

SCENE TWO

Ryan and Nate enter with the makings of a disassembled tent in their arms. Chad follows behind.

CHAD

You gotta make sure you find a level spot, no rocks, no tree roots...

NATE

Here is fine.

CHAD

Take a good look. The absolute last thing you want is to have to tear it all down and start over.

NATE

It was fine where we were.

CHAD

Downwind from the latrines?

NATE

No one told you to take a shit on top of the hill.

CHAD

You'd rather I do it down by our water supply?

NATE

I'd rather you...

Nate drops the tent, frustrated.

Here's good.

CHAD

Cozy on a bed of pinecones.

Ryan kicks the pinecones away as Nate and Chad stay at each other's throats.

NATE

No one even asked you to help.

CHAD

And look how generous I'm still being.

NATE

Go swim with the other guys.

CHAD

Senior Patrol Leader doesn't leave a man behind.

Ryan has started threading the disassembled tent poles through the fabric of the tent without much success.

Hey, yeah, you're gonna want to / put those together first.

NATE

(Ignoring this, to Ryan.)

Here, let me show you.

Nate takes the poles from Ryan and starts to demonstrate how to assemble them. After a moment Nate looks confused as well. Chad watches, amused.

CHAD

Mont wandered off before, did you see?

(To Ryan.)

Oh, Mont is the kid. Little guy, doesn't talk much.

RYAN

Yeah, I guess I met him. He's Devon's little brother?

CHAD

Kind of seems like it, but no. Devon just watches out for him. The kid is, uh...complicated.

NATE

Don't be an asshole.

CHAD

I'm just orienting the new guy.

RYAN
Complicated how?

CHAD
That depends how much you believe.

NATE
Because it's probably bullshit.

CHAD
(To Ryan.)
Did you hear back when we were kids about the little boy whose mom got stabbed? And he spent three days handcuffed to her body until the police came?

NATE
It was *two* days.

RYAN
Holy crap.

CHAD
Yeah, right? Cops found him, sent him to live with his aunt once she got clean.

NATE
How the fuck do you know this?

CHAD
It's my job to know / this stuff.

NATE
Parker doesn't even know what happened to the kid.

CHAD
Or, yeah, he *says* that.

RYAN
And Mr. Parker just lets this boy come on these things?

NATE
(To Ryan, re: Chad.)
Don't let him freak you out.

CHAD
Listen, this is my troop. And Ryan...It's Ryan, right? Ryan's in my troop now, so it's my responsibility to warn him about / the dangers...

NATE

It's a fucking made-up job. So nerds like you can put it on your resume or, I donno...

CHAD

(Re: the tent.)

Or tell you that pole goes over the entrance, not across the top.

Nate stops what he's doing, turns on Chad.

NATE

How about you stop distracting me and I can get this shit done.

CHAD

It's a complicated process, / I get it.

NATE

I've put these things up before.

CHAD

I don't know why you're showing off for the new guy.

Nate advances on Chad.

NATE

Are we gonna have a problem again?

RYAN

Whoa, um, guys?

NATE

(To Chad.)

Because I thought we'd be alright, but shit.

CHAD

(To Ryan.)

Maybe he's who I should've been warning you about. See, *this* is what you're sleeping next to.

NATE

Because he didn't know anybody! And I grabbed a two-man tent because I'm a nice fucking person!

CHAD

Ryan, you wanna leave your sleeping arrangements to this guy? He's got your heads facing downhill, you'll wake up with worse-than-a-hangover.

Nate turns the tent around over the following.

See, you're lucky I'm here.

NATE

What the fuck do you even know about hangovers?

CHAD

I know they're for guys who can't handle their liquor.

NATE

I've been getting drunk since I was thirteen.

CHAD

You want, what, a round of applause?

NATE

(To Ryan, re: Chad.)

Please tell this guy he doesn't know what he's talking about.

RYAN

I mean, I don't really drink. / So...

NATE

(To Chad.)

I threw back six beers and *then* climbed my neighbor's chimney. Think I can't hold my liquor? Fuck. Stop trying to make me look like an asshole.

CHAD

Honestly, I'm not trying that hard.

NATE

Standing here, telling me what to do.

CHAD

I have experience.

NATE

Yeah, experience putting these up *alone*. Wonder why *that* is.

A beat. Chad laughs bitterly to himself.

CHAD

(To Nate.)

Say you actually don't need my help.

NATE

Are you not fucking listening?

CHAD

Yeah, but we're being real now. You've got the tent upside down.

Nate sees that in the process of turning the tent around he has flipped it over.

Parker told me to make sure you're alright. Looks like there's nothing to worry about.

Chad turns to go. Nate turns back to the tent but Ryan is concerned.

RYAN

Hold on.

Chad turns back, triumphant. Nate glares at Ryan.

I mean, if he wants to help.

Nate clumsily rolls the tent up around the poles, bundling everything in his arms.

NATE

Know what, fuck this. We can do it later.

RYAN

Sorry, I just thought / he wanted to.

NATE

It's still hot, might as well go swimming.

RYAN

(Re: the tent.)

I can put this up.

NATE

You can *try*.

Nate hands the armful of tent pieces to Ryan.

But if we're gone long enough, a hundred bucks says Parker puts it up for us. So what the hell.

RYAN

I'm...sorry if I / offended you.

NATE

Don't be so nervous, right? You're with friends.

Ryan apprises Nate for a moment, doesn't look comforted.

RYAN

I'll get changed, I guess.

Nate nods and Ryan exits with the tent.

Chad and Nate size each other up for a moment.

NATE

You know why I let you have that one?

CHAD

You did what?

NATE

Not gonna make a big deal out of it.

CHAD

Oh, that was you *not* making a big deal / out of it?

NATE

Because, way I see it, this is the only place in the world you get to feel like the big man. Out in the middle of fucking nowhere.

Nate kneels down, starts going through his backpack for something.

CHAD

You can't pick on a fellow scout like that.

NATE

What was I *just saying*? I'm being friendly.

CHAD

Parker wants me to keep an eye on him.

NATE

Yeah, big man?

CHAD

You might not like it but I'm the Senior Patrol Leader and I have to...

Chad trails off as Nate pulls his shirt off.

What are you doing?

NATE

Gonna swim, remember?

CHAD

Yeah, but I didn't think you / were gonna...

NATE

You were saying something.

CHAD

Nothing, just...It's my responsibility to look out for the troop.

Nate pulls a swimsuit out of his backpack and prepares to change into it. He pulls his shoes and socks off over the following.

NATE

Your responsibility, huh?

CHAD

I mean, and I'm basically here to *help*. I've been doing this a long time, me and Devon both, but he's not the one with, you know...

NATE

What, the power?

Chad's eyes wander away from Nate as he continues undressing.

CHAD

I mean, if you want to / call it that.

NATE

That's what you're saying right? You're the one with the power.

CHAD

Well, the responsibility.

Hey.

NATE

Chad turns back to Nate just as Nate drops his pants. Chad instinctively looks away and Nate laughs a bit to himself.

He stands shamelessly naked, Chad trying to act natural but clearly unnerved.

Don't you have to change? Go ahead.

CHAD

I don't really...feel like swimming.

NATE

What, the fearless leader?

CHAD

Look, I don't know / what you're doing.

NATE

Not acting so big now.

CHAD

You're an asshole.

NATE

Something wrong?

CHAD

I was just trying to help.

NATE

Hey. Look at me.

Chad looks Nate in the eye. Nate takes a menacing step closer.

Just curious. Who was the one showing off for the new guy?

CHAD

Fuck you.

NATE

No, I want you to answer.

CHAD

If you want to go swimming so bad, / then go.

NATE

Maybe you didn't hear the question.

Nate takes another step closer. Chad backs up.

Who. The fuck. Was showing off?

CHAD

(Low.)

I was.

NATE

Yeah?

CHAD

Go to hell, Nate.

Nate laughs a bit, steps back to his bag, and pulls his swimsuit on.

NATE

One more question. You think you could set that tent up for me while I'm gone?

CHAD

...

NATE

Good, yeah, you know. Taking responsibility and shit.

Nate exits, leaving Chad standing alone, reeling.

INTERROGATION TWO

Nate faces off with the voice.

VOICE

You've been on a lot of these campouts.

NATE

Guess so.

VOICE
That's what your friends said.

NATE
Those guys don't know me that well.

VOICE
You've been in this troop for / several years.

NATE
It's not my thing, alright? Some of them, you know, they're obsessed.

VOICE
Why not you?

NATE
I have a life.

VOICE
And what does that consist of?

NATE
That's seriously your question?

VOICE
You seem pretty aloof for someone who's / been so involved.

NATE
I'm too busy getting laid to learn how to tie knots. That what you want to hear?

VOICE
You seem hostile.

NATE
Yeah, I'm fucking hostile. You know what *happened* out there?

VOICE
Tell me.

NATE
I *found* him, is what...Shit, I *told* them / what happened.

VOICE
I want to hear in your own words. If that's alright.

NATE

I got up to pee. And I saw his tent was open. No, *heard* it first, just blowing in the wind. And I looked over and, I donno, I thought maybe he was watching me.

VOICE

He could see you in the dark?

NATE

Guess my dick's just that big.

VOICE

So, you saw his tent.

NATE

What else do you want to know? Yeah, I got closer and saw his shadow, silhouette, whatever-the-fuck. Against the side of the tent. You want details? His eyes were open, there was blood, just...

VOICE

I know it's hard to / relive this.

NATE

You ever seen something like that?

VOICE

I'm sorry, but we do need details. You saw the blood.

NATE

Got my flashlight out. Fucking everywhere.

VOICE

And what about the knife?

NATE

What?

VOICE

Forensics couldn't find a weapon. But that can't be right. All that blood you saw, it had to come from something.

NATE

Guess so.

VOICE

Any ideas?

NATE

About the knife? Isn't that *your* fucking job?

VOICE

I'm asking you what you saw.

NATE

Yeah, well, I didn't *look* that long. Shit. I got everyone else up.

VOICE

Didn't want to face it alone?

NATE

Fuck off, you would've done the same thing. Anyone would've, just started screaming like a girl. So yeah, *fuck off*, I didn't look for a knife. But I zipped his tent up most of the way. Seemed like the right thing to do.