

Syrus swings- she plunges the lance into Daphne.

Daphne shrieks.

The lance shatters into a thousand stars that shoot past Syrus like shrapnel.

Daphne sinks lower and lower finally breaching where the water's surface meets the sky.

The ocean bubbles where she passes.

Syrus fades into the night- stars shooting off of her image.

The camera fades to the title card:

PIRE'S REACH

(REUNION AND DETERMINATION)

EXT. MID-LEVEL OCEAN - DUSK

Two mermaids swim side by side through a turbulent sea. They cling close to the rock pillars that pierce to the surface.

THE PLAYER controls SAOIRSE, a Summer Maid with ruby scales glittered along a long articulated tail. The tail ends in a flowing fin like a betta fish. Her ears are long and elf-like, they twitch and rotate towards Alora as she swims. Her torso is small but muscular. Her eyes are reptilian with a red iris and a black pupil that dilates and responds to the light. Her hair is a flowing blonde with faint red stains from the middle to her ends. She ties it loosely in three parts like low pigtails with a central grouping at the top.

THE PLAYER swims next to ALORA, a Siren with a dusty navy shark-like tail and a large, hooked, dorsal fin. Her dark hair is sliced in three parts- the top cut short like a mohawk, mimicking a fin, and the two sides longer, cascading down to her shoulders. Her hair is shiny, repelling the water similar to her tail. Her eyes are yellow with large inky pupils.

Alora is taller than Saoirse, but her tail is much less articulated, only bending in a few places and dense with swimming muscles. Where Saoirse could glide across land similar to a snake, Alora struggles- her tail only capable of pushing forward like a seal.

Alora powers towards the surface, pokes her head above the water. She submerges her head back under. She smiles, gesturing Saoirse upwards.

SAOIRSE

I'm gonna pop a scale over here-

ALORA

(jokingly)
What? Can't keep up anymore, your
loveliness?

Alora's thick shark skin slices through the water.

Saoirse whips her tail with difficulty- her ribbon tail catching on Alora's wake.

Saoirse sighs, THE PLAYER is prompted to **accelerate**. Saoirse catches up with Alora. Both pop their heads out of the water.

EXT. STORM'S RESPITE SURFACE - DUSK

Waves bob along the choppy surface, the swirling clouds rush along the eerie gray sky.

Alora nods excitedly. She gestures to a ship on the horizon.

ALORA

They call that one *The Whimpering
Whale*.

SAOIRSE

Ew, that's a terrible name.

ALORA

(laughing) I know! Here, just a
little further and we can see
better.

Alora leaps out of the water like a dolphin towards the ship.

PLAYER leaps as well.

Camera stays watching the surface.

SAOIRSE

(mid jump)

I thought...

SPLASH!

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
(mid jump)

This ship..

SPLASH!

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
(mid jump)

I've seen it..

SPLASH!

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
(mid jump)

Before?

SPLASH!

The mermaids stop just shy of the boat. They sink down so just their heads bob above the water. The ship is in a panic. Sailors run up to the top deck. They fling bucket-loads of water over the side. They run back down to the lower deck. Alora speaks in a near whisper.

ALORA
Oh I'm sure you have, its been
sailing through Storms for months
now. Of its own volition, mind you!
We got sick and tired of it.

A siren torpedos towards the deck. She snaps at a sailor, catches his foot and plunges back into the sea with the sailor.

SAOIRSE
Maybe they're sick of you.

Alora gasps dramatically. She swings her arms inward in a delicate motion to protect her heart.

ALORA
I'm a treasure!

Saoirse laughs and shoves her away. Alora smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WHIMPERING WHALE

The entire deck is in chaos. The camera glides from bow to stern. At the bow a siren grapples up to the deck, her tail flicking side to side.

In mid deck- a sailor has a siren in a headlock. The trapped siren lurches to the side, taking the sailor down with her. She death-rolls like a crocodile.

At the helm, a siren yanks the wheel off of its axel. He drives it through the helmsman and shoves the helmsman off of the deck. The siren dives in after him.

The camera pans downward towards the Captain's Quarters.

INT. THE WHIMPERING WHALE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

CAPTAIN HARDTACK, a large grizzly man in a coat with ten too many medals on it, sits cowering on the floor.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK

My ship.. My ship.. First of its
class to... weather the storm

He laughs, his eyes wide. The FIRST MATE barrels through the door, dragging LARKINEON behind him by her jacket collar. Lark is a young sailor with dark hair slicked back with wax.

FIRST MATE

Captain! I found the little rat
before she skittered off the ship.

LARK

Half the crew is overboard sir! We
need you out on the helm! Both of
you!

The Captain stands - he leers down at Lark

CAPTAIN HARDTACK

Tell me Larkineon, was it you who
gave the order to redirect course?
Do you believe you are better
suited to chart MY voyages?

A sailor yells from outside. Then, a meaty SPLASH. A loud chorus of person-being-eaten-alive noises ensue.

The PLAYER is given a choice-

Knee Hardtack in the groin OR Escape from the First Mate

Player must **complete a short puzzle** for either option- Player is presented with three empty slots and a collection of six picture cards. Correct cards must be chosen and placed in appropriate slot.

Knee Hardtack: Player correctly submits:

Card 1: Plant feet on ground.

Card 2: Wind up kick.

Card 3: Follow through with kick

Escape: Player correctly submits:

Card 1: Pull arms out of jacket sleeves

Card 2: Duck

Card 3: Run

FAILURE:

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (CONT'D)
(laughing)

You want to go so badly? Fine. Throw her to the 'maids.

The first mate grabs Lark by the arms. He drags her port side. At the edge, a tiny siren is gnawing at the wood railing. The siren looks up, she smiles sinisterly.

FIRST MATE
Little RAT!

Lark is launched into the sea below.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. STORM'S RESPITE SURFACE

Through Saoirse's perspective we focus on the First Mate tossing Lark from the ship. Saoirse tips her head and focuses her eyes.

The first mate grabs Lark by her leg and arms. She's hoisted up above the railing with little effort. Lark kicks but doesn't speak. Her face is glued to the water below her. The first mate speaks. Saoirse's ears flip forward to focus on the conflict.