

BOYS IN THE BAND

Address
Phone Number

MICHAEL

DONALD! You're about a day and a half early!

DONALD

The doctor canceled!

MICHAEL

Canceled? How'd you get inside?

DONALD

The street door was open.

MICHAEL

You want a drink?

DONALD

Not until I've had my shower - I want SOMETHING to work out today. I want to try to relax and enjoy something.

MICHAEL

You in a blue funk because of the doctor?

DONALD

Christ no. I was depressed long before I got there.

MICHAEL

Why did the prick cancel?

DONALD

A virus or something. He looked awful.

MICHAEL

Well this'll pick you up. I went shopping today and got all kinds of goodies. Sandalwood soap...

DONALD

I feel better already.

MICHAEL

...Your very own toothbrush because I'm sick to death of you using mine.

DONALD

How do you think I feel?

MICHAEL

You've had worse things in your mouth. And also, for you, something called "control." Notice nowhere is it called hairspray - just simply "control." And the words "for men" written 37 times all over this goddamned can!

DONALD

It's called Butch Assurance.

MICHAEL

Well it's still hairspray. No matter if they call it "balls." It's all going on your very own shelf that's to be labeled: "Donald's Saturday Night Douche Kit." Why didn't the prick call you and cancel? Suppose you'd driven all this way for nothing.

DONALD

Why do you keep calling him a prick? Besides I had to come in town for a birthday party anyway, right?

MICHAEL

You had to remind me. If there's one thing I'm not ready for, it's five screaming queens singing happy birthday.

DONALD

You don't think Harold would mind my being here?

MICHAEL

If she doesn't like it, she can twirl on it. Listen, I'll be out of your way in a second I've just got one more thing to do.

DONALD

Surgery so early in the morning?

MICHAEL

SUNT! That's French with a cedilla. I've got to fix my hair for the 37th time. My hair, without exaggeration, is clearly falling on the floor. And fast baby!

DONALD

You're totally paranoid. You've got plenty of hair.

MICHAEL

What you see before you is a masterpiece of deception. My hairline starts about here...and this is all tortures forward. It's called getting old. Well one thing you have to say for masturbation...you certainly don't have to look your best. What are you depressed about? I mean, other than your usual everything?

DONALD

I really don't want to get into it.

MICHAEL

Well if you aren't going to tell me, how are we going to have a conversation in depth - a warm, rewarding, meaningful friendship.

DONALD

Up yours!

MICHAEL

Why Captain Butler, how you talk?!

DONALD

It's just today I realized I was raised to be a failure. I was groomed for it. Naturally, it all goes back to Evelyn and Walt.

MICHAEL

Christ, how sick analysts must get of hearing that Mommy and Daddy made their darlin into a fairy.

DONALD

It's beyond just that now. Today I finally began to see how some of the other pieces of the puzzle relate to them. Like why I never finish anything I started in my life...my neurotic compulsion not to succeed. I realized that it was always when I failed that Evelyn loved me the most - because it displeased Walt, who wanted perfection.

(MORE)

DONALD (CONT'D)

And I began to fail on purpose to get love. Failure is the only thing that which I feel love. Failure is the only thing that which I feel home. Because it's what I was taught at home.

MICHAEL

Oh, Donald, you're so serious tonight! Forget your troubles! Come on get happy! What's more boring than a queen doing a Judy Garland imitation?

DONALD

A queen doing a Bette Davis imitation. Where did you get that sweater?

MICHAEL

This cleaver little shop in the right bank called Hermès.

DONALD

I work my ass off for 45 lousy dollars a week scrubbing floors and you waltz around throwing cashmere sweaters on them.

MICHAEL

You could get a job doing something else. Besides, just because I wear expensive clothes doesn't mean they're paid for. I'm a spoiled brat so what do I know about being mature. You think it's just nifty how I've always flitted from Beverly Hills, to Rome, to Acapulco, to Amsterdam, picking up a lot of one night stands and a lot of custom made duds along the trail, but I'm here to tell you the only place in all those miles - the only place I've ever been happy was on the goddamned plane. Run, charge, run, buy, borrow, make, spend, run, squander, beg, run, run, run, waste, waste, waste. And why? And why? Finis. Applause.

Donald claps.

MICHAEL

There's nothing quite as good as
feeling sorry for yourself, is
there?

DONALD

Nothing.

MICHAEL

I adore cheap sentiment. I'm taking
orders for drinks. What'll it be?

DONALD

An extra dry Beefeater martini on
the rocks with a twist.

MICHAEL

Coming up.