

THE OUTLANDS

DANIEL RHODES AUDITION SIDE

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

DANIEL, a tattered fourteen-year-old, sits along by the campfire. His eyes closed as if he's trying to compose himself.

His eyes open...

DANIEL

(Relived, almost laughing)
You know... Sometimes, I wish life could just go back to the way it was. My Biggest problem was... Homework, or like... What video game to play.
(beat)
Then 1318 just flipped everything upside down.

Daniel shifts his gaze upwards. His voice crackles with frustration and a touch of anger.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Dad's always talking about survival. It's us against us, son. Always be prepared! Hello?? Prepared for what, Dad? For everyone around us to become enemies? So we can become the very thing we hate?
(beat)
Yeah... Whatever. No thanks...

He clenches his fists tight as he struggles to compose himself. A tear crawls down his cheek as his voice softens.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Mom... She used to say that God puts the heaviest burdens on those who can carry the weight.
(beat)
She meant you, Dad. But what about me, huh? It's like I'm just some stupid sidekick here. In your BS cosmic adventure of doom and gloom.
(beat)
Well... I'm not.

Daniel gazes into the darkness. His eyes wandering on something distant. Something that he could never reach.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
You're lost, Dad. And... It's--
It's like I'm losing myself trying
to follow you and I'm becoming
someone I don't even recognize
anymore. Someone I hate.

Daniel reflect for a moment.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Mom's gone... They took her from
us. And there's nothing that'll
ever bring her back.

Daniel draws a slow deep breath of encouragement. His words,
an emotional cocktail of hope, determination, and a touch of
sadness. He gazes upwards to the heavens.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Mom... I'm trying to be the man you
raised me to be. I really am. But
I'm scared. And I feel so alone.
(beat)
But I'll make that stand, even if
it means I stand alone.

Daniel wipes another tear that runs down his cheek.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I'm going to do what I know is
right. And I'll start by talking to
Dad tomorrow.
(beat)
I hope he'll hear me. Because we're
runnin' outta' time here.
(beat)
I promise... I will make you proud.
(beat)
I miss you... I miss you so much...