

MURDER, I WROTE

(Instrumental Narrative - Metal Visual Sequence)

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

A single hanging lamp swings over a battered desk.

The room is filled with torn manuscript pages, strange rhythmic diagrams, red-string connections, broken drumsticks, guitars, and tape reels.

On the wall: impossible notation.

At the desk sits THE COMPOSER, half-shadowed, writing furiously.

CUT TO:

The ink TWITCHES. A low HUM rises in the walls.

MONTAGE - THE MUSIC TAKES CONTROL

Pages whip through the air.

Symbols multiply across surfaces.

The room bends and distorts.

A BLACK PORTAL flickers open briefly in the corner.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Black SUVs arrive silently. MEN IN BLACK step out, watching the building.

INT. LOFT - CONTINUOUS

The Composer keeps writing. The notation begins writing itself.

A wall PEELS open into a rift of impossible realities.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Armed agents and CIA operatives storm upward toward the loft.

INT. LOFT - BREACH

The door explodes inward.

Chaos erupts as creatures emerge through portals.

Agents fire. Reality fractures.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Civilians run as creatures flood the streets.

A chaotic circle pit forms, spinning faster and faster.

INT. LOFT - FINAL ASCENT

The Composer stands amid destruction.

A massive PRESENCE looms through a portal.

He writes the final sequence.

CLIMAX

Symbols turn into blades of light, cutting through space.

The city spirals into a vortex of motion and energy.

INT. LOFT - AFTERMATH

Silence. Smoke. Ruin.

A wounded agent tries to stand—falls again.

The Composer calmly writes the final words.

CLOSE ON PAGE: MURDER, I WROTE.

FADE OUT.