

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.