

BURY THE TRUTH

By

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OVER BLACK

The SOUND of digging.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

CLOSE ON a pile of heavy-duty garbage bags.

Standing beside the pile is EVAN, 24, handsome and athletic. He stares down at the garbage bags, a look of concern plastered across his face.

A few feet away, JAKE, 24, lean and haggard, with a shovel gripped tight, stands waist deep in a large hole. He tosses the shovel out of the hole.

JAKE

Deep enough.

Evan finally pulls his eyes away from the pile of bags, looks to Jake.

EVAN

You'd better be sure, Dude. You don't want animals digging anything up, know what I mean?

Jake ignores him as he climbs out of the hole, steps over to the pile of bags. Intensely, he glares down at the pile.

Evan steps beside Jake.

EVAN

Jake, Dude, you can *talk* to me.

Jake faces Evan.

JAKE

What do you want me to say? You want me to say that I'm sorry?

Evan takes a breath, thinks hard about how to respond.

EVAN

I just--

JAKE

I'm *not* sorry. I told you this was going to happen. You didn't listen.

He steps closer to Evan, their faces only inches apart.

JAKE (CONT)
This is your fault.

Jake shoots Evan a look of disgust before he turns back to the pile, grabs one of the bags.

With a frown, Evan watches Jake toss the bag into the hole.

EVAN
What the fuck do you mean this is my fault? I've always been there for you, Dude.

Frustration building up, Evan shakes his head, paces back and forth beside the hole.

EVAN (CONT)
When Barry Christensen stole your bike, who was it that beat his ass and got your bike back? Me. When your parents kicked you out, who gave you a place to live?

With a stern look on his face, Jake grabs another bag, heaves it into the hole.

EVAN (CONT)
Me. And when you lost your job after you relapsed... Do you remember who helped you then? My fault? Are you fuckin' serious, Bro?

Jake throws the last couple of bags into the hole, reaches over, picks up the shovel. He approaches a mound of dirt near the hole, stabs the shovel into it, begins to fill in the hole with dirt.

EVAN
If you can't trust me, who the fuck can you trust?

Jake SCOFFS as he continues to shovel dirt into the hole.

JAKE
Trust you? That's hilarious.

With a SIGH, Evan dramatically tosses his arms up in defeat.

EVAN
Jesus fuckin' Christ. Grow up, Dude.

He moves over to a tree a few yards away, leans against it. Pulls out a cigarette, lights it up.

Jake grows angrier and angrier as he continues to toss dirt into the hole.

JAKE

Yeah. You've helped me in the past.
What a fuckin' great guy you are,
Evan. A Goddamn saint. I'm so lucky
to have you as a friend.

With a drag from his cigarette, Evan rolls his eyes.

EVAN

Whatever, Dude.

Jake stops shoveling for a moment, looks to Evan.

JAKE

What about when I told you about my
nightmares? You remember what you
said then? Huh?

EVAN

Yeah. I told you that you needed to
get help. You should have--

Seething with rage, Jake practically ROARS at Evan.

JAKE

I came to you for help!

He turns back to the hole, goes back to filling it in. He shovels faster, and faster.

JAKE (CONT)

You were the only person I ever
trusted. But when I started to tell
you about my thoughts... About this
darkness inside...

His bottom lip quivers as he fights back tears. He looks to Evan, but not with anger. Sadness.

JAKE (CONT)

You treated me the same way
everyone else in this shit-hole
town does. Like some sorta' fuckin'
freak...

Evan takes a final drag off his cigarette, then flicks away the butt.

EVAN

You know that's not true...

CLOSE ON Jake as he finishes filling in the hole. He uses the shovel to pat the dirt down flat.

JAKE

Doesn't matter now.

He sniffles as he stares down at the dirt. A single tear falls down his cheek.

JAKE (CON'T)

I'm just gonna embrace what I am.

Jake looks over to see that--

--Evan is gone! It's as if he has vanished into thin air.

Jake smirks, glances back down at the filled-in hole before him, spits on it.

JAKE

Burn in Hell, Evan.

He puts the shovel over his shoulder, turns and walks off into the surrounding woods.

FADE TO:

BLACK