

HE HEARS HEAVY FEEDBACK, BUILDING AND SQUEALING...

INT. CLUB STAGE - NIGHT

Harsh white lights illuminate RUBEN (40), beady eyes, punk-like, weathered boyish face and tattoos everywhere. He's waiting, intensely, for the beginning, for it all to start. He looks up and his focus locks in tight on Lou (30) an assured, freak, creature dressed in black, with an air of royalty about her. The loop of her sound grows. Guitar pedals and synthesizers lay on the stage floor as she looks to Ruben with a suddenly manic intensity. She picks up her beat up Telecaster and strikes a chord with surprising menace. She stomps on her looping pedal. The sound hisses low, wild and bracing. Ruben stares and waits, poised... he can almost taste her sweat. She flashes a quick glance toward him and Ruben unleashes, bringing the sticks down upon his drums with pure demonic ecstasy. Lou leans in towards the microphone, relishing the moment. Her desperate and distorted scream fills the hall. The whites of Ruben's eyes flash as if igniting an erotic charge, this glorious being, merging with him. Sweat drips from Ruben's hair and his eyes burn in an endless climax... or pain.

**SOUND OF METAL**

INT. AIRSTREAM - MORNING

We hear the slightest whistle of a breeze... a squeak... subtle noises from the outside world as...

Ruben sits up suddenly and looks around a small, oddly shaped room at the back end of an old Airstream trailer. He looks down at Lou as if expecting her to be gone. She's asleep and immediately unrecognizable from her severe on-stage persona. He stares at her pale, unmade face, eyes closed... he imagines her dreams, complex, dark and rich with meaning. Ruben listens...A leaf blower outside in the distance. he gets up.

He pulls open the window curtain over a tiny dining table. The morning light blinds his eyes and illuminates the interior of the AIRSTREAM. This is the living, kitchen, dining and war room of an obsessed audiophile. Instruments, cords, mixing boards, reel-to-reel tape recorders, mics, all tightly hung and fit into the tiny space. Sound equipment coexists with other items of kitsch collected over years of nomadic living.

Ruben peers out the window. He looks for signs of danger, anything...