

MICHAEL

The Boys in the Band · Audition sides · p. 30-31

THE BOYS IN THE BAND

MICHAEL *returns, carrying an ice bucket in one hand and a silver tray of cracked crab in the other, singing another forgotten Grable tune. The telephone rings.)*

MICHAEL. Backstage, *New Moon.*

(A beat.)

Alan? My God, I don't believe it. How *are* you? *Where* are you? In town! Great! When'd you get in? Is Fran with you? Oh. What? No. No, I'm tied up tonight. No, tonight's no good for me. – You mean, *now*? Well, Alan, ole boy, it's a friend's birthday and I'm having a few people. – No, you wouldn't exactly call it a birthday party – well, yes, actually I guess you would. I mean, what else would you call it? A *wake*, maybe. I'm sorry I can't ask you to join us – but – well kiddo, it just wouldn't work out. – No it's not place cards or anything. It's just that – well, I'd hate to just see you for ten minutes and... Alan? Alan? What's the matter? – Are you – are you crying? – Oh, Alan, what's wrong? – Alan, listen, come on over. No, no, it's perfectly all right. Well, just hurry up. I mean, come on by and have a drink, okay? Alan...are you all right? Okay. Yeah. Same old address. Yeah. Bye.

(Slowly hangs up, stares blankly into space.

DONALD *appears, bathed and changed. He strikes a pose.)*

DONALD. Well. Am I stunning?

(MICHAEL looks up.)

MICHAEL. (*Tonelessly.*) You're absolutely stunning. – You look like shit, but I'm absolutely stunned.

DONALD. (*Crestfallen.*) Your grapes are, how you say, sour.

MICHAEL. Listen, you won't believe what just happened.

DONALD. Where's my drink?

MICHAEL. I didn't make it.

(DONALD goes to bar, makes himself a martini.)

My old roommate from Georgetown just called.

DONALD. Alan what's-his-name?

MICHAEL. McCarthy. He's up here from Washington on business or something, and he's on his way over here.

DONALD. Well, I hope he knows the lyrics to "Happy Birthday."

MICHAEL. Listen, asshole, what am I going to do? He's straight. And Square City!

(*"Top Drawer" accent through clenched teeth:*)

I mean, he's rally vury proper. Auffully good family.

DONALD. (*Same accent.*) That's so important.

MICHAEL. (*Regular speech.*) I mean, they look down on people in the theater – so whatta you think he'll feel about this *freak show* I've got booked for dinner?

DONALD. (*Sipping his drink.*) Christ, is that good.

MICHAEL. Want some cracked crab?

DONALD. Not just yet. Why'd you invite him over?

MICHAEL. He invited himself. He said he had to see me tonight. *Immediately.* He absolutely lost his spring on the phone – he started crying – and that's not his style at all. I mean, he's so pulled-together he wouldn't show any emotion if he were in a plane crash. What am I

going to do?

DONALD. Are you suddenly ashamed of your friends?

MICHAEL. Donald, *you* are the only person I know of whom I am truly ashamed. Some people *do* have different standards from yours and mine, you know. And if we don't acknowledge them, we're just as narrow-minded and backward as we think they are.

DONALD. You know what you are, Michael? You're a *real* person.

MICHAEL. Thank you and fuck you.