

**INT. BEDROOM - THORN'S BED - EARLY MORNING**

**CINEMATIC:** Overhead shot of Thorn in his bed. Something from off-screen gently pulls away his blanket. He curls up for warmth.

THORN  
[tired, annoyed groan]

A giant hand slowly creeps into view, hesitates a moment, then flicks Thorn's ear. Thorn startles awake.

THORN  
(groggy)  
C'mon, Flint! It's too early for  
this...

Thorn rolls over, coming face to giant face with his brother Flint.

FLINT  
What, we sleeping in, today?

THORN  
(coughing, disgust)  
Not brushing our teeth, today?

The two straighten themselves up, Thorn climbing down from the giant old sock that serves as his bed.

FLINT  
I do that after breakfast...  
Speaking of which...

Flint fakes a frown and rubs his belly. Thorn puts on oversized slacks and tucks in his excessively long shirt.

THORN  
Okay, okay. Just gimme a second.

Flint rubs his hands in anticipation as he turns and leaves the room.

FLINT  
[happy groaning]

Thorn stands at the ledge of his siblings' dresser and looks out at the messy bedroom. A pair of bunk beds straddle the path toward the bedroom door, beyond which lies the kitchen. The dining table within is packed with the yummiest breakfast foods imaginable; sunlight illuminates the spread, calling to Thorn like a beacon.

THORN  
Man, that smells good... Time for  
breakfast!

**INT. BEDROOM - GAUNTLET - EARLY MORNING**

**GAMEPLAY:** From the ledge, it's clear that Thorn can make it to the bedroom door with some effort -- vaulting piled clothing here and there, dodging a falling tower of giant peanut shells, etc. He jumps to an ajar dresser drawer below, then to the hardwood floor.

THORN  
Would it kill them to clean up in  
here?

THORN  
(beat)  
Geez, I sound like Mom...

Thorn makes his way through the mess.

THORN  
[exertion noises]

**INT. BEDROOM - GAUNTLET BRANCH - EARLY MORNING**

The path has a clear branch by which Thorn can visit the sole still-slumbering sibling, Gust. Once face to face, Thorn can repeatedly try to wake his brother by prodding his face in various ways, to no avail.

Attempt 1:

THORN  
Gust! C'mon, it's time to eat!

GUST  
[sleepy noises]

Attempt 2:

THORN  
Wake up! Can't you smell that  
food?!

GUST  
[happy groaning]

Further attempts:

THORN  
[annoyed grunt]

GUST  
[snore]

**INT. KITCHEN - DINING TABLE - EARLY MORNING**

**CINEMATIC:** Wafts of smoke and the sound of sizzling breakfast meats emanate from the stove, where the family's matriarch, Dizzy, finishes cooking.

DIZZY

Morning, Thorn. Fix up the butter, would you?

THORN

You got it, Ma.

**GAMEPLAY:** As Thorn climbs up an empty chair to the dining table, he hears his seated family -- brother Flint, brother Spark, sister Crystal, and father Thunder -- bickering with each other.

FLINT

Hey, move over. My back's against the wall here.

SPARK

Huh? This is where I always sit. You move.

FLINT

I don't have room!

CRYSTAL

Maybe you're gaining weight.

FLINT

Am not!

SPARK

[mocking laughter]

THUNDER

Enough! Where're the rest of ya?

**CINEMATIC:** Thorn climbs up over the ledge of the dining table.

THUNDER

There's one.

THORN

Morning, everyone.

FLINT

(stretching)

Mm-hmm.

SPARK

(fake mean-mugging Thorn)

[grumble]

CRYSTAL  
(feigning death)  
[groan]

THUNDER  
(to Thorn)  
Butter?

PAN TO: A huge stick of butter and a knife as tall as Thorn.

THORN  
Butter.

Thorn walks over, picks up the huge knife, twirls it over his head, and stamps it down on the table, standing like a master swordsman ready to slice and dice.

[TO BE CONTINUED...]