

FADE IN:

EXT. DARTLEY – ESTABLISHING – DAY

A quiet, unremarkable town nestled in the rolling hills of southern England.

Ancient terraced houses lean tiredly over narrow cobbled streets.

A CATHEDRAL bell tolls faintly in the distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Thomas Greene was born in Dartley —  
a place where life moved slowly,  
and silence aged with the brickwork.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE FAMILY HOME – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The house is modest.

ELAINE and RICHARD GREENE, ordinary parents, live without extremes.

His father, a mechanic, cleans grease from his hands.

His mother sorts papers from her council job.

The ticking of an old clock fills the silence.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In this house, there were no outbursts,  
no tenderness.

Only silence.

YOUNG THOMAS (8) sits by the window, small and withdrawn.  
He stares out at birds in the garden, motionless.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Books on anatomy are scattered across his desk.  
Diagrams of the human body. Heart, lungs, brain.

Thomas flips through the pages, absorbed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

While other children played,  
Thomas studied life and death.  
His world was anatomy.  
His fascination... the line between existence and nothing.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD – DAY

Children run, shouting, laughing.  
Thomas sits alone on a bench, quietly watching.  
Other kids run past, barely noticing him.

TEACHER (O.S.)

(to a colleague)  
Polite. But distant.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He excelled in science,  
invisible in everything else.  
A boy no one noticed — and that suited him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS BEHIND HIS HOUSE – DAY

Teenage THOMAS (15) walks with a box.  
He kneels in the grass, releasing a small FROG.  
Then, carefully, he produces a scalpel.

INT. OLD SHED – LATER

The shed is dim, filled with jars, notes, and crude drawings.  
The frog lies dissected on a table.  
Thomas takes meticulous notes in his journal, eyes calm.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He collected frogs, birds...  
even stray cats.  
Dissected them with careful precision.  
Observing death as though it were a puzzle.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE FAMILY HOME – KITCHEN – EVENING

His parents eat dinner, tired.

Thomas sits quietly, detached.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

By his teens, they had given up trying to connect.

He asked for nothing.

Caused no trouble.

A son who could disappear...

and no one noticed.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY – LONDON – DAY

A new world. Crowds. Noise. Traffic.

Thomas (18) walks through, a suitcase in hand, lost in the flow.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At eighteen, he left Dartley.

Biomedical sciences.

London swallowed him whole —

and he thrived in its anonymity.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY LAB – NIGHT

Thomas leans over a cadaver.

Gloved, steady hands. He studies the brain with unnerving focus.

His PROFESSOR watches, impressed.

PROFESSOR

Greene has a gift.

Though... he keeps to himself.

Thomas doesn't look up.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Neurology became his obsession.

The brain — the delicate balance  
between consciousness and silence.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL APARTMENT – NIGHT

Books and journals cover a plain desk.

The room is barren, lifeless.

Thomas reads a medical journal.

On his screen — a surgical video of a heart operation.

His face is calm.

Too calm.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Knowledge was no longer enough.

Curiosity grew darker.

It was no longer study.

It was control.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – OPERATING THEATRE – DAY

Now in his 20s, Thomas works quietly as a SUPPORT WORKER.

He wipes down instruments, prepares trays, blends into the background.

Surgeons operate.

Thomas's eyes fix on the blood, the organs, the rhythm of life in their hands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He did not want to save lives.

He wanted to be near them.

To watch.

To learn.

To understand the thin line

where silence begins.

CLOSE ON: Thomas's face.

Expressionless, but his eyes burn with quiet hunger.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. DARK ROOM – NIGHT

A single bulb dangles from the ceiling, swinging faintly.

Beneath it, a METAL TABLE.

On the table: tools arranged in precise order — scalpel, saw, rope, cloth.

THOMAS GREENE (30s), theatre support worker, sits quietly in the shadows.

His eyes are calm, detached, as he studies the instruments.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Killers are not born in blood.

They are shaped — piece by piece, moment by moment.

Thomas runs the scalpel across his palm, not cutting, just feeling the cold steel.

His breathing is steady.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK – INT. OPERATING THEATRE – DAY

Doctors and nurses bustle around an unconscious patient.

Thomas stands at the edge, handing instruments with quiet precision.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Precision. Control.

In theatre, it meant life.

In silence, it would mean death.

His eyes linger too long on the scalpel before placing it in the surgeon's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM – NIGHT

Back in the present.

Thomas straps leather bindings to the table, tightening them one by one.

He adjusts the swinging bulb so its light falls directly on the table.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Anatomy was not just of the body.

It was of hunger. Of silence.

The anatomy of a killer.

CLOSE ON: Thomas's face — calm, expressionless.

The faintest flicker of something cold in his eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS – NIGHT

Rain glistens on the pavement.

Dartley hums with life — people leaving pubs, taxis weaving through traffic.

THOMAS GREENE moves silently among them.  
His presence is unremarkable, his expression calm.  
An invisible man in plain sight.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He watched.  
Quiet. Patient.  
Always the observer.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP – NIGHT

Through the window, a YOUNG WOMAN (20s) laughs with friends.  
Her smile bright, her gestures animated.

Thomas stands across the street, watching.  
Not with lust. Not with longing.  
But with cold study.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Every movement measured.  
Every weakness noted.  
He did not see people.  
He saw anatomy in motion.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS – LATER

Thomas sits at the back.

His eyes fixed on a MAN reading a newspaper.

He studies the man's hands, the way they tremble slightly.

He watches a CHILD tug at his mother's sleeve, crying for attention.

His gaze lingers, unblinking.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They never noticed him.

A shadow in their lives.

A quiet observer.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ALLEY – NIGHT

Thomas slips into the shadows, leaving the city behind.

The faintest smile flickers across his lips — calm, almost satisfied.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT

A WOMAN (late 20s), dressed for a night out, walks briskly.

Her heels click against wet pavement, echoing in the empty street.

Behind her — THOMAS GREENE follows at a measured pace.

Calm. Silent.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Every hunter must begin.

Every silence demands its first echo.

She reaches into her purse for keys, fumbling.

Thomas closes the distance.

Suddenly — a cloth pressed against her face.

Her muffled scream vanishes into the night.

She struggles, thrashing — then collapses into his arms.

Thomas drags her quickly into the shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

The swinging bulb.

The table waiting.

The WOMAN awakens, wrists bound tight.

Her eyes widen in terror as Thomas steps into the light, scalpel in hand.

WOMAN

(pleading, trembling)

Please... don't...

Thomas tilts his head slightly, expression unreadable.  
He touches the scalpel to her cheek — not cutting, just tracing.

Her sobs echo.

He steadies his breath.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The first cut was not rage.

Not passion.

It was silence made flesh.

Thomas presses the blade to her chest.

The scalpel sinks in.

Her scream rips through the room — raw, piercing.

Blood spreads across her skin.

Thomas watches intently, his eyes calm, detached.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And once begun...

silence demanded more.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – LATER

The table bloodstained.

Black bags lined neatly against the wall.

Thomas cleans the scalpel with surgical precision.

His breathing steady, as if nothing had happened.

He switches off the bulb.

Darkness swallows the room.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. RIVERBANK – NIGHT

The current flows dark and steady.

Fog curls over the water, muffling sound.

THOMAS GREENE drags a BLACK BAG to the edge, boots sinking into the mud.

His movements are calm, efficient.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Killing was not the end.

Silence required disposal.

Order.

He heaves the bag into the river.

It sinks, bubbles breaking the surface before vanishing.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL QUARRY – NIGHT

Another bag thuds into a pit of gravel and dirt.

Thomas covers it with a shovel of loose earth, movements methodical.

His breath clouds in the cold air.

No hesitation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Flesh was discarded.

Echoes buried.

Silence preserved.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE – NIGHT

Thomas stands by a dumpster, tossing in a final black bag.

He wipes his gloves carefully, leaving nothing behind.

A SECURITY LIGHT flickers on nearby.

He freezes, watching the beam sweep across concrete.

For a moment — stillness.

Then he slips back into the shadows, unseen.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The metal box of tools rests on his table.

Thomas opens it, placing the scalpel back in its slot.

He closes the lid gently.

He sits in silence, expression calm, as if nothing had happened.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The discarded became forgotten.

And silence lived on.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The room is neat, sterile.

THOMAS GREENE sits at his table, the metal box closed before him.

He stares at it, motionless.

A clock ticks loudly in the silence.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The first kill should have been enough.

But silence was never satisfied.

Thomas opens the box.

The scalpel gleams under the dim light.  
He runs a finger along its edge.

His breathing deepens, calm but heavy.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – OPERATING THEATRE – DAY

Doctors and nurses work quickly.  
Thomas assists quietly, handing over instruments with precision.

But his eyes drift — to the patient's exposed chest.  
The rhythm of the monitor beeping.  
The sterile gleam of blood.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Work gave him practice.  
But practice could not feed hunger.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK – NIGHT

Thomas sits on a bench, watching couples walk past.  
Laughter, smiles, hands entwined.

His eyes are steady, but inside, tension builds.  
He clenches his fists slowly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The hunger grew.

Stronger. Louder.

Silence demanded to be fed again.

CLOSE ON: Thomas's calm expression.

A faint flicker of cold purpose returns to his eyes.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS – NIGHT

The hum of nightlife.

Bars spill laughter and music into the street.

Taxis honk, people stumble home.

THOMAS GREENE moves calmly through the crowd, unnoticed.

His eyes scan faces — studying, measuring.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hunger did not strike blindly.

Silence demanded choice.

The perfect selection.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP – NIGHT

A WOMAN (30s), smartly dressed, waits alone.

She scrolls her phone, distracted.

Her bag hangs loosely from her shoulder.

Thomas lingers across the street, watching.

He studies the angle of the light, the flow of passersby, escape routes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Too exposed.

Too many eyes.

He turns away, moving on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE – NIGHT

Another WOMAN (20s) laughs with friends outside, cigarette in hand.

Her energy bright, her smile constant.

Thomas watches from the corner.

Her friends surround her, protective.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Not her.

Silence required solitude.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – NIGHT

Quieter now.

A WOMAN in her late 20s walks home with shopping bags.

Her pace hurried, glancing around nervously.

Thomas follows at a measured distance, his footsteps silent.

He notes the shadows.

The distance to her door.

The absence of witnesses.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She moved alone.

Fear already in her.

The selection was made.

CLOSE ON: Thomas's eyes, calm and certain.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

The swinging bulb casts long shadows across the concrete.

The METAL TABLE waits, straps already prepared.

THOMAS GREENE enters with calm precision, carrying a duffel bag.  
He lays out his tools — scalpel, rope, gloves, cloth — each in exact order.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ritual gave order.

Silence gave purpose.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – NIGHT

The WOMAN with shopping bags walks quickly.

Her keys jingle as she approaches her door.

Thomas appears from behind.

A cloth flashes — pressed over her mouth.

She struggles violently, groceries spilling across the pavement.

Her screams muffled, weakening.

Finally — stillness.

Thomas lifts her with controlled strength, vanishing into the shadows.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – LATER

The woman lies strapped to the table, eyes wide, wrists raw from fighting.

WOMAN

(trembling, pleading)

Please... I'll do anything...

Thomas doesn't respond.

He adjusts the straps, checks the swing of the bulb, places the scalpel against her skin.

Her body shakes, tears stream down her face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The ritual was not cruelty.

It was necessity.

Silence carved into flesh.

Thomas makes the first cut across her chest.

Her SCREAM fills the warehouse, echoing into the dark.

He leans close, watching intently as blood wells up.

His breath steady, his expression calm, almost reverent.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – LATER

Black bags stacked neatly against the wall.

The table wiped down, though faint smears remain.

Thomas closes the metal box of tools, sliding it into his duffel.  
He takes one final look at the room.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Routine. Order.

A familiar ritual.

He steps into the darkness, leaving the warehouse silent once more.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION – INCIDENT ROOM – DAY

The walls are lined with PHOTOS of victims, crime scene maps, and scribbled notes.  
Detectives cluster around a table, tension thick in the air.

DET. ROURKE stands at the whiteboard, marker in hand.

DET. HARRIS flips through a folder of reports.

DET. ROURKE

Look at the disposal sites —  
river, quarry, construction grounds.  
He knows the city too well.

DET. HARRIS

He's careful. He cleans.  
But nobody's perfect.

There's always something.

A CRIME SCENE PHOTO is pinned to the board: dismembered remains pulled from water.

The team murmurs, unsettled.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Silence had grown too loud.

Hunters had begun to listen.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – CORRIDOR – DAY

THOMAS GREENE pushes a supply cart, calm as ever.

Two NURSES whisper nearby, their voices hushed but urgent.

NURSE #1

Did you hear? Another one.

Cut up. Just like the others.

NURSE #2

They think it's someone with medical knowledge.

Thomas passes by, silent.

But his eyes flicker — the briefest recognition.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE FORENSICS LAB – NIGHT

A TECHNICIAN studies samples under a microscope.

Fibers, residues, chemical traces.

TECHNICIAN

Industrial cleaning agents.

Same compounds hospitals use.

Detectives exchange tense looks.

DET. ROURKE

(low, certain)

He's one of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT

Rain falls steady.

Thomas walks alone, coat pulled tight, a vial of Propofol hidden in his pocket.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Silence had kept him hidden.

But silence was beginning to break.

He stops beneath a streetlight, face calm but unreadable.

In the distance, a siren wails.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY BACKSTREETS – NIGHT

The rain has stopped, leaving the pavement slick and shining.

A YOUNG WOMAN (early 20s) cuts through an alley, headphones in, oblivious.

Behind her — THOMAS GREENE follows, steady and silent.

His eyes never leave her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The investigation closed in.

Yet hunger knew no fear.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

The bulb swings above the table once more.

The YOUNG WOMAN is strapped down, wrists bound.

Her headphones still hang loosely around her neck.

She thrashes violently, muffled screams tearing from her throat.

Thomas stands over her, scalpel poised.

His face is calm, expressionless.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The third victim.

Silence demanded her too.

He presses the blade into her arm, making a slow incision.

She screams, raw and piercing, echoing off the walls.

CLOSE ON: Thomas's face — watching intently, unblinking.

He adjusts the light, angling it over her chest.

Each movement precise, almost surgical.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – INCIDENT ROOM – NIGHT

Detectives gather around fresh crime scene photos spread on the table.

Bloodied fragments, torn fabric, a riverbank marked with evidence tape.

DET. HARRIS

Same cuts. Same disposal.

It's him.

DET. ROURKE

And he's not slowing down.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – LATER

The YOUNG WOMAN's body lies still.

Thomas wipes the scalpel, places it neatly back in his case.

He bags the remains with calm efficiency.

The sound of tape sealing the plastic bag echoes in the silence.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The pattern grew.

The silence spread.

Thomas pauses, looking at the blood-smeared table.

For the faintest moment, his breathing quickens — hunger unsated.

He turns off the bulb.

Darkness swallows the scene.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

The bulb flickers.

THOMAS GREENE stands over the bloodstained table, tools laid out.

But tonight — his calm is broken.

Distant SIRENS echo through the city.

He freezes, listening.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Silence once shielded him.

Now it pressed in, cracking.

Thomas moves quickly — too quickly.

He stuffs the scalpel, rope, and cloth into his bag without their usual precision.

The sirens grow louder.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BACKSTREETS – NIGHT

Thomas slips out of the warehouse, pulling his hood low.

Blue and red lights flash faintly in the distance.

He moves fast through the shadows, glancing over his shoulder.

For the first time — tension on his face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Panic was foreign to him.

Yet now it whispered in every echo.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR – NIGHT

DET. ROURKE drives, DET. HARRIS beside her, scanning the streets.

DET. HARRIS

Reports of movement near the river.

He's close.

DET. ROURKE

Then tonight, we end this.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK – NIGHT

Thomas crouches low, dragging a black bag into the water.

The current swallows it quickly, leaving only ripples.

But headlights blaze suddenly nearby.

A POLICE CAR sweeps across the embankment.

Thomas ducks into the reeds, breath sharp, eyes wide.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The hunter fled.

Silence cracked.

The officers exit the car, flashlights sweeping the riverbank.

One beam passes inches from Thomas's face in the reeds.

He remains utterly still, mud streaking his skin.

Finally — the flashlights move on.

The officers head back to the car.

Thomas slowly emerges, soaked, trembling with cold and fury.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Panic passed.

Escape was earned.

But silence would never be safe again.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION – INCIDENT ROOM – DAY

The room hums with urgency.

Detectives pin fresh crime scene photos to the board.

Lines connect maps, dates, and victims.

DET. ROURKE addresses the team, voice sharp.

DET. ROURKE

He slipped us last night.

But we've got fibers, footprints,  
and witness reports stacking up.

DET. HARRIS

He's cracking.

Panic makes mistakes.

CLOSE ON: A PHOTO — a muddy boot print left near the reeds.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – SUPPLY ROOM – DAY

THOMAS GREENE cleans surgical trays.

His face is calm, but his hands shake faintly as he wipes a scalpel.

Two NURSES gossip outside the door, their voices muffled but clear enough.

NURSE #1

They say the police nearly had him.

Just down by the river.

NURSE #2

Whoever he is... he won't last long.

Thomas closes his eyes briefly, steadying his breath.

He places the scalpel neatly back in its tray, forcing composure.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The world pressed closer.

Silence grew thin.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE FORENSICS LAB – NIGHT

Technicians pore over samples — dirt, fabric, blood.

A report prints: \*Partial DNA Match – Under Review.\*

DET. ROURKE reads it, her jaw tightens.

DET. ROURKE

We're close.

One more mistake... and he's ours.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Thomas sits in silence, staring at his closed metal box.

His reflection glimmers faintly in the lid.

He reaches out... then pulls his hand back.

Conflict flickers across his face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hunger demanded more.

But fallout made silence dangerous.

CLOSE ON: Thomas's face — still calm, but his eyes betray strain.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT – NIGHT

Fog rolls low across cracked pavement.

The distant hum of traffic fades into silence.

THOMAS GREENE approaches the abandoned warehouse, hood pulled low.

His steps are fast, urgent, almost reckless.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He knew it was dangerous.

The net was tightening.

Yet hunger left him no choice.

He pushes the rusted door open — it GROANS loudly.

He slips inside.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – CONTINUOUS

The bulb still hangs above the table, swaying faintly in the draft.

The stains remain — faded, but not forgotten.

Thomas sets his duffel down, unzipping it with trembling hands.

Tools spill out — rope, gloves, scalpel.

He lays them out quickly, with less precision than before.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ritual demanded calm.

But desperation broke order.

SOUND: Footsteps echo faintly outside.

Thomas freezes, eyes wide.

He grips the scalpel tightly, staring at the door.

A beat. Silence.

Then — the footsteps fade away.

Thomas exhales sharply, chest rising and falling.

He wipes sweat from his brow, steadies himself.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – LATER

The table waits.

The tools gleam.

But there is no victim.

Thomas sits in the chair beside the table, breathing heavily, staring at the scalpel in his hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hunger drove him back.  
But silence offered nothing.  
Only emptiness.

CLOSE ON: The scalpel — trembling between his fingers.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

The bulb swings above.

THOMAS GREENE works quickly, rag in hand, scrubbing bloodstains from the table.  
His movements are sharp, frantic.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Panic demanded order.

The hunter turned to cleaner.

He pours bleach across the surface — the smell acrid, choking.

The liquid spreads, running into cracks in the concrete.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERBANK – NIGHT

Thomas kneels by the water, dumping a bucket of bloodied rags into the current.

They swirl briefly before vanishing downstream.

He wipes his gloves clean, scanning the bank for footprints.

He crouches, brushing them out with methodical precision.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He erased the echoes.

Scrubbed away the silence he carved.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – SUPPLY ROOM – DAY

Thomas carefully cleans surgical instruments with slow, steady strokes.

But his hands shake faintly.

He pauses, stares at the gleam of the scalpel.

A DOCTOR enters, startling him.

DOCTOR

(suspicious)

You alright, Greene?

THOMAS

(composed, quiet)

Just tired.

The doctor studies him for a moment, then leaves.

Thomas exhales, returning to his careful cleaning.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

The table shines under the bulb, spotless.

The floor washed, walls scrubbed.

Thomas steps back, examining his work.

He closes his duffel, wipes the handle, and looks around one final time.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The silence had been messy.

But now... it was clean again.

He switches off the light.

Darkness swallows the room.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Stacks of NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS cover the table — headlines of the killings, grainy photos, police sketches.

THOMAS GREENE methodically gathers them into a pile.

His face is calm, but his movements urgent.

He strikes a match.

The flame catches — the papers curl, blacken, disintegrate into ash in a metal tray.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The past could not remain.

Silence demanded erasure.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

Thomas pours petrol across the concrete floor.

The smell is overwhelming.

He lights a rag, tosses it — FLAMES race across the ground.

The bulb swings above, glowing through the rising smoke.

Thomas steps back, watching the fire consume the stains, the table, the walls.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Flesh discarded.

Tools cleansed.

Now the stage itself burned.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE – NIGHT

From a distance, the building glows orange, smoke pouring from its roof.

Thomas stands in the shadows of a side street, hood up, face expressionless.

SIRENS wail in the distance, growing closer.

He turns away, melting back into the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – LOCKER ROOM – DAY

Thomas opens his locker.

Inside: a bloodstained pair of gloves wrapped in a plastic bag.

He hesitates — then stuffs them deep into a trash bag filled with discarded linens.

A JANITOR wheels the bag away moments later, oblivious.

Thomas closes his locker, the faintest flicker of relief on his face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He erased the echoes.

Burned the shadows.

Buried the silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE – NIGHT

The glow of the warehouse fire fades into the distance.

Dartley hums with life, unaware.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION – INCIDENT ROOM – DAY

The board is filled — photos, maps, red string connecting victims and dump sites.  
Detectives move with urgency.

DET. ROURKE stands at the head of the room.

DET. ROURKE

He's meticulous.

But the fire gave him away.

She points to a photo: the burned-out WAREHOUSE.

DET. HARRIS

He tried to erase everything.

Instead, he told us where to look.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE FORENSICS LAB – NIGHT

Technicians study ash and melted plastic recovered from the fire.  
One carefully pulls out a warped piece of METAL — a surgical clamp.

TECHNICIAN

Hospital grade.

Not something you buy in a shop.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – CORRIDOR – DAY

Thomas pushes a cart of surgical supplies, his expression calm, neutral.  
But two UNIFORMED OFFICERS pass him in the hall, their eyes lingering.

He feels their gaze, but doesn't react.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The silence had kept him hidden.

But the trap had begun to close.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – ROURKE'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Rourke sits alone, reviewing reports.  
She circles a list of hospital staff with access to surgical instruments.

Her pen taps on one name:

**\*\*THOMAS GREENE.\*\***

She leans back, expression darkening.

DET. ROURKE

Got you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT

Thomas walks alone, coat pulled tight.

He senses something.

A shadow in a parked car.

The faint gleam of binoculars.

Surveillance.

He slows, then continues walking, face calm but eyes sharper now.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The hunter felt the shift.

For the first time...

he was prey.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. THOMAS'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The metal box of tools sits on the table.

THOMAS GREENE paces the room, his movements sharp, restless.

He stops, stares at the box.

His hand hovers over it — but he doesn't open it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Silence once guided him.

Now it cornered him.

Desperation demanded choice.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL – SUPPLY ROOM – DAY

Thomas fills out stock forms, but his eyes flick constantly to the door.

A pair of DETECTIVES pass by the glass window.

He stiffens, hides the clipboard behind him until they move on.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP – NIGHT

Thomas sits on the bench, duffel at his feet.

He watches people come and go, studying them — but not with his usual calm.

His gaze is sharp, urgent, searching.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Hunger demanded more.

The trap demanded caution.

He spots a YOUNG WOMAN waiting alone.

His hand drifts toward the duffel.

But then — a POLICE CAR passes slowly down the street.

Blue light flickers across his face.

Thomas pulls his hand back quickly, eyes narrowing.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT – LATER

Thomas dumps the contents of his duffel on the floor.

Scalpel, rope, cloth.

He stares at them, breathing heavy.

He picks up the scalpel — holds it tight in his fist.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The decision weighed heavy.

Hunt again and risk capture.

Or starve the silence within.

Thomas lowers the blade slowly, trembling.

For the first time, uncertainty flickers across his face.

CLOSE ON: His eyes, dark and conflicted.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT – NIGHT

The burned-out skeleton of the old warehouse looms in the distance, police tape fluttering in the wind.

THOMAS GREENE watches from the shadows, his hood low.

His eyes scan the ruins with something between longing and fury.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He had erased the stage.

Yet silence pulled him back.

Always back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK ALLEY – NIGHT

Thomas slips into another abandoned building, this one half-finished construction.

Concrete pillars. Exposed rebar.

Dark, empty, silent.

He sets down his duffel, lays out the scalpel and rope.

His hands are steady again — ritual returning.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The return was inevitable.

Silence demanded space to breathe.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – INCIDENT ROOM – NIGHT

DET. ROURKE studies a city map pinned to the wall.

Red circles mark dump sites.

She draws a line connecting them.

DET. ROURKE

He's circling.

Always returning.

DET. HARRIS

To what?

DET. ROURKE

To where it began.

He won't be able to resist.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING – NIGHT

Thomas sharpens the scalpel against a small whetstone.

The sound is sharp, metallic, echoing through the empty space.

He breathes slowly, eyes locked on the blade.

Calm returns to his face — the calm of ritual restored.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He had returned.

And with him, silence sharpened its edge.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY BACKSTREETS – NIGHT

THOMAS GREENE walks quickly, hood pulled low.

His eyes flick constantly to shadows, windows, parked cars.

For once, he is not the predator — he is being watched.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Silence had always sheltered him.

But now the silence betrayed him.

He was prey.

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR – CONTINUOUS

DET. ROURKE grips binoculars, tracking Thomas from a distance.

DET. HARRIS takes notes, voice low.

DET. HARRIS

He's nervous.

He knows.

DET. ROURKE

Let him sweat.

The trap's already closed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING – NIGHT

Thomas enters cautiously, scanning corners, his scalpel hidden in his sleeve.

Every creak echoes louder than before.

Every shadow stretches long.

He pauses, sensing movement.

The faintest shuffle of feet above him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The hunter's eyes sharpened.

But even sharpened eyes cannot see the net.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE SURVEILLANCE VAN – NIGHT

Screens glow with grainy CCTV footage.

Thomas's figure moves through the abandoned building.

TECH

He's in. Cameras are live.

Rourke leans closer, expression grim.

DET. ROURKE

One wrong move... and we take him.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING – NIGHT

Thomas stands in the middle of the empty floor, breathing hard.

He spins slowly, scalpel raised.

THOMAS

(whisper, to the dark)

I know you're there.

His voice echoes back at him.

From outside — a faint CREAK of floorboards, the click of a radio.

Thomas bolts for the stairs, moving fast.

Shouts follow. Flashlights pierce the dark.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At last, the silence he created...

turned against him.

CLOSE ON: Thomas's face as he runs, panic breaking through his calm façade.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS – DAWN

The chase has ended.

Police cars line the streets, blue lights fading in the grey morning.

Officers tape off alleys, collect evidence, question bleary-eyed witnesses.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Silence had been broken.

The city stirred with whispers.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – INCIDENT ROOM – DAY

Files, photos, and reports litter the desks.

Detectives look drained but determined.

DET. ROURKE studies the evidence board.

A fresh note scrawled in red: \*GREENE – AT LARGE.\*

DET. ROURKE

He slipped us again.

But he's hurt.

He won't run far.

DET. HARRIS drops into a chair, rubbing his face.

DET. HARRIS

Each time he evades us, more die.

We can't let him reset.

CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED FLAT – NIGHT

THOMAS GREENE sits alone in the dark.

His sleeve rolled up, blood seeping from a gash in his arm — a wound from the chase.

He stitches it himself with trembling hands, wincing but focused.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Aftermath was pain.

Aftermath was weakness.

For the hunter, these were foreign things.

He finishes, breathing hard, sweat dripping down his brow.

The scalpel lies beside him, glinting in the faint streetlight.

Thomas stares at it.

His reflection stares back — pale, exhausted, but burning with quiet rage.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – NIGHT

Rourke slams a file shut.

She leans forward, determination hard in her eyes.

DET. ROURKE

He's running out of places to hide.

And when he surfaces...

we'll be waiting.

CLOSE ON: The photo of Thomas pinned to the board.

A red circle drawn around his face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The aftermath was not the end.

It was the beginning of the final silence.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON – HOLDING CELL – NIGHT

THOMAS GREENE sits on a narrow bunk, his back against the wall.

His face is pale, his eyes hollow, yet calm.

The cell is bare — concrete, iron, silence.

Only the drip of a leaky pipe breaks the stillness.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

For the first time, the hunter was caged.

Silence had become his prison.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR – DAY

Officers escort Thomas in handcuffs.

Other PRISONERS jeer, slam fists against bars.

Thomas ignores them.

His eyes remain fixed ahead, expression unreadable.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON VISITATION ROOM – DAY

Thomas sits at a table.

No visitors come.

The other inmates chat with families through glass — but Thomas waits alone.

His reflection stares back at him in the glass partition.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

No one came.

No one remembered.

Silence was his only company.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON – CELL – NIGHT

Thomas lies awake, staring at the ceiling.

A shadow seems to flicker across the wall, though the cell is empty.

His breath grows shallow, his eyes following the phantom movement.

He sits up suddenly, whispering:

THOMAS

(low, to himself)

You can't cage silence.

He grips the edge of the bunk, knuckles white.

A faint smile crosses his lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON – NIGHT

Floodlights blaze over the razor wire.

Inside, Thomas sits calmly in his cell, the faint smile lingering.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bars held his body.

But the silence... remained free.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON – CELL – NIGHT

THOMAS GREENE sits on the edge of his bunk, eyes sunken, pale.

The walls close in, graffiti etched by previous inmates staring back like ghosts.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Time gnawed at him.

Silence twisted, sharpened.

And the descent began.

He scratches faint lines into the wall with a shard of metal — marks counting days.

The wall is filled with them, a forest of time.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON – MESS HALL – DAY

Inmates shout, argue, laugh.

Thomas sits alone at the end of a table, untouched food in front of him.

He watches a PRISONER stab a fork into his meal.

The motion is rhythmic, mechanical.

Thomas's eyes lock onto it — entranced.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The silence whispered louder now.

In every sound, every shadow.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON – CELL – NIGHT

Thomas lies on his bunk, staring into the dark.

A SHADOW flickers across the wall.

For a moment — it looks like a figure standing over him.

He jerks upright — but the cell is empty.

His breath quickens.

He clutches his head, whispering.

THOMAS

(low, frantic)

Stop... stop talking...

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON – SHOWERS – DAY

Steam fills the room.

Thomas stands under the spray, motionless, water running over him.

In the mist, faces seem to form — fleeting images of his victims.  
Their mouths open in silent screams.

Thomas stumbles back, slipping against the tiles.  
He claws at the wall, eyes wide.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The descent was not sudden.

It was slow.

A drowning in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON – CELL – NIGHT

Thomas rocks slightly on his bunk, staring at the scalpel carved into the wall with his shard.

His whisper fills the darkness.

THOMAS

(low, steady)

Silence never dies...

CLOSE ON: His face — gaunt, trembling, but with the faintest smile.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. PRISON – CELL – NIGHT

THOMAS GREENE sits slumped in the corner, knees drawn up.  
His face is gaunt, his eyes hollow, his lips moving faintly in whispers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The descent had no bottom.

Only the end of the line.

The walls are covered in scratches — marks, words, shapes.

They spiral into chaos.

Some resemble eyes.

Others — screams frozen in lines.

Thomas's hands tremble as he grips the shard of metal he used for carving.

He presses it into his palm, not cutting, just feeling its weight.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON – CORRIDOR – NIGHT

A GUARD makes his rounds.

He pauses outside Thomas's cell, peering through the slot.

Thomas sits completely still now, staring directly at the guard, unblinking.

The guard shifts uneasily, then moves on.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON – CELL – LATER

The shard lies on the floor.

Thomas sits cross-legged, his breathing ragged.

He whispers into the dark.

THOMAS

(low, steady)

It's quiet now...

finally quiet.

His head lowers slowly into his hands.

For the first time, his shoulders shake.

But it isn't laughter — it's something deeper, broken.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The hunter's silence was no longer his.

It belonged to the walls.

To the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRISON – DAWN

The sky turns pale.

Floodlights dim, sirens wail faintly in the distance.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The end of the line.

Not freedom.

Not escape.

Only silence... unending.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE – DUSK

A year has passed.

Dartley glows under fading light — new towers rising, old scars hidden beneath glass and steel.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Time passed.

Names faded.

But silence never died.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – ARCHIVE ROOM – DAY

Rows of shelves filled with case files.

Dust clings to folders stamped \*CLOSED.\*

A hand reaches up — ERICA (30s), police constable.

She pulls down the thick, weathered folder marked: \*\*THOMAS GREENE.\*\*

She carries it to a desk, sits, and opens it.

Inside: crime scene photos, autopsy reports, maps.

The faces of victims stare back at her.

Erica flips through the pages, her brow furrowing, her eyes sharp with focus.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A new observer stepped into silence.

Drawn not by hunger... but by duty.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – INCIDENT ROOM – NIGHT

The room is empty, dark, except for Erica at her desk.

The case file spread open in front of her.

She leans closer, tracing connections across maps with her pen.

Her expression — intense, thoughtful, almost haunted.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Yet silence has many faces.

And one year later, it found hers.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

ERICA (30s, police constable) sits at her desk, the \*THOMAS GREENE\* file open.  
Crime scene photos spread across the table — lifeless faces, bloodstains, the ruined warehouse.

A half-empty cup of coffee sits cold beside her.  
The clock ticks loudly in the silence.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She had read the reports.  
Studied the photos.  
But silence held more than words on a page.

Erica lifts a photo of the third victim.  
The pale hand reaching from reeds.  
Her eyes linger on it too long — until she imagines the fingers twitch.

She gasps, dropping it onto the table.

SOUND: A CREAK from the hallway outside.

Erica freezes, listening.  
She rises slowly, hand instinctively moving toward the drawer with her service weapon.

She steps to the door, listens again.

Silence.

Erica exhales, shakes her head, and returns to her desk.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Across the street, a DARK FIGURE stands still in the shadows.  
Watching the lit window where Erica works.

The figure does not move.

CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Erica flips another page of the file, jotting notes, completely unaware of the presence outside.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Something watched.

Something waited.

And silence crept closer once more.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The room is dim, lit only by a desk lamp.

ERICA sits at the table, eyes heavy with fatigue.

The Greene file lies open before her, photos scattered.

She shifts uneasily, sensing something.

Her gaze drifts toward the window — the curtains hang half-open.

For a split second — a SHADOW flickers past the glass.

Erica jumps to her feet, heart pounding.

She stares at the window.

Nothing.

She yanks the curtains shut with trembling hands.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Unseen eyes pressed close.

Watching. Waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S BEDROOM – LATER

Erica lies in bed, restless.

The Greene file sits on the nightstand, photos peeking from its edges.

Her eyes fix on the ceiling, but she doesn't sleep.

SOUND: A faint CREAK from the living room.

She sits up, tense, listening.

ERICA

(whisper)

Hello...?

No answer.

She grabs her torch and slowly opens the door.

The beam cuts across the living room — empty.

Her breath shakes.

CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

The crime scene photos pinned to her wall seem different in the torchlight.

The victims' eyes appear to follow her.

She steps back, unnerved.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The silence shifted.

It no longer belonged to her.

CLOSE ON: Erica's eyes, wide and fearful, searching the shadows.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The walls are plastered with PHOTOS, MAPS, and scribbled NOTES.  
Red string crisscrosses between pins, forming a chaotic web.

ERICA stands before it, muttering under her breath, scribbling frantically.  
Her hair is unkempt, her eyes bloodshot.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Sleep slipped away.

Sanity thinned.

And the unravelling began.

She picks up a photo — the third victim's hand, pale and rigid.  
In her mind, the fingers twitch.

She drops the photo, gasping, backing away.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – DAY

ERICA storms in, exhausted.

Her colleagues glance up, unsettled by her appearance.

DET. ROURKE approaches, concern in her eyes.

DET. ROURKE

Erica, you look like hell. Go home.

ERICA

(urgent, low)

They're not finished.

Greene's silence... it's still here.

Rourke studies her, unsettled.

CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The wall of photos has grown.

Newspaper headlines pinned among them: \*KILLER RETURNS?\*

Erica pins one more clipping, her hands trembling.

SOUND: A WHISPER — faint, female, echoing.

VOICE (O.S.)

You can't escape it...

Erica spins around, torch in hand.

No one there.

She whirls back to the wall — the photos seem to shift, the victims' eyes watching her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The silence she studied...  
now studied her.

CLOSE ON: Erica's face — pale, terrified, trembling.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The apartment is darker now, curtains drawn tight.

ERICA paces the room, muttering to herself.

The Greene case file lies open on the floor, pages scattered.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What began as obsession...  
now became descent.

She stops suddenly, staring at a PHOTO of Thomas Greene.

His cold eyes seem to pierce her.

ERICA

(whispering)

You're not gone... are you?

SOUND: A faint KNOCK on the door.

Erica stiffens, torch in hand.

She creeps toward the door, peers through the peephole.

No one there.

She jerks it open — the hallway empty.

But a PHOTO lies on the floor.

She picks it up — it's one of her own crime scene photos, smeared with red ink across the victim's eyes.

Her breath quickens.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – LOCKER ROOM – DAY

Erica washes her face at the sink, gripping the counter.

She looks up into the mirror — for a split second, she sees THOMAS standing behind her.

She spins around — empty room.

She stares at her reflection again, trembling.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The silence was no longer his.

It was hers now.

CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The wall of photos looms larger, more chaotic.

She pins the defaced photo to the center, her hands shaking.

Whispers rise all around her, overlapping voices, echoing.

VOICES (O.S.)

(whispers, layered)

Join us.

Silence never dies.

You are one of us.

Erica clutches her head, collapsing to her knees.

ERICA

(screaming)

STOP!

The whispers fall silent.

She kneels in the dark, gasping for breath.

CLOSE ON: Erica's face — drenched in sweat, eyes wide with terror, but a faint, dangerous smile forming.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION – INCIDENT ROOM – DAY

Detectives crowd around a board filled with photos and maps.

ERICA stands among them, but she looks strained — shadows under her eyes, hands trembling as she grips her pen.

DET. ROURKE notices, her tone sharp.

DET. ROURKE

Erica. You're not sleeping.

You can't work a case like this.

ERICA

(snaps back)

I see things the rest of you don't.

He left patterns. You just won't look.

The room falls silent.

Rourke exchanges a worried glance with DET. HARRIS.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – RECORDS ROOM – LATER

Stacks of old files surround Erica.

She flips pages frantically, connecting Greene's timeline with unsolved murders.

She circles dates and names, stringing them together into a rough map.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Duty drove her deeper.

But descent blurred duty and obsession.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS – NIGHT

Erica walks alone, clutching her notebook.

She traces Greene's old hunting grounds, following alleys, riverbanks, and derelict buildings.

She shines her torch on faded police tape clinging to rusted fences.

In the shadows — a FIGURE flickers briefly, then vanishes.

Erica spins around, weapon raised.

The street is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The case file dominates her table.

She lays out fresh notes, whispering to herself.

ERICA

(to herself)

He's not gone.

He never left.

He's waiting... for me.

SOUND: A faint SCRATCHING at her window.

She freezes, stares at the glass.

Her reflection stares back — but behind her, for a split second, Thomas's SHADOW flickers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The investigation consumed her.

Until she was no longer certain...

who hunted who.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The wall of PHOTOS dominates the room.

Strings connect victims, maps, and Greene's image at the center.

ERICA stands before it, trembling, weapon in hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The descent left no escape.

Only confrontation.

SOUND: A knock at the door — three slow, deliberate taps.

Erica snaps the gun up, moving to the door.

She peers through the peephole.

No one there.

She opens the door cautiously.

The hallway is empty.

But a PHOTO lies on the floor — Thomas Greene's mugshot.

Red ink slashed across his eyes.

She slams the door shut, locks it, breathing heavy.

ERICA

(to herself)

You're not here...

You can't be here.

CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S LIVING ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

The lights flicker.

Shadows stretch unnaturally long across the walls.

Thomas's SHADOW emerges slowly from the corner, tall, still, watching.

Erica raises her weapon, hands shaking.

ERICA

(screaming)

SHOW YOURSELF!

The shadow shifts, advancing.

But when the light steadies — the corner is empty.

Erica's chest heaves, her finger still on the trigger.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – DET. ROURKE'S OFFICE – NIGHT

Rourke studies Erica's recent reports — chaotic, paranoid scribbles.

She frowns deeply.

DET. ROURKE

She's slipping.

Just like him.

CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

Erica collapses to her knees before the photo wall.

Tears streak her face.

She stares at Greene's picture, whispering.

ERICA

(soft, broken)

What do you want from me?

The whisper returns — layered, echoing, like many voices at once.

VOICES (O.S.)

Join us.

Erica's eyes widen.

Her hand slowly lowers the gun to her lap.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The confrontation was not with him.

It was with herself.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The room is chaos.

Photos litter the floor, red string torn down, papers scattered.

The wall once covered in order is now ripped apart.

ERICA sits in the middle of it all, knees pulled to her chest, whispering to herself.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The silence she hunted...  
now hunted her.

She clutches Thomas Greene's mugshot, the ink-slashed eyes staring back.  
Her own eyes are red, hollow, trembling with both fear and something darker.

SOUND: The faint CREAK of a floorboard — inside her apartment.

Her head jerks up.

ERICA

(low, hoarse)  
I know you're here.

CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

The hallway light flickers.  
Shadows pulse across the walls like breathing.

Erica moves slowly down the corridor, weapon raised.  
Her bare feet make no sound on the floorboards.

She turns a corner — nothing.

But behind her, a SHADOW flickers across the wall, impossibly tall.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Erica returns to the living room.

She finds the wall rebuilt — the photos re-pinned, strings crisscrossing.

At the center: Thomas Greene's photo, perfectly lit by a lamp.

Her eyes widen in disbelief.

ERICA

(whispers)

No... I tore it down.

She drops the gun, steps closer, drawn toward the photo.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Back to the darkness.

Back to the silence.

As she touches Greene's photo, the whispers rise all around her.

Layered voices, endless, suffocating.

VOICES (O.S.)

You are ours now.

Ours...

Erica sinks to her knees, clutching her head, tears streaming.  
But a faint smile creeps across her lips.

ERICA

(soft, broken)

I hear you.

CLOSE ON: Her eyes — glistening, hollow, yet calm.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE – NIGHT

The city glitters under moonlight.

Traffic hums, neon signs flicker.

Life continues — unaware of the darkness beneath.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Time passes.

Faces fade.

But shadows... remain.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION – ARCHIVE ROOM – NIGHT

The case files are shelved in rows.

Dust settles.

The \*THOMAS GREENE\* file lies closed once more.

But another sits open on the desk: \*ERICA\*.

Handwritten notes spill across the pages.

CUT TO:

INT. ERICA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

The room is silent.

The wall of PHOTOS is gone.

The desk is bare.

But in the corner — a SHADOW lingers, still and patient.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK ALLEY – NIGHT

A FIGURE walks slowly, steady, almost calm.

Only their silhouette is visible in the dim light.

The glint of a blade catches briefly in their hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Greene's silence did not die with him.

It passed on.

To another.

To her.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET – CONTINUOUS

The figure vanishes into the night crowd, unnoticed.

The camera pans up to the rooftops — shadows pooling, stretching.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And the shadows remain.

Always.

FADE OUT.

THE END