

DAYTIME DUET

EXT. GORE (BEGINNINGS OF PIRE'S COVE) - DAY

Saoirse, Alora, and Lark are all gathered around a great unfinished ship 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.

Saoirse sighs. Alora and Lark work diligently to construct the final iteration of The Gore: a great galleon.

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.