

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.