

Whispers in Stone

A VR Short Animation

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1/.INT. STONE CRAFTED ROOM - LATE NIGHT.

You (Audience) as an invisible observer alone inside a stone crafted room, which is a dimly lit room. The soft glow of a lamp casting warm shadows around you. (The stone world that the kid creates with his stones is a delicate duplication of his actual home.)

Suddenly, you sense movement and the vibrations of footsteps cause walls to collapse. As the roof is being lifted up and you see a bright light and then a big hand reaches out to you. As the boy picks up you-the stone-you gaze upon his gigantic face and start to hear sounds of rain taps against the bedroom window.

2/.INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT.

As the boy picks you up.

The Boy

I can't wait to show Mom and Dad!

With a swift motion, he places you (The stone) in the chest pocket of his shirt. The sound of fabric brushing against you, and you are nestled close to his heart.

From your position in his pocket, your view is immersive as a first person body camera. The boy starts piecing together the stone house that had just tumbled down.

3/.INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT.

At midnight, the cuckoo clock sings out its cheerful call, announcing the hour.

We hear the sound of a door opening, and then the child hurries to the bedroom door.

The Boy
Mom is that you?

Poking his head out to see who comes home. He discovers his mom is back.

4/.INT. LIVING ROOM - MID NIGHT.

The boy rushes to the living room and we see the mother exhausted and soaked from her long day of work, steps inside, removing her coat. Water is dripping from her raincoat.

The Mother
Where is your dad hiding?

The Boy
I have no idea. Anyway, Mom, Mom
see what I made.....

Just as the child is about to show the stone to his mom, but his mom's attention drifts away, she's too tired to focus on his excitement. Walks past him directly toward the living room.

When she sits on the sofa, his dad stumbles in.

The Father
Where is everyone? I am home!

The Mother

Is this when you think it's fine
to come home? You seriously just
got home now? So you finally
decide to show up?

The Father

I had a long day too! You think it's
easy out there?

The Mother

You left our son alone again! You
are never here when it matters!

The Father

What's wrong with you? You act
like I'm not trying to help!

Their argument escalates as they both begin to yell over
each other.

The Mother

Help? Seriously? That's what
you're calling this? Why are you
never around? It's all fun and
games for you. while I am stuck at
work!

The Father

You think I'm a pushover, busting
my butt while you just chill at
home. Maybe if you were more
supportive instead of nagging me
all the time, I wouldn't have to
escape.

The Mother

You are a selfish jerk! You only
care about yourself!

The Father

And you are controlling tyrant!
It's suffocating!

As they shout fills the room, fear in his eyes, the Boy
stands there frozen. You can hear his heart pounding faster
with each moment, echoing in the pocket.

The boy is trying to block out the noise and feels helpless
and desperate to ease the tension.

The Boy (V.O.)

I just want them to be happy..
Maybe a cup of hot tea will cheer
them up.

5/.INT. KITCHEN - MID NIGHT.

He sneaks into the kitchen, and prepares the tea. He
filling the kettle and places it on the stove. As the water
heats, he peeked into the top kitchen drawer, stretches on
tiptoes to reach for the tea box. As he finally grasped the

box, he accidentally bumped the kettle on the stove. His hand got a small splash of hot water, and he yelped in pain.

The Boy

Ah! ouch!

He holds back tears, and focuses on his wish to calm the storm in the house. But in his rush, he accidentally shatters the teapot. The loud crash brings his parents in.

After hearing the sound from the kitchen, the mother and father rush in and see the mess.

The Mother

Oh no, Bubby, what's happening here? You make the kitchen a mess.

The Father

What were you thinking, leaving him alone with all this!

The Mother

(Voice Raised)

I didn't leave him alone! You did!

In their frustration, they fail to notice the Boy's burn.

The Father

This is all your fault! If you did not pressure me to come late, maybe I wouldn't have...

The Mother

(Cutting him off)

Pressure you? You do not need my
permission to be a father.

The boy stands off to the side, tears welling in his eyes,
and retreats to his bed.

6/.INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - MID NIGHT.

The boy back in his room, lie on the bed, and
His tears silently fall. He turns his attention to the
stones, and puts you aside.

You can not help but notice the room full with colorful
toys his parents gave him.

The Boy(V.O.)

I just wanted to make tea for them.

Soon, the boy quickly falls into a deep sleep.

7/.INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - MORNING.

The next morning, sunlight filters through the blends. The
boy finds a letter along with new toys left on the floor:
LEGOS,..
.etc.

Beside a pile of gifts was a fallen stone miniature.
The child felt very frustrated, so he pushed the gifts
aside and began rebuilding the miniature stone miniature.

The Boy(V.O.)

I like my stones more. Said this as he pushed the
gifts.

8/.INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - MORNING.

He continues building the stone house, he almost finishes the build. As the cuckoo clock chimed, the sound of his parents' argument came into his room.

The child was completely focused in the art of constructing his stone house, lost in the world of imagination and creativity.

Just as he was about to finish, he realized he was short for one stone. Without hesitation, he pulled you from his chest pocket and used you to complete his masterpiece.

9/.INT. MAGICAL WORLD (CHILD'S BEDROOM) - MORNING.

When he set down the final stone, the audience turned into a beam of magical light, the beam light swirled around the room and casting patterns as it danced across the walls.

As he concentrates, the world he envisioned begins to spill into the real world. The stone slowly expanded and cast a swirling pattern of light across the room. Gradually, his entire room turned into stones as his dreams came to life.

A magical melody fills the air, blending with the shouting in the living room. His parents cannot see the magical surroundings. The stone house he built shines with colours, a world where everything feels safe and whole.

10/.INT. MAGICAL WORLD (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING.

When the magic settled, the echoes of his parent's arguing faded away, replaced by a sudden silence. Intrigued, the child curiously walks outside to the living room.

You (transformed in a beam of light), drifted after him and floating through the air as he walks towards living room.

While the child walks into the living room and found his parents turned into stones, their rigid expressions melted into gentle smiles,

The Father

Hey Buddy, want to grab a cup of tea with me? It's be nice to hang out with you.

The Mother

Come sit with us, it will be nice to chat!

End.

Third Person point of view **you**

First person point of view **we**