

MRS. BAKER. Just a minute. I think we ought to talk about it.

DON. TALK about it?!?!? I thought you'd be dancing with joy about it. Isn't that what you wanted? Isn't that why you came here today – to take me home?

MRS. BAKER. Yes.

DON. Then what is there to talk about? God, we've been talking about it all day. You said this place isn't Buckingham Palace. You said I was living in a rat hole.

MRS. BAKER. And you said it's the Taj Mahal. You said this is your home now. Why aren't you dancing with joy?

DON. Are you saying you don't want me to come home?

MRS. BAKER. No. I'm only saying we should talk about it. Don't misunderstand me. I still think this place is dreadful and I doubt if I'll ever like it, but I didn't choose to live here. You did. You couldn't wait to have a place of your own. You rushed into this and now you want to rush out. I think we should talk about it.

DON. Isn't it amazing that you and I think exactly alike, but never at the same time, I... I can't make it, Mom. I really don't think I'm going to be able to make it.

MRS. BAKER. Why? Because a girl has walked out on you?

DON. Two girls. Let's don't forget Linda.

MRS. BAKER. And it may be ten girls. Girls walk out on sighted men, too, you know.

DON. Is that supposed to make me feel better?

MRS. BAKER. It's supposed to make you stop feeling sorry for yourself – You've never felt sorry for yourself before. Please don't start now. You're going to meet a lot of girls. One day you'll meet on who is capable of a permanent relationship... Jill isn't. She knows this herself. I think you're better off staying here. I don't want you coming home discouraged and defeated. You've got your music.

DON. Oh, Christ, Mom, once and for all get it into your head – I am not Little Donny Dark!! I am discouraged! I am defeated! It's over!!

MRS. BAKER. Do you remember that first Donny Dark story?

DON. No.

MRS. BAKER. You were five years old. We were spending the summer on Lake Winnepesaukee. Dad took you into the lake. It was the first time you'd been in any water deeper than a bathtub. You were terrified. They could hear you screaming all over New Hampshire. Dad brought you in and I put you to bed. You trembled for hours. That night, I told you a story about a little blind boy who could swim the seven seas and could talk to dolphins...

DON. Yeah... and the dolphins told him about enemy submarines on their way to destroy the United States Navy and Donny Dark swam home in time to save them. What a lot of crap.

MRS. BAKER. The next day you learned to swim! I didn't write those stories hoping for a Pulitzer Prize in literature. I wrote them because I found a way to help you. Whenever you felt discouraged or defeated, I told you a Donny Dark story... and you tried a little harder and you did a little better. Shall I make one up now – or are you man enough to handle this situation yourself.

DON. A month ago you didn't think I was man enough. Why have you changed?

MRS. BAKER. I don't know that I've changed. You're not the boy who left home a month ago. I came down here today hoping you were. It's hard to adjust to not being needed anymore. But I can do it now. So you get on with your own life. I'd like to see you have some decent furniture. You need some dishes and some glasses. I'll send some down to you.