

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM, MANILA - 1974, NIGHT

ON BLACK.

A soothing sound of the ocean.

SUPER: In war-torn Manila, 1974.

The ocean sound is interrupted by a pleasant HUMMING.

VOICE

(playfully)

Jasmine! You're still asleep? Your
father and I have been at the beach
since 9.

Footsteps go towards the user. They stop abruptly.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Did you draw these?

The sound of papers RUFFLING.

VOICE (CONT'D)

You're getting good. Really good. I'm
so excited to have a little Picasso in
the family. My Mom always told me
"drawing is the only way to live the
life of your dreams." I don't know, it
sounds stupid now but I always thought
it was kinda cool, you know? Jasmine?
Can you hear me? JASMINE?

JASMINE (the user) opens her eyes. We see she is not at the beach, but instead in her room, a barren white-walled space with only a bare mattress for a bed.

In a matter of seconds, we are catapulted straight from a peaceful beach into a war zone. The sound of EXPLOSIONS ring out in the background. GUN FIRE accompanies it.

MARISOL, her mother, stands in front of Jasmine. She is the owner of the unknown voice. Her eyes are wide with fright, and she is shaking Jasmine awake.

MARISOL

Jasmine? Do you hear me? Please wake
up, sweetie.

JASMINE

Mom? What's happening? Is something

wrong? What are those loud noises?

She sits her up.

MARISOL

(covers Jasmine's ears)

Those noises? Don't worry about those noises, honey. That's just...bad people playing outside.

In a frantic state, Marisol puts her head to Jasmine's, touching each other's foreheads. This simultaneously keeps both her daughter and herself calm.

JASMINE

Can I play too?

MARISOL

(steps back)

--NO!

(calms herself)

You can't...you cannot Jasmine.

The explosions continuously ROAR in the background.

JASMINE

(pouty)

But why?

MARISOL

Because you're a big girl now, Jasmine. Almost 12. You're too mature to be playing games like that. You don't want people to think you're just a kid still...right?

JASMINE

I guess so.

Marisol smiles and gives her a hug. An especially huge EXPLOSION shakes the home.

MARISOL

Jasmine, listen to me carefully. I need you to be a grown up for me. I know you can be one.

Somehow, the ROARING of gunfire and bomb shells only increases. The room stays lit up and bright.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

For just a few minutes, you need to be
the woman of the house.

JASMINE

(frightened)

Are you leaving?

MARISOL

I need to make sure those bad men
outside don't bother us anymore.

(tenses up)

You must promise me, Jasmine. You
won't follow me outside. You are not
to leave this room, you are not to
make a noise. Understood?

JASMINE

Yes, Mom.

Marisol leans over and kisses her forehead.

MARISOL

I love you so much.

She stands up to leave. She sees a pair of Jasmine's drawings
and raises to look at them.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Jasmine, did you draw these?

JASMINE

Yes! You remembered?

MARISOL

You're getting more talented every
day, I swear. You're my little
Picasso.

She stands for a moment, looking at them some more.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Hey, can you promise me one more
thing?

JASMINE

Yes, Mom?

MARISOL

By the time I come back, I want you to
make me the greatest most beautiful

painting this world has ever seen. Can you do that for me?

JASMINE

I can!

MARISOL

I knew you could.

Marisol kisses her daughter one last time, then heads for the door.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Remember, Jazz. Any world is possible if you just draw.

With one last smile, she leaves. Jasmine hears another door off-screen open loudly and a BURST of gunfire as it opens and SLAMS.

CHANGE TO INTERACTIVE MODE

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jasmine sits at a small table with a piece of paper in front of her.

The user now controls her actions. They can choose the shape they want to draw (from a list of items such as a guitar, a dog, a bunny, etc.), and then choose the color they want to draw in.

All of this is done via UI buttons shown in the VR camera.

As soon as these two choices are made, a piece of chalk of the specified color appears to Jasmine, as well as the 2D outline of the selected model on the piece of paper.

Jasmine can now draw as she pleases in her selected color by picking up the chalk and pressing it to the paper.

When she finishes, she puts the chalk down which will trigger a small animation involving the paper quickly rotating and a bright flash of light. This sequence will also involve Jasmine gasping with delight in reaction of this new power.

As a result, the fully rendered 3D model of her desired shape will appear in front of her.

Then, she repeats this process two more times until there are no options left. At this point, one final option will appear

brand new to the user: a beach scene.

Jasmine completes this drawing just as she did the others but this time the animation is different. The lights of her room turn off, pitch black. The frame of a door in front of her light up.

Jasmine walks toward it carefully. When she opens it, she can only see a white void. She gets pulled into it.

THEATRICAL MODE

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Inexplicably, Jasmine now stands on a beautiful beach. Bright blue, clear water is behind her, and in front of her are line after line of tall palm trees.

JASMINE

It worked! Mom was right! Here, I'm queen, and this entire island is my castle. I control my destiny. But, where do I start?

PLAY MODE

EXT. ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Back in play mode, Jasmine gets a similar number of options of what to draw. These are of a much bigger scale than last time, they include a house, a roller coaster, and a few other crazy things that a child would want if they were king for a day.

Jasmine completes all of her drawings in the same notebook, which she carried over from the last scene.

The objects created from the drawings all around her, creating some semblance of a society in front of her.

After the final drawing, Jasmine steps back and admires her work.

JASMINE

It's perfect. I can't wait to show this all to Mom. She's gonna be so proud I just know it and --

(pauses)

Mom?

Jasmine realizes she's here without her mother.

JASMINE
(shouts)
Mom! Where are you?

Jasmine continually yells out "Mom." After a moment, the GUNSHOTS and EXPLOSIONS drown out her yelling until almost nothing she says is decipherable.

This builds and builds until...BOOM. A massive explosion turns yet again into a white void.

This holds for a long beat. Nothing is visible, nothing is heard. Anything could have happened.

INT. JASMINE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jasmine wakes up suddenly in her own room. She GASPS for air like she was just underwater.

In the corner of the room, Marisol can be seen crying into her hands.

JASMINE
Mom?

Marisol looks up in surprise.

MARISOL
Jasmine?

Marisol stands up and runs towards Jasmine. They embrace and hold on to one other for dear life.

MARISOL
I thought you were gone.

JASMINE
I could never leave without you.

We hold as they embrace in silence, crying together.

FADE TO BLACK

ON BLACK.

SUPER: Ferdinand Marcos ruled the Philippines under martial law for 9 years.

SUPER: The corruption, hunger, and insurgence caused by his regime is still felt today.