

Love Letters

By Kenzie

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - AFTERNOON

Cozy house, in a suburban neighbourhood.

CUT IN:

INT. OLIVERS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

OLIVER (11 and half years old, black medium hair, American.) sits at his desk drawing.

His bedroom cluttered with drawings and art supplies.

OLIVER (V.O.)

Hi, i'm Oliver. I'm eleven, i love drawing, it as always been my escape. A world where i can create anything, where i can be anyone.

(Beat)

But lately, there's been something else on my mind.

MIA (O.S.)

(Shouts)

Oliver, sweetie, dinner's ready.

OLIVER

Coming, Mom!

Oliver hastily puts away his sketchbook and heads downstairs to join his parents for dinner.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Oliver sits at his desk, head down, fidgeting with his pencil. The classroom buzzes with excitement behind him.

TEACHER

Class, we have a new student joining us today. Everyone, please welcome Jason.

JASON (12 years old, blonde hair, blue eyes.) walks into the class.

The class murmurs greetings as Jason takes a seat near Oliver.

Oliver glances at Jason beside him. Jason catches his eye and smiles. Oliver quickly looks away.

TEACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 So today we will be learning about-

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Oliver arrives home from school. His parents, ANNA and MIKE sit on the couch.

He takes off his shoes, his grey socks which look months old, with holes in them.

Oliver Walking Past

OLIVER  
 I'm home.

As he walks past, he overhears--

ANNA  
 I don't know how we're going to  
 make ends meet this month!

Anna almost in tears, wipes her eyes.

MIKE  
 We'll figure something out, Anna.  
 We always do.

Oliver looks at them on the couch, as he goes upstairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY (THE NEXT DAY)

Oliver sits alone on a bench, sketching in his notebook. A group of BULLIES approach him.

JAKE  
 Hey, look who it is. Little artist  
 boy.

Jake takes his notebook off him.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 What's this your drawing? A picture  
 of your imaginary boyfriend?

The group laugh, Jake throws his book at him walking away.

Oliver just watches, as they walk away. His eyes well with tears.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

Oliver sits alone, eating his lunch.

Jason approaches him.

JASON  
Hey, mind if i sit here?

Oliver surprised.

OLIVER  
Uh, sure.

Jason sits beside him, setting his lunch down.

JASON  
I'm Jason.

OLIVER  
I'm Oliver!

CUT TO:

INT. DINING TABLE - EVENING

Oliver sits at the dining table, with his Mom and Dad.

ANNA  
So, how was school today?

OLIVER  
It was good.

They both smile and talk.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
His name is Jason. The moment he started talking to me, it was like a butterfly feeling in my stomach.

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver sits at his desk, his sketchbook out. He draws Jason from memory.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
He was the first person to approach me, my first ever friend in the school.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Oliver and Jason sit side by side on a bench in the playground. The air is filled with the sound of children playing.

Oliver fidgets with his pencil, while Jason watches him with a warm smile.

OLIVER

So, um, where are you from?

JASON

Everywhere and nowhere, i guess. My dad's job has us moving around a lot.

OLIVER

Oh, that must be tough.

JASON

Yeah, it has its moments. Not enough about me. What about you? What do you like to do?

Oliver's eyes light up, eager to share his passion.

OLIVER

I love to draw. It's like my own little world where anything is possible. I can be a superhero or an astronaut or...whatever i want, really.

Jason leans in, genuinely interested.

JASON

That's amazing. I wish I could draw like that. I'm more of a...sports guy, i guess.

OLIVER

I usually trip over my own feet, playing sports.

They share a laugh.

JASON

You know, I've never met anyone like you before, Oliver.

OLIVER

What do you mean?

JASON

You're...different. In a good way.  
Most kids at my old school were too  
busy trying to fit in to be  
themselves.

JASON (CONT'D)

You know, I've got a sketchbook  
back at my house. Maybe you could  
show me some of your drawings  
sometime?

Oliver surprised at the invitation. He smiles.

OLIVER

I'd like that. A lot.

They share a smile together.

CUT TO:

EXT. JASON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Oliver arrives at Jason's house, a bit nervous but excited.  
He hesitates for a moment before ringing the doorbell.

Jason opens the door, a bright smile lighting up his face.

JASON

Hey, Oliver! I'm so glad you came.

OLIVER

Yeah, me too.

Oliver shares a shy smile before Jason steps aside, inviting  
Oliver inside.

INT. JASON'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oliver steps in, taking in his surroundings.

It's warm and inviting, with cozy furniture and family photos  
adorning the walls.

JASON

Make yourself at home. Do you want  
something to drink?

OLIVER

Uh, sure. Water would be great.

Jason disappears into the kitchen, leaving Oliver alone for a  
moment.

Oliver takes the time to look around.

Jason comes back. He hands Oliver the glass of water, their fingers brushing briefly.

Oliver takes a sip of the water.

JASON  
So, want to see my sketchbook?

OLIVER  
Yes, definitely!

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason retrieves his sketchbook, flipping through the pages. Each page, has family, rivers and nature drawings.

OLIVER  
Wow, these are incredible, Jason!  
You're really talented.

Jason blushes.

JASON  
Thanks, Oliver. That means a lot  
coming from you.

Moments go by together.

Oliver and Jason sit side by side on the bed, their laughter filling the room.

The sketchbook lies open on Jason's lap forgotten for the moment as they enjoy each other's company.

OLIVER  
And then Mrs. Jenkins tripped over  
her own feet and spilled coffee all  
over Mr Thompson's shirt.

They both giggle, their shoulders brushing against each other.

JASON  
I'm so glad you came over today,  
Oliver.

OLIVER  
Me too, Jason. This has  
been...amazing.

Their eyes meet. Jason's heart races as he slowly reaches out his hand finding Oliver's.

Oliver's breath catches in his throat at the touch.

They gaze at each other, the air thick with anticipation.

JASON  
 (Voice barely above a  
 whisper)  
 Oliver...

Without another word, Jason leans in, his lips meeting Oliver's in a gentle kiss.

The kiss, soft and sweet. They pull away, their foreheads resting against each other, their breaths mingling.

OLIVER  
 Wow...

JASON  
 Yeah...

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Oliver lays on his bed. His bedroom dimly lit, the lamp casting a warm light over the room.

He holds his pencil in his hand, lost in thought as he sketches on a blank sheet of paper.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
 In that moment, everything felt right. It was like the world faded away, and it was just me and Jason, together.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Though, did i know everything was about to change.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY POOL - DAY

Oliver and Jason at the community pool, their laughter echoing off the water as they splash and play.

They race each other across the pool, their competitive spirits igniting as they push themselves to go faster.

Oliver playfully splashes water at Jason, as Jason splashes back.

They share a tender moment in the shallow end of the pool, their arms wrapped around each other as they sway gently to the rhythm of water.

CUT TO:



EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - AFTERNOON

Jason walks beside Oliver. They share easy conversation, with laughter.

OLIVER  
Thanks for walking me home.

JASON  
Of course. Anytime.

As they approach Oliver's house, a sense of unease washes over him. His heart sinks as he notices a moving truck parked in front of his home.

They both see movers carrying boxes out of the house.

Mike, walks out. Seeing both of them.

MIKE  
Son, go get your stuff.

OLIVER  
No....no, this can't be happening.

MIKE  
I'm sorry son, i got the job, that me and your mother always wanted.

Mike goes back into the house to get more things.

Oliver, wells with tears.

OLIVER  
I... i can't leave.

Mike comes back out.

MIKE  
Son, please go help your mother.

OLIVER  
But dad...I won't see Jason again!

MIKE  
I'm sorry son.

OLIVER  
Please don't make me go.

Oliver breaks into tears.

Jason grabs him, wrapping his arms around him.

OLIVER (CONT'D)  
You're my best friend, Jason.  
You're....you're everything to me.

Jason begins to also tear up.

JASON  
(Whispers)  
I won't let you go, Oliver. I  
promise.

They let go, as Oliver gets into the car. Jason stands outside, tears flooding down his face.

They wave goodbye to each other, as the car drives off. Jason starts running after the car.

Oliver turns round, looking out the back window. Seeing Jason chasing after them.

He cries, knowing he might never see him again.

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVER'S NEW BEDROOM - NIGHT (TWO WEEKS LATER)

Oliver sits on his bed, surrounded by unpacked boxes and unfamiliar surroundings.

Tears stream down his cheeks as he clutches to a sketched out drawing of Jason.

Oliver choked with emotion.

OLIVER  
I miss you so much, Jason...

His sobs echo in the quiet room. Suddenly, the door creaks open, and Oliver's father steps inside.

MIKE  
Oliver...can i come in?

Oliver nods, his voice catching in his throat.

His father sits beside him on the bed.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
How are you holding up buddy?

OLIVER  
(Voice trembling)  
I miss him, Dad. I miss Jason so  
much.

Mike wraps an arm around Oliver, pulling him close,

MIKE  
I know, son. I know.

There's a moment of silence. The only sound is the soft sniffles of Oliver's tears.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk about it? About Jason?

OLIVER

I'm in love with him, Dad. We...we kissed. And now we're miles apart.

MIKE

I'm so sorry, Oliver. I know how much Jason means to you.

Mike holds Oliver tighter.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM, VARIOUS TIMES OF THE DAY - MONTAGE

Oliver sits at his desk in his bedroom. He holds a pen in his hand.

Oliver sits surrounded by stacks of paper and envelopes. He pours his heart out onto the page, as he writes letter after letter to Jason.

Day turns into nights as Oliver continues to write. The passage of time marked by the changing light outside his window.

Days turn into weeks and the weeks turn into months.

As he writes--

OLIVER (V.O.)

It's been weeks since that moment-- the moment of our first kiss. The memory of it still lingers.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I remember the way your hand felt against mine, warm and gentle, as if we were meant to be together.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But now, as i sit here alone in the darkness of my room, I can't help but wonder--was it real? Or was it just a fleeting dream, destined to fade into nothingness?

Oliver's 12th Birthday, he sits opening his presents from all his family members.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I long to feel your touch again, to hear your voice.

(MORE)

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But with each passing day, the  
distance between us grows.

His family sings happy birthday as Mike sets his cake down in front of him.

Oliver blows out his candles.

A knock can be heard from the front door.

MIKE  
Go see who it is.

Everyone watches, as Oliver walks towards the door.

OLIVER (V.O.)  
I miss you, Jason. More than words  
can say. And no matter where life  
takes us, know that my love for you  
will endure, like a flame that  
refuses to be extinguished.

Oliver twists the door handle, slowly opening the front door.

OLIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Until we meet again, Love Oliver.

Oliver opens the door--

FADE TO WHITE: