

ULTRA PARASOMNIA

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ADDILYN & CORA'S BACKYARD - MORNING

The sun shines brightly through a dilapidated chicken coup.

ADDILYN, early 50s, with wild grey hair and washed out appearance, scoops up a chicken. She gently strokes its back.

ADDILYN
(sing-songy)
There are no flies on you, no
flies on my little bird.

INT. ADDILYN & CORA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Seventies styled wallpaper embellishes aging walls. Obsolete furniture and knickknacks spill into every corner.

CORA, late 40s, attractive with austere features, hums softly while making a double bed. She fluffs one cushion and then another.

Feathers sail into the air.

Cora gasps, then coughs hard. A slobbery feather shoots into her hand.

A look of unease settles on her face.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Addilyn washes the dishes. Cora pauses mid-way through drying a dish.

CORA
I spoke to Lorenzo.

ADDILYN
From down the road?

CORA
He'll take the chickens off our
hands.

Addilyn frowns. She drops a dish into the suds.

ADDILYN

Cora!

CORA

But they're filthy Addy. They
attract the flies -

ADDILYN

I'll buy flytraps, good ones.

INT. BEDROOM - 10pm

Cora takes off her reading glasses, closes a recipe book
and places it on the bedside table.

CORA

(teasing)

I think I'll cook a roast chicken
tomorrow.

Addilyn scowls at Cora.

ADDILYN

For Lorenzo?

Cora chuckles in amusement. She leans into spoon Addilyn.

CORA

He's not my type.

INT. BEDROOM - 2.30am

A rough scratching SOUND echoes in the space.

Cora tosses and turns wildly in bed. She sits up. Her
eyes trace movement in the corner of the room.

CORA

Addy, is that you?

Cora grabs a flashlight from her bedside table. She
directs it toward the activity.

The beam settles on a silhouetted figure. Addilyn's arm
moves erratically across the wall.

Cora sprays the beam further to the right. A drawing of a
chicken comes into focus.

Cora's brow furrows.

CORA
Oh God, not again.

She pulls the covers up over her head.

INT. KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Chicken clucking noises, BARELY AUDIBLE, linger in the background.

Addilyn is seated at a table. Cora approaches; hands concealed behind her back.

CORA
I got you something.

Addilyn looks pale. Dark rings circle her eyes.

Cora plonks a wrapped package onto the table.

Addilyn flinches.

CORA
Well, open it.

Addilyn scans the package.

CORA CONT'D
(demanding)
Open it.

She rips the paper. A sketchpad and pencil set fall out.

She looks up at Cora, cheeks reddening.

ADDILYN
Oh -

CORA
I saw you last night.

Addilyn's eyes glisten.

ADDILYN
I'm sorry.

Cora's body leans in authoritatively. She points a finger at the sketchpad.

CORA
Let's not destroy every wall in
the house this time.

EXT. CHICKEN COUP - 5pm

Addilyn, glassy eyed, sits in the corner of the coup. Chickens surround her.

ADDILYN
(talking to the chickens)
I see... Yes... Of course... Makes sense...

INT. BEDROOM - 2.30am

The melodic clucking of chickens fills the room. A gruff scratching noise follows.

CORA
(half-asleep)
Addilyn!

The scratching intensifies.

Cora raises her head off the cushion. She peers cautiously through squinted eyes.

Addilyn is scrawled out on the floor; a half-drawn chicken emerges from her sketchpad.

KITCHEN - NEXT DAY - MID MORNING

Cora and Addilyn hover over a series of drawings.

ADDILYN
I can't believe I created these.

CORA
Nor can I.

ADDILYN
It's not the same as last time

CORA
Yes, they're not stick figures.

ADDILYN
No [long pause] they're not drawings.

Cora flashes a look of concern.

CORA
I will call Dr. Fishman.

ADDILYN

Cora!

CORA

Make you an appointment for
tomorrow.

ADDILYN

No. I'm fine.

Cora looks apprehensively at the drawings. One of her eyes starts twitching.

EXT. CHICKEN COUP - LATE AFTERNOON

Addilyn is crouched in the chicken coup. Her glassy eyes fixate on a worm jangling between two fingers.

A chicken pecks at the worm. Addilyn consumes its remains.

The chickens assemble around her.

ADDILYN

I SEE [pause] THE TIME IS RIGHT.

INT. BEDROOM - 2.30am

Cora is woken by a medley of chicken noises.

Addilyn is perched on the edge of the bed, drawing feverishly.

Suddenly. . . Cora's cushion rockets towards Addilyn's head. It hits firmly and bounces onto the floor.

Addilyn turns her head. Her blank stare penetrating.

CORA

Don't look at me like that.

Addilyn silently gets to her feet, grabs the cushion and walks toward Cora.

CORA

All I want is some sleep.

The chicken SOUNDS get louder.

CORA

What are you doing?

A saccharine smile spreads across Addilyn's face. She raises the cushion above her chest.

CORA
No Addy, no -

The chicken sounds reach a crescendo.

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING

The alarm goes off on Cora's bedside table.

Addilyn wakes.

ADDILYN
(yawning)
Get up. You'll be late for work.

Cora is lying on her side. Addilyn flips her over. Motionless, bloodshot eyes stare upwards.

Addilyn places her hand over her mouth. A drawing of a chicken has been scratched into Cora's face.

She shudders.

Suddenly . . . everything spins then stops.

Sunlight shifts across the room.

A chicken manifests at the end of the bed.

It clucks rhythmically.

Addilyn sways to its primal beat.

Her eyes glaze over.

She looks at the chicken, then Cora. She laughs maniacally.

ADDILYN
(strange voice)
It's more than a drawing, Cora

FADE OUT.

