

ALORA
 (Singing like a Gregorian chant)
 Slap em on thereee (She holds the
 last word)

Alora raises her hands like a priest at a sermon, her face elated with excitement.

The boards come flying as they fling to two empty slots on the hull.

Lark races to the boards. Pressing her hand against them she nails the boards firm to the the frame.

Saoirse stares up at the magically building ship.

She frowns, her eyes are sad and glassy.

Alora pumps her fist in the air.

ALORA (CONT'D)
 HAH!

She falls to her stomach- she does the worm down the shoreline- absolutely ecstatic.

Saoirse takes a deep breath. She closes her eyes, blinking away the jealousy.

She speaks up in a voice slightly too loud.

SAOIRSE
 I'm going to grab dinner!

Lark looks up startled.

She looks over to Alora, concerned.

Alora continues to celebrate, unaware.

LARK
 Oh, alright!

Before Lark finishes, Saoirse skitters off of the beach and into the tide.

She swims under the ship- out and further from the Pire.

She powers away without looking back.

Saoirse pulses through the shallow sea. Her face is scrunched up in frustration.

The water lightens, a more peach-like hue than the pink waters she left behind.

She reaches a wrecked ship. Its splintered and split wood blocks her path.

The Player is in control.

On screen- the Player is prompted to button mash.

Saoirse extends her hand just as Lark does.

Her whole body is tense and angry. She tries to use Fiber.

The Player button mashes.

Saoirse only intensifies. No matter how much she tries, the wreckage does not budge.

Saoirse lets loose a guttural huff.

SAOIRSE

AAUGH!

She shoots both hands out, grappling the wreckage.

Her muscles tighten, the wreckage creaks and jolts- starting to come loose.

The wreckage comes loose with a hearty SNAP!

Saoirse holds her trophy over her head for a moment, breathing heavily.

She flings it upwards through the water and out to the surface above.

Her arms are swollen and pulsing with her fury.

The broken wreckage falls- rejoining the water once again with a SMACK!

Once it enters the water- it slowly sinks down to the seafloor in the background behind Saoirse.

Saoirse slows. The show of strength has relieved much of her frustration.

She stretches her hands outward and relaxes.

Saoirse continues forward through her created path.

The Player is in control.

The Player controls Saoirse and can swim around freely. They must **collect sea creatures** to bring back to Alora and Lark.

On the sea floor- a crab shuffles away and under a rock.

Around the set play area- fish and crabs spawn at randomized points respective to their behavior- on the sea floor or in schools.

As Saoirse, the player catches, pressing the interact button when close enough, sea creatures and places them into Saoirse's net backpack.

Saoirse and the Player continue along. They can accelerate, chose direction, and catch fish.

After three minutes of gameplay- golden lines flow in from the North.

The golden lines caress the reflections of the sea. They spiral and flow towards Saoirse.

Saoirse stops- she notices the gold. This is Siren Fiber.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Alora?

The Player can choose to move closer to the gold.

Otherwise the Player can chose to catch more food instead.

If Saoirse's pack is full:

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Get in there...

She tries to shove the sea creature into the net but it flings outward.

Fish swim away instantly, but if the creature is a crab, it floats off for a moment- as if it were an untethered astronaut, before swimming off as well.

If the Player continues toward the gold:

Faint singing radiates from the north. The golden threads themselves are reverberating with a muddled melody.

The Player swims closer. There are two distinct voices.

One voice is bright and the other is deep and clear.

The song is in Italian.

Saoirse swims closer.

Underneath her- the sand rumbles. Dust and sand clouds billow across the sea floor.

Out of the sand rises an ancient treasure chest. The chest emerges from the sea floor- clutched by an worn skeleton of a Twin sailor.

The skeleton drifts way from the chest- but the two are still drawn in and upwards towards the source of the song.

Saoirse watches the scene- her eyes wide and nervous. She continues forward.

As she moves closer to the song it becomes clearer. Saoirse is approaching a collection of rocky sandbars that breach to the surface.

The melody is strong and clear- but its lyrics bittersweet.

The lighter feminine voice sings the melody accompanied by a deep masculine voice elevating the song with a bass.

More and more sunken items- all related to Twins- rise from the sea floor and drift along the path to the voices.

A medallion floats past Saoirse with a crab clutching its braided chain for dear life.

Saoirse swims forward.

A dazzling school of coins slowly rise asynchronously. They float past her head.

The coins twirl. Each of their heads are engraved, depicting a tiny Twin wearing a crown.

Saoirse slows- the parade of objects is beautiful.

Saoirse raises her hand to the school. She grasps a coin between her fingers.

The coin stops for a moment, held by Saoirse.

The feminine voice strikes a powerful belting note- the coin, as well as all of the other objects- jolt forward as if they were pulled by string.

Saoirse falls forward- pulled by the coin's sudden force.

She releases the coin.

She rubs her fingers together- she's nervous, caught off guard.

She frowns again- The singers are masters of Fiber. Another painful reminder of how much ability Saoirse misses out on.

The Player is prompted to float up to the surface.

Saoirse breaches.

Two Sirens sit close together, both angled towards each other- clearly partners. They sit perched on a smooth rocky island. The waves gently coat the island with sea water.

The first Siren is the feminine voice- her tail is a striking obsidian that captures light. Her hair matches- a collection of inky curls.

The second Siren is the masculine voice. His tail is much lighter- comparable to sea foam. He wears his dark hair in a manner similar to Alora- a bold pointy mane.

Both share the identifiable shark-like tails and dorsal fin like Alora.

The Sirens are surrounded by Twin artifacts- and even more continue to float towards them.

They spot Saoirse as she breaches the surface.

The two stop singing- the still-floating artifacts stop and sink back to the sea floor.

The woman speaks first.

GIUNO

Oh! I'm sorry, did we drag you in
with all this?

Giuno is friendly, she greets Saoirse with a smile.

Saoirse swims forward sheepishly, she tries to hide the jealousy that had surfaced earlier.

SAOIRSE

No no, it's alright. Just curious-

The man speaks.

NETTUNO

Your tail! You must color it? Is
your fin...

He stops. He's confused by Saoirse's lack of a dorsal fin.

Giuno correctively shoves Nettuno.

GIUNO
She's a Summer Maid dumbass!

NETTUNO
Summer Maid!

Saoirse's ears flick behind her like a cat. They hug close to her head. She forces a smile.

SAOIRSE
Yup- you'll usually see us more...

Saoirse gestures to south towards the Pire.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Deeper out. In the red.

Nettuno is looking through Saoirse, fascinated.

NETTUNO
Well it's a pleasure to meet you,
red.

He struggles to inch forward on the island towards Saoirse. His dense shark body is better equipped for water. He extends a hand to her in greeting

Saoirse smiles, genuinely. She lets her guard fall. She swims ahead close to the island and takes the hand.

Giuno stretches. She flops to her side, exhausted.

GIUNO
Have you happened to come across a
crown in these waters, red?

SAOIRSE
Crown? Is that what you guys are
after?

Saoirse gestures to the mountains of treasure that have accumulated around the island.

NETTUNO
Oh yes! We are tasked with
retrieving a Twin-made crown. This
particular crown incrustated with
ancient Black Glass.

GIUNO

We struck down a great ship for
this crown. But it is still lost to
us.

NETTUNO

If you are to retrieve it- you can
have your pick of our horde here.

SAOIRSE

I can get that for you no problem!

GIUNO

Yeah! We can finally return home.

SAOIRSE

No trouble at all. I'm on it.

Saoirse dives back down into the sea.

The two resume their singing on the surface.

The Player is in control.

The sand is shuddering as it was before, artifacts slowly
revealing themselves.

The Player swims around.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Obsidian crown.. Should look like
Lark's necklace..

Interacting with shaking sand piles lets Saoirse dig farther
to find what's underneath.

Saoirse can find chests, skeletons, and weapons.

The Player reaches a strange pile of sand. Instead of
revealing itself it only twitches. The object underneath is
being pulled by two opposing forces.

Saoirse digs.

The sand falls from the crown.

The crown itself is a tangle of silver, tiny flecks of
Obsidian fill every crevice of the crown. It sparkles like
glitter.

The crown continues twitching. The gold essence of the Siren
song caresses the silver frame, but the obsidian shudders-
each piece yanks in tandem, trying to break free from the
Twin-made silver containing it.

Saoirse reaches out cautiously. Her hand shakes.

She touches the crown.

In a million voices, the words of Syrus burst into Saoirse's mind.

SYRUS
DAPHNE! DAPHNE!

Saoirse recoils, she drops the crown. She clenches her hands up to her long ears. She tenses and writhes from the pain radiating through her head.

The crown lurches. It inches towards Saoirse. The obsidian fragments pulling along the crown as if each fragment contained a tiny creature slamming their weight against the glass enclosure.

The Player is prompted to button mash.

Saoirse recovers. She twirls her tail, trying to regain herself and swim away from the crown.

The Player is in control.

The crown projects its movements. It tilts left or right-determining where it will jump.

The Player must move the opposite direction.

If the crown hits Saoirse- The background behind her changes for a moment. Saoirse writhes and recoils in pain. The background becomes a series of scenes depicting Daphne's fall.

Syrus stabs Daphne, obsidian splintering and flying everywhere like falling stars.

Daphne sinks- blood billowing and clouding the water.

The crown begins to slow. The movements become easier to predict. It teeters along, each fragment is falling out of sync.

SYRUS (CONT'D)
Daphne BLEED.

The crown projects its movements. It tilts left or right-determining where it will jump.

The Player must move the opposite direction.

The crown slows to a stop. The obsidian fragments grow dull and lifeless.

Saoirse catches her breath. Her eyes are wide and her ears pinned to the sides of her head.

The golden siren song engulfs the crown. It drifts without a fight towards the sirens.

Saoirse watches it go.

She swims closely after it.

Past her head, a shiny compass is caught in the song.

Saoirse slows, she reaches out, grabs the compass and continues along.

She breaches at the island.

NETTUNO

Aha yes! This is it.

He picks up the crown. It dangles lifelessly.

GIUNO

Thank you for pulling it loose for us. Like we said, you're free to take whatever you wish!

Saoirse is a million miles away. She stares stright through the pair.

SAOIRSE

What? Oh, yes. I'm taking this back with me.

She shows the compass.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

I should head back.

She shakes a little more back to reality.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

But happy to help! And nice to meet both of you.

NETTUNO

It was a pleasure, red. Happy travels!

Saoirse waves. She dives down back into the water.

Her gaze never leaves the sea floor. Her mind- deep in thoughts.

She silently swims off screen- back towards the Gore with her catch and the golden compass in tow.