A VR Experience

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**1/. EXT. FOREST – NIGHT 19:00**

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.

Once we are discovered, many others will also be caught

No one gets away from the law.

**Mark**

*(smirks)*

This is my only chance to survive. I have to take all the gold to pay off my debts, or creditors will hunt me for the rest of my life.

**Casper**

*(breathing heavily, sweating)*
Stop arguing…

They’re always watching me, I know it. This gold is my chance! With it, I can 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 safe house is dim and musty. Mark pulls on an old hanging lamp, making it sway and casting flickering shadows on the walls. The air smells of mold and decay, and peeling paint reveals 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, his 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/. INT. IRENE’ROOM – NIGHT 22: 00**

You enter the room. It’s cold and oppressive, the walls are cracked and peeling, and the wooden floor lets out faint creaks beneath your feet.
On the workbench by the window, a dusty old laptop gives off a dim glow.
You open it. A message pops up on the screen:

“Attempting to connect to local CCTV system (Living Room)…”

The loading bar crawls forward... and then stops.

“Connection failed. Please check device status.”

You frown, stand up slowly, and tiptoe out of the room.

**4/. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT 22:05**

You enter the living room. Rain leaks through the broken window frames and the room’s furnishings are worn and neglected.
On the table in the center, the box of gold still rests in silence—as if it had never been touched.

You scan the room slowly—
the collapsing ceiling, cracked walls, a bookshelf thick with dust... and in the corner, an old surveillance camera, hanging crookedly on the wall.

The lens points directly at the table, buried under a layer of dust.
You step closer, wipe it clean, and trace the wire downward—only to find it snapped into two loose ends.

You look around the room. Your eyes settle on a roll of duct tape in a pile of junk.
You pick it up, carefully tape the wires back together. The camera sparks to life, and the red indicator light begins to blink once more.

**5/. INT. IRENES’ ROOM – NIGHT 22:15**

You return to your room.
The laptop screen now shows a grainy black-and-white feed: the gold, still sitting on the table; the living room, empty and still.

You finally relax.

You light a cigarette, put on your headphones, and start the music.
Smoke slowly fills the room as you take slow drags, eyes still fixed on the screen, watching—just in case.

Outside, the rain continues to fall. A flash of lightning splits the sky.

One cigarette after another. One track fades into the next.
Time seems to blur, suspended in this fragile moment of peace.

Suddenly, the image flickers.
A blurry shadow flashes across the screen—right beside the gold.

You sit bolt upright, eyes locked on the monitor.

A second later, the feed cuts to black.

“Signal lost. Please check device status.”

You rip off your headphones, extinguish your cigarette, and head out the door.

**6/. CORRIDOR – NIGHT 22:40**

Irene stepped into the corridor, heading toward the living room.

Without warning—A blinding white light flashed before her eyes.

Sound disappeared. A high-pitched ringing filled her ears, growing louder, then fading into silence.

Her vision twisted and distorted, the world around her warping—until everything dissolved into darkness.

**7/. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT 22:41**

Outside, the storm raged on.