

## IF MINIGAME TRANSITIONS

Alora, Saoirse, and Lark root through scrap to build the dingy. Lark arranges cards with scrap on them.

THE PLAYER arranges cards two at a time, building the ship layer by layer until it is complete.

If Player chooses wrong options- that stage of the minigame fails- that portion of the ship collapses.

As the game goes on- the sun moves across the sky until dark.

While assembling cards, PLAYER must also click on the right hand side of the screen repeatedly: Alora hammers all pieces into place.

Saoirse throws each piece into the desired place.

The ship is complete.

Alora chest bumps Lark- sending her flying.

Saoirse grimaces and gives a thumbs up. She grabs a bucket of paint, smiles, and hoists it up to the deck.

While Lark looks over the boat, Alora and Saoirse throw an old bathtub filled with water onto the deck. Its weight splinters the deck- but it's sturdy.

Lark is mortified.

SAOIRSE

Oh I think its a superstition thing.

ALORA

Well, I like it when they do the shark designs.

SAOIRSE

See? They've earned your favor.

ALORA

MY favor? I'm gonna eat em anyways!

LARK

Ew, I don't wanna talk about you eating people.

ALORA

Well its not you! I know you, I'm not gonna eat you!

LARK

Yeah well let me know if you start thinking about it.

Lark finally gets the chair up to the helm. She plops down into it.

Lark stares off at a rotten fish just before the helm's staircase.

The camera focuses on the fish.

The Player is in control. Time stands still, the player can click and drag the fish. When the Player drags the fish off of the boat, time resumes.

The fish flies around in the path the Player set and flips off of the boat.

Lark exhales. She settles back into the chair feeling reassured.

EXT. TAIL'S END - DUSK

The dingy drifts into the Summer Sea- the water below them a little warmer in tone than usual- not quite pink at this bordering island.

The port of Tail's End is buzzing with life, but the town itself is in disarray.

Every dock is empty as the dingy approaches. Twins walk to and fro, distressed.

A Twin with a great brimmed hat whips it off and throws it to the ground in frustration.

Lark peeks out over the side of the dingy.

LARK

Never seen this before..

Lark disembarks- she leaps onto the dock and ties the dingy to the cleat.

LARK (CONT'D)

Maybe best you guys stay here-  
Maria should be nearby anyways.

SAOIRSE

Gladly- dry as a bone over there.

ALORA

Good luck Lark!

Alora flips into the water, Saoirse slinks in after her.

Lark walks down the dock. Her foot catches a snag in the dock- a bullet splintering a wood panel. She picks it up.

The PLAYER is in control- at the end of the island walkway lies a neat cabana. Along the walk- players can speak with other Twins.

TWIN 1

Damn it. That's three months  
plunder plus..

He pulls junk out of his coat pocket.

TWIN 1 (CONT'D)

A bit. At most.

TWIN 2

Pardon, you don't happen to be with  
the Emerald Company do you?

LARK

Ah no. Sorry. I'm looking for  
Maria?

TWIN 2

Oh. Yeah usual spot..

TWIN 3  
 (crying) She'll come back to me..  
 Captain always goes with the ship..

Twin 3 caresses an anchor lodged in the sand- the anchor is adorned with rose carvings.

Lark approaches the Cabana. The entrance is blocked by a thick tree trunk.

Lark carefully steps over it.

At the front desk- an older woman, MARIA, yells at a sailor. She wears a luxurious long coat that dusts the floor, an eyepatch made from a flattened gold coin, and a tall hat adorned with a great pink feather. On her finger she wears a gold ring with a black obsidian stone, one very similar to Lark's pendant.

MARIA  
 You're coming in here? Accosting  
 me?

Her eye twitches as she yells.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
 I AM THE ONLY ONE HELPING YOU!

SAILOR  
 My ship was on your docks- now if  
 you don't reimburse me for losses,  
 my company will wring your..

CRASH, A great pink macaw flutters down to the desk from the rafters. The sailor lurches back in fear.

CRASH  
 SCRAM SCRAM SCRAM SCRAM

Crash the macaw snaps at the sailor. The sailor stumbles out of the cabana. He trips over the tree outside, then scrambles to his feet and back to the docks.

Lark smiles.

Crash spots Lark- puffing up her feathers, Crash walks stomps forward towards her.

LARK  
 Hi Crashy.

Lark bends down and reaches for the bird's neck, just as the bird is about to bite- Lark scratches under her chin.

Crash huffs- pointing her head upwards so Lark can get a better angle.

MARIA  
My employee of the century.

Maria walks out from behind the desk.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
Larkineon, always a pleasure.

Lark stands to meet her gaze.

LARK  
What's going on? Everyone's a wreck today.

Maria averts her gaze, she sweeps a few pink feathers off of the desk.

MARIA  
Oh nothing I can't handle. Just a bad band of pirates lifting the whole island.

LARK  
Oh I see. How do you like being on the receiving end for once?

MARIA  
Hey now, I was always a team player.

She looks Lark up and down.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
So you've ditched the Whale?

LARK  
More so fell off- she went down in Storm's Respite.

MARIA  
Mm. I see.

Lark looks curious- she wants to ask more. Maria rushes to fill the conversation.

MARIA (CONT'D)  
What brings you in?

LARK

Oh! I was looking for supplies  
actually, I'm running my own ship  
now with a few friends.

MARIA

Oh Kini that's wonderful!

Maria rushes to the cabana porch. Blocking the sun with her hand, she looks out to see the dingy.

MARIA (CONT'D)

What a cute little thing. It's so  
nice to see you moving along on  
your own.

LARK

Thank you, means alot coming from  
you.

Crash, bored, sits on the desk, biting at the few coins  
scattered on the table.

MARIA

I would love to help you along but  
as you can see I'm in a bit of a  
bind.

LARK

Oh thats oka..

MARIA

But! I can certainly send a  
message. Seal Point isn't too far  
at all. I'll get your parts  
ordered.

LARK

Maria no, we can't pay..

MARIA

Nonsense! I have favors to call in.

She shoos the bird from the desk. She pulls out paper and  
begins writing with a pink quill pen.

LARK

If you're sure! I figure we'll need  
a stockier ship to deal with the  
Pire anyways.

Maria looks up.

MARIA

Oh- you're headed to the Pire are  
you.

She writes a little slower. She whistles. Crash begrudgingly  
flies to her side.

LARK

Yeah! There's a lead I'd like to  
see through.

Maria ties the note to Crash's foot. She whistles twice in  
quick succession- pointing West.

Crash squawks in complaint- but flies off with the note.

Maria approaches Lark.

MARIA

Well the Point should soon have all  
you need.

She brings her hand to Lark's face with her ring hand.

The obsidian ring glints in the setting sunlight.

Maria's grip hardens on Lark's face, curling along her jaw  
bone.

Lark's eyes widden.

MARIA (CONT'D)

We're no maids Larkineon. We have  
limits. You'd do best to mind  
yours.

She releases Lark's face. Lark reaches for the spot, scared.

MARIA (CONT'D)

And take that hunk of plywood with  
you. Blocking the entrance.

Lark gathers herself, she clears her throat.

LARK

... Of course. Thank you Maria.

MARIA

Anytime.

She rounds the desk. She opens a glass case fixed into the  
wall. She carefully places an old revolver inside.

LARK

Oh- found this outside.

Lark tosses the bullet over to Maria.

She catches it.

MARIA

Must be getting old. I used to  
never get em back.

She locks the safe and leaves the cabana, pocketing the  
bullet.

Lark breathes heavily. She rushes out the door- minding the  
tree blocking the entrance.

IF ADDING TRANSITION MINI GAMES:

Lark, Alora, and Saoirse spend the night pushing the tree  
towards the docks.

They scrape up the dock as they near the boat. The tie off  
the tree and fix it firmly to the dingy.