

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - SUNSET

BRETT, short hair, t-shirt, and very confident, and SYDNEY, long hair, oversized hoodie, and uncomfortable in the outdoors, carry an unconscious NICK, messy hair, ripped clothing, and missing a shoe, between them. They hold phone flashlights.

SYDNEY

You're unbelievable, Brett! Why'd you shove him?

BRETT

It was supposed to be a joke! I didn't know he was so close to the edge!

SYDNEY

Why the hell would shoving Nick down the hill be a joke?

BRETT

Ok, in retrospect, it wasn't a well-thought-out plan. But it was an accident!

SYDNEY

Oh great, that's helpful. No, your honor, he should walk free because it was an accident! You killed him!

BRETT

Who are you to talk? You're an accomplice!

SYDNEY

Being a witness is as bad as being the killer. "Don't be a bystander" and all that crap. If you get caught, then I go down with you, and I don't need this on my record.

Brett trips and crashes to the ground. Nick falls on top of him.

BRETT

He's dead weight.

Sydney helps lift a limp Nick off Brett. She takes Nick's other side.

SYDNEY

That's not funny, Brett.

BRETT

Jeez, Syd. Learn to take a joke.

SYDNEY

Learn to form an idea, Brett.
Seriously, what are we going to do
with him? We can't take him home with
us.

BRETT

We could dump him in the river.

SYDNEY

Are you insane?

BRETT

Do you have a better idea?

Brett turns on his phone, the screen lighting up along with
the flashlight.

SYDNEY

What are you doing?

BRETT

Googling how to hide a body.

Sydney smacks the phone out of Brett's hand.

SYDNEY

What? No! You can't do that! The
government tracks everything you do
online!

BRETT

What other choice do we have? Do you
know how to hide a body?

SYDNEY

We could dissolve him in acid.

Brett bends down to pick up his phone but stops for a second
when he hears Sydney's suggestion.

BRETT

Why do you know that?

SYDNEY

Don't worry about it.

BRETT

Uh, no, that seems like something to worry about. Besides, where would we get enough acid to dissolve him?

Brett gives Nick a little shake for emphasis. Nick's head flops down and Sydney readjusts how she is walking with him.

SYDNEY

Literally any hardware store should have acid.

BRETT

No, we're not putting him in acid. Got any other bright ideas?

SYDNEY

Bodies start to smell, right? We'd have about a day before he would start to really stink, so we could go home, get shovels, and bury him out here before anyone knew he was missing.

BRETT

I have a shovel in my car. Go run and get it; we can take care of this now.

SYDNEY

Can you hold him while I go?

BRETT

Yeah, I'll be fine. Hurry, don't trip.

SYDNEY

As long as you don't shove me down another hill, I'll be fine.

BRETT

Weren't you just lecturing me earlier about-

SYDNEY

I'm going, I'm going.

Sydney takes her phone and goes in the direction of Brett's car offscreen. Brett lowers Nick to the ground and sits next to him.

BRETT

What the hell, man? You get taken out by a tree? How lame is that? You drank shampoo in freshman year!

(pauses)

Yeah, I guess this was my fault, but if we get busted, Sydney totally did it.

Brett fiddles with his phone, turning the flashlight on and off. He doesn't notice Sydney coming back and screams when she approaches him.

Calm down, it's just me.

BRETT

Did you bring the shovel?

Sydney holds up a trowel. They move Nick, without noticing how he rolls over on his own.

The two start digging, Brett with a log and Sydney with the trowel. They manage to dig a shallow hole.

NOTE: CAMERA ALTERNATES BETWEEN SHOTS OF BRETT AND SYDNEY DIGGING AND OF NICK MOVING ON THE GROUND

Brett and Sydney stop digging and look in their grave.

BRETT

Think it's deep enough?

SYDNEY

It has to be. Grab his feet, I'll take his arms.

They chuck Nick in the grave. They start to cover the hole with dirt then give up and cover the rest of him with leaves.

BRETT

Let's go.

A hand shoots up from the hastily-made grave and trips Sydney. She screams and grabs a branch off the ground, hitting the dirt-covered Nick repeatedly. He lifts himself out of the grave and rolls out of the way of Sydney's frantic swings. He clumsily gets to his feet.

NICK

Ow, what the hell? Stop hitting me!

SYDNEY

Oh my god, oh my god!

BRETT

How the hell are you alive?

NICK

What are you talking about? What happened? Why am I in a hole?

BRETT

You totally wiped out after-

Sydney covers Brett's mouth with her hand, kicking him when he protests.

SYDNEY

No reason. Should we go home?

NICK

I'm so confused!

SYDNEY

Forget about it. It's late, my mom wants me back soon.

BRETT

Yeah, the park's gonna close.

NICK

Completely ignoring the hole, if we don't stop for food on the way back, I'm throwing myself off a-

SYDNEY

Shut your mouth right now, Nicholas.

NICK

Yes, ma'am.

FADE OUT.