

RPG

written by

Michael Seminerio

michaelseminerio@gmail.com  
850-443-1418

## A Note to the Reader:

This story takes place in 1989. It's important to note, or remember, depending on the your temporal perspective, that in 1989 parents and children alike did not think much of being considerably more independent than most people would be comfortable with today.

Kids would entertain themselves from sun up to sun down, and sometimes beyond, if it wasn't a school night. Even with our story taking place in the same year as a riot in response to police brutality in Overtown, Miami, less than an hour from where our story takes place. Even this didn't shake parents' resolve to let kids be out on their own.

This story is a celebration of being a kid in a different time and of the half-century-old community of role-playing games, that gets bigger and bigger every year.

OPEN ON BLACK

BOY (V.O.)

It's dark. There doesn't seem to be any light. You stretch your eyes wide open trying to catch any small mote of light that might be there. There is none. Darkness holds you in its grasp...

**EXT. THE EVERGLADES - GRAVESITE - MORNING**

MICCOSUKEE MEN lower a simple cedar coffin into a waiting grave.

A small group, gathered around, watches its slow descent.

The "Song for the Dead", sung by the Miccosukee members in attendance, in the Mikasuki language, fills the air.

One Miccosukee boy, DAVID OSCEOLA (12), does not sing. GEORGE OSCEOLA (70s), with long silver-white hair, stands behind David with one hand on his shoulder.

David stares at the amaryllis blossoms laid atop the coffin.

**INT. DUNGEON**

WE SEE hands fumbling with flint in the brief flashes from the spark of each strike of the flint against an iron shackle.

BOY (V.O.)

You fumble with your torch and manage to light it in the blind. Your eyes don't adjust fast enough and the light you'd been seeking is now your enemy.

WE SEE a small HOODED FIGURE, in silhouette and shadow, tattered tunic and breeches, illuminated by the constantly shifting and bouncing torchlight.

BOY (V.O.)

You run. The torchlight flags in the wind of your swift pace, but...

(beat)

... it holds to the torch.

The figure flees, frantically scrambling over the uneven floor.

**EXT. THE EVERGLADES - MORNING - LATER**

WE HEAR the last half of *"End of the Line"* by the *Traveling Wilburys*, as GATHERERS lay items on a small, hand-made float near the water's edge.

## MUSIC

*Maybe somewhere down the road  
always  
(At the end of the line)  
You'll think of me and wonder  
where I am these days  
(At the end of the line)*

David stands with George, set back from the shoreline, watching the procession.

GARY PADRON (12), watches David with concern as he stands flanked by his parents, OCTAVIO PADRON (late 30s, Cuban) and SHIELA PADRON (late 30s, Jamaican).

David tracks the item in the hand of the last participant, A WOMAN, past three other boys flanked by their parents, ROBERT (12), GUY (12), and WESLEY (12), also watch David.

## MUSIC

*Well, it's all right, if you got  
someone to love  
Well, it's all right, everything  
will work out fine  
Well, it's all right, we're going  
to the end of the line*

David fixates on the item and doesn't catch his friend's eyes on him.

The Woman carries a well-worn *"Traveling Wilburys, Miami 1989 Tour"* t-shirt. The Woman ceremoniously sets it on the float.

Another MAN launches the float. The gathering watches the light current gently take it into the swamp.

George leads David away from the shoreline, the rest follow.

## MUSIC

*Well, it's all right, you still  
got something to say  
Well, it's all right, remember to  
live and let live  
Well, it's all right, the best you  
can do is forgive*

**INT. DUNGEON**

The Hooded Figure runs through the rocky darkness.

BOY (V.O.)  
The cave floor is slippery and the  
torchlight is starting to fade...

The Hooded Figure reaches outing the cave wall for balance,  
still scrambling down a narrowing, rocky tunnel.

BOY (V.O.)  
... you slip, but recover in time  
to avoid a fall, but the torch is  
not as lucky. But, there's a hint  
of light ahead, you press on...

Suddenly, the Hooded Figure halts, almost going over the edge  
of a large chasm as WE FLY PAST and swing around to see the  
Figure, now silhouetted by a GREEN BLEEDING ENERGY approaching  
from the direction WE JUST CAME FROM.

The Hooded Figure turns from the green energy, becoming still.

BOY (V.O.)  
You reach the edge of a great  
cliff. It stretches on as far any  
of you can see in all directions.

Suddenly a BLUE ENERGY builds from within the Hooded Figure,  
growing outward quickly, BRIGHT AS A SUN, engulfing them.

BOY (V.O.)  
Mommm!

**INT. MOBILE HOME - AFTERNOON**

The blinding light dissipates, leaving Gary, David, Robert,  
Guy, and Wesley in states of distress, shielding their stunned  
eyes from a sharp shaft of sunlight blinding the adventurers.

GARY  
The specific dimensions of the  
chasm aren't relevant!

It's Gary's voice we've been hearing, narrating the earlier  
Dungeon action.

The boys sit in the midst of a "cave" made from bedsheets and  
pillows in the small "living room" of a mobile home.

GUY  
Yes it is! I need to know if its  
traversable!