum is closing.

They start getting up, realizing somebody is missing.

YARA

Where did Krusader go off to?

The guard's WALKIE-TALKIE crackles in urgent Dutch, and suddenly another GUARD runs past, both of them rushing into the next gallery.

The crew gets up and follows a TRAIL OF SHED CLOTHING.

They find Krusader standing **NAKED**, wrecked with furious laughter as he stares at Van Gogh's *The Bedroom*.

114 INT. SILVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

114

Silver and Tru sit on the floor on a soft rug silently passing a JOINT and sipping RED WINE... Still high, but coming down nicely...

They steal sweet looks at each other... They catch each other. No longer looking away...

Tru runs his hand along her thigh...

He leans in for a kiss. Her lips meet his...

115 INT. SILVER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 115

The sex is hot, magical, and deeply emotional...

116 INT. SILVER'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 116

Silver walks up hours later to the sight of Tru next to her in bed, looking at her. He is concerned she will feel different after the sex and sobering up.

TRU

Am I, uh... okay here? Not going to send me back to the sofa, are you?

She sips from a water bottle on the bed stand.

SILVER

This wasn't supposed to happen.

Tru gives her a confident, quiet look.

After a moment she passes him the water bottle... He takes a sip, puts it down, then lays back on the pillow. SHE SNUGGLES CLOSE, PLACING HER HEAD ON HIS CHEST... Tru strokes her hair, happier than we've ever seen him.

117 INT. SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT 117

SILVER & TRU are dressed sharp as they follow a HOSTESS into this famous staple of Amsterdam VIP nightlife, where instead of tables you eat lying or sitting on beds with tons of pillows and eat food served on brass trays.

The hostess seats them, handing them menus. As this new couple gets cozy on the bed, Silver's short skirt rides up her legs even higher. She catches him looking. This time she smiles. He smiles back.

118 INT. SUPPER CLUB - LATER 118

They are eating sushi and deep in conversation.

SILVER

I found Wouter when he was still waiting tables.

TRU

Wouter? El Diablo's name is Wouter? That totally ruins it. A Wouter is that guy at the picnic who sticks his finger in your food.

SILVER

He was struggling in bad clubs, ghost producing, getting nowhere. I made him focus. I gave him support through the tough times, I thought we were in love.... Then he leaves me at the alter. Can you even wrap your head around the complete lack of compassion it takes to do that?

TRU

Are you still in love with him?

SILVER

In love with him? I hate his guts. It's like Stannis burning his daughter alive at the stake in Game of Thrones. You don't come back from that. Besides, the fucker owes me like \$50,000 Euros.

Silver looks up, having spotted the real purpose for this dinner, seeing Don Diablo's manager NIELS walk in.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Here he comes. That's his manager. That's Niels. Always here like clockwork every Monday on Industry Night... Niles is the gate keeper. Lets go kiss the ring.

Silver boldly leads Tru right up to Neils, laughing and drinking with the rich and shameless.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Hello Niels.

NIELS

Silver? My Goodness, how do you stay so lovely? You really must learn to bottle that.

He gives her the perfunctory European kiss on each cheek.

SILVER

I want you to meet Tru. His new video is blowing up. I really think he's perfect for what you and the label are going after.

TRU

Nice to meet you, sir.

NIELS

Do I know this new release? How is it charting?

Silver holds up the JUMP DRIVE.

SILVER

I promise you're going to love it. Can I count on you to check it out?

Niels is not interested, but politely takes the drive.

NIELS

You know I love you, Silver. We'll talk later.

The music mogul turns away and Silver and Tru are left hanging there, uninvited and unwanted.

119 INT. SUPPER CLUB - LATER 119

SILVER is at the table, paying the check, when Tru taps her, pointing to NIELS leaving.

She finishes, and they walk off, passing his now empty table, when TRU stops her, pointing...

The JUMP DRIVE IS SUBMERGED IN A HALF EMPTY COCKTAIL.

SILVER

That patronizing sonofabitch!

120 EXT. SUPPER CLUB - NIGHT 120

SILVER storms outside ahead of Tru, trying to catch Niels, too late as he steps into a TAXI, which pulls out...

Tru comes up behind Silver, as she swallows a growl.

SILVER

I hate that sad, sorry douche bag and his hair plugs.

TRU
We'll get him next time.

SILVER
No, tonight, I know where he
likes to go for a nightcap.

As they walk off **THE CAMERA FINDS THE GREY MERCEDES**, dark window rolling down to reveal SABEER, watching...

121 INT. JAZZ ALTO CAFE - NIGHT 121

Silver leads Tru into the bohemian vibe of this small jazz bar, filled with photos of iconic jazz greats.

Tru is immediately smitten with the JAZZ TRIO playing.

SILVER
Do you see him? I don't. Buy
me a drink. Oh, that's right,
forgot, I'm buying.

122 EXT. JAZZ ALTO CAFE - NIGHT 122

The grey MERCEDES is parked down the street.

Pedaling past comes KRUSADER, YARA, & SWEET&SOUR on their bicycles. They lock their bikes against the wall...

123 INT. JAZZ ALTO CAFE - LATER 123

The crew has joined them in a booth and drinks are being served, as Yara points out a PHOTO of Krusader's famous father on the wall.

YARA
Look who is it?

Krusader regards his father with mixed emotions, mostly negative.

TRU
Was he a shitty dad?

KRUSADER
No... It's just that he loathes
what I do. Calls it digital
dubstep masturbation performed
by no talent models playing to
wet brains dressed in rainbows
and furry ears.

Sweet&Sour is sliding extra close to Yara, looking down her low cut top... She realizes and angrily pushes him away!

YARA

Get away! He's pouring his heart out and you're oogling my tits?

SWEET&SOUR

You were distracted so I took a shot.

KRUSADER

He says it spits in the face of every true artist who has devoted his life to craft and discipline.

Tru looks off to the Jazz players, admiring their chops.

KRUSADER (CONT'D)

This fucking business... Sometimes I think he's not wrong, and I just want to chuck it all and go home, but I can't... Giving up will only validate my father.

124 EXT. JAZZ ALTO CAFE - CONTINUOUS 124

SABEER and THE PICKPOCKET stand outside, discretely looking in the window at Casper's Friendly Ghosts...

Walking past comes NIELS accompanied by some FRIENDS.

125 INT. JAZZ ALTO CAFE - CONTINUOUS 125

Silver sees NIELS walk inside. She nudges Tru, watching as Nils and his friends settle into a back booth.

As the jazz trio takes a break, Silver brings Tru over. They loom over Niels.

SILVER

Small world.

The Manager forces a smile, sensing he is being stalked.

NIELS

Small world indeed.

SILVER

Have a chance to check out the jump drive I gave you?

NIELS

No. You just gave it to me.
I will tonight... Or tomorrow.
Why do I have the feeling that
I'm being stalked?

SILVER

Cut the bullshit, Niels. You left
the jump drive we gave you in your
fucking drink. You're damn right
I followed you. He is the real
deal. Hey Tru, give Niels another
drive. Tru?

She realizes Tru is no longer beside her.

TRU IS NOW SEATED AT THE PIANO. Silver is thinking what the
fuck is he doing?

Tru starts to tap out some notes on the piano... beautiful,
precise, building into a virtuoso Beethoven.

TRU PIANO MELODY

Niels has no interest in classical.

NIELS

C'mon, Silver, not another of
your stunts?

The PROPRIETOR is already walking around the bar to
get this tourist off the piano... But Yara blocks his path,
throwing her sexy self all over the older man.

YARA

You're cute, what's your name?

Outside, the Moroccans stoically watch.

Tru TRANSITIONS INTO JAZZ, something incredibly soulful and
sophisticated with crossing melody lines.

Niels is becoming very interested, but still gives Silver
a suspicious look.

SILVER

This isn't me. He just went up
there on his own, I dunno what
the hell he's doing?

Tru BREAKS INTO AN UPTEMPO BOOGIE-WOOGIE that gets this
quiet bar up and on their feet.

Now the JAZZ TRIO RETURNS AND JOINS IN...

Tru solos on the piano showing his virtuoso skills and brings the song to a rousing end.

Everybody in the club is on their feet, clapping as Tru accepts kudos from the jazz players.

Niels cannot help but be impressed. He eagerly takes the jump drive from Silver's hand.

126 EXT/INT. MERCEDES PARKED OUTSIDE JAZZ ALTO CLUB - NIGHT 126

SABEER and THE PICKPOCKET watch TRU, SILVER, YARA, SWEET&SOUR, & KRUSADER burst out of the club, excited about what they just accomplished!

The Pickpocket starts to open the door--

Sabeer stops him, speaking in Arabic. "Not yet."

127 EXT. ANDAZ HOTEL - DAY 127

Looking inside the windows we see TRU & SILVER cozy with NIELS in the lobby bar of this swanky designer hotel on Prisengraacht. Silver is trying to close this deal, and we're not sure she's getting there.

A LIMOUSINE wipes frame, pulling up... The door opens and two gorgeous MODELS step out dressed to thrill--

128 INT. ANDAZ HOTEL, LOBBY BAR - DAY 128

Silver holds Tru's hand as she implores Niels to sign him.

SILVER

I believe in Tru. I believe in him
as much as I ever have anybody--

NIELS

I'm interested, I am, but Tru is a
very unusual artist and I'm not
sure I can sell him.

Walking in comes EL DIABLO with his entourage, and two models draped over him. Silver pauses, watching the EDM superstar cause a stir, as he waves over the COCKTAIL GIRL.

EL DIABLO

Hello, hey, can you help us?
Good. Uhh, Dom Perignon. Will
two be enough? Yeah, two's good
to start.

(MORE)

EL DIABLO (CONT'D)

And me, how about a Cuervo 1800 Margarita, rocks, salt. Uh, and I'm hungry. Do you have a menu? Nevermind. Make it easy, just bring two of every appetizer. Thanks. Oh, and do you still have those great Pistachio cookies?

El Diablo stops, seeing Silver...

He sees Tru nuzzled close beside her, his hand held by his ex fiancée. El Diablo sends his Models off ahead to the table, then approaches, casting a confused glance to his Manager, who rises to shake his hand.

NIELS

D? Hey. Good news, we're all set for the Festival. I got them to agree to your Rider.

EL DIABLO

Hello, Sil. It's great to run into you again. That's always a great color for you.

SILVER

Hello, Wouter. Don't let us stop your little party.

She is looking at the gorgeous models waiting for him. El Diablo glances back at them, perhaps feeling a little embarrassed, then looks back at Silver, all the while ignoring Tru, who watches the uncomfortable silence between these ex lovers...

NIELS

D, I want you to meet Tru.

Tru stands, finally properly introduced to his idol, but El Diablo is still looking at Silver.

NIELS (CONT'D)

Silver is trying to convince me to sign her new client. He's an genuine original, I'll give him that much.

The manager looks at Silver, messing with her a little bit.

NIELS (CONT'D)

What were your exact words?
I believe in him as much as I ever have anybody. Looks like she's thrown the gauntlet, D.

Silver does not appreciate being teased. El Diablo sees her discomfort, and finally looks at the Hawaiian. Tru politely extends his hand--

TRU

I deeply admire your work.

El Diablo gives a perfunctory shake of his hand, and keeps looking Tru in the eye while talking to Niels.

EL DIABLO

Niels, where are we with that slot across the stage from me at the festival?

NIELS

We're talking to some big acts, we haven't made a decision yet. I was going to discuss it with you later.

EL DIABLO

If Silver is so high on her guy, put him up against me.

Silver is blind-sided, giving a suspicious look to her ex. Niels assumes El Diablo has to be joking.

NIELS

Whoa, c'mon, I'm not sure he's what the promoters had in mind...

But the EDM star is dead serious, his eyes locked on Silver, settling an old score between them.

EL DIABLO

I know Silver has her story of how if it wasn't for her I'd still be waiting tables in the Red Light.

SILVER

Enough, Wouter -- stop it.

EL DIABLO

So let's see if she's not some one-hit-wonder. Put him up, Neils. Let the kid prove himself. Put up or shut up, right?

The star looks at Tru.

EL DIABLO (CONT'D)

How's that sound to you?

TRU

Count me in, man.

El Diablo doesn't think much of his competition. This is all about Silver.

SILVER

(almost a whisper)

What are you doing?

EL DIABLO

I am picking up your gauntlet
to accept the challenge.

El Diablo walks off, joining his entourage, squeezing in between the models and refusing to return Silver's intense, bewildered stare.

129 INT. SILVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

129

Tru has transformed Silver's apartment into a studio and is downloading new sounds into his synthesizer.

SILVER

He's using you to fuck with me.
Throwing up an unknown against him
only makes him look better.

TRU

Oh thanks a lot.

SILVER

What happens if the crowd ignores
you? "The Haters" will post it
everywhere and you'll be made a
fool of. You know that's the end
of your career, right?

TRU

Haters gonna hate. If he wants to
make me Rocky to his Apollo Creed
that's okay. I'm totally down with
being the Italian Stallion.

Silver glares at Tru, easing into a grin, because she loves his passion, and allows him to pull her into a hug, and they stand there holding each other.

SILVER

Oh God does this make me Burgess
Meredith?

130 EXT. GASSAN DAM SQUARE - DAY 130

We move past the crowd outside the Royal Palace to YARA handing out her FLYERS promoting Tru at the festival. She passes a stack to SILVER, who hands some to TRU, who hands the rest to SWEET&SOUR and KRUSADER.

Silver catches Tru stopping to look at the flyer in his hand... When he realizes she has caught him staring at it, he gives this incredible smile...

Then turns to give it the next passerby--

TRU
Hey, come check out my show--

Tru has handed it to THE PICKPOCKET.

The skinny Moroccan offers a crooked smirk... Tru takes a step back, then sees SABEER and MUAZ by the grey MERCEDES.

THE PICKPOCKET
You need to come talk to us.

Tru doesn't know if he should run or fight?

THE PICKPOCKET (CONT'D)
Go ahead and run, asshole. Let's see how far you get.

KRUSADER
What's going on?

The others sense that Tru is scared, really scared. Silver firmly takes Tru by the arm, and addresses the others

SILVER
You guys keep handing out flyers.
We'll just be a little bit.

Silver gets Tru moving, walking together for the Mercedes.

Muaz opens the rear door for her. She freely slides into the backseat, followed by Tru.

131 INT/EXT. MERCEDES, GASSAN DAM SQUARE - DAY 131

One inside the blacked out windows, THE PICKPOCKET SUCKER PUNCHES TRU... And again... knocking him senseless.

Silver screams, but is held back by Muaz, who leans over the front seat to grab her, as Sabeer drives them away.

132 INT. CLUB CANDELA - DAY 132

THE PICKPOCKET, SABEER, & MUAZ manhandle TRU and SILVER past the bar of the closed club, and into the office--

133 INT. CLUB CANDELA, JUBAIR'S OFFICE - DAY 133

They are made to face Jubair. Muaz locks the door and TURNS UP THE MUSIC so nobody or no wiretaps can hear them.

JUBAIR

We know you stole the knapsack.

TRU

You found Casper? Where is he?

MUAZ SLAPS TRU.

MUAZ

We ask the questions.

Jubair leans back in his chair.

JUBAIR

Where is Casper? Poof. Vanished. Nowhere to be found.

TRU

You fucking murdered him.

JUBAIR

Is that what you think? That we slit his throat and tossed his body into the canals? I can understand why you would think that. But no, honestly, I am not aware of his whereabouts. But then again, I have people in my employ who are often encouraged not to bother me with all the details, as a way of protecting me. But as far as I know, we are trying very hard to find Casper -- he and the German girl. Do you know where she is?

Tru refuses to say anything.

MUAZ PUNCHES TRU IN THE GUT, and enjoys watching the Hawaiian double over, gasping.

SILVER

The bitch left for Dubai to hostess for some Sheik.

JUBAIR

Oh... Hmmm. The Ukrainians always provide a way out for a pretty girl willing to do anything.

Jubair stands up. He grabs Tru's hair, yanking up his head, and DRAGS THE TIP OF A LETTER OPENER ALONG HIS EYEBROWS...

JUBAIR (CONT'D)

Pretty blue eyes... Are you willing to do anything to keep them?

TRU

I didn't know what was in the knapsack. I was looking for my wallet your guy stole off me.

JUBAIR

Is this the truth?

The Pickpocket waffles.

TRU

There was almost 2,000 Euros in that wallet. It was all the money I had in the world.

JUBAIR

I asked if this is true.

THE PICKPOCKET

I dunno, maybe.

Jubair eases up, stops threatening to gouge his eyes out.

JUBAIR

I like you. My guys kick your ass, still you come back. You got the big balls. You want to square up? Then use those big balls for me. We know about this Rotterdam festival. You take in some product for us. Walk it in through the artist's entrance and it won't be a problem.

SILVER

Smuggle in ecstasy? Fuck you.

Jubair grabs Silver's jaw and SQUEEZES her mouth shut.

JUBAIR

Close your mouth, bitch.

TRU
Don't you hurt her!

MUAZ PUNCHES TRU, drops him to his knees.

JUBAIR
I will do with both of you exactly
as I please. Do you understand me?
Nod your head if you understand.

Silver nods, terrified into submission, as Tru spits out
blood, and tries to focus...

TRU
How much ecstasy?

JUBAIR
Five thousand. Exactly five
thousand. You don't want to short
the count. You get your wristband,
take it into the crowd, hand it off
to our people. That's it. You're
done. We're square.

TRU
Yeah...

JUBAIR
Good. Then you come back Saturday
morning. 11AM sharp. We tape it
to your body. Then you walk it
into the festival. Everybody wins.
Just don't forgot to play the hits.

On Tru, feeling the weight of the world, afraid to look at
Silver, because he knows she doesn't want him to do it.

134 EXT. NIEUMARKT - DAY

134

Tru and Silver sit in shell-shocked silence on a bench in the
square. They are scared. Staring off into space.

SILVER
You need to leave Amsterdam.

TRU
Not a chance.

SILVER
What if you get caught?

TRU

Artist's Entrance is a piece of
cake. I'm doing this.

SILVER

They still search you. You still
have to walk through that metal
detector.

TRU

Getting up on that stage is a
once in a lifetime shot. We
both need this.

Silver has no argument. She wants it that bad.

SILVER

Then we ride this thing out
together. Whatever happens.

She drops her head on his shoulder. He wraps his arm
around her tight.

135 INT. SILVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 135

Silver lies in bed with her head on Tru's chest, as he
strokes her beautiful hair. Both have their eyes open,
anxious, thinking, helpless...

136 EXT. THE ROTTERDAM FESTIVAL - DAY 136

As morning rises the stages are already set up on the
enormous festival grounds.

137 INT. SILVER'S APARTMENT, CLOSET - DAY 137

Tru selects his wardrobe. Selects his special jacket with
his Tahitian logo. Puts it on.

He sees SILVER at the door, watching him. They share a look
of dread.

TRU

I can't let you do this.

SILVER

Don't even try that bullshit
with me. We're together on this.
All the way.

He loves her for that.

138 EXT/INT. TAXI, DRIVING THRU AMSTERDAM - DAY 138

Silver & Tru sit in silence in the back of a cab, each looking out their window, deep in thought, fighting fear.

139 EXT. TAXI, CLUB CANDELA - DAY 139

Tru helps Silver out of a TAXI.

Silver looks at her Cartier wristwatch. It is 11AM sharp.

They stare at the Moroccan dance club, then at each other.

SILVER

Are you sure, Tru?

TRU

Are you?

She nods bravely. He gently takes her hand, and leads her to the door. The club is closed, nobody around.

Tru knocks... No answer. He keeps knocking...

Finally the door OPENS a sliver. MUAZ stares out at them, but doesn't step aside to let them in.

MUAZ

You're not needed anymore.

SILVER

What do you mean?

MUAZ

You can go. It's all taken care of. We're square... Go put on a good show.

Muaz closes the door.

Tru and Silver are dumbstruck. They are confused...

Then slowly break into grins.

140 EXT/INT. LIMOUSINE, DRIVING THRU NETHERLANDS - DAY 140

KRUSADER, YARA, SWEET&SOUR, and SILVER are excited and talking but we cannot hear a word of it over the MUSIC, as TRU is off in his own world, headphones on, as he looks out the window at the Dutch countryside.

141 EXT/INT. LIMOUSINE, FESTIVAL ARENA - DAY 141

They arrive at the festival. Establishing shots of this crazy EDM showcase put on by the biggest promoters and sponsors in the world.

Out the windows the scene is a zoo, thousands of fans lined up to get in, dressed electric kool-aide, as the the limousine circles around to the rear, approaching the restricted artist's entrance--

SWEET&SOUR

Omigod. Look who it fucking is?
Dead man walking.

Out the windows they see **CASPER** standing, chatting with people, not a care in the world.

142 EXT. FESTIVAL ARTIST'S ENTRANCE - DAY 142

As the LIMOUSINE pulls up, the crew bounds out the doors, rushing over to CASPER.

YARA

You're okay?

KRUSADER

We thought you were fucking dead.

CASPER

Everything's fine. It's all good.

TRU

You had us pretty worried.

Casper gives the Hawaiian a hug.

CASPER

Bro, I'm here for you. C'mon,
I'll explain it all later. Let's
go inside. Hit the green room, I
need a fucking drink.

Tru feels the THICK PADDING underneath Casper's clothes, REALIZING CASPER IS SMUGGLING IN THE DOPE.

Tru pauses, watching as Casper joins everybody excitedly talking over each other, as the crew innocently steps through SECURITY, showing their wristbands...

KRUSADER

So where the hell were you?
You know Berlin took off too?

CASPER

I had to split while those guys
calmed down, but it's all cool now.
Tell me how the hell Tru landed
this gig? This is amazing.

Tru lags behind as Cellphones and keys go into the PLASTIC
CUP as each person steps through the METAL ARCH...

YARA

We ambushed El Diablo's manager
with the hair plugs at the Jazz
Alto Bar--

SWEET&SOUR

Tru commandeered the piano and
the all stars and planets aligned
as he blew that fucker's mind!

Purses and Tru's knapsack are given a search and handed back
as everybody continues inside toward the green rooms--

CASPER

No fucking way. That's great.

Tru takes his knapsack from Security, and starts to walk off
after the others eyeing a SWAG TABLE where lingerie clad
HOSTESSES are offering free iWatches and designer jewelry.

SECURITY

Hey -- Wait!

Tru stops, turns around.

SECURITY (CONT'D)

Knock 'em dead. I love your video.

Tru nods, smiles, then falls in with the others, seeing
Casper looking back at him.

Tru catches up, then wraps an arm around Casper, steering him
toward an open DRESSING ROOM, as Silver looks back.

TRU

We'll catch up with you.

And Tru steers Casper inside.

143 INT. FESTIVAL, DRESSING ROOM - DAY

143

Tru locks the door. He turns to Casper, who takes a step
back, but Tru grabs him and pats him down.

TRU

You put on weight, brah.

Casper unbuttons his shirt, revealing clear plastic rolls of ECSTASY TABLETS wrapped and duct-taped around his chest.

CASPER

It got back to me what they were making you do. I had to put things right. I'm sorry about all the shit I pulled, Tru. I'm really fucking sorry.

(tears coming)

Chloe's dead because of me.

Tru lets Casper cry a moment... Waits for him to gather himself.... When Casper offers his hand.

CASPER (CONT'D)

I know how you are about shaking hands... Will you do me that much?

Tru looks at Casper. Then shakes his hand. Firm. Man to man. Not necessarily one of forgiveness. But it's a start.

CASPER (CONT'D)

Go kill it. Get out of here. Leave me to it.

As Tru steps out, Casper locks the door, takes his shirt off, and starts to pull the DRUGS taped to his body...

144 INT. FESTIVAL, GREEN ROOM - DAY

144

The walls are reverberating from the performances outside these walls as Tru is greeted by NIELS.

NIELS

How do you feel?

TRU

Good. Really fucking good.

He ushers Tru into the green room, where the others are already hanging out, pouring themselves drinks, and generally estatic over their new swag. Silver pulls Tru aside.

SILVER

Did Casper do what I think he did?

TRU

The sonofabitch is wrapped tighter than a mummy.

In walks EL DIABLO. The superstar is surrounded by his ENTOURAGE, different models this time. El Diablo stops, his eyes locked on Silver, ignoring Tru.

EL DIABLO
Whole lot of people out there.
Hope your boy can deliver.

El Diablo leaves Tru hanging. He notices some of "THE HATERS" capturing this moment of disrespect by with their cellphones and posting to the web.

SILVER
He'll be alright. He surfs waves
even bigger than your ego.

Silver and El Diablo share a look -- That becomes a smile. Niels steps in between them before El Diablo can acknowledge Tru, having brought SECURITY.

NIELS
Okay guys. It's time. Tru,
these gentleman will lead you
to your stage...

Tru nods to the SECURITY GUYS, and he and his crew fall in, following them out into festival.

145

EXT. THE FESTIVAL - DAY

145

Tens of thousands of rave hardened kids are going crazy.

DEADMAU5 is on one of the many stages, deejaying pre-baked sequences, and a lot of visual effects as Deadmau5 pulls off creepy, light-up Jack Skellington-goes-to-a-rave-at-Disneyland chic under this electric sky.

Tru arrives backstage, he climbs the stairs up to platform as DeadMau5 finishes, and crouches behind the booth. He waits to go onstage as Sweet&Sour and Krusader set up his gear.

He holds his medallion. Finds his focus and breathes.

As DeadMau5 exits the decks, Tru unceremoniously takes control to minimal applause and cheesy pyrotechnics, because Neils and the label don't believe in him.

Tru **BEGINS HIS SET**... brilliant, edgy, and original...

But the PA booms: "Please welcome the 2014 No 1 DJ in the World..." and in a roar that deafens even the fire, smoke cannons and music, 40,000 people comprehensively lose it.

The crowd turns away from Tru, and starts moving toward the other stage.

Suddenly there is a build, a drop, an EDM rumbler, and EL DIABLO is on the decks. Girls in masks, garter belts, and sneakers are screaming and "Vibe Tribe" signs are held aloft.

El Diablo is now directly across the open field from Tru, who stands at his deck, with virtually nobody giving a damn, except his tiny entourage.

El Diablo speaks into the microphone as he tweaks dials and adds layers to his original composition.

EL DIABLO

Hello, Amsterdam. I couldn't do it
without you guys, all of you!

Tru watches this spectacular opening for El Diablo. He can see that it has really got the crowd going and this will be no easy task to turn the crowd's attention to him.

The Haters are already capturing it on their smartphones and posting this slaughter.

Both El Diablo and Tru continue performing at the same time at opposite ends of the large field with dance crowd in the middle. This is a battle to draw the crowd to them.

Tru takes a bold musical chance. He stops his music. He stands up on his decks. Tugs at his medallion.

TRU

You know I came to Amsterdam to
chase my dream. Then life got in
the way. I was robbed. I was
betrayed. I was threatened. I
lost a friend who ODeD on that
white heroin shit they're selling
as cocaine. Yeah, be careful out
there. But this amazing city -- and
you amazing people. I'm not going
to quit on you. This song is for
you, Amsterdam.

The crowd erupts!

And now this unique display has the crowd turning to Tru as he begins to play a new song. This original must be brilliant. It must be the best thing we have heard in the entire movie. It must be what "Purple Rain" was to the Prince movie, or what "Lose Yourself" was to "8-Mile, or that final drum solo was to "Whip Flash."

The crowd starts to push toward Tru...

They start to abandon El Diablo.

Tru brilliantly expands the energy of his song, ramps up the beats per minute, and now he has them.

El Diablo sees he is losing the crowd. He segues into a new remix, but it is too late, the crowd is moving away.

Tru's performance is magical. He has the crowd in his hands as he works the decks. This is his moment. They see his genius. They are crowding his stage. He has beaten El Diablo. The moment is legendary.

Cellphones are flashing. The Haters are now believers. Pictures and tweets are being posted.

Silver and the crew see Tru blowing up not only right before their eyes, but on social media reaching the entire world.

El Diablo is embarrassed. He is talking to the crowd now--

EL DIABLO

I wrote this song for peace...

But the star cannot get them back, no matter what he does. El Diablo's eyes seem to meet with Tru's from across this expansive crowd converging on the newcomer.

Out of respect, Tru acknowledges El Diablo. And does the unthinkable. He drops the music to a simple beat groove...

TRU

When I was a boy, I was taken
in by my Hawaiian Uncle Owl after
my parents were killed in a car
accident. He raised me to be a
Waterman, and not to fear the North
Shore swells, but to align myself
with that energy, and honor the
spirit of Tahitian warriors.

Tru brings in a distinct Polynesian tribal beat.

TRU (CONT'D)

This gave me the power to pursue
a path that led to right here,
right now. But I wouldn't have had
a dream, if it were not for those
who inspired me, those who leave me
in awe -- like El Diablo.

Tru is now pointing across the field to his rival.

TRU (CONT'D)

I salute the one and only El
Diablo. Mahalo.

The crowd explodes with cheers and applause.

And suddenly Tru is **PLAYING A REMIX OF A EL DIABLO TUNE** --
The same song the opened the film. This is the only time he
remixes another artist's music. This is the exception.

The crowd goes wild. Tru is sending the crowd back to El
Diablo, who picks up on the cue, free-styling, and builds on
the energy, because his talent is that great.

And as he does, the superstar acknowledges the newcomer with
a respectful bow. They are now peers. Tru has made it.

Silver watches Tru with awe. He has exceeded her
expectations. She beholds a new star blowing up right before
her eyes.

On the rest of the crew, acknowledging their friend. Yara
takes Krusader's hand. The Brit wraps an arm around her.

We find Casper, alone, mesmerized, and giving the Hawaiian an
anonymous salute that he can't possibly see in this crowd.

On Tru, feeling it, in the moment, now the stuff of legend.

FADE TO BLACK