

Gear's Turn - Opening Cutscene V2

written by

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EXT. - TRADESGROUND, CITADEL - DAY

SCOUT (Androgynous, 5'7, 16, human) weaves through a crowded marketplace. The stalls are brightly colored, people shout and haggle, and tall glittering towers in the distance overshadow the area.

Scout grips the hand of their younger brother, RHYKER (Male, 3'8, 8, human, messy dark hair, left eye is green and right eye is brown).

RHYKER
(whining)
Scout, how much longer are we going
to be walking? My feet hurt!

Scout sighs and continues to pull Rhyker along.

SCOUT
If you pick your feet up and
this'll go faster.

Rhyker digs his heels into the dirt in response. Scout groans and turns around to pick Rhyker up. There's a quick SCUFFLE between siblings. Scout then continues walking, now carrying Rhyker under one arm.

They pass by a BOLT (5'8, robot, lanky) moving heavy boxes between stalls. Rhyker watches it in interest.

RHYKER
What's that?

Scout pauses to see what Rhyker is looking at.

SCOUT
Oh, that's just a Bolt.

RHYKER
What's it doing?

SCOUT
Stealing.

RHYKER
Really?!

SCOUT
No, dummy. It's working.

RHYKER
Boo.

There's a lapse in conversation as Scout readjusts Rhyker under his arm.

RHYKER (CONT'D)
If it's working, who does it work
for?

SCOUT
(disgusted)
Probably for someone from the
Structures.

Scout stops walking to pull out a crinkled GROCERY LIST to review.

The list reads: Eggs, milk, bread, mending kit, type three springs, replacement headlights.

Nothing is crossed off. They still have a long day ahead of them. Scout's mood theatrically saddens.

RHYKER
(oblivious)
We almost done?

Scout STUMBLES as someone bumps into them. They tighten their hold on Rhyker in response.

RUDE SHOPPER	SCOUT
Keep it moving, kid!	Hey, watch it!

The RUDE SHOPPER (male, brightly colored clothes, mid-forties, gold emblem pinned to his chest) turns to GLARE at Scout and Rhyker.

RUDE SHOPPER (CONT'D)
You dirty Grounds brats need to
learn some manners.

The rude shopper SPITS at the ground in front of Scout before moving off.

Scout SCOWLS at the man before moving off to the side. They place Rhyker back on his feet before crouching down to his height.

RHYKER
What's his problem?

Scout sharply exhales.

SCOUT
Ignore him, Rhyker. He's got
nothing better to do.

SCOUT (CONT'D)
But how about we play a game?

Rhyker immediately lights up. Previous exhaustion forgotten.

RHYKER
What kinda game!?

Scout tears the grocery list in half horizontally and hands one of the torn halves to Rhyker.

SCOUT
First to complete their half of the list gets first dibs tonight on the TV.

RHYKER
Deal!

Rhyker darts into the crowd, clutching his half of the list. Scout stands up. Their gaze lingers in the direction Rhyker ran off in before they shake their head and walk off.

END.