

OVER THE BRIDGE

by

Drew Byerly

Based on, the short film by  
Drew Byerly

Copyright © Drew Byerly  
(720) 982-9692  
drewbyerly83@gmail.com

OVER BLACK:

There's a faint wind. A few sounds of nature here and there. Crickets, a bird chirps in the distance, etc.

HARD CUT:

EXT. MOUNTAINS/WOODS - SUNRISE

Trees. Hills. Nature.

Then, the sounds of breaths. Heavy breathing. Growing louder and louder.

We approach a wooden bridge above. It takes it's travelers from the hiking path into the forest. From the outside world into the realm of nature.

HARD CUT:

EXT. WOODS/OPEN GROUNDS - MORNING

In tight on CAMDEN, a high school senior, dressed in a hoodie and beanie, stares down in disbelief, not taking his attention off whatever is in front of him. The breathing we hear, does not come from him, however. He makes no noise.

A DEAD BODY. Right below him. A teen, no older than himself yet seemingly ageless without the pulse of life. A bullet hole under his left eye has stopped bleeding sometime ago. Camden doesn't recognize him.

Behind him to the right stands TREVOR, facing the opposite way. He looks over his shoulder timidly as he dares to take one more look. He's a handsome devil, the class heart throb, no doubt. The breathing we hear comes from him.

To Camden's back left stands a much more shy and fragile looking BRYCE, staring down at his own feet.

He glances up a few times, simply to see if Camden has moved from his position. He plays with a small branch while occasionally stopping his thick framed glasses from falling off his nose

Camden finally takes in a breath. Not only does he take it in, but gasps as if he as just resurfaced from a deep dive. He puts his hand over his mouth and looks to the sky.

He takes a moment to get back to the rhythmic breaths he is accustomed to.

He looks back to the body.

Beat.

CAMDEN  
What the hell did you guys do?

There's a brief silence.

TREVOR  
Bryce shot him.

Bryce looks at Trevor. Then to Camden, who still hasn't taken his eyes off the body.

CAMDEN  
Why?

TREVOR  
(whisper)  
It was an accident.  
(pause)  
I think.

CAMDEN  
Why did you text me?

TREVOR  
I-- I didn't want to call the  
police, you know? Cause of Bryce's  
past and his, you know--  
(beat)  
You know, how he is. I froze up--

Camden, flustered and in his own head, cuts him off and starts pacing.

CAMDEN  
(to himself)  
I thought we were just gonna hang  
out... We always just hang out! We  
just hang--

He runs his hands under his beanie to grab hold of his hair.

Bryce watches worried. Bites his bottom lip as he looks to Trevor.

BRYCE  
I'm so--

Trevor stops him with a raise of his hand. He moves towards Camden.

TREVOR

Camden, I know this is really messed up. I know that. I freaked when I saw it too, but--

(sighs)

But we have to hide this body now. People could start hiking around here. Right? Or hunting up the way? The trail isn't that far from here.

He puts his hand on Camden's shoulder.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

The small shovels?

(no response)

I 'll go get em.' They're in the back seat of your car?

Camden starts to walk away. Trevor rushes to him and gets in front of him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Stop, wait, stop. Camden, please! Stop.

CAMDEN

Move.

TREVOR

Bryce is in serious trouble if we don't do something, and do something quick. I've had some time to process this--

Camden tries to move forward, Trevor extends out a hand to stop him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It was an accident. But Bryce had his dad's old gun, which there's no permit for... not to mention he's definitely not allowed to be near one. It was a mistake! A fluke! But Bryce is going to jail even it was an accident. I'll go too for not saying something--

Camden moves on.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Ah, but forget that. I'll go to jail. I don't care about that, but Bryce...

Camden looks up to Trevor. Trevor looks back with pleading eyes. He makes one more pass, Trevor starts to lose it.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(crying)

I'm sorry man, I'm so sorry! I-- I--  
You know Bryce. We know how he  
is... I'm so sorry I pulled you  
into this! I was scared man! I was  
just scared.

He stops. Tries to compose.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(choking out the words)

I didn't know what to do. He was  
hysterical...

(calms)

You know how he is--

Camden holds back tears as his friends words start breaking through.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

A judge wouldn't see it. He'd just  
think he's just some piece of shit  
kid who...

(composes)

He'd go to prison. No doubt in my  
mind they would kill him--

(rubs his forehead)

Fucking kill him in there, man.

(pleading)

You know Bryce. He is just...

Trevor stops and swallows. Wipes his mouth.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

And Bryce's mom... Do you  
understand, man? This whole thing,  
is more than right and wrong here.  
I know it's horrible. I know that,  
but there's this whole other...  
side to it, ya know!?

Camden looks back to Bryce. Bryce stands almost in shame, hunched over but looking at them. As soon as Camden looks at him, he looks down. Trevor continues to ramble off every thought he has to keep Camden engaged.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Please. Help us.

(quietly)

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

We know Bryce. We know him. Besides his mom, we're all he's got.

Camden looks down. Trevor seizes the moment of hesitation. He's just talking, almost hysterical himself.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

We don't have to even completely bury the body yet, in case we sit on it for a bit and decide to call the police or-- whatever. But let's at least make sure the body is hidden. Okay?

Camden thinks it over for a moment. Looks down and shakes his head. Not to say no, but to quiet his mind.

He nods in agreement. Trevor drops his head down and breathes a sigh of relief.

CAMDEN

I don't want to...  
(motions towards the body)  
I'm not burying him.

Trevor nods. Wipes his brow. He has to take a moment as he nearly worked himself into an emotional heart attack. He doesn't look up.

TREVOR

(whisper)  
Okay. Okay.

He grabs Camden's shoulder and they make their way back towards Bryce.

HARD CUT:

TITLE: "OVER THE BRIDGE"

EXT. WOODS/OPEN GROUNDS - MORNING

Leaves are thrown on top of the packed dirt. The final touches to this hidden grave.

Trevor steps up and looks around. Bryce stands next to him, just looking down at their almost completed work.

Camden sits off in the distance away from the two.

TREVOR

Keep covering him up.

ACROSS THE OPEN GROUNDS

Camden sits by himself as the two continue as just a faded portrait behind him.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY THAT MORNING - FLASHBACK

Camden wakes up and looks at his phone.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM TREVOR:

TREVOR (TEXT)  
In the woods. Regular spot.

Camden scoffs a bit.

TREVOR (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
PLEASE!!!

CAMDEN (TEXT)  
It's like 630am...

TREVOR (TEXT)  
It's important. Can you bring a  
couple of those small shovels?  
Don't tell anyone.

Camden re-reads the text, making sure he's reading it right.  
Big yawn.

TREVOR (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
Please hurry.

CAMDEN (TEXT)  
Trowels?

TREVOR (TEXT)  
Yes. The small hand ones for  
gardening.

Camden laughs.

CAMDEN  
Dumbass.

CAMDEN (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
For what? Buried Treasure?

TREVOR  
I don't know how to explain it, but  
It's too cold to dig with our  
hands!

CAMDEN (TEXT)  
 Lol. KK, wait up a bit I'll be  
 there.

One more text.

CAMDEN (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
 Do I need to bring any...  
 (emoji)  
*Cigarette, plant, smiling drowsy  
 face.*  
 (back to text)  
 Or a lighter?

BACK TO WOODS - REAL TIME

Camden closes his eyes in disbelief.

BACK PATIO - EARLY MORNING - FLASHBACK

Camden's MOM and DAD share a cup of coffee in their robes,  
 watching the brisk morning around them. He passes his parents  
 with his gym bag.

CAMDEN  
 I'm off.

MOM  
 This early?

CAMDEN  
 To the gym.

MOM  
 Ah.

DAD  
 Want a cup of coffee before you go?

MOM  
 Come sit with us for a bit.

CAMDEN  
 I'm okay, thanks. Gotta get my  
 swole on!

MOM  
 You're looking fit, my friend.

CAMDEN  
 Gracias.



He shakes his father's hand. Kisses his mother's cheek.

MOM

Love you.

CAMDEN

Love you both.

DAD

Stop skipping leg day!

CAMDEN

FUNNY!

Camden leaves with a grin.

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING - FLASHBACK

Camden approaches Trevor, standing up the way with his hands down his pockets, facing the other way.

Camden grabs his shoulders.

CAMDEN

(deep voice)

Give me your money!

Trevor jumps. Camden laughs. Trevor does too, reluctantly.

TREVOR

You scared me, man.

CAMDEN

So we planting a cactus or something? Or a, you know, a...

(smokes an invisible joint)

... kind of plant. I assumed you had some, since you didn't respond to my last text.

TREVOR

No, no-- Sorry about that. Something kind of happened.

He pulls his phone out of his pocket. It's broken.

CAMDEN

Oh, shit! You drop it?

TREVOR

Um, no. Not really. It's kind of a long story--

He points up the way.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

And uh... actually Bryce is over there.

Camden seems a tad put off.

CAMDEN

Ah, so I guess we *ain't* smoking...

TREVOR

Sorry... He called me and was just having a, uh, tough morning, ya know? He likes you, man. Makes him feel cool when he hangs with us. Be nice with him.

CAMDEN

I'm always nice to him! I like Bryce! We're buds! I would have hung out no matter what, but did it need to be so fucking early?

TREVOR

We'll smoke after or something, man.

CAMDEN

It's cool. We'll chill with Bryce for a bit. It'll be good.

Trevor nods. Gulps. Camden studies him.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

You good, bro?

TREVOR

Yeah, man. I'm good.

UP THE PATH - MOMENTS LATER

Camden and Trevor approach Bryce. He waits, hunched over, hands in pockets.

Camden gives him a playful pat on the shoulder.

CAMDEN

(friendly)

Hey, Bryce. How you doing boss?

Bryce composes and nods.

BRYCE  
Good. I'm good.

CAMDEN  
(punching his arm)  
You sure?

BRYCE  
Yeah. I'm sure.

CAMDEN  
How's your mom doing?

BRYCE  
Oh, uh... Well, she's good. I mean,  
she's okay. Sick... but okay.

CAMDEN  
Good man. I bet she's proud you're  
graduating. Hope she can make it.

Bryce nods. Looks at Trevor as if checking for permission to speak.

BRYCE  
Thanks, Camden.  
(clears his throat)  
How uh-- How are you... Camden?

Though awkward, there is something about Bryce that is genuinely warm. He's the kind of kid you want to give a hug to when he's sad.

CAMDEN  
(laughs)  
I'm good buddy. Glad you guys  
invited me to come chill.  
(hip-hop)  
*Hangin wit da boyeez!*

Bryce laughs a bit, not quite sure how to take it.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Relax, big guy! Did Trevor show you  
his dick or something? Lighten up.

BRYCE  
No, no. I'm just tired.

CAMDEN  
I bet, it's early as shit!

Camden shakes his head at Trevor with a fun frown, still trying to get the boys to play with him.

**REAL TIME**

Camden fidgets around. Re-playing each second, thinking of the moment he should have put the pieces together. The exact opportunity he could have... should have walked away.

**UP THE PATH - FLASHBACK**

Camden laughs. Bryce stands still in his place.

TREVOR

Did you bring the small shovels?

CAMDEN

Yeah. They're in the car. And they're *trowels*, man. Small shovels is what the grave diggers in Munchkin land use--

TREVOR

--Why didn't you bring them with you?

CAMDEN

Cause I ain't your bitch!

TREVOR

All right! Well, let's go get them.

Camden studies his friends. Laughs. More of a nervous laugh.

CAMDEN

All right dude, what the fuck? You guys are freaking me out.

TREVOR

Sorry, sorry. We've just been here awhile.

CAMDEN

Okay.  
(looking at them)  
What are the trowels for? For real.

Trevor looks to Bryce.

Beat.

TREVOR

Come on.

They cross over the bridge to the woods.

**END FLASHBACK:**

Camden covers his face in disbelief.

Someone sits down to his left. It's Trevor, staring forward as well.

They sit in silence for a moment.

TREVOR  
I'm so sorry, man.

CAMDEN  
(to himself)  
I should have stayed for coffee. I had the choice right then and there. And I chose to come get high.

TREVOR  
Huh?

Camden continues on looking.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
I've never seen a dead body before.  
(beat)  
It wasn't what I-- It's just weird ya know? Man, like, these bodies we live in, they're just like a house or-- I just mean... When the light isn't on anymore, it just doesn't even look real. Doesn't seem like a person anymore-- Just like a shell.

Camden closes his eyes.

CAMDEN  
(sickened)  
God...

TREVOR  
Sorry. It's a lot for me to process too, man.

CAMDEN  
There's nothing to process.

TREVOR  
What?

Camden opens his eyes. Looks to his friend then looks back to an out of focus Bryce facing the opposite way. He speaks on the down low.

CAMDEN

He shot someone. I don't care who the fuck he is. We call the cops. What are we even doing?

TREVOR

I mean--

CAMDEN

No, I don't give a shit. He fucking killed someone Trevor! Killed someone. Bryce!

TREVOR

I know! I know!

CAMDEN

So, you're having a tough time processing shy little Bryce doing something like this. Not me. I don't care! This is fucked!

TREVOR

I know, but--

CAMDEN

--He's got a gun!

TREVOR

No.

Trevor pulls a gun out of the back of pants.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I took it from him.

Camden shifts to face him.

CAMDEN

Why would you do that?

(pause)

That's great. You got your fingerprints on it now. Covering up the body, I mean what the hell are you thinking? Now you're part of this!

Trevor views it.

TREVOR

What was I supposed to do? Wait for him to get trigger happy again and shoot me?

CAMDEN

Better than texting me and getting me involved!

This stings.

TREVOR

I'm sorry, okay? I truly am. You're right. I panicked.

(pause)

You're my boy. You always got my back and I know I fucked you. But it's Bryce. I care about the kid. You do too. What choice did I have?

Camden shakes his head.

CAMDEN

So, what did he say?

TREVOR

Bryce?

(shakes his head)

Uh... I don't really know.

CAMDEN

What?

TREVOR

I just mean, it's tough to say.

CAMDEN

What does that even mean?

TREVOR

He was hysterical, man. He just shot a guy!

CAMDEN

What did he say?

Trevor thinks about it, recounting the events in his head.

TREVOR

Something about the kid going to tell his mom some shit. Some shit about Bryce.

(beat)

I don't know man, he was acting all crazy, it was hard to make out exactly. He just kept saying, "*He said she'd kill herself. She'd kill herself if she found out.*"

CAMDEN  
Found out what?

TREVOR  
I don't know man, can we just--  
chill for a second? You're making  
me nervous.

CAMDEN  
WHADDYA MEAN?!! I'M SHITTING MY  
PANTS!

TREVOR  
Stop! Please.

Trevor tries to compose. He looks back. Bryce now looks at them. Trevor lowers his voice again.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
You're not the only one this shit  
got dropped on all right?

CAMDEN  
Am I supposed to feel bad for you?

TREVOR  
NO!

CAMDEN  
I'll just go ask the killer  
himself.

Camden stands and marches over towards Bryce.

Trevor follows suit. He walks by Camden pleading his case.

TREVOR  
Easy. Easy!  
(beat)  
He's a wreck man.

CAMDEN  
Bryce, come here!

Bryce stands and slowly backs away.

TREVOR  
Camden! Stop, please.

CAMDEN  
Bryce!

Bryce just stops and looks down. He grabs Bryce's arm and forces him to face him.



CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck did he do huh? He  
call you some names?  
(eyebrows raised)  
He insult your mom?

TREVOR  
HEY!

Trevor takes a step in front, putting a hand on Camden's chest. Camden pushes it down and moves past him.

He steps in front of Bryce again.

Trevor stops, gulps, breathes starting to gain momentum.

Bryce looks at Camden, then down.

CAMDEN  
Look at me.

Bryce does, then back down.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Look at me, Bryce.

Bryce does.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
What was he saying to you?

Bryce stares at Camden for a long bit, then looks to Trevor. Trevor just stares back at him.

Bryce moves his gaze back to the ground.

BRYCE  
(softly)  
Stuff.

CAMDEN  
What kind of stuff?

BRYCE  
Just... bad stuff.

CAMDEN  
Bryce, what does that mean? Huh?  
(begs)  
What bad stuff is worth shooting  
someone over!?

Bryce waits. He shrugs.

TREVOR  
Camden, he's not gonna--

CAMDEN  
--Ah!

There's a long silence. Camden calms.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Bryce?

Bryce doesn't look up.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Why did you shoot him?

Bryce keeps his gaze on the ground, where it's safe.

BRYCE  
(whisper)  
I don't know.

CAMDEN  
You don't know? What kind of stupid  
fucking answer is that?

Bryce doesn't say a word.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Bryce, do you understand the  
severity of this? You have any idea  
how much trouble you're in?

Nothing. Camden gives one last attempt.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Bryce. That's someone's kid! That's  
someone's son!

Bryce stares to the ground as if his neck were stuck.

Camden gives up.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Okay.  
(lifts his hands)  
Okay, if you can't tell me, I can't  
help you.

Camden starts to leave.

TREVOR  
Where you going man?

CAMDEN

I'm out.

Trevor looks to Bryce.

We stay in front of Camden as he leaves, putting the other two out of focus behind. Trevor grabs for him.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Trevor, don't fucking touch me.

TREVOR

Would you just.. Hold up!

CAMDEN

Nope!

TREVOR

WAIT A SECOND!

Camden does not!

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(calling over)

The guy was doing some fucked up shit to him! Sexual stuff!

Camden stops. He turns around.

CAMDEN

What?

TREVOR

The guy's some kind of fucking freak, and has been doing shit to Bryce for like a month! Probably has been preying on other kids like Bryce too.

Camden walks back and gets right in Trevor's face.

CAMDEN

Why not just tell me that a few minutes ago?

TREVOR

I was trying man, you were getting all aggressive! I was having a panic attack! I wanted him to be the one to tell you, but he's scared shitless.

(calms)

It's not my place to humiliate him.

CAMDEN  
Is that true Bryce?

Bryce looks to Trevor then back to Camden. Nods.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Okay.

Camden calms, puts on his good cop hat.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Did he hurt you?

Bryce continues looking down.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Bryce, did he touch you? Is that  
what Trevor is saying?

Bryce looks to Trevor, then back down. Nods.

Camden slows his breathing. He's getting somewhere.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Bryce, I know this is tough and  
awkward...  
(pause)  
It's important you tell us what  
exactly happened. If he was doing  
something... something perverted to  
you, there is a way out of this, I  
promise you. But you have to tell  
me, right now. What did he do?

Bryce swallows.

BRYCE  
Just like...

Looks to Trevor once more, then away again.

BRYCE (CONT'D)  
Like, touching my, --touching me.  
Kissed me--

TREVOR  
--He fucking raped him, man! Jesus,  
put two and two together!

Camden shifts back to Trevor. Trevor looks away and shaking  
his head.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

There's like a blanket up the way. He was-- like, planning something or what maybe he did again this morning... I don't know. He didn't give Bryce much of a choice.

Trevor looks back to Bryce and gives him the "tell him look."

CAMDEN

(back to Bryce)

Bryce?

Bryce looks to Camden, almost pleading him to stop asking more.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Bryce, I gotta hear it from you.

Bryce waits. Looks up. Looks to Trevor, then to Camden. Tears filling his eyes. He nods.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay...

He moves in and pats Bryce on the shoulder, then rubs another, not sure what to do. He snaps out of it and pulls Bryce into a hug.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Okay, buddy. Okay.

Camden thinks everything.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Fuck. That's fucked Bryce. I'm so sorry that happened. I don't even know...

Bryce wipes his runny nose with his sleeve, trying his best to avoid Camden's shoulder.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for snapping, okay? I'm not mad at you. I want you to know that. I was scared too! I'm sorry for yelling at you.

He pulls him away and looks into Bryce's eyes. Bryce wipes his nose.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

You understand? I'm not mad anymore, okay buddy?

(MORE)

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

I just needed to know more. That's all.

(voice shakes)

It's just a lot. A lot to-- to digest.

(pats Bryce's head, pulls him into a hug once)

I'm sorry. I'm just scared. Trevor is too.

Camden looks to Trevor. Trevor bites his bottom lip and nods.

TREVOR

We're all scared, Bryce.

Bryce cries into Camden's shoulder.

EXT. WOODS/OPEN GROUNDS - LATER

The three talk over the situation in a secluded area, away from the body. The big opening they were previously in is now a bit more cozy, tighter within some cluster of trees.

Camden paces. Hoody now tied around his waste. Trevor leans up against a tree, breaking off hanging branches. Bryce sits, hood up, looking down. Not very much involved in the conversation.

CAMDEN

I mean... now that we all know what was going on here, are we all okay to start talking about how to handle this?

Bryce and Trevor nod.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Okay, so how do we-- What do we say? How do we go about this?

TREVOR

I don't know. I don't know the laws on this kind of thing.

CAMDEN

There has to be some kind of law, like maybe it falls under self-defense?

Trevor shakes his head.

TREVOR

No, no. He planned this out.  
Planned out meeting him here. So it  
was pre-meditated. I'm not sure if  
that would still fall under self  
defense.

CAMDEN

We could say--

(beat)

Bryce, did he try and do some shit  
to you today? In the woods before  
you shot him?

Bryce just shakes his head.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Come on Bryce. I know it's tough  
but you gotta help us here.

BRYCE

No, he just said he would be here.

CAMDEN

So you brought the gun here to...  
(off Bryce's look)  
Right.

TREVOR

Either way, he still shot him.

CAMDEN

Yeah, but Bryce is the victim here  
too.

(thinking aloud)

We can say that Bryce was jogging  
or some shit--

TREVOR

--He can't lie on stand, man! It's  
Bryce, we're talking about! The  
fucking cops would eat him alive in  
the interrogation room! That's what  
I've been trying to say. They could  
probably get him to confess to  
like, a hundred more crimes he  
didn't commit.

Bryce shifts his attention to Trevor, cut by this remark.

CAMDEN

(defeated)

Okay! Fine! So, what do you  
propose?

Trevor pushes off the tree with his back. He steps forward and stops. Thinks about it.

TREVOR

Well, it's complicated. Bryce isn't old enough to have a concealed carrier permit, so the fact that he had it on him, even if the guy just jumped out of the bushes or something, Bryce still shouldn't have a gun on him. Right?

(beat)

I mean, it just looks bad. Like, it looks like he brought a gun out with him to, you know, shoot someone, not like "*Just in case I better take it...*" Maybe he saw a bear earlier in the week and just wanted to be safe?

CAMDEN

Pretty convenient don't you think?

TREVOR

(closes his eyes)

I don't know man. Give me a sec.

Camden stops. He starts nodding.

CAMDEN

Well, maybe we are approaching this all wrong.

(to Bryce)

Bryce, I know this is still a fresh wound and is going to take time to... uh...

Camden tries to find the word.

TREVOR

Process.

Camden points in agreement.

CAMDEN

Time to process. But what can you tell us about this guy? Trevor said this guy has been doing stuff to you for months? Did he ever threaten you? Maybe said something about hurting your mom, which made you feel you couldn't go to the police.



Bryce looks up. Looks between his two friends. Then down. He thinks about it.

BRYCE

Um, well, he said my mom would find out and... she'd kill herself. She'd kill herself if she knew. I was scared.

(beat)

I don't want her to know.

TREVOR

That's what I was talking about earlier.

CAMDEN

Okay.

(to Trevor)

Okay, so maybe that's a starting point. We could talk to someone. Like, I go in and talk to the cops and tell them that Bryce-- uh, about his situation, and why he was afraid. That something might happen to his mom, and--

TREVOR

Could we just stop with the police thing until we are sure? I mean, come on, man.

CAMDEN

Why are you so quick to rule it out?

TREVOR

*Why are you* so quick to go to the police? We watched that one documentary! No matter where the hell this started, Bryce shot him! We should be trying to explain this to a lawyer!

CAMDEN

Can your parents afford a lawyer? His mom sure as hell can't!

TREVOR

Can't you go to the court and ask for one or something?

He steps in towards Camden.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I don't know anything about anything! Stop getting mad at me! All I know is if we go to the cops they aren't going to take our side on this. Not when Bryce is the one with the gun.

He moves back to his tree. Another thought hits him and he becomes more animated.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Even if they pretend to be on Bryce's side, he could slip up and that's when they'll take him down that rabbit hole and get him confessing. Right now all it will be to them, is a crime of passion!

CAMDEN

Maybe! Or maybe not! Bryce isn't some piece of shit, they will see that!

TREVOR

Maybe?! Okay, maybe they do, but they don't give a shit! Or worse, they seem him as some introverted school shooter type and lock him up for good.

Bryce squeezes his eyes shut as he starts to cry. He knows he's in trouble.

CAMDEN

Fuck!

Camden throws his hoody down and paces past Trevor. He stops after a few steps and puts his hands on his head.

He thinks.

Trevor does for awhile too. He closes his eyes with the same worried look he's carried through the scene. They open, this time his look is cool. Collected. Calm.

Trevor looks down to Bryce. Gently taps his shoe with his foot. Bryce looks up.

BRYCE

(quietly)  
What do I do?

TREVOR

Stay here.

He get's up and moves over to Camden, away from Bryce.

AWAY FROM BRYCE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor steps next to Camden.

TREVOR

(whisper)

Listen. I'm tired, man. Maybe you're right. Maybe this is fucked and there's no way out.

Camden looks to his buddy.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Maybe, this is just too deep already and I've been thinking about this just from Bryce's shoes and...

He rubs his brow.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Maybe, it's too much to just trust Bryce at his word. I mean, we don't fucking know what went down. Right? I don't know.

(pause)

Maybe Bryce is more capable of doing something-- I don't know, maybe he's dangerous, man. I mean, we already know he's got like three different disorders. Maybe he's off his meds and just losing it.

Trevor closes his eyes and tilts his head towards the sky, holding back tears.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What if he's, just pulling an act or something, and we've been falling for it all these years.

Camden, though not necessarily jumping on board here, checks behind them to look at the boy, tracing lines in the dirt with a stick.

CAMDEN

No man, he's-- He's diagnosed by doctors.

(MORE)

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

He has to leave to that other classroom during the week... No man. I don't think so. Can't be.

TREVOR

Yeah. Yeah. You're right.

He steps away from Camden, taking in deep breaths.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Damn it! It's like I can smell it. Smells like--

(shakes his head)

I'm out of my mind right now!

Camden looks back to Bryce, who looks up worried, then back down.

CAMDEN

Look. I think we are in the wrong here, I'm not sure, but this seems wrong right now. Yeah?

(pause)

I care for that kid and I know you do too. More even. But all these questions we are asking him and what not...

(quieter)

Maybe these are questions the police need to be asking him. Or at least turn him in and he can be appointed a lawyer. I don't know exactly how it works. Even if they-- all I'm saying is, we are maybe jumping to conclusions on what they are going to say to him or how they will handle it. Right?

Trevor nods.

TREVOR

Yeah. Probably.

Camden steps in closer. Lowers his voice.

CAMDEN

Let's talk. We gotta call the police. We have to stay with Bryce. We have to make sure that he understands fully why we have to.

TREVOR

Or one of us just goes away for a sec to make the call?

CAMDEN

I don't know.

(looks to Bryce)

He might suspect something. Try running.

TREVOR

Yeah. Okay, true. What do we tell him?

Camden thinks.

CAMDEN

Let's just tell him the truth.

TREVOR

Well, the truth, man, is that I'm thinking clearly now and I don't wanna be a part of this anymore. I want to go home.

(beat)

Part of me wants to stop being an empathetic friend and say fuck em!

(getting riled up)

I mean, why the fuck did he pull us into this? I know he's--

(points to his head)

But what kind of friend does that? Ropes his only two friends into something like this.

(pause)

What if they start doing that *you're in big trouble* questioning and getting him to snitch on the two of us? The two sane ones! What if he get's scared and rats on us for something we never did?! Poor innocent kid taken advantage of by his *friends*, they say. What if they try and pin it on us?! I mean, we even look the bully part! If they flash our picture on the screen! Everyone will jump on his side! Are they gonna arrest us too?

Camden ponders this, re-playing everything his friend has said.

CAMDEN

I don't know-- Yes, probably.

Camden sighs. Thinks about it.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

What if they start...  
 (panics, his voice shakes)  
 Damn it, now you got me worried,  
 man!

Trevor raises his eyebrows. There is something to be worried about here. Camden composes.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

We call. But let's just play this out for a second. For me, just hang with me, okay?

Trevor nods. Camden plays through some scenarios in his head. Now he has to think about his involvement or even lack there of and what it means from here on out.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Bryce shot this guy who was doing-- who raped him.

(pointing to grave)

That piece of shit-- he had it coming, no?

(beat)

And Bryce panicked and called you. You show up, he cries and tells you everything. You two go way back, so you got to like, think about it and stuff. You are freaking out, so you aren't thinking straight.. You're in shock! So you call me. Don't tell me shit. I just show up. Cause we always hang around here. *Leave out the weed part.*

(catches his breath)

Now, we are both just freaked and worried-- We don't know what to do? We just wait a little bit and then call. We have to explain that to them, that's all.

Trevor holds back tears once again.

TREVOR

I helped him cover up the body. Why did I do that?

(whimpering)

I can't lie if they ask me. They'll know, then they'll start asking me questions about that part! Why did I do that?!

(pulls out the gun)

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'm holding the gun for fuck's sake!

(walks away)

What the fuck is wrong with me?

Trevor shifts his attention to Bryce and moves over towards him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM!?

Bryce shoots up to his feet.

Trevor grabs his shirt and yanks him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

This fucking bullshit act, fucking drop it! Drop it!

Bryce cries, looking almost confused as Trevor shakes him around.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Why'd you rope me into this? Got me touching the gun, helping you bury a fuckin dead body!

Camden jumps in and breaks it up.

CAMDEN

Trevor! Trevor stop it!

Trevor shoves Bryce to the ground. He becomes a scared child as he looks up at them. Lip quivering. Eyes watering.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Stop! Easy!

(to Bryce)

Bryce, it's okay! Don't cry!

Camden backs Trevor up.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Relax. Come on. Breathe!

(inhales with Trevor)

You're scared and this whole thing is fucked. But that guy in the ground-- what he did, he's the reason for all this. Bryce...he just--

Camden stops and calms himself.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
Bryce, come here.

Bryce doesn't budge.

Camden rises up and motions for him.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
It's okay. Come here.

Bryce treads forward to them. He watches Trevor cautiously.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
It's okay Bryce. Look, this whole  
thing, is getting out of control.

He places his hand on Bryce's shoulder.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
I know you're scared buddy, but you  
have to just listen to me. You have  
done something wrong. I know you  
were scared, but listen to me. You  
killed someone.  
(shakes his head)  
No matter how big a piece of shit  
he was, we have to report it.

Bryce panics.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
It's okay! EASY! Bryce--

BRYCE  
(to Trevor)  
You said you'd take care of it!

Trevor looks up, hands swimming through his own hair.

TREVOR  
I'm trying! I'm freaking out here!

BRYCE  
You promised me!

TREVOR  
I was-- looking at a dead body and  
you were wiggin out! I was trying  
to calm you down.

Bryce cries.



TREVOR (CONT'D)

Don't get mad at me! I tried! I helped you bury him! I took the GUN!

Bryce drops, sobs.

BRYCE

You promised me!

Trevor doesn't know what else to say. He pulls his hair and walks away.

CAMDEN

Bryce! We're not saying anything! Not yet! Okay, we're just brainstorming!

BRYCE

I don't wanna go to Prison! I can't! I can't!

Camden pulls out his cell phone. Tries to get service. None.

CAMDEN

Trevor?

Trevor looks over.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

I gotta go downhill for service.

Trevor nods.

Bryce looks to Trevor. Trevor responds to him with an eyebrow raise, then looks away.

Bryce jumps up.

BRYCE

No! No! Camden I'm sorry! Please!

He runs to Camden and starts wrestling for the phone.

CAMDEN

Bryce! Stop it!

BRYCE

Please! I can't Camden! Please don't! PLEASE!

CAMDEN

Bryce! We have to do this--

Trevor drags his hands down his face. An absolute nightmare.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

Bryce stop!

Bryce grabs hold of the phone and with all his might pries it from Camden.

Camden bear hugs him.

Trevor hurries over.

TREVOR

Bryce! Stop! Camden, come on!

CAMDEN

GET THE PHONE!

Trevor grabs hold of the phone as they all wrestle for it.

Trevor pulls and yanks. The phone goes flying off into some bushes.

TREVOR

Hold him!

Camden does.

CAMDEN

Bryce! RELAX!

Trevor hurries off to the bushes. Looks down.

TREVOR

(just loud enough to hear)

Shit.

CAMDEN

What?

Trevor bends down out of view. He's down, there for a moment. He pops up. Looks to Camden.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

What?

Trevor holds up the phone. It's busted.

Camden throws Bryce to the ground. He starts walking away.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

(without looking back)

Is the glass just smashed or is the phone broken.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
No, it's a black screen.

He puts his hands on his hips. Trevor moves towards them. As he passes Bryce:

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
That's two phones today!

Bryce watches them for a moment. He drifts back off into his own world.

INT. BRYCE'S HOME/LIVING ROOM - 4:00AM - FLASHBACK

Couches lay underneath the mounds of unfolded laundry. Dirty dishes dress the coffee table as well as the sink across the room. Trash covers the floors. Only the light from the muted television illuminates the space.

You would not want to live here.

Somewhere in the mess we see a large sleeping woman, Bryce's mother JULIANNE, mid 60s, but the nasty habits she partakes in deliver at least a dozen more years to her complexion.

Bryce peeks into the room, making sure she is asleep. He creeps across the floor into another room, where he disappears for a moment.

He returns, once again checking if she's still out.

JULIANNE  
(raspy voiced)  
What were you doing in my room?

Bryce jumps and looks back to her. It takes him a moment to speak up.

She is an older mother. Sick. Possibly dying, or just self-medicating enough to speed up the process. She however speaks to Bryce in a scolding tone seemingly all the time.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)  
(impatient)  
What were you--

BRYCE  
I thought you were in there.

JULIANNE  
What time is it?

Bryce shrugs.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing up?

BRYCE  
I can't sleep.

JULIANNE  
Why are your shoes on?

Beat.

BRYCE  
I was...  
(beat)  
I mean, can I go over to Trevor's  
house?

There's a long awkward silence.

BRYCE (CONT'D)  
To play XBOX?

JULIANNE  
It's still dark out!

BRYCE  
I know, but--

JULIANNE  
(growing annoyed)  
What time is it?!

Bryce walks into the kitchen to read the Oven clock. He re-enters.

BRYCE  
Four-eleven.

JULIANNE  
Jesus Bryce! No!

Bryce waits.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)  
Are you deaf?

Beat.

BRYCE  
But--

JULIANNE  
--NO! I said no!

Bryce doesn't know what to do.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)  
If you're just going to stand there  
get me my lighter.

Bryce moves out of sight once more and returns with her lighter, this time making his way across the floor to give it to her.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)  
Turn up the volume.

He turns and moves towards the tv.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)  
No, with the remote!  
(beat)  
There. It's right there.

He looks around the pigsty.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)  
Jesus... Right in front of you!

He grabs it, turns it towards the tv.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)  
Okay that's too-- Give it here!

He does. Then just stands there. She reaches out to him.

JULIANNE (CONT'D)  
Come sit with me.

He joins her. She pulls herself up, and wraps both arms around one of his, placing her head on his shoulder. She smiles. Lights her cigarette. Grabbing an empty ash tray and placing it on her a small table in front of them.

This is the everyday cycle of their relationship.

#### LATER

Bryce watches his mother. She now lays in her original spot, snoring. The flashes from the TV illuminate the drool on the couch cushions.

He picks the almost finished cig from her between her fingers before it burns her. He places it in the ashtray alongside six more butts.

He exits.

EXT. BRYCE'S HOME/BEDROOM WINDOW - MOMENTS LATER

Bryce's window slides open. He climbs out, trying not to make a peep. Once out he reaches back in and pulls something out. A gun.

He slides the weapon into the back of his pants.

END FLASHBACK:

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Camden paces in front of Trevor.

CAMDEN  
Fuck it. I'll just go.

TREVOR  
I can go.

CAMDEN  
No. He's more comfortable with you.  
You can talk him down a bit.

TREVOR  
Well...

Camden walks over to him.

CAMDEN  
Well, what?

TREVOR  
Take the gun then.

CAMDEN  
What? I'm not touching it!

TREVOR  
What if he attacks me? Get's hold  
of the gun.

CAMDEN  
Just, I don't know... be smart!

TREVOR  
You just don't wanna be here with  
him when the fucking cops come!  
Makes you guilty by association or  
some shit! You want me to be  
standing with him at the crime  
scene?

CAMDEN

I will be in trouble too! Doesn't matter who's here!

Trevor scoffs.

TREVOR

It matters to me. I don't want to have ten guns pointed at me when they come.

CAMDEN

So, what? We just leave him here? What's wrong with you?

TREVOR

We take him.

CAMDEN

Yeah, as we both get our teeth bashed in as he thrashes around again? In case you didn't notice, we are like a good mile hike from the cars!

TREVOR

FINE! Let's both make a run for it.

Camden stops. He studies Trevor.

CAMDEN

Are you scared of him?

Trevor, annoyed, looks off in disbelief.

TREVOR

That would be one way of putting it, I guess! Are you not?

CAMDEN

No.

TREVOR

Then it's settled. You stay!

Camden thinks.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You don't want to either!

CAMDEN

Why would I want to be here?

TREVOR  
You think I want to be?

CAMDEN  
You brought me--  
(deep breath)  
So, what do we do?

Trevor lingers on Camden a moment, almost as if he's sizing him up. Studying him.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
What?!

TREVOR  
Bryce?

Bryce looks up.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Was I the first one to find out  
about the kid?

Bryce, confused, nods.

BRYCE  
Yes?

CAMDEN  
What are you asking him?

Trevor looks back to Camden. Long pause.

TREVOR  
It's just...  
(beat)  
You've been trying to leave since  
you got here.

CAMDEN  
YEAH, NO SHIT! What's your point?

TREVOR  
You reacted differently when you  
saw the body than I did.

Camden shakes his head.

CAMDEN  
So fucking what? We're different  
people!



TREVOR

No.

(shakes his head)

No, you didn't scream or nothing.  
You looked at the guy like you knew  
him...

CAMDEN

Are you crazy!? I didn't-- I ain't  
ever seen the fucking guy!

(stumbling over his words)

H-- How-- How was I supposed to--  
fucking look? The hell does that  
even mean?

Trevor freaks, points at him.

TREVOR

That shit! Right there. That look!

CAMDEN

WHAT FUCKING LOOK?

TREVOR

That look on your face right now!  
Like you were hiding something!  
Same look! Like you knew the guy or  
you know something and you ain't  
saying it!

The whole time Trevor speaks, Camden shakes with growing  
rage. Clenching his teeth. Claspings his hands together and  
pointing as he is accused!

CAMDEN

(punching his own hand)

Fuck you! FUCK YOU YOU FUCKING  
PIECE OF SHIT! Oh-- I could fuck--  
You fucker, oh you piece of shit!

TREVOR

What? Is that hitting a little too  
close to home?

Bryce watches in the background. Camden flips out!

CAMDEN

(stumbling again)

Fuck you! Why-- Why-- Why would I  
want to call the cops if I was  
hiding something, huh? Stupid-- You  
piece of shit! You're just trying  
to rile me up!

TREVOR

Why are you getting so fucking mad?  
If you're innocent--

CAMDEN

SHUT UP! You're accusing me, how do  
you expect me to react you fucking  
cunt!

TREVOR

I don't know. You let Bryce grab  
your phone from you pretty easily!

Camden rams in and shoves Trevor, hard. Trevor starts getting  
pissed.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Oh... Don't you touch me.

CAMDEN

Why don't you just say what you  
want to say? Huh? Huh? Say it!

TREVOR

You're already saying it, with your-  
- panicky stuttering and psycho  
rage!

Camden shoves him again.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You just run outta here and get the  
cops, lie your fucking ass off, set  
me up--

BUMP!

Camden gets in his face and shoves him again. This time  
grabbing his chin and part of his throat in the process.

CAMDEN

SHUT UP!

As Trevor stumbles back, barely catches himself, he rises  
back up. Lips squeezed together, teeth clenched, as his  
breaths are slow and fierce. He holds back from taking a  
swing at this guy.

TREVOR

I'm going!

CAMDEN

Like hell you are.

He steps in. Trevor pushes him back.

TREVOR

Back of!

Camden grabs Trevor by his shirt yanks him in with both hands.

CAMDEN

Fuck. You.

Trevor rips Camden's hands down and the two are inches from each other's faces. Staring each other down in a non-verbal duel. Who will back down.

Bryce observes, wanting it to end.

Camden steps back.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

This whole thing was fucked way before I got here!

He starts to leave.

TREVOR

Where are you going?

CAMDEN

Fuck you!

Trevor clenches his teeth once more. Reaches into the back of his pants.

TREVOR

Hey!

Camden keeps walking. Trevor hurries towards him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

HEY!

Camden turns around, he stops.

Beat.

His stare is met on the other end by the gun, pointed right at him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Don't.

BRYCE

Trevor!

Trevor looks to Bryce. Bryce backs down.

CAMDEN  
You gonna shoot me too?

Beat.

TREVOR  
I don't want to...  
(beat)  
But don't you make me.

Camden stares. Trying to keep his composure, but few do when staring death in the face. He buckles under the pressure and looks away.

Trevor holds back tears.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Come on Camden. Don't do this to me.

CAMDEN  
Stop pointing it at me.

TREVOR  
You have to come here, though.

Camden looks back to him only to quickly look away again.

CAMDEN  
Put it down.

Trevor, keeping his eyes on Camden, doesn't.

TREVOR  
(quietly)  
Come on, Camden.  
(pleading)  
Don't be stupid. You can tell me what's going on here.  
(nods)  
I'll listen. I promise.  
(swallows)  
I'm sick of being in the dark with everything.

Camden cries. He wipes the snot from his nose. He makes his way back.

Camden walks past them. Bryce watches.

BRYCE  
Sorry, Camden.

Bryce tries to pat his back, only to have his hand shrugged off.

Trevor lets out an exasperated gasp of relief. He lowers the gun. His upper body slumps over, catching himself on his knees. He exhales, then takes a deep inhale, realizing what almost just happened.

Bryce watches Camden walking away. He shifts back the other way, seeing his friend Trevor, bent over crying. He's right in the middle of something that will never be fixed.

EXT. OPEN GROUNDS - WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

The three sit in a circle. Well, Camden and Bryce sit, Trevor stands. They all face different directions. All locked into their own world. It's quiet.

The silence takes it's time.

Trevor looks to Camden. Then back down. Rolls his tongue in his mouth.

TREVOR

Sorry.

Camden doesn't give any reaction.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Bryce.

Bryce doesn't look up for a bit, but caves. He looks up.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

He reaches in the back of his pants. Pulls out the gun.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Camden's hands are clean of this.

(beat)

At least I think.

CAMDEN

(under his breath)

Fuck you...

Trevor turns the gun around and extends it to Bryce.

TREVOR

I don't wanna-- I mean, I pulled this on my best friend. You should take this.

Camden raises his eyebrows.

CAMDEN  
Why the fuck would you give it back  
to him?

Trevor jumps a little. Looks to Camden.

TREVOR  
I don't-- I don't trust myself with  
it and...

Trevor looks down.

CAMDEN  
And you don't trust me with it  
either?

Trevor doesn't answer. But his subtle closing of the mouth  
and following swallow give a resounding yes.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
(in disbelief)  
You're a piece a shit you know  
that?  
(more aggressive)  
You pulled the gun on me, remember?

TREVOR  
Because--

He stops and looks up. They aren't getting into this again.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Maybe I should bury it somewhere?

CAMDEN  
Might as well. You already buried  
the body, why not do the murder  
weapon too?

TREVOR  
Fuck you.

CAMDEN  
Go set it over there. Right in the  
middle where we can all see it.

TREVOR  
No.

CAMDEN  
Why not?

TREVOR

Cause you're a lot faster than us.

Camden sits back, in disbelief.

CAMDEN

You're... You're a real asshole,  
man.

TREVOR

It's true.

CAMDEN

You think I'm just gonna up and run  
over and outta here?

TREVOR

Absolutely! You already tried once!  
Been trying to leave this whole--

CAMDEN

--You fucking...

Candid gathers himself. No more rage episodes.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

How is it, you are just playing all  
dumb and innocent? Huh?

TREVOR

Oh, you mean, how is it that I'm  
questioning your strange behavior  
and wondering why you keep trying  
bail every opportunity you get?

Camden laughs.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You've been trying to distance  
yourself this whole time, then you  
start playing good cop as soon I  
drop some facts, facts that Bryce  
told me! Facts that you probably  
didn't want *me* to know! And then  
you start doing the whole  
(imitating Camden)  
*I'm here for you Bryce. I'm cool  
man, just needed to know.*

CAMDEN

You're a fucking lunatic!

Camden stands.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

**You** texted me fuck head! **You** brought me here! Now you're pulling this-- over analyzing bullshit all of a sudden? FUCK OFF!

TREVOR

If you've got nothing to hide, then why are freaking out!?

CAMDEN

How about I start accusing you and see how you handle your shit? Cock sucker!

TREVOR

I'm asking questions you won't answer! I'm just asking questions, you're getting confrontational!

CAMDEN

FUCK YOU! I think you killed that guy!

(nods)

Yeah! How do you like that?

TREVOR

I never have and never will kill anyone!

(beat)

Wanna know why? Cause I'm not a testosterone filled psycho who loses his mind within the snap of a finger.

CAMDEN

Oh yeah? Seemed to have no problem sticking that thing in my face!

TREVOR

You're still here aren't you!?

BRYCE

I don't want it.

They both look at Bryce.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

I don't want the gun.

TREVOR

Well, I don't want it either.



CAMDEN  
Give it to me!

TREVOR  
TAKE IT BRYCE!

Camden steps in once again, Trevor immediately jumps back and holds the gun up at Camden.

CAMDEN  
STOP!

Camden steps back. Putting his hands out in front as if to try and defend against the bullet.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)  
QUIT POINTING IT AT ME!

Trevor cries.

TREVOR  
BRYCE!

Bryce looks back and forth.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Bryce take it! Please!

BRYCE  
I don't want it!

TREVOR  
Take it!

BRYCE  
Why?

TREVOR  
Cause I don't know what to fucking think and I don't want to accidentally shoot my best friend!

CAMDEN  
I'm back. I'm stepping down! See?  
(steps back)  
Don't point it at me!

Camden steps down.

Bryce stands walks over to Trevor. Stares at him, then down at the gun.

He takes the gun.

Trevor lowers his arm. Takes deep breaths.

Bryce looks to Camden, whose eyes are closed, shaking his head.

BRYCE

Okay.

Trevor steps away and slides down a tree.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

I just hold it?

Trevor nods.

Once again, Bryce is left standing in the middle of his two friends.

Beat.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

You two should go.

Camden looks up. So does Trevor.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

I'll stay.

He looks at Trevor.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Go tell the police.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Camden hops up.

He starts to leave. Bryce watches him leave. Then looks to Trevor.

Trevor watches Camden pass with narrow eyes. He stops following with his gaze as if he has or is coming to some mental conclusion about what is going on here.

He looks back to Bryce.

TREVOR

(just loud enough)

Bryce, did Camden know that guy?

Camden stops.

Bryce looks at Trevor. Trevor raises his eyebrows?

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Did he know him?!

Camden knows he should keep going, but he clenches his teeth and turns around.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Bryce, you tell me right now!

Camden moves back at Trevor. Trevor notices.

CAMDEN  
Hey, what did you say?

TREVOR  
Bryce..?

Bryce shrugs. Looks back to an even more pissed off, approaching Camden.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(firm)  
Does Camden have something to do with this!?

CAMDEN  
YOU FUCKER!

Bryces just looks to the oncoming Camden with absolute fear.

Trevor faces Camden furious.

TREVOR  
I KNEW IT!

Trevor stands and sticks out his arms, ready for the shove. It doesn't come.

Instead Camden slugs Trevor with everything he's got.

Trevor falls hard.

Camden jumps on top of him.

He goes off on him. Dropping bombs. Busting him up real good.

BRYCE  
STOP!

Camden doesn't.

BRYCE (CONT'D)  
STOP IT CAMDEN!

TREVOR  
Bryce help!

Camden continues his barrage of haymakers onto Trevor.

BANG!

Camden jumps. Checks himself. Looks up.

The gun pointed in the air.

Trevor coughs up blood.

Camden stares at Bryce for a moment. Bryce puts the gun on him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Shoot him! Fuck him, shoot him!

Camden scoots off. As he does, Trevor kicks him off as he crawls away.

Trevor observes Camden. This is a new side he has not seen. He shares a look of concern with Bryce.

Camden sits. He pulls his knees into his chest and cries. The murderer has the gun on him. Two on one and he's the odd man out, now.

It starts to sink in. He's not going home.

Camden sobs.

He sobs for a long moment as Trevor stands and brushes himself off.

Bryce lowers the gun as he watches Camden cry.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
That's two people who've put a gun  
on you today you psychopath!  
(moving to Bryce)  
Sorry.  
(walks away)  
Sorry for texting the last guy you  
probably wanted to see today. I  
didn't know! I'm sorry.  
(to Camden)  
Fuck you! Whatever you knew, fuck  
you! You're time is coming you sick  
fuck!

Bryce continues to watch Camden.

Camden sobs and pulls his beanie over his eyes as he rocks back and forth.

CAMDEN

I want to go home. I want my mom.

(barely mumbling out the words)

I want to see my mom.

(sobs)

I wanna go!

He cries.

Trevor checks his nose.

TREVOR

(to himself)

He broke my nose.

INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - 4:30 AM - FLASHBACK

Trevor pours cashew milk into a thermos. He grabs a bowl from one of the cabinets.

From another cabinet he pulls down a box of cereal, pulls out the bag, carries it with his teeth while his hands carry the other two items.

INT. PARENT'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Trevor sits on the edge of a large bed, controller in hand while his bowl of cereal rests atop a large stack of books, seated on top of an overturned laundry basket.

Noises from his first person shooter game don't distract from his open mouthed chomping.

He pours more milk from the thermos onto his cereal.

His phone rings. He looks down, but back up. He's invested in his game. One more bite. Answers the phone and holds it between his ear and shoulder.

TREVOR

(not taking his eyes off the screen)

Front door is open. My mom is out of town again, I'm up in her room.

He gets back to playing, but stops. He pauses the game. Leans forward.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 Wait, wait, wait-- slow down...

**END FLASHBACK:**

EXT. WOODS - LATER - EVENING

Camden sits by himself.

Trevor sits next to Bryce a little bit away from Camden but close enough to take care of business if he tries to run. He speaks in almost a whisper to avoid anymore blow ups from Camden.

TREVOR  
 You know what I think?

Bryce looks at Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 I think he wants you in prison.

BRYCE  
 No.

TREVOR  
 You don't think so?

BRYCE  
 Camden is my friend.

Trevor nods.

TREVOR  
 You know this morning he was pissed as soon as I told him we were hanging together. To be perfectly honest, he's always like that. At least when I tell him you're coming.  
 (beat)  
 And you wanna know why?

Trevor speaks as if he can't believe it himself.

BRYCE  
 Why?

TREVOR  
 Because of your personality disorders!

Bryce looks down embarrassed.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, man.

(shakes his head)

I've been wrong about Camden this whole time.

BRYCE

What does he say?

Trevor scoffs.

TREVOR

You remember that one time we all smoked? And you had that bad reaction or whatever-- It set off your anxiety and what not? And you just started freaking out and your mom's boyfriend had to come?

Bryce nods. Trevor raises his eyebrows and shakes his head.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

That's why! He likes to get high all the time. All the time.

(closes his eyes)

It's too much. He couldn't stop for a second and think about you in that moment. How scared you were. Nah, he only cared that you ruined *his* high!

(beat)

I knew it too, I fucking knew he had a problem too, that's the hardest part about all this.

(beat)

I guess I've just kind of become co-dependent with him, ya know?

Bryce continues to watch.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

If I could just have man'ed up and told him that when we smoke I get super paranoid too... Like just told him about how I just think about my dad getting out of prison and coming back-- All that shit.

(softly to Bryce)

You and me... We're not different. I know you get insecure about the mental stuff, but you shouldn't.

(pats his back)

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I mean, I get taken advantage of too. And I'm seeing that very clearly now.

(shakes his head)

I don't know, man. Maybe if I could have just recognized his inability to connect without drugs, then-- I don't know.

(beat)

I'm sorry man. I'm so sorry it had to come to this.

Bryce looks to Camden then back.

BRYCE

Me too.

They sit in silence for a moment, watching their old friend, slumped up against the tree, completely zoned out.

TREVOR

What do you think he was going to tell the cops?

BRYCE

I don't know?

Trevor watches.

TREVOR

Ever heard of *ride-or-die*?

Bryce shakes his head.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's an old biker term that meant if you couldn't ride you'd rather die. Now it's used to describe, people, like a wife or a friend... even a boyfriend.

Bryce listens closer.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Are they are willing to *ride* out the problem with someone they care about or *die* trying.

He nods. Bryce watches him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I guess we know, now, that Camden is not a *ride-or-die* friend.

(pause)

(MORE)



TREVOR (CONT'D)

The only reason he didn't run to the cops or kill me was because he was too afraid of being shot. He's not even a *ride-or-die* guy with himself. All he cares about is himself.

(he points at Camden)

That's the only person he loves. Right there.

(beat)

Sometimes, the only way to beat someone, is take away something they love. They don't understand the power it really has over them til it's gone. In this case, it's all his power. Ya know?

Bryce nods.

He watches Trevor for a moment then looks away. This last sentiment sits with him.

LATER

Camden, lays on his side. Staring at a burnt piece of wood. He's fixated on it, zoned out.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The boys sit around a campfire watching the wood burn while a small party plays out in the background.

Camden catches eyes with AIMEE, a pretty little thing sitting across from him.

Camden smiles. She does too. As she looks away, he looks down to her backside, seated on a log.

Though it's clear there is music and other chatter, all we hear is the sounds of nature from the woods. Footsteps start getting louder and louder.

Crunch. Crunch. Crunch--

END FLASHBACK:

BACK TO REAL TIME

Camden jumps as someone kicks his foot. He looks up.

TREVOR

Get up.

It takes a second for him to come to.

CAMDEN

What?

TREVOR

Come on. We got some questions for you.

CAMDEN

I don't have shit to say to you.

TREVOR

Yes, you do. Get up.  
(over his shoulder)  
Bryce.

Bryce approaches with the gun.

CAMDEN

Why don't you just ask whatever it is you are going to ask?

TREVOR

Cause we want to be able to sit down and look you in the face when we ask you these questions.

CAMDEN

We? Or you?

Trevor kicks him again.

TREVOR

Come on.

Camden stands. Trevor holds out his hand, signaling Camden to lead the way. The other two follow.

As they walk, the sounds of everything come crystal clear to Camden. His breath. The wind. Their steps on the dirt path.

He looks around. Takes everything in as if he is seeing it for the first time. Might be the last time.

The trees. The individual leaves. He takes it all in.

*For the first time, we aren't solely engulfed in the characters. Nature has reared it's presence back in. Everything is beautiful, yet haunting as it sits in focus.*

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Sit there.

Camden does as instructed but at his own pace.

Bryce and Trevor sit across from him. Bryce keeps the gun pointed at him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

All right.  
(to Bryce)  
You ready?

Bryce nods.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(back to Camden)  
I'll start with one I've already  
asked.  
(beat)  
Did you know the guy?

CAMDEN

No, for fuck's sake--

TREVOR

--Ah, ah, ah! We're not playing  
that game again. I ask a question,  
you answer. If you ain't got  
nothing to hide then you don't need  
to act aggressively.

Camden laughs to himself, more so in disbelief.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Okay, you didn't know him. Did you  
ever see Bryce with him?

CAMDEN

If I saw him with Bryce, don't you  
think I would have fucked his ass  
up?

TREVOR

Don't answer my question with a  
question.

CAMDEN

On account of he'd probably be  
doing some bad shit to *my* friend,  
If I'd seen him, I *would* have  
FUCKED him up.

TREVOR

Nice try. He wouldn't be doing that in any public place. I meant like did you ever see the two of them walking?

Camden gawks at him. Then to Bryce.

CAMDEN

(condescending)

Sorry, I didn't realize you were prancing around town with your fucking rapist!

Trevor sits back.

TREVOR

You really are a piece of shit.

(to Bryce)

Crazy how it takes something of this magnitude to recognize it.

Bryce doesn't say anything.

Camden isn't going to beat Trevor at this game.

CAMDEN

Next question?

TREVOR

Okay. Why don't you tell Bryce why you acted annoyed when I told you this morning that Bryce was up the way?

This catches Camden off guard.

CAMDEN

I didn't--

(glares at Trevor)

You asshole.

(to Bryce)

Do you see what he's doing Bryce?

TREVOR

Don't talk to him. Answer the question.

CAMDEN

(defensive)

Cause you said meet at the fucking spot! I assumed that meant you had some shit to smoke!

(to Bryce)

(MORE)

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Bryce. We can't smoke with you.

(motions)

By the parking lot, we've got a little spot where we do it... with other friends and whatnot.

TREVOR

(to Bryce)

Told you.

CAMDEN

Fucking-- you-- you fucking asshole! I thought we were going to smoke.

(growing hysterical)

As soon as I accepted that we weren't, I wasn't upset.

(to Bryce)

I was happy to see you, Bryce.

TREVOR

Stop talking to Bryce!

CAMDEN

Why? He's not your defendant! He's my friend too.

TREVOR

Yeah. Is that why you said fuck him earlier then tried to leave?

Camden squeezes his eyes and shakes his head.

BRYCE

Camden?

Camden bites his bottom lip waiting. Bryce takes his time.

BRYCE (CONT'D)

Does my...

(beat)

Do my disorders make you uncomfortable?

CAMDEN

No, no, no, no buddy! Bryce! It's got nothing to do with that! I promise. I'm sorry.

(shake his head)

I just, fucking wanted to get high all right? I get pissy sometimes about it.

(MORE)

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

It's dumb and totally unnecessary,  
I know! I know it's not a good  
thing.

Trevor turns back to Bryce again and raises his eyebrows.  
"Told ya."

Camden get's aggressive again as tears fill his eyes.

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

(crying)  
Stop that! What the fuck--  
(getting choked up)  
What kind of game is this? I'm your  
friend--

He stops himself.

TREVOR

(correcting)  
Were.

Camden can't believe this nightmare.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

This morning when you asked about  
Bryce's mom...

CAMDEN

(under his breath)  
You gotta be kidding me--

TREVOR

--Were you genuinely asking or--

Camden breaks down.

CAMDEN

Just fucking do it, man.

TREVOR

How's that?

CAMDEN

No more games! If you're gonna do  
it just fucking do it!

Trevor studies him for a bit. He leans back towards Bryce.

TREVOR

(to Bryce)  
Don't fall for it.  
(back to Camden)  
I wanna know what he knows.

CAMDEN  
I DON'T KNOW SHIT!

TREVOR  
You keep saying that. But I think--  
I know you do.

CAMDEN  
(crying)  
Fuck you! No more questions! I  
wont' answer!

TREVOR  
Maybe you were hoping to get Bryce  
away from us? Maybe you didn't  
think this guy would take it this  
far. Maybe you were just  
complaining about Bryce to him.  
Like Bryce never leaves us alone.  
(pause)  
That Bryce has no backbone. Does  
whatever you tell him to do if you  
get to know him...  
(pause)  
We both know you bitch about Bryce  
behind his back to other people.  
Maybe you just thought this guy was  
another guy, and now you're feeling  
guilty because this guy took  
advantage of Bryce because you  
opened your mouth and shared a  
little too much information about  
your little buddy, Bryce.

Camden just curls up and looks down. He is done with this.

Trevor stands up and walks, motions Bryce with him.

They move away from Camden, who watches them only for a  
second before turning his gaze back to the ground.

WITH BRYCE AND TREVOR - CONTINUOUS

Trevor speaks in a whisper.

TREVOR  
They say when someone is guilty,  
they start getting emotional. They  
start crying.

Bryce sits there a moment.

BRYCE  
What's he guilty of?

TREVOR  
Wanting you gone. Out of the picture. He always complains about you. You make him feel uncomfortable, yada yada.  
(beat)  
He's always been jealous of you. How much time I spend with you. Don't you see it, man?

Bryce stares at Camden. Gun pointed at his trembling friend. He lowers it.

BRYCE  
If he jealous, then why do you invite him to hang with us?

Trevor scoffs.

TREVOR  
I told you, he's got me wrapped around his finger. He-- He-- He's fucking guilt trips me when we don't hang. I invite him because I keep hoping he'll get the picture. You and me are buddies and that's that. Has he ever even met your mom?

Bryce looks at him.

BRYCE  
What do you want me to do?

TREVOR  
What do you mean?

BRYCE  
Just tell me what to do?

TREVOR  
I'm-- I'm not telling you anything. I'm on your side here.

BRYCE  
Why did you yell at me earlier?

TREVOR  
What are you talking about?



BRYCE  
You shook me. Pushed me down...

TREVOR  
Cause...  
(beat)  
I had to show him that I was losing it. See how he reacted, ya know? If he's really with us or if he's just gonna ditch us as soon as the right opportunity arises.

Camden watches.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
What happened to you... your mom doesn't ever need to know about. It's not your fault.

Bryce thinks about this. He looks back up, almost angered by Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Camden can act like your friend all he wants. I know what he's really like. I know what he wants.

Bryce looks down, once again. Trevor knows, he's got the upper hand once more.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
We knew it would come to this. We knew that when I texted him there was one of two ways he'd take it.  
(beat)  
He took it wrong, Bryce.  
(beat)  
We knew he would.

BRYCE  
You said you'd take care of it.

Pause.

TREVOR  
(stern)  
I am taking care of it.

He looks back to Camden one more time.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Now, you take care of your part.

Trevor walks back towards Camden. Camden looks up, not hiding his anger.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Well?

CAMDEN

What?

TREVOR

Maybe you should apologize to Bryce?

Camden looks to Bryce.

CAMDEN

I'm sorry, Bryce. I do like hanging with you. More than I like smoking--

TREVOR

NOT THAT!

Camden doesn't even look up.

CAMDEN

I-- Bryce...

(pleading)

Bryce don't you see what he's doing? Please see it. You're not dumb. You're not handicapped like everyone tells you. You know, Bryce. Trust yourself. You know what's happening here!

He looks at Bryce, hoping by some stroke of empathy, his friend would see him how he is, not how he is being painted.

TREVOR

That's it?

Camden stays quiet for a moment. He grins and almost chuckles to himself.

CAMDEN

Hide the magazine.

TREVOR

What?

Camden looks up Trevor.

CAMDEN

Take out and bury the bullets. Keep the gun, hide the bullets.

(MORE)

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

That's what I should have said earlier when we were arguing about what to do with the gun.

(beat, looks away)

Would have enjoyed seeing you trying to come up with some excuses why you couldn't do that.

Trevor frowns. He looks to Bryce.

TREVOR

Say your sorry for trying to leave. Apologize for even thinking about going to tell Bryce's mom about this.

Camden starts to zone out. This is a dream. No, a nightmare. Mental ware fare of the most exhausting kind.

Bryce looks at Trevor.

BRYCE

I don't want to go to prison.

TREVOR

What?

BRYCE

I can't go. You told me you'd take care of it!

TREVOR

All right! Shut up, we're doing this--

BRYCE

(louder)

Tell me you'll take care of it!

TREVOR

(growing impatient)

I'm trying to. But we have to do this first!

BRYCE

TELL ME YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF ME!

TREVOR

SHUT UP!

It goes quiet. Bryce watches Trevor for a moment. Sucks in his bottom lip, holding back tears.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(cold)  
Stop crying.

Bryce wipes his nose. Camden watches.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Finish it.

Bryce looks to Camden.

BRYCE  
(tearing up)  
I shot him.  
(beat)  
I shot him and I didn't want to. I  
want you to know that. But... it  
doesn't matter because I did.

Camden trembling, shakes his head. Bryce nods.

BRYCE (CONT'D)  
I did.

Bryce turns to Trevor. For the first time, he looks at him, not for direction or reassurance, but to study him. He does so for a long moment.

TREVOR  
What are you doing?

BRYCE  
You're scared. I see that now. I'm  
was scared too.

TREVOR  
What?

Beat.

BRYCE  
But I'm not scared. Not anymore.

Trevor glares.

TREVOR  
Then finish it.

Bryce smiles and keeps his eyes on Trevor. He lifts the gun quickly and puts it under his own chin.

Trevor drops his scowl.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hey--

CAMDEN

BRYCE--

BANG!

CAMDEN (CONT'D)

NO!

Camden's cry echoes' throughout the woods as Trevor doesn't move. He can't. He just stares. The 1000 yard stare.

Camden falls to the ground, squirming around like a worm. Sobbing like an infant.

Off Trevor's stare.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS/OPEN GROUNDS - SUNRISE - FLASHBACK:

Someone paces around. Back and forth. Back and Forth. Checks his phone.

He turns and we pull back. It's the dead teen, yet now very alive and even excited. ALAN, late teens. Long hair, friendly eyes. He's truly one that would catch the eye of anyone when entering a room.

He turns to look down the way. Someone approaches. Alan smiles and heads to meet them.

ALAN

(calling out)

Finally! I was getting lonely up here!

We see it's Bryce moving out from the brush.

Alan laughs.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hey, you.

A few steps behind Bryce, Trevor appears.

Allen stops. His smile fades completely. Clears his throat and brushes the hair out of his face, embarrassed. He was not expecting additional company.

Bryce approaches with Trevor. His eyes meet Alan's only for a moment before moving to the ground at their final approach.

Bryce stops a few feet in front of Alan.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Hey.

Bryce looks up.

BRYCE

(quietly)

Hey.

Alan lingers on Bryce, recognizing that his friend is probably not one that Bryce has come out to, he turns his attention to Trevor. Extends a hand, politely.

ALAN

Alan.

Trevor smiles. Shakes it thoughtfully.

TREVOR

Trevor.

Alan nods, and returns the smile. Shifts his attention back to Bryce only to follow suit and mirror his gaze back down to the dirt.

It's awkward.

ALAN

So...

(beat)

How you guys doing? Just hanging?

Trevor looks to Bryce. Then back to Alan with a smile.

TREVOR

Yeah. Just hanging.

ALAN

Cool. Cool....

(beat)

So, you guys, like, wanna-- I have a spot up the ways.

(half points to Bryce)

I guess, we just, like, planned on watching the sunrise or whatnot... we can do whatever sounds good, though, uh-- up to you guys.

Alan rubs the back of his neck.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, but whatever sounds good to you guys, I'm-- easy, yeah. Whatever works.

TREVOR

Well, that sounds good to me!  
(shifts to Bryce)  
Bryce?

Bryce nods.

BRYCE

Okay.

Alan nods. Purses his lips

ALAN

Ok. Cool.  
(beat)  
Uh, this way. Over here.

The three make their way up the hill. It's quiet. Bryce drags behind the furthest.

Alan continues to lead the way. He cautiously looks over his shoulder towards Bryce, then back in front when his gaze is ignored.

OUT OF THE TREES - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK

Alan leads the two towards a blanket set up on the ground with a couple of pillows.

ALAN

Sorry, I didn't know-- uh...

He looks at Trevor.

TREVOR

What's that?

ALAN

Oh, uh, here you guys should sit there. I can sit here.

He pops a squat on the dirt.

TREVOR

Thank you, sir!

Trevor seems to be wearing a very different face than we have seen before, as he flaunts nothing but the biggest grin. Ear to ear of just lip and squinted eyes.

He looks to Bryce, then looks down to the blanket. With a quick eyebrow raise, we know this is where he wants Bryce to sit. Bryce does, a few feet in front of Alan who now faces Bryce's back. Alan sighs.

Trevor takes a seat facing the both of them, leg's flat and stretched out all the way to Bryce's side. He leans back on his elbows.

Alan looks at him. Thinks about keeping it to himself, but to hell with it, this guy ruined their morning.

ALAN

You're gonna miss the sunrise if  
you face this way.

Trevor keeps his cocky grin.

TREVOR

I've seen the sunrise before.

He looks at Bryce, then back to Alan. Then he views the area.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hmmm.

Bryce peeks back at him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

This... this is *nice!* Real nice!  
(beat)  
I like this place!

He sighs in awe of all the beauty.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I'll definitely be coming back.

Alan points.

ALAN

There it is.

Everyone looks. The sun peaks up over the hills. Trevor doesn't view as he keeps in on Alan.

TREVOR

Hey Alan, this is really a terrific  
spot.



Alan, continuing to watch the sunrise, doesn't let the compliment change his unamused tone.

ALAN  
Yep. It's my favorite.

Trevor chuckles. He sits up.

TREVOR  
So... you two!

They both look up to him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Do you guys, like, normally watch  
the sunrise together?

Bryce immediately shakes his head.

BRYCE  
No.

ALAN  
No, man.  
(beat)  
Just wanted to try something new  
today.

TREVOR  
I can dig it.

He views the landscape once more.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
So, Alan...

Alan looks down, scratches his eyebrow as he senses the Repetitious condescension.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
How do you and Bryce know each  
other?

ALAN  
Um, just met walking home one day.  
He was, uh--  
(starts gesturing with his  
hands)  
What were you doing-- Bryce?

BRYCE  
I don't know.

Alan has never seen Bryce like this. Bryce's humiliation around him stings.

ALAN

Uh, yeah, he was just messing with some piece of wire. He was making something with it, right?

Bryce shrugs. Alan sighs. Shifts back to the area around them. Keeping his sight anywhere but on Trevor or Bryce.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Yeah. Just started talking and stuff.

TREVOR

Gotcha.

(nods)

When was that? You guys are pretty close, no?

ALAN

Few months back and uh, yeah, I guess so.

TREVOR

Cool. Cool. Glad Bryce is making new friends!

He tosses a pebble at Bryce, who flinches as it hits him, but doesn't look up.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You seem like a close friend to me, Alan.

ALAN

What's that?

TREVOR

I said, you seem like a close friend to me. Alan.

(pointing)

You said you guess, when I asked if you were close.

ALAN

Ah.

TREVOR

Watching a sunrise though. With just two dudes?

(scoffs)

I mean...

Alan, getting pretty fed up with all this and shifts his glare to Trevor. Eye contact and all.

ALAN  
(annoyed)  
What?

TREVOR  
It's a little, you know?

ALAN  
No, I don't know?

TREVOR  
Well it's kinda gay, don't you think?

ALAN  
Is it?  
(aggressive)  
What's gay about it?

TREVOR  
I mean, this blanket for one.

ALAN  
I've watched many sunrises, alone,  
with that same blanket. Not too  
comfy on the dirt.  
(condescending)  
Wanna trade spots and see for  
yourself?

TREVOR  
Nah, I'm good, man.

Alan laughs. This guy is some trip.

Bryce breathes louder. Trevor notices his growing anxiety.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Bryce, I was actually kind of  
surprised when you called me this  
morning. I mean, your mom let you  
come out this early?

Bryce keeps breathing. No answer.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Oh. She doesn't know does she?

Alan shakes his head and clenches his teeth.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You definitely wouldn't want her  
knowing you're out here.  
Especially...  
(whispers to Bryce)  
With another dude.

ALAN

What the fuck's your problem, man?

Trevor remains on Bryce.

TREVOR

I mean she'd assume some stuff  
right away.

ALAN

Hey, asshole!

Trevor looks up.

TREVOR

Asshole?  
(to Bryce)  
Does he talk to you like that?  
(leans back)  
I'm just looking out for my friend  
here.

ALAN

No, you're not. You're being a  
fucking bully!

TREVOR

Am I? Has Bryce ever mentioned me?  
Do you know how far back we go?

ALAN

I don't care! None of that matters.

TREVOR

(to Bryce)  
None of that matters he says.

ALAN

NO! You're just being a dick!

TREVOR

I wouldn't start shitting on my  
friend's friend. I know that much.  
(to Alan)  
You think your close to Bryce, but  
truth is, he just latches onto  
people. Ya know?  
(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Anyone whose nice to him. Needs people to tell him what to do.

ALAN

Stop it!

TREVOR

Has Bryce told you about his mom? She's sick you know?

(taps his temporal)

Did you ever bother asking him about that?

ALAN

I-- What's that got to do with anything?

TREVOR

Everything.

Alan stands. Taps Bryce.

ALAN

Let's go Bryce.

TREVOR

You know what I think--

ALAN

--Come on Bryce. We don't need to put up with this shit!

TREVOR

We?

(to Bryce)

He's speaking for you now too?

ALAN

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Alan grabs Bryce's arm and stands him up. Trevor stands with them.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(to Trevor)

Back off!

(to Bryce.)

We're leaving. Right now.

They leave. Trevor follows.

TREVOR

I was going to say that I think you  
picked Bryce just for the reason  
I've been talking about.

Alan glares back at Trevor, then puts his arm around Bryce as he consoles him. Bryce the whole while sneaking looks back to Trevor.

ALAN

Don't you listen to a word of it.

TREVOR

(aloud to himself)  
Easy to push around. Will do shit  
for you cause he's afraid of losing  
you.  
(accusing)  
You can get him to do whatever you  
want.

They continue on.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Is that why you bring him up here?  
Make him suck your dick?

Alan turns around. He steps right in front of Trevor stopping him dead in his tracks. Teeth clenched, he is inches from Trevor's face.

They stare at one another intensely.

Bryce watches helplessly.

ALAN

So what's your story then? Huh?  
(scoffs, shakes his head)  
I see right through you.

Alan breathes heavy. Trevor doesn't, but this does shut him up.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I know you are trying to convince  
him you care. But I'm not  
convinced.  
(beat)  
And neither are you.

Alan steps away, keeping his eyes locked on Trevor until he get's back with Bryce.

They turn and keep walking. Trevor reaches into the back of his pants.

TREVOR

If you cared to learn more about him, maybe you'd know why we are friends. Because both our dads are real pieces of shit.

(beat)

How about your dad? Is he a piece of shit too?

(catches his breath)

Ours were.

They keep walking.

EXT. WOODS/OPEN GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Trevor trots behind them.

TREVOR

See, we actually **are** close. Because of it. Bryce and I. It's strange the things you bond over.

Alan has had enough. He turns around and rushes Trevor but stops after three steps. He stops dead in his tracks.

Trevor points the gun at him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

And I've always had his back. Watched out for him.

Alan's mouth opens, but nothing comes out. He swallows whatever he wants to say.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Bryce?

Bryce turns around to see Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Come here, Bryce.

Bryce swallows. Looks at Alan.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I don't like you standing near where I'm pointing. Come here, please.

Like a helpless dog trotting back to his angry owner, the boy abides.

ALAN  
Bryce... Please...

Alan watches as Bryce has chosen a side.

TREVOR  
Right here.

Bryce stands next to him. Trevor doesn't take his eye or aim off Alan.

ALAN  
Please, man. I'll just go.  
(chokes it out)  
I'll fucking-- leave. I'll leave  
him alone. I'll just, disappear,  
man. Please!

TREVOR  
You know she'll find out about you.  
(motioning to Alan)  
And him.

Bryce stares at Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
How far did you guys go?

Bryce bites his bottom. Trevor tries to sympathize.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
It's okay. I had a feeling.  
(whispering towards Alan)  
That piece of shit.

Bryce looks up to Alan. Alan looks back, pleading to Bryce. Tears form in his Bryce's eyes. He does care.

Trevor leans in.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
She'll kill herself when she finds  
out.

Alan starts crying.

After a long moment, Bryce breaks away from Alan. Looks down toward's Trevor's feet. Defeated.



BRYCE  
 (whisper)  
 Please don't tell her.

TREVOR  
 It's you and me. Remember that.  
 Don't fuck this up for us over some  
 fag.

Tears fill Bryce's eyes but he and Trevor stare deep into each other's souls.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 She **will** kill herself.  
 (beat)  
 We talked about this. You'll get  
 taken away.  
 (beat)  
 Away from me. You'll be alone. Is  
 that what you want?

Bryce gulps. His breaths slow. He continues looking into Trevor's eyes.

Bryce finally moves. He shakes his head, "no."

Trevor grabs Bryce's chin and turns it back to Alan.

Alan cries.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 Here.

Trevor hands him the gun. Bryce looks at it. Back to Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 Take it.

BRYCE  
 But you said--

Trevor shakes his head.

Beat.

TREVOR  
 This isn't my demon.

Bryce gulps.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 Don't get cold feet again like  
 earlier.

Bryce takes a moment. He takes the gun.

Trevor makes a gun with his pointer finger and thumb. Points it at Alan. The poor teen looks to his lover to beg for his life.

ALAN  
(hysterical)  
Bryce, please! Please don't kill  
me!

Tears fill Bryce's eyes.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
(whines)  
Please don't kill me! Please don't  
kill me!  
(sobs)  
I'm so scared! I'll be quiet!  
Please! My parents.... Please no,  
no, no, no, no...

His words trail off into pure sobs as he falls to his knees. He cries hysterically to the point it almost sounds like a child mid temper tantrum. Struggling to catch his breaths between the fits of sobbing.

Trevor looks to Bryce.

We push in on Bryce. Alan's whimpers in the background only add to Bryce's tears. (*hold on Bryce*)

ALAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(choking out the words)  
Bryce... Please. Please, please!

BANG!

The body falls back. Silence.

Bryce doesn't blink. He can't breathe. He can't speak.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
Clean shot. It was quick.

We hold on Bryce for a long time.

TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I'll never tell anybody.  
(beat)  
I know you don't have many friends,  
but you can't either.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 You can't tell anyone about what  
 you just did. Or, about what you  
 were doing with him.

Beat.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 Not even Camden.

This breaks Bryce's 1000 yard stare as he blinks.

He turns to Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 We can't mention anything to  
 Camden.

Bryce holds back tears and shakes his head "no" in agreement.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 Look at me?

Bryce does. Trevor looks deep into Bryce's eyes. Shakes his  
 head.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
 I don't believe you.

BRYCE  
 I won't tell anyone.

TREVOR  
 There's only one person you might  
 tell, though.

BRYCE  
 (whimpers)  
 I won't tell him.

TREVOR  
 Well... maybe you won't. But maybe  
 you get a little, careless...

BRYCE  
 I promise Trevor! I won't talk  
 about it. Ever.

Trevor thinks about it. His mind was made up before they even  
 pulled the trigger.

TREVOR  
 My worry is, he's going to find  
 out, he probably will. He is good  
 at reading you.  
 (MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

He'll know something is off. Maybe we should call him up?

Bryce stares at Trevor.

BRYCE

Why?

TREVOR

It's best he hears it from me. I don't trust you.

He starts walking down hill.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

If I can keep him cool, then good. He can help. He just has to understand.

Bryce stays put.

BRYCE

If he doesn't understand?

Trevor looks at Bryce then down at Alan's body. He moves back to Bryce.

TREVOR

Then we deal with it. I'll take care of everything from here.

He smiles at Bryce. Rubs off a tear from Bryce's cheek.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Everything's going to be okay. I'll take care of everything.

He stares at Bryce. He smiles.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You want to make me happy?

Bryce tries to be brave, for the man he cares most about. The man who has him wrapped up in his web. He nods. Moves in towards Trevor.

With a sudden shift in expression, Trevor brushes past him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(walking away)

Come on.

**END FLASHBACK:**

EXT. WOODS/OPEN GROUNDS - EVENING

Trevor stands right where we left him. He stays still as he processes everything.

Though his expression remains in that of shock, the sheer emotional weight of his entire life ending, is just waiting to escape his tormented soul.

Everything that was important to him... his power, manipulation, thrills, control, love... lies dead, in front of him.

Camden cries in the background. Rolling around on the ground.

Trevor breathes. And stares. Breathes. Stares.

After a moment he leaves frame.

He finds a large tree branch to sit on. Once again, the blank look on his face would appear to be that of an empathy free, conscious-less, sociopath.

But anyone who understands the love, no matter how disturbed it may be, knows the pain of it's sudden disappearance.

Trevor sits.

Camden's crying has stopped. He sits up but doesn't look to Trevor.

CAMDEN

I remember...

(pause)

I used to think, back in ninth grade, wow, Trevor's a good dude. My friend is really cool guy to hang out with that Bryce kid.

Camden's memories are quickly clouded by this reality he sits in. He looks to Trevor who sits motionless.

Trevor sits quietly. He doesn't acknowledge anything. He's in a trance.

The sounds of Camden standing, walking towards Bryce, picking something up, then making his way over to his old friend.

Trevor doesn't look up.

Camden's breath moves away from a normal, rhythmic, pace to that of one through clenched teeth, adrenaline building back up.

The gun points at Trevor.

TREVOR  
(whisper)  
I'm not scared.

Beat.

Camden sets the gun down in front of Trevor.

*Prove it.*

Trevor looks down, though we don't see the gun. It's right there.

Camden leaves. Though, he will never truly leave.

EXT. WOODS/BRIDGE - SUNSET

Camden crosses over the bridge. Leaves the woods behind him.

The pink light from the setting sun washes over him. No longer is he painted by the shade and shadows of nature. He is free.

As he walks we get flash-cuts:

**FLASH-CUT:**

The three boys in their element.

-Being goof-balls in the park. Playing on a playground they are too tall for.

-Teasing and dunking each other in pool.

-Boxing with rolled up sleeping bags instead of gloves.

-Trevor getting Candid's last text. "Do I need to bring anything"

*He smashes a rock onto his phone.*

-Trevor steps behind the bush and secretly crunches Camden's phone with a rock.

OUT OF THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Camden distances himself from the tree engulfed fortress behind.

His pace quickens. A fast walk. A jog. A sprint.

A faint gunshot.

He doesn't slow.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END