

- 1 Theme

Using dark fairy tale elements and characters' dramatic personalities to tell an international student's "gangster" story. Using the narrative way to gradually stack a more and more depressed world in order to show the mental status of healthy people when facing lie, trust and truth.

- 1 Shooting content

There are 3 stories in total.

1. Personae: Pinocchio-lies -- Web celebrity A and Neighbor B
 - Scene6: Two-perspective narration + reverse story
2. Beauty and the beast - the neighbor B and his girlfriend C
 - Scene 7: Two-perspective reflecting how men and women's thinking patterns are different, also the loss of trust.
3. The gold silver axe and iron axe - D (ex of C)
 - Scene 7: A process of depression from one perspective

Characters Design

- A: 16-year-old, freshman in college, young web celebrity, loves cooking but is not good at it. He has a sensitive and suspicious heart under his lovely appearance. Besides necessary social contact, most of the time he likes to stay alone and live broadcast his cooking. He has slight paranoia.
- B: 19-year-old, sophomore in college, A's neighbor. Whiz of technique indoorsy. His parents are well-known lawyers. He has grown up in a rich family. He is lofty and asocial, has a compulsive personality (psychological cleanliness) and is a control freak. Self-protection leads to integration dysfunction.
- C: B's girlfriend, junior in college, pure, beautiful, has a dependent personality. She gets sick a lot. She is normally very shy and passive, but at critical moments she would be absolutely strong.
- D: C's ex, senior in college, believes in male chauvinism. He is loyal to friends, socialized and has a good fellowship. While suffering setbacks, he becomes an indoorsy man with depression and the integration

of dysfunction and bi-polar, which leads him trapping into the spiritual world.

Parallel scene:

"Lie - A"

INT. FRIEND'S PARTY - NIGHT

GIRL 1 arrives early and waits for GIRL 2 and GIRL 3. Girl 2 and Girl 3 arrive. Girl 1 gestures to them. Girl 2 and Girl 3 walk towards her. They sit down together.

GIRL 1

(to Girl 2)

You're so late. I've already finished a chapter.

GIRL 2

I saw A on my way here.

GIRL 1

(excited)

What? A? Who's that?

GIRL 2

An unprecedented weirdo.

GIRL 1

Why?

GIRL 2

I heard that he was chasing a girl but failed, so he committed suicide, and broadcasted on BIBI.

GIRL 1

What?!Excuse me? Seriously?

Girl 2 nods.

GIRL 1

I mean,I could understand that someone commits suicide because of a breakup.

Why would someone commit suicide just
because a girl wouldn't go out with him?
How fragile and immature is he?

GIRL 2

I know, right? What a guy.

MONTAGE

- Plants growing.
- A washes his face. He breathes heavily, looks up and rubs his hair.
- A train comes by a lake. Sound of horning.
- A is playing with a toy train.

A (V.O.)

Hair grows 0.27 mm -0.5 mm each day. With enough proteins vitamin B6 and vitamin E, it could grows 1,52-2.23 mm each month. Nails grow 0.1 mm each day, 3.02 mm each month, if the person is healthy.

- A walks into the house.

A (V.O.)

It's been a month. I don't need to cut my bangs anymore.

- A is holding a toy train, trying to find a lake bank.

A (V.O.)

My body has stopped growing for the past two months. It looks exactly the same from two months ago. How can I prove that time has passed by? Am I living in this world like others or the "flash-back

moment" right before death? What's the evidence that time flows?]

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The computer screen is out of focus, with the flesh color. A sits back on the screen, the thigh with garlic mortar, left hand on garlic, right hand on the computer.

A

That should do... Nailed it!

A opens an animated video: "One hundred thousand cold jokes -Pinocchio. An editor from Youku is calling. A doesn't answer the phone.

A

(sneering)

Hmm. You want to make a horse run without feeding it?

Sound of messages delivered. Tons of fans' messages appear on the screen.

FAN (V.O.)

I really want to steal what you just cooked from the screen, even just one bite!

FRIEND (V.O.)

I love your cooking! Onion cake, such an impossible combination, and you made it work! I really wanna know what it tastes like!

A stares at the messages and start smiling. The same smile as the poster on the wall behind him.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is bright and tidy. All the kitchen utensils are round-shaped. A is cooking with a smile, topless. He whisks eggs and cream. There is an iPad on the counter playing

cooking videos. A picks up the onion cake he just made and is just about to speak to a camera. Skype rings.

A

(answering)

Damn it! Forgot to mute it. Need to reshoot.

D

A! We're playing LOL now. Everyone's waiting for you!

A

I'm cooking. Later.

D

Alright, take your time. When are you gonna hold a potluck party? I've been wanting to taste your cooking for a long time! By the way, bring your girl. Introduce her, man!

A

Okay, okay. I will, I will. The pot is ready. I have to cook now.

(turning on the oven)

Catch you later!

The meal is ready. A has just sent it to the blog. Instantly, a lot of comments POP out.

A is typing on his phone: HD poster will be ready later.

A

Just created a new dish and added it to my "love menu" for my dear.

A (V.O.)

And the distance between me and Michelin five-star chef could be erased by only one filter! Will she love it? The onion symbolized my tears; the taste of

sweetness symbolized the love left in my heart.

The screen is playing Yang Yang and Sony advertising. The man is holding the meal in front of the mirror, indulging in self-delusion.

Fans' messages POP out: Really want to pass through the screen, grab the food and eat.

A is awakened by the sound, sees the messages and happily picks up a spoon, puts it down, but still has a smile on the face. He picks it up, puts it down, and finally picks it up, as if thinking of something. He has a serious look on his face, as if he is about to accept a holy baptism. He tastes the onion cake, then spits it out.

A

(laughing)

Okay... It's supercalifragilisticexpialidocious to eat. It's, eh... It's delicious! But just need to add something...

His shadow shows that his nose is growing long like Pinocchio. A then throwsthe cake into the trash can. He turns on the stove, regardless of the operation of the cameras and lights, cuts onions and cries.

A (V.O.)

Sometimes I feel like I'm a puppet. I get manipulated, repeat comical movements, and speak nonsense lines. Luckily, something "lucky" happened. I started to feel something. I started to gain back the power of controlling my body. Therefore, I'm trying harder and harder for my "luck."

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A is sitting in the corner. PEOPLE start to come in. B and C get into the classroom following two other GIRLS. Astares

at C, touching his own lunch box bag, head laying low. B walks by A and takes a look at A.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Take a five-minute break, then continue on 12:30.

C

Do you happen to have any candy with you, Lin?

LIN

Not today, but I'm hungry too. I'll go buy some candy for you.

C

Thanks, Lin.

Lin leaves. A walks towards C.

A

(soft voice)

I happen to bring some cake with me. I mean, if you want some, be my guest?

C

Really? For me?

A

Yeah.

C

Well, thanks, but...

A

It's okay.

A handles the cake to C and runs out of the classroom. At the door he meet B. B takes a glance at the box in C's hands, and A.

B

Hey, you're leaving? You need to sign the attendance sheet even before you're leaving.

A ignores B and runs out of the classroom.

B

Interesting.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A meets CLASSMATE on his way back home.

CLASSMATE

Hi, excuse me, are you the math genius from Vine's class? I like your haircut a lot. Excuse me for stopping you, but where did you get it?

A

Um, I actually cut it by myself.

CLASSMATE

Wow! Is there anything you can't do? Can I stop by your dorm if I need math help or to get my hair cut?

A

Of course, welcome. I need to go now. I will catch you later. See you.

CLASSMATE

See you.

B

What a coincidence! Do you need my help?

A

Go away. I don't need your help.

B

What the...

A

(walking away)
You know what I'm talking about.
Goodbye.

B

Weirdo.

INT. DORMITORY, DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

A comes back with bags.

A (V.O.)

Will she love it? Will it be too sweet
for her? Let me do a little bit extra for
the taste tonight. But it should be okay
this time.

Behind the elevator, A is searching for his ID next to the
trash can, then he sees the cake box inside the trash can.
He opens it. A crushed cake is in it.

Elevator door opens. PEOPLE come out,

STRANGER

(passing)

Excuse me, sir.

A is still standing there with no reaction. His cell phone
is ringing. It brings his attention back. It's C's message:
"The cake is very delicious, thank you."

A suddenly hears different voices from people coming out of
elevator. He runs out and hears people outside also telling
lies and lies, which scare him. It seems that he can hear
people's whisper, so he runs to his dorm to hide.

INT. A'S DORM -NIGHT

A

I though you were different. Why you are
lying too?! Who the heck is real? Why
everyone lies to me? Why?It must be that
I haven't moved you enough. It must
be...

A is tweeting with his phone:

"My cooking skill is seriously the worst."

"I have to fill some cotton to make the breads look puffy."

"I'm not the chef god! I have been lying to you all!"

Sound of sharpening a knife.

A is tweeting:

"My bangs are not growing. Neither are my nails. Only the nose is getting bigger and bigger. LOL."

"I'm actually Pinocchio. The last tweet was a lie. Even admitting that can't make me look the same as others."

A's nose is growing longer.

A

I have been studying cooking since primary school. My cutting skill is the greatest. The test on knife is on. I want to look the same as you guys.

A cuts his nose. He moans with pain.