

Hankong script

Act 1

Your name is Hankong, and you are now a sophomore at Chenghe Middle School in Chenghe City. You once had a happy family. Your father is an excellent journalist who has reported many cases. When you were young, you didn't know how your father gradually became a well-known journalist from a young man who didn't even finish high school. To be honest, you didn't even see your father very often. He was always on business trips, or doing long-term interviews in this place, or doing long-term investigations and visits in that place. The few times you saw your father, he would just touch your head with a slightly tired look and ask if you missed your father? Every time you would nod, but in fact, you missed him less than a kindergarten classmate you hadn't seen for a day. You heard from your mother that your father was a person who loved his work very much. He observed the world from his perspective and described the world in his tone, but you found it strange that your father didn't look like a person who enjoyed his job every time he finished a report or came back from a business trip.

It wasn't until you entered elementary school and became literate and sensible that your father had more communication with you. You don't know which year started, but you found that your father was becoming more and more leisurely. He would no longer work overtime all day and night or not come home for weeks at a time. You didn't know what happened specifically, but you I also think it's good. This way, your father will have more time to stay with you and tell you some interesting things. At that time, you may not know good and evil, or maybe your father would always tell you in a gentle tone some of the things he had reported and recorded. Every time he told you about those reports, you found it very interesting, good man. It's interesting, and the bad guys are interesting. You don't have many exact thoughts in your little head. You just think, oh, it turns out that a person can have so many different ways of living, oh, it turns out that a person may change his entire life just because of a small thing. Become completely different.

One time, your father told you about a very bad case. He said that the murderer of

this case was a very bad person who always regarded everyone as his enemy and always interpreted other people's help or interaction with him with the worst mind. Your father asked you, "How do you think of him if such a person appears around you? No matter how you help him, he will regard your help as malicious." You scratched your head and said to your father without thinking, "I don't think much of him. How he wants to interpret other people's behavior is not his own idea."

After he finished speaking, you felt that your father seemed to pause. To be honest, you really didn't know what was wrong with what you said. You thought that since everyone has their own independent brain, it is normal for them to have their own ideas.

One day when you came home from school, you were shocked to find your father slumped on the sofa with a lost look on his face. You had never seen your father so miserable before. You looked closer and found that he had been crying. You were unbelievable at first, but then you thought about it calmly and decided to ask your father what had happened these days. Although you are only a primary school student now, maybe you can help your father.

Your father held your face in his hands and said, "Xiaokong, I hope that you can always have a heart that is not tainted by anything like you do now, and live purely in this world."

Your father told you that when he was young and just started to work as a reporter, he didn't have many complicated ideas. He just objectively and unbiasedly recorded everything he saw, and used the media of news to let the public know what new things might be happening in the world. But as he reported more and more news, he found that people always liked some dark things, or some righteous things, especially when they found some dirty side hidden behind some seemingly glamorous places. No one would refuse such interesting news.

His reports were highly praised, and everyone praised his boldness for his courage to expose the dark side of society to the public. He was immersed in this world, and he would find more and more news with a clear distinction between good and evil to report. The news would either move the public to tears, or be so bad that everyone would hate it.

But some time after that, my father reported a case of rape and murder of a female college student in a taxi. He used concise language to portray the image of an unforgivable and scheming taxi driver. He firmly believed that this taxi driver had so many criminal records and the female college student who disappeared in the taxi must have been killed and dumped by this driver. So he did a lot of reports on the driver's motives for murder.

The female college student who was the victim of this incident was considered a very good girl by everyone. She was kind, cheerful, generous, loved poetry and literature, and had always achieved excellent results. However, the taxi driver had so many criminal records before, and he always hesitated and could not say anything when interrogated by the police. Until now, the female college student has not been found, so she must have been killed and dumped by this driver.

The reports made by your father caused a great uproar afterwards. Everyone who knew about this was furious and thought that the driver should be executed as soon as possible so that the female college student could be avenged. Not long after that, the verdict came out and the driver was sentenced to death and executed immediately. For a time, all the citizens who paid attention to this matter shouted that justice had finally come.

But just a few days after the execution, a peasant woman in a remote village hanged herself with her son. This peasant woman was the wife of the taxi driver. When your father learned about the case, he quickly went to the village to find out the situation. He saw her suicide note written in blood on the table. The peasant woman must not have a high level of education. There were many typos in the suicide note, and many of them were even circled and corrected. She used the best words she could think of to explain everything. She reiterated over and over again that her husband could not have raped and killed the female college student. She didn't understand why her husband was labeled as an unforgivable rapist just because he stole something when he was poor. She said that when there was no food to eat, who could maintain his conscience and not do something? After seeing all this, your father felt mixed emotions. He suddenly felt that

what he thought was justice and evil seemed to be somewhat different from the truth... He originally decided to report the peasant woman's suicide again in his own name, but the matter was suppressed by many forces, and no one was allowed to report it.

After that, your father always began to think about the meaning of his existence. He suddenly didn't know the meaning of doing news and reporting some cases. He seemed to be just catering to the public's appetite. He just tried his best to make some eye-catching news. , he just made some news that can give the audience a full emotional experience. There is not only no objectivity, but also no authenticity. After that, he was depressed for a period of time. He thought that since he always did some news that attracted attention, otherwise it would attract him to the end, so he simply changed his career and became an entertainment reporter. Although he is still a reporter, and although he still needs to travel to report and record, this time he no longer knows the purpose of his shooting. He numbly works overtime day by day, filling his life with work and letting the overwhelming entertainment Tidbits numb your brain. After working as an entertainment reporter for a long time, your father really couldn't bear it anymore, so he simply found a job that was easy and didn't cost much. He worked from sunrise to sunrise and rested from sunrise to sunset, living a small life in a down-to-earth manner. , but I have more time to spend with my children and my family.

Ah, it turns out that when your father was busy, he was working as an entertainment reporter. Later, he had time to spend time with you because he changed his job and no longer worked as a reporter. You finally know what your father was busy with before, and why he had time to spend with you later.

For a period of time after that, your life was uneventful. You were just like a primary school student who went to school and came home every day with a schoolbag, ate with your parents, and practiced piano after finishing homework in the evening and watched TV with your parents. Of course, you didn't seem to be a particularly primary school student. You didn't chat with your classmates about the latest cartoons, and you didn't quarrel with your classmates in the corridor after class. You just sat in your corner, thinking about something in your head. Maybe it was where in the text you read today

that expressed your homesickness? Maybe it was why the dragonfly and butterfly outside the window looked so different? Everyone in your world was colorless. To put it more clearly, maybe it was like plastic, which was not very conspicuous when it existed, but could not be destroyed when you wanted to.

Until one evening when it was raining heavily. You didn't bring an umbrella. The rain splashed down your shoulders and neck, soaking your clothes and hair. You endured all the way and finally got home, but you found that your parents, who should have prepared dinner and waited for you to come home, were not there. The house was empty. You subconsciously felt that something was wrong, and called your parents on the landline at home, but no one answered.

When you finally get a call from your mother, your mother's crying voice reaches your ears first. Your mother cried heartbreakingly. She wanted to say those words over and over again, but every time she said "your father, he...", she choked uncontrollably. Your mother's sentence order was no longer normal. Those were the most difficult words for her to say in her life.

My father died in a car accident.

The phone fell from your hand, the long phone cord hanging on it just barely preventing it from falling to the ground. When you came to your senses again, you found yourself in tears.

The word "death" is so calm and terrifying. Good and evil, truth and falsehood, they sometimes have no boundaries, but life and death are different. If a person dies, even gods coming will not be able to save him. Death seems so cold, so pure, and so absurd. It turns out that there is really something in this world that cannot be restored no matter what. It turns out that there is really something in this world that has the clearest boundaries.

You don't really want to remember what happened after that. Every time you think of the scene where your mother wept and knelt in front of the bed and told you that your father would never wake up again, you can't control your sadness. Sometimes you imagine your father lying in a pool of blood. On that night when it was pouring rain, the

neon lights were blurred by the rain, and the whole world was soaked in the rain. The rain washed over your father's body, washed over his blood, and washed over his short yet long life. Your father died on a rainy night, died in your childhood that you didn't have time to recall, died in your ignorant past, and died in a lie that you will never know.

When you entered junior high school, you had only a few days of good life. Your mother was diagnosed with cancer in the hospital. It was in the late stage and even the gods could not save her. You just felt it was ridiculous at the time. There were only a few things in this world that could not be changed, and there were only a few things that had no room for negotiation. Why did they happen to your closest relatives one after another when you were only fourteen years old? You didn't even know how to face your mother. You really didn't know how to face the biggest and most unsolvable dilemma in the world alone. Death was no different from the sky falling for you. When you heard your mother tell you with relief that the doctor said you had at most three months to live, you felt a feeling you had never felt before. You had never realized that you were so afraid of death. Even when you were in front of your mother, just by looking at the needle in her hand, you could think of her hand falling suddenly at the moment of her death, and the scene in the funeral home where the fire jumped onto her hand and burned her to ashes bit by bit.

It turns out that the thing you fear most in this world is death. It seems that God is joking with you. He said with a smile that I am letting you receive life and death education earlier, while he turned around and killed his parents and asked himself, how is this death course with your parents in person today?

You feel like something in your life, or in your being, is being taken away little by little with the death of your parents.

However, when your mother was dying, you heard her say something that you found incredible: your father actually committed suicide, she said.

You were unresponsive at first, then shocked, then unbelievable, and finally in uncontrollable pain. You asked your mother if your father had never left the village where the peasant woman committed suicide. He had never done anything in his life.

Understanding what he did was right and what was wrong, he never had the chance to know the truth of that year in his life. Your mother smiled and said to you, "Maybe that's the case, but I'm going to die too. At this moment, I suddenly feel that everything is not important. Everyone is going to die anyway, and your father died in the place where he couldn't get out. This place may be regarded as a worthy death."

You became an orphan after your mother, and you lived in your uncle's house, continuing to study according to the rules and completing your life. Because your mother died of cancer, you have a lot of knowledge about this disease, and you also know how to take care of cancer patients. You took the initiative to sign up as a volunteer in the hospital and go to the hospital to work as a nurse at a fixed time every week.

When you moved to your uncle's house, you saw a page of paper that your father had tucked into his book.

"What is justice? What is evil? What is right and what is wrong? It seems that people always want to promote the righteous side to be so noble, and always want all evil people to go to hell. Sometimes they don't even need to confirm whether the person is really that evil. Anyway, they think that the person is more or less bad, so let him go to hell! The opposition between justice and evil has never been weakened, but the boundary between truth and falsehood is becoming more and more blurred. If that person is not truly just, and that person is not truly evil, what is the meaning of judgment based on justice and evil? The existence of the two words justice and evil is not a label? When this word exists, the preconceived judgment will never be late. What right do I have to correct whether a person is just or evil? If I am neither a victim nor a beneficiary, why should I judge someone I don't understand based on my own perspective?"

Throughout his life, his father ended his cycle in this problem with his own death.

You know that the truth about the so-called rape and murder of a female college student taxi driver must have been concealed, otherwise your father would not have trapped himself in it for the rest of his life, suffering from pain, guilt and regret, constantly mediating between the contradiction between conscience and human nature. After that, you often search for relevant information on the Internet. Because it

happened more than 20 years ago, you can't actually find any useful information. Basically, it is all reports from more than 20 years ago. It is really Nothing good to say. You decide to expand your search target. You don't just look at this case. You have learned more or less about all the controversial cases in the past. You have learned a lot about the past by constantly searching for and comparing information. doubts about the case. By chance, you joined a so-called forum for discussing unsolved cases. There are many posts in the forum, and it seems that a group of people who love reasoning and are eager to find the truth have gathered together to share their clues and discoveries, hoping to use their own abilities to solve those unsolved cases. There are countless unsolved cases discussed in the forum. You are like looking for a needle in a haystack to find out if there are any posts related to female college students, but in the end you are unsuccessful. You were really a little depressed, and out of boredom, you clicked on the homepage of the forum moderator. The moderator of the forum is a person named "TH". He did not give any self-introduction. You click on his avatar, and then you are surprised to find that almost every post made by the moderator mentions the case of a female college student. This Posts related to the case seem to be hidden under the public forum, and these posts can only be seen by clicking on the moderator's homepage.

After that, you will read every post and related comments made by the moderator. You will also post your own thoughts from time to time and reply to other people's posts. You become more and more familiar with the moderator, and you find that the moderator pays more attention and thought to this case than anyone else. Most forum users are mainly interested in solving unsolved cases and satisfying their curiosity, so they are interested in this case. Most cold cases will be discussed, but the moderator is different. He basically only discusses this case, and even continues for nearly two decades.

After you were admitted to Chenghe Middle School, your class teacher was a man named Tanghua, who was your Chinese teacher. After constantly comparing the remarks of the moderator named "TH" with those of Tang Hua, you can roughly confirm that your Chinese teacher is probably the moderator "TH" of that forum.

After that, when you went to talk to him alone, you mentioned the forum and told Tang Hua that you were the "SKY" who often replied to him in the forum. After that, Tang Hua told him the whole story from his perspective, and you also confessed to him the report about your father and the fact that he committed suicide later.

Tanghua told you that the female college student's name was Li Chuanshi, and that she had an accident when she took a taxi to meet him. They had a crush on each other after they met, but no one ever broke the window. On the Mid-Autumn Festival, Tanghua decided to ask Li Chuanshi to go to a park in the suburbs and confess their love there. But Li Chuanshi seemed to have something to do that day, so she didn't go with him. Instead, she took a taxi there by herself. As a result, she never showed up again. In the next few days, the suspect was quickly captured, and newspapers were full of news about how bad the suspect, the taxi driver, was, and how kind-hearted Li Chuanshi was. Wuxia caused public outrage. Even within a few days, the police confirmed the fact that the taxi driver raped, murdered and dumped Li Chuanshi's body. Tanghua was in agony, but had some doubts about this fact because Li Chuanshi's body was never found. What fueled his suspicion was a piece of news he accidentally saw. He saw a peasant woman committing suicide with her young son, and this peasant woman was the wife of the taxi driver. He wanted to know more, but found that the case was blocked and no longer mentioned. After that, he wanted to find the truth even more, and established some forums one after another. On the surface, the forums were discussing various unsolved cases, but his purpose was to collect any information related to the Li Chuanshi case. Ten or twenty years have passed quickly, and although people have been talking about it one after another, there has been basically no progress.

After that, you often communicated with Tang Hua, either mentioning past events or discussing some big goals in life. You knew that if you wanted to find out about your father's death and what happened back then, Tang Hua would definitely be able to help you find out the truth.

At the same time, after you entered high school, your deskmate was a girl named Li Ye. When she first met you, you greeted her warmly, talked about your hobbies with her,

and helped you with your homework. Her company brought some rare light to your life. Since your parents passed away, you rarely received heartfelt care from others, but you found that as long as you were a little depressed, she seemed to always be able to detect your emotions and comfort you immediately.

Although you are sitting at the same table with me, you don't talk to her unless she takes the initiative to chat with you. You don't have much in common. She is very good at science and usually gets high marks in physics and chemistry. She is calm and peaceful, but also very lively. She seems to have her own set of rules. She has her own passions. There is a lot of light in her life. She doesn't think much about human nature or good and evil. In her eyes, the world seems to be pure, beautiful, and worth loving no matter what.

Once, after finishing Chinese class, she was a little tired facing the blackboard full of classical Chinese. She told you that Chinese has too many meanings. She knows that every word has countless ways of interpretation. It's not that she doesn't like such rich meanings. In comparison, she prefers certain things like physical formulas. They are the underlying logic of this world, and no one can shake or change them. She told you that it's not just physical formulas. In fact, she finds many certainties in this world wonderful. She likes a stable life, she likes math papers with certain answers, and she loves this wonderful certainty.

The topic of certainty that you have been thinking about for a long time was suddenly brought up by your deskmate. You frowned and didn't know how to start. After a long and intense struggle of thoughts, you combed your hair and asked her, "If this certainty is used to define justice and evil, would you still like it?"

You told her almost everything. You talked about your past bit by bit, about your father's experience, about his death, and about your mother's death.

She also expressed your opinion to you, and she explained her point of view neither humbly nor arrogantly. She said that everyone may have different opinions, but right now, right here, everyone's opinion should be respected.

The way she looks at you is beautiful and pure, like a drop of dew falling on a

flower in the early morning, swaying and clear.

You suddenly realize that everything should stop.

In fact, after experiencing the death of your parents, you entered an almost extreme state. This is probably a way of self-protection. You are afraid that anyone you have feelings for will die at any time and become a pile of dust in the urn in the funeral home. Although it sounds ridiculous, you are exactly dealing with all your emotions in this way. You may be too afraid of death, and you don't want to face the death of any of your loved ones again.

After that, the relationship between you and Li Ye was not as strange as it was at the beginning. You would discuss a topic together from time to time, and you would share the snacks you brought with each other from time to time. It seemed that your relationship was getting closer and closer. , but you know that you are holding back, and you don't want to have too deep feelings with anyone anymore.

Li Ye also became very busy during that time. She participated in physics subject competitions and often had to go to training camps. She also spent her spare time studying questions and participating in competitions. Sometimes you will suddenly feel that she is different from before, but every time you think like this, she will break your thoughts with a smile. You speculate that it may just be that the physics competition is too tight and the difficulty may be too high. , she may be really tired, so sometimes she doesn't look as sunny and cheerful as before.

But your life really changes in an ordinary afternoon. That day you went to the hospital to volunteer as usual.

A boy who looked pale and thin patted your shoulder. He pretended to sit next to you casually, explained his emergency to you in a low voice, and handed a note with a few words on it. Sneak it to you. At first you thought this person was somehow sneaky and didn't know what he was doing, but when you saw the content on the note, you immediately became serious.

There are seven words written on it, "Li Chuanshi is my mother."

You looked at the pale boy and felt unbelievable. The case that your father had

been pursuing all his life, the man that your teacher Tanghua had never forgotten, actually got married and had children in the same place, and had such a big son?

But before you could react, he turned sideways and told you more.

He said his name was Dong Yijiu, and he was the son of Dong Shuhua. He had never been sick since he was a child. All the illnesses were fabricated or imposed on him by Dong Shuhua. He was not stupid, and he might even be several times smarter than his peers. Li Chuanshi was his mother, who was probably trafficked. He had always thought that his mother had died of dystocia, but not long ago he found out that his mother had been locked up in the basement. Until now, his mother has lost her mind and her mental state is very pessimistic.

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Nothing can shock you more than these few words.

Dong Shuhua is a star teacher in your school. Almost everyone in the school knows that he has spent decades taking care of his seriously ill and mentally retarded son. Everyone thinks he is very pitiful and tired. After a day of hard work at school, he has to take care of his son when he returns home. And Li Chuanshi... that once sunny female college student, although she was not raped and killed and her body was thrown into the wild, she was locked up in the basement for more than 20 years. The degree of horror can only be said to be even worse. It turns out that the truth that has been pursued for so long... is related to someone so familiar around him. Li Chuanshi, who Teacher Tang Hua has been chasing and looking for for so many years, turned out to be imprisoned in the basement of his colleague's home for more than 20 years.

Dong Yijiu tells you that because of his father's control, he has no way to contact him by phone or online, and he basically has no chance to go out alone. The only place where he can communicate with you is the hospital, and he comes to the hospital regularly every week. Inject the medicine, and if you are willing to help, you can leave a reply at the agreed place the next time you come to the hospital. He quickly described the secluded location—behind an often-overlooked bulletin board where old magazines and newspapers were stacked.

In the period after that, he told you a lot about his own illness, Dong Shuhua's control, and the secrets about his mother Li Chuanshi, and you communicated continuously.

And you have also told Tanghua all these facts one after another, and you are determined to make Dong Shuhua punished for his actions through reporting and legal means. You and Dong Yijiu made an agreement. If the report is successful at noon on September 10, you will find Dong Yijiu in the hospital for a routine injection and rescue him.

September 10

In the first class after morning reading, you found that Li Ye was not in her seat. You went out to look for her but couldn't find her. Until you returned to the classroom in a panic, you found that Li Ye had returned to her seat in the classroom.

You think she looks a little strange, but you can't tell what's strange about her. Before you can figure out what's strange, Li Ye suddenly starts chatting with you, and the topic of the conversation is even your Chinese teacher Tang Hua. You are a little surprised. Could it be that Li Ye knows about Tang Hua and Dong Shuhua? Li Ye shook her head and said that she was just suddenly curious why such a good teacher like Tang Hua didn't get married. You told Li Ye about Li Chuanshi and Dong Yijiu. After you finished speaking, Li Ye's face changed drastically. You thought Li Ye was just shocked by these things and the true face of Dong Shuhua, but you didn't expect that she told you something you had never thought of.

Li Ye has excellent physics grades and was selected to participate in intensive training to prepare for the competition. She was overjoyed and wanted to get a good ranking in this competition to prove herself. Her physics teacher Zhang Guochao called you to his office and told her that he admired her very much and that he could help you and give you individual tutoring. He believed that he could definitely help you get better grades.

Li Ye agreed to Zhang Guochao's suggestion without thinking too much. He told you to take your leave application to Room xx in xxx Community to find him after the

training camp, where he would give you individual tutoring. He also told you not to tell anyone else about this.

When she woke up in the rental house, she realized that Zhang Guochao's so-called individual tutoring was just an excuse to lure her to a place and rape her.

After that, as long as she resisted Zhang Guochao even a little bit, he would cross you off the list of physics training with a flick of his finger. Zhang Guochao gave her a lot of orders. She couldn't show anything wrong to outsiders. She had to live a normal life. She had to face everyone as positively as before. As a student, Li Ye didn't know that at this time in her life, besides studying What else is there? Zhang Guochao could throw her out of the competition list with just a few moves, and even make her suffer from a suspension of study, or even make her unable to take the college entrance examination. And she couldn't think of any solution.

She also told you that after that, your memory kept going back, and she vaguely realized that something was wrong. She was not just raped by Zhang Guochao, but it might even have been a gang rape. However, she only remembered the face of Zhang Guochao. .

Before she could explain everything clearly, you were called away by Tanghua.

Today at noon, you and Tanghua had agreed to go to the hospital to see Dong Yijiu after the report was successful. But Tanghua told you that today he saw Liye reporting to Dong Shuhua that she was sexually assaulted. Due to this matter, he decided to put the report on hold for the time being, because Dong Shuhua was the one handling the matter. Responsible, if he is investigated later this matter will be shelved. But something is wrong about this matter now. Li Ye recalled that she might not have been violated by only one person. You decided to figure this out first.

At noon that day, Dong Yijiu and Dong Shuhua will go to the hospital for injection as usual. Before this, you and Dong Yijiu promised that if you successfully reported him, you would come to the hospital to find him and rescue him. When you came to the hospital, Dong Shuhua was always by Dong Yijiu's side, and you couldn't find a chance to get close to him. In desperation, Tanghua called Dong Shuhua. When Dong Shuhua's

cell phone rang and you went outside to answer the call, you stopped Dong Yijiu and quickly told him the current situation:

Dong Yijiu seemed to be thinking about it constantly, and his expression revealed something was wrong. He said that he felt that Dong Shuhua seemed to be communicating with some big shots about something before, and suspected that Dong Shuhua might be related to this rape case, and Li Ye the other people Ye mentioned who violated her were probably related to those big shots. He warned you not to alarm Li Ye for the time being, or to let her say that she remembered that there was more than one person who violated her at that time, otherwise it would be very dangerous.

When you returned to school, you found Li Ye out of breath. You told her that the assault case on her was very sensitive. The person you couldn't remember was probably a big shot. You told her not to get along with anyone. It would be dangerous for people to mention this.

She nodded in understanding and then fell into deep thought.

September 11

After the Chinese class, you, Li Ye and Tang Hua explained that Dong Shuhua might have a relationship with the person who raped Li Ye, and that Li Ye might be threatened. After the discussion, you received a call from Dong Yijiu, who said that Dong Shuhua suddenly fainted today and was sent to the hospital. He found the key on him, and Han Kong, Tang Hua and Li Ye could go to his house. On the one hand, he wanted Tang Hua to see the person he had been looking for for so many years, and on the other hand, he wanted to discuss how to solve the problem with Li Ye.

At Dong Shuhua's home, Tang Hua saw his missing lover. That scene was shocking to him. You know how much Tang Hua loves Li Chuanshi, and you are very touched when you see Tang Hua breaking down in tears.

But you were just a middle school student at that time, so it was useless to know more. At this juncture, the most important thing is to find the person who raped Li Ye besides Zhang Guochao, otherwise Li Ye might be targeted by that gang and hurt again because of the report. The four of you discussed what happened to you, but because the

clues were too scarce, the connection between Dong Shuhua and Zhang Guochao, or the connection with the rape case, was still not very clear. Everyone had their own plans and ideas, and then left.

September 12

When you passed by the office, you seemed to hear Dong Shuhua's voice. He seemed to be talking about something related to Zhang Guochao and Li Ye. Then Tang Hua told you directly that he seemed to have found out that Dong Shuhua might be the other person who violated Li Ye, and he might be planning to kill him to silence him.

On this day, you told Li Ye to be careful because you seemed to have found out that Dong Shuhua was probably the other person who violated Li Ye, and Dong Shuhua now seemed to be planning to get rid of you.

The unthinkable happened. Dong Shuhua actually invited you to meet him on the school rooftop at 8:10 on September 13th. He would tell you everything you wanted to know. You knew you couldn't just sit there and wait for death. You were ready and decided to kill Dong Shuhua on that day to prevent Li Ye's death and to end your father's hatred and guilt for so many years.

Task:

Find out the truth about the incident that my father investigated back then.

Investigate the changes in Li Ye.

Please hide your feelings for Li Ye.

Please do not turn to the next page without the host's permission.

Act II

Your timeline on Saturday, September 13, the day of the crime

Before 8 o'clock that night, you kept planning how to kill Dong Shuhua. You didn't know why Dong Shuhua asked you to go to the rooftop, but you knew that for Li Ye, for your father, and for the family of the deceased taxi driver, you shouldn't endure it any longer. You decided to push Dong Shuhua off the rooftop and fake it as suicide.

20:10

You met Dong Shuhua on the rooftop as promised. You found that he seemed to have a headache and kept rubbing his forehead. He spoke to you like a riddle man, but you didn't care what he said at this time because you knew he would die soon. The dead can't talk.

20:15

After fighting with Dong Shuhua, you pushed him off the rooftop. With the sound of a heavy object falling to the ground, you confirmed that Dong Shuhua was dead.

20:45

You dealt with the things that faked Dong Shuhua's suicide on the rooftop and returned home.

24:00

The police broke into your house and woke you up. The police called you, Dong Yijiu, Li Ye, and Hankong to find out the truth of the case.

Please judge whether you are the murderer, if so, please hide it, if not, please find the real murderer. Please do not turn to the next page without the permission of the host

act three

From now on, remember that things in dreams are absolutely real.

Instead, think about everything that has happened to you. Why would someone travel through time? Why do people keep being reborn?

If things in dreams are absolutely real, then what is false?

You are only one step away from the truth.