The Lock of Eteocles

A VR Experience

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**1/. EXT. FOREST – NIGHT 19:00 (MR as illustrations)**

Night falls, and the sky is dark like ink, with heavy clouds rolling above, pressing down. Three recently acquainted hikers stand in silence, surrounded by a damp forest filled with the scent of earth and decaying leaves. In the distance, an owl hoots.

Irene, Mark, and Casper stand on wet, muddy ground, dead leaves beneath their feet. Between them sits a heavy chest, its lid open, revealing gold that glows coldly in the dim light, reflecting on their tense faces.

**Irene**

 (cautious, steady voice)

If we take the gold... we must split it fairly.

No one gets away from the law.

**Mark**

*(smirks)*
Fair? I found it first. Without me,

you wouldn’t have dug it up.

I deserve the biggest share. That’s fair.

**Casper**

*(breathing heavily, sweating)*
They’re always watching me, I know it. This gold is my chance! With it, I caan change my identity, and they will never find me again.

Thunder cracks overhead. The wind howls through the trees, and the first cold raindrops mix with their sweat.

As the rain intensifies, they grab the gold and run. In the distance, a gray safehouse emerges from the misty hills, barely visible through the storm, like a beast lurking in the dark. They push through the mud, reaching shelter just before the storm fully hits.

**2/. INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT 21:40**

The safehouse is dim and musty. Mark pulls on an old hanging lamp, making it sway, casting flickering shadows on the walls. The air smells of mold and decay, with peeling paint revealing cold metal beams underneath.

A faded sign on the wall warns of "FLAMMABLE MATERIALS," its edges curling. In a corner, crates covered with camo fabric faintly reflect metal underneath.

In the center, the chest sits on a table, a thin sliver of light escaping through the cracks. Casper stands nearby, his eyes darting between the gold, a security camera, and the warning sign. His breath is shaky, fingers trembling.

**Irene**

*(firmly)*
We’ll rest tonight.

We’ll figure out the split in the morning.

**Mark**

*(impatiently)*
Fine. Not like we’re getting out of

this forest tonight anyway.

**Casper**

 *(muttering to himself)*
This place isn’t safe… Someone will come…

None of them trust each other. They each find a separate room, close the doors, and settle in for the night.

**3/. MR. CGARACTER SCENE**

There are three character’s miniature character models on the table. When the user pick up the puppet of Casper, they gonna hear something with the Casper Voices.

**Casper**

(“I have to keep the gold safe... safe for me, no one ever wants to put a finger on my gold, I really need this, please...”)

(They’re always watching me, I know it. This gold is my chance! With it, I caan change my identity, and they will never find me again.)

**4/. INT. CASPER’ROOM – NIGHT 21: 50**

The small storage room is cluttered and damp. A dim yellow light casts shaky shadows on the concrete walls. A sealed glass window near the ceiling shows nothing but shifting darkness outside. The storm hammers against the glass, streaking it with rain. The air reeks of mold and rust.

Casper was wrapped up in a sleeping bag, in an arm chair. His bloodshot eyes flicker across the room—peeling paint, stained floors, a flickering lightbulb.

He shuts his eyes, but a whispering voice seeps into his ears, echoing through the darkness.

***“Whisper”***

*(soft, eerie)*They will steal it… They will kill you...Stand up, find the way to keep your gold safe...

Casper's eyes snap open. He sits up, scanning the room. An empty pill bottle sits on the table, next to an open notebook filled with frantic scribbles.

A shadow flickers outside the window. He stares out. The wind beats the trees, rain and thunder crashing together. The forest seems to breathe.

**Casper**

*(to himself)*
I have to do something…

**5/. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT 22:16**

Casper walks through the dark hallway, shivering in the cold air.

The living room is empty. The gold chest remains untouched, its metal glinting in the dim light. But now, a small red light blinks beside it— a security camera.

Casper takes a deep breath and steps closer. The camera watches him like a predator.

Sweat drips down his neck. He moves past the table and heads for the door.

**Casper**

 *(shaky voice)*
They won’t get it… They won’t get out if the door is locked…

He opens the panel of the electronic lock. The dusty keypad beeps as he presses the buttons, setting a code.

With a final beep, the red light confirms the new code. Casper exhales—no one else can open the door now. No one can leave or enter tonight. He is safe.

**6/. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT 22:25**

A piercing alarm suddenly shatters the silence, shrill like glass scraping against metal.

The faint light in the corridor went completely dark, and with a loud alarm, the green emergency exit sign lit up. Casper could see that the sign closest to him pointed in the direction of the corridor.

He ran desperately towards the end of the corridor, only to see the red flashing fire alarm on the wall.

**Casper**

*(panting)*
Damn it—

He reaches the alarm, pressing the button frantically. The plastic casing cracks under his grip.

Finally, the noise stops. Only his ragged breathing remains.

He slumps against the cold wall, eyes unfocused. He listens. The house is silent. No doors open. No smoke lingers.

**Casper**

 *(whispering to himself)*
It’s fine… It’s fine… I can go to bed now.

Once the exit sign goes off, the faint light once again lit up the hallway. Casper was in front of his room, with an overhead light bulb illuminating the door frame.

**6/. INT. Casper’ROOM – NIGHT 22：27**

Casper locks himself inside again. The room is quiet except for his shaky breathing.

He sits down, clutching his head. His pulse pounds against his temples.

**Casper**

*(muttering)*
It’s fine… They won’t take it… They won’t…

He collapses onto his sleeping bag, staring at the ceiling. His breathing slows.

**7/. INT. Casper’ROOM – NIGHT 22：40**

A sudden flash of white light explodes in the darkness, sharp as a blade.

A piercing ringing fills his ears, echoing endlessly.

The world distorts and fades into black.

**8/. INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT 22:41**

The storm rages outside.