

KIN

FADE IN:

INT. MANHOLE - DAY

Pitch black darkness. The sound of deep and laboured breaths. A concrete slab grinds and lifts from its airtight slot.

The darkness is now burnt through by the fiery rays of the midday sun. They rush in like hungry wolves. A circular ring forms in the centre of the darkness. Fills it with blue sky.

A bandaged and bloodied fingerless human hand reaches out into the ring. The torso it connects to soon follow suit.

SAMANTHA, seventeen years of age, heaves herself out of the manhole.

EXT. INNER CITY ALLEYWAY - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE- New York City, Wednesday, 12.30pm.

Samantha crawls out of the manhole fully. She is on her knees and struggles to get up.

Her hair hangs down heavily like the vines on a jungle tree. It obscures her face from view.

She has slightly oversized pyjamas on. It is grimy and stained with cakes of dried blood. Her other hand is fingerless and bandaged up as well.

A sudden gush of wind pushes the hairs from her face.

Her mouth is sewn tight with a piece of thread, blackened by dried blood. The pupils of her eyes are blown to an ungodly white.

She takes one step forward. Then another. She strains her ears and follows the sound from the busy main street in front.

EXT. BUSY SIDEWALK (NORTH SIDE) - DAY

She staggers her way up the sidewalk, in blind opposition to the pedestrian traffic in front. She sways in a dazed state. Bumps into the pedestrians who ignore her.

Further behind her, two other manholes open in the distance. Two others, with exactly the same horrific injuries as her, struggle out of the manhole.

EXT. BUSY SIDEWALK (SOUTH SIDE) - DAY

Across the street, another two manholes open up. Two other victims crawl their way up from the manholes.

EXT. BUSY SIDEWALK (NORTH SIDE) - DAY

An African American woman, Stella, walks and talks on her cell phone. She does not see Samantha in front of her.

STELLA

(animatedly)

Look, just tell her if she ups her deductible, her premiums go down. It's not hard. I'm not about to give her some kinda loyalty discount just because her dad's in hospital. It's bad enough our loss ratio..

They collide and fall onto the pavement. Stella's cell phone drops into a steel grilled manhole. She lunges towards the manhole and watches helplessly as it rests in the sewer.

She straightens herself and stands over Samantha who is face first and spreadeagled on the pavement.

STELLA

(angrily)

HEY! You gonna replace that?!

Samantha lies still. Stella gets a little suspicious and crouches down to Samantha. She turns her around. The sight of Samantha's horrific injuries jolts Stella.

STELLA

(screams out)

Dear Mother Of God!!!

She sees in graphic detail the girl's physical condition, of her hands, mouth and eyes.

STELLA

SOMEBODY! HELP PLEASE.  
HELLLLLPPP!!!

A young man, PEDESTRIAN 1, comes over to help.

A commotion across the street grabs Stella's attention. She sees the other two victims attended to by some pedestrians.

She looks intently at one of them, VICTIM 3, a female, that in her dazed state, heads towards the middle of the busy road.

A shot rings out and instantly kills her.

Another three gunshots follow, one after the other.

All the four victims that crawled out after Samantha have been shot dead.

Pandemonium all around. People and cars stop to help those shot. The gravity of the situation overcomes Stella who cradles Samantha in her arms.

STELLA  
(trance-like)  
Oh my god...Oh my god.

Fade to black.

Insert Title Card: KIN

INT. INNER CITY APARTMENT - DAY

The midday sun mixes with the dust and grime of the city to give the apartment a dour feel. It rains outside.

ELIZABETH, forty-three years old, and her son, TRISTAN, eighteen years old, are on the sofa. They anxiously wait by the phone. It rings.

TRISTAN  
Hello? Yeah this is him. Oh my  
god! Really?

Tristan turns to Elizabeth and nods his head. She hugs him in happiness.

TRISTAN  
Yeah, sure! Right now?

Tristan looks at his wristwatch. It reads 1:01 pm.

TRISTAN

Thirty minutes? Ok, yeah cool!  
Yeah, I know where it is. Look,  
you don't know how much this  
opportunity means to me! Ok  
bye.

Tristan hangs up. Both mother and son hug each other tight.

Elizabeth goes into the kitchen. She returns with a bottle  
of wine. Sees Tristan in a rush to leave the house.

ELIZABETH

Where you going hun?

TRISTAN

The game's already started,  
mom. I gotta go meet the  
Producer of the show in the  
city in half an hour. You know,  
iron out the details.

Elizabeth looks disappointed.

ELIZABETH

That's great, honey. Its just  
that I thought we could  
celebrate before you go and..

TRISTAN

Mom! We've talked about this  
for weeks. You know the rules  
of the game. Once that call  
comes in, the show starts and I  
gotta do exactly what they say.

Tristan uses both hands to touch his mother's face.

TRISTAN

You know as much as I know for  
now. If I survive the three  
weeks, it's the million dollars  
and the Mustang. I'll let ya  
know how this meeting turns  
out, ok?

Elizabeth smiles. She can't remember the last time since the  
divorce she's seen Tristan happy. She hugs him tight again.

ELIZABETH

I'm sooo happy for you! Now,  
you go out and win this thing.  
We need a new dryer.

Tristan manages a little chuckle and leaves her a while for his room. In the background, the news fills the momentary silence.

TV PRESENTER (O/S)

...All that's known is that the  
killer calls himself Kin. But  
the authorities still have no  
suspects because there are no  
fingerprints or dna to go on...

Tristan comes out with a puffy jacket on. Elizabeth looks at the pendant on the chain around his neck. She touches it.

ELIZABETH

Your lucky pendant. WOW. Now I  
KNOW you're gonna win. I can't  
remember the last time since  
your father...

TRISTAN

Mom, don't.

ELIZABETH

I know, I know. Remember when  
you were in little league with  
Sam? You wouldn't step onto the  
pitch without it. I used to  
tell you to believe in  
yourself, that you didn't need  
a charm on you. Then your dad  
got you that pendant.

TRISTAN

Mom! Leave him out of it.

There is a moment of uncomfortable silence.

TRISTAN

I gotta go. Love you.

Tristan kisses her on the cheek and leaves through the front door. As he's about to close it, she holds it up.

ELIZABETH

Now, I know the rules, I won't hear from or see you for three weeks but could you just ask this Producer again, how I can get in touch with you if something comes up.

TRISTAN

Yeah, ok. Can I go now?

Elizabeth lets go of the door and it shuts.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

The light drizzle now turns into a heavy one. Tristan pulls the hood of his jacket over his head. Heads for the train station a couple of blocks away.

INT. INNER CITY APARTMENT - DAY

Elizabeth stands by the window. Her right hand holds a glass of wine. She sips it as she looks at Tristan head across the street.

EXT. CITY MARKET - DAY

Tristan walks amidst the hustle and bustle of grocers and customers. Tristan makes a call on his cell phone to his best friend, Brandon.

TRISTAN

Hey dipshit. Whatcha doing?

BRENDAN (O/S)

Nothin' cock. What's up?

TRISTAN

Get off the porn and listen to me for a second.

BRENDAN (O/S)

Go fuck yourself T!

TRISTAN

Dude, I got in.

BRENDAN (O/S)

What? Attrition?

TRISTAN

Yeah, got the call ten minutes ago.

BRENDAN (O/S)

Fuck man! That's awesome. The Mustang?

TRISTAN

Yup, it's got my name on it, three weeks, plus a million bucks.

BRENDAN (O/S)

Half of it's mine anyway.

TRISTAN

Bite me.

BRENDAN (O/S)

Hey, a deal's a deal, remember? If it wasn't for me, your punk ass might still be at home locked in your room, crying like a lil' biatch.

TRISTAN

Yeah, yeah.

BRENDAN (O/S)

When's it goin' live online? It still says it's under construction.

TRISTAN

I'm gonna meet the Producer guy right now. I'll ask about that.

BRENDAN (O/S)

How's your mom taking it?

TRISTAN

Yeah, she's ecstatic. But you know how it is. Its like she tries to understand but she doesn't really get it.

Tristan walks past a row of shops. He goes down a flight of steps to the underground railway station.

INT. UNDERGROUND SUBWAY - DAY

He gets into the train and finds himself a seat.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

BRENDAN (O/S)

Dude, the Mustang man. Finally,  
your ticket Jessica's pants.  
Not to mention the others...

TRISTAN

Yeah tell me about it. Been  
dreaming about that car since  
fifth grade.

BRENDAN (O/S)

Yeah, god you were a dork. Even  
your freakin' lunchbox had the  
car on it man.

(beat)

Hey?

TRISTAN

What?

BRENDAN (O/S)

What about the old man? Told  
him yet?

TRISTAN

(upset)

He doesn't need to know shit!

BRENDAN (O/S)

Alright, alright. Sorry man.

TRISTAN

You're just like my mom. Just  
get off on the missing father  
trip will you. GOD! He's the  
one that left me and my mom  
remember, so fuck him! As far  
as I'm concerned, Sam got a raw  
deal cause she had to go live  
with the bastard in the city.

Dead air on Tristan's cell phone. His train reaches the  
station and he gets up from his seat.

TRISTAN

Look man, I gotta go. It's my stop.

BRENDAN (O/S)

T, wait...

Tristan hangs up.

INT. CITY TRAIN STATION - DAY

He walks out of the train and up to the platform. He gets onto the escalator that leads out of the station.

EXT. CITY TRAIN STATION - ENTRANCE - DAY

Tristan's cell phone rings. He answers it quickly without looking at the LCD display.

TRISTAN

Look, B.....

PRODUCER

Hello Tristan. Sorry to disappoint...

TRISTAN

Oh shit! Sorry. I thought you were a buddy of mine.

PRODUCER

Don't worry about it. It's thirty-five past. You at the station?

Tristan looks at his watch. It reads 1:35 pm.

TRISTAN

Sure am.

PRODUCER

Look across the street. At the corner of Smith and Lexicon, there's a place called Matilda's. You have four Minutes and twenty-five seconds. I'm on the second floor.

Tristan crosses the street.

TRISTAN

But how will I recognise you?

PRODUCER

Just look for the man with the  
curious eye.

EXT. CNR SMITH & LEXICON - DAY

Tristan walks and talks on his cell towards the Chinese restaurant called Matilda's four doors down.

TRISTAN

Wow, you guys are really  
cryptic on this, huh?

PRODUCER

Good things come to those who  
wait, Tristan.

Tristan enters the Chinese restaurant. An ELDERLY ASIAN AMERICAN MAN sips his soup quietly at one of the stalls. Three WAITRESSES look at him sheepishly from behind the counter.

TRISTAN

I'm here.

PRODUCER

You have fifteen seconds.

Tristan springs up a flight of stairs to the second floor. A multitude of tables and patrons greet him. Tristan surveys the area.

He spots the PRODUCER, who has a video camera pointed in his direction. The video camera masks his face from full view. His other hand holds a cell phone to his left ear.

He has short jet-black hair and a single circular gold earring on his left ear. He has a white t-shirt on and a beige woollen jacket hangs loosely over it. He wears a black pair of corduroy pants with white Adidas sneakers.

The Producer slots his cell phone into his jacket pocket. Tristan puts his away too. He approaches the Producer and sits across him at the table.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at  
[info@filmmakers.com](mailto:info@filmmakers.com)