

SAMPLE PAGES

Written by
Marcel tira

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Sample

marcelt@cinematicink.net

STONE SHORE
(SAMPLE PAGES)

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INT. REGIONAL OPERATIONS CENTER – CAFETERIA – EVENING

Nearly empty.
Vending machines humming.

Two employees at a far table.

Mark sits alone with a tray in front of him.
He doesn't eat.

His phone vibrates once beside the tray.
He looks at it.
Doesn't turn it over.

The vibration stops.

He stays where he is a moment longer.
Then stands.

Leaves the tray untouched.

INT. REGIONAL OPERATIONS CENTER – NIGHT

Skeleton crew.
Overhead lights dimmed.

Mark at his workstation.

He opens the regional map and adds a layer – relocation
schedules across the coastal zone.
Markers appear.

He overlays fuel allocation logs.
The map grows denser.

He adds maintenance flags, expanding his STONE POINT
subfolder.

Then satellite recalibration windows – thin bands across the
timeline.

He sits back.
Stone Point near the center of the convergence.

He leans forward and opens the drone archive.

Scrolls through timestamps – dock, shoreline, water.
Routine passes.
Nothing held long enough to matter.

He switches to thermal imaging.
Sorts by anomaly score.
One file near the top.
Low.

He opens it.

Dark water.
Dark sky.

A flicker – one frame.
High altitude shot.
A faint heat signature crossing the lake.
Elongated.
Smaller signatures inside it.

Back to dark water.

Mark scrolls back one frame and plays it again.

His phone vibrates.
He doesn't notice.
It stops.
He closes the footage.

He stands.
Crosses to the wall display.

Loads the coastal grid at full scale.

Dozens of markers along the shoreline.
Stone Point – a small dot among them.
The lake stretching wide across the map.

He looks at the scale of it.

Returns to his desk.

The map remains on screen.
Stone Point, a small dot in the coastal grid.

The other analysts power down their stations and leave.
Lights dim further.

Mark stays where he is.

INT. REGIONAL OPERATIONS CENTER - NIGHT. LATE.

Same chair.
Same screen.

The same YOUNG ANALYST gathers her things. She is the last to leave.

Mark looks up.

She is already looking at him.

A beat.

She turns away.

Leaves.

Mark opens the personnel registry.

Stone Point.

He types the location code.

The system returns one result:

"WEATHER STATION OPERATOR

STONE POINT COASTAL ZONE

CIVC SCORE: NOMINAL"

He scrolls down.

Her name.

He stops scrolling.

Her photo beside it - standard government registry image.
She looks directly at the camera the way people do when they've been told to.
Not smiling.

He looks at it.
Doesn't move.

The office around him silent.
The city beyond the windows dark.

The map still glowing on the secondary screen.
Stone Point a small dot in the coastal zone.

He looks at it.
Doesn't move.

The thermal footage still open on the secondary screen.
Two heat signatures on a dark lake.
One small outline.

Her photo beside it.

Neither window closed.
Both screens glowing.

He sits with both screens open.
The room quiet.

INT. REGIONAL OPERATIONS CENTER – CONTINUOUS

Same empty office.

Her photo on one screen.
The thermal frame on the other.

Mark looks between them.

He reaches for the keyboard.

Opens the Stone Point record.

Scrolls.

Sylvia's data profile.
Movement logs.
Irregularity flags.

He selects the flagged entry.

A pause.

He clicks:

DELETE

A system prompt appears:

"DELETE REQUEST – FLAGGED IRREGULARITY

ACTION REQUIRES AUTHORIZATION

CONFIRM?"

Mark stares at it.

Then clicks:

SUBMIT

The screen updates:

"DELETION REQUEST SUBMITTED
PENDING AUTOMATED REVIEW"

Mark looks at it.

Server noise in the background.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Lamp on low.

Mark in bed, phone in his hand.

A message from Sylvia.
He reads it.

Types a response.
Stops.
Deletes a word.
Types again.

The cursor blinking a long while.

He sends.

The screen dims.
Lights again.
Her reply.

He reads.
Starts to type.
Stops.

The phone rests in his hand a moment before he answers.

CUT TO:

INT. WEATHER STATION - SAME TIME

Sylvia in her chair.
Phone in her hand.

She watches the typing indicator appear.
Disappear.
Appear again.

A longer pause this time.

His message arrives.

She reads it.
Sets the phone down on the table beside her.

The lake beyond the window.
The light out the window turning steadily.

EXT. STONE POINT - NIGHT

A figure approaches along the shoreline path.
Pacing. Slow.

INT. WEATHER STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sylvia sees him through the window.

Before anything else, she reaches for the lamp.
The room dims.
Only a small light near the back wall remains.

She steps away from the window.
Watches from the darker part of the room.

EXT. WEATHER STATION - DOOR FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The man stops near the edge of the property.
Not moving closer.

From the shadow -

STRANGER

Please.

INT. WEATHER STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sylvia studies him from the doorway.
She does not answer.

She looks at his posture.
The way he holds himself.

He is not facing the water.

A long moment.

She shakes her head once.
Small. Decisive.

The latch clicks.
Her hand stays on the latch.
A breath.

END OF SAMPLE