

**LINDA**

*Entering from the stairs:*

Okay, munchkin. Time for bed.

**TOMMY**

Mommy, I made a song!

**LINDA**

I know, I know. I heard the whole thing upstairs, okay? Now come on. It's past your bedtime. I'll be up in a minute. I gotta make your lunch.

**TOMMY**

Can I have a snack pack?

**LINDA**

Yeah. Now go brush your teeth, snack pack.

*TOMMY scurries upstairs. A moment later, as LINDA has begun straightening the cushions on the living room couch, JAMIE enters from upstairs.*

**JAMIE**

Hi.

**LINDA**

Hey. You should get ready for bed too.

**JAMIE**

I wanted us to hang out a little first.

**LINDA**

Okay. Are you hungry?

**JAMIE**

A little.

**LINDA**

You can take something from the kitchen. I'll be there in a minute.

*JAMIE crosses to the kitchen and goes into one of the cabinets.*

You do your homework?

**JAMIE**

Yeah.

*JAMIE sits at the kitchen table with a cupcake. LINDA, satisfied with the living room, joins her in the kitchen.*

**LINDA**

You're having another cupcake?

**JAMIE**

Yeah.

**LINDA**

Okay.

**JAMIE**

So. Dad made up an ending to that story.

**LINDA**

You *finished* your homework?

**JAMIE**

Yes.

**LINDA**

Okay.

**TOMMY**

*From upstairs:*

I finished brushing my tee-eeth!

**LINDA**

*Okay, be up in a minute!* I have to make his lunch.

*She places a cutting board on the counter and takes two slices of bread from the bread box.*

**JAMIE**

So you know, on the weekends, we make up these stories –

**LINDA**

Right, the Dad story. Do you need a sandwich for tomorrow?

**JAMIE**

*Frustrated:*

*No.*

**LINDA**

Okay. So – what about it?

**JAMIE**

Never mind.

**LINDA**

*Retrieving mustard and mayonnaise from the refrigerator:*

What's that thing supposed to be about, anyway?

**JAMIE**

Just forget it.

**LINDA**

*Spreading mustard and mayonnaise with a butter knife:*

Come on. It's a kid who wants to be a bird, right? So what does he do?

**JAMIE**

I don't know. He flies. He just wants to go to the park and – get away.

**LINDA**

*Washing the knife:*

Sounds like a Dad story.

**JAMIE**

I guess.

[“WHERE DO I BELONG?”]

*LINDA puts the condiments back in the refrigerator. She takes out a package of sliced bologna and a head of lettuce as JAMIE begins to sing:*

MOM, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FEEL  
YOU'RE IN A WORLD OF YOUR OWN  
EVEN WHEN I'M HERE WITH YOU  
IT'S LIKE I'M ALL ALONE

FEELS LIKE ONCE UPON A TIME  
WE SAT HERE LAUGHING TOGETHER  
NOW IT'S, WELL, I DON'T KNOW  
FEELS LIKE SOMETHING'S MISSING  
IS THIS JUST THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE?  
DOES IT LEAVE US ANYWHERE TO GO?  
MAMA, TELL ME NOW  
WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?  
DO YOU KNOW?

**LINDA**

You sure you don't want a lunch tomorrow?

**JAMIE**

They're giving us pizza.

*Having assembled the sandwich, LINDA wraps it in plastic and returns the bologna and lettuce to the refrigerator. She puts the cutting board in the sink and wipes off the counter with a sponge.*

YOU AND DAD ARE JUST THE SAME  
SEE THINGS THE WAY THAT YOU WANT TO  
NEVER SEEING ANYONE  
LIKE I'M NOT EVEN HERE  
DO YOU THINK YOU'LL NOTICE  
IF I DISAPPEAR?

SEEMS LIKE ONCE THERE WAS A TIME  
ALL OF US MADE SENSE TOGETHER  
DID WE DO SOMETHING WRONG?  
FEELS LIKE THINGS WERE DIFFERENT  
NOW WE ALL JUST LIVE OUR SEPARATE LIVES  
NO ONE EVEN TRIES TO GET ALONG  
CAN YOU TELL ME  
WHERE DO I BELONG?

*LINDA takes out a box of cookies, removes three from the box, and puts them in a little plastic bag. She gets a small bag of chips from another cabinet, a box drink from yet another. All of these, along with the sandwich, are placed in a paper bag which is then tucked carefully into the refrigerator.*

I TRY TO THINK  
SIT AT MY DESK  
I TRY TO DO MY HOMEWORK  
HOW CAN I THINK?  
HOW CAN I EVEN CARE?  
I TRY TO SLEEP  
BUT I LIE AWAKE  
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ME CRYING?  
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ME, MOM?  
HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED ME AT ALL?

MOM, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FEEL

**LINDA**

*Putting the cupcake wrapper in the trash and tousling JAMIE's hair:*

Okay, honey, you should get to bed.

**JAMIE**

I'm not tired. Can we just stay up for a while?

**LINDA**

Jamie, I don't feel like fighting with you.

**JAMIE**

So don't!

**LINDA**

Do whatever you want.

*LINDA exits. Blackout.*