

THE STRANGE UNTRIED

a screenplay by
Benjamin J. Gohs

Copyright© 2022

benjamingohs@gmail.com

OVER BLACK: O.S. calm rhythmic CLUCK of a hen.

FADE IN:

INT. ÆBBE'S APARTMENT - UNKNOWN

MOVING THROUGH APT. OIL LAMPS dimly light this dusty retreat cluttered by books, antique furniture, clocks without hands.

Every window sealed against the light of day, the light of the moon. Inside the front door lies a tall pile of unopened mail delivered through the old brass slot.

Down a dim hall to a closed door rimmed in a halo of bright light. Door slowly opens revealing the sole occupants of this time capsule: a lonely old man and his chicken.

INT. ÆBBE'S STUDIO - UNKNOWN

A nearly empty white room lit by candelabras on the floor.

Kneels there time-ravaged ÆBBE ÆTHELFRITH, clad only in white boxer shorts. He holds forth ISABEL the hen. [pronounced "eeb ee-thul-frith"] Isabel's feet drip black paint. Ebbe whispers into her ear before letting her loose on an otherwise immaculate six-foot-square of canvas.

ÆBBE

If I could do this, I would.

Isabel takes a few steps, leaving black chicken tracks.

ÆBBE (cont'd)

Speak to me.

Æbbe's entranced. Searching for ... high art? Sign from God?

ÆBBE (cont'd)

Attagirl.

When Isabel's feet run dry, Ebbe dips them in the paint can.

INT. BATHROOM - UNKNOWN

Lantern lights this steamy room. Ebbe, stained in black paint, laves water over his sore muscles. From her toilet perch, Isabel CLUCKS.

ÆBBE

We painted before. We'll paint again.