SELECTION #1 – MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

(Lights up on the Attic, which is filled with dusty boxes. SONIA is rummaging through the boxes. She hears footsteps and quickly hides behind a box, starting to giggle. THOMAS and PHILLIP enter, unsure of where they're going. THOMAS trips over a box.)

THOMAS
I swear, this place is a fucking maze - ow! Shit. What is all this stuff?

PHILLIP
It looks like it’s been here for a while.

(The giggling becomes louder.)

THOMAS
Sonia?

(The giggling stops. THOMAS rubs his foot in pain.)

THOMAS (cont’d)
Sonia, where are you?

SONIA
(Whispering loudly)
I’m in the backyard.

PHILLIP
She’s right here.

THOMAS
Sshh!

(THOMAS plays along with SONIA, he looks out of the Attic window. While his back is turned towards SONIA, she moves to hide behind another box, giggling the entire time. THOMAS pretends not to notice.)

THOMAS (cont’d)
Are you…. here?

(He moves the box SONIA was hiding behind, but obviously doesn’t find her.)

PHILLIP
She just moved, you saw her.
THOMAS
Oh no, Sonia disappeared!

(SONIA giggles, she throws a little paint can from the box to THOMAS and goes back into hiding. THOMAS feels it and turns around.)

Where are you?

(SONIA jumps out from behind the box.)

SONIA
BOOO!

THOMAS
Aaaaahhhhh!

SONIA
Got you!

(THOMAS laughs, it’s obvious that he has a soft spot for his little sister.)

THOMAS
Do you know what all this is?

SONIA
(Suddenly acting as if she’s the expert of the Attic boxes)
Well. The boxes over there have old mugs and plates. Those ones have books, but I can’t read the titles, ooh and there’s a rat in that one, I named him Jenkins, //

PHILLIP
(Quickly stepping away from that box)
What?

SONIA
// and these ones have more plates and there’s some…

THOMAS
(Interrupting her, impressed)
Did you already go through all of them?

SONIA
I think so. And there’s some old painting stuff in this one.
THOMAS

(His eyes lighting up)
Really?

PHILLIP
So it’s all old crap.

THOMAS & SONIA
It’s not crap.

(THOMAS looks in the box with painting supplies. He takes out an ornate paint brush.)

SONIA
What’s that?

(THOMAS doesn’t answer.)

SONIA (cont’d)
Thomas, can I see it?

THOMAS
It’s beautiful.

PHILLIP
Thomas?

THOMAS
How old is this?

PHILLIP
I don’t know…

(SONIA walks to the box with the painting supplies with a mischievous look on her face. She grabs another paint can and throws it towards THOMAS. This time the can loses its cap and black paint is spilled all over the floor and both THOMAS’ and PHILLIP’s shirts.)

THOMAS
Sonia!!! Look what you did!

SONIA
I’m sorry…

PHILLIP
It’s just some paint, Thomas.
It’s all over my clothes, Sonia! Damn it!

Stop // yelling.

Why did you do that?!?

Thomas!

You’re so stupid, Sonia!

(SONIA makes a childish fart noise to THOMAS and then leaves.)

(Not understanding why THOMAS is so angry)
Thomas, it’s okay, it’s just paint. We can clean it up.

No, it’s not okay, look at this place, Phillip.

What’s going on with you?

Nothing.

It doesn’t sound like nothing.

You don’t understand anything, Phillip.

But… I mean… why are you so…

So… what? I’m fine.

Never mind.
THOMAS  
(Mumbling)
This place sucks.

PHILLIP
What?

THOMAS
This place *sucks*!

PHILLIP
We only just got here…

THOMAS
The fact that we’re here at all *sucks*. Look around! I had a life in San Francisco, friends, I *was* somebody, but now we’re here and there’s nothing to do, and I’m nothing and it’s all mom’s fault! She just had to drag me here, she never even asked what I wanted.

(The paint on the ground very slowly starts to disappear throughout the song. Nobody notices.)

<< Demo Track Selection 1 – Middle of Nowhere >>

THOMAS (cont’d)
SHE DOESN’T CARE ABOUT ME AT ALL,  
AND I’M SICK OF PLAYING NICE WHEN SHE IS NEAR ME.  
IT’S LIKE I’M SCREAMING INTO STONE DEAF EARS,  
WHILE NO ONE IN THIS FAM’LY SEEMS TO HEAR ME.  
SO NOW I’M STUCK.  
I’M STUCK.  
I’M STUCK  
IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

I HATE THIS BORING PLACE AND THEY KNOW IT.  
IT MAKES US QUIET AND THEY LIKE QUIET KIDS.  
IT’S LIKE THEY WANT US TO BREAK.  
THEY BROUGHT US HERE  
AND THEY ALWAYS TAKE AWAY  
WHAT’S OURS TO TAKE.  
SO NOW I’M STUCK.  
YOU’RE STUCK.  
WE’RE STUCK  
IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.

I SHOULD RIOT.
Riot?

THOMAS
NOT WAIT QUIETLY.
PACK UP MY BAGS AND
TELL THEM I’M LEAVING,
I DON’T NEED THEM.
BUT YOU ARE HERE.

I am here?

THOMAS
AT LEAST I’M HERE WITH
YOU AND NOT ALONE.

(Interrupting THOMAS)
Why?

THOMAS
Why what?

PHILLIP
Why is it better that we’re both here?

THOMAS
Would you want to be in this place with just mom and Howard and Sonia?

No.

And you don’t have to.

YOU’RE NOT ALONE.

(Confused)
Cause you’re here?

THOMAS
YOU’RE NOT ALONE.
Okay…

PHILLIP

YOU’RE NOT ALONE.

THOMAS

I’M NOT ALONE.

PHILLIP

WE’RE NOT ALONE.

THOMAS

WE’RE NOT ALONE,

PHILLIP

WE’RE NOT ALONE,

THOMAS

WE’RE

THOMAS & PHILLIP

NOT ALONE.

PHILLIP

THEY DON’T CARE ABOUT US AT ALL, AND YOUR MOM WILL NEVER HEAR.

THOMAS

SHE’LL NEVER HEAR ME.

PHILLIP

IT’S LIKE WE’RE SCREAMING,

THOMAS

LIKE WE’RE BOUND TO FALL,

THOMAS & PHILLIP

LIKE WE’RE DYING IN THIS PLACE

THOMAS

THAT’S GONNA FEAR ME.

PHILLIP

IT’S LIKE WE’RE STRANDED.

THOMAS

WE ARE STRANDED.

NOW YOU’RE STUCK.
PHILLIP
I’M STUCK, YOU’RE TRAPPED.

THOMAS
I’M TRAPPED, YOU’RE CAUGHT.

PHILLIP
I’M CAUGHT, YOU’RE STUCK.

THOMAS
I’M STUCK, WE’RE STUCK.

PHILLIP
WE’RE STUCK.

THOMAS
WE’RE STUCK.

PHILLIP
WE’RE STUCK.

THOMAS
WE’RE STUCK.

PHILLIP
WE’RE STUCK.

THOMAS
WE’RE STUCK.

(Three knocks on the front door. SONIA runs through the Attic, as if she came out of nowhere.)

SONIA
I’ll get it!

PHILLIP
Sonia?

(Three knocks on the front door, again.)

THOMAS
Who the hell could that be?

(THOMAS exits, PHILLIP looks at the floor, the paint has completely disappeared, as if time jumped back.)
PHILLIP
WE’RE STUCK…
WE’RE STUCK…
WE’RE…

THOMAS (O.S.)
Hey Phillip, come here.

*(PHILLIP runs out of the Attic.)*