

THAT'S MY TENT!

A Play in One Act

by

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Cast of Characters

Foster: 21 year old college student. Male.

Booksmart.

Logan: 22 year old college student. Male.

Outdoorsy.

Stranger: A man in his 20s. Camping. Enthusiastic.

Scene 1

SETTING: We are in a typical forest at the UCSC campus. All signs of life—redwoods high and far as the eyes can see, birds singing, graffiti on every corner. Two friends are taking a hike.

FOSTER

Logan? How long is the hike supposed to take?

LOGAN

I don't know. Maybe like 20 minutes?

FOSTER

Ok. Sick.

LOGAN

God I love spring.

FOSTER

Me too man. I mean, just look at the clouds. Something about Santa Cruz in the spring makes me ok with living through winter here.

LOGAN

Foster, do you remember that class we took in the fall? It was... Uhhh...?

FOSTER

The herpetology one?

LOGAN

Yeah! That one. I bet we can find a bunch of salamanders out here.

FOSTER

Do you think they'll be at the painted barrels too? Since they're only like 20 minutes away?

LOGAN

Yeah, here and there. Under rocks and stuff.

FOSTER

I actually can't wait to get there. Ryan was telling me about different places to go around campus, and I had no idea there were this many.

LOGAN

Dude, Ryan's the best RA.

FOSTER

Oh yeah, definitely.

LOGAN

Like seriously dude, I'm glad he doesn't put up with the university bullshit. A bunch of these guys take some sadistic power trip and try to rat you out for any little thing.

FOSTER

Yeah, he's really cool.

LOGAN

Yeah.

(beat. they keep walking)

FOSTER finds a funky looking boulder. He feels around it, as if looking for someplace to hold on to.

LOGAN

Whatcha up to Foster?

FOSTER

Check this out man. I bet I could send this climb easy!
(said: E-Z)

LOGAN

No shot dude. There's like nothing to hold on to.

FOSTER

(already preoccupied, mumbling)

Just... foot here... hand up top... huh... uh huh

(FOSTER starts climbing.)

(THUD. It echoes.)

FOSTER

(clutches his elbow)

Ow. Ow, ow, ow.

LOGAN

Shit. Looks like rock bottom hurts.

FOSTER

(unclutches his elbow)

Man let's just keep going.

(They walk. Silence.)

LOGAN

So... Do you know what you're going to do for housing next year?

FOSTER

Um... I've been looking for stuff off campus, but I don't really know.

LOGAN

Me neither. Didn't make the lottery so I guess I'll be living out here or something.

FOSTER

I mean, we can probably find something together? Zillow, or uh... craigslist?

LOGAN

Yeah, maybe. (beat) I don't know if I could afford anything in Santa Cruz.

FOSTER

Yeah.

LOGAN

I'm lucky right now because my scholarship covers housing on campus, but I don't make enough at the movie theater to afford anything off campus. And I definitely don't have time for another job.

FOSTER

Have you asked your parents for help?

LOGAN

Bro what? (laughs) I don't think they even know where I go to college. I'm doing this by myself.

FOSTER

Oh.

LOGAN

I don't need them though. Just to clarify. I've been doing fine.

FOSTER

No, yeah I know—

LOGAN

And—

(A tent falls from the sky. They
jump.)

Whoa what the fuck?

FOSTER

What... is... huh?

(They examine the tent)

LOGAN

It must have fallen from the trees.

FOSTER

(preoccupied, looking up)

Uh huh.

LOGAN

It's my old tent.

FOSTER

What?

LOGAN

Dude! This was my old tent.

FOSTER

No, I heard you. Huh?

LOGAN

It's even got the same rip on the side.

FOSTER

But what do you mean it's your old tent? Why did it fall out of the sky?

LOGAN

I don't know. But I used to take it camping all the time with my friends back in high school. I figured it was just in storage. (beat) Help me pack it up.

FOSTER

What?

LOGAN

(starts packing up the tent)

I'm gonna take it with me.

FOSTER

I don't know about this man. What if someone's living in there?

LOGAN

No, it's spotless. I swear this is my tent. I... I just... What if this is my answer?

FOSTER

(starts helping with the tent,
slowly but surely)

What do you mean?

(Ad-lib dialogue like "can you
hand me the tarp" throughout the
rest of the act as they pack up
the tent.)

LOGAN

I can camp. I know how to live outside.

FOSTER

Wait... So you're...?

LOGAN

You know what? Yeah. Fuck housing in Santa Cruz. Fuck housing on campus. I'm taking my old tent back.

FOSTER

So you're going to live in the forest?

LOGAN

Why not?

FOSTER

Well... I mean, the weather? It never stops raining during the winter, and the temperature drops below 30 most of the time.

LOGAN

That's what the rain cover is for. And I got thermals.

FOSTER

And what about wifi? How are you going to do your homework?

LOGAN

(lists off fingers)

Um... well I've got the library, 24/7 study spaces...

FOSTER

Showering?

LOGAN

The gym?

FOSTER

That's a pretty good answer.

LOGAN

Why don't you join me?

FOSTER

What?

LOGAN

I'm serious, dude. We wouldn't have to pay rent, you can save up for grad school—

FOSTER

No. We can look for a place—

LOGAN

I'm done looking! It's exhausting. I stay up all night, thinking, "What happens if I can't pay rent *and* I'm failing

my chemistry final?" If I don't have a place to live, I don't have a place to learn. And I can't drop out. Next year is my last year here.

FOSTER

I see what you mean, it's just-

LOGAN

I know it sounds crazy. But if we got two people here, it would be a lot safer with the both of us. And you... You could save money on that bouldering gym too. Plenty of rocks out here.

FOSTER

I mean I guess...

LOGAN

And we'd basically be right outside of class. You're a Plant Sciences major, right? (points) Tell me what that plant is.

FOSTER

Those are strawberries.

LOGAN

(looks closer)

Oh. (beat) Still! Think of it like this. You get to do actual research in the place you live in. You live more sustainably, closer to the earth, and you notice more. Beats living on floor three a lot, don't you think?

FOSTER

(beat) Ok. I'm in.

LOGAN

Yes! Dude, we just gotta find a good spot somewhere in the forest. And I'll teach you everything you need to know about tents and camping. Like, first of all... you shouldn't

snore, because it will attract animals... well unless you sound like a bear, cause then it'll just scare them away.

FOSTER

Is that a real thing?

LOGAN

Oh yeah.

FOSTER

Anything else?

LOGAN

Eh, more just leave food in a tight container, and no shoes inside the tent. Common courtesy, you know?

FOSTER

Oh yeah, that makes sense. What do we do if we uh... want to bring someone over?

LOGAN

Headlamp on the zipper.

FOSTER

Ok. I see.

LOGAN

Dude, this is going to work out. I got some of these solar powered portable chargers so we don't have to worry about our phones, and I got cooking gear somewhere in a box in my dorm.

FOSTER

Yeah, I trust you man. You sound like you know what you're doing.

LOGAN

Hey Foster, after we finish packing up this tent, we should go look for somewhere to pitch it next year. It's gotta be

out of the way, so we don't get any of those people looking for a forest party.

FOSTER

Oh, I went to one of those. It was fun.

LOGAN

I got vodka sprayed in my face.

FOSTER

You know, they say fun is different for everyone.

LOGAN

(finishing up the tent/packing it up)

Well that should about do it. All we'll need are some stakes and—

STRANGER

(emerges from nowhere)

Oh, hey! Did you guys pack up my tent for me? Thank you!

(STRANGER takes the fully packed
tent and leaves.)

LOGAN

(a long silence) So, you said something about Zillow?

FOSTER

(as they walk off stage)

Man, you would love Zillow! All those historical houses,
and you can be so nosy... (ad lib)