

JAMES scans the horizon.

Then a flicker of movement across the beach. A SHADOWY FIGURE emerges from the darkness, face obscured beneath a wide-brimmed hat.

James' eyebrows knot, his mouth opening to speak. No words come out.

The shadowy figure moves closer, a trench coat now visible, hanging from its shoulders. It's taking its time.

JAMES

Who are you?

SHADOWY FIGURE

An interested party.

JAMES

You followed me?

SHADOWY FIGURE

Naturally. I am a follower, not a leader.

JAMES

I'm not leading you anywhere.

SHADOWY FIGURE

Oh, yes you are.

James steps back as the figure reaches him, sliding a hand into a coat pocket.

SHADOWY FIGURE (CONT'D)

But you may need a little help.

We focus on the figure's pocket.

JAMES (O.S.)

What do you mean?

Eyes widening, James forces himself to take a step closer. He watches the figure's hand closely as it pulls out a small envelope of photographs.

SHADOWY FIGURE

(coldly)

Recognize these?

JAMES
(reaching for the photos)
Give me them!

James frowns, confused as he takes the envelope. He opens it to reveal a set of photographs. His face falls as his eyes move back into the concealed face of the shadowy figure.

LATER

James' corpse lies face down on the beach, the photos scattered around him in the sand.

CHYRON: The Beach

TITLE: Time of death - 15:00

SUPER: Cause of death - Unknown