

INT. BOYS BEDROOM - MORNING

Blue and white striped wallpaper with posters of sports stars, professional wrestlers, and action movies.

Sound of HEAVY SNORING.

Heroic figures drown in a sea of rumpled clothing on blue shag carpet. A red firetruck being terrorized by a T-rex.

DAD (O.C)

David?

A pair of legs enter frame followed by a CRUNCH.

A leg retracts to reveal a now crushed T-Rex.

DAD (CONT'D)

David, time to get up.

A GROAN escapes from a bedspread featuring space fighting cowboys and starships. A shape twisting underneath.

A pair of hands reach for the bottom of the bed and start to shake it softly.

Another GROAN.

Dad makes WIND noises.

DAD (CONT'D)

Storms coming.

The bed shakes more intensely.

DAD (CONT'D)

Oooo. It's getting out of control.
Oooo.

DAVID (O.C.)

(muffled)

Dad...stop...

The WIND sounds grow louder.

DAD

It's a big one. One for the records. Oooo.

The bedspread tightens in defiance, the shape underneath curling in on itself.

DAVID (O.C.)
 (muffled)
 Dad! Quit!

The shaking stops. Perhaps the storm has passed?

Just as the shape underneath relaxes, the bedspread is ripped away, leaving DAVID, a small boy with messy hair and freckles in pajama pants, exposed to the elements.

Dad drops the bedspread on the floor and walks out.

DAD (O.C.)
 Up and at'em.

David GROANS and flails. He stops, then flails again before melting out of bed, half drunk, fumbling for a shirt.

He wiggles into it, tangling, ending up with his head through the sleeve. He untangles and goes in for round two, but ends with it backwards. It'll do.

His eyes catch sight of something interesting. We follow, landing on a window shelved just above his bed.

His eyes fill up with the reflection of a perfect summer day.

EXT. DEAD END STREET

We fly out the window away from David revealing a modest two-level home, well kept lawn, bright blooming flowerbed guarding a small porch swing.

We spin. A quaint neighborhood of cute little homes nestled between lush greenery connected by a small cul-de-sac which ends at a thick forest. A picture perfect edge of suburbia.

We zoom back through David's window, a smile forming on his lips, sun warming his skin.

PLAYFUL BRIGHT MUSIC

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

David pushing open the bathroom door. A pair of legs and a butt sitting on the toilet.

BOY
 Mom, lock the door!

He shuts the door.

MOM (O.C.)

Sorry!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Small and dated, but warm and cozy. Yellow speckled counter tops, yellow gas stove, and white flowered wallpaper.

The boy slides in and plops at a kitchen table.

Dad from the waist down at the stove.

DAD

Morning little guy. Would you like some French toast?

The boy nods heavily.

CUT TO

David at the table with Dad, scarfing down his breakfast.

DAD (CONT'D)

Slow down there, bud.

He gulps down his glass of milk as if it were a contest, then jumps up and dashes out of frame.

DAD (CONT'D)

Don't forget to wash your dishes.

David stalks back, eyes narrowed. He plucks the dishes one at a time to make a point.

DAD (CONT'D)

Mom's rules.

CUT TO

The boy on a small step stool, covered in suds and vigorously trying to scrub syrup that just doesn't want to come off the plate. He finally gets the last spot.

Dad walks by in the background.

DAD (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Be sure to brush your teeth.

David HUFFS, suds floats into the air.