

MEMORY: NOT_FOUND

Written by Chres May Benedicto / © 2025

ONE

Panel 1: Maeve wakes up in bed, drenched in sweat. Her phone glows on the nightstand.

MAEVE: "I don't remember falling asleep."

Panel 2: Close-up on Maeve's phone screen, showing missed calls, texts, and a breaking news alert about a brutal murder. Her phone screen lights up. A text notification.

TEXT: "Breaking News: Brutal murder in Eastpoint Complex. Suspect *unknown*."

Panel 3: Maeve sits up, confused and scared, noticing blood smeared on her palm.

MAEVE: "Wh-what happened...?"

Panel 4: A flicker of a distorted memory flashes in Maeve's mind: a faceless figure lying on the floor in a pool of blood. SFX: digital glitch.

SFX: *BZZZT*

TWO

Panel 1: Maeve stands in her bathroom, staring into the mirror. The mirror's reflection flickers slightly out of sync.

Panel 2: She opens the medicine cabinet, revealing a bloodied knife.

Panel 3: Her phone buzzes again. On-screen text is visible.

TEXT: "You were there."

Panel 4: Maeve braces herself against the sink. Her reflection stares back at her in panic, eyes wide and jaw clenched.

MAEVE: "Who would do this to me?"

THREE

Panel 1: Maeve walks down a sterile hallway—possibly her apartment building. She feels watched. Security cameras track her every move.

Panel 2: Suddenly, she has a glitched vision: a flashback of the victim. We see a young man with wide, terrified eyes. The victim reaches out as if trying to fend Maeve off. In the same flash, Maeve sees herself standing over the body. This entire vision is distorted, flickering like broken video.

Panel 3: The vision ends abruptly. Maeve drops to her knees, clutching her head. Static creeps into the frame.

Panel 4: A near-black pane. Digital static creeps in at the edges, like a corrupted screen. A silhouette of Maeve curls up in the center, surrounded by glitchy fragments of the vision she just saw. Too broken to make sense.

CAPTION: "Memory corrupt. Subject unable to retrieve personal data."

FOUR

Panel 1: Maeve sits across from her old friend, June, in a dimly lit coffee shop. June looks tense. (*Angle: Wide shot, soft shadows across their faces.*)

JUNE: "They say the footage was tampered with, Maeve. Someone wiped it clean."

Panel 2: Maeve leans forward, desperate.

MAEVE: "But why? Who's trying to set me up?"

Panel 3: June hesitates. Her eyes shifted away, lips pressed tight.

JUNE: "Look, I'm worried about you. The footage was so heavily edited... like someone wanted to *hide* something. Are you sure you don't remember anything?"

Panel 4: Maeve's phone buzzes, interrupting them. A new text appeared.

TEXT: "Check the basement."

MAEVE: "I can't remember anything June... None of this makes sense."

FIVE

Panel 1: Maeve reaches the bottom of the basement stairs. The hallway is dimly lit, cold and silent, except for the flickering light overhead. Lining the walls are **faded posters** of her past life: colorful, overly-cheerful streaming ads featuring her smiling face surrounded by hearts and emojis.

POSTER TEXTS: *"Live with MAEVE! ☆" / "#1 Wellness Streamer" / "Donate now!"*

Panel 2: She reaches a flickering room filled with CRT monitors and tangled wires. Some screens show a **live feed** of Maeve now, others replay **recordings** of her past kills. Different victims, different nights.

Panel 3: One monitor shows Maeve smiling eerily over the young man's body. A glitched voice echoes through a speaker overhead.

VOICE (glitchy): "You chose this... for the money... for the views..."

Panel 4: Maeve stares at the monitors, trembling. Her hand slowly lifts to her mouth but her fear flickers, giving way to something darker.

MAEVE: "It's always scarier when I don't remember... The fear feels real. That's what sells."

Caption: "I erased myself... so I could do it all over again."

SIX

Panel 1: Maeve steps back , the monitors casting a warm, glowing spotlight on her. She notices something taped to the wall beneath one of the screens: a wrinkled yellow sticky note. In the background, the live chat explodes across the monitors. Monitors flood with comments, donations climbing fast.

CHAT COMMENTS: "She's back!!" / "Terror queen!" / "The fear is what I paid for!" / "This is true entertainment!!! Definitely be donating more!!"

Panel 2: (*CLOSE-UP*) The sticky note. It's wrinkled and fading, written in thick black marker. A fingerprint smudge stains the corner. The note reads:

"REMEMBER:
Since the introduction of Drug XX-7, we found a way to erase memory on command *easily*.
So we use it... *for real killings*.
No guilt. No recollection.
Just raw, first-time terror...
And they ***pay more*** when it's real."

Panel 3: She opens an app revealing a black-market marketplace of "contracts" with blurred-out targets. A partial reflection of her face is visible on the screen.

PHONE UI: "Payment: 3 BTC... Viewers: 91.3K... Next stream: T-16H..."

Panel 4: Close-up on Maeve's face. Her eyes blaze with calculated madness. She stares **directly** at the reader, as if they've been watching all along. And she knows.

MAEVE (grinning): "You love this, don't you? Watching me lose it... *again* and ***again***."

CAPTION: "***MEMORY: NOT_FOUND***"

END