

"Whispers of Dreams: A Journey to Heavenly"

INT. JONAH'S BEDROOM - MORNING

TSIE, a young aspiring artist in his early 20s, is fast asleep. The room is dimly lit, with an alarm clock ticking on the nightstand beside him. Suddenly, the alarm clock goes off, jolting Tsie awake. He sits up, dazed and disoriented, rubbing his eyes and gets up.

TSIE

(whispering to himself)

The letter... I dreamt of the letter.

Tsie's face glows with excitement for a moment, and then reality sinks in. He realizes it was just a dream, a fleeting moment of hope.

TSIE

(sighing)

Back to reality, I suppose.

He swings his legs over the edge of the bed, his mind now focused on a different task. He goes to the toilet to look himself in the mirror, and notices his nose is bleeding, reminding him of the regrets in his life. He shakes off the feeling, continues with his tasks.

INT. JONAH'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Tsie enters the small, modest kitchen. The morning sunlight filters through the window, casting a warm glow on the room. He pours himself a cup of coffee and takes a sip, the bitterness helping him shake off the remnants of the dream.

As he sips his coffee, Jonah notices a calendar hanging on the wall. The date is circled in red, a stark reminder of his visit today.

TSIE

(whispering to himself)

I can't forget... I must visit her today.

TSIE takes a deep breath, steeling himself for what lies ahead. He finishes his coffee, puts on his coat, and grabs his cellphone before heading out the door.

INT. PRISON VISITATION ROOM - DAY

TSIE sits at a small table in the prison visitation room, anxiously awaiting his turn. The room is sterile, devoid of any warmth or comfort. The sound of a heavy door unlocking echoes through the room, and Tsie's heart skips a beat. After a short wait, he spots his mother, SWEETNESS, through the glass partition. Tears well up in his eyes as he sits down and asks how she is doing.

They hold hands, finding solace in each other's presence.

TSIE

(teary-eyed)

I can't bear the pain anymore, Mom. Every night, I'm haunted by the day I killed Dad.

SWEETNESS

(holding Tsie's hands)

Hush, my dear. It wasn't your fault. He abused us, and you defended us. Look into your eyes, the day he died, you did what you had to do. Don't let regret consume you. You need to move forward. You have a bright future, remember you told me that you wanted to be a writer?.....

Tsie's eyes fill with hope as Sweetness continues.

His mind wanders as his mother speaks. He remembers the dream of receiving an acceptance letter from the School of Arts. Wiping away his tears.

SWEETNESS

(nods)continues speaking

I believe in it. Pursue your dreams, Tsie. I'll do anything to support you, even from behind these bars. Promise me you won't give up.

TSIE

I promise, Mom. I'll make you proud.

They chat for a while, cherishing the limited time they have together. Sweetness reveals that she has a plan, ensuring that everything will be okay. She advises Tsie to keep their secret about his father's death.

SWEETNESS

Remember, Tsie, this secret is between you and me. Once the visit ends, we'll make things right. I have a plan.

Tsie nods, understanding the weight of the secret they share. They exchange heartfelt goodbyes as the visiting hour comes to an end.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Sweetness approaches a prison officer.

She wanted to make a call to his brother Aron. It had been years since they last spoke, and they had not been on good terms. Sweetness hated his brother because of his involvement in crime, as Aron had been in and out of jail. Moreover, Aron was not there when Sweetness needed him. However, now she needed him more than anything.

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAY

Sweetness stands in the dimly lit prison corridor, her heart pounding with a mix of anxiety and hope. The air hangs heavy with the scent of disinfectant and a faint trace of desperation. She approaches the stern-looking prison officer, the sound of her footsteps echoing off the cold, gray walls.

SWEETNESS

(politely, her voice trembling)

Officer, may I make a phone call, please?

The officer's eyes narrow, studying Sweetness for a moment before grudgingly nodding.

PRISON OFFICER

(gruffly)

Fine. But make it quick.

INT. PRISON PHONE AREA - DAY

Sweetness enters the cramped phone area, its walls adorned with faded posters and old graffiti. The incessant buzzing of the fluorescent lights fills the room, creating an almost suffocating atmosphere. She picks up the phone receiver, her fingers trembling as she dials a number, the plastic buttons clicking under her touch. She waits, her breath catching in her throat with each passing second.

INT. ARON'S HOUSE - DAY

Aron, disheveled and weary, answers the call, his voice heavy with exhaustion and a tinge of apprehension.

ARON

(on the phone, voice gravelly)

Hello?

SWEETNESS

(Sad, her voice quivering)

Aron, it's Sweetness. Something has happened. Hendrick is dead, and I've been arrested. I need your help. If Tsie gets accepted into the School of Arts, I want you to look after him and our home in my absence.

INT. ARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Aron's tired eyes widen, shock coursing through his veins like a jolt of electricity. The weight of Sweetness's words settles heavily upon his shoulders, and he sinks into a worn-out armchair, his fingers clutching the phone tighter.

ARON

(concerned, voice filled with regret)

Sweetness, I... I'm sorry for everything. I should have been there for you. I promise I'll do everything I can to take care of Tsie. He won't be alone.

SWEETNESS

(grateful, her voice filled with tears)

Thank you, Aron. I knew I could count on you. Tsie deserves a chance at a better life, and you can help make that possible.

INT. ARON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Aron takes a deep, shuddering breath, his gaze fixed on a cracked family photo hanging on the wall. Determination replaces the weariness in his eyes as he straightens his posture, his voice filled with newfound resolve.

ARON

(resolute, his words carrying a touch of vulnerability)

I won't let you down, Sweetness. I'll be there for Tsie, just like a true uncle should be. We'll get through this, and I'll make sure he's taken care of, no matter what.

INT. TSIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Tsie's room is adorned with shelves filled with books, their colorful spines creating a vibrant tapestry against the neutral walls. Sunlight streams through the partially drawn curtains, casting a soft glow over the room. Tsie sits at his desk, his fingertips lightly tracing the embossed seal on the acceptance letter from the School of Arts.

TSIE

(talking to himself, his voice filled with awe)

Two weeks later, and I've finally received my acceptance from the School of Arts. It's everything I've ever dreamed of.

As he paces back and forth, the wooden floor beneath his feet creaks softly, echoing the rhythm of his thoughts. His senses are heightened, absorbing the weight of the momentous occasion.

TSIE (CONT'D)

But how will I get to Heavenly? I never planned for this. There's so much more to my story than just studying creative writing.

Tsie runs his fingers through his hair, the strands slipping through his grasp like silky threads of uncertainty. He gazes out the window, his eyes fixated on the distant horizon, lost in the vastness of his own ambitions.

TSIE

(smiling, his voice brimming with determination)

"The Ideas of Wisdom" has been my secret plan all along. Attending this school will give me the wisdom I need to finish my book, and maybe even become the best writer in history.

Tsie approaches the window, feeling the warmth of the sunlight against his face. Suddenly, the distant hum of a car engine reaches his ears, growing louder and more distinct. His heart skips a beat, and he rushes to the door, anticipation coursing through his veins like a vibrant current.

EXT. TSIE'S HOUSE - DAY

An old, weathered barkie pulls up outside Tsie's house, its worn tires crunching against the gravel driveway. Uncle Aron, a charismatic presence with a mischievous grin, sits behind the wheel, his hand playfully tapping the horn. Tsie's face lights up with surprise and delight, his eyes shining with an iridescent joy.

TSIE (excitedly)

Uncle Aron! I can't believe it's you!

Uncle Aron steps out of the car, his worn-out boots hitting the ground with a familiar thud. They share a heartfelt hug, their embrace radiating the warmth of their reunion, like a comforting blanket enveloping their souls.

TSIE (happily)

I always loved your stories, Uncle Aron. I'm so glad you're here.

They gather Aron's bags from the barkie, the weight of their presence grounding them in the present moment, and together, they make their way toward the house.

INT. TSIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tsie and Uncle Aron enter the living room, the air filled with a sense of familiarity and newfound hope. The couch, its cushions worn and inviting, beckons them to take a seat. Uncle Aron pats the empty spot beside him, the fabric releasing a soft puff of air as Tsie settles down.

UNCLE ARON

(patting the couch)

Come, Tsie. Sit with me. Your mother called me and asked if I could come and take care of you. She told me what happened to your father. I'm sorry, son.

Tsie's eyes glisten with unshed tears, the emotions swirling within him like a tempest. He finds solace in Uncle Aron's presence, the weight of their shared grief bringing them closer together.

TSIE

(teary-eyed, his voice filled with gratitude)

It's okay, Uncle Aron. I miss my father, but having you here means a lot to me.

They sit in silence for a moment, letting the weight of the past settle.

INT. TSIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tsie's bedroom is a sanctuary of creativity, the shelves lined with books that exhale stories of countless adventures. Soft, warm lamplight spills from the desk lamp, casting a gentle glow on Tsie's face as he sits amidst a sea of papers and open books. The scent of aged pages and ink fills the air, a comforting fragrance that inspires Tsie's imagination.

TSIE

(yawning, his voice tinged with exhaustion)

I should get some rest. Tomorrow is going to be a big day.

He stretches his tired limbs, the sound of joints popping echoing softly in the quiet room. The soft rustling of paper accompanies his movements as he closes his beloved books, their pages whispering secrets as they meet each other once again. With care, he arranges them on the shelf, the sound of their settling creating a symphony of literary dreams.

Tsie slips under the covers of his bed, its crisp sheets embracing him in their cool embrace. He gazes up at the ceiling, the dim light from the desk lamp casting dancing shadows that seem to tell their own

stories. The soft hum of the air conditioning lulls him into a drowsy state, as if the room itself is gently urging him to surrender to sleep.

Thoughts of the upcoming day swirl in his mind like a vivid kaleidoscope of possibilities. His heartbeat, steady and rhythmic, reverberates in his ears, a constant reminder of the excitement that courses through his veins. The scent of lavender from a small sachet tucked under his pillow wafts into his nostrils, carrying with it a sense of calm and tranquility.

As Tsie succumbs to exhaustion, his eyes grow heavy, the weight of his dreams and the promise of the future guiding him towards a peaceful slumber. The room envelops him, embracing his weary body and inviting him into a realm of dreams, where stories are born and destinies unfold.

INT. TSIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Sunlight streams through the window, casting a warm glow on Tsie's face as he wakes up. He stretches his arms and yawns, feeling a mix of excitement and jitters in the pit of his stomach. Today is the day he starts his journey to Heavenly.

Tsie gets out of bed and walks over to a small shelf where he keeps a photo of his mother and himself from when he was a child. He picks it up and gazes at it, a bittersweet smile playing on his lips.

TSIE

(whispering)

I'll make you proud, Mom. I'll fulfill our dreams.

He gently places the photo back on the shelf and begins to get ready for the day.

INT. TSIE'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The morning sunlight streams through the window, casting a warm glow over the room. Tsie, fully dressed and with his backpack slung over his shoulder, enters the living room. He takes a moment to breathe in the familiar scent of his home, a comforting blend of freshly brewed coffee and the faint hint of his mother's favorite lavender-scented candles. Uncle Aron stands against the doorway, his face illuminated by a proud smile.

UNCLE ARON

(excitedly)

Ready to hit the road, Tsie?

TSIE

(grinning)

Absolutely, Uncle Aron. I can't wait to start this adventure.

They share a nod, the anticipation palpable in the air, as they step out of the house together, their footsteps echoing softly on the polished wooden floor.

EXT. TSIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Tsie and Uncle Aron stand before the old barkie, the weathered vehicle that will be their steadfast companion on this journey. The sun shines brightly overhead, causing the faded paint on the barkie's exterior to glisten with a hint of nostalgia. Tsie runs his fingers along the dents and scratches, feeling the rough texture beneath his touch. It's a testament to the many miles and stories this car holds.

ARON

(stroking the barkie)

She may not be the most glamorous ride, but she's got character. Her name is Stella.

Tsie

(laughing)

Stella it is, then. She's weathered and worn, like a true adventurer. I hope she'll carry us to Heavenly and beyond.

With a sense of purpose, they load Tsie's belongings into the trunk of the barkie. The weight of the backpack and the rustling sound of zippers fill the air, mingling with the distant chirping of birds and the faint rustle of leaves.

They settle into the front seats, the worn leather embracing them like an old friend. Uncle Aron places his hands on the weathered steering wheel, feeling the coolness of the worn-out leather against his palms. The faint scent of engine oil lingers in the car, a reminder of the countless journeys it has undertaken.

TSIE

(taking a deep breath)

Here we go, Stella. Our journey begins now.

Uncle Aron reaches over, his hand finding its way to Tsie's shoulder. His touch is firm yet gentle, radiating a sense of reassurance and support.

UNCLE ARON

(encouragingly)

You've got this, Tsie. Remember, life is about the journey, not just the destination. Embrace every moment along the way.

INT. ARON'S CAR - DAY

[Aron and Tsie drive down a scenic highway, the open road stretching out before them like a ribbon of endless possibilities. The car speakers blast out an energetic melody, filling the air with a symphony of rhythm and beats.]

ARON

(singing along to the music)

We're making good time, Tsie. Soon, we'll reach Heavenly, and you'll be at the School of Arts.

TSIE

(nodding excitedly)

I can't wait to start this new chapter, Uncle Aron!

[As they approach the border, a sudden loud noise startles them, breaking the rhythm of their conversation. The sound reverberates through the car, a jarring interruption in the harmony of their journey.]

TSIE

(startled)

What was that sound?

[Aron's brow furrows in confusion, and he skillfully maneuvers the car to the side of the road. A wisp of smoke curls up from beneath the car's hood, carrying with it the faint scent of burning rubber and the metallic tang of overheated engine components. The acrid aroma stings their nostrils, mingling with the fresh scent of the surrounding countryside.]

Aron steps out of the car, scratching his head in disbelief.

ARON

(looking at the burst tire)

Well, this is just great. Our tire decided it wanted to join the party too!

TSIE

(grinning)

Seems like our car has a mind of its own. Hey, Uncle Aron, maybe it wants to be a unicycle for a day!

ARON

(chuckling)

Well, I never knew our car had dreams of becoming a circus performer. But fear not, my adventurous nephew! I have a plan up my sleeve.

While Uncle Aron ponders his ingenious plan, Tsie's phone rings. He eagerly picks it up, recognizing the caller ID as his buddy Sfiso.

TSIE

(excitedly)

Hey, Sfiso! Guess what hilarious situation we're in now? Our car decided it's time for a tire-bursting extravaganza!

SFISO (V.O.)

(laughing)

You always manage to find yourself in the craziest situations, Tsie! But don't worry, the School of Arts is waiting for you. Just make sure to arrive in one piece!

TSIE

(joining the laughter)

Thanks for the vote of confidence, Sfiso. We'll be there soon, even if it means turning this car into a Flintstones-style foot-powered vehicle!

SFISO (V.O.)

(amused)

Haha! I can already picture it. Just remember to bring your best Fred Flintstone impression.

TSIE

(laughing)

Oh, I've been practicing. Yabba-dabba-doo! See you soon, buddy!

[After the call, Tsie decides to take a nap while Aron contemplates his plan, grinning at the comical turn of events.]

TSIE

(yawning)

Wake me up when we're ready for the grand unveiling of our car's new career as a unicycle!

ARON

(chuckling)

Sure thing, Tsie. Sweet dreams of tire-squealing circus stunts!

As Tsie dozes off, his dreams become a whimsical medley of unicycles, juggling clowns, and a car that moonlights as a circus performer. In the meantime, Aron channels his inner mad scientist, concocting a brilliant scheme to get them back on the road.

In this unexpected detour of laughter and ingenuity, Tsie and Aron forge a bond of camaraderie that will make their journey to Heavenly an unforgettable adventure filled with quirky mishaps and priceless memories.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

[Aron hurriedly searches the car's dashboard and retrieves something, concealing it from Tsie's view. He then waits by the roadside for a passing car.]

ARON

(to himself, determined)

This just might work.

[The hot, dry wind whistles through the barren landscape, carrying with it an eerie silence that hangs heavy in the air. The distant sound of cawing crows echoes ominously.]

[After a few minutes, a car approaches, its headlights piercing through the hazy atmosphere. Aron signals for help, his shadow dancing in the flickering light. The car stops, and an old, hyper man steps out.]

DRIVER

(complaining)

What's the problem with your car? These cheap tires are always causing trouble!

[The driver's voice quivers with a hint of fear, his eyes darting nervously in the dim daylight.]

ARON

(nodding)

You're absolutely right. We had a tire burst. Can you lend us a hand?

[While the driver looks for a jack in his car trunk, Aron discreetly reveals a gun. The metallic gleam of the weapon sends a chill down the driver's spine.]

ARON

(with authority)

Listen carefully. Don't make any sudden moves. Follow my instructions, and we'll all get through this without any problems.

[The driver's trembling hands fumble through the trunk, his breath shallow and rapid, as if suffocating under the weight of the tense situation.]

DRIVER

(stammering)

W-What do you want from me?

ARON

(firmly)

I need your tire and some fuel for my car. Do as I say, and everything will be fine.

[The driver's eyes widen with fear, beads of sweat forming on his forehead. He obeys, his movements slow and cautious, as if treading on thin ice.]

[As Aron seizes the opportunity to search the car, a gust of wind rustles through the surrounding bushes, creating an eerie whisper that sends a shiver down Tsie's spine.]

TSIE

(bewildered)

Uncle Aron, what's going on? Who's the man shouting behind?

[The desolate highway seems to grow darker, shadows elongating, as if the world itself holds its breath, anticipating the answer.]

ARON

(smiling)

Oh, nothing to worry about, it's just a man who offered us some help.

[But the forced smile on Aron's face betrays a darker truth lurking beneath the surface, and the air becomes heavy with an unspoken danger that lingers long after the car drives away.]