

LEARNING TO BREATHE

EXT. SATURN ISLANDS - DAWN

Saoirse tows Lark along on the scrapped together raft. They venture into the calm waters of the Saturn Islands. Saoirse slows, she stops. She tosses the stretch of rope around a rock.

Lark lowers slowly and cautiously. She hops off of the raft and into the water. Saoirse swims up closer, she takes Lark by the shoulder.

SAOIRSE

You need to cut out everything
else.

She motions with her hand. Her eyes are twinkling, beyond excited.

LARK

Yeah well I know that part.

Lark treads water with stiff and cautious movements. Her eyes refuse to focus on Saoirse. They scan the water, back and forth.

Saoirse frowns, Lark doesn't share her enthusiasm. Saoirse removes her hand from Lark's shoulder.

SAOIRSE

I don't know how to teach you- for
me it just happens.

LARK

Well show me your way and I'll
filter it through my way.

Saoirse nods her head.

SAOIRSE

Oh! Yeah, filter's a good way to
think about it.

Saoirse brushes her hand along her own arm.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

All through the skin. You pick out
only what you need ok?

LARK
Yeah alright, I guess that makes sense.

Saoirse is exhilarated. She jolts into action and shoves Lark under the water.

SAOIRSE
You got it!

Lark jerks in protest, flailing and surprised. Saoirse's hands lift off of her.

Lark is underwater, slowly sinking into mid-screen.

LARK
(Underwater) Hm

The camera is below the water. We see Lark's dark silhouette against the light glimmering water.

The silhouette kicks, Lark's face flicking back and forth.

The Player is in control.

Streams of water represented as wavy lines join Lark on the screen. They propel in from the sides of the camera towards Lark. Upon impact, they twirl and spin away- a school of ricochets.

Lark sits still. Little twinkling particles begin flowing with the water lines. The particles hit Lark in the same behavior as the water.

Lark starts to struggle. Her hands shoot up to her mouth. She starts kicking sporadically.

A navy blue vignette begins to appear and pulse around the screen.

If The Player clicks and drags at a particle- they can control their movement.

The Player drags a particle to Lark. It sinks slowly into Lark's silhouette, gradually dimming until it sinks in completely. Each captured particle reduces the intensity of the navy vignette.

If the vignette becomes solid- it consumes the screen and results in a Failure.

Failure:

The navy vignette consumes the screen. Just before all visuals are lost- we see another silhouette- Saoirse- diving below and dragging a floundering Lark back up to the surface.

CUT TO:

Lark sits on the scrappy raft. She breaths deeply and rests her head in her hands. She's discouraged.

Saoirse rests her head and arms on the raft. She smiles.

SAOIRSE

That's a good try! See? Not too bad.

She turns and pops her head below the water. Her ruby tail happily flicks above the surface. Drops of water from her tail fly into Lark's face.

Lark looks up towards Saoirse- her gaze softened.

Saoirse brings her head back up.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Lovely down there too.

Lark stretches out and tilts her face to catch the rising sunshine.

LARK

If you'll believe it, I've never been under for that long.

SAOIRSE

What!

LARK

Yeah, in my case having to swim at all was something of a "problem scenario."

Saoirse nods her head.

SAOIRSE

Oh yeah your little boats swim for you, huh?

LARK

Little boats- yeah I guess they do most of the work. They are supposed to float.

Saoirse looks at the water.

SAOIRSE
You're going to try again, aren't
you?

LARK
Ah yeah, something like that.

She sighs, defeated.

LARK (CONT'D)
Maybe we can do something else, I
don't think this is going to work.

Saoirse frowns.

SAOIRSE
What you mean? A little air bag?

LARK
Yeah- yeah something like that.
Whatever I can do I just can't do
it like this. Like you can.

Saoirse grips the raft tightly.

SAOIRSE
Lark, I think you have real power.
Like us.

She winces, she feels like an imposter giving advice she
cannot follow herself

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
You can do this, and I'm going to
stay with you until you do.

LARK
Well maybe we can come back
sometime-

SAOIRSE
Deep breath!

Lark's eyes widen, she nods quickly and breaths in- puffing
out her cheeks.

SPLASH! Saoirse judo throws Lark back into the sea.

Lark is underwater, slowly sinking into mid-screen.

LARK
(Underwater) Hm!!

The camera is below the water. We see Lark's dark silhouette.

The silhouette kicks, Lark's face flicking back and forth.

The Player is in control.

Streams of water again join Lark on the screen. They propel in from the sides of the camera towards Lark.

Lark sits still. The little twinkling particles begin flowing with the water lines. The particles hit Lark in the same behavior as the water.

But now, the particles pulse with light as they dance around the screen

Lark starts to struggle. Her hands shoot up to her mouth. She starts kicking sporadically.

The navy blue vignette begins to appear and pulse around the screen.

If The Player clicks and drags at a particle- they can control their movement.

The Player drags a particle to Lark. It sinks slowly into Lark's silhouette, gradually dimming until it sinks in completely. Each captured particle reduces the intensity of the navy vignette.

Any Success/ End of Failure:

The Player brings 10 particles to Lark each one sinks slowly into her silhouette.

Lark panics- she's been down below longer than she's ever been.

She kicks, flailing her arms.

No matter how many particles the player drags over- The navy vignette closes in.

Just before all visuals are lost- we see another silhouette- Saoirse- diving below and dragging a floundering Lark back up to the surface.

CUT TO:

Lark sits on the scrappy raft. She breaths deeply and rests her hands on her knees, she's smiling.

SAOIRSE

You were breathing, that was a long time!

LARK

Yeah! Yeah I think I was. How is that possible?

Saoirse laughs.

SAOIRSE

You can't think like that! You just try and you just do.

LARK

Sersh', That's all I do. I'm all thinking, all the time.

SAOIRSE

Well just don't do that!

They both laugh.

LARK

I still have a long way to go. It's really a weird feeling.

Saoirse lifts up the raft rope from the rock.

SAOIRSE

Yeah?

Lark settles her weight on the raft.

Lark looks at Saoirse about to pull her back to the Summer Sea.

LARK

Oh! Hang on.

Lark kneels down and uses her arms to row along with Saoirse's towing. Saoirse smiles appreciatively. The two venture off.

LARK (CONT'D)

Really it's like turning off an entire system. I'm just putting everything where it's supposed to go- all by myself.

Saoirse is quiet- she pulls the raft along.

Lark stops, she dips her hand into the water. She scoops some up and drips it along her own arm.

The camera cuts and focuses. Lark's arm is focused horizontally across the screen with the water settled on top.

The Player **clicks the arm**. A little hole is Popped! Out of Lark's skin.

A particle-like the underwater gameplay before slips down the hole, glowing and pulsing.

The Player clicks again. Another hole and another particle.

The Player clicks again. Another hole and another particle.

The screen condenses suddenly - the normal scene of Lark and Saoirse behind it.

The image of Lark's arm- littered with holes is condensed into a card.

This card like the ones used to plot Lark's ideas and plans.

The finished card spins. It flies into Lark's open hand. She blinks, and it disappears.

The Player is in control as Saoirse and Lark.

A slight underwater view is visable under the raft.

SAOIRSE

Should we grab some dinner on our way back?

Lark shakes off her distraction. And resume's rowing alongside Saoirse.

LARK

Hm? Oh yeah that sounds good.

SAOIRSE

Great because we're about to go through a whole school.

Saoirse accelerates, she's excited.

LARK

Wait I don't have a...

The first fish launches out of the ocean. It smacks Lark in the face.

LARK (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

She laughs.

Saoirse nabs a fish clean out of the air with her mouth.

SAOIRSE
(Mouth full of fish)
Go on!

Tons of fish fly up and launch across the screen.

Clicking on a fish adds it to a growing pile on top of the raft.

Every 5th fish added to the pile causes the raft to sink slightly lower in the water.

LARK
We're gonna need a bigger ship if
we wanna keep going on like this.

SAOIRSE
(Mouth full of fish)
What? I'm pulling that one too?

Lark laughs.

LARK
No, it'll be wind powered. Like the
other boats.

Saoirse spits her fish into the pile. At this point the fish is just a head and a tail held together by bones.

SAOIRSE
Oh! The air fins! They seem cool!

Another fish slaps Lark in the face.

Behind the raft, a shadowy glob appears on the horizon.

Birds circle the glob.

Lark turns her head. The crazy flow of fish is slowing down to a stop.

LARK
In fact, let's veer to the right.
We might be able to scrap something
here.

Saoirse licks her lips. She flicks her tail and sends a pile fish flying. She catches it in her mouth. She chomps down happily.

SAOIRSE
(Mouth full)
Whatever you say, boss.

The raft turns to the right.

CUT TO:

EXT. ISLAND OF SCRAP

LARK

This is a great spot to scrap some material.

Lark stomps around the scrap. She scans the ground.

SAOIRSE

Oo I do like this.

Saoirse heaves a broken wheel from the wreckage. The wheel is coated in an emerald green paint.

LARK

Well we will need a wheel eventually.

Saoirse runs her hand along the coating.

SAOIRSE

How is it this color! Does wood come in this color.

Lark smiles, she jogs over to Saoirse.

LARK

It's paint! You could make it any color you like.

SAOIRSE

Oh that's wonderful.

Saoirse peels a chip of paint off of the wheel. She throws the rest of the wheel away. She messes with the paint chip between her fingers, trying to catch the light in its sheen.

LARK

Oh, ok.

Lark returns to the search, tromping through wreckage and mud.

LARK (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes peeled for an "air fin" It'll look like a great sheet of cloth.

SAOIRSE

Yeah whatever that means, I'm on it.

The two travel together along the island.

As they move, scraps of cloth on the ground glow and pulse.

If the Player clicks on them, Lark runs over and picks them up.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Check this!

Lark runs over. Saoirse heaves a giant mast out of the way. Underneath is a strong sail, curled up on the ground like a haphazard snake. She unveils the full sail.

The sail is enormous. The stitching is broken and frayed, but the entire build is full of potential.

LARK

Hell, we can't carry this with us.

Lark looks to the sky and admires the morning sun.

LARK (CONT'D)

Can we call Alora over?

SAOIRSE

Aw sure! If I run over now we can probably both be back before noon!

LARK

Go for it- We'll build, make camp here tonight, then sail on out with a fresh new boat!

Saoirse shakes with excitement.

SAOIRSE

Yeah that's gonna be sick. I'll go right now!

She flips off the island like a dolphin, powering back to The Summer Sea to grab Alora.

Lark smiles as she goes. She takes the sail in her hand. A thought bubble forms over her head.