

Dreamland Episode One

By

Carly Street

carly Street 2014 ©

carlystreet@hotmail.co.uk

INT. TOILETS - AREA 51 - NIGHT - 1971

JERRY TURNER, 35, stands at the sink. He watches the water
trance like as the water swirls.

The door opens; another MAN enters and walks over to the
urinal on the other side of the room. His entrance snaps
Jerry from his trance.

He holds his hands under the tap and wets his hands. He
stops the tap and shakes the excess water from his hands and
into the sink. The MAN stands at the sink beside him and
quickly washes his hands.

MAN

Do you ever wonder when we'll pay
for our sins?

JERRY

Honestly. I think I already am.

The MAN tugs lose a paper towel from above the sink and
wipes his hands. He exits. Jerry tugs a paper towel and
wipes his hands. He stares at his embittered reflection in
the mirror.

He cannot hold his stare for more than a few seconds and
throws the damp towel into the bin. He straightens his tie
and exits.

INT. CORRIDOR

Jerry walks. His pace fast. As he turns the corner, EUGENE
(GENE) LEVVY catches up with him and accompanies him as he
continues. He clutches a clipboard.

JERRY

Gene, tell me good news.

Gene steps in front of him to halt him.

Once stationary he holds the clipboard in front of him.
Jerry looks at the results.

GENE

Good enough?

JERRY

You did good, Gene. Real good.

(CONTINUED)

GENE

You wanna see it?

JERRY

You have to ask?

INT. SECURE ROOM

Gene and Jerry walk to a large security door. Jerry quickly taps a code into a control panel and the doors slowly open.

Behind the doors lies an air hanger submerged in darkness. The lights flicker on to reveal the enormity of the location and its contents. A large triangular shaped air craft.

It sits on stands, loose chains attached to the underneath. Stealth in appearance with smooth, soft edges. The exterior is black. A small window allows a minimal view of a cockpit.

JERRY

Would you do the honours?

Gene smiles as he flicks a switch on the wall. A loud hiss echoes throughout the hanger.

Moments later the craft gently lifts from its stands and tugs at its chains. It hovers above the ground, as far as the chains allow. Jerry and Gene smile.

INT. OFFICE - AREA 51 - DAY

GENERAL ALAN BAUR, 58 sits at his desk. Glasses rest on the end of his nose as he pours through a report in silence.

Jerry and Gene stand before him, anxiously exchanging glances. Baur allows a few 'oh' and 'um-hmm's slip as he reads.

Gene mouths to Jerry:

GENE

Is that good?

Jerry mouths back a reply:

JERRY

I don't know.

Baur then closes the report, places it neatly on his desk and removes his glasses. He folds them and places them beside the report and looks up.

(CONTINUED)

BAUR
Excellent work, gentlemen. You have surpassed even my grandest expectations with this project.

Gene offers a broad smile while Jerry musters a weak smile and grateful nod of the head. Baur rises and approaches them.

BAUR
We will schedule the next round of testing. Thanks your progress we're already ahead of time. You're dismissed, thank you.

Gene and Jerry turn to exit.

BAUR
Jerry, you got a sec?

Jerry stops and turns back. Gene continues to exit. Once the door has closed, Baur's demeanor relaxes and he unbuttons his jacket.

BAUR
Have a seat.

He walks back round the desk.

JERRY
I'm fine, thank you.

BAUR
It wasn't a suggestion.

Jerry sits down. Baur sits back in his chair.

BAUR
How are you doing?

JERRY
I'm alright. Yourself?

Baur scoffs.

BAUR
Lets not get caught up in the woes of the Baur household. You did some really great work on the project. Put in some hours.

JERRY

So long as it's all worth it. It wasn't easy by any stretch of the imagination but we got there.

BAUR

How are the dreams?

JERRY

General, can we do this another time? I've got paper work stacked to the size of a house in my office.

Baur sighs and nods.

BAUR

I am right in thinking that you'd tell me if anything was wrong?

Jerry nods.

JERRY

Of course.

BAUR

I'd hate to have to find out for myself.

Jerry rises and exits. Baur watches after him for a moment. He taps on the desk top, exhales and picks up his desk phone. He dials a single number and holds the receiver to his ear.

BAUR

Surveillance level 1 - Turner. To commence immediately. Authorisation code alpha, Charlie, niner, two, zero.

Baur replaces the receiver.

INT. BEDROOM - JERRY'S FLAT - PRESENT DAY

JERRY, now in his 80s sits upright in his bed. His carer NORMAN MASON, 46 wraps a sling around him as he prepares to lift him into his wheelchair.

JERRY

He thought I never knew but of course I did. I was the most switched on person in that damn place for a while.

(CONTINUED)

Jerry chuckles. Norman smiles politely as he presses the button to lift the swing from the bed to the chair.

JERRY (CONT'D)

That's how I met Charlie. Now he was a card. The real 007 I used to call him. Have I told you about Charlie?

NORMAN

Yes. Many times.

JERRY

Sorry. I get a little confused.

NORMAN

Its alright. My wife loves to hear your stories. Well, me reciting them.

Jerry chuckles as Norman unhooks the arms of the sling and removes it.

JERRY

More than just stories my friend.
More than just stories.

Jerry now in the chair, Norman wheels him into --

THE LIVING ROOM

He wheels him in front of the television where a cup of coffee sits on the fold out table beside him.

JERRY

Two sugars?

NORMAN

As always. I'll get some tea made for you.

JERRY

What fine cuisine am I to sample tonight pray tell?

Norman takes a chart from the side of the wall and opens it.

NORMAN

Some nicely churned carrot soup.

JERRY

Maybe next time.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Tell you what, I'll even throw in
some bread, how's that?

JERRY

That's a good deal.

NORMAN

Don't go telling everyone, ok?

Norman enters the Kitchen as Jerry watches the television.

INT. KITCHEN - NORMAN MASON'S HOME - EVENING

Norman chops onions and peppers on the top as NINA MASON, 41
wraps sandwiches in cling film.

NINA

I thought they had to sign
disclosure forms and things in
places like that?

NORMAN

They do. He's a lovely guy, bless
him and he's good to me but he's no
more of a government scientist than
I am.

NINA

I hope you put more effort into
pretending to listen than you do
with me.

Norman remains quite. She glares at him and deepens her
tone.

NINA

Norman?

Norman laughs as he looks up and mimics the motion of
reeling in a fish. She picks up some crusts from the side
and throws them at him as she puts the wrapped sandwiches in
the fridge.

INT. STAIRS WELL - BLOCK OF FLATS - MORNING

Norman walks up the stair well in Jerry's block of flats. As
her nears the top, he hears chatter. More than normal. He
exits the stair well and onto ---

THE HALLWAY

(CONTINUED)

The hall is abuzz with activity. Neighbors watch from the safety of their doorways as Police forensic investigators photograph the inside of a flat. Jerry's flat.

Two uniformed officers stand in the hall. They keep the spectators at bay as two paramedics carry out a stretcher. The form of a body protrudes beneath a white sheet.

Norman continues up the hall until he is met by one of the OFFICERS, 29.

OFFICER

Sorry, sir, you can't go any further.

NORMAN

I'm a carer, one of my rotations is in there. Jerry Turner. Is he ok?

OFFICER

I'm sorry to be the one to inform you but Mr Turner is dead.

Norman closes his eyes and hangs his head in disbelief.

NORMAN

How?

INT. STAIRWELL

DETECTIVE LOU PARRY, 45 stands by the door with a lit cigarette. Norman stands a few feet away.

NORMAN

I just saw him yesterday, I can't believe this.

LOU

What time did you leave?

NORMAN

About five forty five. I always get his tea out for him and make him a coffee. He wasn't feeling so good yesterday though. He went for a lie down.

Lou throws his cigarette onto the floor and takes out a note pad from his jacket. He jots down some notes with a pen pulled from behind his ears.

(CONTINUED)

LOU

Does he have many visitors or see other carers?

Norman shakes his head.

NORMAN

He doesn't really like the others. They've never really taken to him. He doesn't have any friends.

LOU

Does he have any family we can contact?

NORMAN

Yeah. A daughter. Libby, I think. I have a number for her but I don't know whether it still works or not.

LOU

I'm gonna need that number.

NORMAN

No problem. I'll give the office a call.

He returns the pen to his ear. Masked by the scruffy unkempt hair.

LOU

You did lock the door after you?

NORMAN

Of course.

LOU

You sure?

Norman nods.

LOU

Busy, busy. Mistakes happen.

NORMAN

I did. I always wait a minute to hear him bolt it behind me.

LOU

And you did that yesterday?

NORMAN

Yes. Why?

LOU

Door was unbolted. No sign of forced entry. Would he have answered the door to anyone?

NORMAN

Not likely. He could barely walk to the toilet unassisted.

INT. BEDROOM - NORMAN MASON'S HOME - EVENING

Nina sits upright in bed with an open book. Norman removes his shirt and sits on the edge of the bed.

NORMAN

I only ever looked at him as a rotation number. An appointment. I never saw him. Maybe if I had, I could have learned a thing or two. The cops were asking me questions about him and I felt like a cheat.

NINA

Why?

NORMAN

Well, I didn't really know any of the answers. I never really got to know him that well.

NINA

You're not expected to. It's a job.

NORMAN

Maybe it shouldn't be just that. Someone shot that poor old man. Why? It just doesn't make any sense to me.

Norman pulls back the cover and climbs into bed. Nina puts her book on the side and wraps her arms around him. He rests his head on her chest as she strokes his hair.

NINA

That's the society we live in unfortunately. It's a scary place sometimes. We just have to make sure that we can recognise the good.

INT. RECEPTION ROOM - HOTEL - DAY

A large crowd of mourners gather in small groups around the room and chat. Norman walks over to the bar and sits on a stool. He loosens his collar. The BARTENDER, 25 approaches.

NORMAN

Can I grab a brandy and coke
please?

BARTENDER

Double?

NORMAN

Be rude not to.

The Bartender makes his drink. He places it on the mat in front of him as LIBBY TURNER, 28 sits on the stool beside him.

LIBBY

Can I have the same please?

BARTENDER

Sure.

Libby turns to Norman and holds out her arm.

LIBBY

You're one of the few people I have
yet to meet. I'm Libby.

Norman turns to her and shakes her hand.

NORMAN

I'm Norman. I'm very sorry about
your father.

LIBBY

You were his carer?

The Bartender puts her drink in front of her and exits.

NORMAN

Yeah.

LIBBY

On the rare occasions I spoke to
him, he talked about you a lot.

NORMAN

Really?

(CONTINUED)

LIBBY

Yeah. He was disgusted that it took trials with eight different carers to find one that could make his coffee drinkable. Never thought to consider maybe the problem was his.

Norman laughs.

NORMAN

Yeah. He could certainly be categorised as particular.

LIBBY

I'd lean more towards awkward. I'm his daughter, I'm allowed to say it. You know, we never really spoke but he wrote to me a lot. I started to send him postcards. It wasn't a relationship but it was as close as we were ever going to get.

Libby takes a sip of her drink.

LIBBY

Thank you for the wreath, please thank the others at the company for me. They were lovely. Well, if a wreath can be lovely.

NORMAN

I will. There's quite a turnout.

Norman looks over his shoulder at the volume of people in the room. Libby follows his gaze.

LIBBY

For someone who stayed indoors, he certainly lived in a lot of peoples memories.

NORMAN

I have to admit that I used to recoil at the thought of listening to another story but now... I'd love to hear just one.

An arm is thumped onto Norman's shoulder. He turns to find it's owner, DWAINÉ BREADON, 49 stood between himself and Libby.

(CONTINUED)

DWAINE
What stories are those then?

NORMAN
Just his old 007 stories.

Libby appears immediately unsettles at his presence.

DWAINE
Well, we all know how to take those
don't we?

He looks from Libby to Norman and burst into a stomach churning smirk as he hisses in Libby's ear.

DWAINE (CONT'D)
With a pinch of salt.

Libby tries to hide her discomfort at him as she inches away. He pushes between them and bangs the top of the bar.

DWAINE (CONT'D)
And preferably a tequila to wash
all the crap down with.

Libby leans forward to Norman.

LIBBY
I have to go. I've got so many
people to thank. Make sure you come
and find me before you leave.

NORMAN
I will. Take care.

Libby rises and exits. Dwaine picks up her drink from the bar and moves it forward as he claims the free stool as his own. The Bartender approaches.

DWAINE
Scotch. No ice, thanks.

The Bartender pours his drink and places it on the bar. Dwaine turns to Norman.

DWAINE
So, how'd you know the deceased?

NORMAN
I'm a carer. I looked after him
towards the end.

DWAINE

Ah. Yeah, I heard he was losing his mind. So sad to see such a great man diminished to a gibbering mess. Bet it's not so bad on you though, right? I mean, you never get to see a sample of who they were.

NORMAN

Yeah. He was a great guy.

DWAINE

Yes, he was. Once.

NORMAN

How did you know him?

DWAINE

Me? Ah, that's a tale and half.

NORMAN

I'm at a bar, slim chance of me going anywhere.

Norman smiles and he takes a gulp of his drink.

DWAINE

We used to work together. He was my boss.

NORMAN

Good boss?

DWAINE

Great boss. I was his... ah I guess you could say protégé. Until we realised that although our goals were the same, our goal posts were ever so slightly ... out of line.

NORMAN

So that was at the software company?

DWAINE

Yeah. The software company.

Dwaine smiles as he downs his drink.

He holds his hand out for Norman to shake, which he does.

(CONTINUED)

DWAINE
Good to meet you.....

NORMAN
Norman.

DWAINE
Norman. Take care. I hope I never
see you again.

Dwaine smirks as he rises and exits.

Norman watches over his shoulder at him and raises his
eyebrows - strange guy.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL

Dwaine walks along the corridor. He glances around to ensure
that he is alone as he takes his mobile phone from his
pocket and dials a number.

He slinks around a corner and holds it to his ear.

DWAINE
It's Dean. No, everything seems to
be in order. My only unknown
concern was the carer but I've just
spoken to him. Yeah, seems he was
fed some stories but in the usual
Jerry manner. Embellished and
during a time when he was showing
signs of senile dementia. Yeah
well, it wasn't hard to press them.
I'm gonna hang around here for a
few days. I've got one big loose
end to tie up.

INT. HALLWAY - NORMAN MASON'S HOME - NIGHT

Norman storms through the hall and into the living room in a
tshirt and boxers. Bed hair and tired eyes.

NORMAN
I don't believe this.

A puppy follows him into the room.

Moments later he exits the room with a newspaper.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN
Move it, Scrappy.

The puppy follows him as he walks towards and into --

THE KITCHEN

Norman puts the newspaper down on the floor. A mop bucket leans beside the kitchen top.

NORMAN
I want a dog, daddy. I'll look after it I promise, Daddy. Give her a dog, it'll teach her responsibility, Norman. No, no, no, it doesn't matter what it does or what time of the day or night it does it, I will be there to clean up after it, Daddy. Ha!

The puppy sniffs at the newspaper.

NORMAN
I will smother you, make no mistake. I can make it look like dog-icide chump.

The puppy turns and runs out of the kitchen with a bark. Norman watches it go.

NORMAN
What now?

Norman rises and follows.

INT. HALLWAY

The puppy barks and snarls at the front door.

NORMAN
Trying to prove your worth? Great job seeing off the none-existent intruder. Get away.

Norman pulls the puppy back and maneuvers himself in front of it and the door to halt its barks.

He notices the puppy scratches at something on the floor it has beneath its paws. He kneels down and takes a closer look. Its an envelope, now torn at the edges.

He seizes his chance and plucks the envelope from the puppies clutches.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Go on, get!

The puppy runs into the hall as Norman rises to his feet and opens the envelope. It contains an item inside. He removes the item from inside it. It's a watch. Expensive. Delicate.

He turns it over. The back of it has a date engraved - 26/07/2001.

In the envelope is a note, slightly torn from the puppy's tassel with it. He removes, unfolds it and reads it.

- From Jerry

He smiles and turns. He opens the door and looks out at the silent porch and street.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Norman pours himself a cup of coffee as Nina sits at the table. She examines the front and back of the watch.

NINA

It's lovely. Expensive.

NORMAN

I know. I don't quite know what to make of it. We're not allowed gifts. I don't think he would have left me anything.

NINA

Maybe his daughter brought it round for you. Something she thought he'd want you to have or that he asked for her to give.

Norman sits down at the table. She passed the watch back to him.

NORMAN

Maybe. But if it was her, why didn't she just come to the door and knock?

NINA

Maybe she was running errands or her way to somewhere and popped it under the door. It was a bit late.

(CONTINUED)

NORMAN

Yeah. I might call her and ask.

Norman rises and picks up the house phone from the kitchen top and rummages through a series of scraps of paper in the kitchen draw.

NINA

Why?

NORMAN

If work finds out about this I could get into a lot of trouble.

NINA

Yeah, I guess. I'm off to work.

Nina rises and walks towards the doorway. Norman selects a scrap of paper and dials the number on the phone.

NORMAN

Take that damn mutt with you.

She shoots him a scornful glance as she exits.

He puts the phone to his ear.

He waits a few moments as the phone rings - no answer.

A few moments more - still no answer.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LIBBY'S FLAT

Libby sits on a chair and watches the phone as it rings. Her eyes teary.

The phone falls silent.

DWAINE (O.S.)

Thank God that's stopped. It was getting annoying. I hate ringing phones.

Libby looks over at Dwaine. Suited and booted he sits in her arm chair. Leg up and relaxed as he calmly screws a silencer on a gun.

DWAINE (CONT'D)

If you don't pick up after three, maybe four rings you're either out or have caller ID and don't want to talk. Don't you agree?

(CONTINUED)

LIBBY

You killed him didn't you?

DWAINE

The system killed him, sweet. I'm just it's fiery sword.

LIBBY

You won't be able to keep it a secret forever you know? Sooner or later, people will find out about what you've done.

DWAINE

For now, I'll settle for later.

Dwaine aims the weapon at her.

LIBBY

My father's soul will not rest until you and all those like you are exposed.

Dwaine smirks at her, amused.

DWAINE

Say hello to him for me.

He fires. Libby's body slumps to the floor with a thud. He unscrews the silencer and tucks it into his inside pocket. He clicks the safety onto his gun and rises. He tucks the gun into his holster, conceals it with his jacket and exits.

INT. DWAIN DEAN'S CAR (STATIONARY)

Dwaine sits in his car with his phone to his ear.

DWAINE

I need a clean up crew at my current location. Room 24. Uniforms on the scene and ready to go. Thanks.

He ends the call and puts his phone into his pocket. He turns the radio on. A JOHNNY CASH song. He hums in time to the tune.

He looks in the mirror, slicks his hair back and turns the ignition key.

He flashes a smile at his reflection then pulls away.

INT. HALLWAY - LIBBY'S FLAT

Lou walks along the hall. His partner ALEC JAMESON, 35 tails him as he shovels a burger into his mouth.

Lou glances back at him as a large dollop of sauce falls from the burger onto the carpeted floor.

LOU

Where do you eat from, a trough?

Lou looks back. A UNIFORMED OFFICER, ELI ROWE exits the cordoned off apartment with an evidence bag. He walks past Lou and Jameson and down the stairs.

Lou glances at him as he passes.

JAMESON

I said no gherkins. You heard me say that right? I know that I said it because I instructed my mouth to say it.

Lou turns his attention to Jameson as he inspects the contents of the burger.

JAMESON (CONT'D)

Look at that. What's that look like to you? It looks suspiciously like a gherkin to me.

He holds out the burger for Lou to view. He raises his eyebrow and continues.

INT. LIBBY TURNER'S APARTMENT

Lou and Jameson stand in the apartment. Forensic officers litter the scene as they take photographs and swabs to be bagged.

Libby's body lies on the ground covered by a white sheet.

Lou walks over to her photographs and looks at them.

Jameson crouches down beside her and pulls back the sheet, gently. Her cold, dead eyes wide. Her porcelain skin pale.

Jameson looks at her, momentarily saddened.

JAMESON

What's for lunch?

(CONTINUED)

LOU
Can you're stomach have a day off?
Just this once?

JAMESON
I'm a growing lad.

LOU
A growing pain.

Lou walks over to Jameson and looks down at Libby. He taps him on the shoulder and he pulls the sheet back to cover her. He rises to his feet.

Lou glances around the room, brow furrowed and troubled, Jameson looks at him.

JAMESON
What's wrong?

LOU
It's clean isn't it?

JAMESON
And you're thinking a little too clean?

Lou nods.

JAMESON
Maybe she was just a clean person.

LOU
You're planning to kill yourself,
you clean your apartment with
industrial strength cleaner before
you do it?

JAMESON
Some people might. My aunt Marie
cleans her house twice a day. Top
to bottom.

LOU
Did you recognise that officer with
that evidence bag?

JAMESON
Didn't see.

LOU
Too busy eating. I know most
officers. I don't know him.

JAMESON

Why didn't you stop him?

LOU

You started your little hissy fit about gherkins on your burger and I got a little side tracked.

INT. DOOR WAY - APARTMENT BUILDING

Lou rushes down the stairs and towards the UNIFORMED OFFICER, 23 at the door.

LOU

Who was the first on the scene?

OFFICER

I was sir.

LOU

I saw an officer carrying what looked like an evidence bag, has he left for the station yet?

OFFICER

Sir, no one's passed me yet with an evidence bag.

LOU

What? Are you serious? I just saw him.

OFFICER

Sir, there's only been three people that have left the building. One is my partner and two were paramedics. None of them had evidence bags.

Lou looks back at the stairwell.

LOU

Is there another way out of here?

OFFICER

Well yeah, the fire exit but no officer would use that.

INT. CORRIDOR

Lou walks up to the fire door. He pushes against the door. It does not open but it rattles. He crouches down and looks at the handle - it's not sealed.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NORMAN MASON'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Norman exits his car and walks up the drive. Lou stands at his front door.

As Norman gets closer, Lou turns, aware of his presence.

NORMAN
Detective?

LOU
Mr Mason.

NORMAN
We should stop meeting like this.
People will talk.

LOU
Yes, we should.

Norman wriggles free his house keys from his jacket pocket and puts his key in the door.

He opens it. Lou enters, Norman follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NORMAN MASON'S HOME

Norman passes Lou a cup of coffee which he takes and sits on the sofa. Norman sits opposite on the chair.

NORMAN
What brings you back to my humble
abode?

LOU
Libby Turner was found dead a few
hours ago.

NORMAN
What?

LOU
I'm afraid so. I was checking her
phone records and your number
popped up.