

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.

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.

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.

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.