

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

**START SCREEN:** Overhead close-up of Thorn's face as he rests peacefully. The main menu appears next to his head. The player chooses "Start" to begin the game.

**CINEMATIC:** Zoom out to reveal that Thorn is in bed.

THORN  
(sleep talking)  
Come on... You said you'd take me  
on the hunt this time... I can fend  
for myself...

Something from offscreen rips away his blanket. He curls up for warmth.

THORN  
[annoyed groan]

A giant hand slowly creeps into view, hesitates a moment, then tickles Thorn's ear. Thorn swats away the attack, then rolls over.

THORN  
(groggy)  
Argh! Yeah?

Thorn comes face to giant face with his brother Flint.

FLINT  
Thought I saw a bug on your ear.

Close shot of Thorn touching his ear and then looking at his hand.

THORN  
Huh? I don't see anything.

Flint's giant finger appears from offscreen and lightly knocks Thorn over into his bed.

THORN  
Argh!

Over-the-shoulder shot from behind Thorn as the two right themselves.

FLINT  
C'mon, sleepyhead! Time for  
breakfast!

Flint turns and starts toward the dining area. Zoom to a heavenly breakfast spread on the dining table.

FLINT  
Mom's almost done cooking, so don't  
take too long, okay?

Zoom back to Thorn.

THORN

Ooh, I can smell it from here...  
Let's go get some grub.

Thorn stands at the ledge of his siblings' dresser and looks out at the messy bedroom. A pair of bunk beds flank the path toward the bedroom door, beyond which lie the kitchen and dining area.

**GAMEPLAY:** Before setting out, the player optionally investigates Thorn's living space. For example, Thorn inspects his new hunting jacket.

THORN

Finally finished my hunting jacket.  
All that's missing is an invitation  
to go hunting.

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

From the ledge, it's clear Thorn can make it to the bedroom door with some effort: vaulting over piles of clothes and steering clear of some old walnut shells. He drops to an ajar dresser drawer below, then a second.

THORN

I don't care how messy they keep  
our bedroom. Nothing is gonna stop  
me from eating my weight in bacon.

Thorn lands on the hardwood floor and proceeds toward the dining area. A moment later, he steps on some loose clothing and hears a RUMBLING nearby. A couple walnuts roll downhill, passing in front of him.

THORN

Nuts.

A walnut avalanche nearly crushes him.

THORN

Not this time, healthy snacks!

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

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

Attempt 1:

THORN

Gust! Wake up! It's time to eat!

GUST

[curious groan]

Attempt 2:

THORN  
(effort)  
You really can't smell that food?!  
Get up, man!

GUST  
[snore]

Further attempts:

THORN  
[annoyed grunt]

GUST  
[annoyed groan]

**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! Mind taking care of  
the butter?

Thorn spots his usual means of reaching the dining table:  
the "tong-apult."

THORN  
You got it, Ma!

**GAMEPLAY:** Via briefly repeated input -- e.g., a button-mash -- the player makes Thorn shimmy along a pair of tongs that have been repurposed as a catapult. As Thorn gets into position to launch himself, he hears his seated family -- brother Flint, brother Spark, sister Crystal, and father Thunder -- bickering with each other.

SPARK  
Hey, move over. I don't have enough  
room.

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

SPARK  
I can't fit!

CRYSTAL  
Ha! Maybe you're gaining weight.

SPARK  
Gaining muscle, more like.

FLINT  
Well you still look pudgy.

SPARK

Hey!

THUNDER

Enough! Where're the rest of ya?

Thorn triggers the tong-apult, launching himself up over the edge of the dining table.

**CINEMATIC:** Thorn lands on the table with a slight stumble.

THORN

(effort)

Morning, everyone.

FLINT

(stretching)

Mm-hm.

SPARK

[grunt]

CRYSTAL

(play-grimacing at Thorn)

[growl]

THUNDER

(nodding to Thorn)

Butter?

Thorn spots the usual giant stick of butter and knife. He walks over, flips 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.

THORN

Butter.

[END OF LVL 1, PT 1]