

MERMAID GAME

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(REUNION AND DETERMINATION)

EXT. MID-LEVEL OCEAN - DUSK

Two mermaids swim side by side through a turbulent sea. They cling close to the rock piers 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.

ALORA
(laughing) I know! Here, just a
little further and we can see some
action.

Alora leaps out of the water like a dolphin towards the ship.

PLAYER leaps as well.

Camera stays watching the surface.

SAOIRSE
(mid jump)

I thought...

SPLASH!

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
(mid jump)

This ship..

SPLASH!

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
(mid jump)

I've seen it..

SPLASH!

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
(mid jump)

Before?

SPLASH!

The mermaids stop just shy of the boat. They sink down so just their heads bob above the water. The ship is in a panic. Sailors run up to the top deck. They fling bucket-loads of water over the side. They run back down to the lower deck. Alora speaks in a near whisper.

ALORA
Oh I'm sure you have, its been
sailing through Storms for months
now, of its own volition, mind you!
We got sick and tired of it.

A siren torpedos towards the deck. She snaps at a sailor, catches his foot and plunges back into the sea with the sailor.

SAOIRSE
Oh wow, that's kinda gutsy of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WHIMPERING WHALE

The entire deck is in chaos. The camera glides from bow to stern. At the bow a siren grapples up to the deck, her tail flicking side to side.

In mid deck- a sailor has a siren in a headlock. The trapped siren lurches to the side, taking the sailor down with her. She death-rolls like a crocodile.

At the helm, a siren yanks the wheel off of its axel. He drives it through the helmsman and shoves the helmsman off the deck. The siren dives in after him.

The camera pans downward towards the Captain's Quarters.

INT. THE WHIMPERING WHALE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

CAPTAIN HARDTACK, a large grizzly man in a coat with ten too many medals on it, sits cowering on the floor.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK

My ship.. My ship.. First of its
class to... weather the storm

He laughs, his eyes wide. The FIRST MATE barrels through the door, dragging LARKINEON, a young sailor with dark hair slicked back with wax, behind him by her jacket collar.

FIRST MATE

Captain! I found the little rat
before she skittered off the ship.

LARK

Half the crew is overboard sir! We
need you out on the helm! Both of
you!

The Captain stands - he leers down at Lark

CAPTAIN HARDTACK

Tell me Larkineon, was it you who
gave the order to redirect course?
Do you believe you are better
suited to chart MY voyages?

A sailor yells from outside. Then, a meaty SPLASH. A loud chorus of person-being-eaten-alive noises ensue.

The PLAYER is given a choice-

Knee Hardtack in the groin OR Escape from the First Mate

Player must **complete a short puzzle** for either option- Player is presented with three empty slots and a collection of six picture cards. Correct cards must be chosen and placed in appropriate slot.

Knee Hardtack: Player correctly submits:

Card 1: Plant feet on ground.

Card 2: Wind up kick.

Card 3: Follow through with kick

Escape: Player correctly submits:

Card 1: Pull arms out of jacket sleeves

Card 2: Duck

Card 3: Run

FAILURE:

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (CONT'D)
(laughing)

You want to go so badly? Fine. Throw her to the 'maids.

The first mate grabs Lark by the arms. He drags her port side. At the edge, a tiny siren is gnawing at the wood railing. She looks up, smiles sinisterly.

FIRST MATE
Little RAT!

Lark is launched into the sea below.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. STORM'S RESPITE SURFACE

Through Saoirse's perspective we focus on the First Mate tossing Lark from the ship. Saoirse tips her head and focuses her eyes.

SAOIRSE
Now why would they...?

Lark splashes to the surface, flailing. Saoirse's ears flick backwards like a frightened cat.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
No way.. She's not gonna.. 'Lor I
think that's..

Saoirse bolts towards the boat before she finishes the
thought.

ALORA
Hey! Wait!

Alora dives in pursuit.

THE PLAYER is given control.

THE PLAYER must **swim to Lark**.

THE PLAYER swims forward with accelerate, direction, and
punch controls.

Dodging away from sirens in swim path is a success.

Bumping into sirens results in a "stuck" segment- the Player
must button mash to return to the path.

THE PLAYER is able to "punch" sirens in a quick-time event
style which pushes a Siren out of the way.

A failed punch results in the "stuck" segment.

THE PLAYER reaches a tired Lark.

Lark kicks the tiny siren off of her boot. The tiny siren
yelps like a shih tzu.

SAOIRSE
HELLO.

LARK
Hiiii...

Lark sinks below the surface, unconscious. Saoirse gasps. She
dives under. She throws a limp Lark over her shoulders. She
pops back up to the surface.

Saoirse turns, she powers back the way she came.

The PLAYER is given control.

The player must **navigate to a small rock island**.

Alora pops up next to Saoirse. Saoirse screams in surprise.

ALORA

You got one! It took me weeks to
catch my first Twin...

THE PLAYER powers forward. A siren approaches, when pressed,
the punch button causes Alora to shove the encroaching siren
out of the way.

SAOIRSE

'Lor! This is Lark!

THE PLAYER powers forward. A siren approaches, the player can
either dive under the siren or once again shove with Alora.

ALORA

That sailor kid?

SAOIRSE

Yes! Can you believe it!

THE PLAYER powers forward. Same choice of maneuver around a
new siren.

ALORA

You're gonna eat her??

THE PLAYER powers forward. Same choice of maneuver around a
new siren.

SAOIRSE

NO! I'm not going to eat her!

The two escape the crowd and close in on the island. THE
PLAYER can meander towards the island.

ALORA

Oh, well that's good. I figured
that would make you upset. But, you
know, who am I to order you around.

SAOIRSE

Yes, thank you I'm so grateful.

Saoirse lays Lark out on the island's shore.

(End of failure branch)

SUCCESS:

INT. WHIMPERING WHALE

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (IF KICKED)
SON OF A BITCH!

Lark scrambles out of the captain's quarters. She looks frantically, left, right, left.

She locks eyes with her, Saoirse. Saoirse returns her gaze-terrified.

Lark relaxes. WHAM! Alora leaps up onto the ship. Her shark tail thrashes and thumps on the wooden deck. Lark trips backwards. She winces, Alora crawls forward.

SAOIRSE
Alora.. 'LOR!

Alora's head snaps back to the water.

ALORA
HUH?

SAOIRSE
That's Lark! You remember??

Alora accelerates towards Lark. She picks up Lark by her shirt collar like a trophy fish.

ALORA
Oh! You're like an adult now!

LARK
(Choking)
Hi... Alora...

SAOIRSE
Just get her out of there!

Alora flips Lark over her shoulder firefighter style. She clambers back to the railing.

LARK
Wait.. I can't..

SPLASH! Alora dives off the railing with Lark in tow.

(End of Success Branch)

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. ROCKY ISLAND - NIGHT

Lark's eyes flutter open. The sea is peaceful. The rocky island is powdered in white sand. With each incoming wave, a new slew of debris from the *Whale* is carried with it. Saoirse hoists Lark upright, tightening her arms around her stomach.

ALORA

(If Success: Now that's my bad, but) how are you gonna be living on the water if you can't breath the water. Explain that to me

SAOIRSE

I mean the boats are pretty fast, and I think you have to be dry to be on the boat...

LARK

Saoirs..

THUNK! Saoirse quickly squeezes Lark's stomach in a Heimlich maneuver.

THE PLAYER is given control

Player must **orient Saoirse's arms in the correct position for Heimlich.**

ANY FAILURE:

Lark cartoonishly yelps in pain.

SUCCESS 1:

Water launches out of Lark's mouth.

LARK (CONT'D)

I didn't think!

SUCCESS 2:

Less water launches out of Lark's mouth.

LARK (CONT'D)

I'd see you...

SUCCESS 3:

A spew of droplets launch out of Lark's mouth. She coughs

LARK (CONT'D)

Again!

Lark pulls away from Saoirse. She takes a deep breath and holds her hand to her chest.

She turns, and pulls Saoirse into a hug.

SAOIRSE
Haha, I'm happy to see you!

LARK
They would've killed me, thank you!

Lark matches gaze with a deeply invested Alora.

LARK (CONT'D)
Both of you! I can't believe it!

The two break the hug. Lark settles, sitting on the rock. She rubs her hands along her face.

Saoirse does the same. She settles with her tail just brushing the tide.

Alora flops over onto her back, her tail submerged.

ALORA
Some ship you had there.

LARK
Yeah, it may be for the best.

THE PLAYER is given control.

A thought bubble appears over Lark's head in a more cartoonish style.

The player must **complete the actions as Lark speaks to continue the dialog.**

A lone broom appears in the bubble.

LARK (CONT'D)
I thought I could work my way up.

THE PLAYER pushes the broom, back and forth, kicking up dust.

LARK (CONT'D)
But nothing ever changed.

The broom falls over with a DONK! A present day Lark appears in the bubble with a bucket and sponge.

THE PLAYER srubs the imaginary deck with the sponge- creating tiny soap bubbles.

SAOIRSE
You're still a dock's hand? But
that was years ago!

LARK
A deck hand, yeah. I don't know,
things seemed good on the whale.

Captain Hardtack appears in the thought, well-dressed and well-groomed. He smiles and poses.

LARK (CONT'D)
When I was younger.

THE PLAYER clicks, the Captain POOFS! And reveals his true, gross appearance.

THE PLAYER shoves Hardtack out of the thought bubble.

LARK (CONT'D)
I don't know what I thought

The Whimpering Whale fades into the thought.

LARK (CONT'D)
I did everything right,

THE PLAYER unravels a pile of rope. Each unraveled piece sparkles with happy particles.

LARK (CONT'D)
everything the best,

THE PLAYER is in control of the imagined *Whale* moving the direction control up aims its cannons upwards. THE PLAYER clicks, fireworks erupt out of the canons.

LARK (CONT'D)
But it was all for nothing.

The thought bubble contains a Captain Hardtack again. He stomps his feet and yells at an imaginary Lark.

Lark blinks, the thought bubble dissipates like a cloud.

Lark fishes a necklace out of her shirt. The necklace, a shard of scuffed obsidian hooked to a weathered chain, shimmers in the moonlight. She fidgets with the obsidian pendant.

LARK (CONT'D)
I have to go home now.

ALORA
Oh Lark, I'm sorry.

Saoirse pouts, tracing her fingers through the sand of the stony shore. She stops. Her whole body perks up.

SAOIRSE
Just build your own ship!

LARK
Well sure, thats the goal.

The thought bubble appears again. Inside are hand-drawn cartoony waves. THE PLAYER is given a pen tool.

LARK (CONT'D)
Of course I wanted my own
ship.

A dotted line silhouette of a ship appears on the water. THE PLAYER is allowed to free draw on the waves. (Ideally the player begins to draw the ship)

As THE PLAYER draws- Lark continues.

LARK (CONT'D)
And I know how to run it now,

Player keeps drawing.

LARK (CONT'D)
But who am I. If all of those
sailors thought I was dirt then how
am I supposed to get a crew,

The sensitivity of the pen tool is increased- causing the Player to make more erratic movements. With each word out of Lark, the sensitivity increases

LARK (CONT'D)
Or a title? Or a legacy? Not to
mention I need to make trade routes
and negotiations and friends!

The pen tool is out of control- drawing frantically on its own.

The pen stops.

SAOIRSE
Lark?

LARK

I know I could do it all. But I
need help.

Lark snaps out of a far-away stare. Inside the thought bubble, the image of a shape emerges. *The Gore*: an elegant ship adorned with crimson sails and a hull carved to look like a baroque sculpture of bones, blood, and guts.

The image of *The Gore* flickers like TV static.

The bubble disappears.

LARK (CONT'D)

What do you know about the
"Bleeding Goddess?"

SAOIRSE

"Bleeding Goddess?" What the hell
are you Twins on with these dumb
names...

ALORA

Do you mean Daphne? Lark I'm gonna
be honest I think she's gotta be
long dead by now.

SAOIRSE

Oh yeah, Lark that's old history
stuff.

Lark stands, clutching her pendant.

LARK

But still! The sea, it's still pink
isn't it?

SAOIRSE

I mean sure but, that might just be
how it stayed...

LARK

Fine, IF the goddess is alive can
you imagine what she could teach
me? Alive! For a millenium! Alora,
imagine how much *time* she's had to
perfect her powers!

ALORA

(Speaking quickly)
Now that's a good point, my cousin Lunera did a "Fiber-Anchoring" with her hunting coven last month and I swear I saw them call a ship in from across the Pire...!

SAOIRSE

I don't see what this has to do with getting you a ship.

Lark sits again, she takes Saoirse's hand.

LARK

It'll be more than the ship. It would mean my legacy, my life! In my own control. I could live forever, WE could live forever!

Saoirse blushes and laughs.

SAOIRSE

You're out of your mind with all this.

LARK

(laughing)
I really don't have much else going for me.

They unclasp hands.

SAOIRSE

Alright here's what we do. We build your ship and then MAYBE we see about Daphne.

LARK AND ALORA

Hell yeah.

SAOIRSE

If you're gonna be disappointed I would like you to at least be afloat and disappointed.

LARK

Ok! That's very true!

Lark smiles and clips the necklace back around her neck.

ALORA

She should hang out in Summer for now...

In the distance, *The Whale's* cannon sounds once. It sounds again, this time underwater. Sirens back at the boat hoot and holler.

ALORA (CONT'D)
Probably safer for you...

LARK
Ok also true.

SAOIRSE
Yeah! Theres a little patch of land out East, but its a little far.

ALORA
Yeah no way I'm carrying you out all that way.

SAOIRSE
Hey no problem, theres plenty here.

Saoirse glides along the shallows.

THE PLAYER is in control.

As Saoirse the Player must **search for and assemble debris into a makeshift raft.**

LARK (O.S.)
You didn't keep our old campsite did you?

THE PLAYER picks up a length of rope. Alora catches up and takes it from Saoirse. Alora pulls at the rope. She smiles, seeing that it's strong.

SAOIRSE
Of course! I knew we'd crash into each other again sometime!

THE PLAYER picks up a sturdy trapdoor. Alora gasps excitedly. She takes the door as well of screen.

LARK (O.S.)
Oh yeah, that'll work great, thank you.

SAOIRSE
You need a buoyancy thing huh?

LARK (O.S.)
Yeah exactly!

THE PLAYER clicks on a barrel.

SAOIRSE
Just gotta fix this a bit...

THE PLAYER is prompted to **split the barrel in half**.

Saoirse must align her karate-chop directly in the middle of the barrel's top.

FAILURE:

Saoirse bruises her hand.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
OW!

She tries again.

SUCCESS:

The barrel splits into two perfect halves.

LARK (O.S.)
Perfect! Just gotta put it all
together.

A blueprint-like sheet of paper with 3 slots covers the screen. THE PLAYER **must assemble the raft by dragging each component's card into place**.

1: THE PLAYER puts the barrels at the bottom

ALORA
Oh yeah, that air's goin nowhere.

2: THE PLAYER puts the door on top

SAOIRSE
Seems sturdy enough.

3: THE PLAYER loops and ties the rope through a hole in the door

LARK
Yup! Should be good to go!

The blueprint closes, the gang stands behind a newly constructed raft.

The three push the raft out to the shallows.

Lark steps onto the door carefully, slowly. The raft shakes. It stabilizes.

ALORA
ALRIGHT!

SAOIRSE
'Lor if you keep the back level I
can tow from up here.

ALORA
Sure thing, boss!

SAOIRSE
Strap in, this might take a while.

LARK
I'll do my best over here.

Lark jerks nervously, the raft shutters as Alora positions
herself at its stern.

(END)

GENERAL GORE SAILING

EXT. THE GORE

The Gore sails gently along The Summer Sea. In the distances sits The Pire, the long dormant volcano.

Saoirse sits in a carved out pool in the deck filled with sea water. Paper lines the rim of the pool, each covered in sketches and drawings. She sits staring out at the ocean.

Alora rests on a juttred out wing on the side of the ship. She swings her arm lazily at the ocean below and hums a shanty.

The camera pans to Lark at the helm.

The Player is **in control of the ship** .

The camera views the ship at a side profile. Lark's practice with Fiber allows her to control the ship with her mind.

Clicking on any pulley (turning the mast/raising or lowering sails) brings up a mini-puzzle.

The Pulley puzzle is a tiny circular tube with a circle inside the loop. Similar to Operation, the controlled object (circle) cannot touch the sides of the loop. The Player moves the circle clockwise or counter clockwise depending on intended action. (ex: clockwise on sail pulley lowers the sails).

During puzzles, Lark narrows her eyes at the focused pulley and makes tiny rotating motions with her hands.

Failing a pulley puzzle:

The pulley snaps off of its axel! The boat shakes back and forth. Alora clings to the wing like a scared cat.

LARK

Shit.

SAOIRSE

I'm on it!

Saoirse leaps from her pool and grabs the affected pulley.

A mini game appears where The Player **must move the pulley back to its axel with lots of resistance.**

Saoirse leaps back to her pool.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
 We need to buy you glue or
 something- poor girl.

Saoirse pats the ship's deck.

(END of Failure)

The Player **responds to the environment cues to determine course of action.**

EXAMPLE 1:

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
 We have winds coming in at our
 front!

A wind icon appears on screen facing the ship. The long flag at the top of the crow's nest faces back.

The Player **clicks on the sail pulleys to raise sails (Minigame).**

EXAMPLE 2:

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
 Wind is changing, we should catch
 it!

The long flag at the top of the crow's nest faces the camera.

The Player **clicks on the mast pulleys to rotate the sails. (Minigame)**

The Player **accelerates the ship by clicking on Alora.** Alora uses Fiber by way of Siren song to make the ship go faster or stop.

EXAMPLE SONGS:

Alora sings impromptu lines. She holds the last note with gusto and vibrato.

ALORA
 (Singing)
*Please MOVE!! Big ass ship we need
 you to MOVEE!*

ALORA (CONT'D)

(Singing)

Halt the water, frozen water, the
ship will STOPP!

ALORA (CONT'D)

(Singing)

The wind in our sails, the sun's
shining so bright,
We're movin' and groovin' on into
the night!

GENERAL GORE COMBAT

EXT. THE GORE

The Gore sails along the Summer Sea. The ship shakes. Lark stumbles then swings her arms, and regains her balance. Saoirse leaps from the pool and grabs the bow's railing. Alora pushes herself close to the ship's body.

ALORA

What's going on?

LARK

I'm not sure.

SAOIRSE

Well we didn't hit anything, that's for sure.

The camera pans down, viewing The Gore from a top-down perspective.

The Floundering Whale, an enormous patchwork galleon is coming up from the left side. *The Floundering Whale* is based upon the badly damaged hull of Captain Hardtack's original *Whimpering Whale*. Each of its three post-humorously added upper decks are painted a different color, scrapped from other ships. The top-most deck is painted gold and is adorned with a massive anchor wheel housing a finely decorated anchor.

Captain Hardtack bursts through a door on the highest deck. He is well groomed, wearing a golden coat, adorned with a golden belt, which itself holds five swords.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK

LARKINEON! Did ye believe ye could truly part with The Whale? Ye dare challenge me legacy? With ye 'maid ship!?

There is a moment of silence. Lark is 50 feet below Hardtack's top deck and cannot hear him.

LARK

What??

CAPTAIN HARDTACK

Damn it all. First Mate! Engage harpoon!

The harpoons rest on a ship hull in the middle of the ship sandwich that is *The Floundering Whale*. The harpoons go off with a BANG!

ALORA
Make some room!

Alora skitters up the Gore. She makes her way to Saoirse's pool and jumps in. Saoirse joins her. Lark crouches to the deck floor.

CRASH! The harpoons penetrate the sides of The Gore. Their mechanisms tick. They slowly pull The Gore out of the water and up to the middle deck.

The Whale creaks and lists towards the new weight of The Gore.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
There ye are.

Lark blinks, wide-eyed. She stares at Hardtack.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (CONT'D)
LARKINEON! I must admit you've impressed us.

Lark stands up straight.

LARK
What? Impressed?

Whale sailors throw six hooked ropes onto the Gore from the Whale's mid-deck.

SAOIRSE
Lark? Lark what's the call?

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
Of course. You've made a real dent kid. And what did I expect! I taught you me-self.

LARK
I.. You're proud?

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
Proud as if you were me own daughter.

Lark shudders. The Whale sailors begin the pull on the ropes. They pull the Gore closer. The Whale creaks, listing more.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (CONT'D)
 Tell you what Lark. You've come so far that I'm willing to give you another chance. I'll take that little boat off of your hands.

SAOIRSE
 (To Alora)
 C'mon. Neither of us will hold for too long like this.

Alora nods, both sneak to The Gore's railing.

The Player is given a mini game in the corner of the screen.

The Player **must weaken the six ropes, ripping them apart.**

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
 (Whispering)
 If Lark can give this guy the business, we can get the hell out of here.

ALORA
 (Whisper Singing)
 Please screw off boat, I would prefer being able to float, bigger boat!

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
 Hell, it can sail with us too!
 Another *grand* addition to my golden legacy. What do you think Lark?
 I'll make it the new top deck, hm?

The first ropes snap.

LARK
 My ship..

CAPTAIN HARDTACK
 That's right! You put this dingy together all by yourself. Why, I think you'd be a better first mate than this old barnacle!

The First Mate narrows his eyes at the Captain.

The Player snaps another rope. The Gore lurches downward by a deck.

Hardtack speaks quickly now. He angrily gestures his sailors at the ropes. He turns and smiles at Lark.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK (CONT'D)
 So what do you say kiddo, a whole
 new adventure with your ol' family
 and crew?

Lark blinks. She turns her head towards Saoirse and Alora cutting ropes.

The Player has three more ropes to go.

Lark stares up at Hardtack. She raises her hand. The Captain smiles down at Lark.

The Player is given a **prompt to button mash**.

Lark slams her hand down through the air. SNAP! The Gore plummets to the ocean below, snapping the remaining ropes as it falls.

The Captain hollers.

SAOIRSE
 HAHA! Lark that was awesome!

Lark smiles. Alora rushes to the Gore's cannons.

LARK
 Well, not out of the riptide yet.

On the Whale, deck after deck reveals a row of cannons. They all point downwards simultaneously.

LARK (CONT'D)
 'Lor, keep us moving, don't stop.

Lark runs over to man a cannon. Saoirse does the same.

ALORA
 You got it!

ALORA (CONT'D)
 (Singing to the tune of Union
 Dixie)
*Fly away! Fly away! Sailing fast
 into the spray,
 We'll outrun that Whale, make our
 getaway. All away! Fly away!*

The Player **aims the cannons towards the Whale and shoots**.

CRASH! The bottom deck of the Whale fills with holes. It sinks down into the water.

BOOM! All of the non-submerged Whale cannons fire.

ALORA (CONT'D)

(Singing)

*To the right! To the right! For our
sake please turn right!*

The Gore lurches to the right, avoiding the canon-fire.

(repeat top canon-avoid section if below is not completed
successfully)

The Player as Saoirse **aims another canon. Within the canon
FOV, The Whale's top deck anchor wheel pulses.**

The Player fires- the canon ball slams into the anchor wheel.
The anchor falls off. CLICK CLICK CLICK, CRASH CRASH CRASH!
The anchor barrels through each deck with its massive weight.
SPLASH! The anchor hits the ocean.

The Whale creaks. It slams to a halt. Each deck slides and
collides into each other- the entire ship in disrepair.

CAPTAIN HARDTACK

LARKINEON!

The captains yell grows quieter. The Gore sails onward,
rocking with the unsettled tide.

A BREATHLESS ENCOUNTER

EXT: THE GORE - NIGHT

The Gore approaches The Pire, a long-dormant volcano. The water below is murky and red. The waves lap lightly at the ship's hull.

SAOIRSE

This is a good of a spot as any,
park her here.

Lark nods. She raises her hand, she grips the open air. The lowered sails twitch.

The sail pulley maze puzzle appears on screen.

The Player **performs the sail pulley puzzle Counter clockwise, raising sails.**

(See Failing a Pulley Puzzle)

Failure:

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Watch! We still need to go home
after this.

Saoirse fixes the pulley (**mini game**)

(End Failure)

Lark raises her clenched hand above her head. The sails shoot up. The pulleys lock with a CLICK!

Alora clears her throat. She sings, holding the last note dramatically.

ALORA

(Singing)

PUMP THE BRAKES!

The Gore lurches, and stops. Saoirse hurls an anchor over the side of the ship.

Alora peaks down over the ship wing she lays on. She pushes herself forward, hitting the water with a SPLASH!

She swims under the water. She powers back to the surface.

ALORA (CONT'D)
OW SHIT my eyes!

Alora rubs her eyes. She blinks, readies herself, then leaps out of the water and onto the wing once again. She slips slightly from the added water. She steadies herself, still blinking.

SAOIRSE
What? You don't have these lil
puppies?

Saoirse blinks, revealing a set of translucent eyelids.

ALORA
(Laughing)
EW! That's nasty.

SAOIRSE
Not as nasty as your infected
eyeballs.

Lark swallows hard, her face goes white.

LARK
Shit I should've considered this.
We need more time.

Lark begins pacing. The ship creaks in response.

Saoirse grabs Lark by her shoulder.

SAOIRSE
Hey, it's gonna be ok. We'll get
this right, plan it out together,
huh?

Lark's breathing slows.

LARK
Yeah.. Yeah ok we'll figure this
out.

She shakes out her hands.

LARK (CONT'D)
When the sun rises, we can see what
supplies we have onboard.

SAOIRSE
Ok! That works!

ALORA (O.S.)
WE'RE CALLING IT A NIGHT?!

SAOIRSE

YEAH!

ALORA

UGH!

THUMP! Alora flops over on the ships wing.

Saorise glances back to Lark. Lark stares at the deck, hands in her pockets.

SAOIRSE

You're alright, she's waited this long, she can wait a little more.

Saoirse squeezes Lark's shoulder. Lark smiles faintly. Saoirse sinks to the bottom of her pool.

Lark sighs. She looks up to the stars. She looks down at the crimson water. Lark walks slowly into her Captain's Quarters and closes the door.

INT: LARK'S ROOM

The Captain's Quarters rocks slightly with the tide. Lark sleeps soundly on a patchwork cot by the back wall.

A thought bubble appears over Lark's head.

Inside the bubble, cartoon waves flow back and forth.

The Player is given a **pen tool**.

A dotted silhouette of a fish appears on the screen.

Whatever the player draws, gains a swimming animation. The waves are populated by the player's drawn fish. They jump out of the water like dolphins and splash back down into the drawn sea.

The image flickers like an old television.

Lark frowns.

The pen tool is slowly pulled away from the Player's cursor. The pen begins to draw in red ink.

It slowly paints a scribbled red background. The pen works its way from top to bottom, moving shakily.

If the player tries to click anywhere on the screen, they can only draw a mark before the pen is ripped back to its purpose.

Lark sweats, she tosses to her the side.

The pen draws a scribbled red background. Only two almond shaped white spots remain.

The pen zips to the white spots. It draws a circle, another circle. It fills in two smaller circles.

The final image is a realistic pair of eyes in an otherwise filled sea of red.

Lark shudders.

The eyes blink. Their pupils focus. They quickly draw back in on themselves, angry.

DAPHNE

You're here. I can feel you here.

The voice is deep, clear as a bell.

Lark gasps and shudders, still asleep.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

I've waited. No one, and now you.

CREAK! The ship is yanked downwards.

Lark tosses again.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)

You mock me. You sit on the precipice.

LARK

(asleep)
No...

DAPHNE

I will extend. My invitation.

The red lines squirm. They squirm faster and faster. They burst.

Lark shoots upright and awake, the thought bubble disappears.

Her eyes are wide. She looks side to side. She runs towards the camera, toward the cabin window.

The camera pans out, The Gore sinks slowly. The ship creaks and complains. It sinks deeper with a hiss. The crimson water around the ship bubbles.

LARK
SAOIRSE?

Lark launches to her feet. She runs out of her cabin barefoot towards Saoirse's pool.

Saoirse rises slowly. She blinks and looks around.

SAOIRSE
What...

ALORA (O.S.)
(Singing)
Ascend! Ascend from the depths from
the squall!

ALORA (CONT'D)
(Singing louder)
It would be really shitty if you
SANKY!

Lark grips Saoirse by her shoulders.

LARK
We have to go, now.

SAOIRSE
What? You're sure?

ALORA (O.S.)
Whatever you have to do, do!
Something wants us down there.

SAOIRSE
Oh! Oh wow.

The ship sinks lower. Alora climbs into frame, clutching the ship railing.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Ok! It's just liked we practiced.
We're gonna jump, and your skin's
gonna be like a filter ok?

Lark looks around. Her breathing quickens.

LARK
Yeah.. yeah ok.

SAOIRSE
'Lor, stay with the ship. Any lower
and we'll take on water.

ALORA
You got it.

ALORA (CONT'D)
(Singing Operatically)
Rise damn you!

Saoirse turns to Lark. She extends her hand.

SAOIRSE
Ready?

Lark grabs her hand and shudders.

LARK
Yeah. Let's move.

Lark turns, she nods to Alora. Saoirse yanks Lark over the ship railing. SPLASH! The two dive into the red ocean below.

Lark gasps for air. She takes a deep gulp.

THE PLAYER **must plan for the journey.** 1 card slot appears above Lark's head.

SAOIRSE
Alright, I'll take in a little air
for you as well ok? Just keep your
eyes closed and I'll get you down
there.

Saoirse takes a deep breath of air- puffing out her cheeks. She flicks down her clear eyelids. Saoirse holds Lark under her arms.

3 animated cards appear below the slot. The first is a fish floundering and caught in a net. The second is a swirling whirlpool. The third is a steady stream of water trickling through a dam of stones.

Selecting any of the first two cards results in failure:

Lark's breathing quickens.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)
Easy, easy.

THE PLAYER must complete a box-breathing mini-game. A square appears on screen with dots on each of its four corners. The dots slowly light up in a sequence running clockwise. Clicking on each dot in sequence "wins" the mini-game.

Lark's breathing slows. Saoirse nods. She descends into the water with Lark.

The water is a translucent crimson.

The Player is in control of movement. Saoirse swims downwards.

The Player is in control of Lark. Lark must keep calm and take in oxygen through her skin.

The majority of the screen is the deep ocean. In the right hand corner, there is are 2 card slots and 6 cards.

The Player has 30 seconds to sort through the pile of cards and find the correct 2 cards:

1. Lark's own hand, the skin made up of tiny holes
2. Water passing through Lark's hand. On the other side it becomes a cloud of air.

The other 4 cards are random objects: fish, crab, flag, waves.

Failure:

Box Breathing Mini Game:

Lark flails in the water. Saoirse flips her around, pressing her mouth against hers, blowing in oxygen from the surface.

The box appears on screen. Upon completion, Lark relaxes and The Player can continue swimming.

(End Failure)

The Player is in control of movement.

The Player is in control of Lark.

The Player has 30 seconds to sort through the pile of cards and find the correct 2 cards again.

Failure: **Box Breathing Mini Game-** Saoirse shares her oxygen

Success: The water darkens, Lark and Saoirse become gray silhouettes.

Pointy rocks fade in on the sides of the screen. The Player has a narrower play window.

The Player moves deeper downwards.

The Player is in control of Lark.

The Player has 30 seconds to sort through the pile of cards and find the correct 2 cards again.

Failure: **Box Breathing Mini Game-** Saoirse shares her oxygen

Success: The water darkens more, Lark and Saoirse become black silhouettes in a deep red backdrop.

They move further downward. The pointy rocks move inward. The play-space narrows further.

The Player is in control of Lark.

The Player has 30 seconds to sort through the pile of cards and find the correct 2 cards again.

Failure: **Box Breathing Mini Game-** Saoirse shares her oxygen

Success:

The rocks move in tightly. Saoirse can only move straight down.

The screen shakes. The Player swims down into an open chamber.

The chamber is an oval, bordered by rock walls.

The Player rests on the bottom. Saoirse releases Lark. The two float off of the floor.

The water background shifts, it shudders.

Two eye lids faze in from the crimson background. The snap open, brow furrowed.

The rest of Daphne fades in. Her eyes and outline of her face are the clearest to see, the rest of her is heavily obscured by the red.

She tilts her head to the side. Her pupils focus.

Lark floats with her arms tense.

LARK

...

SAOIRSE

(Underwater)
Lark?

Lark swivels to Saoirse. Her silhouette raises her hand to her mouth. Lark trembles.

SLAM! Daphne's hand emerges from the deep, crashing onto the seafloor between Lark and Saoirse.

A torrent of an even darker crimson spills from Daphne's side. She winces.

DAPHNE

Why. Did you seek me.

The Player is in control. A pen tool appears just below Daphne's head.

The outline of The Gore (First edition: The raft made of barrels and a trap door) appears in tiny shimmering dots.

The Player begins to **trace the shape**.

A red pen appears. It is shaking. Daphne's eyes widen, her pupils dilate.

The raft is fully formed out of star-like shimmering lines. It rocks back and forth on an invisible tide.

The red pen slowly moves towards the ship. It draws intricately and beautifully. The pen draws the ocean under the ship with well-detailed waves. The cartoony ship is a stark contrast to the semi-realistic waves.

A new connect the dots appears: It forms the second edition of the Gore (A tiny dingy with a hand-painted sail.)

The Player **traces the shape**.

Daphne relaxes her face. The red pen slides to the ship's deck. It draws Lark's upper torso. Daphne frowns.

The outline of Lark's legs appears.

The Player **traces the shape**.

Daphne tips her head to the side. Her eyes scan Lark up and down.

A new connect the dots appears: It forms the third and final edition of the Gore. (A proud Galleon)

The Player **traces the shape**.

Daphne snaps her head upwards. She looks at the surface. She smiles, slowly pulling her head down towards Lark.

Lark holds still.

The red pen draws the Gore's intricate hull design, it draws detailed clouds above, each drawing going faster. She draws fish leaping from the waves.

The vision fades out. Daphne blinks. Lark reaches for her necklace. She snaps the chain and holds the obsidian pendant high above her head.

Two giant fingers reach out and pinch the pendant.

Daphne's eyes tighten. Her pupils go wiggly and glassy with tears.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 You sought memory, of me?

Lark stiffens, she clenches her necklace. her voice quivers. Water is entering her lungs.

 LARK
 Only you.

Lark panics.

 LARK (CONT'D)
 You would. Understand this power.

Daphne's eyes widen. She lets go of the pendant. Her hand snaps around Lark. Her thumb covering Lark's mouth. Her voice is shaky.

 DAPHNE
 I do. I have. And I have done
 nothing. You have wrought
 everything.

The sparking image of the Gore appears again.

 DAPHNE (CONT'D)
 In my name, reject the isolation
 I've been entombed in.

Lark wrestles her face from behind Daphne's thumb.

The image disappears.

 LARK
 Your power, you could teach me!

Daphne frowns. Her lip quivers.

DAPHNE

You will pull creation from the
mud. I will cower and stave off the
rot.

Lark shivers. Her motions grow slower. Saoirse rushes to her.
She grapples Lark under her arms once again.

SAOIRSE

Please, she won't make it back!

Daphne thumps both fists on the sea-floor. Blood gushes from
her sides, obscuring her face and eyes. The water bubbles as
if it were boiling.

DAPHNE

My daughter of blood...

The water bursts! Like a geyser Lark and Saoirse are shot up
and out of Daphne's grave.

The two are propelled up through the long decent.

SPLOOSH! The two rocket up to the surface. They land back in
the sea.

The Gore is behind them. Alora is flipped upside down on her
usual wing of the ship. She picks a piece of seaweed off of
the hull. She flips upward seeing the two return.

ALORA

Hey?!

Alora dives in after them. Saoirse powers back to the surface
and treads. She holds Lark, limp in her arms.

SAOIRSE

Lark? Lark, its all alright you did
it!

Lark coughs, a bit of sea water sprays from her mouth.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

Oh! Hang on!

THE PLAYER is given control

Player must **orient Saoirse's arms in the correct position for
Heimlich.**

ANY FAILURE:

Lark cartoonishly yelps in pain.

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 pulls away from Saoirse. She takes a deep breath and holds her hand to her chest.

She turns, and takes Saoirse by the hands.