

STORM ESCAPE

EXT. STORM'S RESPITE - NIGHT

The sea is a sickly calm. Each wave that passes is an unfriendly deep and muted navy blue.

The crew paddles along- Saoirse at the front of the raft towing, Lark sat on the floating trap door piece, and Alora pushing it all along and keeping balance.

Lark dips her hand into the water. On the cracked wood of the raft she traces shapes with the water. The water dries, clearing the wood canvas.

The Player is in control of Lark.

The Player draws on the raft visualized by a small canvas on the right hand side of the screen.

In a layer below the draw area- there is a visible, traceable guideline for The Player to follow.

Whenever The Player follows the guide, the dialogue continues.

Otherwise, Alora whistles a sea shanty.

The Player correctly draws a ship based on the guiding lines.

The water dries and the canvas clears.

ALORA

Do you eat fish, Lark?

The drawing guide turns into a fish.

Before Lark can answer, Saoirse interjects.

SAOIRSE

Of course they can eat fish. What kind of question is that?

ALORA

What! I don't know what Twins can eat!

SAOIRSE

YOU don't know what they eat?

ALORA

WE don't eat the stomachs!

Lark looks up. She laughs nervously.

Alora regards her. She smiles and flicks her eyes to the side.

ALORA (CONT'D)
Oh you're fine. To young anyways.

LARK
Ah. Well..

Saoirse interjects again. She laughs.

SAOIRSE
Will you stop that! You're freaking everyone out.

ALORA
Alright fine!

The Player finishes the fish drawing.

The guide is replaced by the body of a Twin.

ALORA (CONT'D)
That captain of yours though...

SAOIRSE
STOP!

They all laugh.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
You're deranged.

ALORA
Yeah well someone's gotta do it.

The Player finishes the drawing.

The guide now depicts a fire.

LARK
We cook food actually. Better for our...

She pauses.

LARK (CONT'D)
Stomachs.

ALORA
What, like curing it?

LARK
Yeah similar but with heat.

SAOIRSE
Hm. Hot food.

Alora perks up, excited by the idea.

ALORA
You'll make some for us, won't you?

LARK
Aw yeah! I'm sure we could get
something together.

The Player finishes the drawing.

It fades and the drawing box disappears as well.

Lark straightens up. She peers up at the sky.

Above the sea, storm clouds gather and churn in the inky sky.

Saoirse catches her movement and looks up as well.

In the distance thunder rumbles.

SAOIRSE
Shit, hey 'Lor these clouds don't
look so good.

ALORA
Oh yeah no. We should get moving.
Now.

The two start to move faster.

Saoirse pulls on the rope with all of her might.

The raft moves slightly faster- but it jerks side to side
like a truck with a heavy trailer.

Both Saoirse and Alora's forces are working slightly against
each other.

Lark frowns.

LARK
This isn't going to work- you two
should both come back here and we
can push it together.

Saoirse nods.

SAOIRSE
Whatever you say.

She dives down into the water.

She reappears besides Alora and grabs onto the back of the raft.

Alora shimmies to the side to make room for Lark in the middle.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Just hold on alright? We shouldn't
be too far from the Storm border
now. Right?

Alora is nervous. She looks up at the storm clouds and around and the pulsing waves.

ALORA
Yeah- we should be fine?

She grimaces and flicks her tail anxiously.

ALORA (CONT'D)
Lark, you can't breathe under can
you?

Lark looks down sheepishly.

LARK
Ah no, I'm sorry.

She rips off her boots and stacks them on the raft.

Lark pulls herself into the water and shudders at the temperature.

ALORA
No no it's fine! Figured as much.

Alora tries to keep light. She's more anxious than anyone else. Her eyes are filled with experience.

Saoirse begins to push the raft forward. Lark and Alora move into action beside her.

SAOIRSE
Alright- let's move.

The wind billows.

The Player is in control.

From a top-down perspective- the player must avoid rocks protruding out of the sea while also keeping Lark attached to the speeding raft.

If The Player hits a rock- they must drag each of the three back to the raft.

To keep Lark onboard- The Player, as Lark, must click to reinforce her grip on the raft.

If Lark falls- the Player must button mash for her to catch up and grab back on.

When she catches up- Lark is out of breath. Saoirse pats her on the back.

Saoirse and Alora swim in sync at a high speed.

The waves start small. They slightly push the raft towards the rocks.

In the sky (portrayed as a vignette around the screen) clouds swirl and the thunder grumbles louder.

To the left and right of the crew- other sirens jump from their rocky perches and into the safety of the sea below them.

A siren to the right of the group has a lobster-blue tail.

She calls out to Alora.

BLUE SIREN
'Lor! Storm's rolling in!

The Blue Siren is concerned. She's ready to dive into the safe depths but not before grabbing Alora if need be.

ALORA
Go on without me! Going out of the path... anyways.

The Blue Siren frowns and shrugs.

Behind her, two smaller baby sirens leap into the sea with a huff.

The mother Blue Siren looks at Alora one last time before leaping in herself.

SAOIRSE
You don't want to say goodbye?

ALORA

Um.

She looks back, then forward.

ALORA (CONT'D)

We'll be back soon enough. I'm not
taking any chances with this
weather.

Alora looks back again, sadly. On the raft- she pushes even
faster.

The waves become more severe.

They jolt The Player into the pointy rocks.

Lark needs to be clicked on more often to keep her grip
steady.

The crew continues forward- The Player avoiding rocks
becoming more frequent.

The storm escalates even further. The wind howls.

There are no more sirens about- they have all abandoned the
surface.

SAOIRSE

Alora?

ALORA

Just a bit farther we'll be in
Saturn. Little more.

Lark tries to speak between breaths and her own exhaustion.

LARK

The lightning. It will hit the
surface.

ALORA

I know that!

Alora is worried beyond belief. She clenches up- her eyes
flicking side to side looking for an answer.

She looks to the sky.

The camera switches back to a side profile.

The sky above is alight with lightning ready to fall.

Alora gasps. She takes a deep, long breath.

Lark sees this- she takes a breath as well- her face betraying her confusion.

Saoirse doesn't notice.

Just nearby: the peaceful waters of the greater Saturn islands.

Alora sighs. She lets out a melancholy progression that starts light but ends unnaturally deep.

In response to her song- the raft sinks like a stone.

Overhead, lightning strikes the surface where they once were- it dissipates gently.