

KINDRED

Written by Phil Parker

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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 sits a spacecraft the size of a two-car garage. Its surface black, almost invisible. Tapered cylindrical body. Oversized pectoral and dorsal wings.

SIDE/ ROOF OF WAREHOUSE

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

They gingerly cross 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: When they speak, it's 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, 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.

Suddenly, lights flash; a police siren BLURPS. Ayinde turns, sees a cop van behind him, and shouts --

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 see the top of Ayinde's head through the Mazda's rear window.

CONSTABLE KRUSCH
Little bastard's got balls.

SERGEANT TERRA
And zero discipline.

Krusch smirks at Terra.

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

SERGEANT TERRA
Call his parents.

A lecherous smile creeps across Krusch's face.

CONSTABLE KRUSCH
Sure.

Terra glances at him. Krusch winks back and dials.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

An anxious Skye watches the cops approach Ayinde's car, 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.

That rubs Skye the wrong way.

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

Her anger stuns, and worries, Esen.

ESEN (V.O.)
Why? What happens next? And why do you care, anyway?

She hesitates.

SKYE
He's my father.

Esen's eyes POP wide.

INT./ EXT. AYINDE'S CAR - NIGHT

Terra and Krusch approach. Ayinde rolls the window down.

AYINDE

Weema's sick. I have to buy medici--

Fear flashes through Ayinde as Terra rips open the door - his muscled forearm covered with a tattoo of the Southern Cross - and grabs Ayinde by the neck. Drags him out.

SERGEANT TERRA

How'd you like to end up in juvie?

Ayinde struggles to get free of him and back in the car.

CONSTABLE KRUSCH

Where's yur yummy mummy, boy?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

AYINDE!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Get your bloody hands off him, Terra!

Sprinting up the street towards them is Ayinde's family: DAD (26) - his face stretched with primal concern for his son; MUM (22) - a desert rose with rage in her eyes; and WEEMA (3) - feverish, pained and holding Mum's hand.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF - NIGHT

Skye, itching to jump down into the street help them, puts her hand on her weapon. It GLOWS. Alarmed, Esen grabs her. *

ESEN (V.O.)

You can't, you know that.

Skye turns to him, a wash of mixed emotions in her face. Tears in her eyes. It tugs at his heart.

ESEN (V.O.)

Come on. Let's get you out of here before they see us, hey?

But she yanks her arm from his grip. Esen hesitates, torn between empathy and a fear of what she might do.

ESEN (V.O.)

I'll ready the ship, then.

EXT. BESIDE AYINDE'S CAR - NIGHT

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

AYINDE

Mum, I was tryna help Wee.

DAD

You ok, Ay? He hurt you?

(to cops)

You fuckin' 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 eases closer to Mum -- while Mum unleashes hell on Krusch.

MUM

Haven't you done enough!

Everyone's stunned by her ferocity. Krusch drills her with a shut-the-fuck-up-if-you-know-what's-good-for-ya stare. But it's too late. Dad glances between her and Krusch.

DAD

What's she talkin' about, Krusch?

On the verge of being exposed, Krusch freezes up. Mum breaks down in sobs, protecting her belly. She looks at Dad --

Dad's face goes slack. The unspoken truth clear. His rage flash-boils -- and he charges at Krusch. *

Krusch steps back and takes out his pistol -- *

Ayinde, seeing his dad in danger, rushes at Krusch from behind -*

grappling him around the knees. Krusch falls. His guns FIRES --

Dad is struck in the head. Dead. Instantly.

Mum SCREAMS and races to his side. But there's no hope. *

Ayinde sits up. Confused.

AYINDE

Daddy.

Krusch and Terra look to one another. The former, afraid for himself. The latter, already calculating what to do.

CONSTABLE KRUSCH

(to Terra)

It's the boy's fault. Not mine. You saw that, right?

(to Mum)

HE did this! NOT me!

Mum holds Dad's dead body. Rocking gently, back and forth. Whispering desperate pleas for him to wake up.

All the while, Ayinde sits alone. His eyes brimming with tears. Withering with guilt beneath Krusch's glare.

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

*

INTERCUT BETWEEN POSITIONS

WAREHOUSE ROOF - Esen's fallen through the roof to the floor below. He's alive, but barely. A horrified Skye turns back to see if the people below have heard --

BESIDE AYINDE'S CAR - the humans only get a glimpse of SOMEONE. Hard to tell who/ what it is, but Terra glances at Dad's dead body and back up at the rooftop.

SERGEANT TERRA

(to Krusch)

Stay here.

He rushes off, leaving Krusch at the scene of the crime.

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

*

*

But the added weight cracks the fragile roof under Skye. She drops through. She grabs the edge at the last second -- but her rod falls free and lands beside Esen.

*

Hanging there, Skye hears an echo of FOOTSTEPS -- they're coming from a nearby doorway. She darts an anxious glance back down the hole at Esen -- and her rod. *Not good.*

*

Scrambling back onto the roof, she weighs her options.

SKYE (V.O.)

(to Esen)

I'm coming back for you, ok?

Esen can only groan through his pain.

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 that rooftop doorway, eyes and gun swiveling. He hears a GROAN come through a hole in the roof and approaches.

BESIDE AYINDE'S CAR - Krusch paces. Paranoid and defensive. Mum is still lost in shock, cradling her dead husband.

CONSTABLE KRUSCH

(to Mum)

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

Even in shock, Mum is repulsed by this giant slug of a man. Krusch sees it in her eyes. He turns his bitterness on Ayinde --

CONSTABLE DUNCAN

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

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, grab Esen, and Skye's rod. *

Slack-jawed, Terra watches the tentacles retract into the UFO with the alien body -- but an object in one of the tentacles comes loose and clatters to his feet.

Terra picks it up - it's the rod: a solid metallic cylinder with intricate carvings. Mesmerizing. *

BESIDE AYINDE'S CAR - Krusch cowers at the sight of the alien ship. Ayinde wipes at his tears and watches the UFO disappear into the night sky with a FLASH --

-- leaving him with his sobbing mum, dead dad and a horrifying realisation that sends fresh tears spilling from his eyes. *

FADE OUT:

EXT. AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK - DAY

Below a blue sky, in a flat, scrubby landscape, a red kangaroo and its joey feed on a bush. Nearby, sneaking through tall dry grass, are THREE MALE INDIGENOUS HUNTERS. Spears in hand.

The hunter on the left also has a rifle slung across his back. It's Ayinde, 21 years old now. That same distinctive birthmark on his cheek, but gone is the cherub-like innocence. His eyes are ringed and dark, haunted by years of hardship.