

Dreamers' Playlist



Ramblings from the author & gratitude for the supporters

Peace y'all.

Thank you for being here, with this text in your hands.

It isn't every day that a person gets the chance to share their dreams with others — fearlessly and earnestly. By the magical melding of an arduous journey and your loving encouragement, here we are; I am sharing my dream with you.

My name is Reet Starwind. For the better part of my young life, I have made it my mission to create and refine a fictional universe that encompasses all that I've come to know, learn, and love about this grand adventure that we share.

Through its interconnecting parts, this story is a tale of hope, a tale of the possibility found deep inside oneself when all other options seem lost. It is a tale of destiny, family, history, and heritage; of friendship, of love, of loss, and of every other feeling that reminds us: we are here, and a part of something greater.

A special thanks to Janice L. Taylor for ensuring I kept a book in my hand from the moment I could read. Deep thanks to Lisa Taylor for keeping a roof over my head and cable on at the crib. My mind was allowed — encouraged — to explore realms unknown and unseen.

Another thanks to Mr. Wilbur G. Githens for noticing a gift in me I'd long neglected. Thank you to every writing teacher I had for making that Black kid feel at home in his wit and in his humor.

To James Baldwin and every Black writer before him and after for raising their hearts and voices in spite of the world around us raising hell.

To Dwayne McDuffie and Aaron McGruder for showing me that the path was never beyond my reach.

To Sean Atkins & Jason DeMarco for knowing stories and art reach across all borders.

To Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, and Steve Ditko for showing me it's possible to create universes for others' imaginations to live and thrive in.

To Akira Toriyama for showing me passion and talent can surpass any challenge, and to Eiichiro Oda for demonstrating that there's truly no ceiling to creative expression.

Immeasurable gratitude to Hiroyuki Takei for teaching me that the heart poured into storytelling is what leaves the longest-lasting impact.

To Hayao Miyazaki and every cog in the Ghibli machine for showing me there's no need to sacrifice magic, meaning, or meticulous detail to create a timeless classic, for it's these elements of which timeless classics are made.

To Diamond for cheering me on enough that I took myself seriously as a storyteller, and to Jess for strengthening my skills so I could become the storyteller I am today.

To Josh Xavi Rod, Mark P, Captain Skydeck, Big Jessie, Senior Kates, Leydi, Alec, Lisa, Shoeminatti, Suzanne, Jordan, Sarah, Cousin Trena, Kay Simone, Rockstar Sam Long, Taaj, Yasin the Dream, Papa Rodriguez, K-Hop, The Chris Everyone Knows, Low Guy Kev, Asiyah & Camden Fireworks, Ana-Maria, Yolanda, Rob Urso, Lord Hao himself, Corin, The Incomparable Paige, Wurdlife, Chelsea, Becca, Nick Tahk, Jadeleaf, Hollywood Actress Dakota, Joe C, Reenabeanz, Bryan C of Between Magic & Dreams, Babyduck, Jewelissa, Alaina, Dr. Julie, Mel, Big Lugo, Rachel, Nicky, Jon B, Bruja Rita, Destin, Steftendo, Troy, Telicia, The Dragon of the White Lotus, and Mike Ippolitti. Thank you for having the space in your hearts and in your resources to empower our staff and create this project. There is no way we could have made it here without you behind us.

And last but not least, sincerest thanks to Criger, who's got big spoilers over everyone on how this whole thing ends. We'll talk about it with him soon enough, but that's all the heart pouring you'll get from me here.

The rest is in the scripts, the art, the music, and the animations.

With that, it is my pleasure to formally open the doors of this story.

Now playing, on a screen or in a mind near you: *Dreamers' Playlist*.



How to screenplay

A lil' key for any of you who aren't familiar with the format:

- INT./EXT. – Interior/Exterior, i.e., where the shot is taking place
- CUT(s) – ends one scene and transitions to another
- **SOUND & SPECIAL EFFECTS** – are presented **in bold** for emphasis
- *Dialogue* – is written *in italics* to further distinguish the characters' voices from scene descriptions
- (Parentheses) – describe how a character is speaking or feeling



The action reads even better

when accompanied by our original score. Scan the QR code on your phone to jump to the original soundtrack hosted on the Dreamers' Playlist site.



1997

OA EXT. CALIFORNIA - SUNSET

OA

Colors stretch across the borderless horizon. Beachgoers turn to leave. Daylight dwindles. Against the crowd, a young boy stands, crowned by his large afro. Eyes locked on the ocean, he takes in every detail.

The boy marches toward the call of the crashing waves. Each little step in the sand leaves footprints. Each print washes away with the lap of a wave.

Ocean wind rushes through the curls on his head - his senses start to blur.

THE BOY'S THOUGHTS

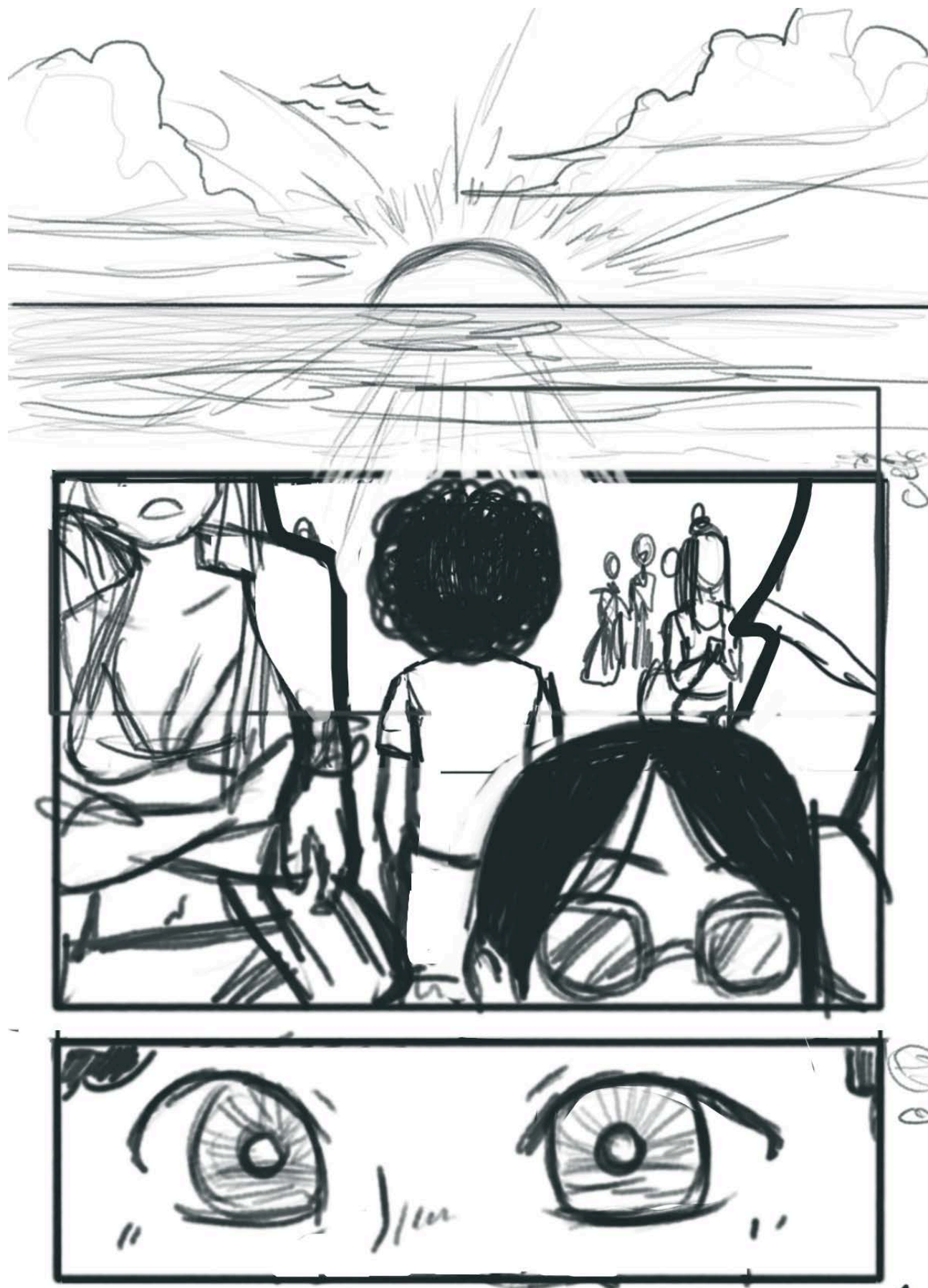
This feels... like home. The sand,
the sky, the water. . .

(trails off)

Piece by piece, the world around flows together seamlessly. In this moment, THE BOY experiences harmony. His eyes never waver.

THE BOY'S THOUGHTS (CONT'D)

Wonder what it's like out there.



**Artwork represents a work in progress*

The boy marches toward the call of the crashing waves. Each little step in the sand leaves footprints. Each print washes away with the lap of a wave.

Ocean wind rushes through the curls on his head - his senses start to blur.

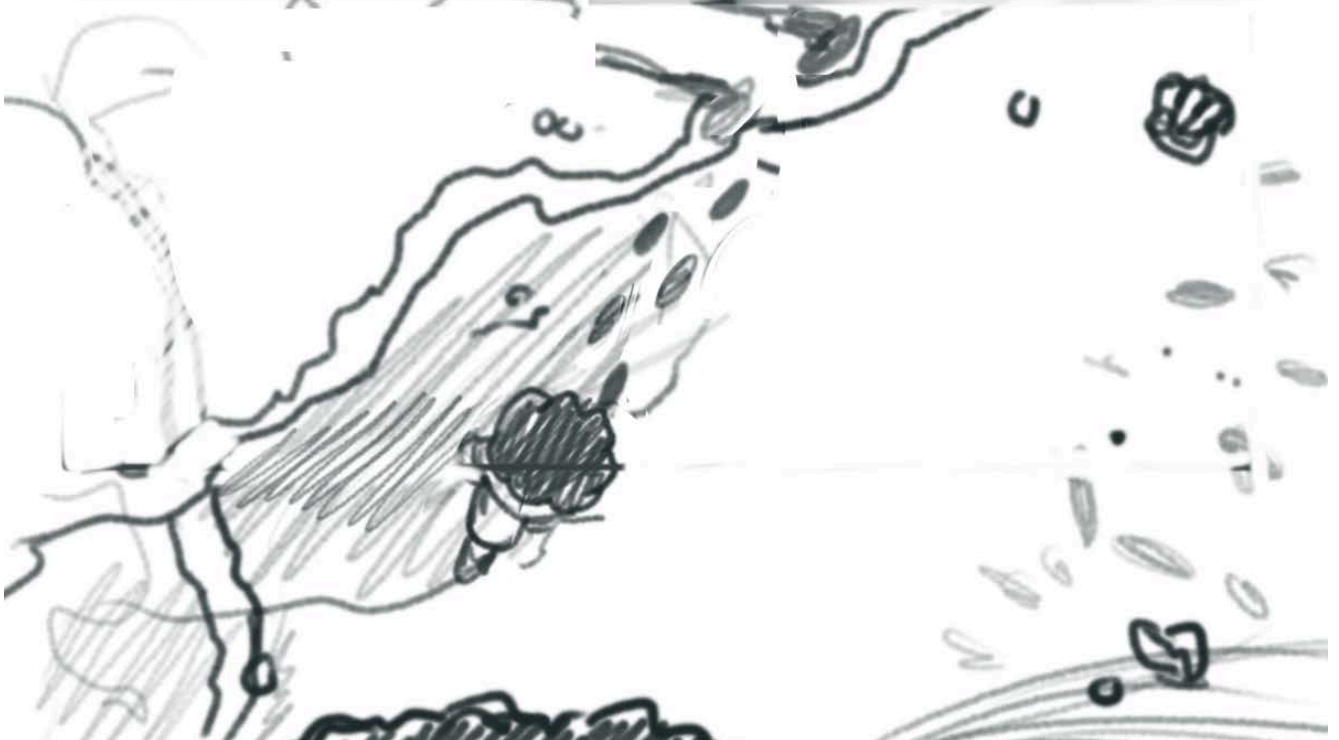
THE BOY'S THOUGHTS

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(trails off)



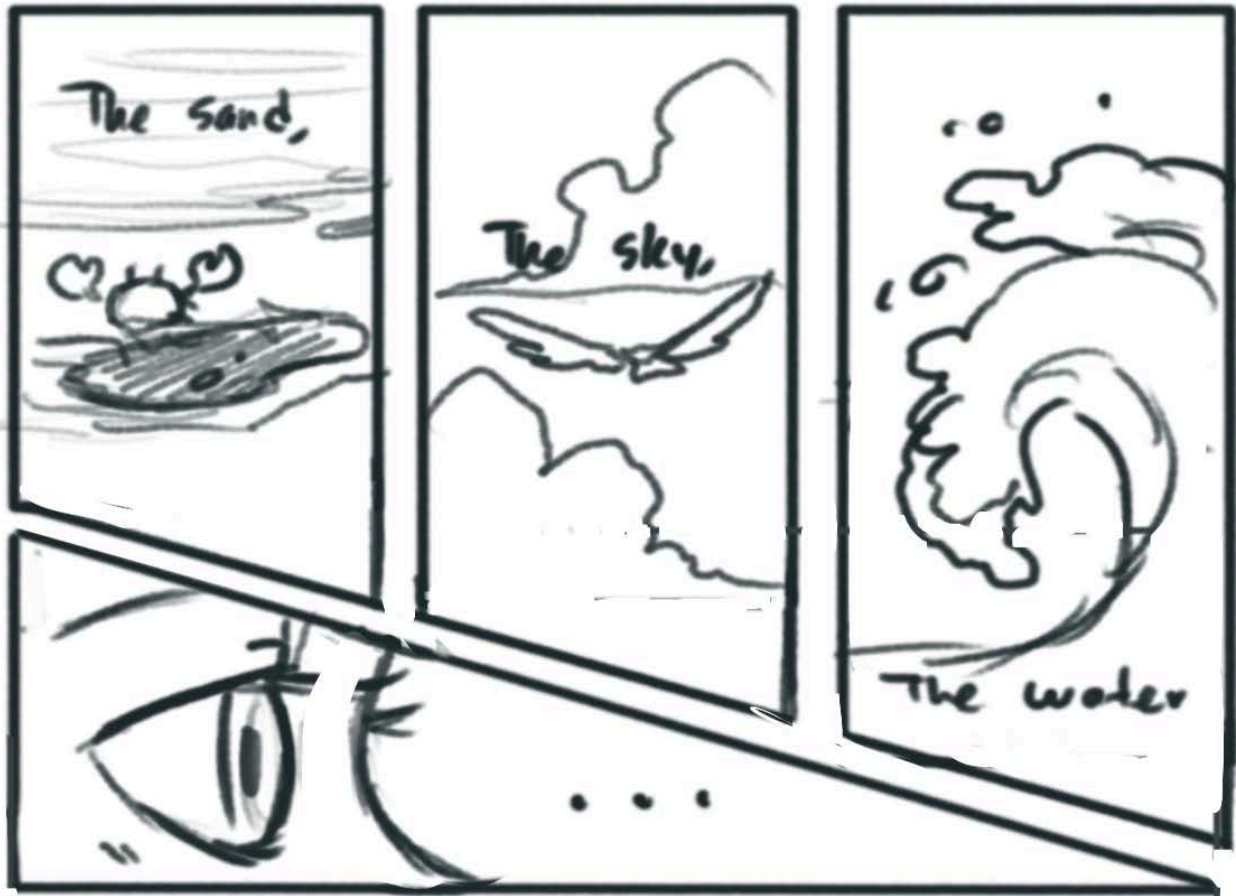
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THE BOY'S THOUGHTS (CONT'D)
Wonder what it's like out there.



2004

0A EXT. ROSACÉ, CALIFORNIA - NOON

0A

Honking horns from the highway traffic feed into the small city, blaring in chorus with police sirens rolling throughout.

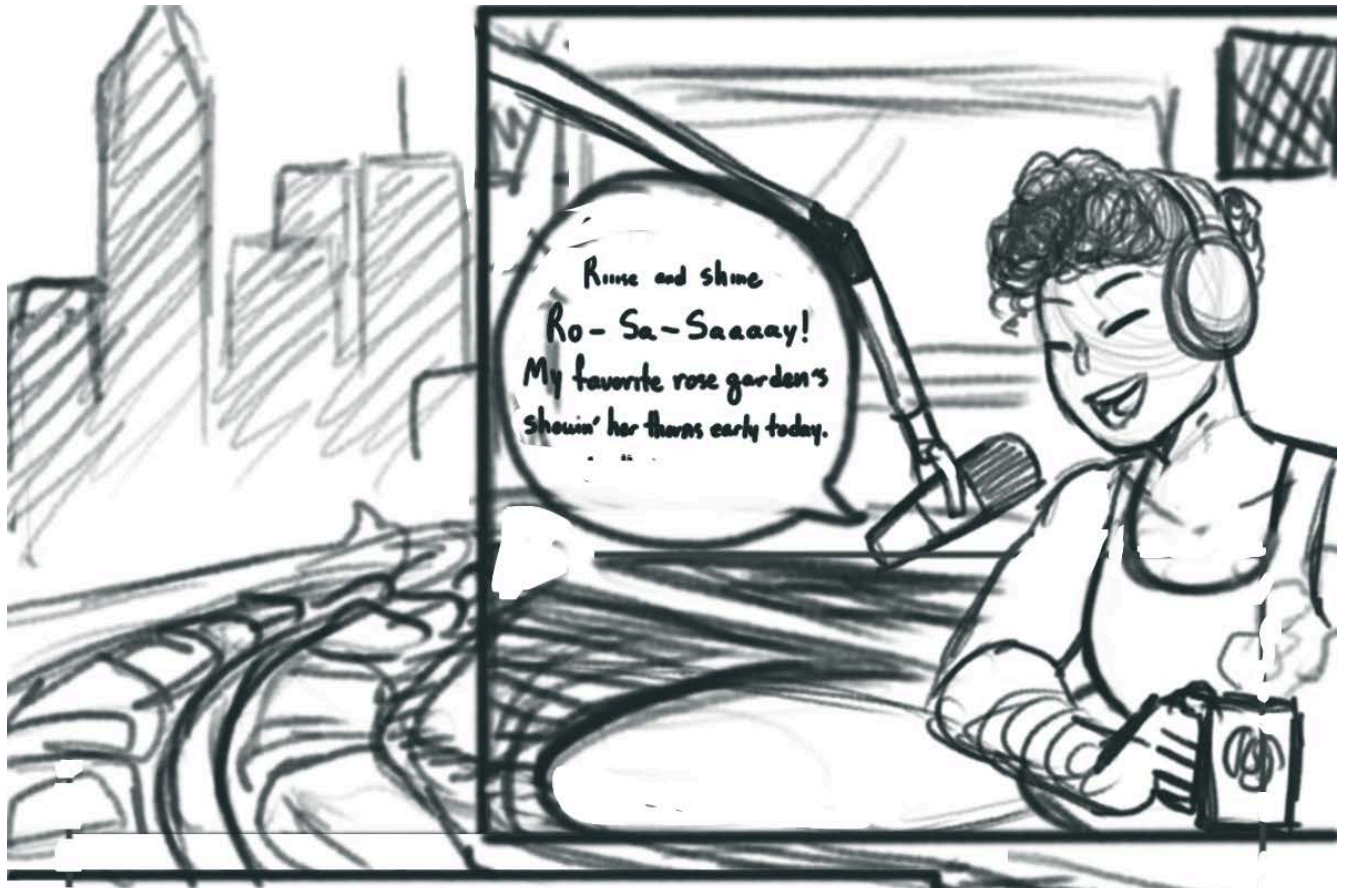
RADIO HOST

Riiise and shine Ro-Sa-Saaaay!
My favorite rose garden's showin'
her thorns early today. Must be that
summer madness settin' in.

0A INT. OFFICE SPACE

0A

A beautiful, tan-skinned woman in her 30s leans back from her desk. Tired and wiping her eyes, she yawns.

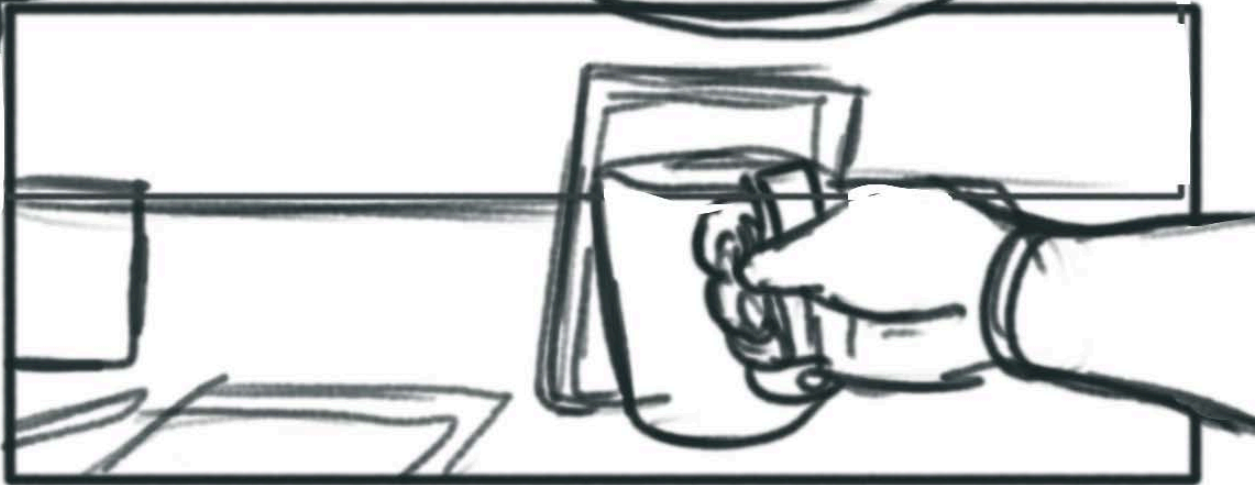
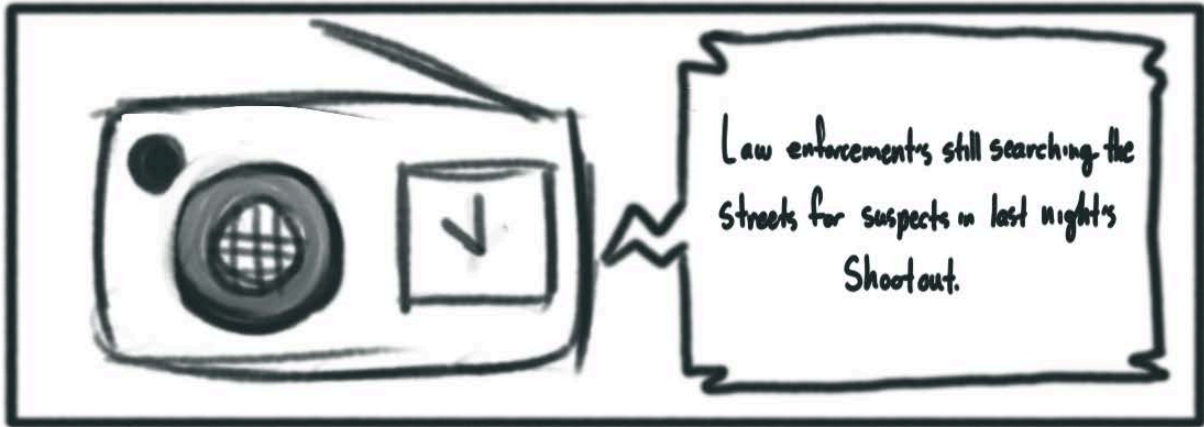


RADIO HOST (CONT'D)

2.

Law enforcement's still searching
the streets for suspects in last
night's shootout. If you're headin'
in or outta downtown, expect a
looong ri-

The woman turns a knob on her desktop radio, tuning to a
music station. She lifts her mug, uncovering a framed photo
of herself beachside, smiling cheek-to-cheek between two
young boys.



MATCH CUT TO:

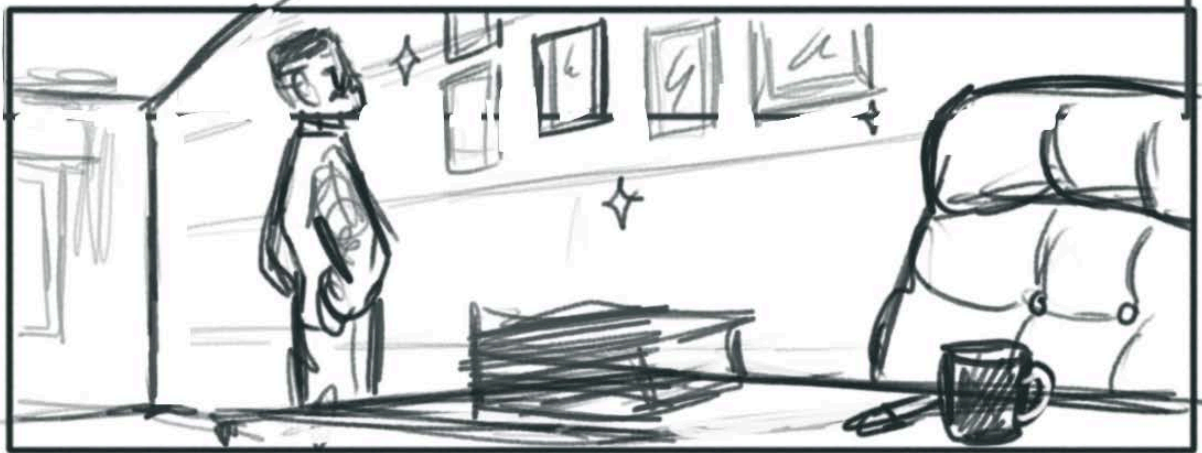
1 INT. SCHOOL BUILDING

1

A brown-skinned man in his been-doing-this-job-too-damn-long 40s Mr. Marshall, adjusts the framed certificates on his office wall. Across a certificate in gold print reads: "ROSACÉ SCHOOL DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT LOGAN MARSHALL." His office, a small room, is overrun but kept neat. Lining the frames up just right, he steps back to admire his work.

BOOMPH! His office door flings open. In rushes a male, middle-aged teacher.

TEACHER 1
Mr. Marshall!



The force of the door slamming into the wall shakes the certificate frames crooked. Bothered, Mr. Marshall removes his glasses and grips the bridge of his nose.

MR MARSHALL

How can I help you?

TEACHER 1

It's over at the high school. We don't know what to do with Jeysin Ortega.

The superintendent lowers his brow, turning to stare at the man.

MR MARSHALL

What do you mean you "don't know what to do with him?"

The teacher fidgets with his hands.

TEACHER 1

Not sure how to phrase it without sounding nuts but, it's like we've got nothing left to even teach him.

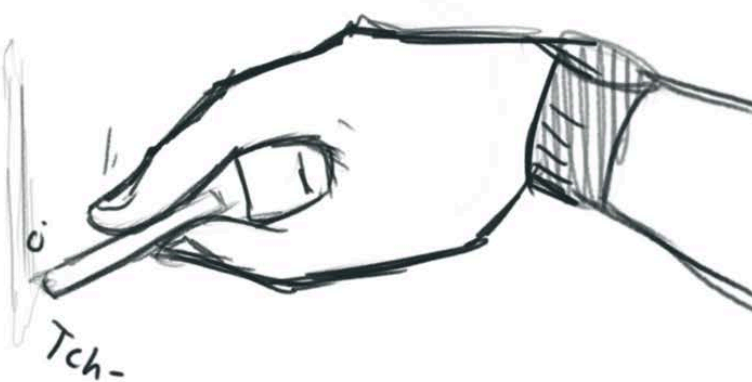
3.

The district's never been known for academics, but still!

QUICK CUT - HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM



The district's never been known for academics, but still!



Jeysin, an eleven-year-old, golden-brown-skinned boy sits atop a stack of chairs, scribbling on a chalkboard as a classroom full of students and a handful of teachers watch in silence. Bushy, dark-brown curls are atop his head, faded low on the sides. A way-too-big white tee drapes over him. A graphic of a blue anime dragon stretches along the back of the tee, which is half-tucked into his indigo-colored basketball shorts. Black crew socks, a blue wristwatch, and blue, low-top sneakers complete his look.

JEYSIN

Factor in the wealth gaps along class lines, with rates of population growth, plus bulls-eyes on their backs from being their time's "first-world" societies, both the Greek and Roman empires were bound to fall. Don't know why they're always called the peak of mankind.

Jeysin turns around in his chair. His big brown eyes are not surprised to see his audience at a loss for words.

JEYSIN (CONT'D)

I'm guessing you guys don't either, right?

Rubbing the back of his head, Jeysin chuckles to himself. One teacher tosses their papers into the air. Students begin to pack their bags and shuffle out of the room.

JEYSIN (CONT'D)

And now it's weird.



QUICK CUT - MR. MARSHALL'S OFFICE

TEACHER 1

Kid's got us beat. And every teacher in that program has been at it since before he was in diapers!

(Under his breath)

Was probably a smart ass back then, too...

MR MARSHALL

Fine, fine, send him in. I'll- I'll think of something.

4.

Mr. Marshall turns to re-straighten the framed certificates on his wall.

MR MARSHALL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

At least it's him for once. Not his godforsaken brother-

As Mr. Marshall carefully slides the last frame into place, a woman teacher rushes through the open doorway to his office.

TEACHER 2

(hurriedly)

Mr. Marshall! Mr. Marshall!

Upon entering, she grabs the wall surrounding the doorframe to catch her balance. The force of her grip rattles the wall and knocks all of the framed certificates crooked once more.

Mr. Marshall takes a deep, impatient breath.

MR MARSHALL

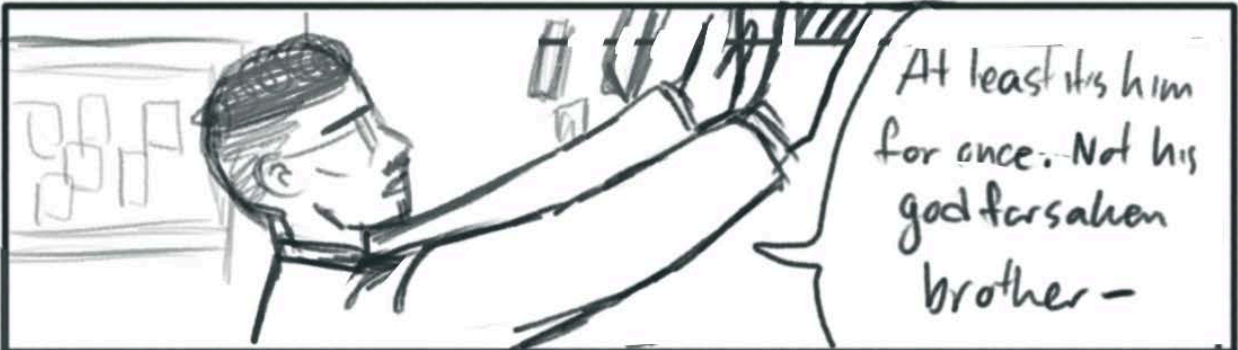
(visibly annoyed)

What's the issue?

TEACHER 2

It's over at the middle school!

The breath deepens into a hefty sigh.



MR MARSHALL
Let me guess. It's Jak Ortega again?

JUMP CUT TO:

2 EXT. SCHOOLYARD

2

Ash-gray asphalt spans in every direction, tattooed with profane tags and faded-chalk hopscotch squares. Tall metal gates split up the different classes for lunch and recess.

A frail, brown-skinned, twelve-year-old boy drops to the ground in a heap. On his feet are only socks. He raises his head to a trio of young teenage boys, bullies who are all much bigger and stronger than he. The bullies are tossing around a pair of fresh, white sneakers. The tallest of the trio (lanky, dark-skinned) laughs, pointing to the kicks.

BULLY 3 (CONT'D)
(to Bully 2)
They ain't even your size!

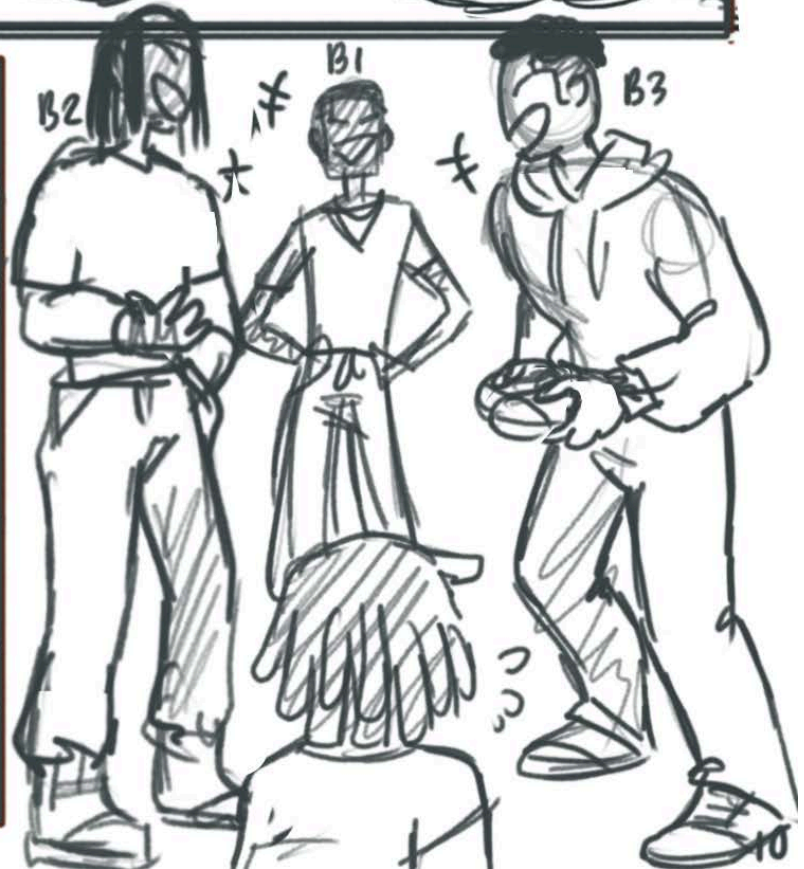
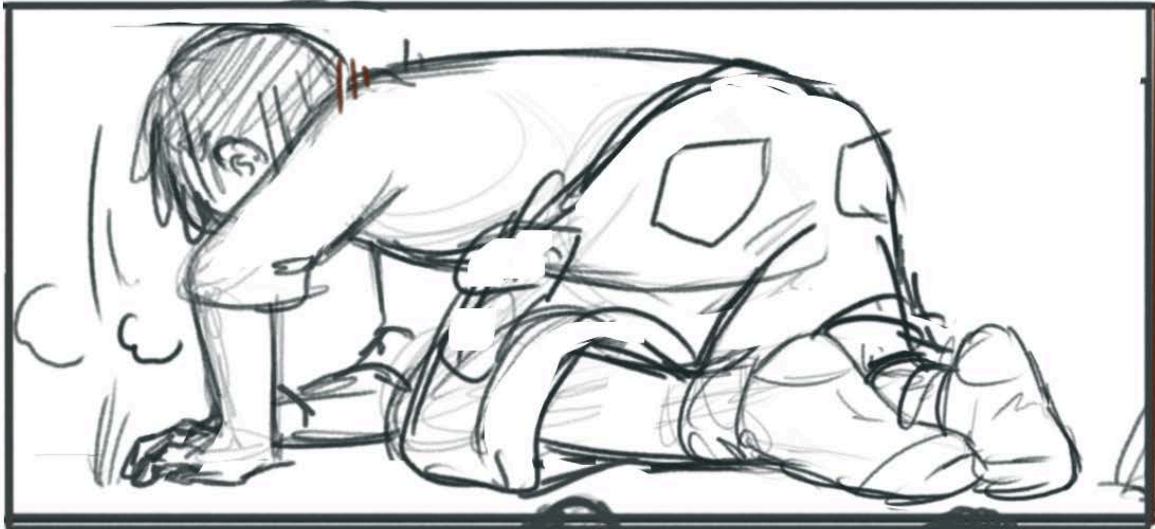
Bully 2 snatches back the shoes.

BULLY 2
(to Bully 3)
I seen 'em, I liked 'em, so they my size!

The shoeless boy looks down at his feet. Frustrated and angry, he fumbles to his feet and launches after the trio.

SHOELESS BOY
Gimme back my sneaks!

WHAM. Bully 2 extends a stiff arm, ramming the boy back to the blacktop. Blood trails from the boy's nose and tears well up in his eyes. The three bullies begin to walk off, shoving each other around playfully while tossing the shoes back and forth among themselves.



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Gimme back my sneaks!



YOINK. A hand clad with a red, white, & blue wristband snags the shoes from mid-air by their laces. The three bullies stop in their tracks, watching as a large afro passes through them.



Whimpering, the shoeless boy's eyes are closed. As he wipes and reopens them, he sees a boy his size in front of him, sunlight glaring from behind his curly crown.

JAK

(to Shoeless Boy)

See you're the one rocking out with
your socks out, so I'm guessin'
these are yours.



He tosses the fresh, white kicks before their rightful owner.

JAK (CONT'D)
Might want to hold your nose back -
try not to drip on them.

BULLY 2
(to Jak)
We been hearing about you.

BULLY 1
(to Jak)
You're that kid that stay in someone
else's business.

The boy with the afro turns to face the bullies. He is visibly unimpressed. A scar runs across his left cheek, matching the scratches and bandages that adorn the rest of his golden-brown skin. He's dressed in a red tee, Americana-colored wristbands, black basketball shorts with star graphics on each side, and high-top sneakers with noticeable mileage.

JAK
Is that what they're saying about
me?
(Smirking)
All I usually hear is how I can't
keep my hands to myself.



Kids around the schoolyard notice the scene building and form a circle, crowding around the boy with the afro and the three bullies. Afro boy loosens his wrists, cracks his neck. **YANK.** A girl snatches him up by the back of his hair.

JAK

Ow ow ow ow!

MARIE

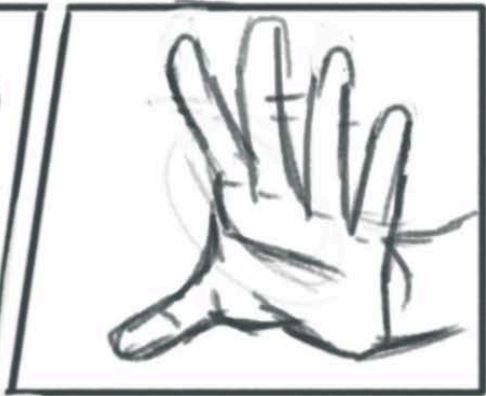
(Quietly, angrily to Jak)

What in the world do you think
you're doing?

Curls coil from the waves of the thick, black hair that runs past her shoulders. A blue graphic tee, a green hoodie tied around her waist, light denim shorts, black knee socks, and matching trainers complete her look. From behind her thin-framed glasses, her big, brown eyes are filled with worry.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Today must be the day you finally
lost your damn mind.



Chill out Marie! You're cramping my cool.

MARIE

You're the one that needs to chill, Jak!

She releases her grip.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Always in. a rush to get yourself killed.

Now released, Jak plays it off, stumbling into leg stretches.

JAK

That's because I got a lifesaver in my corner.

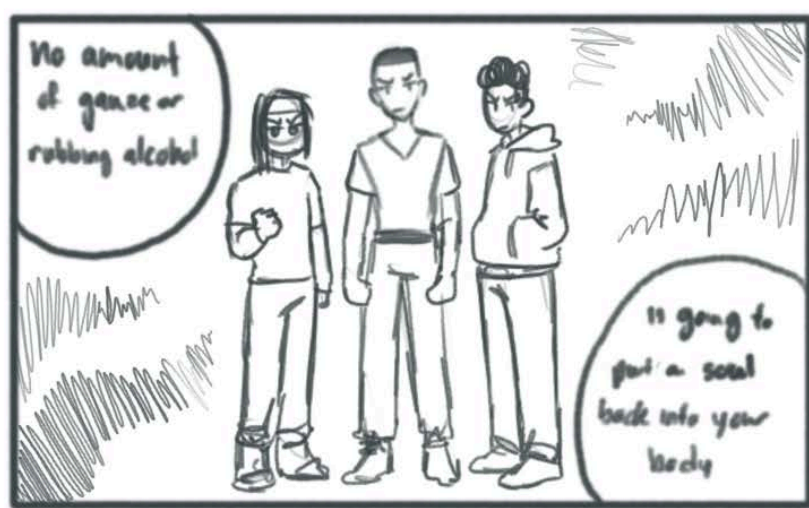
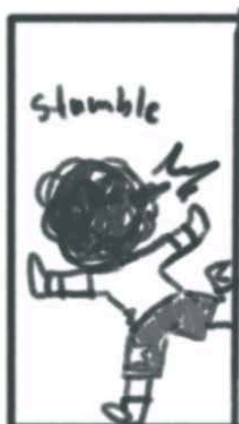
He brushes up against her, shoulder-to-shoulder with a grin. She slaps his shoulder away and points a finger between his eyes.

MARIE

I'm studying to be a nurse, not a shaman! No amount of gauze or rubbing alcohol is going to put a soul back into your body.

JAK

Then I'll just have to win.



(Grinning)

It's on my pride as a real man.

More kids flock over to the circle. Teachers call for backup.

MARIE

(Unamused)

And what better way to prove your
manhood than violence?

JAK

You know that's not it at all. We've
seen how they get down. Someone was
gonna have to put 'em in their place
sooner or later. Just happened to be
me. And sooner, not later.



The bully trio marches toward Jak and Marie. Marie's fists tighten as Jak walks ahead to meet them.

MARIE
(shouting after Jak)
Just be careful!

Without looking back, he raises a thumb-up in her direction and responds:

JAK
Careful's like my middle name.

Marie kneels down to open up her backpack and quickly digs through to reveal a first-aid kit.

MARIE
Careless is more like it.





Read the rest of this Track (episode) and learn more about this project on our site:
dreamersplaylist.com !



Jak Ortega

Age: 12 - 13

Birthday: June 23

Star Sign: Cancer

Life Path Number: 4



Jeysin Ortega

Age: 11

Birthday: October 2nd

Star Sign: Libra

Life Path Number: 2



Marie A. Rivers

Age: 13

Birthday: March 28th

Star Sign: Aries

Life Path Number: 6



Dreamers' Playlist is the life's work and passion project of **Reet Starwind**.

'The Interstellar Storyteller' has been enamored with stories since a young age, dedicating his studies and creativity to crafting a world in which others' hopes and imagination roam free. Graduate in the fields of digital media, sociology, and communications, the need for affirming impactful media (especially for the younger generations) drives Starwind forward.

Outside of orchestrating this project, Starwind is an active participant in the Camden area his father's family hails from, hosting art shows & workshops in addition to teaching poetry and storytelling elements.

Learn more about Dreamers', Mr. Starwind, and the rest of the team on our socials and [official website](#).



The best,
is yet to come.

“The stage for new adventure is set as surges of supernatural power suddenly awaken within brothers Jak and Jeysin...”

With their best friend Marie running research, the group scratches the surface on a mystery that'll change their lives forever.

Set in the US in 2004, *Dreamers' Playlist* follows two brothers' discovery of a family legacy hidden in spiritual power - setting the stage for a new era action-packed epic. The classic Shonen Jump-style formula of character progression through punching (*One Piece*, *My Hero Academia*) is remixed into a commentary on the nature of power and coming of-age Black masculinity.

The big fighting tournaments, power-ups, rivalries, & special moves we know and love are here, but the story at play goes far deeper than simple homage. Elements fresh and familiar work to fully flesh out a distinct world through which the characters' narratives are driven.

The best is yet to come.