

MERMAID GAME

Written by

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Address
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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.

(END)

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 on 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!

GENERAL GORE COMBAT

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.