

DAYS TO DREAMLAND

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First 10 pages...

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FADE IN:

INT.WAREHOUSE - DAY

There's an old abandoned warehouse on the outer edge of Washington D.C.'s factory district. All of the interior windows have been painted black eliminating any chance of outside light. The sounds of pigeons nesting in the steel trusses above fill the air. Industrial machinery still occupies the space used years ago and the air inside still has the smell and feel of oil. Amidst the ancient machinery and pigeon droppings is a man. He sits in the middle of the warehouse with his hands and feet bound to a chair with plastic military zip ties. Blood drips out of his mouth and nose, collecting in a pool on the ground. Seated next to him is a woman bound and beaten in the same manner. Another man dressed in a black assault uniform holds a black 45cal. pistol to the woman's forehead. The bound man witnessing what's about to happen, screams at the top of his lungs.

MAN

Nooooooooooooo.

The trigger is pulled and the back of the woman's head explodes instantly. What's left of her skull slumps forward in the lifeless body. Blood pours out of her skull and onto on the plastic drop cloth underneath them. The man bound next to her can't stand the sight and closes his eyes, tears rolling down his face. They open again when he feels the same hot barrel of the pistol pressing against his forehead.

EXT. MESQUITE DROPZONE / NEVADA - DAY

The sky is blue, not a cloud for miles. It's a typical hot summer day for the Nevada desert. Skydivers are racing to the plane that has just arrived on the tarmac to give them their adrenaline fix.

INT. PLANE - DAY

The inside of the plane is littered with bumper stickers like "SKYDIVE NAKED", "ADRENALINE JUNKIES" and "AIRGASM". There are about 15 or so skydivers all laughing and joking without a care in the world. We get the feeling that this is an everyday occurrence for these people. They're all wearing brilliantly colored outfits that most wouldn't be caught dead wearing in "normal public". DAMEN TURNER, 28, is sitting on the floor of the plane next to the exit door cleaning the camera lens on his skydiving helmet. As the plane reaches altitude everyone looks at their wrists to see what the exit altitude will be. The green light next to the exit door glows. Damen slides the door open like a manual garage door. He climbs out of the plane and waits on a foot plate mounted to the side of the plane for the rest of his team. Three other jumpers collect themselves in the doorway. Damen gives the nod and all four of them step out into the blue sky.

EXT. SKY 13000FT - DAY

We see three jumpers effortlessly performing some sort of choreographed freestyle called "Freeflying". The jumpers are zipping by each other at speeds of 180 miles per hour. They're having the time of their lives and Damen is catching all of the action with his camera.

EXT. MESQUITE DROP ZONE - DAY

Once on the ground the four skydivers congregate at a table to review Damen's camera work and their flying performance. Damen's cell phone rings. He goes to his gear bag and picks it up, it reads 4 missed calls.

DAMEN

Hey guy's hold up a minute I have to take this.

His best friend STEVE, a 25 year old college drop out who lives and works at the dropzone, makes a whipping motion with his hand as if he had a whip. Damen gives him the finger and answers the call. On the other line is DELL STEVENSON, 40's. At one time he was an award winning Washington Post Editor but now he's a recovering alcoholic working for the "D.C. Review".

DELL (O.S.)

I told you from the beginning. I need to be able to contact you at a moments notice.

DAMEN

(on his cell phone)

I understand but you know I can't jump
with my cell.

DELL (O.S.)

I still don't understand why you think you
need to do that crazy shit.

DAMEN

(aggravated)

Anyway, what's up?

DELL (O.S.)

I think I found what's going to bring me
back and possibly get you the Pulitzer. I
need you back to D.C. as soon as you can
"flyboy".

Damen glances at his friends who are not waiting patiently. They think a
female is on the line. Damen gives them a smirk and shakes his head.

DAMEN

The earliest I can get back there is on a red
eye tonight.

DELL (O.S.)

Make it happen.

Dell hangs up without saying goodbye.

DAY 1

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - MORNING

Members of the President's staff including JACK GALEN (Chief of Staff),
NICK HARMON (Senior Advisor), TOM MISOR (Secretary of the
Department of Energy), PAT SIMMON (Secretary of the Department of
Transportation), DANA RICHARDS (Director of the Environmental
Protection Agency), JIM RUTGER (Director of Central Intelligence), the
Chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, the Secretary of
Defense, and the Director of Homeland Security are talking among
themselves waiting for the President's arrival. The President enters the
oval office with a serious look on his face. Everyone stands up.

PRESIDENT

Sit down people. I have just received a bill passed by Congress awaiting my signature. As you all know this bill is about the consolidation of nuclear waste in Nevada. This is a serious issue that I am not going to take lightly.

The President sits down and eyes everyone sitting on the couches.

PRESIDENT

Jack, which states are opposing the Bill?

JACK

(Chief of Staff)

Mr. President, the Bill has been passed by Congress.

PRESIDENT

Just because it's been passed does not mean the country's on board. I want to know who's not on board and why. Now I ask again, what states are opposing the Bill? Jack is silent, then:

JACK

(Reluctantly)

Mr. President, as of today, Illinois, Nebraska, Utah, and Nevada are resisting.

PRESIDENT

Why?

JACK

They're stating that the shipments would put their major cities at risk.

Interrupting.

DANA RICHARDS

(Director of the E.P.A.)

Mr. President, every state is in agreement with the nuclear waste consolidation. The opposition comes with how it's going to be shipped. The D.O.E. and the D.O.T.

(MORE)

DANA RICHARDS (CONT'D)
convinced Congress that they had the
transportation issue under control.

PRESIDENT
From the tone in your voice I'm assuming
that's not the case.

In defense Tom pulls out a file from his briefcase and opens it. It contains
the results of the test studies.

TOM MISOR
(Secretary of the Dept of
Energy)
Sir the issue is under control. We've done
numerous test studies on our options of
transportation with Pat. Railway and
truck shipments are the only viable
solution.

PAT SIMMON
(Secretary of the Dept. of
Transportation)
We've made test shipments...

The President doesn't want to know what comes next. His eyes narrow
and become fixed on Pat's.

PAT SIMMOM
(cont'd)
...with our containers filled with water to
1. test the containers durability during
transportation and 2. test the possible
impact convoys would have to the public.

PRESIDENT
(Forcefully)
So what your saying is the view from the
American people is that we are
transporting Nuclear Waste right now.
They have know idea it's "water".

Everyone in the room is silent.

PRESIDENT

(cont'd)

I did not authorize any test shipments and they will stop immediately. I don't want to give any false impressions to the people.

Pat sits back on the couch defeated. Everyone nods in agreement

PRESIDENT

(cont'd)

But I'm curious, what were the results of your tests?

Pat leans forward pulling out the test results from his briefcase.

PAT SIMMON

Sir the results far exceeded our expectations. The containers used are called casks.

Pat begins to show photo's of the tests performed on the casks. The photographs show the containers being driven into concrete walls at 80 miles/hr, and being engulfed in jet fuel of 30 minutes.

PAT SIMMON (CONT'D)

The casks passed the tests. There were no signs of leaks of any kind. They maintained there integrity.

The President gets up and heads for the door. He turns around.

PRESIDENT

(beat)

You have 10 days to get me all the information you can about solutions to the opposing states. I will make my decision then. This bill is not going to pass my desk until I have all of the facts.

The President walks out of the room. The other members of the meeting get up as well and begin to file out of the office except one. Jim Rutger (DCI) the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency grabs his cell phone and hits a key to speed dial a number.

DCI
(on his cell phone)
Get your people ready.

He then hangs up and leaves the office.

INT. HOTEL ROOM / WASHINGTON D.C. - MORNING

A rugged looking man wearing latex gloves sits on a bed placing photographs in a 9 x 12 manila envelope. Next to the bed is a table where four other men are sitting playing poker. All of the men have the same hardened look. A cell phone next to the envelope begins to ring. The man flips it open and places it to his ear. A voice is heard immediately.

VOICE (O.S.)
It's a Go.

The man then hangs up and turns to the other men.

TEAM LEADER
It's time to go to work boys.

INT. "D.C. REVIEW" NEWSPAPER / DELL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dell is sitting behind his desk against a window that faces the inside of the newsroom. On his desk is the weekly circulation report of all the newspapers in the Washington D.C. area. He finds the name of the "D.C. Review" and shakes his head disappointingly. Damen walks by the window and witnesses Dells frustration. He knocks on the door frame interrupting Dell's concentration.

DAMEN
Don't worry about the numbers. We have a
good paper.

Dell looks up from the report relieved to see Damen.

DELL
Tell that to the people how aren't buying it.

Damen tries to find a place to sit down but all of the chairs have stacks of old articles and newspapers on them. The office is in complete shambles.

DAMEN
(standing, changing the mood)
Are you ever going to clean this place up?

DELL
I'll clean up when you take a desk job and
stop working in the field.

DAMEN
Never gonna happen.

DELL
My point exactly.

Damen removes a stack of newspapers from a chair and sits down.

DAMEN
So what's the big story that's cutting my
vacation early?

DELL
You know what's going on with the
consolidation efforts of nuclear waste
right?

DAMEN
What about it? There's no way that bill's
going to pass. Congress isn't going to give
it a chance, there's way too many
unknowns. Not to mention the major
opposition from Nevada where they want
it to go.

DELL
I wouldn't be so sure, kid. The bill has
already passed Congress. It just needs the
President's signature.

DAMEN
When did this happen?

DELL
Today. A little bird told me that they have
already started making shipments.

DAMEN

Before the President signs, that's illegal.

DELL

That's why you're here.

At that moment GAIL SHEPARD (20's, beautiful) walks by Dell's window carrying a stack of papers. Damen's head turns and follows her every movement.

DAMEN

Who's that?

DELL

She's one of our new proofreaders, Gail something or other.

Damen can't take his eyes off the girl.

Gail turns and looks back. Dell snaps his fingers getting Damen's attention.

DELL (CONT'D)

(very serious)

I want you to do what you do to get to the truth. You're the best I got and I have a feeling this one's right up your alley.

DAMEN

Dell, we're not the Washington Post and we're not Woodward and Bernstein. We're a boutique paper that has a loyal following. We don't do government conspiracy. We don't have the resources or the money.

DELL

This story is exactly what we need. I'm not going to stay here writing articles about the new shopping mall on Connecticut Ave. I'm bigger than that, I've served my time and now is the time to move on. I can't stay here Damen I need my family back. I need my life back.

DAMEN

I can't do it. I got out of that lifestyle for a reason. I can't go back.

DELL

All I need you to do is confirm the shipments. Nothing else. I just need proof before I write the story. I just need you to take pictures. (beat) I need your help.

INT. "D.C. REVIEW" NEWSROOM - MORNING

Damen leaves Dell's office and starts to walk back to his cubicle. Damen's space is completely the opposite of Dell's. Everything is organized and in it's proper place. He stops and looks at the photographs that he has taken through the years all over the partition walls. Some are artistic

revealing his incredible eye and some informative.

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