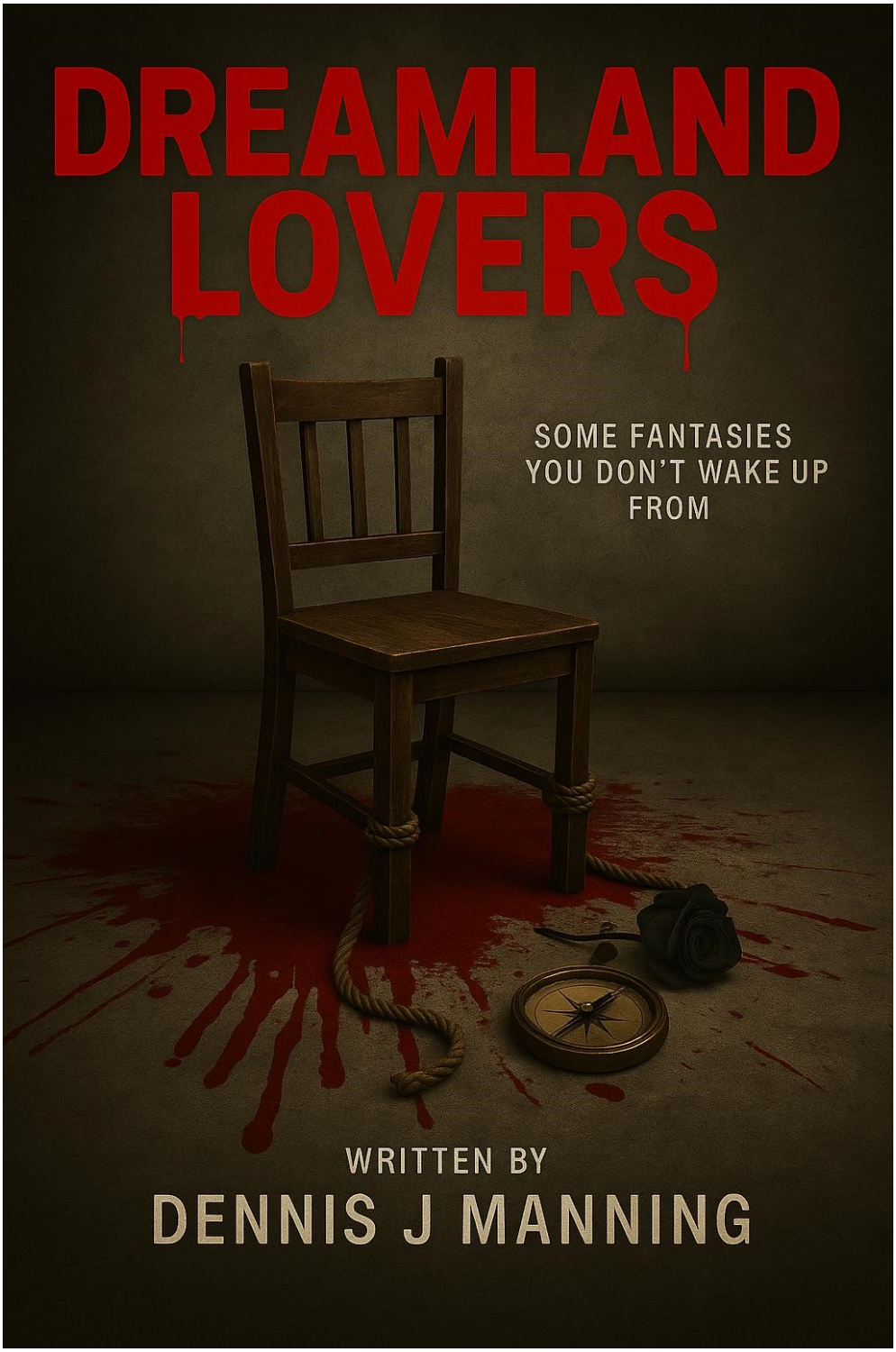
DREAMLAND LOVERS

Written by

Dennis J. Manning


DREAMLAND LOVERS
SOME FANTASIES YOU DON'T WAKE UP FROM
WRITTEN BY
DENNIS J MANNING

INT. LOW-LIT BAR - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Neon flickers. Jazz hums low. Almost closing time.

ERIC (38) sits alone, sketching words into a black notebook.

He's nursing a whiskey, hoodie half-zipped.

Writer. Quiet. Watching, but not watched.

Until Carlos (early 40s) bumps into him. Smooth. Confident.

Eric's phone clatters off the bar. Eric doesn’t notice that his phone fell.

CARLOS
Sorry about that.

He picks it up - but doesn't hand it to Eric.

Instead, he hands it off - behind him - to PAPI (30s).

Papi doesn't speak. Just thumbs across the screen. Calm. Casual.

Seconds pass. Then he slips it back on the bar.

Carlos is already walking out.

Papi vanishes down the hall.

A beat.

BARTENDER (50s) returns with the phone.

BARTENDER
Eric, this yours?

ERIC
Yeah... how did-?

BARTENDER
You gotta be careful. Someone gets access to your personal shit... Then you're fucked. (to himself) a little mystery would be a good thing.

Eric laughs it off. Too tired to think twice.

Back to his notebook.

He scribbles a phrase:

Dreamland Lovers.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - SAN FRANCISCO - SUNSET (THE NEXT DAY)

The bridge is half-lost in fog.

ERIC sits on a bench, notebook open.

He draws. Scribbles. Thinks.

He writes:

"Dreamland lovers are like no other."

BUZZ. His phone lights up.

TEXT - ROBERT:
Hey big boy. It's your birthday tomorrow.
Have I got a surprise for you. XXO.

ERIC
(texting back)
Alright. Go easy. - Eric

He lowers the phone. Eyes the bridge.

Writes:

Dreamland. Dreamers. Dreaming...

Dreamland Lovers.

He circles it.

That's it.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

ON SCREEN:

11:11 PM

ERIC (late 30s, wiry strength, the look of a man who’s been in his head too long) lies still — eyes open. Wide. Waiting.

Eric looks to the clock on the dresser.

ERIC
11:11. Angels.

Soft moonlight. Crumpled sheets. A bare chest rising slow.

A breeze stirs the curtain.

Something unseen presses into the room.

Then—

A VOICE. Low. Velvet. Dangerous.

PAPI (V.O.)
Let it go. There's no choice. And surrender. It's not weakness. It's the truth that we exist.

Eric gasps.

Not from fear — from *recognition.*

His eyes close.

PAPI (V.O.)
(commanding and sure)
I got you.

Eric lets go.

Beat. Lighting flashes and in the flash a figure is there. Thick. Breathing is low and measured.

The Lighting flashes again and the figure is gone.

ERIC
(Sniff. Sniff.)
What is that scent?

His breath quickens.

SFX his heart starts to beat faster.

Then slowly, he turns his head — as if he can feel where the voice came from.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I would have it no other way, Papi. I'm not weak. I'm not your boy. I am your man. And sometimes... I'll give in. And sometimes... you will.

Whispers in the dark.

The lighting flashes. Movement.

Fingers snap twice.

PAPI
(teasing circling)
You're looking the wrong way. I will have your full attention.

The air thickens.

ERIC
(In acceptance of the challenge)
That thrill — of who leads and who follows? Both are dangerous. Both are holy.

He reaches up. Touches the pillow beside him.

It's still warm.

A sudden inhale. His nostrils flare.

His hand drops under the sheet.

ERIC (CONT'D)
That scent... It's you.

A beat.

Then—

Papi stands still at the foot of the bed.

Light cuts across his chest — broad, shadowed, gleaming with heat.

He doesn't blink. Doesn't speak.

PAPI (V.O.)
Eyes right here.

Eric' breath catches.

He turns, SLOWLY —

And there, standing at the foot of the bed —Papi.

Shirtless. Still. Solid. Dangerous calm. His chest full and strong with a dusting or hair the trials to his waist and below.