

Whispers in Stone

A VR Short Animation

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1/.INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT.

You (Audience) as an invisible observer (Third person perspective) alone inside the kid's bedroom watching him piece together a stone castle.

TITLE PAGE IN

With the last stone set (His Stone friend) on the castle, the screen slowly faded out, revealing the title page.

2/.INT. APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT.

As the title page fades, you, the audience, get drawn into the story, becoming the stone that the child just placed down.

The dimly lit room, carved from stone, draws your attention, and you look around and realize that you are embodied in a stone. The soft glow of a lamp casting warm shadows around you.

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 gigantic 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.

(Perspective: out body)

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

As the boy picks you up and looks at you.

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 (pocket), 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 pieces together the stone house that had just tumbled down. (Ensure the child's hands weren't obstructing the audience's view.)

~~3/.INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM—LATE NIGHT.~~

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

The boy hears a door opening sound, 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. From his pocket, you have a clear view of the hallway behind the door frame.

~~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 do not know. But look—Mom, I
made something...

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
dining room.

Feeling a sense of looseness, the child walks towards the
living room and puts the stone at the coffee table. (Out
Body Perspective)

When she sits in the dining chair, his dad stumbles in.

The Father

Where is everyone? I am home!

The Mother

You seriously just got home now?

The Father

You think it's
easy out there?

The Mother

You left our son alone again!

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? 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.

The Mother

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

The Father

And you are controlling a 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.

You are sitting on the table. The boy is trying to block out the noise and feels helpless and desperate to ease the tension.

The boy glances down at you (The Stone) his face falling in disappointment.

The Boy

Come With Me, I know how to calm
them down.

The boy quietly puts you back to his pocket and retreats to
the kitchen. (Pocket Perspective)

~~5/.INT. KITCHEN — MID NIGHT.~~

With the distant sounds of his parents' shouting voice
still audible in the background, the boy sneaks into the
kitchen.

(Offscreen Argument)

The Father

It's not like I don't try! You are
the one who always blames me!

The Mother

=Blame? Maybe if you were around
more, there wouldn't be anything
to blame!

The boy carefully sets you down on the counter where you
have a clear wide view of the kitchen. He looks at you as
if sharing his feelings as he prepares the tea. (Out Body
Perspective)

He fills the kettle and places it on the stove. As the
water heats, he peeked into the top kitchen drawer,
stretched 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, sweetie, look at this 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.

He picks you up along with the lukewarm tea placed in front of you and goes back to his bedroom. As he does, his parents' argument carries on in the background. (Pocket Perspective)

~~6/.INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM — MID NIGHT.~~

He sets you (the stone) and the teacup on his bedside table, where you now have a clear view of the room. The boy lies on the bed, and his tears silently fall. (Out Body Perspective)

His exhaustion takes over, and he soon falls into a deep sleep, leaving you on the bedside table, watching over him.

Seconds later, the entire world fades to darkness.

3/.INT. APARTMENT - MORNING.

The next morning, sunlight filters through the blends.

You wake up and realize that you are nestled inside the boy's pocket where you can not help but notice the room full of colorful toys his parents gave to him. The boy

finds a letter from his parents beside toys. (Pocket Perspective)

The Letter:

Dear Son,

Good morning! We want to leave you with this little note. Things felt a little different yesterday, and we want you to know something very important:

Sometimes grown-ups have big feelings too. We brought you some gifts to cheer you up!

Mom and Dad

P.S. If you ever feel worried, come to us anytime.

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 better.

Said this as he began piecing together the stone house and pushed the gifts away.

~~2/.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.

Background Argument Ambient Sound

The Mother

Why is it always like this? You're never here when we need you

The Father

I am doing my best! You think this job just lets me walk out whenever I want?

The Mother

It's not just the job, though! You come home late, and you don't even make an effort with him. He's missing you!

The Father

I miss him too! But you act like I don't care at all, like I am the bad guy here.

Their voices overlap slightly, as the argument builds.

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.

3/.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 soft, 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.

4/.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.

The Mother

Sometimes it feels like you are just avoiding us, like you'd rather be anywhere but here.

The Father

Avoiding! Really? I am doing all of this, so we can have a decent life! Why can't you see that?

The Mother

And what kind of life is it if you are never here? He's just a kid, and he needs both of us.

The Father

I don't want this constant guilt trip. I am tired of feeling like I am always falling at home, too.

The Mother

If you'd listen instead of shouting down every time, maybe we'd actually work this out.

The Father

Fine, then! Maybe I just won't come home at all. Would that make you happy?

The Mother

"You know that's not what I want! I just want you to show up, to be here with us, even when things are tough."

The voices start to fade, softening as the magical effect takes over the scene. The last words can be faintly heard as the parents' stone forms begin to show gentle smiles.

The Father

(very faintly)

"I just... I just don't know how to make this right anymore."

The Mother

"Maybe we start by just... being here."

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

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

End.

