

Sleepwalking

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - KID'S ROOM - NIGHT

A storage bin with toys. Bright colored walls. Next to a pink bed, a table lamp illuminates a framed photo of ANGEL HUNTER (5), a ray of sunshine, curly long hair, hugging a life-size teddy bear.

ETHAN HUNTER (40), graying hair, broad shoulders, in police uniform, tucks in Angel and her brown teddy bear. He kisses her forehead.

ETHAN
Good night, sweetie.

ANGEL
Bear too.

He kisses the stuffed animal, wiggles his nose.

ETHAN
Bear needs a bath.

She giggles.

ANGEL
Good night, daddy.

He flicks off the table lamp, leaves.

ANGEL (O.S.)
(voice trails off)
I love you, daddy.

He turns, smiles.

ETHAN
Love you too, sweetie.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Ethan leaves a pink door ajar, descends the stairs.

KITCHEN

At a counter, HARMONY HUNTER (35), petite, wrapped in sweats, rinses dishes. A smile as she eyes Ethan's reflection in a window.

He wraps his arms around her with a smooch on her cheek.

ETHAN
She's out like a light.

ENTRYWAY

At a front door, Harmony and Ethan lock lips, hug.

HARMONY
Be safe.

He leaves with a nod and a smile. She locks the door, crosses the floor, climbs the stairs.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

As Harmony pushes the pink door open, a slice of light expands across the room, illuminating Angel sound asleep. She leaves the door cracked open.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Clouds cruise by a full moon. Leaves rustle in a light breeze.

INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Against a wall, shelves with framed family photos and books.

Harmony snores in a lazy chair. Her chin dropped to her chest with glasses at the tip of her nose. A phone in her lap.

ENTRYWAY

The front door half open, creaks as a wind gust hits it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Angel, barefoot in pink pajamas, clutches her brown cuddly toy under one arm, stops under a flickering lamppost.

A breeze flutters her curls. Glazed eyes at a bungalow with an open front door.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING - NIGHT

Ethan, alert, scans the street and the neighborhood.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Angel paces up a driveway, steps onto a lit porch. She pauses as screams penetrate through the open front door.

Glass shatters. A thud.

ANGEL
Grandma. Grandpa.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING - NIGHT

Ethan's eyes pop. He stomps the breaks, kills the ignition, yanks open a door.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Ethan leaps out as Angel enters the bungalow.

ETHAN
Angel.

He dashes up the driveway.

ETHAN
Angel.

A shot rings out.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Ethan crouches, yanks a gun from a holster. His face twitches under the porch light.

ETHAN
Angel. Mom. Dad.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The flickering light dies.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Ethan steps onto the porch. In his arms, a lifeless Angel in a bloody pink pajamas. As he steps off the porch, his knees buckle, drops to the ground. He presses her body to his chest, chokes out sobs.

Sirens at a distance.

INT. HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Harmony saw logs in the lazy chair.

In white pajamas, Angel paces past a doorway with a white teddy bear by her side.

Harmony snorts awake. She drops her glasses on a side table, dry washes her face, taps her phone, "12.30am."

KID'S ROOM

Angel climbs onto a windowsill with her toy bear, eyes Ethan in a driveway.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

With a bloody brown teddy bear in one hand, Ethan pauses, lifts his head at an upstairs window. No Angel.

ENTRYWAY

At the stairs, Harmony grabs the banister, pauses. She turns, peers at the open front door.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Harmony leaps up the stairs.

HARMONY

Angel.

She swings open the pink door, stares at an empty bed.

HARMONY

Angel.

(O.S.) The front door creaks.

She whips around, gawks at Ethan at the front door with the bloody stuffed animal in one hand.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A heartbreaking scream disintegrates the air.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Sun rises, paints an orange glow on the horizon.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - ROOM7 - DAY

Surrounded by medical equipment, EVELIEN HUNTER (60), silver grey hair, lies in a bed with closed eyes. A bandage covers her side shaved head. Intravenous in her arm.

Bedside in a chair, Jack HUNTER (65), receding hairline, expanding waistline with a bandaged forehead and eyes glued on Evelien. He rubs her left hand empty ring finger.

EXT. TOWN HOUSE - DAY

At a front door, Ethan in street clothes, wraps his arms around Harmony. They weep.

He gets in a truck.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The truck pulls up the driveway.

INT. TRUCK - PARKED - DAY

Ethan kills the ignition, leans back, stares through a windshield. He fills his lungs with air, exits.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Motionless in a doorway, Ethan peers at the bloody stuffed animal on the counter.

He shuffles to the counter with eyes locked on the furball. His face twitches. He shakes.

With a hoarse scream, he grabs a vase off the counter, hurls it across the room.

It explodes against a wall.

He grabs the edge of the counter with both hands, lowers his head as his shoulders heave.

His puffy eyes well up as he picks up the stuffed animal, cradles it.

He sways, drops to the floor, presses the stuffed toy to his chest as he rocks back and forth, bawls.

ENTRYWAY

Ethan climbs the stairs.

MASTER BATHROOM

A swirl of blood and water drain down a sink.

Ethan snuffles, rubs soap on the stuffed animal.

He lifts his head, jerks, gawks at a reflection of Angel in pink pajamas with her brown care bear in a doorway.

As he spins with a tight grip on the stuffed toy, soap and water fly through the air.

Wide eyes at the empty doorway. He turns, stares at his own reflection.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

With a backpack over his shoulder, Ethan paces toward the truck in the driveway.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The truck slips into a spot, rolls up to a concrete stopper.

Ethan exits. As he trudges toward the hospital entrance, Angel steps in front of the truck, clasps her stuffed toy.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - ROOM7 - NIGHT

The backpack sits on the floor next to a side table.

Bedside, Jack and Ethan hug and sob. The embrace lingers.

Jack drops in the chair. With folded hands, he shakes his head. As he turns to Ethan, his lips move, no words.

Ethan puts a hand on Jack's shoulder.

ETHAN

I don't know, dad. She was sleepwalking.

Jack leans back, wipes his eyes, takes a deep breath.

JACK
Harmony?

ETHAN
At her mom's.

Ethan's phone chimes. He taps it.

ETHAN
Come on, dad. Let's see what Doctor
Grant has to say.

Ethan leans over Evelien, kisses her forehead.

ETHAN
Love you, mom.

A sliding door opens, Jack and Ethan exit.

Angel steps up to Evelien.

ANGEL
Grandma, I just wanted to tell you
I love you very much.

Evelien turns her head, smiles.

EVELIEN
I love you too, sweetie.

Angel takes a step back.

ANGEL
Oh, you can hear me, but your eyes
are closed.

EVELIEN
Just resting. A bit tired, but I
can hear you.

The sliding door opens, Ethan enters, furrows his forehead.

ETHAN
Mom.

He steps up to Evelien. A thin smile on her face. He holds her hand, rubs it.

ETHAN
Mom, can you hear me? Do you feel
me?

Angel steps up next to Ethan.

Ethan raises his head, rubs his neck, scans the empty room.

He circles the bed.

ANGEL (O.S.)
Grandma, I need to ask you
something.

He rummages through the backpack.

EVELIEN
Sure. What is it, sweetie?

Ethan jerks, spins.

ANGEL (O.S.)
Why was that bad man so mean to you
and grandpa?

EVELIEN
Sweetie, I don't understand what
bad person you're talking about.

Frozen, Ethan peers at Evelien.

ANGEL (O.S.)
He hit you and grandpa.

EVELIEN
No, sweetie. Grandpa and I are
fine. Nobody hit us. Where's this
coming from?

As Ethan thaws, he slow paces to the foot of the bed.

ANGEL (O.S.)
He lives in the loud house.

EVELIEN
You mean, Tommy? Just because his
parties are a bit loud sometimes,
doesn't mean he's a bad person.

An eerie silence.

Angel squeezes her teddy bear with eyes on Ethan.

A gasp as Ethan lowers his head, sniffles turn into weeps.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Headlights flood a garage door. The truck pulls up the driveway, parks.

INT. TRUCK - PARKED - NIGHT

Ethan switches off the ignition. Harmony holds a candle in her lap. They sit in silence.

ETHAN

I left a light on for Angel.

She leans forward, stares through the windshield at dim light passing through the upstairs window.

HARMONY

The windowsill. Her favorite spot.
Playing with her stuffed toys.

Her voice cracks. He holds her hand.

HARMONY

Waiting for you to come home from
work.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

With linked arms, Harmony and Ethan drag their feet to the front door.

INT. HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Harmony pauses at the bottom of the stairs, grabs the banister with eyes at the pink door. Ethan holds her hand. They climb the stairs.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

At the cracked open pink door, Harmony fills her lungs with air, pushes the door open. A gasp as she stares at the brown teddy bear on the side table.

KID'S ROOM

Harmony and Ethan sit on the pink bed.

In Harmony's lap, a lit candle and the framed photo of Angel hugging a life-size teddy bear. Ethan picks up the stuffed animal from the side table, squeezes it.

In the background, Angel in white pajamas, sits on the windowsill with her white teddy bear in her lap.

Harmony's lips quiver. Her breath shudders as she inhales, clears her throat.

HARMONY

Sweetie, daddy and I love you so
much. Always have. Always will.

Angel hugs her teddy bear.

Harmony lifts her head, turns, eyes the empty windowsill.

INT. HOSPITAL - INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - ROOM7 - NIGHT

Jack slips a ring on Evelien's left hand ring finger, nods.

Evelien moans. Her eyelids twitch, eyes flutter open.

A smile spreads across Jack's face as their eyes meet.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Sun bleeds through clouds. Birds chirp.

Evelien, Jack, Harmony and Ethan at Angel's gravestone, surrounded by flowers and a ceramic teddy bear. The stone marked, "Love you. Always have. Always will."

FADE OUT.