

DONALD

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What are you so depressed about? I mean, other than the usual *everything*.

(*A beat.*)

DONALD. (*Reluctantly.*) I really don't want to get into it.

MICHAEL. Well, if you're not going to tell me, how can we have a conversation *in depth* – a warm, rewarding, meaningful friendship?

DONALD. Up yours!

MICHAEL. (*Southern accent.*) Why, Cap'n Butler, how you talk!

(*Pause. DONALD appears in the doorway, holding a glass of water and a small bottle of pills. MICHAEL looks up.*)

DONALD. It's just that today I finally 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 how 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 finished anything I started in my life...my neurotic compulsion to not succeed.

MICHAEL. Oh, Donald, you're so serious tonight!

“FORGET YOUR TROUBLES, C'MON, GET HAPPY!”

(*Sees DONALD isn't buying it.*)

– What's more boring than a queen doing a Judy Garland imitation?

DONALD. A queen doing a Bette Davis imitation.

MICHAEL. Meanwhile – back at the Evelyn and Walt

Syndrome.

DONALD. I've realized that it was always when I failed that Evelyn loved me the most – because it displeased Walt, who wanted perfection. And I began to fail on purpose to get love. Failure is the only thing with which I feel at home. Because it's what I was taught at home.