

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 screeeech 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.**