

White Noise

Written by

imad chelloufi

Address bachir boukadoum N-43 - skikda - algeria
Phone Number +213551953269

INT.SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A modest bedroom, almost empty of furniture. An old, slightly broken bed. A wardrobe with shattered doors. An ornate Arabic rug decorated with feathers covers the floor.

SEBASTIAN (18), quiet and withdrawn, sits alone. Short in stature, wearing prescription glasses. His face carries the weight of psychological scars. He has no friends. He never did.

Sebastian sits in a SAMURAI-LIKE POSTURE, perfectly still.

A SAMURAI SWORD rests across his lap.

His eyes slowly close, as if entering deep meditation.

Silence presses against the walls.

The room feels smaller now. The shadows stretch unnaturally, clinging to the corners.

Sebastian remains motionless. The SAMURAI SWORD rests on his lap... heavy... deliberate.

A faint TICKING SOUND. Unclear if it's a clock... or his pulse.

Sebastian's eyes stay shut.

A whisper escapes his lips.

SEBASTIAN
(soft, unstable)
They think I don't hear them..

He opens his eyes slowly.

They are empty. Too calm.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
They think silence means weakness.

He tightens his grip around the sword's handle. His knuckles turn white.

The room seems to BREATHE with him.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
(smiling faintly)
But silence is discipline.
That's what warriors learn first.

He tilts his head slightly, as if listening to someone sitting across from him.

No one is there.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
You hear that, don't you?
(pauses)
No... of course you don't.
You never listen.

His smile fades. Replaced by something darker.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
They call me sick.
Broken. A mistake.

A low, shaky laugh slips out of him.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
But mistakes don't survive this
long.

He looks down at the sword.

The blade reflects his face – distorted.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
(whispering to the sword)
You understand me.
You don't ask questions. You don't
lie.

His breathing becomes uneven.

Faster.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Everyone else leaves.
Everyone else disappears.

He leans forward, forehead almost touching the blade.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
But you stay.

A long pause.

Then suddenly–

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
(shouting)
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT!

Silence slams back into the room.

Sebastian freezes.

Ashamed. Afraid.

He exhales... slowly regaining control.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
(calmer, hollow)
I'm still in control.
I always am.

He closes his eyes again.

The sword remains perfectly still on his lap.

But his reflection in the blade

SMILES.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room feels abandoned by life itself.

A worn SOFA sits slightly askew, its fabric torn. A low WOODEN COFFEE TABLE is overturned. Fragments of broken GLASS and a fallen LAMP scatter across the floor.

The walls are marked - dents, cracks, signs of violent struggle.

Bodies of GANG MEMBERS lie across the room.

Some are motionless on the floor, eyes wide open, frozen in their final moment of realization. Others slump against the furniture, their limbs unnaturally positioned, as if their bodies were rearranged without mercy.

A few figures lie apart from the rest - missing hands, missing legs - the absence far more disturbing than any visible wound.

One body lies face-down near the doorway. Another rests against the couch, head tilted back, mouth open in a silent scream.

No blood is shown. Yet the horror is undeniable.

The air feels heavy. Still.

A sense of calculated brutality hangs in the room - not chaos, but precision.

Whoever did this... Did not panic. Did not hesitate.

A faint HUM from a flickering ceiling light echoes above the dead silence.

The room is no longer a living space.

It is a message.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The silence is suddenly BROKEN.

The front door CREAKS open.

FLASHLIGHT BEAMS cut through the darkness.

Two POLICE OFFICERS step inside cautiously, weapons drawn.

OFFICER #1
(low, alert)
Police. Clear the room.

Their footsteps echo unnaturally loud.

The flashlight reveals the first body.

Then another.

Then another.

The officers stop.

They exchange a look.

This is not a normal crime scene.

OFFICER #2
(under his breath)
Jesus...

He lowers his weapon slightly, unsettled.

They move deeper into the room.

The overturned furniture. The broken lamp. The bodies arranged – not randomly... deliberately.

Officer #1 kneels beside one of the gang members.

He hesitates before checking for a pulse.

Nothing.

He notices the missing limbs.

No visible blood.

No struggle marks around the body.

Just... absence.

OFFICER #1

This wasn't a shootout.

Officer #2 shines his light on another corpse – slumped against the couch.

The head tilted back. The mouth open.

Frozen terror.

OFFICER #2

(shaken)

Who does this... and leaves no mess?

A faint BUZZING from the flickering ceiling light.

The sound feels louder now.

Officer #1 slowly stands.

He scans the room again.

OFFICER #1

This wasn't rage.

(pauses)

This was control.

They both fall silent.

The room feels watched.

Officer #2 shifts uncomfortably.

OFFICER #2

You feel that?

Officer #1 nods.

OFFICER #1

Yeah...

Like whoever did this is still here.

They instinctively turn toward the hallway.

Dark. Quiet.

Too quiet.

Officer #1 raises his radio.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
(into radio)
We need backup.

And a forensic unit. Now.

Static answers him.

The camera slowly PULLS BACK.

The bodies. The furniture. The flickering light.

And the living room, once ordinary..

Now transformed into a silent warning.

INT.SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stillness.

Sebastian's eyes SNAP open.

Sharp. Alert.

His hand slowly wraps around the hilt of the SAMURAI SWORD.

The grip is firm. Familiar.

He exhales – a strained, heavy breath, as if something inside his chest is struggling to stay contained.

SEBASTIAN
(aloud, calm but unstable)
Seems we have guests.

Silence answers him.

He tilts his head slightly, listening.

Distant.

Faint.

Almost imaginary.

A slow, unsettling smile forms.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Someone out there..
(pauses)
really wants to die tonight.

The smile fades.

He closes his eyes again.

Perfectly still.

The sword remains resting on his lap.

Waiting.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door BURSTS open.

POLICE FLASHLIGHTS flood the room.

Two OFFICERS storm in, guns raised.

OFFICER #1
(shouting)
DON'T MOVE!
DROP THE WEAPON!

Sebastian remains seated.

Samurai posture. Sword resting on his lap.

Perfectly calm.

He slowly opens his eyes.

Looks at them.

Not surprised.

Almost... disappointed.

SEBASTIAN
(flat, detached)
You're louder than I expected.

Officer #2 steps closer, finger tight on the trigger.

OFFICER #2
I said drop the sword.
Now!

Sebastian tilts his head, studying them like strangers in a museum.

SEBASTIAN
(confused, almost
innocent)

Why?

The officers exchange a quick look.

OFFICER #1
Because there are bodies in the
living room!

Because this place looks like a slaughterhouse!

Sebastian blinks Once.

SEBASTIAN
(calmy correcting)
No.
It's a living room.

A beat.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
It just stopped living.

Officer #2 swallows hard.

OFFICER #2
Put the sword down, Sebastian.
Slowly.

Sebastian looks down at the sword.

Runs his thumb gently along the hilt.

Almost affectionate.

SEBASTIAN
You don't understand..

He looks back up.

Eyes empty.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
It's the only thing in this house
that never lied to me.

Officer #1 takes a step forward.

OFFICER #1
This is your last warning!

Sebastian exhales.

A tired breath.

SEBASTIAN
(smiling faintly)
You always say that.
Like it means something.

The room feels tighter.

Smaller.

Sebastian slowly closes his eyes again.

Still not moving.

Still holding the sword.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
(soft, almost kind)
Relax, officers.

A pause.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
If I wanted you dead...
you wouldn't be standing.

Silence.

The guns don't lower.

But the confidence behind them does.

Sebastian opens his eyes one last time.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Now please...take me away.

He loosens his grip.

The sword gently slides from his lap onto the floor.

A soft METALLIC CLINK.

No resistance.

No fear.

Only calm.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Daylight filters through a small, barred window.

Cold concrete walls. A steel door. A narrow bench bolted to the wall – unused.

SEBASTIAN sits on the floor. Cross-legged. Perfect SAMURAI POSTURE.

His back straight. Hands resting calmly on his knees. Eyes half-closed.

Unmoving. Too composed for a man in a cell.

Outside the bars, POLICE OFFICERS pass by.

One officer slows down and Looks at Sebastian.

Their eyes meet Just for a second.

The officer quickly looks away Uncomfortable.

He pretends to check paperwork, then walks off.

Another OFFICER stops later.

Studies Sebastian longer this time Trying to understand him.

Sebastian does not react. Does not blink.

The officer shifts uneasily and Steps back.

Leaves.

Footsteps echo down the corridor.

Sebastian remains still.

A third officer approaches with a cup of water.

Stops before the cell.

Hesitates.

Doesn't enter.

He places the cup on the floor outside the bars.

Slides it closer with his foot.

Never breaking distance.

Never meeting Sebastian's eyes.

He turns and walks away faster than necessary.

The corridor empties.

Silence returns.
Sebastian slowly opens his eyes.
Looks straight ahead.
A faint smile touches his lips.
Not proud.
Not angry.
Knowing.
He closes his eyes again.
Back into stillness.
As if the cell...
Is merely another room.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A small, sterile room.
Metal table. Two chairs.
Sebastian sits on one side.
Same SAMURAI POSTURE. Hands folded. Eyes calm.
A one-way mirror watches him.
The door opens.
DETECTIVE HARRIS (40s), sharp, tired eyes, enters holding a thin file.
He doesn't look at Sebastian immediately.
Sits.
Places the file on the table.
Only then... looks up.
Their eyes lock.
Harris doesn't look away.

DETECTIVE HARRIS
You know why you're here.

Sebastian tilts his head slightly.

Considers the question.

SEBASTIAN

Because I was quiet in a loud
world.

Harris exhales through his nose.

Opens the file.

Photos inside – we never see them.

DETECTIVE HARRIS

There were six men in that house.

Sebastian nods.

Once.

SEBASTIAN

They shouldn't have come together.

A beat.

Harris leans forward.

DETECTIVE HARRIS

Why?

Sebastian's eyes flicker.

Just a crack.

SEBASTIAN

Because groups make noise.

And noise... (pauses) attracts consequences.

Silence fills the room.

Harris studies him.

DETECTIVE HARRIS

You planned this.

Not a question.

Sebastian finally smiles.

Small.

Controlled.

SEBASTIAN
I prepared for it.

Harris closes the file.

DETECTIVE HARRIS
You're not insane, Sebastian.

Sebastian's smile fades.

SEBASTIAN
(disappointed)
That's what you think.

Harris stands.

Walks to the door.

Stops.

DETECTIVE HARRIS
We'll talk again.

He exits.

The door locks behind him.

Sebastian remains seated.

Unbothered.

He closes his eyes.

A faint whisper escapes him.

SEBASTIAN
(to himself)
Still too early.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

The steel door SLAMS shut.

The sound echoes down the corridor.

Sebastian stands still for a moment.

Then slowly... he lowers himself to the floor.

Cross-legged.

SAMURAI POSTURE.

Exactly as before.

The cell is bright with daylight now.

Too bright. Too loud.

Voices echo faintly outside. Phones ringing. Footsteps. Life continuing.

Sebastian's jaw tightens.

He closes his eyes.

A low whisper slips out.

SEBASTIAN
(soft, controlled)
Too much noise...

He breathes in. Breathes out.

Trying to restore balance.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
I like it when things are still.
When nothing moves unless it has a
reason.

A guard passes by the cell.

Sebastian doesn't look up.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
People ruin silence.
They talk. They touch. They
interrupt.

His fingers curl slightly against his knees.

Not anger.

Discomfort.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
They call it life.
(pauses)
I call it chaos.

Outside, two officers laugh loudly.

Sebastian flinches.

Just barely.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Chaos makes mistakes.

A long beat.

His breathing slows.

Becomes steady again.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
But quiet...
Quiet listens.

He opens his eyes.

Stares at the empty wall in front of him.

Focused.

Present.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
That's why they're afraid.

Not because of what I did.

A faint, knowing smile.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Because I'm calm..
And they're not.

Footsteps fade.

The station noise dulls.

Sebastian closes his eyes once more.

Perfectly still.

At peace.

As if the cell is the safest place he's ever been.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Sebastian sits cross-legged on the floor, eyes closed. He breathes slowly, enjoying the calm silence.

The steel door CREAKS open, shattering the stillness.

OFFICER #1
(shouting)
Hey! You've got company in your
cell.

Sebastian slowly opens his eyes, calm.

SEBASTIAN
(flat, detached)
We're all companions in this life.
The only difference... some die
today, others... postpone it.

The officer doesn't respond. He steps aside and ushers in
MARIA (25), tall, blonde, visibly frightened.

MARIA
(screaming)
I didn't do this! I swear I'm
innocent!

The officer quotes a philosopher, almost mockingly.

OFFICER #1
(as if quoting)
"All are innocent puppies in this
life."

Then he leaves, locking the door behind him.

Maria grabs the bars of the cell, still panicked.

MARIA
(panicked)
Please... I don't belong here!

Sebastian opens one eye, his voice low but sharp.

SEBASTIAN
Quiet. I need silence.

Maria glares at him, not stepping back.

MARIA
(sarcastic, defiant)
Go fuck yourself?

She starts pacing, shouting, her fear and frustration
spilling out.

Suddenly, Sebastian stands with unnerving speed. He moves
closer, calm but intense, closing the distance between them.

SEBASTIAN
 (low, cold)
 You don't want to die here.
 Not yet.

Maria freezes, uncertain.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
 Life... it's about control.
 Fear makes them weak. Chaos
 surrounds us. I... I control it.

Maria exhales sharply, fear mixed with disbelief. She slowly relaxes her grip on the bars.

MARIA
 (whispering, tense)
 And if I refuse?

Sebastian tilts his head, eyes cold.

SEBASTIAN
 Then... you'd already be lost.

She nods slightly, swallowing hard, the shouting fading. She slowly sits on the bench inside the cell, wary but silent.

Sebastian returns to his SAMURAI posture on the floor, eyes closing, breathing steady.

The cell is quiet again.

A faint smile touches his lips.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Sebastian sits cross-legged on the floor. Eyes closed.

SAMURAI POSTURE.

Silent. Calm. Like the eye of a storm.

Maria perches on the narrow bench, arms crossed, defiant yet nervous.

MARIA
 (trying to negotiate)
 Look... I'm not your enemy.
 I don't belong here. We can figure
 this out-together.

Sebastian opens one eye. He tilts his head, studying her.

SEBASTIAN
 (flat, almost bored)
 Together?
 Do you even know what that means in
 this room?

Maria shifts, taking a cautious step closer.

MARIA
 Then teach me.
 Show me. I'll listen. I won't... make
 it worse.

Sebastian slowly stands. He moves deliberately in a circular pattern around her, his hands tracing imaginary lines in the air.

SEBASTIAN
 (low, ritualistic)
 Control.
 Order. Silence.

He crouches, tracing a line on the floor with a fingertip, eyes unblinking.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
 Every breath. Every sound. Every
 thought...It belongs somewhere. And
 chaos...
 (pauses)
 Belongs to no one.

Maria watches, tense, trying to follow his strange movements.

MARIA
 (softly, cautiously)
 So... if I stay quiet...if I follow
 your rules... I live?

Sebastian stops. Stares at her directly. His gaze is sharp, almost unbearable.

SEBASTIAN
 You live...if you understand.

He sits again, back in SAMURAI posture. Hands resting on knees. Breathing slow.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
 The world outside...they rush. They
 shout. They destroy... the quiet.

Maria exhales. She hesitates. Then nods slowly.

MARIA

And if I fail?

Sebastian tilts his head, eyes half-closed, almost smiling.

SEBASTIAN

Then... the world catches up with
you.
And I... stay calm.

A long beat. Maria sinks fully onto the bench, breathing controlled now, watching him.

Sebastian closes his eyes. Back in his ritual. Back in his world.

The cell is silent again.

A calm so deep... it's almost suffocating.

The cell is quiet.

Sebastian sits cross-legged, SAMURAI POSTURE, eyes closed.

Maria perches on the bench, watching him closely.

A slow, deliberate beat passes.

Maria leans forward.

Her voice calm but firm.

MARIA

Alright... let's see if you're really
as... in control as you think.
Tell me... what happens if someone
breaks your rules?

Sebastian slowly opens one eye.

A flicker of amusement dances across his calm face.

SEBASTIAN

(flat, deliberate)

Rules?
The world breaks rules.
The world screams.
I... observe.

He slowly stands. Moves in precise circles around Maria.

Fingers tracing invisible lines in the air, almost like drawing a map of the room.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Every sound... every breath... every
hesitation...they all tell a story.

Maria watches, tense.

She decides to push further.

MARIA
(slightly mocking)
And if I... move wrong?
Step where I shouldn't?

Sebastian stops.

He crouches suddenly, tracing a line on the floor with a
fingertip, eyes unblinking.

A slow, deliberate smile forms.

SEBASTIAN
Then... you see.
Life isn't for the careless.

He snaps upright, suddenly close to her, voice low and
hypnotic.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
I'll let you test me.
But every test... has consequences.

Maria swallows, eyes darting.

She shifts on the bench.

Decides to push him with a small movement—just a twitch of
her hand toward the bars.

Sebastian's head snaps toward it.

He tilts it, calm... but there's a weight in the air, a
pressure that makes her hesitate.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Careful.
Even a twitch can echo... for someone
like me.

Maria freezes.

Her voice lowers, tense but challenging.

MARIA

Fine... I'm testing you.
Show me... show me this control.

Sebastian slowly sits again, back in his SAMURAI posture.

He closes his eyes.

SEBASTIAN

(whispering, almost to
himself)
Then we play.
Quietly.
Every move counts.

He begins to chant softly under his breath, a strange rhythm
only he seems to hear.

Fingers tapping lightly on the floor.

A mental ritual begins.

Maria watches.

Uneasy.

Every subtle motion seems charged... like he's reading her
thoughts.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(eyes half-open)
Do you feel it?
The silence... the weight... the
stillness.
You're part of it now... whether you
want it... or not.

Maria exhales sharply.

A mix of fear and fascination.

She sits back, realizing the "game" has already begun.

The cell is no longer just a holding place.

It is a stage.

And Sebastian... the conductor.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Silence returns.

Sebastian sits on the floor, SAMURAI POSTURE. Eyes closed.
Breathing steady.

Maria watches him.

Carefully.

She changes tactics.

Her voice softens.

MARIA

You know...
Men who hide behind silence usually
do it because they're afraid.

Sebastian doesn't react.

She leans back casually, as if bored.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Afraid that if they talk...
Someone might see who they really
are.

Sebastian opens one eye.

Just one.

SEBASTIAN

Fear is loud.
I am not.

Maria smiles faintly.

She's testing limits now.

MARIA

Then tell me this...
If you're so calm... why do they keep
watching you?

She nods subtly toward the corridor.

Footsteps. Whispers. Eyes through glass.

Sebastian's jaw tightens – barely.

Maria notices.

MARIA (CONT'D)

(low, pressing)
You don't like being seen, do you?

Before he can respond—

The CELL DOOR OPENS.

A sharp metallic CLANG.

DETECTIVE ROURKE (50s), cold, severe, steps in with two officers behind him.

No hesitation. No fear.

Rourke locks eyes with Sebastian.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
Sebastian Hale.

Sebastian slowly stands.

Straight. Controlled.

SEBASTIAN
You already know my name.
That means this isn't curiosity.

Rourke tosses a FILE onto the bench beside Maria.

Photos inside — unseen.

Heavy.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
A young woman disappeared three days ago.

Sebastian doesn't blink.

DETECTIVE ROURKE (CONT'D)
She was found this morning.
In the forest outside the city.

A beat.

Maria's breath catches.

She looks at Sebastian now — really looks.

DETECTIVE ROURKE (CONT'D)
Witnesses place you near the area.
Same night she vanished.

Sebastian tilts his head slightly.

As if listening to something only he hears.

SEBASTIAN
The forest is quiet.
People ruin it.

Rourke steps closer.

Invading his space.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
Did you take her?

Silence.

Long.

Uncomfortable.

Sebastian finally speaks.

SEBASTIAN
I don't steal people.

Rourke's eyes harden.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
Did you kill her?

Sebastian looks past him.

At the wall.

At nothing.

SEBASTIAN
People disappear every day.
You just notice when it's...
inconvenient.

Maria stiffens.

Fear crawls back in.

MARIA
(quiet, to Sebastian)
You didn't answer him.

Sebastian finally turns toward her.

His gaze is calm.

Too calm.

SEBASTIAN
Because answers create noise.

Rourke signals to the officers.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
We're not done.

He steps back.

The door closes again.

LOCKING THEM IN.

Silence crashes back into the cell.

Maria slowly sits down.

Her confidence gone.

MARIA
(whispering)
That girl...
Was that part of your "order"?

Sebastian lowers himself back to the floor.

SAMURAI POSTURE.

Eyes closing.

SEBASTIAN
Order doesn't need witnesses.

Maria stares at him.

Realizing something too late.

She wasn't testing him.

She was never in control.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Harsh fluorescent lights.

Sebastian sits at the table. Hands folded. Perfect posture.

Across from him: DETECTIVE ROURKE. No file this time. Just eyes.

A long silence.

Rourke lets it stretch.

DETECTIVE ROURKE You don't look like a man who panics.

Sebastian doesn't answer.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
The girl didn't panic either.
At first.

Sebastian's eyes flicker – barely.

Rourke notices.

DETECTIVE ROURKE (CONT'D)
She trusted someone.
That's usually how it starts.

Sebastian tilts his head.

SEBASTIAN
Trust is noise.
It makes people careless.

Rourke leans in.

Close.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
Did you take her to the forest?

Sebastian looks at the table.

At the scratches.

SEBASTIAN
Forests don't belong to anyone.

Rourke SLAMS his hand down.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
Did you kill her?

Silence.

Thick.

Uncomfortable.

SEBASTIAN
I don't remember her face.

Rourke freezes.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
You never saw the body.

Sebastian looks up.

Calm.

SEBASTIAN
Faces disappear quickly...in loud
worlds.

Rourke straightens.

Something just shifted.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Maria sits alone now.

The bench feels colder.

Smaller.

She watches the corridor through the bars.

Every footstep makes her flinch.

She whispers to herself.

MARIA
He didn't deny it...

Her eyes drift to the empty space beside her.

Where Sebastian sat before.

MARIA (CONT'D)
(low, frightened)
He didn't deny anything.

A guard passes.

Maria grips the bars.

MARIA (CONT'D)
(to the guard)
When do I get out?

The guard doesn't stop.

Doesn't answer.

Maria's breathing quickens.

She looks down.

Notices something scratched faintly into the concrete floor.

A single word:

 QUIET
 Her blood runs cold.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Dark trees. Still air.

No wind.

No animals.

Silence.

A FIGURE in dark clothing moves between the trees.

FACE HIDDEN.

Dragging something heavy.

We never see it clearly.

Only the sound of fabric against leaves.

The figure stops.

Tilts their head.

Listening.

 MASKED FIGURE
 (calm, distorted)
 The world is too loud.

A pause.

The figure looks down.

 MASKED FIGURE (CONT'D)
 I like it quiet.

The voice is familiar.

Too familiar.

The figure continues dragging the body into darkness.

The trees swallow them whole.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Back on Sebastian.

Same calm.

Same posture.

Rourke studies him differently now.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
That voice...Was it yours?

Sebastian considers the question.

Then—A faint smile.

SEBASTIAN
Ideas don't belong to people.

They travel.

Rourke leans back.

Realization dawning.

DETECTIVE ROURKE
So you didn't kill her.

Sebastian's smile fades.

SEBASTIAN
I never said that.

A beat.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
I said...I wasn't alone.

Rourke stares at him.

This isn't a confession.

It's worse.

FADE OUT.