

EXT. SETTING --- RENDA HARBOR ON THE PILERAN BAY- DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT: The camera slowly moves over a sunny, but polluted fishing harbor. Small shops and buildings facing the harbor crowd grimy cobblestone streets. Aged Pileran citizens hobble to and fro, bartering their wares. Off in the distance, a Pileran Naval blockade perforates the murky bay. Aside from Spurgulls honking and snapping their barbed beaks, the morning is rather quiet.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When Luck, Chance,
Serendipity, are all outlawed,
Fate becomes the Law.

What if a girl dared to take
a gift never Fated to her?

What then happens to the
Outlaws?

TITLE SCREEN:

Luckless/Soundless

THIRD PERSON GAME PLAY

EXT. THE DECK OF THE SWIFT-FIN FISHING
BOAT- DAY

SCREEN SHOWS A TEENAGE FEMALE PILERAN NAMED KERI SCRUBBING THE DECK OF A WORN FISHING VESSEL. STANDING NEXT TO KERI ON THE DECK IS HER GRANDMA, MAMA LUM, HAULING A LONG GREEN SNIPERFISH FROM A FRAYED NET.

Keri is a tan, gangly sixteen year old with calloused hands. She is wearing oversized, white, linen top and loose brown pants. Her messy, short dark-blue hair is pushed back by a green headband and her expression tense and focused.

Mama Lum is short, hunched, and her knuckles knocked and bulged from hard use. She has leathery tan skin and wearing a faded blue linen shirt over loose grey pants. Her dark blue hair is also cropped short, and covered with a pink headscarf.

KERI (V.O.)

Maybe if I scrub this acid
rain residue off by noon,
Mama Lum will let me meet up
with Daza for lunch. I told
Mama Lum that we had a hiding
place so the Marshall Guards
wouldn't ticket us for
leisure and loitering. She
had to be a kid once too, and
it's not like we've caught
much except that one Green
Sniperfish.

Mama Lum finally untangles the
ugly, Green Sniperfish from the

netting and tosses it into a lacquered wooden crate.

MAMA LUM

You're gonna wear a hole in the deck if you scrub that spot any longer, child. Don't tell me you're daydreaming about venturing out over yonder.

Mama Lum motions with her chin out to the Naval Blockade.

MAMA LUM(continues)

Those days are long behind us ever-

Keri huffs, pausing from her scrubbing.

KERI

(interrupts)

--Yeah, ever since /the mighty Grand Marshalls went to war with Nemli over some dumb rocks and poisoned the entire Nemli Bay and damn near everything in it just to show they could/.

Mama Lum's eyes go wide as she hoists up the lacquered box containing the fish. Mama Lum hunkers down a bit towards Keri.

MAMA LUM

Keri! What has gotten into you? You need to keep your voice down. You don't know what sort of nosy bootkissers may be listenin' in. And you should best call it the 'Pileran Bay' now.

Keri sighs through her and stands up to stretch. She is a good head taller than Mama Lum. She gazes out to the Naval Blockade.

KERI

I was just quoting you! And yeah, I just get fed up sometimes. Don't you wish the bay could be back the way it was?

Mama Lum moves to stand in front of Keri with the box on her hip. She stares her down a little and smiles softly.

MAMA LUM

You're wasting your time worrying about what simply wasn't fated to be. If Pileran didn't blight the bay, who knows how many more Pilerans would have died? You were too young to...

(beat)

...oh drat, look what you got me harping on about. Chin up, sweetie. I'mma take this catch to Erming to inspect for Acid Osmosis. Maybe the Fates will look kindly on us, and this Sniperfish swallowed a whole seashell!

Mama Lum moves past Keri to the gangplank, and Keri puts her hands on her hips.

KERI

As if we'd be Fated for that sort of fortune. When are you finally going to let me help you with the fish? I can get to the Market faster, and your back won't ache so much after.

Mama Lum pauses and looks back with a twinkle in her eye.

MAMA LUM

These old bones got life in them yet. Besides you know how much your Mama Lum likes checking in on that handsome Erming. Mind the boat 'til I get back and enjoy the nice weather for once.

Keri makes a face.

KERI

Agh! I don't need to think of my Grandma getting sweet on the Market fisher! I'm gonna keep scrub this deck until I scrub that image out of my head...wait you probably planned this.

Mama Lum chuckles heartily.

MAMA LUM

An old woman like me has to get her laughs when she can. I'll be back sweetie, and remember, keep checking the anchor line for-

KERI

(interrupts good-naturedly)
--/for Vespers/. That's like saying check under the bed for monsters! I got this, shoo!

Mama Lum waves and turns to head off the boat. Keri tilts her head up, puts her hands behind her head to face the sunny sky, as if soaking the sun in.

CAMERA PANS OUT TO SHOW MORE OF THE DOCK, WHICH IS ONLY HALF-FILLED WITH SMALL BOATS. THE SWIFT-FIN IS AT THE END OF THE DOCK. MAMA LUM CROSSES THE GANGPLANK AND BEGINS TO WALK

DOWN THE SHORT DOCK, TOWARDS CAMERA
AND OFF SCREEN ONTO THE COBBLESTONE
ROAD. A WHITE AND BLACK SPURGULL
FLIES ACROSS THE FIELD OF VISION.

THE CAMERA IS BACK CLOSE IN ON THE
DECK OF THE SWIFT-FIN. KERI IS
KNEELING BACK DOWN ON THE DECK TO
PICK UP HER SCRUB BRUSH.

KERI (V.O.)

So much for meeting Daza,
he's gonna be so bummed. Mama
Lum will be out for a while on
her date, but it will be nice
to finally get some coin so we
can mend our clothes and get
some decent vegetables. This
is the first clear day we've
had in weeks; Mama Lum was
right; I should enjoy it while
it lasts.

Keri picks up the scrub brush, only
to have a glittering object skitter
across the worn boat deck right in
front of her. Keri bolts upright,
nearly jumping straight to her feet
in rare surprise.

KERI (V.O.)

It can't be...

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON A PEARLESCENT
SCALLOPED SHELL GLISTENING ON THE ROUGH
BOATDECK.

[Player then clicks on Seashell]

Keri launches herself across the worn wood, bruising both her knee and hip to grasp it.

KERI

Aahh shhh, that hurt...

(beat)

...I can't believe it! It's a real Seashell! I can hardly believe it, the last shellfish on the Renda Shoals died out when I was little! The Grand Marshall Fates have finally looked kindly upon us. We can afford for Mama Lum her back seen to. We could repair our windows, fill our pantry for food for months, more than enough for Daza too!

UNKNOWN CHARACTER (O.S.)

(Raspy and hoarse)

Fate has nothing to do with it. You're in the wrong place going against your own grain.

Keri freezes, nearly bobbling the shell. Slowly, she turns to the right towards the Starboard bow and spots the scaled, violet head of a Vesper, hand gripping the dry anchor line.

The Vesper is half man, half sea serpent. His scales are violet on the top of his head, back and outside of his arms, and a lavender color on his face, chest and underarms. His scales large and hard like a crocodile's and are long and tall on the crest of his head, but flat and smooth along the rest of his body.

This Vesper's eyes are a bright purple to match his scales. His face appears rather human, even with a small flat nose, and bright purple eyes to match his scales. However his mouth is lined with white, serrated, spade-shaped teeth and he has gills on the side of his neck. Vespers can also on command extend the fingernails on their webbed hands into sharp talons.

KERI (V.O.)

A VESPER!

Keri drops the shell to the deck to clamp her hands over her ears.

KERI (V.O.)

Oh this is useless. Even if he doesn't sing and lure me to him, it wouldn't take long for him to come up on the deck to slash me open like a fish. I'm such an idiot.

Keri watches as the Vesper merely points to a long, rough scar long its throat. She could hear muffled laughter.

VESPER

Don't worry; I'm not going to sing. I can't anymore. You should pick up that shell I gave you before a Spurgull swoops in and thinks it's edible. They'll eat anything.

The Vesper is smiling, showing rows of his serrated spade-shaped teeth. It is pointing up at the circling white and black Spurgulls. The Vesper flaps one of his scaled, violet arms, mocking the birds.

KERI

What...

(beat)

... but you're a Vesper, you're the vanguard for the Nemli!
Why give this Seashell to me?

Keri cautiously takes her hands off her ears and picks up the shell, watching the Vesper intently. The Vesper simply bobs his head from side to side.

VESPER

Yes, I'm a Vesper and I was a part of the Nemli Vanguard, keyword, was. You can call me Yllan. I gave it to you because I've been watching you and your grandma and you're both barely getting by. You're both also pretty bad fishermen.

Keri balks in offense.

KERI

Alright, for your information, we'll be doing better once the Major and Minor Moon's tides synch-up...

(beat)

...Wait, are you serious? Have you been spying on me?

YLLAN (Vesper)

More like Pileran watching. You, along with your grandma, Mama Lum, and that other male Pileran with the long teal hair seem kind enough. I haven't caught your name yet though.

KERI

I'm Keri, and my friend is Daza. He is nice, not sure he'd like you though. I know Mama Lum would come at you with an oar.

YLLAN

Ha, I bet she's better with an oar than a fishing net! But, I'm sure she'd come around once I told her I fetched that Green Sniperfish fresh from the Grand Lemli current, and threw it into your net. That fish has no Acid Osmosis to speak of. She'll get plenty of coin for it.

Keri's brow creases in confusion.

KERI

Why are you helping us? I mean, we...

(beat)

...you. We aren't even supposed to be talking. I could get thrown in the stockade just for this, is this some sort of trick?

Yllan's purple eyes go wide and he emphatically waives his arm to dismiss the idea. His webbed fingers splayed in a no-harm stance.

YLLAN

No trick, I swear it. I just wanted to help.

<i>THE CHOICE DIALOG APPEARS. ONLY ONE CHOICE MAY BE SELECTED</i>	
RESPONSE	YLLAN'S RESPONSE
I don't think anyone simply wants	I just wanted to see what normal

to help. Everyone has an angle.	Pilerans were like, and well let's just say I was pleasantly surprised.
I've never heard of a Vesper being this generous.	Did you hear this from the Marshall Guards? No doubt they'd never say anything good about us.
No, This must be a Nemli trick or scheme, get lost!	Alright, Alright, I'll leave. Just, please don't call the Guards.

[The following dialogues serve to continue the dialogue chosen by the player.]

If the player chose response 1:

KERI

Well, I suppose I can say likewise. You haven't tried to lure me with your siren call to eat me alive.

Yllan's face breaks into a gleeful smile and he covers a laugh.

YLLAN

You're a riot! As if we ever use our Arias for that...
(beat)
...Yet, I'm glad you like the Seashell, it wasn't easy to find.

Keri's eyes go wide in realization and she groans.

KERI

That's right! The appraiser will never believe this shell

just appeared on the deck of my boat! She may even think I stole it from a Royal! What am I supposed to tell her?

YLLAN

Say you were out by the Renda Shoals and found it in the muck stuck to your anchor line. Trust me, that'll convince her because it's where I found it.

KERI

Oh, oh that's brilliant! The Shoals were the last place to have shellfish. Yes! Thanks Yllan.

Yllan smiles and makes a satisfied trilling, clicking noise with his gills at the use of his name.

YLLAN

I should go now. The Guards will make their dock rounds soon. I'll be around later, if you want to talk more.

KERI

I need to go too so I can get this appraised before Mama Lum comes back. And yeah, I'd like that! Maybe tonight, it'd be harder for the guards to see you.

Yllan smiles broadly. He nods and waves before slipping soundlessly into the murky harbor water.

If the player chose response 2:

KERI

Why would they? We had a war and they fought in it. They probably had friends of theirs who got killed by the Nemli forces, including the Vespers, which means you.

Yllan visibly shrinks, eyes darkening a little in hurt.

YLLAN

If it's all the same to you, I'd rather not talk about the war.

Keri purses her lips, and examines the shell. A moment passes.

KERI

It's really a pretty shell.

YLLAN

It wasn't easy to find a whole one.

Keri's eyes go wide in realization and she groans.

KERI

That's right! The appraiser will never believe this shell just appeared on the deck of my boat! She may even think I stole it from a Royal! What am I supposed to tell her?

Yllan smiles a little, recovering some composure, and wiggles the anchor line.

YLLAN

Could always say you found it stuck to your anchor line, which is half a truth because that's where you found me.

KERI

That could work. people have found all sorts of debris from hauling up their anchors. Thanks.

YLLAN

I need to go; the Guards will make their rounds soon. Maybe I'll see you around?

KERI

Oh, I need to go too so I can get this appraised before Mama Lum comes back. And, um yeah, just don't surprise me again.

Yllan nods and waves before slipping soundlessly into the murky harbor water.

If the player chose response 3:

KERI

I'm not going to call the Guards, I'm not heartlessly cruel.

Yllan's face crumples a bit, purple eyes darkening and glazing over in hurt.

YLLAN

But you still believe I'm bewitching you...

(beat)

...So you must believe that I'm capable of heartless cruelty.

KERI

I don't know what to believe. I don't believe you have no reason to help me. But I don't get why out of all Pilerans, you'd try to trick me. I don't have anything of value, and I don't have any influence in society.

YLLAN

I was curious about normal Pilerans. I've heard things and wanted to see for myself.

Keri opens her mouth to say something, but closes it, and fidgets a little looking the shell.

KERI

I still can't believe this is a real seashell.

YLLAN

Well, it is real, and it took me a few whole days to find as well.

Keri's eyes go wide in realization and she groans.

KERI

That's right! The appraiser will never believe this shell just appeared on the deck of my boat! She may even think I stole it from a Royal! What am I supposed to tell her?

YLLAN

I'm sure you'll think of something. The appraiser may not even ask you where you found it.

KERI

Yeah, I'd make for a pretty lousy thief if I went to the

city appraiser to get it
valued as well.

YLLAN

Probably. I'm going to leave
before the Guards come down
to check on the dock.

KERI

OK. Take care, I guess!

Yllan recovers his composure a bit,
and nods before slipping soundlessly
into the murky harbor water.

[All versions pick up here:]

Keri looks down at the shell and
slips it carefully into a pocket in
her pants.

SEASHELL IS ADDED TO SPECIAL INVENTORY

KERI (V.O.)

Well, this has certainly been a
bizarrely Fated day. Time to go
get this Seashell appraised!

CAMERA VIEW ANGLES TOWARDS GANGPLANK
TOWARDS TOWN. A LIMITED CITY MAP APPEARS
IN THE UPPERCORNER WITH A BEACON LIT.

[ALL SUBSETS END HERE]

