

Dimly lit massive hallway. Large, expensive pieces of artwork hang from the walls. DOCTOR BILLINGS (45, female, five foot nine, short black hair with gray spots, chubby) and ELENA MCGOWAN (30, female, five foot four, long blond hair, fit) sit in large lounge chairs around a glass coffee table. The hallway is lined with doors to different rooms and closets.

DOCTOR BILLINGS

(soft and stern)

Ms. McGowan, we've sat up the past two nights. On days when I've had a full schedule of clients. And again tomorrow. Nothing is out of the ordinary here.

DOCTOR BILLINGS leans in close to ELENA and her eyes open wide.

DOCTOR BILLINGS

(whispers)

And I am laying my career...my *LIFE* on the line *SPYING* on the CEO of one of the largest Pharma-

ELENA

I'm not lying and I'm certainly not crazy! I wouldn't lay my job on the line if I wasn't 100% certain. I've seen her!

DOCTOR BILLINGS

When did you see her last walk?

A video montage of TRACY sleepwalking plays over ELENA's voiceover that describes it.

ELENA(V.O.)

Almost every night since Jack left for his business trip to Portland. I've seen her get out of bed, put on her robe and unlock her study. She grabs a paper, folds it, and writes something. Then she reads it, folds it back up, locks it in her safe, and goes back to bed. All while she is sound asleep.

Back to present time.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR BILLINGS

Hmm, I've seen sleepwalking, but never before have I heard of this complexity of action while remaining asleep. While she is doing all of this, does she talk?

ELENA

Oh yes Doctor, but I can't repeat her words.

DOCTOR BILLINGS

Elena, you have to tell me!

ELENA

I know I'm not crazy, but I need someone else to hear it firsthand.

The door to the master bedroom opens and TRACY PETERSON (33, female, long dark straight hair, quite fit, tall) emerges. She holds a candle and her eyes are open, but she wears a blank stare on her face as if she is not awake.

ELENA

Look, she's coming! Exactly how she always is-completely asleep!

DOCTOR BILLINGS

Wh-

ELENA

Shhh! Stay quiet and watch.

DOCTOR BILLINGS

(whisper)

Does she always carry a candle?

ELENA

Always. She has it by her bed every night. Her command.

DOCTOR BILLINGS

Her eyes are open!

ELENA

But she doesn't show any sign of life, no emotion. A blank stare of nothing.

TRACY places the candle down, and rubs her hands continuously. DOCTOR BILLINGS and ELENA stand up from the chairs and tip toe towards her, but remain a safe distance away.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR BILLINGS

What's she doing now, rubbing her hands?

ELENA

She does it all the time, like she washes her hands. I've seen her do this for fifteen minutes straight.

TRACY

Here's a spot!

DOCTOR BILLINGS

Shh! She's talking.

DOCTOR BILLINGS pulls out her phone.

DOCTOR BILLINGS

I'm going to take notes on what she says.

TRACY

Go away, dammit, go away!

DOCTOR BILLINGS and ELENA both freeze dead in their tracks, and look, worried, at each other.

TRACY

Get out spot!

DOCTOR BILLINGS and ELENA sigh a breath of relief and continue to watch.

TRACY

One, two. It's time, time to do it. Hell is murky!...Well?!.... Well?! Chief Executive Officer and still afraid? Why should we be afraid when no one can bring us down? But who would've thought this old man could leave such a trail?!

DOCTOR BILLINGS

(to Elena)

Did you hear that?

TRACY turns to face DOCTOR BILLINGS and ELENA while she continues to rub her hands. Her face remains blank, and she stares through the two.

TRACY

His assistant, he had a wife. Where is she now, where'd she go?- Will

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRACY (cont'd)
these hands ever be clean again?-No
more, oh, no more of that! You'll
ruin it all if you don't pull it
together!

TRACY turns back towards her room, and begins to walk.
DOCTOR BILLINGS turns to ELENA.

DOCTOR BILLINGS
You need to leave, you've heard
things that you shouldn't know.

ELENA
She said things she shouldn't have,
that's a fact. God knows what else
she knows.

TRACY stops in front of the door to her bedroom and begins
to rub her hands aggressively again.

TRACY
The scent of the Fentanyl substance
remains strong, not even the
strongest Baccarat perfume could
sweeten this hand. The remains of
this powder won't wash away!

TRACY lets out a scream that echoes throughout the entire
house, one that could shatter windows and eardrums.

DOCTOR BILLINGS
My god, that shriek. Her heart is
heavily burdened.

ELENA
I wouldn't ever want a heart like
hers. Fentanyl?

DOCTOR BILLINGS
Well, well...

ELENA
I certainly hope it is.

DOCTOR BILLINGS
This is far beyond my expertise.
I've seen cases of sleepwalking,
but it's never been tied to such a
horrific act of guilt.

TRACY opens the door and enters her room. DOCTOR BILLINGS
and ELENA remain just outside the door.

TRACY

(looks into her mirror)
Wash your hands! Put on your
pajamas! Stop looking so pale,
jesus get some color! I'll say it
again, Rodgers is buried, he can't
come back from his grave.

DOCTOR BILLINGS turns to ELENA with a surprised face.

DOCTOR BILLINGS

Is this true?

TRACY

Get in bed, get in bed! Someones
knocking at the door. Come here,
give me your hand! We can't go
back, what's done is done! To bed,
get to bed!

TRACY slams the door shut in DOCTOR BILLINGS and ELENA's
faces.

DOCTOR BILLINGS

Does she go to bed now?

ELENA

Directly.

DOCTOR BILLINGS

Terribly evil words are being
spread, and unnatural doings bring
unnatural trouble. Guilty minds
reveal their secrets only to their
pillows, in their dreams. She needs
much more than a doctor, than a
psychologist. Look after her. My
mind is still at awe, I can't
believe what I just saw. I have so
much to think, but dare not speak.
And you shouldn't either. The
Peterson family has more power, and
can take out someone as meaningless
as myself or you in the blink of an
eye. I must go, good night.

The two stand up and shake hands.

ELENA

Good night and thank you Doctor.

DOCTOR BILLINGS walks towards the stairs to leave, while
ELENA walks into the bathroom and shuts the doors.

6.

END SCENE