

KINDRED

by

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INT. BASEMENT - SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A shelf of dusty board games is scanned by four bored young eyes, belonging to **DREW** (12) and **MAC** (10).

MAC
Monopoly?

DREW
Too long.

MAC
Scrabble?

DREW
You're dyslexic.

Mac notices a box with the word 'KINDRED' on the side of it. He pulls it off the shelf. Blows away a blanket of dust.

DREW (cont'd)
I've never seen that one before.

The boys sit on the floor as A CRASH of lightning from outside the window jolts Mac right back up --

DREW (cont'd)
Relax. Mom will be home soon.

Drew lifts the lid off the box. An old newspaper clipping lies inside. Drew picks it up.

The headline reads: *KINDRED* BOARD GAME PULLED FROM SHELVES

Mac scooches next to Drew as he reads the article out loud.

DREW (cont'd)
The new board game 'Kindred' was discontinued after only three weeks following several disturbing, unexplainable events. The game is said to be possessed. Seemingly a product of something dark and evil.

MAC
...If you ever get your hands on one, be sure to burn it im-- immy-- im--

DREW
Immediately. It says immediately.

Drew and Mac stare down at the box. Then at each other.

MAC
I call first roll!

DREW
I call first roll!

INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT

A luxury piano bar brimming with fine diners. CHRISTINE (late 30s) works hard behind the bar. Pouring a glass of red as her MANAGER (40s) strolls by.

She wipes her brow and pulls out her phone. A picture of her hugging Drew and Mac on her lock screen.

MANAGER
Christine, read your emails later.
You're still working.

CHRISTINE
Sorry. Checking the time. My kids are probably anxious for me to get home.
Mac is really scared of lightning.

Her manager smiles halfheartedly like he doesn't care.

INT. BASEMENT - SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Drew pulls out the next layer of the box. A blank board.

MAC
There's nothing on that thing. What are we supposed to do?

Drew looks in the box. Pulling out a frayed piece of paper and reads from it.

DREW
This is a game of chance. Whether you win or lose relies solely on your ability to think on your feet.

MAC
This sounds hard.

DREW
Shhh! Simply draw a card from the location stack to decide your fate.

Drew draws a card from the stack in the box.

MAC
What does it say?

DREW
It says 'BAR'. And 'Go to page 14.'

Mac grabs a small book from the box. Flicking to page 14.

MAC
You have entered the bar. Roll the
dice to advance.

Drew picks up two dice and rolls them. They add up to 8.

MAC (cont'd)
Number 8. You've encountered a Kraken
in the bar. What will you do next?

DREW
Uhh... I don't know. Throw a bunch of
glasses at it.

INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT

Christine does a double take as a glass from the bar
seemingly floats in mid air before her.

She watches in disbelief as it FLIES through the air and
SMASHES against the wall, as...

Every single glass from the bar levitates and smashes
against the back wall --

INT. BASEMENT - SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

MAC
Lame. I have a way better idea.

DREW
And what would that be?

MAC
I'd make a wall between me and the
Kraken with all the tables.

INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT

The tables *screeeeech* towards the center of the room all at
once. Customers scream and fall and scurry away --

One man rises shakily to his feet, blubbering out...

MAN
Gh--ghosts! It's ghosts!

Everyone SCREAMS.

INT. BASEMENT - SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

DREW
You're supposed to kill it. Not hide
from it. Watch.

INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT

Christine crouches behind the bar. Next to her
hyperventilating manager.

A bottle of whiskey levitates... followed by a rag...

CHRISTINE
No-- no, no, no.

A woman behind the piano pulls out a stress cigarette.
Placing it between her lips and shakily grabbing her
lighter. It slips from her grip and floats to the bar...

Christine watches the rag shove itself into the whiskey
bottle. She SCREAMS as the lighter reaches the bottle...

INT. BASEMENT - SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

DREW
There. The Kraken is dead. I win.

MAC
What's a Molotov cocktail?

DREW
Doesn't matter. Just roll the dice.

Mac grabs the dice and rolls a 3. Drew grabs the book.

DREW (cont'd)
A swarm of giant bees have infested
the bar. What do you do?

Mac grins mischievously.

INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT

The bar has descended into chaos. Fire dancing up walls.
Crushed glass sparkling on the floor.

A man BOLTS to the exit. A CHANDELIER crashes on top of him.

INT. BASEMENT - SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

DREW

A chandelier? What would that do?
They're bees!

MAC

Fine. I throw chairs at them.

DREW

Well I throw darts at them.

MAC

Well I throw knives and forks at
them! Beat that!

Drew thinks. Then smirks.

INT. PIANO BAR - NIGHT

Chair, darts, knives and forks fly around the room. An old
woman under a table pulls out rosary beads and prays. A man
exits the bathroom, frozen at the sight of the madness.

Then, the grand piano at the center of the room rises.

The manager peaks his pale face up from behind the bar...

MANAGER

No! No, no that's a rental!--

INT. BASEMENT - SUBURBAN HOUSE

MAC

OK. OK, fine. You win. Can we play
something else now?

DREW

...Fortnite?

Mac nods enthusiastically.

THE END.