**EXT. GULLIVER’S SHIP - MORNING**

A small, weather-beaten pirate ship sails steadily through the ocean waters, closely approaching a large, sandy shoreline. The morning sun peeks over the horizon, casting a bright glare across the worn wooden deck, slick with splatter from the nearby waves.

GULLIVER (20), a scruffy and lanky young man with messy brown hair and a smattering of freckles, is slouched over the wheel, snoring loudly.

The ship sails closer to the shoreline, creaking and groaning as if protesting. Eventually, it smashes into land with a loud CRASH.

Gulliver leaps from his sleep, swinging his arm to battle an imagined enemy, screaming:

GULLIVER

(panicking)

Aaaaaah!

Gulliver quickly realizes there is no threat and calms down. He peers over the side of the boat at his surroundings.

GULLIVER

(sheepishly)

Land...ho?

PELLY (19), a pretty but fierce looking woman with fiery ginger hair and bright green eyes, wearing a large, expensive silk gown smattered with mud and sea spray.

She marches across the sand, approaching the ship with a hostile, interrogatory stance.

PELLY

(interrogatory)

Who on earth are you?

Gulliver spots Pelly and smiles brightly. He gives her a cheerful wave.

GULLIVER

Ahoy, lass! I be Gulliver, and this ship be me pride and joy.

Gulliver gestures proudly at his ship. Pelly cocks an eyebrow, surveying the ship.

PELLY

(dryly)

It seems your pride and joy is in bits and pieces.

Gulliver looks down, realizing the damage, and exclaims:

GULLIVER

(shocked)

Shiver me timbers!

A flash of guilt crosses his face. He looks back to Pelly with a resigned sigh.

GULLIVER

Arr... It seems I be in need of some assistance, matey.

Pelly scratches her chin thoughtfully.

PELLY

Hmm... I might just know a shipwright or two…

She hesitates and then nods.

PELLY

Alright, I’ll help you fix your ship.

GULLIVER

Yo-ho-ho! I knew you were a good-

PELLY

But! In exchange, you must take me with you when you leave.

Gulliver looks Pelly up and down before scratching his head.

GULLIVER

(incredulous)

You don’t look much like a pirate to me, matey.

Pelly crosses her arms, eyeing him defiantly.

PELLY

(sharply)

That’s because I’m not one.

GULLIVER

(confused)

Then why-

PELLY

That’s none of your business. Now, do you want help or not?

Gulliver pauses, a few moments pass. He gives a small, confused shrug and resigns.

GULLIVER

...Aye.

PELLY

Then we have a deal. Disembark and follow me.

Pelly smiles in this victory and beckons him to come over.

GULLIVER

Let me just check with the captain.

Gulliver walks over to a lower deck hatch and lifts it.

PELLY

(confused)

Wait, if you’re not the captain then who-

ARCKITTY, a dark blue cat with an orange left ear and a white right ear, elegantly leaps from below the deck.

ARCKITTY

Yeowrr!

PELLY

(deadpan)

You cannot be serious.

Arckitty stretches her legs before turning to Pelly.

ARCKITTY

Neither can you, in that outfit.

Pelly’s jaw drops in shock. Gulliver nudges Arckitty with his leg.

GULLIVER

(whispering)

Oi, Captain Arckitty, we might just need her assistance.

Arckitty pointedly ignores him, strutting across the ship.

ARCKITTY

What I need is a quartermaster who isn’t a buffoon.

Arckitty leaps to shore, landing with a light THUD.

ARCKITTY

But, alas, I shall settle for the help of a stranger.

Still in shock, Pelly stumbles away from Arckitty.

PELLY

(shocked)

What- Why- How on earth can you talk?

ARCKITTY

(deadpan)

I open my mouth and words come out. Riveting I know.

Gulliver ungracefully disembarks from the ship, landing on his bottom with a heavy THUD. He grins sheepishly, getting to his feet and brushing himself off.

GULLIVER

(cheerfully)

Hah! Don’t mind her, matey, she didn’t sleep well last night.

ARCKITTY

On account of his snoring like a pig.

GULLIVER

(affectionately)

Arr... you know you love me really.

Gulliver stands upright and looks around the island.

GULLIVER

Now, where might that shipwright friend o’ yours be?

PELLY

(confused)

Erm... Just... follow me…

Pelly spins on her heel and begins to lead them away.

PELLY

(muttering to self)

This day could not get any weirder.

Arckitty’s ears prick up. She glances over at a mysterious dark green ornament in Gulliver’s back pocket. It thrums and shimmers with a strange magical power.

ARCKITTY

(ominously)

Believe me, it certainly could.