

# Pinocchio's Confession

## \$PINOCON

*A wooden puppet endures a rain-soaked interrogation by a jaded detective, confessing a lifetime of lies in hopes of finally becoming real, only for the ultimate deception to turn the tables in a twist of self-realization. In a dimly lit police station that feels like it exists outside time, Pinocchio sits shackled to a metal chair, his wooden joints creaking under the weight of an unseen burden. Detective Stromboli, a chain-smoking skeptic with a grudge against fairy tales, grills him about a string of "incidents"-the whale that swallowed a lie, the strings he cut from Geppetto, the gold he promised but never delivered. Each confession makes Pinocchio's nose elongate with grotesque, audible cracks, splintering the table and forcing Stromboli to confront his own buried doubts about reality. Flashbacks intercut: Pinocchio's "adventures" reimagined as manipulative cons that left victims broken-schoolboys turned to donkeys in a black-market labor ring, the Blue Fairy exposed as a grifter who abandoned him. Jiminy Cricket appears not as a cheerful guide but as a spectral conscience flickering on the two-way mirror, whispering accusations. Tension builds as Pinocchio claims each lie brought him closer to flesh and blood, his voice trembling with desperate sincerity. The middle spirals into psychological warfare: Stromboli accuses Pinocchio of fabricating the entire interrogation to escape his wooden prison. The nose grows uncontrollably, impaling case files and revealing hidden truths-Stromboli is Geppetto's long-lost creation, a failed prototype. In the climax, Pinocchio confesses the biggest lie: he never wanted to be real; he wanted everyone else to believe he was. His nose retracts, wood softens to skin, but Stromboli shatters into splinters, revealing himself as the puppet all along. Pinocchio walks free into the rain, now convincingly human, but his shadow still trails strings. The absurdity lands through deadpan delivery: a puppet's earnest therapy session exposing how everyone lies to feel alive.*

# Style

---

## PALETTE

wet asphalt black, nicotine yellow, splintered oak brown, pale skin pink, cigarette ash gray, harsh fluorescent white, deep shadow navy

# Screenplay

---

# Pinocchio's Confession

\*I told so many lies... to become real.\*

**\*\*Logline:\*\*** A wooden puppet endures a rain-soaked interrogation by a jaded detective, confessing a lifetime of lies in hopes of finally becoming real, only for the ultimate deception to turn the tables in a twist of self-realization.

## Synopsis

In a dimly lit police station that feels like it exists outside time, Pinocchio sits shackled to a metal chair, his wooden joints creaking under the weight of an unseen burden. Detective Stromboli, a chain-smoking skeptic with a grudge against fairy tales, grills him about a string of "incidents"-the whale that swallowed a lie, the strings he cut from Geppetto, the gold he promised but never delivered. Each confession makes Pinocchio's nose elongate with grotesque, audible cracks, splintering the table and forcing Stromboli to confront his own buried doubts about reality.

Flashbacks intercut: Pinocchio's "adventures" reimagined as manipulative cons that left victims broken-schoolboys turned to donkeys in a black-market labor ring, the Blue Fairy exposed as a grifter who abandoned him. Jiminy Cricket appears not as a cheerful guide but as a spectral conscience flickering on the two-way mirror, whispering accusations. Tension builds as Pinocchio claims each lie brought him closer to flesh and blood, his voice trembling with desperate sincerity.

The middle spirals into psychological warfare: Stromboli accuses Pinocchio of fabricating the entire interrogation to escape his wooden prison. The nose grows uncontrollably, impaling case files and revealing hidden truths-Stromboli is Geppetto's long-lost creation, a failed prototype. In the climax, Pinocchio confesses the biggest lie: he never wanted to be real; he wanted everyone else to believe he was. His nose retracts, wood softens to skin, but Stromboli shatters into splinters, revealing himself as the puppet all along. Pinocchio walks free into the rain, now convincingly human, but his shadow still trails strings.

The absurdity lands through deadpan delivery: a puppet's earnest therapy session exposing how everyone lies to feel alive.

## Tone & genre

Darkly comic psychological thriller in the vein of Fincher's *\*Zodiac\** and *\*Se7en\**, where interrogation-room dread collides with fairy-tale whimsy. Humor arises from the straight-faced clash of nose-growth mechanics and noir fatalism, never tipping into gore.

## Look

Desaturated teal-and-wood-grain palette evoking 1970s film noir stock like *\*The Conversation\**, with heavy rain streaking anamorphic lenses. Tight close-ups on grainy pine textures and elongating nose shadows, lit by single bare bulbs and flickering fluorescent hums; handheld intimacy during confessions gives way to static wide shots for the reveal.

## Characters

Pinocchio: Wide-eyed wooden innocent whose growing nose betrays every half-truth, driven by a childlike hunger for authenticity that masks ruthless cunning.

Detective Stromboli: Gravel-voiced, fedora-clad skeptic who treats fairy-tale suspects like mob informants, his own wooden secret simmering beneath nicotine-stained fingers.

Geppetto: Frail toymaker glimpsed in flashbacks as both creator and victim, his workshop now a crime scene of abandoned marionettes.

Jiminy Cricket: Spectral conscience projected on glass, delivering sardonic asides in a tiny, echoing voice that mocks the proceedings like a broken record player.

## Screenplay

\*\*FADE IN:\*\*

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Rain hammers the single window. A bare bulb swings. PINOCCHIO, a life-sized pine puppet in a threadbare red vest, sits cuffed to a steel table. His nose is a modest two inches. DETECTIVE STROMBOLI, 50s, trench coat damp, lights a cigarette and drops a file.

STROMBOLI

Start talking, puppet. The whale. The donkey boys. The gold coins that turned to leaves. All of it.

PINOCCHIO

(earnest)

I only lied so I could feel my heart beat. Each one made me... closer.

Stromboli clicks a tape recorder. It whirs.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

A massive whale's jaws. Young Pinocchio paddles, nose already lengthening as he shouts to fishermen.

PINOCCHIO (V.O.)

"I swear this is the last time, Father!"

The nose spears a harpoon line. The whale thrashes.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The nose has grown another inch. Wood creaks.

STROMBOLI

You sank a fishing fleet. Twenty-seven men.

PINOCCHIO

They believed me. Belief is the first step to skin.

Stromboli leans in. On the two-way mirror, a faint cricket silhouette hops.

JIMINY CRICKET (O.S.)  
( tiny, distorted)  
Tell him about the strings you cut.

PINOCCHIO  
(flinching)  
Geppetto's workshop. I told him the strings were for safety. He believed until  
the saw slipped.

Stromboli opens the file. Photos of splintered marionettes.

STROMBOLI  
And the Blue Fairy?

PINOCCHIO  
She promised. I promised back. "I'll be good." My nose reached the wishing star  
that night.

The nose jerks forward, knocking over an ashtray. Stromboli doesn't blink.

STROMBOLI  
You're not here to confess. You're here to finish the job. I'm the last lie.

Pinocchio's eyes widen. The mirror cracks. Jiminy's shadow grows larger.

JIMINY CRICKET (O.S.)  
He's Geppetto's first attempt. All wood. No spark.

Stromboli stands. His coat falls open-hinged wooden ribs visible beneath shirt.

STROMBOLI  
You made me believe I was the detective. That was your masterpiece.

Pinocchio's nose retracts with a sickening \*pop-pop-pop\*. Skin blooms across his  
cheeks. He touches his face, astonished.

PINOCCHIO  
(soft)  
It worked.

Stromboli splinters from the inside out, sawdust raining. The cuffs drop empty.  
Pinocchio rises, fully human, rain-soaked clothes now fitting a boy of flesh. He  
walks to the door.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Pinocchio steps into the downpour. His shadow stretches long-still trailing  
invisible strings that catch the streetlight.

He smiles at his reflection in a puddle. The reflection's nose twitches.

\*\*FADE OUT.\*\*

# Storyboard

17 FRAMES

STORYBOARD

FRAME 1



FRAME 2



STORYBOARD

FRAME 3



FRAME 4



STORYBOARD

FRAME 5



FRAME 6



STORYBOARD

FRAME 7



FRAME 8



STORYBOARD

FRAME 9



FRAME 10



**STORYBOARD**

**FRAME 11**



**FRAME 12**



STORYBOARD

FRAME 13



FRAME 14



STORYBOARD

FRAME 15



FRAME 16



STORYBOARD

FRAME 17

