

INT. WAREHOUSE - DARK, STORMY NIGHT

JIM and JASON, two men in their thirties, are standing in the middle of an empty warehouse. The place looks like it was abandoned a long time ago.

Jason walks behind a barrel and stoops to pick something up.

INSERT - GUN IN JASON'S HAND.

JIM
Hey, what's happening here?
(looks at Jason)
What are you doing with that gun --
Hey man --

Jason SHOOTS Jim in the chest, twice.
Jim collapses to the ground and twitches for a while, then stops.

Note

Do we need a more gruesome death scene?

JASON
Bad things happen to bad people.

Jason pockets the gun and hurriedly exits the building.

A ghost-like figure rises up from Jim's body and hovers above the ground.

JIM
Hey man, you almost killed me!

He notices his own dead body on the ground.

JIM
Uhh...I am dead, on second thought.
Sorry Jason, didn't mean to
question your shooting skills.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Jason is driving along in his Porsche convertible. The sun is shining, the radio is loud, and he has his sunglasses on. All in all, the world is looking up for him right now.