

# Compensation

A VR Experience

By

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## OPENING - A 2D VIDEO IN A BLACK SPACE

Some sentences appear on the screen, which is floating in the space:

“Seeing the sunset fall, my thoughts sometimes drift back to those evenings after school.

Ordinary memories, perhaps, can also become a brief yet gentle place of refuge.

Childhood—with all its imperfections and its beauty

— is it truly something we can never return to?

— is it truly something we can never return to?”

### 1/. AFTER SCHOOL - AFTERNOON 16:30, Round 1, Duration:1min, Golden hour light

(Fade in)

The echoes of classmates fade as they rush out, voices overlapping, quick goodbyes still hanging in the air.

I remain at my desk. Notebooks, textbooks, draft papers, and pencils lie scattered across the surface, untouched.

Beside me, the window stands open. Outside, the playground stretches wide—football field, basketball court.

Sunlight pours into the room, golden and sharp, while a breeze lifts the curtains, making them sway as if breathing.

(I cannot stand. My legs stay still. Yet my hands move freely) I shift books, adjust papers, sketch lines across a page.

From the loudspeakers, the school bell rings. A clear chime.

The saxophone piece “*Going Home*” drifts in, warm and lingering.

After a while, I pack my school bag.

(The screen slowly fades out to white.)

**1' /. AFTER SCHOOL - AFTERNOON 16:30, Round 2, Duration:2min, Flat light**

(Fade in)

I stand in the corridor beside the classroom. The door is shut—it is summer vacation, and the room rests in silence.

Through the glass, rows of desks and chairs sit neatly in place. The blackboard is spotless, the chalk on the podium aligned carefully in the tray, a worn cleaning cloth folded neatly beside it, carrying the weight of years.

The floor glimmers faintly, paved with matcha-green tiles.

The windows are closed, yet the curtains are pulled aside, letting sunlight spill freely across the polished desks, chairs, and floor, sharpening their edges with light.

On the other side of the corridor lies the school's atrium, open to the sky above. In the flowerbed along the walkway, bougainvillea blooms quietly, mingling with smaller plants that sway in the faint breeze.

From the loudspeakers, the saxophone piece "*Going Home*" drifts in, warm and lingering.

(The screen slowly fades out to white.)

**2/. MY BEDROOM - AFTERNOON 17:30, Round 1, Duration:2min, Golden hour light**

(Fade in)

I stand by the window. The last light of the day spills into the room, soft and golden.

To the left of the door, a shelving unit merges with a wardrobe—the shelves face

my bed, stacked with books and small objects, while the wardrobe stands closer to the doorway.

My schoolbag leans against the desk's right leg. Between the desk and the window, a clothes rack holds a light jacket that shifts faintly in the breeze.

Above the desk, school certificates and my class schedule stick neatly on the wall.

The desk itself is cluttered: extracurricular books, scattered study supplies. A lit lamp glows on the right corner; Beside it, a sticker-covered pen holder brims with pencils, pens, a ruler, and a pair of scissors.

Outside the window, the sun hovers low, not yet gone. On the street below, people pass by in a steady rhythm.

Vendors line the sidewalks. Smoke curls upward from their stalls, drifting and dissolving into the evening air.

**Mum**

*(Approaching footsteps, a knock on the door.)*

It's time to have dinner! Be quick or the food will go cold.

I turn around and the door is opening, white flash coming out of the door.

*(The screen slowly fades out to white.)*

**2' /. MY BEDROOM - AFTERNOON 17:30, Round 2, Duration:2min, Flat light**

*(Fade in)*

I sit on the bed, its frame bare except for the mattress. The setting sun pours in to the room, washing over furniture draped in white dust sheets. On the floor, five large cardboard boxes stand stacked together, sealed and ready, with my passport on them.

**Mum**

*(Approaching footsteps, a knock on the door.)*

Have you finished cleaning up your room? Your taxi's here.

I turn around and the door is opening, white flash coming out of the door.

(The screen slowly fades out to white.)

**3/. CHILDREN' S PLAYGROUND - NIGHT 19:00, Round 1, Duration:2min, Golden hour light**

(Fade in)

Downstairs in the community, the children' s playground has slides, rocking horse s, and a merry-go-round.

Beside it are benches for people to rest on: the benches connect to form a long corridor, with vines winding across its concrete roof.

The playground is set on a patch of grass, though the grass doesn' t grow evenly, leaving some patches of bare ground exposed. I am swinging.

(The screen slowly fades out to black.)

**3' /. CHILDREN' S PLAYGROUND - NIGHT 19:00, Round 2, Duration:2min, Flat light**

(Fade in)

Downstairs in the community, I sit on the bench and listen—children playing, screaming, laughing, their voices filling the evening air.

The afterglow of the sun pours across the playground.

(The screen slowly fades out to black.)

**ENDING - A 2D VIDEO IN A BLACK SPACE**

A video appears on the screen, which is floating in the space:

A taxi stopped by the curb. After I got in with my passport, it carried me away and out of view.

**END.**