

MERMAID GAME

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EXT. THE PIRE - NIGHT

A volcano sits alone on a verdant island of green. The red waves lap at the shore- soaking the greenery.

The stars twinkle overhead- a beautiful galaxy of inky black swirls.

The call of seagulls echo across the open, scarlet red sea.

Looking closer at the water- swirling clouds of red- blood billow and disperse underneath the surface.

The volcano exhales- a large swaft of steam floats out.

The music darkens- keyed by a foghorn-like transition.

The black swirls in the sky move and shift. They form two mermaids- one with long flowing hair and the other with a shark fin.

The scene in the sky is similar to a shadow puppet show.

The shark mermaid- Syrus reels back. She touches her hand to the other mermaid.

Meanwhile the long hair mermaid- Daphne spins. She touches the stars with her hand. She arranges them to her liking.

Her shadow image shimmers, while Syrus' cements deeper into darkness.

The music turns more sinister as Daphne wields more stars. Daphne grows a crown, a cape made of galaxy matter.

Her face cracks- a wicked smile forming from the negative space.

As Daphne's power grows, Syrus holds her head in her hands. Behind her back she produces a lance. The lance shimmers with the stars.

Stars drip from her face like tears.

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 blood red 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. THE PLAYER swims next to ALORA, a Siren with a sleek navy shark-like tail and a large, hooked, dorsal fin.

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

SAOIRSE
(jokingly)

I'm not built for this, you've gotta relax.

ALORA
Not now! This is where the action
is!

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 some
action.

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

Oh wow, that's kinda gutsy of them.

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, a young sailor with dark hair slicked back with wax, behind him by her jacket collar.

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?
(MORE)

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (CONT'D)

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. She looks up, 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.

SAOIRSE
Now why would they...?

Lark splashes to the surface, flailing. Saoirse's ears flick backwards like a frightened cat.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
No way.. She's not gonna.. 'Lor I think that's..

Saoirse bolts towards the boat before she finishes the thought.

ALORA
Hey! Wait!

Alora dives in pursuit.

THE PLAYER is given control.

THE PLAYER must **swim to Lark**.

THE PLAYER swims forward with accelerate, direction, and punch controls.

Dodging away from sirens in swim path is a success.

Bumping into sirens results in a "stuck" segment- the Player must button mash to return to the path.

THE PLAYER is able to "punch" sirens in a quick-time event style which pushes a Siren out of the way.

A failed punch results in the "stuck" segment.

THE PLAYER reaches a tired Lark.

Lark kicks the tiny siren off of her boot. The tiny siren yelps like a shih tzu.

SAOIRSE
HELLO.

LARK
Hiiii...

Lark sinks below the surface, unconscious. Saoirse gasps. She dives under. She throws a limp Lark over her shoulders. She pops back up to the surface.

Saoirse turns, she powers back the way she came.

The PLAYER is given control.

The player must **navigate to a small rock island**.

Alora pops up next to Saoirse. Saoirse screams in surprise.

ALORA

You got one! It took me weeks to
catch my first Twin...

THE PLAYER powers forward. A siren approaches, when pressed, the punch button causes Alora to shove the encroaching siren out of the way.

SAOIRSE

'Lor! This is Lark!

THE PLAYER powers forward. A siren approaches, the player can either dive under the siren or once again shove with Alora.

ALORA

That sailor kid?

SAOIRSE

Yes! Can you believe it!

THE PLAYER powers forward. Same choice of maneuver around a new siren.

ALORA

You're gonna eat her??

THE PLAYER powers forward. Same choice of maneuver around a new siren.

SAOIRSE

NO! I'm not going to eat her!

The two escape the crowd and close in on the island. THE PLAYER can meander towards the island.

ALORA

Oh, well that's good. I figured
that would make you upset. But, you
know, who am I to order you around.

SAOIRSE

Yes, thank you I'm so grateful.

Saoirse lays Lark out on the island's shore.

(End of failure branch)

SUCCESS:

INT. WHIMPERING WHALE

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (IF KICKED)
SON OF A BITCH!

Lark scrambles out of the captain's quarters. She looks frantically, left, right, left.

She locks eyes with her, Saoirse. Saoirse returns her gaze-terrified.

Lark relaxes. WHAM! Alora leaps up onto the ship. Her shark tail thrashes and thumps on the wooden deck. Lark trips backwards. She winces, Alora crawls forward.

SAOIRSE
Alora.. 'LOR!

Alora's head snaps back to the water.

ALORA
HUH?

SAOIRSE
That's Lark! You remember??

Alora accelerates towards Lark. She picks up Lark by her shirt collar like a trophy fish.

ALORA
Oh! You're like an adult now!

LARK
(Choking)
Hi... Alora...

SAOIRSE
Just get her out of there!

Alora flips Lark over her shoulder firefighter style. She clambers back to the railing.

LARK
Wait.. I can't..

SPLASH! Alora dives off the railing with Lark in tow.

(End of Success Branch)

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. ROCKY ISLAND - NIGHT

Lark's eyes flutter open. The sea is peaceful. The rocky island is powdered in white sand. With each incoming wave, a new slew of debris from the *Whale* is carried with it. Saoirse hoists Lark upright, tightening her arms around her stomach.

ALORA

(If Success: Now that's my bad,
but) how are you gonna be living on
the water if you can't breath the
water. Explain that to me

SAOIRSE

I mean the boats are pretty fast,
and I think you have to be dry to
be on the boat...

LARK

Saoirs..

THUNK! Saoirse quickly squeezes Lark's stomach in a Heimlich maneuver.

THE PLAYER is given control

Player must **orient Saoirse's arms in the correct position for Heimlich.**

ANY FAILURE:

Lark cartoonishly yelps in pain.

SUCCESS 1:

Water launches out of Lark's mouth.

LARK (CONT'D)

I didn't think!

SUCCESS 2:

Less water launches out of Lark's mouth.

LARK (CONT'D)

I'd see you...

SUCCESS 3:

A spew of droplets launch out of Lark's mouth. She coughs

LARK (CONT'D)

Again!

Lark pulls away from Saoirse. She takes a deep breath and holds her hand to her chest.

She turns, and pulls Saoirse into a hug.

SAOIRSE

Haha, I'm happy to see you!

LARK

They would've killed me, thank you!

Lark matches gaze with a deeply invested Alora.

LARK (CONT'D)

Both of you! I can't believe it!

The two break the hug. Lark settles, sitting on the rock. She rubs her hands along her face.

Saoirse does the same. She settles with her tail just brushing the tide.

Alora flops over onto her back, her tail submerged.

ALORA

Some ship you had there.

LARK

Yeah, it may be for the best.

THE PLAYER is given control.

A thought bubble appears over Lark's head in a more cartoonish style.

The player must **complete the actions as Lark speaks to continue the dialog.**

A lone broom appears in the bubble.

LARK (CONT'D)

I thought I could work my way up.

THE PLAYER pushes the broom, back and forth, kicking up dust.

LARK (CONT'D)
But nothing ever changed.

The broom falls over with a DONK! A present day Lark appears in the bubble with a bucket and sponge.

THE PLAYER scrubs the imaginary deck with the sponge- creating tiny soap bubbles.

SAOIRSE
You're still a dock's hand? But
that was years ago!

LARK
A deck hand, yeah. I don't know,
things seemed good on the whale.

Captain Hardtack appears in the thought, well-dressed and well-groomed. He smiles and poses.

LARK (CONT'D)
When I was younger.

THE PLAYER clicks, the Captain POOFS! And reveals his true, gross appearance.

THE PLAYER shoves Hardtack out of the thought bubble.

LARK (CONT'D)
I don't know what I thought

The Whimpering Whale fades into the thought.

LARK (CONT'D)
I did everything right,

THE PLAYER unravels a pile of rope. Each unraveled piece sparkles with happy particles.

LARK (CONT'D)
everything the best,

THE PLAYER is in control of the imagined *Whale* moving the direction control up aims its cannons upwards. THE PLAYER clicks, fireworks erupt out of the canons.

LARK (CONT'D)
But it was all for nothing.

The thought bubble contains a Captain Hardtack again. He stomps his feet and yells at an imaginary Lark.

Lark blinks, the thought bubble dissipates like a cloud.

Lark fishes a necklace out of her shirt. The necklace, a shard of scuffed obsidian hooked to a weathered chain, shimmers in the moonlight. She fidgets with the obsidian pendant.

LARK (CONT'D)
I have to go home now.

ALORA
Oh Lark, I'm sorry.

Saoirse pouts, tracing her fingers through the sand of the stony shore. She stops. Her whole body perks up.

SAOIRSE
Just build your own ship!

LARK
Well sure, thats the goal.

The thought bubble appears again. Inside are hand-drawn cartoony waves. THE PLAYER is given a pen tool.

LARK (CONT'D)
Of course I wanted my own
ship.

A dotted line silhouette of a ship appears on the water. THE PLAYER is allowed to free draw on the waves. (Ideally the player begins to draw the ship)

As THE PLAYER draws- Lark continues.

LARK (CONT'D)
And I know how to run it now,

Player keeps drawing.

LARK (CONT'D)
But who am I. If all of those
sailors thought I was dirt then how
am I supposed to get a crew,

The sensitivity of the pen tool is increased- causing the Player to make more erratic movements. With each word out of Lark, the sensitivity increases

LARK (CONT'D)
Or a title? Or a legacy? Not to
mention I need to make trade routes
and negotiations and friends!

The pen tool is out of control- drawing frantically on its own.

The pen stops.

SAOIRSE

Lark?

LARK

I know I could do it all. But I
need help.

Lark snaps out of a far-away stare. Inside the thought bubble, the image of a shape emerges. *The Gore*: an elegant ship adorned with crimson sails and a hull carved to look like a baroque sculpture of bones, blood, and guts.

The image of *The Gore* flickers like TV static.

The bubble disappears.

LARK (CONT'D)

What do you know about the
"Bleeding Goddess?"

SAOIRSE

"Bleeding Goddess?" What the hell
are you Twins on with these dumb
names...

ALORA

Do you mean Daphne? Lark I'm gonna
be honest I think she's gotta be
long dead by now.

SAOIRSE

Oh yeah, Lark that's old history
stuff.

Lark stands, clutching her pendant.

LARK

But still! The sea, it's still pink
isn't it?

SAOIRSE

I mean sure but, that might just be
how it stayed...

LARK

Fine, IF the goddess is alive can
you imagine what she could teach
me? Alive! For a millenium! Alora,
imagine how much *time* she's had to
perfect her powers!

ALORA

(Speaking quickly)
Now that's a good point, my cousin Lunera did a "Fiber-Anchoring" with her hunting coven last month and I swear I saw them call a ship in from across the Pire...!

SAOIRSE

I don't see what this has to do with getting you a ship.

Lark sits again, she takes Saoirse's hand.

LARK

It'll be more than the ship. It would mean my legacy, my life! In my own control. I could live forever, WE could live forever!

Saoirse blushes and laughs.

SAOIRSE

You're out of your mind with all this.

LARK

(laughing)
I really don't have much else going for me.

They unclasp hands.

SAOIRSE

Alright here's what we do. We build your ship and then MAYBE we see about Daphne.

LARK AND ALORA

Hell yeah.

SAOIRSE

If you're gonna be disappointed I would like you to at least be afloat and disappointed.

LARK

Ok! That's very true!

Lark smiles and clips the necklace back around her neck.

ALORA

She should squat outside of The Respite for now...

In the distance, *The Whale's* cannon sounds once. It sounds again, this time underwater. Sirens back at the boat hoot and holler.

ALORA (CONT'D)
Probably safer for you...

LARK
Ok also true.

SAOIRSE
Yeah! Theres a little patch of land out East, but its a little far.

ALORA
Yeah no way I'm carrying you out all that way.

SAOIRSE
Hey no problem, theres plenty here.

Saoirse glides along the shallows.

THE PLAYER is in control.

As Saoirse the Player must **search for and assemble debris into a makeshift raft.**

LARK (O.S.)
You didn't keep our old campsite did you?

THE PLAYER picks up a length of rope. Alora catches up and takes it from Saoirse. Alora pulls at the rope. She smiles, seeing that it's strong.

SAOIRSE
Of course! I knew we'd crash into each other again sometime!

THE PLAYER picks up a sturdy trapdoor. Alora gasps excitedly. She takes the door as well of screen.

LARK (O.S.)
Oh yeah, that'll work great, thank you.

SAOIRSE
You need a buoyancy thing huh?

LARK (O.S.)
Yeah exactly!

THE PLAYER clicks on a barrel.

SAOIRSE
Just gotta fix this a bit...

THE PLAYER is prompted to **split the barrel in half**.

Saoirse must align her karate-chop directly in the middle of the barrel's top.

FAILURE:

Saoirse bruises her hand.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
OW!

She tries again.

SUCCESS:

The barrel splits into two perfect halves.

LARK (O.S.)
Perfect! Just gotta put it all
together.

A blueprint-like sheet of paper with 3 slots covers the screen. THE PLAYER **must assemble the raft by dragging each component's card into place**.

1: THE PLAYER puts the barrels at the bottom

ALORA
Oh yeah, that air's goin nowhere.

2: THE PLAYER puts the door on top

SAOIRSE
Seems sturdy enough.

3: THE PLAYER loops and ties the rope through a hole in the door

LARK
Yup! Should be good to go!

The blueprint closes, the gang stands behind a newly constructed raft.

The three push the raft out to the shallows.

Lark steps onto the door carefully, slowly. The raft shakes. It stabilizes.

ALORA
ALRIGHT!

SAOIRSE
'Lor if you keep the back level I
can tow from up here.

ALORA
Sure thing, boss!

SAOIRSE
Strap in, this might take a while.

LARK
I'll do my best over here.

Lark jerks nervously, the raft shutters as Alora positions herself at its stern.

MINIGAME TRANSITION 1

A young Lark wedges herself into a corner on the Whimpering Whale.

She produces a pairing knife and a tiny wooden ship.

The Player drags and swipes the mouse to carve into the boat.

Tiny clicks produce tiny decorative details- a feather like texture along the hull of the wooden ship.

Lark flips the boat to the side. The Whale hits a sudden wave-jostling Lark and sending the tiny boat over the Whale's railing and into the sea.

Scene/mini game ends on the Whale leaving the tiny boat behind.

The tiny boat is still- then perks up and floats after the boat- as if it were pulled by an invisible string.

Thunder Claps- scene transitions.

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 meloncholy 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.

CUT TO:

EXT. SATURN SEAS - NIGHT

The calm surface of the water rumbles. On the horizon, the thunderous Storm's Respite is a warzone of lightning and waves.

Alora and Lark emerge completely soaked from the depths. The raft pops up- sending Lark a few inches from its surface.

Lark exclaims in surprise, Alora is breathing heavily. She smiles wide eyed and impressed with herself.

Saoirse rises to greet them much more gracefully. She takes a moment to wring out her hair.

SAOIRSE

Alora! That was great!

Alora is still surprised- she rakes her hand through her hair sheepishly.

ALORA

Aw thanks- you know I've been practicing.

SAOIRSE

Last I remember you couldn't sing for shit!

Alora punches her in the arm.

ALORA

Well apparently, I was just focusing on the wrong thing!

Lark shudders- she wants to say something but is totally stunned by the magic that has just occurred.

ALORA (CONT'D)

You know how I tried to lure that fisherman a while ago.

SAOIRSE

Oh yeah that was rough.

ALORA

Well turns out that if I focus on the *boat* or myself instead- it's like ten times easier.

SAOIRSE

That's one way to do it then- I mean I'm trying to do more of the emotional focus thing, but that's not been too..

Lark interrupts.

LARK

How. How does it work. We were never taught...

ALORA

Sorry, I'm sure that's awkward. Being a sailor and all that. It's just Fiber!

SAOIRSE

Come on- we should get to land.

Saoirse resumes her role pulling the raft.

LARK

Fiber- manipulating a vessel.

ALORA

Yeah basically!

The Player is in control of swimming. They pilot Saoirse around rocks as she tows the raft.

ALORA (CONT'D)

Maybe twins themselves are just too complicated for me... Easier for me to imagine the boats I guess. What they sound like, how they would cut through the water. How they would bubble as they sank.

Alora blinks back to the present.

ALORA (CONT'D)
Twins can't use Fiber can they?

LARK
No one really knows what it is. I'm
one of the few who's heard of it.

Lark touches the obsidian pendant around her neck.

LARK (CONT'D)
But I've seen some things I can't
otherwise explain. Like ships
fixing on their own- swords that
can cut through stone.

ALORA
Weapons.. Infusions! That's weird,
I've heard about infusing but no
one does that anymore.

SAOIRSE
What do we make really? We hunt and
we pick the same food that's been
growing for a gabillion years.

When talking about food- her voice grows bitter, almost
resentful.

She swims faster.

Alora rolls her eyes.

ALORA
Saoirs' is just jealous.

Saoirse flicks her eyes back to Alora.

SAOIRSE
Like I said- We don't do much in
the *Summer Sea*.

She says the name of her home with sarcasm- referring to it
as the Twin sailors do.

The Player continues to swim and move.

LARK
Hm. Well when we find Daphne I'm
sure we'll get that sorted too.

ALORA
Mhm I'm sure.

The group reaches a sandy island. The island itself decorated and terraformed. A large tide pool dots the center surrounded by stones and heaps of plant life.

ALORA (CONT'D)

Home at last!

Alora abandons the stern of the raft. Lark loses balance and tumbles backwards onto the shoreline.

Saoirse laughs and slips into the tide pool. She rests her arms crossed on the beach. She flicks her tail happily- she's glad to be in her own space again.

Lark regains her balance.

LARK

Aw it's changed since we were here!

Lark rests on her stomach by the pool.

Easier than me hauling buckets up, huh Saoirs'?

SAOIRSE

Oh yeah- Alora dug all this out for me.

ALORA

Did a killer job too.

The three gather in and around the pool.

SAOIRSE

Tell you what- if you think you can use Fiber I can try to teach you something.

ALORA

You?

SAOIRSE

What! Even if I can't I know how it's *supposed* to be done. You can't explain things for shit!

ALORA

Alright alright jeez! Just teach her how to do something useful alright?

Lark laughs- she's happy to be in good company.

LARK

I'll take whatever you've got for
me. I trust you.

LEARNING TO BREATHE

EXT. SATURN ISLANDS - DAWN

Saoirse tows Lark along on the scrapped together raft. They venture into the calm waters of the Saturn Islands. Saoirse slows, she stops. She tosses the stretch of rope around a rock.

Lark lowers slowly and cautiously. She hops off of the raft and into the water. Saoirse swims up closer, she takes Lark by the shoulder.

SAOIRSE

You need to push out everything
else.

She motions with her hand. Her eyes are twinkling, beyond excited.

LARK

Yeah well I know that part.

Lark treads water with stiff and cautious movements. Her eyes refuse to focus on Saoirse. They scan the water, back and forth.

Saoirse frowns, Lark doesn't share her enthusiasm. Saoirse removes her hand from Lark's shoulder.

SAOIRSE

I don't know how to teach you- for
me it just happens.

LARK

Well show me your way and I'll
filter it through my way.

Saoirse nods her head.

SAOIRSE

Oh! Yeah, filter's a good way to
think about it.

Saoirse brushes her hand along her own arm.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

All through the skin. You pick out
only what you need ok?

LARK

Yeah alright, I guess that makes sense.

Saoirse is exhilarated. She jolts into action and shoves Lark under the water.

SAOIRSE

You got it!

Lark jerks in protest, flailing and surprised. Saoirse's hands lift off of her.

Lark is underwater, slowly sinking into mid-screen.

LARK

(Underwater) Hm

The camera is below the water. We see Lark's dark silhouette against the light glimmering water.

The silhouette kicks, Lark's face flicking back and forth.

The Player is in control.

Streams of water represented as wavy lines join Lark on the screen. They propel in from the sides of the camera towards Lark. Upon impact, they twirl and spin away- a school of ricochets.

Lark sits still. Little twinkling particles begin flowing with the water lines. The particles hit Lark in the same behavior as the water.

Lark starts to struggle. Her hands shoot up to her mouth. She starts kicking sporadically.

A navy blue vignette begins to appear and pulse around the screen.

If The Player clicks and drags at a particle- they can control their movement.

The Player drags a particle to Lark. It sinks slowly into Lark's silhouette, gradually dimming until it sinks in completely. Each captured particle reduces the intensity of the navy vignette.

If the vignette becomes solid- it consumes the screen and results in a Failure.

Failure:

The navy vignette consumes the screen. Just before all visuals are lost- we see another silhouette- Saoirse- diving below and dragging a floundering Lark back up to the surface.

CUT TO:

Lark sits on the scrappy raft. She breaths deeply and rests her head in her hands. She's discouraged.

Saoirse rests her head and arms on the raft. She smiles.

SAOIRSE

That's a good try! See? Not too bad.

She turns and pops her head below the water. Her ruby tail happily flicks above the surface. Drops of water from her tail fly into Lark's face.

Lark looks up towards Saoirse- her gaze softened.

Saoirse brings her head back up.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Lovely down there too.

Lark stretches out and tilts her face to catch the rising sunshine.

LARK

If you'll believe it, I've never been under for that long.

SAOIRSE

What!

LARK

Yeah, in my case having to swim at all was something of a "problem scenario."

Saoirse nods her head.

SAOIRSE

Oh yeah your little boats swim for you, huh?

LARK

Little boats- yeah I guess they do most of the work. They are supposed to float.

Saoirse looks at the water.

SAOIRSE

You're going to try again, aren't you?

LARK

Ah yeah, something like that.

She sighs, defeated.

LARK (CONT'D)

Maybe we can do something else, I don't think this is going to work.

Saoirse frowns.

SAOIRSE

What you mean? A little air bag?

LARK

Yeah- yeah something like that. Whatever I can do I just can't do it like this. Like you can.

Saoirse grips the raft tightly.

SAOIRSE

Lark, I think you have real power. Like us.

She winces, she feels like an imposter giving advice she cannot follow herself

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

You can do this, and I'm going to stay with you until you do.

LARK

Well maybe we can come back sometime-

SAOIRSE

Deep breath!

Lark's eyes widen, she nods quickly and breaths in- puffing out her cheeks.

SPLASH! Saoirse judo throws Lark back into the sea.

Lark is underwater, slowly sinking into mid-screen.

LARK

(Underwater) Hm!!

The camera is below the water. We see Lark's dark silhouette.

The silhouette kicks, Lark's face flicking back and forth.

The Player is in control.

Streams of water again join Lark on the screen. They propel in from the sides of the camera towards Lark.

Lark sits still. The little twinkling particles begin flowing with the water lines. The particles hit Lark in the same behavior as the water.

But now, the particles pulse with light as they dance around the screen

Lark starts to struggle. Her hands shoot up to her mouth. She starts kicking sporadically.

The navy blue vignette begins to appear and pulse around the screen.

If The Player clicks and drags at a particle- they can control their movement.

The Player drags a particle to Lark. It sinks slowly into Lark's silhouette, gradually dimming until it sinks in completely. Each captured particle reduces the intensity of the navy vignette.

Any Success/ End of Failure:

The Player brings 10 particles to Lark each one sinks slowly into her silhouette.

Lark panics- she's been down below longer than she's ever been.

She kicks, flailing her arms.

No matter how many particles the player drags over- The navy vignette closes in.

Just before all visuals are lost- we see another silhouette- Saoirse- diving below and dragging a floundering Lark back up to the surface.

CUT TO:

Lark sits on the scrappy raft. She breaths deeply and rests her hands on her knees, she's smiling.

SAOIRSE

You were breathing, that was a long time!

LARK

Yeah! Yeah I think I was. How is that possible?

Saoirse laughs.

SAOIRSE

You can't think like that! You just try and you just do.

LARK

Sersh', That's all I do. I'm all thinking, all the time.

SAOIRSE

Well just don't do that!

They both laugh.

LARK

I still have a long way to go. It's really a weird feeling.

Saoirse lifts up the raft rope from the rock.

SAOIRSE

Yeah?

Lark settles her weight on the raft.

Lark looks at Saoirse about to pull her back to the Summer Sea.

LARK

Oh! Hang on.

Lark kneels down and uses her arms to row along with Saoirse's towing. Saoirse smiles appreciatively. The two venture off.

LARK (CONT'D)

Really it's like turning off an entire system. I'm just putting everything where it's supposed to go- all by myself.

Saoirse is quiet- she pulls the raft along.

Lark stops, she dips her hand into the water. She scoops some up and drips it along her own arm.

The camera cuts and focuses. Lark's arm is focused horizontally across the screen with the water settled on top.

The Player **clicks the arm**. A little hole is Popped! Out of Lark's skin.

A particle-like the underwater gameplay before slips down the hole, glowing and pulsing.

The Player clicks again. Another hole and another particle.

The Player clicks again. Another hole and another particle.

The screen condenses suddenly - the normal scene of Lark and Saoirse behind it.

The image of Lark's arm- littered with holes is condensed into a card.

This card like the ones used to plot Lark's ideas and plans.

The finished card spins. It flies into Lark's open hand. She blinks, and it disappears.

The Player is in control as Saoirse and Lark.

A slight underwater view is visable under the raft.

SAOIRSE

Should we grab some dinner on our way back?

Lark shakes off her distraction. And resume's rowing alongside Saoirse.

LARK

Hm? Oh yeah that sounds good.

SAOIRSE

Great because we're about to go through a whole school.

Saoirse accelerates, she's excited.

LARK

Wait I don't have a...

The first fish launches out of the ocean. It smacks Lark in the face.

LARK (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

She laughs.

Saoirse nabs a fish clean out of the air with her mouth.

SAOIRSE
(Mouth full of fish)
Go on!

Tons of fish fly up and launch across the screen.

Clicking on a fish adds it to a growing pile on top of the raft.

Every 5th fish added to the pile causes the raft to sink slightly lower in the water.

LARK
We're gonna need a bigger ship if
we wanna keep going on like this.

SAOIRSE
(Mouth full of fish)
What? I'm pulling that one too?

Lark laughs.

LARK
No, it'll be wind powered. Like the
other boats.

Saoirse spits her fish into the pile. At this point the fish is just a head and a tail held together by bones.

SAOIRSE
Oh! The air fins! They seem cool!

Another fish slaps Lark in the face.

Behind the raft, a shadowy glob appears on the horizon.

Birds circle the glob.

Lark turns her head. The crazy flow of fish is slowing down to a stop.

LARK
In fact, let's veer to the right.
We might be able to scrap something
here.

Saoirse licks her lips. She flicks her tail and sends a pile fish flying. She catches it in her mouth. She chomps down happily.

SAOIRSE
(Mouth full)
Whatever you say, boss.

The raft turns to the right.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND OF SCRAP

LARK

This is a great spot to scrap some material.

Lark stomps around the scrap. She scans the ground.

SAOIRSE

Oo I do like this.

Saoirse heaves a broken wheel from the wreckage. The wheel is coated in an emerald green paint.

LARK

Well we will need a wheel eventually.

Saoirse runs her hand along the coating.

SAOIRSE

How is it this color! Does wood come in this color.

Lark smiles, she jogs over to Saoirse.

LARK

It's paint! You could make it any color you like.

SAOIRSE

Oh that's wonderful.

Saoirse peels a chip of paint off of the wheel. She throws the rest of the wheel away. She messes with the paint chip between her fingers, trying to catch the light in its sheen.

LARK

Oh, ok.

Lark returns to the search, tromping through wreckage and mud.

LARK (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes peeled for an "air fin" It'll look like a great sheet of cloth.

SAOIRSE

Yeah whatever that means, I'm on it.

The two travel together along the island.

As they move, scraps of cloth on the ground glow and pulse.

If the Player clicks on them, Lark runs over and picks them up.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Check this!

Lark runs over. Saoirse heaves a giant mast out of the way. Underneath is a strong sail, curled up on the ground like a haphazard snake. She unveils the full sail.

The sail is enormous. The stitching is broken and frayed, but the entire build is full of potential.

LARK

Hell, we can't carry this with us.

Lark looks to the sky and admires the morning sun.

LARK (CONT'D)

Can we call Alora over?

SAOIRSE

Aw sure! If I run over now we can probably both be back before noon!

LARK

Go for it- We'll build, make camp here tonight, then sail on out with a fresh new boat!

Saoirse shakes with excitement.

SAOIRSE

Yeah that's gonna be sick. I'll go right now!

She flips off the island like a dolphin, powering back to The island to grab Alora.

Lark smiles as she goes. She takes the sail in her hand. A thought bubble forms over her head.

MINIGAME TRANSITION 2

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.

DINNER ON THE DINGY

EXT. THE GORE (DINGY) - MORNING

The tiny Gore sails shakily along the pink summer sea. The boat sails low to the water. Lark and Saoirse talk while Saoirse paints the sail with dark red paint. Alora lays on the bow, she dangles her arm down to catch the sea spray.

The ship itself is a tiny dingy with a single mast supporting a large sail. Its hull is well-oiled: it's a collection of scrapped wood all stained to a uniformly dark brown.

The underside of the hull, nearest to the bow, looks like it has a wooden ribcage. The carved ribs meet at the centerline of the ship and extend up and back, flaring towards the sky and sea behind the boat.

The Player is in control.

A thought bubble appears above Lark's head containing a pen that the player can control. The ship's mast is turned towards the camera, showing the full sail.

However the player draws on the thought-bubble, Saoirse replicates on the sail.

SAOIRSE

Oh man, and it just stays there?

LARK

Yup! Once it dries out the paint should stain in there pretty good.

Lark circles the sail, looking it over.

SAOIRSE

That's sick. Its just there! I put it on there. You sure you don't want a go at this?

LARK

No no, you're doing great! If you'll believe it, usually we'll receive sails already dyed and painted.

The Player continues to draw in the thought bubble.

SAOIRSE

What! Oh that's boring.

LARK

Yeah I guess so. I mean I never
give it much thought.

The thought bubble goes away. Instead, the bottom right of the screen shows the sail and Saoirse's two arms. The Player can click on an arm to activate it and move it. The left arm holds a rag for erasing paint. The right arm holds the paintbrush. Clicking then holding performs the erase/paint, but clicking, repositioning, then clicking again moves the whole arm. Saoirse can use her opposite arm as a straight edge. The paint itself is set to a low opacity, the player must make multiple passes for a true red color.

Example play: The player positions the left arm. The player paints along the arm. Saoirse now has paint all over her left arm, but a clean red line on the sail.

LARK (CONT'D)

I really didn't think there would
be this much to think about.

SAOIRSE

It's your ship now, I've only seen
a couple but I think we've done a
good job so far.

The front of the bow snaps. Alora and the bow plunge into the sea.

ALORA

AH! (Splash)

LARK

Aw thanks, you guys have been
great.

SAOIRSE

Hey no worries, I think its neat to
be sailing mermaids.

She stops for a moment. She exhales. She and The Player continue to paint.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll have something to bring
home too. If I'm being honest I've
never gotten to be really good at
much till now.

Alora appears from the left side of the screen. She powers ahead towards the ship. Her fingers clench into the broken piece of bow. She's pissed.

LARK
What? You mean like Fiber?

SAOIRSE
Yeah. It's like- I have to do
everything manually. I have to try,
I have to fail.

Alora flings the broken bow onto the boat. She leaps after
it. She lands on the deck and the boat sways in response.

ALORA
UGH

LARK
Aw well thats a good thing too. I'm
not sure about Alora, but failure
really puts me out of commission.

Alora steadies herself, then slowly drags the broken bow
across the deck.

SAOIRSE
Hm.

ALORA
HUH?

Lark and Saoirse laugh.

The Player is given a "finish" button.

When finished, the painting window goes away. Lark and
Saoirse look at the sail.

The camera centers on them. Off screen, Alora is loudly
hammering away at the bow.

ALORA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What the.. Son of a.. I just..

Lark reaches over and squeezes Saoirse's hand.

LARK
It'll all work out.

Saoirse squeezes back in response.

The camera pans back out. Alora looks proud of herself. The
bow is nailed back into place. She slides off onto the deck.

ALORA
Look! I...

SNAP! A giant turtle's mouth clamps around the bow. Its beak crunches through the wood and nails.

Alora stares at the bow- she's terrified.

ALORA (CONT'D)
What the fuck is that.

Lark clutches the mast.

LARK
Aspidochelone...

SAOIRSE
A-speedo? No that's a Tonn-ochta.

Everyone looks at Saoirse, bewildered. Saoirse is confused. She goes to look over the side of the ship.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
They steal like crops and stuff. I named one as a kid, lil Seanie.

ALORA
Well don't go over there and kiss him hello, why's it messing with us?

LARK
Aspidochelone are vicious- One of them tailed The Whale for days before we lost it.

SAOIRSE
Really? They've always been fine with us. Only trouble we got into was when that other Tonn-ochta came around.

ALORA
Does it think we're another turtle??

Saoirse is reminiscing in her own little world.

SAOIRSE
That other one we named Molly..

LARK
Shit we don't have cannons yet do we?

ALORA
Uh no ma'am.

The camera shifts to a top-down perspective.

The Player begins ship combat.

To the right of The Gore, the Tonn-ochta rises from the water. The broken hull of a ship sits on its shell like a hat. The beast Roars. It sounds like a T-Rex gargling salt water.

The cannons on the Turtle ship hull Click! Wherever the turtle's eye moves, the cannons follow.

SAOIRSE

Oh well he's got cannons.

LARK

Oh my god.

The Tonn-ochta slaps its long tail on the water. The canons fire!

ALORA

(singing) DUCKK!

The Gore dips deeper into the ocean slightly, then pops back up. The turtle cannons take out just the railing of the Gore.

LARK

That was great! Did you do that?

ALORA

Yes ma'am. And you're gonna do it too.

The Tonn-ochta roars again. Its eyes and cannons move to and fro, frustrated by the miss.

Alora leaps into Lark's arms.

ALORA (CONT'D)

Now you listen to me, I'm a cannon ball and you're gonna fire me over there.

LARK

Are you kidding? I can barely hold you now!

The Tonn-ochta shakes its head, it refocuses.

ALORA

We're gonna work together. You just think about getting over there and I'll do the rest.

LARK
Ok, ok I'll try.

Saoirse scrambles over to the front of the ship. She whistles and waves a red flag at the Tonn-ochta.

The turtle's eyes and cannons flick to Saoirse.

SAOIRSE
Look at me! Look at me!

The Player is in control. From a top down perspective, the player must:

1. Wiggle the mouse over Saoirse to get the Tonn-ochta's cannon attention off of Lark and Alora
2. The 4 cannons on the Tonn-ochta glow and pulse: Aim Alora (a dotted arrow line) towards the cannons.
3. 3 card slots appear under Lark with 6 cards to choose from. Chose the appropriate order/group of cards so Lark can complete the action

Every 30 seconds, the Tonn-ochta fires its cannons.

Failure:

The Player either lets the Tonn-ochta target Lark, misses the cannon trajectory, or chooses the wrong cards.

1. Lark is targeted:

Lark is blown off of the ship.

ALORA
Hang on!

Alora dives into the sea after Lark. The Player must button mash to catch up to the ship and get Lark back on board.

The Tonn-ochta roars.

2. The cannon misses

Alora is flung in the wrong place.

ALORA (CONT'D)
FOCUS!

LARK
Sorry!

While Alora swims back to the ship, The player has to interact with Saoirse more often- The Tonn-ochta's attention is more easily attracted to Lark.

3. Wrong cards are chosen

Lark fails to throw Alora, Alora falls to the ground with a THUNK.

ALORA
AH!

LARK
Sorry!

The Tonn-ochta roars.

(End of Failure)

Success One:

The Player correctly aims towards a cannon. The player slots in (in order) Cards showing: Lark picking up a harpoon, Lark aiming a harpoon, Lark throwing a harpoon.

Alora sails through the air.

ALORA
(Singing operatically)
Fuck you turtleeee

She lands on the shell. She starts ripping apart the wood around the cannon. With a squeak, the cannon wheels forward and falls into the sea.

The Tonn-ochta cries, it rolls, sending Alora into the sea.

While Alora swims back to the ship, The player has to interact with Saoirse more often- The Tonn-ochta's attention is more easily attracted to Lark.

Alora crawls back onto the deck.

ALORA (CONT'D)
Alright, very nice. Again.

LARK
If you're sure.

Success Two:

The Player correctly aims towards a cannon. The player slots in (in order) Cards showing: Lark picking up a swordfish, Lark aiming the swordfish, Lark throwing the swordfish.

Alora sails through the air.

ALORA
(Singing operatically)
I'm the sea master baby!

She lands on the shell. She starts ripping apart the wood around the cannon. With a squeak, the cannon wheels forward and falls into the sea.

The Tonn-ochta cries, it rolls, sending Alora into the sea.

While Alora swims back to the ship, The player has to interact with Saoirse more often- The Tonn-ochta's attention is more easily attracted to Lark.

Alora crawls back onto the deck.

ALORA (CONT'D)
You're doing great, good focus.

LARK
Why thank you.

The Tonn-ochta roars and splashes the water. It shakes its head. It's head bursts from the shell, attached by its long slinking neck like a snake.

SAOIRSE
Oh what?!

Saoirse skootches away from the bow. The Tonn-ochta snaps at the boat. It grips the boat in its mouth. The Gore and the Tonn-ochta are now side by side.

In the bottom right is a zoomed in angle on the Tonn-ochta's head. The player can click on the turtle to have Saoirse poke at it with a broom. It growls when poked

LARK
Grab the cannons!

ALORA
On it!

Alora scrambles up the side of the turtle. She claws away at a cannon. Both cannons are rotating wildly, matching the Tonn-ochta's wild eyes. When the cannon is free, it stops moving. It squeaks forward and falls off of the shell.

The cannon hits The Gore deck with a CRACK!

LARK
Ah! Careful!

ALORA
I'm trying!

She whips around and smacks the other cannon with her tail. It falls with a louder CRACK! The Gore rocks and sways from the impacts.

Lark grapples onto the cannon. She aims it towards the exposed turtle neck. Lark squeezes her eyes closed, nervous.

LARK
Fire.

The Player is in control. All time stands still The cannon ball emerges slowly. It pulses and glows. The Player can drag the cannon ball around. When the player drags the ball to the neck, time resumes.

The cannon ball flies along the path the player created and BOOM! It collides with the Tonn-ochta's neck.

The Tonn-ochta lets go of the boat, it howls, flailing its neck like a loose garden hose. It gags, out of its mouth an entire barrage of food, treasure, etc. expells onto The Gore's deck.

The Tonn-ochta gasps. With a low growl it sinks slowly back under the waves.

Alora leaps off of its back and back onto the ship.

SAOIRSE
Oh wow.

The entire deck of The Gore is covered in rotten fish, sealed barrels of wine, weapons, skeletons and half-digested furniture.

The sea is calm. The camera returns to its usual side-angle.

ALORA
I'm sure we could salvage, some of this.

Lark slowly rises from the cannon.

LARK
Yeah, yeah I think we could.

SAOIRSE
That was terrible.

Alora flicks a rotten fish off of the deck.

ALORA
Well I'm sure Lil Seanie's feeling
much better now.

SAOIRSE
I guess so.

LARK
And, we have cannons now.

She pats the cannon. CRACK! The deck splinters a little more.

LARK (CONT'D)
Saoirse? Do you know where we're at
now?

SAOIRSE
Oh! Last night we were 13 by 15?
But it was a little cloudy, I
couldn't see too well.

Lark kicks more fish off of the deck.

LARK
That's alright, next outpost should
be Tail's End anyways.

ALORA
Oh the one that sends out the bird
boats?

Lark sits in the half-digested captain's chair.

LARK
Yeah, the Flamingos. That's the
one. I've got a friend out there,
Maria. She can probably helps us
get this ship back in order.

The Player is in control. The player can swing the mouse back
and forth to **make Saoirse and Alora fling rotten fish off of
the deck.**

Lark gets out of the chair, she starts pushing it up to the
helm by the wheel.

The chair screeches along the deck.

ALORA
Do you know why they do the
Flamingo thing?

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.

MINIGAME TRANSITION 3

A young Alora gets a lesson in using her siren song.

She sits on a rock with an older Siren (Same who spoke to her in Storm's Respite)

The older Siren begins. She points to an abandoned fishing boat.

The boat is made of five colors.

Like a game of Simon Says- the older Siren sings notes reflected by colors in a sequence.

Alora must match the sequence correctly.

The sequence gets harder after each round.

Each Player failure results in Alora singing a very sour note.

At the end of the game- the older siren's song has pulled the boat towards her.

Alora is out of breath. She sings one more note in a last ditch effort.

A boot flies off of the ship and hits her in the gut.

The older siren laughs.

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.

GENERAL GORE SAILING

EXT. THE GORE

The Gore sails gently along The Summer Sea. In the distances sits The Pire, the long dormant volcano.

Saoirse sits in a carved out pool in the deck filled with sea water. Paper lines the rim of the pool, each covered in sketches and drawings. She sits staring out at the ocean.

Alora rests on a juttred out wing on the side of the ship. She swings her arm lazily at the ocean below and hums a shanty.

The camera pans to Lark at the helm.

The Player is **in control of the ship** .

The camera views the ship at a side profile. Lark's practice with Fiber allows her to control the ship with her mind.

Clicking on any pulley (turning the mast/raising or lowering sails) brings up a mini-puzzle.

The Pulley puzzle is a tiny circular tube with a circle inside the loop. Similar to Operation, the controlled object (circle) cannot touch the sides of the loop. The Player moves the circle clockwise or counter clockwise depending on intended action. (ex: clockwise on sail pulley lowers the sails).

During puzzles, Lark narrows her eyes at the focused pulley and makes tiny rotating motions with her hands.

Failing a pulley puzzle:

The pulley snaps off of its axel! The boat shakes back and forth. Alora clings to the wing like a scared cat.

LARK

Shit.

SAOIRSE

I'm on it!

Saoirse leaps from her pool and grabs the affected pulley.

A mini game appears where The Player **must move the pulley back to its axel with lots of resistance.**

Saoirse leaps back to her pool.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
 We need to buy you glue or
 something- poor girl.

Saoirse pats the ship's deck.

(END of Failure)

The Player **responds to the environment cues to determine course of action.**

EXAMPLE 1:

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
 We have winds coming in at our
 front!

A wind icon appears on screen facing the ship. The long flag at the top of the crow's nest faces back.

The Player **clicks on the sail pulleys to raise sails (Minigame).**

EXAMPLE 2:

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
 Wind is changing, we should catch
 it!

The long flag at the top of the crow's nest faces the camera.

The Player **clicks on the mast pulleys to rotate the sails. (Minigame)**

The Player **accelerates the ship by clicking and holding Alora.** Alora uses Fiber by way of Siren song to make the ship go faster or stop.

EXAMPLE SONGS:

Alora sings impromptu lines. She holds the last note with gusto and vibrato.

ALORA
 (Singing)
*Please MOVE!! Big ass ship we need
 you to MOVEE!*

ALORA (CONT'D)

(Singing)

Halt the water, frozen water, the
ship will STOPP!

ALORA (CONT'D)

(Singing)

The wind in our sails, the sun's
shining so bright,
We're movin' and groovin' on into
the night!

NIGHT-SPIRATION

EXT. THE GORE (DINGY) - NIGHT

The night is quiet and still. The Gore, a small dingy floats along in the Saturn Seas.

Saoirse clambers onto the deck- she's exhausted. She flops in a huff onto the deck.

Lark continues, completely focus. She raises her hand- the ship sail jerks upwards. She tosses her hand downward and the sail jerks back down.

SAOIRSE

Lark?

Lark repeats the process, raising the sail. The mast creaks in protest.

LARK

Hm?

Lark barely notices Saoirse. She continues her actions. Another raise, another lower. The sail moves jerkily and with much resistance.

Lark frowns. Saoirse tightens, she's worried.

SAOIRSE

We won't make it to Seal point till
mid day tomorrow while we're
dragging this along.

Saoirse gestures to the giant bone white tree being towed behind the tiny Gore ship.

BONK! Off screen- the waves smack the tree trunk into Alora.

ALORA

OOF! Fuckin mother of a...

Thunk, splash, splash. Off screen Alora wrestles with the tree in retaliation.

Saoirse sighs.

SAOIRSE

We need to rest here while the
waves are still calm enough.

Lark lowers the sail once more. She blinks. She regards Saoirse but still enthralled by her repetitive practices.

LARK

No, we can't yet. The wood-

She gestures absentmindedly behind her.

LARK (CONT'D)

-will rot if we don't finish it on dry land..

Lark turns back to the mast. She's exhausted.

LARK (CONT'D)

..soon.

ALORA

(musically)

Then you can take it!

She holds the last syllable.

FWOMP! The tree launches out of the water.

BOOM! It crashes on the back deck of the dingy.

The entire boat rocks wildly back and forth in response. It creaks and cracks in protest. Saoirse and Lark fall forward.

SAOIRSE

Good enough for me.

She rises- taking Lark's shoulder. Lark's face is empty. She looks lost and hopeless.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Try to sleep.

Saoirse leaps off of the deck and into the sea below.

Lark sighs. She whips her hand back angrily.

SPLASH! The anchor's chain clinks and whirls- letting the anchor sink into the depths.

Lark relaxes. She rubs her temples slowly and carefully. She raises the sail with her hand. The sail rises slowly and jerkily.

Lark hesitates. Her eyes fill with worry. Her whole body language falls in on itself, anxious.

The sail gently falls back down.

Lark sniffs, her eyes teary. She walks over to the pulley.

The Player is in control.

The Player clicks and drags to rotate the pulley. The sail Clicks! When it is gathered at the top.

Lark wipes her eyes. She walks down the stairs.

The camera shows a doll-house view of the bottom deck equipped with a hammock and a few chests. Lark flops into the hammock.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. THE GORE (DINGY)- MIDNIGHT

The ship comes back into view. It's midnight. The sky is a swirling red. The stars glow. They're humming.

Lark tosses and turns in the hammock.

The stars hum together- they glow fiercely.

The humming turns into a loud drone. The stars themselves shaking.

Lark jolts upright.

The stars return to normal, the noise stops.

Lark takes deep breaths. She looks around- scared.

The sky above is churning flowing clouds in a murky mist of red and rich navy night sky.

Lark slips out of the hammock. She rubs her eyes.

The Player is in control. They can move Lark.

The Player walks up the stairs. Lark looks up.

The sky above is still moving- full of life.

The boat rocks gently. Far off thunder rumbles.

The waves begin to roll in from the right hand side of the screen.

A wave hits the bow of the boat. The water disperses and the ship rocks.

Lark steadies herself.

The Player walks around the deck.

The Player reaches the bow.

A giant wave surges in from the right. A bolt of lightning flashes nearby.

The new light turns Lark into a silhouette for a moment.

BOOM! The thunder rattles the ship.

The tree- haphazardly slapped on the back of the boat shifts and creaks.

Lark looks up.

The clouds- with a newfound purpose swirl together.

The wake of the ocean increases in its intensity and chaos.

Lark shudders.

BAM! Another bolt of lightning.

The clouds merge- twisting and contorting like worms.

They pulse together like an arrangement of guts marching on the same heartbeat.

The guts bubble. The sky betrays a now trypophobic stew of wormy strands, boiling blood.

CRASH! A bolt of lightning. It shoots down the middle of the elaborate scene.

It splinters.

The final image: a ribcage surrounded by gore.

Lark looks up- stunned.

She throws her hand up into the air as if she were asking the sky to wait for her.

The image persists- still shifting and swirling, the afterglow of the lightning slowly fading. (Any subsequent lightning will fall in a similar pattern as before)

LARK

Yes...

Lark shakes out of the trance. She stumbles back down the stairs.

She tears apart the cabin space looking for something.

BOOM! A huge wave hits the boat.

The tree shifts and falls back into the sea with a SPLASH!

Lark stumbles forward, thrown by the ship.

CLINK! A knife falls to the ground- freed by the turbulence.

Lark scrambles to it.

With knife in hand- she runs back up the stairs.

She looks over to where the wood used to be sitting.

She gasps- it's not there.

Lark throws her head up. She stares at the strange sky while moving her way to the stern.

Lark peeks over the side- the wood is still held tightly to the ship by cables.

Lark is breathing heavily. She glances back upwards.

The Player is in control.

The Player moves towards the cables.

Lark wraps her body around a cable, ready to climb down it while upside down.

The Player moves slowly, carefully- moving Lark downwards.

The waves continue to crash and buck the ship.

If the Player moves too quickly, Lark will fall.

Failure:

Lark falls.

She holds onto the cable by one hand.

The waves lap and pull at her body.

When fallen, the Player must button mash to regain Lark's upside down position.

END OF FAILURE

The Player moves Lark all the way down to the floating tree.

Lark hops to it. The tree sinks a little lower with the added weight.

Lark brings out her knife and starts cutting.

In the bottom right of the screen- there is a focused view of the wood.

The window shows one quadrant of the entire wood piece.

In response- the first quadrant of the image in the sky pulses more than the others.

The window shows red crosshatching and outlines of shapes.

The player's cursor hovers over the window.

The cursor is Lark's knife.

The Player clicks and drags along the cross hatched defined section.

Lark carves into the wood.

The Player drags in long straight motions.

A circle crosshatch section prompts the player to cut as if they were scooping ice cream.

On the main screen Lark carves away at the wood.

She flings shavings and water with each cut.

To complete a section- the player must pass over it three times. The crosshatch disappears when finished.

The Player carves out each defined section of Quadrant 1.

The window moves to Quadrant 2.

The sky also moves its pulsing to its second Quadrant to match.

A voice- almost a murmur echoes in the night sky. The speaking trembles the sea.

DAPHNE (V.O.)
Maid without fins...

Lark doesn't stop, she continues to work without acknowledging the voice.

Her movements quicken with frenzied motions.

The Player works on carving out Quadrant 2.

They follow the crosshatching and outlines.

Each stroke has a distinct flare. The Player swirls, swishes, and strikes along the set pattern.

Quadrant 2 is finished.

The window and the sky shift to Quadrant 3.

DAPHNE (V.O.)
Cleave new body of vacancy.

The Player works on Quadrant 3.

Lark is swiping and carving with crazed intent.

The cursor is shaking as the Player moves it.

Lightning strikes, the waves splash.

Lark stumbles forward.

She holds on tight and returns to work.

Water and curls of wood launch off of the tree as she carves.

Quadrant 3 is finished.

Everything shifts to Quadrant 4.

Lark carves away.

The outlines here are far more intricate than they began.

Different shapes show curls and barnacle-like craters.

The Player reaches the last cut. The voice finishes upon interaction with that last cut.

DAPHNE (V.O.)
Inject your worth like poison.

Lark finishes. She's shaking.

The image in the sky pulls apart.

Navy floods over the red.

The sky returns slowly to normalcy.

The tide staggers.

All of Lark's actions slow.

She makes tiny detailed cuts into the wood.

She blinks slow, her movements betray her exhaustion.

In a last burst of energy Lark drives her knife into the finished carving.

The carving is elaborate and accurately detailed.

Lark falls to her hands. Her head touches the wood.

The night fades to inky black peace.

EXT. THE GORE (DINGY) - DAWN

The first light of dawn paints the sky in soft hues of pink and gold. The sea is calm again, and The Gore floats peacefully in the stillness. Lark, exhausted and drained, remains on the deck beside the intricately carved wood. The carving, now a masterpiece, reflects the dim morning light.

Saoirse emerges from the bottom of the sea, rubbing her eyes. She glances at Lark, concerned.

SAOIRSE

(softly)

Lark, were you up all night?

Lark doesn't respond immediately, still catching her breath. Saoirse throws her arms up on the carved tree beside her.

Saoirse glances down, noticing the complexity of the carving.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Oh Lark...

Lark looks at the finished carving, a mix of satisfaction and weariness in her eyes.

LARK

It felt like I was dreaming.

Saoirse, perplexed, studies the intricate details of the carving.

SAOIRSE

You did this yourself?

Lark nods.

LARK

Something was working through me.

Saoirse glances at the carving, now understanding its significance.

SAOIRSE

So this is it, it's complete?

Lark nods again, a small smile breaking through her fatigued expression.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Aw shit, we have to get this to land! You said yourself it'll rot! Let me grab Alora!

Saoirse turns to dive back down.

LARK

Don't worry.

Lark scoops a handful of seawater. She drips it down the finished figurehead.

The water streams off of the wood as if it were well oiled, the water forming little droplets that slick right off.

SAOIRSE

(astonished)

What... how did you...?

Lark looks up, a gleam in her eyes.

LARK

It's preserved, I think it'll protect us now. I put everything I had into it.

Saoirse, now understanding the profound significance of the carving, stands in awe.

SAOIRSE

You.. Powered it. You don't even have to think about it anymore, its just infused or something.

Lark nods, a sense of purpose radiating from her.

LARK

I will reconstruct every board of this ship if I have to.

Lark examines her hand.

LARK (CONT'D)

I have power, power we can use.

SAOIRSE

We need to sail to Seal Point. If we can get enough supplies we'll have a real ship that can hold up to the Pire.

Lark rises from the deck, the weariness still aparent as she wobbles to her feet.

LARK

Agreed. Let's get moving

Alora rises from the sea.

ALORA

Where's the fire?

Lark, now embracing her role as the captain, points to the horizon.

LARK

Seal Point.

EXT. THE GORE (DINGY)

The Gore sails along.

The Player follows general Gore sailing (see above.)

ALORA

Cap- what's on the list for Seal's point?

Lark tends to the wheel- much more confident, she can maneuver the ship without looking. She makes eye contact with Alora instead.

LARK

Well if we want to be prepared we'll need the frame boards, more sails.. And paint! Saoirs' I like the look we have- would you want to do it again?

Saoirse looks up from watching the horizon.

SAOIRSE

Aw sure! Yeah I've been getting good at this Twin building-type stuff.

LARK

Great!

SAOIRSE

Water seems to be in our favor- No currents or anything!

The Player continues to sail the ship.

As they sail dialogue occasionally appears.

ALORA

Why don't they make ships that swim?

LARK

What like paddle or something?

ALORA

Yeah.

LARK

Well they do have those- you just need to power them yourself- like a rowboat.

ALORA

So the boat needs power to move.

LARK

Yup.

ALORA

Huh.

Next Dialogue:

SAOIRSE

Have you checked in with your parents Lark do they know you survived the wreck?

LARK

Have you checked in with *your* parents?

SAOIRSE

That's completely unrelated! You're folks are the sweetest people! You should at least let them know.

ALORA

I can bring a message!

LARK

Lor' any paper you bring will get soaked. But you're right- I'll send something when we get to the point. Alright?

SAOIRSE

Good.

Saoirse turns to Alora.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

They're lovely folks- gave me breakfast once.

ALORA

OoO

Next Dialogue:

ALORA (CONT'D)

How does cooking work on a ship? A wood ship?

LARK

Honestly you really just pray for the best. I try to time things right.

ALORA

Like what?

LARK

Oh you know like pancakes. Can't flip one while the ship's rocking.

SAOIRSE

What's that supposed to mean- you don't like the pancake wall?

ALORA

I think it adds to the structural integrity.

LARK

Glad it's appreciated.

MINIGAME TRANSITION 4

A young Saoirse swims through an underwater field of growing plants. The water is a bright pink.

Behind her, other Summer Maids use Fiber to grow plants.

One group is fooling around- growing two great vines into arms- and arm wrestling them.

Saoirse is blank faced.

The Player clicks the stem infront of her. Saoirse cuts it, bags it, and moves onto the next plant.

Another group chat- as they easily manipulate the environment- beautiful flowers bloom out of the sea floor.

The Player clicks the stem infront of Saoirse. She cuts it, bags it, and moves onto the next plant.

One more final group drifts over a field of dying grass. As they float overhead- the grass turns to a rich emerald green.

The Player clicks the stem infront of Saoirse. She cuts it, bags it, and moves onto the next plant.

At the next plant. Saoirse stops. She turns around- sees the creation and magic behind her.

She picks up her back and swims off- dejected.

DAYTIME DUET

EXT. GORE (SEAL'S POINT COVE) - DAY

Saoirse, Alora, and Lark are all gathered around a great pile of ship parts docked in a shallow cove of clear water. The Pire, the great volcano, is just days away. Large piles of scrap sandwich the ship on both sides. Maria's order had arrived at Seal's Point.

Saoirse sighs. Alora and Lark work diligently to construct the final iteration of The Gore: a great galleon. Residents of Seal's Point run over to see Lark, they chat- inaudible to Saoirse.

Saoirse sits alone at the shore facing the ship, mindlessly stirring the tide pools beside her.

The gruesome carved figurehead is lodged in the sand behind Saoirse. It catches and refracts the sun as if it were doing so manually.

Both Lark and Alora are hard at work.

Alora picks up a blueprint made in Lark and Saoirse's handwriting.

She spins it around and glares at the ship- comparing the two.

To her left, Lark takes her carving knife to a bowed plank of wood.

She curves her hand, completing a delicate, swirling line.

Eight finely detailed pulleys sit together in a pile beside each is carved to depict crashing waves and tides.

The boards around the port have feathered carvings as if they were a flock of sparrows.

Alora exclaims a bright belting note, the wheel of the ship shoots from beside her and over to the galleon's helm.

It creaks and groans as it lands with a crash.

Lark whistles.

Saoirse blinks back to the present moment.

LARK
Two more ready!

ALORA
 (Singing like a Gregorian chant)
 Slap em on thereee (She holds the
 last word)

Alora raises her hands like a priest at a sermon, her face elated with excitement.

The boards come flying as they fling to two empty slots on the hull.

Lark races to the boards. Pressing her hand against them she nails the boards firm to the the frame.

Saoirse stares up at the magically building ship.

She frowns, her eyes are sad and glassy.

Alora pumps her fist in the air.

ALORA (CONT'D)
 HAH!

She falls to her stomach- she does the worm down the shoreline- absolutely ecstatic.

Saoirse takes a deep breath. She closes her eyes, blinking away the jealousy.

She speaks up in a voice slightly too loud.

SAOIRSE
 I'm going to grab dinner!

Lark looks up startled.

She looks over to Alora, concerned.

Alora continues to celebrate, unaware.

LARK
 Oh, alright!

Before Lark finishes, Saoirse skitters off of the beach and into the tide.

She swims under the ship- out and further from the Pire.

She powers away without looking back.

Saoirse pulses through the shallow sea. Her face is scrunched up in frustration.

The water changes from crystal clear to a welcoming teal.

She reaches a wrecked ship. Its splintered and split wood blocks her path.

The Player is in control.

On screen- the Player is prompted to button mash.

Saoirse extends her hand just as Lark does.

Her whole body is tense and angry. She tries to use Fiber.

The Player button mashes.

Saoirse only intensifies. No matter how much she tries, the wreckage does not budge.

Saoirse lets loose a guttural huff.

SAOIRSE

AAUGH!

She shoots both hands out, grappling the wreckage.

Her muscles tighten, the wreckage creaks and jolts- starting to come loose.

The wreckage comes loose with a hearty SNAP!

Saoirse holds her trophy over her head for a moment, breathing heavily.

She flings it upwards through the water and out to the surface above.

Her arms are swollen and pulsing with her fury.

The broken wreckage falls- rejoining the water once again with a SMACK!

Once it enters the water- it slowly sinks down to the seafloor in the background behind Saoirse.

Saoirse slows. The show of strength has relieved much of her frustration.

She stretches her hands outward and relaxes.

Saoirse continues forward through her created path.

The Player is in control.

The Player controls Saoirse and can swim around freely. They must **collect sea creatures** to bring back to Alora and Lark.

On the sea floor- a crab shuffles away and under a rock.

Around the set play area- fish and crabs spawn at randomized points respective to their behavior- on the sea floor or in schools.

As Saoirse, the player catches, pressing the interact button when close enough, sea creatures and places them into Saoirse's net backpack.

Saoirse and the Player continue along. They can accelerate, chose direction, and catch fish.

After three minutes of gameplay- golden lines flow in from the North.

The golden lines caress the reflections of the sea. They spiral and flow towards Saoirse.

Saoirse stops- she notices the gold. (NOTE: Should Siren Fiber be represented by gold all of the time?)

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Alora?

The Player can choose to move closer to the gold.

Otherwise the Player can chose to catch more food instead.

If Saoirse's pack is full:

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Get in there...

She tries to shove the sea creature into the net but it flings outward.

Fish swim away instantly, but if the creature is a crab, it floats off for a moment- as if it were an untethered astronaut, before swimming off as well.

If the Player continues toward the gold:

Faint singing radiates from the north. The golden threads themselves are reverberating with a muddled melody.

The Player swims closer. There are two distinct voices.

One voice is bright and the other is deep and clear.

The song is in Italian.

Saoirse swims closer.

Underneath her- the sand rumbles. Dust and sand clouds billow across the sea floor.

Out of the sand rises an ancient treasure chest. The chest emerges from the sea floor- clutched by an worn skeleton of a Twin sailor.

The skeleton drifts way from the chest- but the two are still drawn in and upwards towards the source of the song.

Saoirse watches the scene- her eyes wide and nervous. She continues forward.

As she moves closer to the song it becomes clearer. Saoirse is approaching a collection of rocky sandbars that breach to the surface.

The melody is strong and clear- but its lyrics bittersweet.

The lighter feminine voice sings the melody accompanied by a deep masculine voice elevating the song with a bass.

More and more sunken items- all related to Twins- rise from the sea floor and drift along the path to the voices.

A medallion floats past Saoirse with a crab clutching its braided chain for dear life.

Saoirse swims forward.

A dazzling school of coins slowly rise asynchronously. They float past her head.

The coins twirl. Each of their heads are engraved, depicting a tiny Twin wearing a crown.

Saoirse slows- the parade of objects is beautiful.

Saoirse raises her hand to the school. She grasps a coin between her fingers.

The coin stops for a moment, held by Saoirse.

The feminine voice strikes a powerful belting note- the coin, as well as all of the other objects- jolt forward as if they were pulled by string.

Saoirse falls forward- pulled by the coin's sudden force.

She releases the coin.

She rubs her fingers together- she's nervous, caught off guard.

She frowns again- The singers are masters of Fiber. Another painful reminder of how much ability Saoirse misses out on.

The Player is prompted to float up to the surface.

Saoirse breaches.

Two Sirens sit close together, both angled towards each other- clearly partners. They sit perched on a smooth rocky island. The waves gently coat the island with sea water.

The first Siren is the feminine voice- her tail is a striking obsidian that captures light. Her hair matches- a collection of inky curls.

The second Siren is the masculine voice. His tail is much lighter- comparable to sea foam. He wears his dark hair in a manner similar to Alora- a bold pointy mane.

Both share the identifiable shark-like tails and dorsal fin like Alora.

The Sirens are surrounded by Twim artifacts- and even more continue to float towards them.

They spot Saoirse as she breaches the surface.

The two stop singing- the still-floating artifacts stop and sink back to the sea floor.

The woman speaks first.

GIUNO

Oh! I'm sorry, did we drag you in
with all this?

Giuno is friendly, she greets Saoirse with a smile.

Saoirse swims forward sheepishly, she tries to hide the jealousy that had surfaced earlier.

SAOIRSE

No no, it's alright. Just curious-

The man speaks.

NETTUNO

Your tail! You must color it? Is
your fin...

He stops. He's confused by Saoirse's lack of a dorsal fin.

Giuno correctively shoves Nettuno.

GIUNO
She's a Summer Maid dumbass!

NETTUNO
Summer Maid..

Saoirse perks up- she's happy to be recognized.

SAOIRSE
Yeah! We're pretty similar, just
from over in the red waters.

Saoirse gestures to the treasure surrounding the duo.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
We're just not as "with it" as you
guys are. With Fiber.

NETTUNO
Aw are you kidding? The last Summer
Maid I saw could split a ship in
two.

He raises his fist- focusing it between his eyes.

NETTUNO (CONT'D)
With just one fist.

Giuno rolls her eyes. Then she stops. She has an idea.

GIUNO
Actually- we could use some muscle
if you have it.

SAOIRSE
Oh plenty.

Giuno motions to the treasure.

GIUNO
We've been trying to bring in a
statue- completely gold by the way.
But we think it might be too heavy
for us. Hasn't come up yet anyways.

SAOIRSE
I can get that for you no problem!

NETTUNO
Aw really? That's so nice! Hell,
you can take home a chunk of it if
you like!

GIUNO

Yeah! We just need the head really.

SAOIRSE

No trouble at all. I'm on it.

Saoirse dives back down into the sea.

The two resume their singing on the surface.

The Player is in control.

The sand is shuddering as it was before, artifacts slowly revealing themselves.

The Player swims around.

Interacting with shaking sand piles lets Saoirse dig farther to find what's underneath.

Saoirse can find chests, skeletons, and weapons.

The Player reaches the statue.

A golden hand reaches out of the sand- pointing.

Saoirse pulls.

The Player is prompted to button mash.

The statue emerges slowly.

The head reveals.

As Saoirse looks at it- the face suddenly morphs.

The statue's face is Lark's.

Saoirse stops. She gasps, placing her hands over her mouth.

She shrinks into herself. She rests by the base of the statue.

The Player is prompted to click and drag to shimmy the statue free from the sand.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to be doing.

Lark's voice enters the conversation. The statue's lips don't move.

LARK

What do you want to be doing.

SAOIRSE
I just want to help.

LARK
I think you're helping now.

The Player brushes away more sand.

SAOIRSE
I could just pull this statue out
and be done with it.

LARK
It would be easy.

SAOIRSE
But I'm taking my time.

The Player reaches the statue's chest.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
And I like that.

She pauses.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
I'm no good at Fiber. I don't need
to focus, I don't need to think.

LARK
...

SAOIRSE
I'm the doer! I just do things and
pull things and break things..

Saoirse traces her hand along the golden statue.

LARK
Do your thoughts need such a
purpose.

SAOIRSE
...

LARK
(The voice morphs, it's like a
different woman)
Must you chose between the mindful
and the mindless?

Unknown to Saoirse or the Player- this is Syrus talking-
slayer of Daphne, friend of Daphne, creator of the
Heartstring Lance)

Saoirse stops. Her eyes wide. What she thought was an inner voice is scarily real.

SAOIRSE

Lark?

She glances to the statue. It has its original face.

Saoirse wastes no more time, but she also doesn't resort to her original plan of forcing the statue out.

The Player is prompted to twist off the hand of the statue and the head.

The Player does so by clicking and dragging.

Saoirse takes the head and hand. She releases the head- and it floats up with the other artifacts being drawn in by the song.

Saoirse smiles, she swims to the surface. She calls out to the duo.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

I sent it your way!

NETTUNO

Thanks red! Happy travels!

Saoirse waves. She dives down back into the water.

Her gaze never leaves the sea floor. Her mind- deep in thoughts.

She silently swims off screen- back towards the Gore with her catch and the golden hand in tow.

GENERAL GORE COMBAT: FLOUNDERING WHALE

EXT. THE GORE

The Gore sails along the Summer Sea. The ship shakes. Lark stumbles then swings her arms, and regains her balance. Saoirse leaps from the pool and grabs the bow's railing. Alora pushes herself close to the ship's body.

ALORA
What's going on?

LARK
I'm not sure.

SAOIRSE
Well we didn't hit anything, that's
for sure.

The camera pans down, viewing The Gore from a top-down perspective.

The Floundering Whale, an enormous patchwork galleon is coming up from the left side. *The Floundering Whale* is based upon the badly damaged hull of Captain Hardtack's original *Whimpering Whale*. Each of its three post-humorously added upper decks are painted a different color, scrapped from other ships. The top-most deck is painted gold and is adorned with a massive anchor wheel housing a finely decorated anchor.

Captain Hardtack bursts through a door on the highest deck. He is well groomed, wearing a golden coat, adorned with a golden belt, which itself holds five swords.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
LARKINEON! Did ye believe ye could
truly part with The Whale? Ye dare
challenge me legacy? With ye 'maid
ship!?

There is a moment of silence. Lark is 50 feet below Hardtack's top deck and cannot hear him.

LARK
What??

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
Damn it all. First Mate! Engage
harpoon!

The harpoons rest on a ship hull in the middle of the ship sandwich that is *The Floundering Whale*. The harpoons go off with a BANG!

ALORA
Make some room!

Alora skitters up the Gore. She makes her way to Saoirse's pool and jumps in. Saoirse joins her. Lark crouches to the deck floor.

CRASH! The harpoons penetrate the sides of The Gore. Their mechanisms tick. They slowly pull The Gore out of the water and up to the middle deck.

The Whale creaks and lists towards the new weight of The Gore.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
There ye are.

Lark blinks, wide-eyed. She stares at Hardtack.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (CONT'D)
LARKINEON! I must admit you've impressed us.

Lark stands up straight.

LARK
What? Impressed?

Whale sailors throw six hooked ropes onto the Gore from the Whale's mid-deck.

SAOIRSE
Lark? Lark what's the call?

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
Of course. You've made a real dent kid. And what did I expect! I taught you me-self.

LARK
I.. You're proud?

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
Proud as if you were me own daughter.

Lark shudders. The Whale sailors begin the pull on the ropes. They pull the Gore closer. The Whale creaks, listing more.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (CONT'D)
 Tell you what Lark. You've come so far that I'm willing to give you another chance. I'll take that little boat off of your hands.

SAOIRSE
 (To Alora)
 C'mon. Neither of us will hold for too long like this.

Alora nods, both sneak to The Gore's railing.

The Player is given a mini game in the corner of the screen.

The Player **must weaken the six ropes, ripping them apart.**

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
 (Whispering)
 If Lark can give this guy the business, we can get the hell out of here.

ALORA
 (Whisper Singing)
 Please screw off boat, I would prefer being able to float, bigger boat!

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
 Hell, it can sail with us too!
 Another *grand* addition to my golden legacy. What do you think Lark?
 I'll make it the new top deck, hm?

The first ropes snap.

LARK
 My ship..

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
 That's right! You put this dingy together all by yourself. Why, I think you'd be a better first mate than this old barnacle!

The First Mate narrows his eyes at the Captain.

The Player snaps another rope. The Gore lurches downward by a deck.

Hardtack speaks quickly now. He angrily gestures his sailors at the ropes. He turns and smiles at Lark.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (CONT'D)
 So what do you say kiddo, a whole
 new adventure with your ol' family
 and crew?

Lark blinks. She turns her head towards Saoirse and Alora cutting ropes.

The Player has three more ropes to go.

Lark stares up at Hardtack. She raises her hand. The Captain smiles down at Lark.

The Player is given a **prompt to button mash**.

Lark slams her hand down through the air. SNAP! The Gore plummets to the ocean below, snapping the remaining ropes as it falls.

The Captain hollers.

SAOIRSE
 HAHA! Lark that was awesome!

Lark smiles. Alora rushes to the Gore's cannons.

LARK
 Well, not out of the riptide yet.

On the Whale, deck after deck reveals a row of cannons. They all point downwards simultaneously.

LARK (CONT'D)
 'Lor, keep us moving, don't stop.

Lark runs over to man a cannon. Saoirse does the same.

ALORA
 You got it!

ALORA (CONT'D)
 (Singing to the tune of Union
 Dixie)
*Fly away! Fly away! Sailing fast
 into the spray,
 We'll outrun that Whale, make our
 getaway. All away! Fly away!*

The Player **aims the cannons towards the Whale and shoots**.

CRASH! The bottom deck of the Whale fills with holes. It sinks down into the water.

BOOM! All of the non-submerged Whale cannons fire.

ALORA (CONT'D)

(Singing)

*To the right! To the right! For our
sake please turn right!*

The Gore lurches to the right, avoiding the canon-fire.

(repeat top canon-avoid section if below is not completed
successfully)

The Player as Saoirse **aims another canon. Within the canon
FOV, The Whale's top deck anchor wheel pulses.**

The Player fires- the canon ball slams into the anchor wheel.
The anchor falls off. CLICK CLICK CLICK, CRASH CRASH CRASH!
The anchor barrels through each deck with its massive weight.
SPLASH! The anchor hits the ocean.

The Whale creaks. It slams to a halt. Each deck slides and
collides into each other- the entire ship in disrepair.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK

LARKINEON!

The captains yell grows quieter. The Gore sails onward,
rocking with the unsettled tide.

REST AND REPAIR

EXT. THE GORE - DAWN

The camera rises from below to the broken Gore- sailing above. The sea is flamingo pink.

Saoirse sits in her pool. She stares at the sunrise.

The Captain's Quarters door lurches open, creaking. Out comes Lark- glassy eyed and still half asleep.

As she opens the door - the hinges PLINK! Loose screws pop out of their sockets and send the door falling flat on its back.

Lark holds her hand out as if the door were still there.

She walks forward mindlessly.

She crosses the length of the ship slowly.

Alora is sitting on her ship wing- sound asleep clutching a hammer. The side of the ship is hastily patched- wood covering the impact of the Floundering Whale's grapple.

Lark passes Saoirse and her pool.

She stops just before the bow. She's completely silent.

Saoirse looks up expectantly. When Lark continues in silence she relaxes. She rests her head in her crossed arms on the deck.

A thought bubble appears above Lark's head. Inside rests her original vision of the Gore.

The vision is pristine compared to the broken ship she stands on.

The sides of the ship have been impaled- the bow snapped and slapped back together.

Lark turns and looks at each of these fixtures. She regards them with a frown.

She turns. And smiles. She sees the sail. It is handpainted by Saoirse, sharp designs and red paint. The simplicity contrasts with the intricacy of the ship's body.

The sail is not like the one envisioned- but it makes Lark smile.

The carvings on the ship- they're a blend of handwritings.

Where the vision is consistent - the real ship is made of Alora and Larks' script- together.

Once again she smiles.

Lark turns back to the bow. She sits next to the pool.

The sun rises more- its beam striking Alora in the face.

She wakes up startled and clutches the hammer.

She looks around frantically, then settles.

She spins the hammer in her hand- spinning it to the sharp, customized, pointy side of its head- it looks like an axe.

Alora gets to work- she carves away the excess patch wood, smoothing it.

The Player is in control

In a small window to the right, The Player must carve out shapes based on the given dotted outlines.

While the Player and Alora work:

Lark looks to the pink sea. It shimmers.

LARK

Your folks must be close by now.

Saoirse sighs, annoyed. Any initial excitement to talk vanishes.

SAOIRSE

Yeah.

They sit in silence. The sun continues to rise- the sky looks like pink lava.

Lark drops the subject.

She looks over the pool instead of Saoirse herself.

She laughs softly.

LARK

I think that pool is more of a puddle right now.

Saoirse smiles and splashes her tail.

The pool is only a forth full.

SAOIRSE
Yeah we didn't so much plan on
being tipped..

A board falls off of the side of the ship. It lands in the sea with a PLOP!

ALORA
UGH!

SAOIRSE
That much..

Lark rises- she grabs a plank off of a tall pile of debris by the mast.

She leans over the railing and hands off the plank to Alora.

She accepts- the Player continues to work.

Lark walks back to the pool.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
It's always quiet out here.

Saoirse speaks wistfully. She looks out at the pink horizon.

LARK
Anything beats Storm for me.

They both stay still- watching.

The Player finishes a section as Alora.

The Player must now carve new designs into the side of the ship. They have free control over each plank's design.

In the distance, Summer Sea Flamingos honk.

SAOIRSE
You know I've got like a fear of
Flamingos?

LARK
What! How could you! They're just
birds yeah?

SAOIRSE
Well yeah, but I was little! They
have weird beaks dude. Snappy
beaks.

LARK

Aww

SAOIRSE

My aunt used to take my sister and
I out to see them.

She smiles.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

I would be clinging on her tail the
whole time.

Lark smiles. She turns closer to Saoirse.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

She was so pissed, Lark.

Lark takes a breath. She wants to make a second attempt.

LARK

I'm sure they'd want to know you're
alright.

SAOIRSE

Hm.

The two sit in silence again.

LARK

Are there any birds you do like?

SAOIRSE

Hm..

She thinks for a second.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Pelicans.

LARK

Pelicans? You want to talk about
scary birds, they're the freakiest!

SAOIRSE

Aw but they have it figured out! I
see them everywhere. With their
weird beak net things.

LARK

Gross.

A wave hits the side of the ship.

Alora welcomes it- the Player's work screen is flooded by soft pink for a moment.

Alora smacks her lips.

ALORA

Saoirs' your water tastes funny.

SAOIRSE

Ohh that's something I have missed.

She looks at Lark.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

You wouldn't get it. The other seas are so stale.

LARK

Hm I can imagine I guess. If air tasted different I think I'd notice.

Saoirse stares out at the water again.

She looks up at Lark, sheepishly. She's admitting defeat.

SAOIRSE

Maybe I will head out for a bit.
Tasting water... and all that.

Lark smiles, slightly smug but happy for her friend.

Saoirse lunges into her arms- the two hug.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

LARK

I'll be here.

Saoirse lunges again, over the side and into the sea.

Lark waits for her to be out of sight.

LARK (CONT'D)

Alora, brace yourself!

Lark holds her hand in the air- the ship jerks in response.
Lark flicks her wrist up and down.

The ship dips just enough to cause a wave over the main deck.

The pool is filled with fresh, pink water.

A BREATHLESS ENCOUNTER

EXT: THE GORE - NIGHT

The Gore approaches The Pire, a long-dormant volcano. The water below is murky and red. The waves lap lightly at the ship's hull.

SAOIRSE

This is a good of a spot as any,
park her here.

Lark nods. She raises her hand, she grips the open air. The lowered sails twitch.

The sail pulley maze puzzle appears on screen.

The Player **performs the sail pulley puzzle Counter clockwise, raising sails.**

(See Failing a Pulley Puzzle)

Failure:

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Watch! We still need to go home
after this.

Saoirse fixes the pulley (**mini game**)

(End Failure)

Lark raises her clenched hand above her head. The sails shoot up. The pulleys lock with a CLICK!

Alora clears her throat. She sings, holding the last note dramatically.

ALORA

(Singing)

PUMP THE BRAKES!

The Gore lurches, and stops. Saoirse hurls an anchor over the side of the ship.

Alora peaks down over the ship wing she lays on. She pushes herself forward, hitting the water with a SPLASH!

She swims under the water. She powers back to the surface.

ALORA (CONT'D)
OW SHIT my eyes!

Alora rubs her eyes. She blinks, readies herself, then leaps out of the water and onto the wing once again. She slips slightly from the added water. She steadies herself, still blinking.

SAOIRSE
What? You don't have these lil
puppies?

Saoirse blinks, revealing a set of translucent eyelids.

ALORA
(Laughing)
EW! That's nasty.

SAOIRSE
Not as nasty as your infected
eyeballs.

Lark swallows hard, her face goes white.

LARK
Shit I should've considered this.
We need more time.

Lark begins pacing. The ship creaks in response.

Saoirse grabs Lark by her shoulder.

SAOIRSE
Hey, it's gonna be ok. We'll get
this right, plan it out together,
huh?

Lark's breathing slows.

LARK
Yeah.. Yeah ok we'll figure this
out.

She shakes out her hands.

LARK (CONT'D)
When the sun rises, we can see what
supplies we have onboard.

SAOIRSE
Ok! That works!

ALORA (O.S.)
WE'RE CALLING IT A NIGHT?!

SAOIRSE

YEAH!

ALORA

UGH!

THUMP! Alora flops over on the ships wing.

Saorise glances back to Lark. Lark stares at the deck, hands in her pockets.

SAOIRSE

You're alright, she's waited this long, she can wait a little more.

Saoirse squeezes Lark's shoulder. Lark smiles faintly. Saoirse sinks to the bottom of her pool.

Lark sighs. She looks up to the stars. She looks down at the crimson water. Lark walks slowly into her Captain's Quarters and closes the door.

INT: LARK'S ROOM

The Captain's Quarters rocks slightly with the tide. Lark sleeps soundly on a patchwork cot by the back wall.

A thought bubble appears over Lark's head.

Inside the bubble, cartoon waves flow back and forth.

The Player is given a **pen tool**.

A dotted silhouette of a fish appears on the screen.

Whatever the player draws, gains a swimming animation. The waves are populated by the player's drawn fish. They jump out of the water like dolphins and splash back down into the drawn sea.

The image flickers like an old television.

Lark frowns.

The pen tool is slowly pulled away from the Player's cursor. The pen begins to draw in red ink.

It slowly paints a scribbled red background. The pen works its way from top to bottom, moving shakily.

If the player tries to click anywhere on the screen, they can only draw a mark before the pen is ripped back to its purpose.

Lark sweats, she tosses to her the side.

The pen draws a scribbled red background. Only two almond shaped white spots remain.

The pen zips to the white spots. It draws a circle, another circle. It fills in two smaller circles.

The final image is a realistic pair of eyes in an otherwise filled sea of red.

Lark shudders.

The eyes blink. Their pupils focus. They quickly draw back in on themselves, angry.

DAPHNE

You're here. I can feel you here.

The voice is deep, clear as a bell.

Lark gasps and shudders, still asleep.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

I've waited. No one, and now you.

CREAK! The ship is yanked downwards.

Lark tosses again.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

You mock me. You sit on the precipice.

LARK

(asleep)
No...

DAPHNE

I will extend. My invitation.

The red lines squirm. They squirm faster and faster. They burst.

Lark shoots upright and awake, the thought bubble disappears.

Her eyes are wide. She looks side to side. She runs towards the camera, toward the cabin window.

The camera pans out, The Gore sinks slowly. The ship creaks and complains. It sinks deeper with a hiss. The crimson water around the ship bubbles.

LARK
SAOIRSE?

Lark launches to her feet. She runs out of her cabin barefoot towards Saoirse's pool.

Saoirse rises slowly. She blinks and looks around.

SAOIRSE
What...

ALORA (O.S.)
(Singing)
Ascend! Ascend from the depths from
the squall!

ALORA (CONT'D)
(Singing louder)
It would be really shitty if you
SANKY!

Lark grips Saoirse by her shoulders.

LARK
We have to go, now.

SAOIRSE
What? You're sure?

ALORA (O.S.)
Whatever you have to do, do!
Something wants us down there.

SAOIRSE
Oh! Oh wow.

The ship sinks lower. Alora climbs into frame, clutching the ship railing.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Ok! It's just liked we practiced.
We're gonna jump, and your skin's
gonna be like a filter ok?

Lark looks around. Her breathing quickens.

LARK
Yeah.. yeah ok.

SAOIRSE
'Lor, stay with the ship. Any lower
and we'll take on water.

ALORA
You got it.

ALORA (CONT'D)
(Singing Operatically)
Rise damn you!

Saoirse turns to Lark. She extends her hand.

SAOIRSE
Ready?

Lark grabs her hand and shudders.

LARK
Yeah. Let's move.

Lark turns, she nods to Alora. Saoirse yanks Lark over the ship railing. SPLASH! The two dive into the red ocean below.

Lark gasps for air. She takes a deep gulp.

THE PLAYER **must plan for the journey.** 1 card slot appears above Lark's head.

SAOIRSE
Alright, I'll take in a little air
for you as well ok? Just keep your
eyes closed and I'll get you down
there.

Saoirse takes a deep breath of air- puffing out her cheeks. She flicks down her clear eyelids. Saoirse holds Lark under her arms.

3 animated cards appear below the slot. The first is a fish floundering and caught in a net. The second is a swirling whirlpool. The third is a steady stream of water trickling through a dam of stones.

Selecting any of the first two cards results in failure:

Lark's breathing quickens.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Easy, easy.

THE PLAYER must complete a box-breathing mini-game. A square appears on screen with dots on each of its four corners. The dots slowly light up in a sequence running clockwise. Clicking on each dot in sequence "wins" the mini-game.

Lark's breathing slows. Saoirse nods. She descends into the water with Lark.

The water is a translucent crimson.

The Player is in control of movement. Saoirse swims downwards.

The Player is in control of Lark. Lark must keep calm and take in oxygen through her skin.

The majority of the screen is the deep ocean. In the right hand corner, there is are 2 card slots and 6 cards.

The Player has 30 seconds to sort through the pile of cards and find the correct 2 cards:

1. Lark's own hand, the skin made up of tiny holes
2. Water passing through Lark's hand. On the other side it becomes a cloud of air.

The other 4 cards are random objects: fish, crab, flag, waves.

Failure:

Box Breathing Mini Game:

Lark flails in the water. Saoirse flips her around, pressing her mouth against hers, blowing in oxygen from the surface.

The box appears on screen. Upon completion, Lark relaxes and The Player can continue swimming.

(End Failure)

The Player is in control of movement.

The Player is in control of Lark.

The Player has 30 seconds to sort through the pile of cards and find the correct 2 cards again.

Failure: **Box Breathing Mini Game-** Saoirse shares her oxygen

Success: The water darkens, Lark and Saoirse become gray silhouettes.

Pointy rocks fade in on the sides of the screen. The Player has a narrower play window.

The Player moves deeper downwards.

The Player is in control of Lark.

The Player has 30 seconds to sort through the pile of cards and find the correct 2 cards again.

Failure: **Box Breathing Mini Game-** Saoirse shares her oxygen

Success: The water darkens more, Lark and Saoirse become black silhouettes in a deep red backdrop.

They move further downward. The pointy rocks move inward. The play-space narrows further.

The Player is in control of Lark.

The Player has 30 seconds to sort through the pile of cards and find the correct 2 cards again.

Failure: **Box Breathing Mini Game-** Saoirse shares her oxygen

Success:

The rocks move in tightly. Saoirse can only move straight down.

The screen shakes. The Player swims down into an open chamber.

The chamber is an oval, bordered by rock walls.

The Player rests on the bottom. Saoirse releases Lark. The two float off of the floor.

The water background shifts, it shudders.

Two eye lids faze in from the crimson background. The snap open, brow furrowed.

The rest of Daphne fades in. Her eyes and outline of her face are the clearest to see, the rest of her is heavily obscured by the red.

She tilts her head to the side. Her pupils focus.

Lark floats with her arms tense.

LARK

...

SAOIRSE

(Underwater)
Lark?

Lark swivels to Saoirse. Her silhouette raises her hand to her mouth. Lark trembles.

SLAM! Daphne's hand emerges from the deep, crashing onto the seafloor between Lark and Saoirse.

A torrent of an even darker crimson spills from Daphne's side. She winces.

DAPHNE

Why. Did you seek me.

The Player is in control. A pen tool appears just below Daphne's head.

The outline of The Gore (First edition: The raft made of barrels and a trap door) appears in tiny shimmering dots.

The Player begins to **trace the shape**.

A red pen appears. It is shaking. Daphne's eyes widen, her pupils dilate.

The raft is fully formed out of star-like shimmering lines. It rocks back and forth on an invisible tide.

The red pen slowly moves towards the ship. It draws intricately and beautifully. The pen draws the ocean under the ship with well-detailed waves. The cartoony ship is a stark contrast to the semi-realistic waves.

A new connect the dots appears: It forms the second edition of the Gore (A tiny dingy with a hand-painted sail.)

The Player **traces the shape**.

Daphne relaxes her face. The red pen slides to the ship's deck. It draws Lark's upper torso. Daphne frowns.

The outline of Lark's legs appears.

The Player **traces the shape**.

Daphne tips her head to the side. Her eyes scan Lark up and down.

A new connect the dots appears: It forms the third and final edition of the Gore. (A proud Galleon)

The Player **traces the shape**.

Daphne snaps her head upwards. She looks at the surface. She smiles, slowly pulling her head down towards Lark.

Lark holds still.

The red pen draws the Gore's intricate hull design, it draws detailed clouds above, each drawing going faster. She draws fish leaping from the waves.

The vision fades out. Daphne blinks. Lark reaches for her necklace. She snaps the chain and holds the obsidian pendant high above her head.

Two giant fingers reach out and pinch the pendant.

Daphne's eyes tighten. Her pupils go wiggly and glassy with tears.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 You sought memory, of me?

Lark stiffens, she clenches her necklace. her voice quivers. Water is entering her lungs.

 LARK
 Only you.

Lark panics.

 LARK (CONT'D)
 You would. Understand this power.

Daphne's eyes widen. She lets go of the pendant. Her hand snaps around Lark. Her thumb covering Lark's mouth. Her voice is shaky.

 DAPHNE
 I do. I have. And I have done
 nothing. You have wrought
 everything.

The sparking image of the Gore appears again.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 In my name, reject the isolation
 I've been entombed in.

Lark wrestles her face from behind Daphne's thumb.

The image disappears.

 LARK
 Your power, you could teach me!

Daphne frowns. Her lip quivers.

DAPHNE

You will pull creation from the
mud. I will cower and stave off the
rot.

Lark shivers. Her motions grow slower. Saoirse rushes to her.
She grapples Lark under her arms once again.

SAOIRSE

Please, she won't make it back!

Daphne thumps both fists on the sea-floor. Blood gushes from
her sides, obscuring her face and eyes. The water bubbles as
if it were boiling.

DAPHNE

My daughter of blood...

The water bursts! Like a geyser Lark and Saoirse are shot up
and out of Daphne's grave.

The two are propelled up through the long decent.

SPLOOSH! The two rocket up to the surface. They land back in
the sea.

The Gore is behind them. Alora is flipped upside down on her
usual wing of the ship. She picks a piece of seaweed off of
the hull. She flips upward seeing the two return.

ALORA

Hey?!

Alora dives in after them. Saoirse powers back to the surface
and treads. She holds Lark, limp in her arms.

SAOIRSE

Lark? Lark, its all alright you did
it!

Lark coughs, a bit of sea water sprays from her mouth.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Oh! Hang on!

THE PLAYER is given control

Player must **orient Saoirse's arms in the correct position for
Heimlich.**

ANY FAILURE:

Lark cartoonishly yelps in pain.

SUCCESS 1:

Water launches out of Lark's mouth.

LARK
She was there!

SUCCESS 2:

Less water launches out of Lark's mouth.

LARK (CONT'D)
We saw her!

SUCCESS 3:

A spew of droplets launch out of Lark's mouth. She coughs

LARK (CONT'D)
Shit!

Lark coughs some more.

Saoirse extends her arm. Her face is a mixture of relief, concern, and confusion. She smiles none the less.

Lark takes the offer. Her eyes go expressionless.

Saoirse looks to Lark- expectantly.

LARK (CONT'D)
Oh.

Lark waves her arm downwards.

The Gore reluctantly sinks.

SAOIRSE
Come on.

She holds Lark as the two make their way up and onto the ship.

Alora leaps back to her ship's wing perch.

Lark steadies herself on the ship's deck. Her clothes are soaking wet.

She turns back to Saoirse.

LARK
Thank you.

She walks slowly- dragging her self along. She enters the captains quarters and closes the door.

Alora peeks up from the wing. She scrambles up onto the main deck.

Saoirse sighs and goes back into her pool.

Alora slithers over beside her.

She speaks quietly.

ALORA

What she wasn't there?

Saoirse speaks absent-mindedly.

SAOIRSE

No no- she was. She was.

Alora considers this. At the very least she can assume the meet didn't go well.

She grimaces.

ALORA

Maybe we should get moving.

SAOIRSE

Yeah- We'll leave Lark for a while.

She looks over to the closed captain's quarters.

The screen splits.

On the left side- Lark is huddled in bed.

On the right- Saoirse and Alora are getting the ship to move. They must **raise the anchor, pull down the sails, and steer the ship.**

The Player is in control.

While the Player controls Saoirse and Alora- Lark acts independently on her side of the screen.

The Player raises the anchor first. They click and drag- Saoirse and Alora to take turns smacking the anchor wheel to turn it. Saoirse hits it with her tail, Alora punches it like a speed bag. Each hit fills moves the anchor up slightly.

Lark sits up in bed. She speaks to herself.

LARK
I should go back.

Lark rubs her hands along her knees.

LARK (CONT'D)
There is nothing else I have to go
back.

Her clothes are still sopping wet and soaked in blood. The bed is a wreck.

Lark runs her hand through her hair. More bloody water streams out of it.

Lark takes out the pendant.

One moment the pendant attracts the blood water- and the next it repels it.

Anywhere Lark moves the pendant follows this pattern of pushing and pulling.

The Player continues to hit the anchor.

LARK (CONT'D)
Was I not enough.

Lark stashes the pendant away under her shirt.

LARK (CONT'D)
I wasn't enough.

The Player finishes pulling up the anchor. The boat shifts and Lark frowns.

She walks up to the back window. She sees the pulled up anchor.

The Player must lower the sails.

Saoirse and Alora walk around to each pulley.

The Player turns each one as they appear in the lower right of the screen.

LARK (CONT'D)
I have no heading. The Goddess was
my heading and she steered me away.

Lark sits on the floor.

LARK (CONT'D)

But *they* do not wait for me. They
don't await their heading like a
sailor.

Lark laughs to herself- she looks at the closed door.

LARK (CONT'D)

I guess they aren't sailors.

Lark stares at the door- still sat cross-legged.

Alora starts to whistle a shanty.

Saoirse smiles- her eyes overwhelmed and watery.

She hums along.

The Player finishes the pulleys.

Saoirse looks up at the helm. Normally Lark would be there.

She sighs. Saoirse dips her tail into the pool.

She swings it back out and starts to make her way to the
wheel.

Lark flings her arm out towards the door.

The wheel jolts- it's under her control.

Lark twirls her arm gently and the steering wheel follows
suit.

Saoirse nods curtly as the ship turns around- away from the
volcano, away from Daphne.

She sinks back into her pool- submerging her face under the
water.

Alora makes her way back to the wing of the ship.

As she passes the captains quarters door- she slides her hand
along it- a simple gesture of comfort to the Captain inside.

Lark tips her head towards the door.

With her forehead touching the frame she sighs.

LARK (CONT'D)

As you wish.