

KINDRED

Screenplay by Phil Parker

Story by Josh Bryer and Phil Parker

Josh Bryer
(+61)405-314-744
joshbryer@me.com

Phil Parker
(+61)408-238-196
storiesbyphil@gmail.com

EXT. SMALL DESERT TOWN - AUSTRALIA - NIGHT

A decrepit Mazda sedan clunks down a red-dust road past sagging clapboard houses and an abandoned two-story warehouse.

A spooked dog barks nearby.

EXT. BEHIND WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Beside a large, dead tree a spacecraft the size of a two-car garage hovers just above the ground. Its surface black. Tapered circular body. An underside hatchway sits open.

SIDE/ROOF OF WAREHOUSE

TWO ALIENS climb a fire-escape ladder - SKYE, a 5'4" slender female; and ESEN, a 6'2" pudgy male. Both have gray skin, almond-shaped heads, black eyes, and a weapon belt strapped to one thigh. The weapon - a sleek nine-inch silver rod.

They tip-toe across the creaky roof, crouch down and peer over the edge. Below -- the Mazda putters past.

Skye's brow furrows with worry; Esen's with confusion.

NOTE: They speak to one another via telepathy.

ESEN (V.O.)
What are we doing here?

SKYE (V.O.)
Just wait.

INT. MAZDA SEDAN - NIGHT

AYINDE (6) - the driver. A sweet-faced Indigenous boy. His head barely above the dashboard. He uses strings tied to bricks to control the pedals, determined to get somewhere.

On his left cheek, a distinctive birthmark - specks of white on his dark skin, like a slice of the Milky Way.

Blue and red lights flash behind him; a police siren BLURPS. Ayinde shouts out the window --

AYINDE
I can't stop. My sister's sick.

BLURP.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

The driver, SERGEANT TERRA (25) - shaved head, granite jaw. This is his kingdom, his rules, so fuck off. Beside him -- CONSTABLE KRUSCH (32) - older, out-ranked, and bitter.

They grimace as Ayinde waves them on.

CONSTABLE KRUSCH
Little bastard's got balls.

SERGEANT TERRA
What he's got is zero discipline.

Krusch chortles.

CONSTABLE KRUSCH
The army's gunna love you, cuz.

SERGEANT TERRA
Shut up and call his mum.

Krusch flickers with apprehension at the idea.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

An anxious Skye watches the two police officers approach Ayinde's stopped car on foot -- but Esen's lost interest.

ESEN (V.O.)
How is this an "important moment in human history"? This is boring. I want to see dinosaurs.

SKYE (V.O.)
That little boy grows up blaming himself for what's about to happen.

ESEN (V.O.)
...And we should care 'why'?

SKYE
...That child is my father.

Esen's eyes POP wide.

INT./EXT. AYINDE'S CAR - NIGHT

From the driver's seat, Ayinde stares up at Terra and Krusch.

AYINDE
Weema's sick. I have to buy medicine.

Terra rips open the door - his forearm covered with a tattoo of the Southern Cross - and drags Ayinde out by the throat.

SERGEANT TERRA
How'd you like to buy a trip to juvie, ya little shit?

Ayinde struggles to get free and back in the car --

CONSTABLE KRUSCH
Where's yur mum, boy?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
AYINDE!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Get your bloody hands off him, Terra!

Rushing up the street towards them - DAD (26) - his face stretched with anger; MUM (22) - a desert rose blooming with rage; and WEEMA (3) - feverish, holding Mum's hand.

UP ON THE WAREHOUSE ROOF

Skye, itching to intervene, pulls out her weapon. It GLOWS in her hand. Alarmed, Esen grabs her arm.

ESEN (V.O.)
You can't interfere. You know that.

Skye hesitates, awash with mixed emotions.

ESEN (V.O.)
Come on. Let's get you out of here before they see us, hey?

Skye yanks her arm from his grip. Jaw set.

Esen. Torn between empathy and urgency,

ESEN (V.O.)
I'm going to ready the ship.

He scampers off.

EXT. BESIDE AYINDE'S CAR - NIGHT

Krusch blocks Ayinde's family from getting to the boy.

AYINDE
Mum, I was tryn ta help Wee.

DAD
You ok, Ay? He hurt you?
(to cops)
You bloody pigs. He's just a boy.

Terra steps up to Dad.

SERGEANT TERRA
Do you need a lesson in respect?
(glances at Ayinde)
Or should I give it to him?

Ayinde's bottom lip trembles. Frightened little Weema hugs Mum's leg. Mum unleashes hell on Krusch.

MUM

Haven't you done enough!

Alarmed, Krusch glares at her to shut her up.

Dad glances between them.

DAD

What's she talkin' about, Krusch?

Krusch simmers with resentment.

Mum sobs, protecting her belly. She glances at Dad --

Dad goes slack. The unspoken truth clear.

With a guttural ROAR, he bull-rushes Krusch.

Krusch staggers back. Fumbles out his pistol.

Ayinde, seeing his dad in danger, launches at Krusch --

-- grapples him knees. Krusch falls. His guns FIRES --

The bullet strikes Dad in the throat. He collapses.

Mum SCREAMS. Races to his side.

Ayinde sits up. Confused.

AYINDE

Daddy.

Krusch panics.

CONSTABLE KRUSCH

It's the boy's fault, not mine.

(to Mum)

HE did this, not me.

Mum holds Dad's dead body, rocking back and forth, whispering desperate pleas for him to wake up.

A shocked Ayinde brims with tears of guilt.

CRACK! All eyes turn to the roof of the warehouse --

INTERCUT

THE WAREHOUSE ROOF GIVES WAY - Esen falls through --

Hits the floor below with a thud and a cry of pain.

Skye. Horrified. She whips around to see if anyone heard.

BESIDE THE CAR - the humans glimpse movement up on the roof.

Terra glances between Dad's body and the rooftop.

SERGEANT TERRA

(to Krusch)

Stay here.

He rushes off, leaving a bewildered Krusch behind.

WAREHOUSE ROOF - Skye points her weapon/rod down the new hole in the roof and FIRES. Fleshy tentacles extend out, wrap around Esen, and lift him.

The roof under Skye's feet crumbles. She grabs the edge just in time, but her weapon falls --

-- landing beside a wounded Esen.

Skye hears FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS coming from behind a roof access door 50ft away. Shit.

She hauls herself back up. Weighs her options.

SKYE (V.O.)

(to Esen)

I'm coming back for you, ok?

Esen groans.

INSIDE WAREHOUSE - Terra races up a dingy stairwell.

BACK OF WAREHOUSE - Skye slides down the fire-escape ladder.

ROOF OF WAREHOUSE - Terra bursts out of the access doorway, eyes and gun swiveling. He hears someone groan.

BESIDE AYINDE'S CAR - Krusch paces, desperate and defensive, pleading with Mum --

CONSTABLE KRUSCH

You have to believe me. This isn't my fault. I love you.

Mum stares silent, murderous rage back at him.

CONSTABLE KRUSCH

(to Ayinde)

This is YUR fault. YOU killed yur dad, NOT me.

Ayinde recoils.

MUM
GET AWAY FROM US!

WAREHOUSE ROOF - WHOOSH! The spacecraft rises and hovers over Terra. Big fleshy tentacles shoot out the bottom of the vessel, through the roof, to grab Esen --

-- and Skye's weapon.

Slack-jawed, Terra watches the tentacles retract into the UFO with the alien body.

The rod slips out --

CLATTERS to the roof.

BESIDE THE CAR - Krusch cowers at the sight of the UFO.

Ayinde watches it disappear into the night sky --

-- leaving him with his sobbing mum and dead father.

Fresh tears spill down his cheeks.

WAREHOUSE ROOF

Terra walks over --

-- picks up Skye's alien weapon. Turns it over in his hands --
Mesmerized.