

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH -- TWILIGHT PM

RACHEL, 24 sits in the sand across from JAMES, 26. Drift wood scattered around them as she lets sand pour out the bottom of her fist into her other palm. She has a calm stare on the sand while the wind blows her hair around frantically.

RACHEL

I heard that sand is just bits of broken sea-shells. Thousands of broken pieces.

Rachel looks over her shoulder at the hidden sun behind the sea. James looks at her distempered.

JAMES

Rachel have you heard a word I have said?

Rachel sit silent to James's question.

RACHEL

Once whole pieces, brilliant colors and shapes now washed onto shore.

She looks at the harsh waves crashing into the shallow water before looking down at her foot. The sand flows over her extruding toes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Small, ineffectual grains of sea shells

Shifting his weight to his other arm looking as if to scold her but he says nothing. Still not looking in James's direction her eyes begin to water. Slowly she drops her chin and looks back down at her hands full of sand. James throws himself onto his feet, he stops in mid-turn thinking of words to say, but realizing he has said enough he walks away from Rachel. Rachel tilts her head now not looking at anything particular.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Good-bye James

James walking parallel to the shore in the distance with Rachel's long skirt blowing in the wind and feet emerged under the sand in the foreground.

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