

Sleep Walking

by

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FADE IN

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM:

Nondescript prints hang on the walls while matching window treatments compliment the overall appearance of a nicely decorated ranch-style home.

TIMOTHY WILSON (39), brown hair, hazel eyes, over weight, sits in front of a large flat-panel television.

The clock on the wall reads: "12:30am."

His eyelids barely open, his chin rests on his chest.

He stirs, opens his eyes and looks around.

He turns off the television and heads down the narrow corridor to his bedroom.

BEDROOM:

He enters a modestly furnished bedroom with a large king size four-poster bed prominently positioned against the wall opposite the door.

The light from a full moon streams through the windows giving the darkened room a soft luminosity.

MARSHA (37) his wife, slender, dark hair, athletic type, in bed on the opposite side, covers pulled up to her chin, asleep. (*snoring*)

Timothy lifts the covers and slides into bed.

He lays still, staring at the shadows around the room and quickly falls asleep.

He begins to breathe deeply, accompanied by rapid eye movement.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Timothy walks down a dark and empty street.

He turns around and spots one lone figure in the distance. It's a man, who wears a long rain coat and hat pulled down over his face.

A look of concern and fear comes over Tim's face.

Tim quickens his pace only to see the stranger do the same.

While he walks, he frequently turns around to check the stranger's location.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

As he turns a corner he notices a poorly lit alley and peers into it.

Garbage cans are lined up outside back doors of businesses. Dumpsters overflowing with bulging black trash liners.

Some liners torn opened, with trash pulled out and scattered on the ground.

Timothy ducks in the alley and crouches in the shadows.

He turns an ear to the street and listens for the footsteps of the stranger.

His face now contorted as he tries not to take in the rancid smell of rotting garbage strewn around him.

Beads of perspiration form on his forehead.

The sound of footsteps rise to a crescendo and then begin to fade.

He exhales a sigh of relief and steps out of the alley.

A cool breeze stirs. He gets a chill from the perspiration that formed on his forehead and around his collar.

He turns in the direction of the breeze and takes a deep breath of welcomed fresh air.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Tim begins to walk in the opposite direction in which the stranger was travelling.

He sees a sign in the shape of an arrow which reads: "BUS STOP AHEAD."

Timothy follows the sign and sits on a bench at the bus stop.

He looks up and down.

TIMOTHY (V.O.)
I'll wait here for a bus. Then I'll find
out where I am.

MOMENTS LATER:

From behind, a hand grabs his shoulder and gently shakes him.

MARSHA (O.S.)
Tim, wake up, wake up.

Tim turns around in a reflex motion.

Blinks and rubs his eyes.

With a puzzled look on his face.

TIMOTHY
What? Where am I?

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

Marsha and Timothy are in the rear of their home, on the concrete apron of their in-ground swimming pool.

It's a hot humid mid-summer night.

Gentle summer breezes swirl the water in their Olympic size pool.

Outdoor lights bathe the entire area with an iridescent glow that casts strange reflections upon the shimmering water.

Umbrella tables and chaise lounges are evenly dispersed around the perimeter of the pool.

Timothy sits in one of the chaise lounges.

Marsha stands next to him.

MARSHA
It's me Tim, Marsha. You've had one of
those dreams again.

Tim pulls on Marsha's arm.

TIMOTHY

It wasn't a dream Marsha. It was real.

She holds Tim's hand and looks sympathetically at him.

MARSHA

I know it seems real to you but face it,
you were dreaming again.

Timothy grabs Marsha by both arms.

While he shakes her.

TIMOTHY

It was real damit, I know what I saw.

Marsha looks away in a show of futility.

MARSHA

Okay. Okay. If you say so... We can talk
about it in the morning. For now, let's
just get back to bed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timothy, back in bed lays awake.

He glances at Marsha sleeping soundly next to him.

He stares at her for a moment. A faint smile appears on
her lips, as she experiences a passing dream.

He slowly turns away from her and directs his attention
to the whirling fan on the ceiling.

TIMOTHY (V.O.)

That wasn't as bad as some of the other
episodes I've had. Just last week there
was...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAWN

A sign above the entrance to a small park reads:
"MEADOW VIEW PARK."

Timothy sits alone in his pajamas, on a bench in a park,
across the street from his house.

Illuminated by a street light over head he sits staring.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. BEDROOM - DARK

TIMOTHY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Marsha had to get me that night to. If I
 didn't have my ankle bracelet on, she
 never would have found me.

Timothy looks at the black metallic box on the night
 table on Marsha's side of the bed.

The red "Power" light glows, indicating it is activated.

The front panel on the box reads:

Allied Electronics Corp.
 New York, N.Y. 07446
 Digital Ground Position Locator
 Model 127-b
 S/N 1786592

TIMOTHY (V.O. (CONT'D)
 The doctor suggested I get one. I wear it
 to bed every night.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Timothy sits on an examination table.

Marsha seated across from him.

Timothy repeatedly checks his watch.

Stares out the window into the parking lot.

He begins to read the many framed certificates and
 diplomas that hang on the wall.

TIMOTHY
 I hope DR. MANZI can tell me the cause of
 these dreams..

MARSHA
 He should be able to tell us something.

Pointing around the wall.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

Look at all these diplomas on the wall.

Timothy points to one particular framed diploma hanging to his left.

TIMOTHY

Hey, look at this one over here.
Heidelberg University, School of
Medicine. I'm impressed.

Timothy now turns his attention to the clock on the far wall.

Nervously, he drums his fingers on the examination table.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

What's keeping him? I hate this waiting.
We make an appointment, arrive on time
and then wait.

Turns to Marsha.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Is that what they taught him at
Heidelberg?

Door opens.

Dr. HEINRICH MANZI, mid-60's, goatee, grey hair, very distinguished looking, in a white lab coat, enters in a flourish.

He carries a thick ream of charts and over-sized x-ray negatives.

He flips through the pages, stops to read some and passes over others.

He looks up and smiles at Tim.

DR. MANZI

Sorry to keep you waiting Mr. Wilson.

Dr. Manzi returns to reading his notes.

Timothy turns to Marsha and rolls his eyes.

Interrupts Dr. Manzi while he is reading.

TIMOTHY

Doctor, what's wrong with me? Is it
serious? Can you tell from those tests?

Dr. Manzi looks up from studying Tim's charts.

PAUSE:

Removes his glasses.

Clears his throat.

Strokes his goatee and looks condescendingly at Timothy and Marsha.

DR. MANZI

Well Mr. Wilson... first off, may I call you Timothy?

An annoyed look reappears on Tim's face at the inane question.

He impatiently answers it in a curt manner.

His face still showing disdain for being kept waiting.

TIMOTHY

Yes. What does it matter, call me Tim or whatever. Just tell me what you see in all those charts you're carrying.

Starts to flip through the pages again.

Dr. Manzi displays a look of frustration of his own.

While he speaks, he habitually clicks his ball-point pen.

DR. MANZI

Well Tim, after reviewing all your test results, they all came back negative.

TIMOTHY

Negative? What does that mean?

TIMOTHY (V.O.)

Dr. Manzi continues to click his pen.

DR. MANZI

Well Tim, let me begin by saying, I'm intrigued by your symptoms.

Stroking his goatee.

DR. MANZI (CONT'D)

I've read about them in medical journals but never had a patient who actually displays them, quite the way you do.

A look of disbelief comes over Tim's face.

Anger in his voice at being kept waiting and now the clicking pen.

TIMOTHY

What? All those tests you put me through and the best you can do is tell me you're intrigued.

Dr. Manzi continues pacing the floor, as if to deflect any further questions from Timothy.

TIMOTHY (V.O.)

He still clicks his pen. Pen clicking must be a Heidelberg thing.

DR. MANZI

Quite frankly Tim, yours is a most interesting and unusual case. Perhaps one of a very few of its kind in the country.

Timothy begins to stare at the ceiling, shows his disgust and frustration as he listens.

(Still hears the incessant clicking of Dr. Manzi's pen as he speaks.)

TIMOTHY

So what are you telling me exactly? Can you help me or what?

MARSHA

Doctor, am I still going to be chasing Tim all over, when he has one of those crazy episodes again?

Dr. Manzi turns to face Marsha.

DR. MANZI

For now, I'm afraid so Mrs. Wilson. This is a rather (bizarre) case we have here.

TIMOTHY (V.O.)

Now he goes with the "bizarre" thing and continues that nervous click of his damn pen.

Futility creeps into the tone of Tim's voice.

TIMOTHY

There must be something you can do for me doctor. I can't continue to live this way.

Marsha pleads.

MARSHA
Neither can I doctor.

Dr. Manzi casts a sympathetic glance at both the Wilson's.

He assumes a serious demeanor.

He walks over to Tim and puts his hand on Tim's shoulder, while he faces Marsha.

DR. MANZI
There (IS) something that can be done but I don't want to give you and Tim here, any false hope.

Tim's face lights up at the prospect of hope.

TIMOTHY
Well, what is it doctor?

Glances over at Tim and then back at Marsha.

DR. MANZI
There is a Dr Heinrich Lowendorf in Munich, Germany who administers a sleep disorder program.

Tim looks away.

His facial expression changes to anger.

TIMOTHY
Are you suggesting I be a guinea-pig in some unproven experimental program in Germany?

TIMOTHY (V.O.)
Here's a twist. Manzi clicks his pen but now keeps it inside his lab coat pocket.

Dr. Manzi explains.

DR. MANZI
I'm afraid every new program is experimental and has its own inherent risks.

Tim gives Dr. Manzi a cold stare.

He follows up with a heated objection.

TIMOTHY

You're not going to get me to participate
in some crazy program doctor.

Dr. Manzi surprised, takes a step back as he recoils from
Tim's sudden outburst.

He holds both hands up and attempts to settle Tim down.

DR. MANZI

Please calm down Tim. You did say earlier
that you would try anything.

All traces of anger disappear as quickly as they erupted.

TIMOTHY

I did say that... but I draw the line at
being some wacko doctor's lab rat.

Marsha pleads.

MARSHA

Tim, let Dr. Manzi finish explaining.

Timothy looks back at Dr. Manzi.

TIMOTHY (V.O.)

I think the pen may have set me off.

TIMOTHY

I'm sorry I got carried away doctor.
Please continue.

A slight smile now appears on Dr. Manzi's lips.

He appears satisfied with himself, after throttling back
Tim's anger.

He clears his throat again.

Paces back and forth clicking his pen, as if in triumph
over Tim's outburst.

DR. MANZI

Where was I? Oh yes. There is a doctor,
that specializes in sleep disorders, who
has made inroads on patients with
symptoms similar to yours.

Tim's eyes light up.

He looks in Martha's direction.

TIMOTHY

Do you mean, there are others like me?

DR. MANZI

I'm afraid so, but not very many. Most of the patients are in Europe.

Timothy looks at Dr. Manzi and leans forward in anticipation of additional information.

TIMOTHY

What else did the article say? I think I might be interested now.

DR. MANZI

His facility is located in Munich, Germany. It requires the patient to stay at his facility for up to a month while undergoing treatment.

TIMOTHY

Month?

DR. MANZI

Yes. Currently there are no facilities or doctors here in the states utilizing these unusual protocols.

Tim turns to Dr. Manzi.

TIMOTHY

Okay doctor, but before we leave here, I have a few questions for you.

Holds up each finger as he ticks off each question.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

One... What's the success rate of this program? Two... What are the side effects? Three... What do you mean by "unusual protocols?" Four... Can I speak with someone who has successfully completed the program?

The doctor looks overwhelmed by the barrage of Tim's questions.

Dr. Manzi's pen-clicking gets quicker (actually double-clicking) and his eyes dart from Tim to Marsha.

The uncomfortable look on his face signals his lack of any answers.

He clears his throat and paces the floor in an apparent move to buy time.

Finally, with a patronizing smile on his face.

DR. MANZI

Of course you can Tim. I'll have all that information waiting for you.

Abruptly he shepherds the Wilson's toward the door.

DR. MANZI (CONT'D)

After we finish here and I think we are, stop at the front desk and my RECEPTIONIST will give you what you are looking for.

Dr. Manzi shakes Tim's hand.

TIMOTHY

Thank you doctor.

Marsha gives Dr. Manzi a grateful hug.

MARSHA

Thank you doctor.

DR. MANZI

You are quite welcome Mrs. Wilson. Let me know what you both decide.

TIMOTHY

We will.

All leave the examination room together.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Timothy and Marcia at the front desk.

Behind the desk is a tall slender blond, late 20's, good looking.

She wears a short, tight skirt, grossly inappropriate for a medical/professional office.

While chewing gum.

RECEPTIONIST

May I help you?

TIMOTHY

Yes. Dr Manzi mentioned that you would be able to provide us with information for a Dr. Lowendorf in Munich.

An odd look comes over her face and a strange quiver in her voice.

RECEPTIONIST

You thinking about seeing Dr. Lowendorf?

TIMOTHY

Yes, why?

The receptionist's body language reveals trepidation in their request.

Her head and eyes dart around the room, as if to check if anyone is watching.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh nothing.

TIMOTHY

C'mon, is there something we should know about this doctor?

In a shaky voice.

RECEPTIONIST

Well...

Dr. Manzi abruptly appears from out of no where and quickly joins the receptionist behind the desk.

He has a forced smile on face and stares daggers while he tightly grabs his receptionists's wrist.

With his teeth clenched.

DR. MANZI

Is there something wrong Helga?

She fumbles with her pen.

With fear in her voice.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh no doctor. I was just getting the information on Dr. Lowendorf for the Wilson's.

Releases his *death* grip on Helga's wrist.

It leaves a noticeable red mark.

DR. MANZI

Then be quick about it. I'm sure the
Wilson's are in a hurry.

RECEPTIONIST

Very well, doctor.

Nervously she scrolls down a list of names which appear
on a computer screen.

She stops, then begins to write on a pad.

She tears the top sheet off and hands it to Marsha.

The doctor closely observes the entire procedure.

TIMOTHY

Thank you.

Timothy and Marsha leave the office.

SUPER: LATER THAT DAY

INT. HOME - EVENING

DINING ROOM:

A medium to large size room with a huge table in the
center, which can accommodate seating for ten.

A crystal chandelier hangs over the table that casts off
a brilliant light which sufficiently illuminates the
entire room.

Tastefully decorated window treatments and appropriate
wall art hanging on the walls tops off the tastefully but
modestly appointed room.

Tim and Marsha sit opposite each other and prepare to
have dinner.

As they cut their food and eat, they manage to converse
between bites.

Timothy butters his bread.

TIMOTHY

Marsha, what do you think about going to
Germany?

Marsha scoops mashed potatoes onto her plate.

MARSHA

I'm worried about the money. The way the economy is headed I can't see us taking that trip just yet.

Timothy chews on his roast beef.

Marsha serves herself mashed potatoes.

TIMOTHY

We can use the money from Mom's inheritance.

Marsha pours a glass of water for herself.

MARSHA

Care for more water Tim?

Moves his half full glass toward Marsha.

TIMOTHY

Yes please.

She fills Tim's glass and returns to the discussion.

MARSHA

Do you think it's wise dipping into our retirement money?

Looks up at Marsha.

TIMOTHY

Of course it's worth it. I don't like living this way.

MARSHA

I guess the final decision is yours Tim.

Timothy finishes the last of his roast beef.

Dabs the corner of his mouth with his napkin.

Shows a look of acknowledgment to Marsha's argument.

TIMOTHY

I know, the cost may be an obstacle.

MARSHA

Dr. Manzi did mention as much as a month of extended stay would be necessary.

She explains.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

With meals and lodging, living in a foreign country could cost us a small fortune.

Cuts up the last of her roast beef.

Points at Tim with her fork, with a piece of meat hanging from the end.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

That's exactly my point Tim. Add to that, the fact we don't even know what Dr. Lowendorf's fees will be.

Tim fixes his coffee with cream and sugar.

TIMOTHY

You're right. With everything else going on, I forgot to ask what Dr. Lowendorf's fee would be.

MARSHA

I don't want to make this all about money but we have to at least weigh the possibility of depleting our nest egg.

Tim takes a sip of coffee.

TIMOTHY

And what about this doctor in Munich? Do you have the information the receptionist gave us?

MARSHA

Before I get to that... did you notice that little scene at the front desk right before we left?

He takes another sip of coffee and nods in the affirmative

TIMOTHY

Yes, I got the impression the receptionist wanted to tell us something.

MARSHA

Yes, I picked up on that to. Looked as though she wanted to tell us something but didn't want Dr. Manzi to know.

Tim, incredulous.

TIMOTHY

Did you see how tight he squeezed her wrist?

Timothy looks around the room as if searching for something.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Marsha, where did you put that paper the receptionist gave you?

MARSHA

I put it in my purse. It's in the front hall closet. I'll be right back.

Walks to the front hall closet.

Returns to the table with a paper containing the information.

TIMOTHY

What does it say?

Marsha unfolds the paper.

She reads from the paper.

MARSHA

Mr. Manfred L. Lowendorf, 1452 Goethe Strasse, Munich, Germany, Tel. 76-640-45... "Specializing in Abnormal Sleep Disorders"

Pointing a finger.

TIMOTHY

Maybe we can look him up on the internet? There should be something about him if he is so famous.

PAUSE:

Timothy looks away from the table for a moment.

Stares off into the distance as if in deep thought.

Returns his attention back to Marsha.

Marsha notices a break in the conversation.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

Is something wrong?

TIMOTHY

No, just weighing my options in this matter.

MARSHA

And...

TIMOTHY

Here's what I've just decided. Lets hold off for awhile on this Lowendorf thing.

Marsha smiling, happy she won't be spending any money.

MARSHA

I'm glad you decided to hold off on the trip Tim.

Offers a ray of hope.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

Perhaps this sleep walking thing will go away, as quickly as it came.

Finishes her glass of water.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

Maybe if I sleep a little lighter, I'll be able to hear the alarm sound on the Locator Box.

SUPER: SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Timothy watches the late night news on his large flat panel television.

His eyes close and the remote control loosely hangs from his hand.

He stirs, opens his eyes and looks around.

Makes his way down the hall and into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marsha already asleep, snores heavily.

Timothy's eyes close. His breathing becomes more rapid and pronounced as he falls asleep.

He twists in the covers as if tormented by some unknown force.

He begins to settle down.

His body slowly relaxes, as he slips into the depths of a deep REM sleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Timothy stands in front of a large building with lots of windows.

A sign in front reads: "JEFFERSONVILLE HIGH SCHOOL - HOME OF THE JEFFERSONVILLE TIGERS."

Underneath, an arrow shaped sign reads: "To ATHLETIC TRACK."

EXT. ATHLETIC TRACK - NIGHT

The track is dimly lit with empty seats.

Timothy stands at the starting line.

He glances at other runners, as they await the start of the race.

The STARTER points his pistol directly at Timothy.

STARTER

On your mark...

Timothy alarmed at the Starter's pistol being pointed directly at him.

TIMOTHY

(cries out)

No. No. Stop. Don't shoot.

STARTER

(shouts)

Get set...

TIMOTHY

(cries out again)

Don't shoot me. Please don't shoot me.

STARTER
(Shouts)

Go...

The pistol makes a loud crack.

The runners leave the starting line.

Timothy stands there alone, feels his body for any bullet wounds. Not finding any, he begins to run.

While running, he looks around for the other runners that were with him at the starting line.

They disappeared.

An odd look comes over his face. He doesn't have time to figure out why, he just keeps running.

He rounds the far turn and heads into home stretch.

With his arms raised in victory, he breaks the tape as he crosses the finish line.

Timothy collapses. Breathing heavily, he falls into someone's arms.

Exhausted, he raises his head and looks up.

TIMOTHY
Marsha it's you! What are you doing here?

Kneels and holds Tim's exhausted body.

MARSHA
Tim, you've done it again.

Tim looks up at Marsha.

TIMOTHY
Done what?

A sense of frustration in Marsha's voice.

MARSHA
You had one of your sleep walking episodes again. They seem to be getting worse.

Timothy's eyes plead his case.

He looks at Marsha searching for vindication.

TIMOTHY

Episode? What episode? I really ran that race...and I won. Don't you believe me?

Marsha continues to cradle Tim's head in her lap, looks into his eyes.

MARSHA

Tim, we can't go on like this. We have to get this taken care of. We definitely have to see that doctor in Germany and I don't care what it costs.

TIMOTHY

Why? What's wrong? I ran that race and I won.

Marsha speaks with mixed emotions of sympathy and anger. She waves her hand in the air pointing in all directions. In her most determined voice yet.

MARSHA

Tim, look around you, what do you see?

Tim lifts his head from Marsha's lap and looks around.

A giant digital clock on top of the scoreboard reads: "2:30am."

Timothy has a look of surprise.

TIMOTHY

I'm at the running track at the high school Marsha.

Marsha emphatically.

MARSHA

That's what I've been trying to tell you. I awoke to the sound of the "Locator Alarm," looked on your side of the bed and you were gone.

TIMOTHY

But Marsha, it seemed so real.

MARSHA

Look Tim, I know you think it is real but as you know, there is no logical explanation for what just happened.

An empty wheelchair stands nearby.

MARSHA (CONT'D)

You do realize that you are completely paralyzed and have been since childhood, when you were struck by that drunk driver, while riding your bicycle?

Over Marsha's shoulder, under a light, in a distant parking lot, a handicap van awaits Tim, hazard lights flashing, sliding door open and hydraulic lift in the down position.

FADE TO BLACK:

