

REST AND REPAIR

EXT. THE GORE - DAWN

The camera rises from below to the broken Gore- sailing above. The sea is flamingo pink.

Saoirse sits in her pool. She stares at the sunrise.

The Captain's Quarters door lurches open, creaking. Out comes Lark- glassy eyed and still half asleep.

As she opens the door - the hinges PLINK! Loose screws pop out of their sockets and send the door falling flat on its back.

Lark holds her hand out as if the door were still there.

She walks forward mindlessly.

She crosses the length of the ship slowly.

Alora is sitting on her ship wing- sound asleep clutching a hammer. The side of the ship is hastily patched- wood covering the impact of the Floundering Whale's grapple.

Lark passes Saoirse and her pool.

She stops just before the bow. She's completely silent.

Saoirse looks up expectantly. When Lark continues in silence she relaxes. She rests her head in her crossed arms on the deck.

A thought bubble appears above Lark's head. Inside rests her original vision of the Gore.

The vision is pristine compared to the broken ship she stands on.

The sides of the ship have been impaled- the bow snapped and slapped back together.

Lark turns and looks at each of these fixtures. She regards them with a frown.

She turns. And smiles. She sees the sail. It is handpainted by Saoirse, sharp designs and red paint. The simplicity contrasts with the intricacy of the ship's body.

The sail is not like the one envisioned- but it makes Lark smile.

The carvings on the ship- they're a blend of handwritings.

Where the vision is consistent - the real ship is made of Alora and Larks' script- together.

Once again she smiles.

Lark turns back to the bow. She sits next to the pool.

The sun rises more- its beam striking Alora in the face.

She wakes up startled and clutches the hammer.

She looks around frantically, then settles.

She spins the hammer in her hand- spinning it to the sharp, customized, pointy side of its head- it looks like an axe.

Alora gets to work- she carves away the excess patch wood, smoothing it.

The Player is in control

In a small window to the right, The Player must carve out shapes based on the given dotted outlines.

While the Player and Alora work:

Lark looks to the pink sea. It shimmers.

LARK

Your folks must be close by now.

Saoirse sighs, annoyed. Any initial excitement to talk vanishes.

SAOIRSE

Yeah.

They sit in silence. The sun continues to rise- the sky looks like pink lava.

Lark drops the subject.

She looks over the pool instead of Saoirse herself.

She laughs softly.

LARK

I think that pool is more of a puddle right now.

Saoirse smiles and splashes her tail.

The pool is only a forth full.

SAOIRSE
Yeah we didn't so much plan on
being tipped..

A board falls off of the side of the ship. It lands in the sea with a PLOP!

ALORA
UGH!

SAOIRSE
That much..

Lark rises- she grabs a plank off of a tall pile of debris by the mast.

She leans over the railing and hands off the plank to Alora.

She accepts- the Player continues to work.

Lark walks back to the pool.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
It's always quiet out here.

Saoirse speaks wistfully. She looks out at the pink horizon.

LARK
Anything beats Storm for me.

They both stay still- watching.

The Player finishes a section as Alora.

The Player must now carve new designs into the side of the ship. They have free control over each plank's design.

In the distance, Summer Sea Flamingos honk.

SAOIRSE
You know I've got like a fear of
Flamingos?

LARK
What! How could you! They're just
birds yeah?

SAOIRSE
Well yeah, but I was little! They
have weird beaks dude. Snappy
beaks.

LARK

Aww

SAOIRSE

My aunt used to take my sister and
I out to see them.

She smiles.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

I would be clinging on her tail the
whole time.

Lark smiles. She turns closer to Saoirse.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

She was so pissed, Lark.

Lark takes a breath. She wants to make a second attempt.

LARK

I'm sure they'd want to know you're
alright.

SAOIRSE

Hm.

The two sit in silence again.

LARK

Are there any birds you do like?

SAOIRSE

Hm..

She thinks for a second.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Pelicans.

LARK

Pelicans? You want to talk about
scary birds, they're the freakiest!

SAOIRSE

Aw but they have it figured out! I
see them everywhere. With their
weird beak net things.

LARK

Gross.

A wave hits the side of the ship.

Alora welcomes it- the Player's work screen is flooded by soft pink for a moment.

Alora smacks her lips.

ALORA

Saoirs' your water tastes funny.

SAOIRSE

Ohh that's something I have missed.

She looks at Lark.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

You wouldn't get it. The other seas are so stale.

LARK

Hm I can imagine I guess. If air tasted different I think I'd notice.

Saoirse stares out at the water again.

She looks up at Lark, sheepishly. She's admitting defeat.

SAOIRSE

Maybe I will head out for a bit.
Tasting water... and all that.

Lark smiles, slightly smug but happy for her friend.

Saoirse lunges into her arms- the two hug.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

I'll be back.

LARK

I'll be here.

Saoirse lunges again, over the side and into the sea.

Lark waits for her to be out of sight.

LARK (CONT'D)

Alora, brace yourself!

Lark holds her hand in the air- the ship jerks in response.
Lark flicks her wrist up and down.

The ship dips just enough to cause a wave over the main deck.

The pool is filled with fresh, pink water.