

SHARED DREAM

Written by

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A Short

Address
Phone Number

OVER BLACK

Sound of birds, crickets, wind in trees, shuffling feet,
distant cars, leaf blower.

JILL (V.O.)
For as long as I can remember.

ALDO (V.O.)
I've had these reoccurring dreams.

JILL (V.O.)
Where I feel **so** much.

ALDO (V.O.)
With a heart that feels like it'll
burst.

JILL (V.O.)
Like I'm finally understood. Like
really known.

ISA (V.O.)
I dream of you.

PERRY (V.O.)
I dream of you.

EXT. EXPANSIVE GLACIER - DREAM - DAY

Two pairs of cramponed-boots make sure footed steps down a
"dry"-glacier (snow-free).

Water drips.

Trickles.

Channels.

Flows.

Rushing into carved out holes.

Waterfalls burrowing deep into bottomless crevasses.

DREAM MAN and DREAM WOMAN, 20's, runway models, modern,
ambiguously brown. Dressed in fabrics that shout "cultural
appropriation and MadMax".

Wide shot of Dream Man and Dream Woman jumping across the
flows of water. Navigating the naked glacier. Following the
water downhill.

Finally ending at--

EXT. GLACIAL FED RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

Dream Man and Dream Woman on the banks of the river.

Wild flowers blooming on all sides.

Gazing into each other's eyes.

Dream Woman lifts a pitcher of water and pours it slowly over Dream Man. He takes off his shirt.

Dream Man takes a pitcher of water and pours it over Dream Woman. He kisses her sensually as the water spills out from her mouth.

Between her legs the river rushes.

INT. ALDO'S BEDROOM - DAY

ALDO, 30's. Calm. Tired. A little like he's already cried everything out. "Resting sad face." He lays perfectly on his back. Barely moves. Opens his eyes. Awake.

INT. JILL'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

JILL, 30's. Not a morning person. Doesn't "put on a face". Sprawled out on the bed. Facedown, she lurches awake. Looking over her shoulder at the waking world.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ALDO AND JILL.

Aldo picks up a journal and pen that lays in reach.

Jill trips out of bed. Finds a marker on the ground. She shakes it. Marks it on her skin. It's dry. She rummages around the mess of clothing on her floor. Finding another marker.

Aldo opens the journal. The journal's cover is embossed with "DREAMS". He begins writing. First the date.

Jill marks a huge chart made of brown butcher paper tacked to the wall. One tick under: far away mountain. One tick under: running water. One tick under: glacier. One tick under: sex. One tick under: love. There are other boxes: haunted house, marsh, far away town, childhood home, fear...

ALDO (V.O.)
Waking life feels empty.

Aldo buttons his shirt. Looking in a mirror.

JILL (V.O.)
I feel empty.

Jill, IN KITCHEN, makes eggs and toast.

ALDO (V.O.)
But I fill my days.

Aldo, IN STUDIO, opens his laptop and a pile of books to write at his desk.

JILL (V.O.)
I stay busy.

Jill, IN STUDIO, paints an abstract in glacial colors.

ALDO (V.O.)
There's was no telling if things
will change.

Aldo, IN LIVING ROOM, knits while he practices Italian.

LANGUAGE APP (O.S.)
Vorestti una passagate con me?

ALDO
Vorestti una passagate con me?

JILL (V.O.)
It's stupid to hope. And stupid to
feel despair.

Jill ON FRONT PORCH has her tools spread out. Making a bench.

ALDO (V.O.)
It just as likely that things will
change as they will won't.

Aldo IN PRACTICE ROOM sits at the piano. Plays. Notates.
Looks up, interrupted by something loud.

Jill IN LIVING ROOM plays the drums. Head phones on. Stop.
Sets the track back. Plays again.

JILL (V.O.)
At least all this time wouldn't
have been wasted.

Aldo OUT BACK pulls on climbing shoes.

ALDO (V.O.)
Even though I spent it empty and
sad.

Aldo climbs on his backyard wall.

Jill ON PORCH laces her skates and practices grapevines on her concrete patio.

JILL (V.O.)
I wasn't just waiting around for
things to stop sucking.

PERRY (V.O.)
I did a bunch of stuff.

ISA (V.O.)
I did a bunch of stuff.

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK - DAY

CONTINUE INTERCUT

Aldo stands nervous. Looking between his shoes and towards us. Arms crossed. Closed.

Jill is the same. Picking at her finger. Kicking rocks off the road.

Aldo looks up.

ALDO
But I found you.

Jill looks up.

JILL
You're not just a dream.

ALDO
You're real.

JILL
So please. Can we--

ALDO
Can we--

ISA
Make this work?

PERRY
Make this work?

TYLER, looks very similar to Dream Man, but is not him. Tyler gazes at us. Compassionate but vacant. Just hot.

GISELE, looks very similar to Dream Woman, but is not her. Gisele gazes at us. Compassionate but vacant. Just hot.

Tyler stands across from Jill.

Gisele stands across from Aldo.

In different parts of the park.

CONTINUE INTERCUT

TYLER
That brain of yours.

GISELE
Such a brave heart.

Jill looks back at us longingly. Confused.

Aldo looks at us with the same desperation.

Feet. Gisele and Aldo's. Walking *back*.

Tyler and Jill's. Also walking.

On dirt trail.

Then broken asphalt.

Then proper roads.

Sidewalk.

EXT. LEMOYNE STREET - OUTDOOR STAIRCASE - MINUTES LATER

Aldo and Gisele push open the gate to a tall green staircase.
Walking South.

Jill and Tyler pull open the gate to a tall green staircase.
Walking North.

Aldo, nervous, sad, confused. Same as always.

Jill, despondent, exhausted. Same as always.

Gisele gazes around. As if she is seeing life for the first
time or being shot for a magazine.

Tyler pauses between steps to tie his shoes, smell a flower,
and pose.

Cutting between the four til the two stair cases and meet at
a shared landing.

Aldo and Jill are face to face.

END INTERCUT

JILL
What's up.

ALDO
How's it going.

Aldo and Jill continue up the final adjoining stairs side by side. Disinterested.

Gisele and Tyler stop on the landing face to face. They gaze at each other as if the world ended. It falls away.

They look beautiful and perfect and like a perfume ad.

Gisele open her lip with the top her water bottle. Over the top. Sexual.

Tyler drinks from his water bottle.

Gisele pours some, an inch from her lips. A bead runs down the corner of her mouth.

Tyler pours his bottle over his hair and onto his chest. Soaking his shirt. He takes it off.

Gisele puts her bottle in Tyler's hand and guides it over her. Having him pour the water over her face. Her pulls her in close.

Gallons of water come out. Soaking the two as they make out.

A flood of water rushes down the stair cases.

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JILL
Back to the grind.

ALDO
Back to the grind.

Aldo and Jill split on the walkway leading to separate bungalow sets.

Drifting above, we can see as Jill and Aldo walk down to their adjacent homes. Separated by 20 feet a small picket fence.

They each go inside and close the door.