

Cowboys (a horseplay)
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Characters:

Sal
John Wayne
John Wayne's Horse
Boy
Announcer

Time:

Now.

Place:

A young woman's bedroom.

Notes:

*Sal is a young woman (20s), but can be played by an actor of any age.
If an older actor is portraying Sal, I think the older the better.
In this case, John Wayne would have to be a much younger actor.
Essentially, we must preserve the stark age difference.

*John Wayne's Horse could be a puppet, but is probably a human.

*The Announcer should be SM/ASM/Crew.

*We must see blood and cum.

*But, remember, this is a comedy. So not too much blood and cum.
OR extremely too much blood and cum. There is no in between.

MEXICAN STANDOFF: (n.) a confrontation in which no strategy exists that allows any party to achieve victory. Any party initiating aggression might trigger its own demise. At the same time, the parties are unable to extricate themselves from the situation without suffering a loss.

PROLOGUE

*Sal and John Wayne. They start back to back.
She's excited. He looks at the ground.
She takes a few steps. Maybe even counts them out loud for us.
He steps without feeling.
They turn to face.
She has a gun pointed at him.
He stands facing her. Hands at his sides.*

SAL:

Put your gun up, come on.
Come on now. Like old times.
Remember?

He looks at her blank.

SAL:

John.
John why not put that gun up now?
John why not? Put that gun up now.

JOHN WAYNE:

I ain't putting my gun up, Sal.

SAL:

What do you -

*Sal lowers her gun for a second.
Looks at him.*

SAL:

I see that gun in your holster.
You brought it today and you can use it today.
So you take that off your hip and point it at me.
Or I'm going to shoot you.
I swear.
I swear it.

Blackout.

PART ONE

*A young woman's bedroom. Old Western movie posters. Toy horses. Memorabilia.
Youthful, but eclectic, mature in its own way. An old record player spins.
Glen Campbell, Dolly, Johnny Lee, etc. She sits at an armoire, does her hair.
Sings along. Does a little dance. She wears a lot of gold.
Mirror pointed towards audience. She talks to us in it.*

SAL:

I'm in love with John Wayne.
He doesn't know it yet. He doesn't know it yet because I haven't told him.
I try to tell him in my dreams, but I always wake up. Usually, we're in my living room.
But, it's not really my living room, it's really a Sears catalogue make-up. The kind with
fake people in the pictures smiling a grin so big the moon gets jealous. There's a '57
Chevy top-down parked next to the Ottoman. And I'm sitting in it. Oh I'm sitting in it
driver's-side with my big toe on the pedal. Revving the engine of a potential
disaster-masterpiece. I wear a Stenson with a big brim. It's made of awful velvet. The
cassette player is broken because thousands of tiny toy horses are coming out of it. They
sing Christmas Carols or the Bonanza theme song. I can't tell which. I've befriended
the horses. They crawl on my arms and knit me a bandana made of rhinestones. They
shine in the sunset and blind me blank. I can't see a thing.
Until I see him.
And I do see him.
In the rearview mirror.
I catch a short glimpse.
I see him
through a black tunnel
shrouded in darkness.
He's on his steed
that he named after me.
He smiles when he sees
that I see him
the way
that I see him.
Out there.
I turn around
to tell him.
But then he's
gone.
Or I just wake up. I'm, not sure which is the truth. It's hard to tell in dreams, what's real
and what's make believe. That's what people say, but I don't believe it much. This is the
dream instead. I've decided that. The world is inverse anyway.

*She takes a bottle of Jack Daniels from under her bed.
Drinks.*

*Someone taps on her window.
She looks. Ignores.
Lies on her bed. Drinks.
Boy climbs in through her window.
He struggles. She watches and doesn't help.*

BOY:

Sal? Could you? Open the latch.
Baby come on open the -

*Sal gets up, bottle in hand.
Watches him closer.*

BOY:

Very funny.
Very funny.

*Sal laughs.
Watches him still.
He struggles.
He gets in.
She goes back to her bed.
Drinks.*

BOY:

Christ, Sal. You can be so mean.
Gimme a sip of that.

*She puts the bottle down on the floor.
He looks at her. Picks it up.
Drinks.*

BOY:

You drink this all today?
Just got it for you Monday.

SAL:

So?

BOY:

So, I'm just asking is all.

*She reaches out for the bottle.
He gives it back to her.*

BOY:

Your Pop home?

SAL:

No, he's away on important business.

BOY:

Well, in that case.
You look mighty pretty today.

SAL:

Save it, Chuck.

BOY:

Came to see you.
Couldn't wait.

SAL:

Yeah, yeah.

BOY:

I got you a present at the packy.

SAL:

More Jack?

BOY:

Maybe. It's in my back seat, you'll have to come look.

SAL:

I ain't falling for that one, Chuck.

BOY:

You fell for it before.

SAL:

Well, desperate times call for desperate measures.
Fortunately, I have other sources now.

BOY:

Oh.

SAL:

I'm an independent woman, Chuck.

BOY:

Yeah, I know.

SAL:

So you can throw that bottle into the creek for all I care.

BOY:
Maybe I will.

SAL:
Or better yet. Leave it outside the creek. Under the big rock with the penis drawn on it.
Just in case, you know.

BOY:
Alright, I will.

Pause.
The Boy takes out a comb.
Combs back his hair.
Uses some of his saliva to fix it.

SAL:
That's disgusting.

BOY:
I was just —

SAL:
You disgust me. In every way.

BOY:
That's fair.

The Boy puts his comb away.

BOY:
I was thinking maybe we should announce our relationship.

SAL:
What relationship?

BOY:
Very funny.
Very funny.

Beat.

BOY:
I just mean we could tell the world we're...you know.

SAL:
I'm not sure I do.

BOY:

Aw come on. Gonna make me say it? Gonna make me blush.

SAL:

Look, Chuck. I don't know what delusion you live in, but as far as I'm concerned? We have a working business relationship.

BOY:

Our tongues have been inside each other's mouths.

SAL:

So?

BOY:

My pop's in business and I never see him acting that way.

SAL:

The subject of said tongue in said mouth is a matter of the past, Chuck.

BOY:

What?

SAL:

I said, "The subject of Said Tongue in Said Mouth is a matter of the Past. Chuck."

BOY:

Very funny.
Very funny.

The Boy sits on the edge of the window.

BOY:

I just think, it's been a couple of weeks of - paradise. You know? I mean, god. You? And. Me? I mean, I dreamed of this, with you, of course. Since I first saw you. Since you first hopped the fence in your backyard into mine. Those little spurs spinning as you ran. Your old man chasing you with a wooden spoon. God, you were only six, but climbed like a spider monkey. I mean, damn. *(insert spider monkey noises)* I just. Ooo. I knew then, you were the woman for me.

SAL:

You wanted to screw a six year old?

BOY:

I didn't say I wanted to -

SAL:

That's disgusting.

BOY:

I was seven.

SAL:

That's criminal.

BOY:

I was a child.

SAL:

A pervert.

BOY:

No, no. Now don't say that.

SAL:

You said -

BOY:

I didn't say I wanted to screw you.

SAL:

Well, glad that's settled.

BOY:

No, no. I mean.

SAL:

Nope. You've made up your mind.

BOY:

I want to screw you.

SAL:

Well, now you're just confusing me.

BOY:

Now. But, not before. You know.

SAL:

I can't say I do know, Chuck. But, I think it's clear our business relationship has been tainted with your illegal desires.

BOY:

Sal. This isn't funny. Come on. I want to tell the whole world how I feel about you.

SAL:

Please don't try to flatter me.

BOY:

I do! You know I do. I want to tell the whole world. I want to shout it from the top of Old Man Johnson's tractor. I want to —

*The Boy goes to the bed.
Revealing footprints of dirt on the floor.*

SAL:

For crying out loud! You got mud on my new carpet.

BOY:

Oh boy.

SAL:

God dammit, Chuck. Now I'm going to have to clean all afternoon.

Sal gets up and starts to spit on the carpet.

SAL:

Well, are you going to help or sit there like a giant dud.

Boy goes with her and starts to spit on the carpet.

BOY:

Sal, I don't think this is working.

SAL:

Well, of course not you idiot.

Sal grabs the corner of his shirt. Starts to rub the saliva in.

BOY:

Sal! Sal! You're making it worse.

SAL:

That's it, get out.

BOY:

What? I just got here.

SAL:
Yes, unfortunately I remember. Now please.

BOY:
You ruined my shirt.

SAL:
You ruined my rug.

BOY:
This is an expensive shirt. My grandma took me to Eddie Bauer.

SAL:
Yeah, well, your grandma's an ass.

BOY:
Don't talk about Nana like that, she liked you.

SAL:
She did not like me, she told me I wear too much eyeliner and I should go to church.

BOY:
You should go to church.

SAL:
Listen, Chuck. It's not my fault if you have these very simple and conventional ideas about morality. I, am a very advanced and eclectic sort. I don't need faith to complicate that, okay. And if you want to take the side of a creepy old woman over the first girl who ever let you get to second base, then you're an idiot.

BOY:
Yeah, well...
You're right.
I'm sorry, Baby.

Beat.
The Boy tries to get to second base again.
Sal slaps his hand.

BOY:
Christ, you have the arm of a slugger.

SAL:
Get out, Chuck!

BOY:

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'll -

SAL:

First, you break into my house. Then, you trudge the muck from the swamp you live in up into my slice of paradise. Ruining my possessions. Not even having the decency to help me clean up. Now, why would you think that awards you a grope?

The Boy takes off his shirt. Lays it on the dirt stain. Starts scrubbing

BOY:

You're right. I'll earn it. Fair and square.

Sal watches him. Gets bored.

SAL:

I want to get so far away from this moment. It's all so boring. You're boring. My father's boring. My dead mother's boring. It's just like the same thing over and over. I want excitement. I want chaos. I want pizazz.

She makes a finger gun, spins it, blows the smoke.

BOY:

Where'd you learn to do that?

SAL:

None of your business.

BOY:

Impressive, that's all.

SAL:

Well, thank you.

BOY:

I think I made it better.

Sal analyzes his work on the rug

SAL:

That's embarrassing.

BOY:

That's fair.
I'll buy you a new rug.

SAL:
And?

BOY:
And you can keep my shirt.

SAL:
Alright.

The Boy looks at her inquiring

SAL:
Fine.

*The Boy grabs her tits. Plays with them.
It takes awhile.*

SAL:
Time's up.

BOY:
Fuck.

SAL:
Out you go.

BOY:
Please. Can we -

SAL:
If you can't handle your own erections, then you're an idiot. Get out.

BOY:
Okay. Okay. Just give me a second.

The Boy takes a minute to compose himself.

BOY:
It won't go away.

SAL:
Tell me about it.

BOY:
I'm serious. I think I need you to.

SAL:
Oh cry me a river. I'm not doing shit for you, Chuck.

BOY:
Can I just?

SAL:
Fine, but make it quick.

*She hands him some tissues.
He starts to masturbate.
When he cums, it's very high-pitched, dramatic.
He gets into fetal after. Sal kicks him.*

BOY:
I think I love you.

SAL:
Gross.

BOY:
Can I take you to the Dairy Cream today?

SAL:
No, I have plans.

BOY:
Please, I want to take you on a real date.

SAL:
Listen, Chuck. I'm not interested in this whole thing. Alright.

BOY:
At least let me spend the day with you.

SAL:
Ew, doing what?

BOY:
Whatever it is you were doing before I came. Well, I mean, before I -

SAL:
Well, sorry to disappoint. Got work to do.

BOY:
What kind of work?

SAL:
Business.

BOY:
Well, I thought we were in business together.

SAL:
Well, think again.

BOY:
Well, what kind of business?

SAL:
The important kind.

BOY:
Very funny.

SAL:
Well, I ain't laughing.
You might as well scam.

BOY:
Ouch. Mean doll.

SAL:
Get up.

BOY:
Now, hey, wait a minute.
You got someone else coming over?

Sal laughs.
Boy laughs.

SAL:
Yes.

Boy laughs.

BOY:
Pulling my leg, huh?

SAL:
No.

Boy laughs.

BOY:

Good one, baby.
Alright, I'll let you get to your date.

Boy continues to laugh.
Sal laughs.

SAL:

Alright.

Boy continues to laugh.
Exits out the window.

BOY:

Give your old man a kiss goodbye?

Sal laughs.
Closes the window on him.
He falls.

BOY:

I love you!!

Thud.
The door cracks open.
We see a cowboy boot with a spur.
A moment.
Suddenly, dramatically,
John Wayne enters.
Full regalia.

SAL:

John Wayne! You came, you -

JOHN WAYNE:

Brought you a little something.

He pulls a bouquet of dead flowers from behind his back.

SAL:

They're lovely, they're beautiful, they're...dead.

She takes them puts them in an empty Jack bottle.

SAL:

Oh what does a little death matter anyway!

Runs to his arms.

SAL:

I've been waiting for you.

JOHN WAYNE:

I tried the window, but it was occupied.

SAL:

It was that silly boy who lives down the street.

JOHN WAYNE:

Chuck.

SAL:

You remembered?

JOHN WAYNE:

Kid leaves trails of Cracker Jack. Couldn't forget if I tried.

SAL:

I don't want to be rude, but -

She starts making out with him gross.

He pulls away for a second.

JOHN WAYNE:

Now, Sally, slow down a second. Gotta check my heart rate.

SAL:

I'm sorry. I just had to tell you.

JOHN WAYNE:

Hold on just a second.

Think it's ticking too fast.

SAL:

Here, let me check it for you.

Sal goes to her closet.

Drags out an EKG machine.

She rips off John Wayne's shit.

Straddles him.

Puts all the electrodes on his chest.

They wait.

She grabs the print out. She reads it.

Then rips it to shreds.

Starts kissing him again.

JOHN WAYNE:

Must've been bad then.

SAL:

Horrible. You're half dead.

JOHN WAYNE:

We'll see about that.

He flips so he's on top of her.

JOHN WAYNE:

I did this in a movie once.
With a man named Wilson.
A stunt double from Tallahassee.
Don't ask me how it started.
But, it ended with a smile on both our faces.

SAL:

Wait.

JOHN WAYNE:

Yes, doll.

SAL:

I should probably tell you a couple of things first.
I'm Blood Type O Negative.
Which is the transfusion favorite.
If they find me dead on the side of the road.
Amongst the raccoons and sad deer.
Leave me there, but take my blood.
I'd like to cure cancer or something like that.
I want the children to all have the same name as me.
Or you. We could rotate. Sally John. John Sally.
Last name Wayne. Except if they're born on Easter Sunday.
Or if they're triplets. I think that would get too confusing for the nanny.
I want to move to the edge of someplace.
I don't care where. You can choose that part.
I just want to be on the cusp of something else all the time.
I want to wake up every morning in a California King Size bed.
Wearing a feathered robe you made me out of freshly plucked chickens.
Walk out onto our veranda. Fresh cup of Jack. Fully knowing that if I jumped.
There's a 50/50 chance half of my body will be in a different state
than the one I'm currently in.
And when I go for jogs with my girlfriends I want you to call me on the bluetooth.

You know, so they can hear. And I want you to tell me that I'm beautiful or interesting or both if you're into it.
And then they'll get jealous and be distracted and I'll beat them in our canasta games.
Let's see what else am I forgetting.
I hate noise sticks. Guns are fine as long as you keep mine loaded too.
I'll kill the horses when they're ready to die.
I sweet talk them and I think they like a woman's song.
My father won't walk me down the aisle, he'll probably run.
My dowry is set very low. Stock Market crash. Mother's meth addiction.
But, I'll earn my keeping by stealing from the local department stores.
I've lost a few thumb wars in my day.
I've unfortunately prayed once. Big mistake.
I've dreamed dreams bigger than this room.
I've undone realities as we know it.
And I've masturbated to your face every night this week.
So I'm really not sure what that means.
But, I'm starting to think it's love.

Beat.

JOHN WAYNE:

The horse is calling me.
Do you hear him?

SAL:

No.

JOHN WAYNE:

Let me make sure he has his shoes on.

SAL:

Wait, John.
Did you hear what I said?

JOHN WAYNE:

I only heard the first three sentences doll, had that song stuck in my head.

John Wayne exits whistling Mamma Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to be Cowboys.

Sal screams into her pillow.

John Wayne enters.

Sal sits up. Trying to look sexy.

JOHN WAYNE:

Sorry, doll. Remembered the window was free.

John Wayne exits through the window effortlessly.

SAL:

Cowboys ain't easy to love
And they're harder to hold
They'd rather give you a song
Than diamonds or gold
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levis
And each night begins a new day
If you don't understand him and he don't die young
He'll probably just ride away

*The Boy comes back.
He throws rocks at her window.
Not stones.
One breaks it open.*

SAL:

Christ Chuck!
What are you doing down there?

BOY:

Being romantic.

SAL:

You broke my window in two!

BOY:

I was aiming for your heart.

SAL:

What's that supposed to mean?

BOY:

You've been ignoring me and I'm upset.

SAL:

Well, grow up about it!

BOY:

Alright. I will. Can I come in.

SAL:

You broke my window, Chuck!

BOY:

I can try to fix it if you let me.
Feel real bad about it now.

SAL:

Go to hell, Chuck.
You're just a silly boy down the street.

BOY:

But, I love you!

Sal starts to throw broken glass at him out the window.

BOY:

Ouch. Ouch. Love. Hurts.

She cuts herself.

SAL:

Fuck!

John Wayne enters with his horse.

JOHN WAYNE:

Heard a lot of racket.
Thought the day needed some saving.
Your day that is.
Rats! You're bleeding.
Let me see.

*John Wayne goes to her.
Spits in his hand.
Rubs her injury.*

JOHN WAYNE:

Learned this in Arizona.
A medicine man or shaman.
Not sure the difference actually.
Has healing properties.
Also a good lubricant.
Can't get enough of the stuff.
Just mine though.
No one else's.
So I'm told.

*He puts her hand into his mouth.
Sucks it.*

JOHN WAYNE:

This happened to me in a duel.
With a Lion cub I didn't trust.
Ripped my thigh to shreds.

Had to have a woman in a leather skirt.
Do this same thing.
Suck the blood out until it's empty.
Craves air or something.
Not sure about the science of it.
But her kiss stopped the bleeding.
Mine should too.

*He sucks again.
She gets close to climax.
He stops.
Now she loathes him.
You know the feeling*

JOHN WAYNE:

Hold that thought.
Got to wrap it tight now.
Let's see if I brought my toolkit.

*John Wayne goes to his horse's satchel.
Which is probably just a messenger bag.
He digs in it. John Wayne's Horse grabs a tool kit.
Places it in front of him.*

JOHN WAYNE:

Ah! I found it.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Pffh.

*John Wayne opens the toolkit.
There's a leather whip.
He throws it to the side.
Sal's eyes light up.
A lasso.
Sal's eyes light up more.
Duct tape and an axe.
He throws it to the side.
Sal's eyes don't light up.
A strap of leather.*

JOHN WAYNE:

Ah-ha! Here it is.

John Wayne wraps her wound.

JOHN WAYNE:

Got this off a horse in Kentucky.

John Wayne's Horse looks at him.

John Wayne looks back.

Clears his throat.

JOHN WAYNE:

But, I won't get into that story now.

SAL:

Where'd you go when you left?

JOHN WAYNE:

Well, to check on my horse you see.

He's got both his shoes.

John Wayne's Horse is barefoot.

SAL:

But, he's

JOHN WAYNE:

Shhh. Shhh. You're injured.

You can thank me later.

Why if I weren't here.

Who would've patched you up.

SAL:

I would have.

JOHN WAYNE:

Nonsense. That's my job.

SAL:

No that's....Alright. I'm okay with it being your job.

As long as you don't leave unannounced.

JOHN WAYNE:

That I can manage.

Now where were we.

SAL:

Aren't you going to ask what happened?

JOHN WAYNE:
To what?

SAL:
My hand.

JOHN WAYNE:
Oh.
Sure.

SAL:
Well?

JOHN WAYNE:
Well, what?

SAL:
That boy came. He. He broke in.
He sliced open my hand with a pointed dagger.
That he stole from the Army Store.
He also stole from me. Actually.
All my Patsy Cline records and a flank strap.
I was terrified. Petrified. You should never
leave me
alone again.
Look what can happen.

JOHN WAYNE:
Thought the Army Store only sold Swiss knives.

SAL:
I told that Boy that John Wayne was on his way and he'd better get running because John
Wayne will -

JOHN WAYNE:
I swear they only sold Swiss knives.
Have to check it out.

John Wayne starts to leave.

SAL:
Wait! Where are you going?

JOHN WAYNE:
To check out the Army Store's knife supply.
Like I said.

SAL:
But we just talked about this.

JOHN WAYNE:
Ah yes. You're right, doll. I apologize.

*John Wayne claps his hands.
An Announcer enters.*

ANNOUNCER:
John Wayne exits.

*John Wayne exits.
The Announcer exits.*

SAL:
Christ!

*John Wayne's Horse stares at her.
She stares back.*

SAL:
You look familiar.
Have we met.

John Wayne's Horse nods.

SAL:
At that shindig last month.
The black tie affair.
You were drinking Manhattans, right?

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:
Hmph.

SAL:
Gimlets, right.
Yes I remember now.
You were chatting with Kathy.
She was on Willie Nelson's arm singing the blues.
God, what a sob story. Basket case. Et cetera.
I went with John. He had to leave early.
On important business.
But, that's alright.
They had spinach puffs.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Tffth.

SAL:

I know what you're thinking.
Never fall for a cowboy.
He'll just leave you on your toes.
Mix you a strong one and leave you to drive alone.
They never write letters or remember birthdays.
Wear coats in the winter, or get a close shave.
Your face left red either way.
Kisses or tears or the blush of his name.
I know what you're thinking.
I'm caught in a mess.
It's a century old story.
A damsel in distress.
Stuck in a day dream.
No solid mind of her own.
Writing in shit verse.
A cautionary poem.
Because I fell for a cowboy.
I hope he's coming home.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Ha Ha Ha Ha.

SAL:

You're a rude horse, Sal.
You're named after me.
You better watch it.
I'll tell John and he'll beat you.

John Wayne's Horse stops laughing

SAL:

That's nothing to kid about.
I wouldn't let John beat you.
Or anyone.

John Wayne's Horse smiles.

SAL:

It's all pretend Sal!
He doesn't actually wrestle with bears.
Or men with cubans between their teeth.
It's all an act, you see.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Blah.

SAL:

Yes, I know he's looking at knives.
But, so what. I look too.
I have a gun he got me.
It's in my dresser.
I never use it.
Unless we play the game.
But, we haven't.
For awhile.
Maybe when he gets back.

John Wayne's Horse shudders.

SAL:

Don't worry Sal! I won't let him use it on you.
Not ever.

*Sal goes to him.
Strokes his head.*

SAL:

I promise when you get sickly.
When your hair starts to fall out.
Your shit turns green, you know.
Towards the end. Well, hopefully.
Could happen any time. But, we'll pretend that's not true.
People go their whole lives pretending that's not true.
Granted, you're a horse. I'm not sure what horses pretend.
I imagine it's quite similar except you see it all more blurry.
I don't make a lot of promises.
But, I will promise when you get sickly.
I'll put you out of your misery.
I'll read to you some Chaucer.
Or perhaps Henry James.
Whatever you prefer.
I'll put your big head in my little hands.
And I'll let you get your snot all on me.
I won't care or wipe it.
I'll just listen to you heave.
And I'll wait for you to tell me the time.
And I'll take that gun that John got me.
And I'll shoot you point blank.
Sometimes it's kind to kill a dying thing.
Put it out of its misery you know.

I sometimes wish someone would do that with me.

John Wayne's Horse turns to her.

SAL:

I didn't mean it like that Sal.
I'm happy. With John, I mean.
You're happy too?
With John. I mean.

John Wayne enters with piles of swiss army knives.

JOHN WAYNE:

I came to prove a point!
Oh. Wait a second.

*John Wayne exits.
Claps his hands.
The Announcer enters.*

THE ANNOUNCER:

John Wayne enters.

*John Wayne enters.
The Announcer exits.*

JOHN WAYNE:

I came to prove a point!
At the start of my journey, I ran into an old friend Pat.
That's short for "Pat". Not Patricia.
Pat used to work for the volunteer firefighters on Sycamore St.
Unfortunately, there's been tons of flooding in his area.
Even when he lit matches in gas kitchens, the flames would die out quick.
It's worth mentioning Pat is an arsonist. We love him for it in some sick way.
So he moved here to the desert. More work. Supply. Demand.
Yada Yada. He actually can take paid leave every now and again.
He and the wife are getting a timeshare in Boca Raton.
Anyway, funny story. Pat's mistress ALSO
said that there is no such thing as swiss army knives.
I said "No kidding Patty-O, my mistress said the same darned thing".
So we both went there to the Army Store on Elm. Split the difference.
Bought them out.
Boom.
What did I tell you.

SAL:

I never said there wasn't such a thing as a swiss army knives.

JOHN WAYNE:

You did. You told me flatly.

SAL:

No, I said:

That boy came. He. He broke in.

He sliced open my hand with a pointed dagger.

That he stole from the Army Store.

He also stole from me. Actually.

All my Patsy Cline records and a flank strap.

I was terrified. Petrified. You should never

leave me

alone again.

Look what can happen.

JOHN WAYNE:

Yes, but then you -

SAL:

Then, you said:

Thought the Army Store only sold Swiss knives.

I swear they only sold Swiss knives.

Have to check it out.

JOHN WAYNE:

Well, yes, but -

SAL:

And then you left.

JOHN WAYNE:

Announced.

SAL:

Yes, that time you left announced.

JOHN WAYNE:

Hm. Well, I guess you're right doll. Silly me.

At least we got a month's supply of swiss army's.

John Wayne starts to pick his nails with a swiss army knife.

SAL:

John?

JOHN WAYNE:

Yes, doll?

SAL:

Do you really think me your mistress?

JOHN WAYNE:

Course, doll. Course you are.

He pats her legs.

Sal's disappointed.

She tries not to let it show.

SAL:

John. Did you hear what I said earlier?

JOHN WAYNE:

Course. Listening both ears good.

SAL:

Why didn't you want to kill the boy?

JOHN WAYNE:

What boy?

SAL:

The boy that broke in.

JOHN WAYNE:

A boy broke in! My goodness, why didn't you tell me!

SAL:

I was bleeding.

JOHN WAYNE:

Yes, yes, I know that. Of course I know that. I stopped your bleeding.

With my saliva. A shaman in Arizona told me it has magic healing properties, you know.

SAL:

Yes, I know. You told me.

JOHN WAYNE:

Right. Well, where is this boy. I will introduce him to one of my swiss army's.

John Wayne carefully selects a swiss army from the pile.

SAL:

No, that's not. No.

JOHN WAYNE:

He damaged your pure skin and unfortunately, the law's the law.

SAL:

John, I —

JOHN WAYNE:

You said you wanted me to kill him. Well, I'll do worse than kill him I'll —

SAL:

No one broke in.

JOHN WAYNE:

Pardon?

SAL:

I just said that. Made it up. Nevermind. Forget it.

JOHN WAYNE:

Now don't get crafty with me, doll.

Did the Boy come or not? I believe his name is Vincent.

SAL:

Chuck.

JOHN WAYNE:

Precisely.

SAL:

He came.

JOHN WAYNE:

A-ha!

SAL:

But, he's. He's my friend. He threw a rock through my window. That's all.
I cut myself on the glass.

JOHN WAYNE:

You mean to tell me -

SAL:

We're just friends, John. Well, he'd like to be more, but —

JOHN WAYNE:

You mean to tell me. Huh. Interesting.

Now why a boy would throw a rock through a window and not a door, I'll never know.

Now we're down an entrance and an exit. Fire hazard really. No one tell Pat. He's an opportunist.

SAL:

John?

JOHN WAYNE:

Yes, darlin'?

SAL:

Can we play the game?

JOHN WAYNE:

Ah. You like the game don't you?

SAL:

Yes.

JOHN WAYNE:

Doll, you never have to ask to play the game with me.

Sal goes to her dresser.

Pulls out a gold gun.

JOHN WAYNE:

You like that one I got you.

Don't you?

SAL:

Course I do.

JOHN WAYNE:

Like that I load it for you.

SAL:

Yes.

JOHN WAYNE:
Hold it for you.

SAL:
Yes.

JOHN WAYNE:
All loaded for you.
All ready for you.

*They start the game.
A Mexican standoff.
Back to back.
They hold hands for a second.
Feel the backs of their bodies touch each other.
It's electric, erotic, exotic.
They start to step.
Eager to see each other.
Painful to maintain the distance.
This acts as a bit of a reset of their passion.
They're getting it all back into their blood and bones.
They spin and face each other in sync.
Guns raised.
It's so hot.*

SAL:
If I shot you down John Wayne.
You'd bleed gold all over my carpet.
I'd never get the stains out of my skin.

JOHN WAYNE:
It takes a seventh of a second to feel the bullet pass through.

SAL:
Me and you got a good thing going on like this.

JOHN WAYNE:
Takes a twitch of a finger to end it all.

SAL:
Leave you stuck in the mess of bones we make of ourselves.

JOHN WAYNE:
Pull the trigger at the same time and make an end.

SAL:
An end that starts a beginning.

JOHN WAYNE:

I see you as a hunter sees a small rabbit in waiting.

SAL:

More than prey, but less than a Crosley record set.

JOHN WAYNE:

Value diminishes over time.

SAL:

You know how the game ends. Don't get too hasty.

JOHN WAYNE:

Waiting for you to make the move, because if I make the move.

SAL:

Make the move and we're dust. We're dust. We're dust. Let's make dust.

*They drop their guns.
They run to each other.
They make dust.*

*John Wayne and Sal in her bed.
The Horse sits at the foot of it.
They're either mid-climax or post-coitus.
Either way it's a movement piece of sorts.
And for the first time in awhile, they're in unison.
The Horse is very uncomfortable, naturally.*

SAL + JOHN WAYNE:

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
'Cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love

JOHN WAYNE:

You gotta work on your gun spin.

SAL:

Excuse me?

JOHN WAYNE:

Not that darling, the other thing.

SAL:

Oh.

JOHN WAYNE:

When you spin.
You have to hit on your left foot.
Get up, I'll show you.

SAL:

I don't want to get up.
I want to stay in bed all day.

JOHN WAYNE:

As you should.

John Wayne starts to get up.

SAL:

I thought we were staying in bed all day.

JW:

You darling. Not me.
Got to take my horse out. Needs fresh air. Look at him. Looks like he's seen a ghost.

John Wayne's Horse gulps.

SAL:

Moment longer.

JOHN WAYNE:

Alright, moment longer.

John Wayne lies back in bed.

JOHN WAYNE:

Nice seeing myself up there. Poster you got up there? Real nice.
Was looking at it. You were sitting on my face. Had to move you aside for a second.
Real good view.

SAL:

Yesterday, I tried to tell you something difficult. But, I don't think you heard me.

JOHN WAYNE:

Darlin, a lot happened yesterday. I had to talk Pat out of starting that forest fire.
Fella gets me real nervous these days. I had to make that bold purchase of weaponry.
Call my mother to tell her I've moved again. Fix your wounds. Fuck you. Feed my horse.
Yesterday is all past darling. Lots happened. Let's look to today.

*John Wayne gets up.
Puts on his boots.*

JW:

I don't want you to think.
Hold on now. How do I say this.
I don't make promises.
All too short you know.
I try to stay in that moment between.
And I succeed most days.
I've been to a lot of places.
Been on a lot of screens.
Seen and heard and done it all.
Well, most of it.
But, when you ran to me.
And the dust off your boots.
Trailed into my nostrils.
Like some wild oxen.
I was under a certain spell.
Now, I've been to Tucson.
Old Ohio. The suburbs.
Terrible nations.
I've been in the ring.
With outskirts.

Regal judges.
Men with ugly ties.
Danced with tonic women.
Bled in the face of queens.
What I'm trying to say, Doll.
I've been under spells before.
But, I don't want to break this one.

He finishes getting dressed.

JOHN WAYNE:
Well, don't get too attached.
That's how I feel today at least.
Tomorrow's another day.

He admires himself in the mirror.

JOHN WAYNE:
Come on Sal.

Sal, excitedly jumps out of bed to follow him.

JOHN WAYNE:
Oh, sorry.
Other Sal.
Really gotta get that window fixed.

*John Wayne and his Horse exit.
John Wayne claps offstage.
The Announcer enters.*

ANNOUNCER:
John Wayne and his Horse exit.

*The Announcer exits.
Sal closes the door behind them.
Sets her back to it.*

SAL:
I'm in love with John Wayne. I told him yesterday in the heat of the moment, but he didn't hear a word I said. No different than any other man. I guess. I guess John Wayne is just a man. Caught up in the heat of it all.

Sal collects the shards of glass.

SAL:
I'm going to have a duel with John Wayne.
I'm going to steal his horse.
I'm going to scare the tumbleweeds away.

In that old dark town he drifts back to.
He goes back to.
Away from me.

The Boy enters through the door.

BOY:
Talking to yourself?

SAL:
Ugh. Please leave stupid boy.

The Boy helps her collect the glass.

SAL:
I told you to -

*Sal screams in the Boy's face.
He smiles.*

SAL:
Whatever.
Do what you want.

BOY:
Thank you.

SAL:
You'll have to go soon.

BOY:
Why?

SAL:
Because I have company.

BOY:
Oh, I see.

SAL:
Yeah, so. Don't take your shoes off.

BOY:
What about my socks?
Joke. Joke because I.
Couldn't take the.
Socks off without the.
Shoes.

SAL:
You know who liked jokes? Lenin. You want to be like Lenin?

BOY:
In some ways.

SAL:
Gross.

BOY:
I'm sorry I made you bleed a little.

SAL:
No big deal.

BOY:
I won't make you bleed again.

SAL:
Whatever.

BOY:
You made me bleed too.

SAL:
So?

BOY:
So you could apologize too. That's what people do. When they hurt each other but don't mean it.

Beat.

SAL:
I meant it.

BOY:
Oh.

SAL:
Eh.

Beat.

SAL:
I'm like half sorry about it.

BOY:

I'll take it.

SAL:

You have to fix my window.

BOY:

I will.

SAL:

And my rug.

BOY:

I will.

SAL:

And my —

BOY:

Remember how we used to tell secrets.

SAL:

No.

BOY:

Come on tell me a secret. You tell me a secret. I tell you a secret. We kiss a little.

SAL:

I wouldn't kiss you if you were the last living human on the planet.

Beat.

BOY:

That's fair.

SAL:

Fine.

BOY:

Really?!

SAL:

Fine, fine. Alright.

The Boy puckers up.
Sal gets excited.
She's about to tell her secret.
She doesn't notice the Boy at all.

SAL:

I'm in love with John Wayne. I haven't told a living soul. Well, except him. I did tell him. At least, I tried to tell him, but he's not very good at listening. Must be all those shoot-downs and saloons. Can't be easy living. I imagine. And I do imagine. Every day, I wake up in a dream state reality. His glass of bourbon burrowing on my nightstand. His chaps hanging from the ceiling. He turns to me in slow motion, and I hear him say "sweetheart" as a reference point to my mechanical making. Suddenly, we fast forward through a thousand different kisses. He wears a cherry apron and makes me pancakes raw. I lick the spoon willingly or he licks the spoon willingly. I'm not sure the difference. He mounts me on top of his wagon and we stride through the countryside with his horse, the one he named after me. He conquers all the mischief in our path. He runs over a sabertooth tiger and I give him a high-five. He spins me in the air like a wild demon. And at the end of each day, we get to the edge of the earth and watch the sunset. Fall asleep in each others arms. Wake and do it all over again.

BOY:

I don't think they have sabertooth tigers in the west. North Carolina maybe. Or perhaps that was just a woman I saw with a Prada bag.

SAL:

Well, that part didn't happen. I guess none of it has happened yet. Except the loving him part and the telling him part. That happened this morning.

BOY:

I see.

SAL:

You don't believe me.

BOY:

I believe you.

SAL:

I see him every night. He comes. He always comes.

BOY:

For how long?

SAL:

All my life.

BOY:

That's kind of creepy.

SAL:

You're kind of creepy.

BOY:

Isn't he like 100.

SAL:

You're so stupid. He's...I'm not sure how old he is, but it's none of your business.

BOY:

You're right.

SAL:

Besides, I have a mature taste. Not in dweebs like you.

BOY:

Right.

SAL:

I'm sure someone does though. Don't worry.

BOY:

You think?

SAL:

There's gotta be someone just as dumb as you out there.

BOY:

That's sweet.

SAL:

Ew.

BOY:

How long have you —

SAL:

Loved him?

BOY:

Yeah.

SAL:

I'm not sure exactly. When you love someone I guess it kind of hits you suddenly and then all at once. It's hard to explain.

BOY:

I understand.

SAL:

I just wish he'd come more often. When I want. I mean. See me brilliantly. The way I see him.

BOY:

I don't understand him. With a girl like you. He has a girl like you. And he's. God such a fool, such a dimwit, such a —

SAL:

Easy, Chuck.

BOY:

Well, why doesn't he come now? Have you asked him? Why?

SAL:

Well he has work Chuck.

BOY:

What kind of work?

SAL:

Business.

BOY:

What kind of business?

SAL:

The important kind.

BOY:

Pffh. Typical man.

SAL:

Look, he's not some good for nothing like you.

BOY:

Hey, I work.

SAL:

You bag groceries at the five and dime.

BOY:

Hey! I also am a candy stripper at the clinic.

SAL:

It's striper. You idiot.

BOY:

Or is it?

SAL:

Go.

BOY:

I'm sorry, baby. I was just -

SAL:

Don't call me that.

BOY:

Sweetheart.

SAL:

Don't.

BOY:

Sal, come on. I'm just joking with you.

SAL:

Not in the joking mood. My lover is on his way. So skedaddle. Boy.

BOY:

Wait. Let me finish. I just. I just don't understand how he can't see what he's missing out on. That's all. I don't want you. How do I say this? Accept what you don't deserve.

SAL:

Well, I think I deserve mind-blowing intercourse every couple of days so, I'll keep him around thanks.

BOY:

Mind-blowing?

SAL:

Mhmm.

BOY:
You mean, you two have...done it.

SAL:
Of course I've done it you imbecile. I'm twenty, not an old hag.

BOY:
I know that it's just that —

SAL:
What? Spit it out. You think I'm a prude.

BOY:
Ha! No.

SAL:
Why'd you laugh?

BOY:
I didn't...laugh...

SAL:
You think I'm a slut.

BOY:
No, I —

SAL:
Worst of all you think I'm a virgin slut. The kind that just pretends. Inauthentic. Hmm?

BOY:
Not at all. You're just —

SAL:
What?

BOY:
Big.

SAL:
Excuse me?

BOY:
Personality!

SAL:

Get out.

BOY:

Let me finish.

SAL:

I think you've said enough.

BOY:

I like that you have a big personality.

Sal? I like that. You. I like —

Let me clean up the mess I made.

SAL:

Fine. Do what you will. I'll be here. Primping. For John.

The Boy gets on his knees. Collects the shards of glass.

BOY:

I was just surprised that you had done it, because we never, you know.

SAL:

Well, here's another surprise for you, Chuck. We never will.

The Boy goes back to his glass.

SAL:

Someone will though. With you, I mean. Someday.

The Boy smiles.

BOY:

You think so?

SAL:

There's someone out there dumb enough.

BOY:

I have dreams too. Like yours with John Wayne.

SAL:

You do?

BOY:

Yeah. Well, they're about you. And me of course. I'm always there.

Usually holding your bag while you're in the dressing room.
Or riding the mechanical bull. Or singing to Glen Campbell in bars.
And my feet hurt and I'm tired and I'm hungry and I look at you
Over there. Because you're always over there. It never seems like.
We could be in the same room, but different places, you know.
And I just watch you and you're so loud. You're just a really loud person.
Even when you don't open your mouth.
And you wake me up.
You're a dream that wakes me up.
And I don't mind.

*Sal is still primping
She ignores him.*

BOY:

That's my secret, Sal.

SAL:

Christ, Chuck, that's no secret you tell me that every goddamn day.
Except today you left out the part about how you want to drink my breastmilk.

BOY:

Well, it's. That's. Please don't tell anyone that.

SAL:

It's gross. You're gross.

BOY:

That's fair.
I'll just finish up and go.
Before John Wayne gets here.

SAL:

Thank you.

Boy goes to throw out the glass pieces.

SAL:

No, don't!
I'm going to give those to John. I think he might like something shiny from time to time.

BOY:

Alright, Sal.
I'll save them for John.

Sal gets into her bed.

She's wearing a floor length robe, with leather holsters underneath.

SAL:

I have to rest the majority of my organs. Please see yourself out.

She sleeps gently.

The Boy watches her.

BOY:

I want to drink your breastmilk because I want you to nourish me.
I want to have seven children and you can name them all.
I want to pay for all their college tuitions and route for their hometeams.
I want to make love to you in a field of grass in the middle of nowhere.
I want to build you a house made of sturdy bones, simple skin, fine furnishings.
I don't have much fat on me, but I want it to keep you warm.
My body hair is
limited.
As of yet.
But, someday I'll grow it by the mile. You can cut it all off.
Make carpets or mittens to keep your hands warm.
I'm not much of a man.
I'm just a silly boy.
But, I want to grow from you.
And I know it's psychotic to watch you sleep in the middle of an audience.
To pretend like you can't hear me or they can't hear me.
To act like the desire of milking you isn't strange.
But, that's the secret.
I -

Rattling on the door.

The Boy hides in the closet.

The Announcer enters.

ANNOUNCER:

John Wayne enters with his horse.

John Wayne enters with his horse.

The Announcer exits.

JOHN WAYNE:

Back in the desert I called for a woman named Lucinda.
She quickly jumped on my back and mended the wounds of my leather.
Stupid satchel broke in the middle. Released all my stirrups and shit.
Now the mountains have pieces to remember me by.
Darling!

John climbs into bed with her.

SAL:

John? Is that you?

JOHN WAYNE:

Course it's me. Can't you feel.

SAL:

Yes, yes. I feel something in your pocket.

JOHN WAYNE:

I brought you a little something.

SAL:

Oh you did.

JOHN WAYNE:

It's in my pocket.

SAL:

I can feel it.
It's very hard.
Long.
And —

John Wayne presents her with a harmonica.

SAL:

John I -

JOHN WAYNE:

Now, now. Don't go thanking me all at once.
Thought of you the minute I saw it.
Oh! And something else!

He pulls out some weapons.

JOHN WAYNE:

Ta-da! Oh right, these are for me.
Sorry about that. Just that. For you.

SAL:

It's nice.

JOHN WAYNE:

See, I know you.
Anyway, I —

SAL:

John, I want you to listen to me. I have to tell you —

John Wayne starts loading his gun.

JOHN WAYNE:

I am listening to you darling of course I'm listening.
But, before I listen I want to tell you about this
horrendous beast. Now he was above average height.
Handsome as a devil. Wore his hat cocked splendid.
Now listen carefully to this story. Bit of a fable methinks.
I saw him across the way chewing on his cud all messy.
He looked like he been through it, a whirlwind or something more awful.
His horse kept choking like this: _____
The town was dead silent. Mice ran with their britches up to their knees.
I sang an old hippie tune to liven up the bunch.
No one listened.
Except the man before me.
He sang along too.
I thought him awful kind to be sweet-talking me that way.
Went to shake each other's tails.
Make a new friend.
Circle jerk in the county jail.
Like the old days.
Suddenly, I hear the thomping of a madame we used to call.
Two-Throat McGee.
I don't think I have to tell you why.
She's got her bustress over her head and a shotgun at bay.
I point my gun quick from my holster.
Point it at her peg leg.
But then I see across the way.
My new humming friend is pointing his accessory at me.
I then conjured up the story precise.
Now this fella must be Two-Throat's new accountant.
He looked awful smart in the eyes. You know those number brains.
In kahoots with her, I had no choice but to switch targets.
With her bad sportsmanship she'd empty out her barrel before she hit a stick.
But, him.
He was packing in more ways than one. If you know what I mean.
I'm a strong man, a brave man, a man with a plan you might say.
But, I ain't no fool. And a fool never lets his gun play dead.
So here I am my gun pointed steady

*John Wayne points his gun at Sal.
She's thrown aback.
He's never pointed a loaded gun at her before.*

JOHN WAYNE:

And I'm not flinching and he's not flinching and
We're standing there
In an electric brigade without any tricks
Without any lassos or bad dreams just this
Awful scheme of pointing fingers and holsters and
God what a night
It feels like it never ends
Or begins and I'm just in that state
With that stranger again.

*John Wayne might have come in his pants.
He keeps the gun pointed at Sal.*

SAL:

Please don't point that at me, John.

*John notices he was pointing the gun at her.
He lowers it.*

JOHN WAYNE:

Sorry, darling. Didn't see you there. Got caught up in the story of it all.

SAL:

I'm part of the story John. Please don't point that at me again.

JOHN WAYNE:

Simmer your whiskers there Darling. No need to get all cocked up.
We point that at each other all the time.

SAL:

Not when the gun is loaded.

JOHN WAYNE:

Oh, what's the difference anyhow.

SAL:

Big difference, John.

JOHN WAYNE:

Part of the game remember. The excitement.

SAL:

That wasn't the game, that was your story of falling in love with your reflection.

JOHN WAYNE:

My reflection? Now, now, wait a minute there. That was a thoroughbred man standing before me. And it wasn't love it was terrible passion. There's a difference.

SAL:

John, please, just -

JOHN WAYNE:

And I don't appreciate you getting sassy with me little pilgrim. I'll point this at any old thing I want. I'm John Wayne. I'm John Bloody —

SAL:

I know who you are because I love you, you idiot.

JOHN WAYNE:

What's that now?

SAL:

I LOVE YOU YOU STUPID IDIOT. And I told you that. But you don't listen.

JOHN WAYNE:

Oh.

I would remember something like that now.

I would remember because once a woman in Charlotte told me the same thing
Granted we were on the run from a treacherous lawman named Big Man Brown

Had rattlesnakes for teeth and his gun swung low in his middle

Did that on purpose to confuse the enemy I reckon

Actually, I think her name was Charlotte and she was from Montgomery.

Or maybe his name was Montgomery and he was from Charlotte.

Either way, real pretty thing, told me it was love at first sight

Childish thought, I think.

SAL:

It's not childish. It's very mature to love someone, John. Especially after all this coitus.
I shouldn't have to explain that to you.

JW:

Now, darling, love doesn't have nothing to do with this.

And, I don't want to get crude now, but the size of my Johnson

Well, it intimidates most, cries out a little spell
In due time, doll, you'll see out of the fog
Get back to your senses.

John Wayne pats her on the back.

JOHN WAYNE:

Oh, by the way? Do you mind if I leave my horse with you?
I've got some cattle to round up and I don't like the way he eyes them.
Makes me real nervous for some reason.
Anyway, darling. Thanks for telling me how ya feel.
I'm not going to take it to heart now,
But it takes some kind of woman
To bring it up to a man.
Especially, a man like me
John Wayne.

*John Wayne exits dramatically.
Slams the door behind him.
The Announcer enters.*

ANNOUNCER:

John Wayne exits dramatically.
Slams the door behind him.

*The Announcer exits.
John Wayne calls offstage.*

JOHN WAYNE:

You really gotta get that window fixed!

The Announcer enters.

ANNOUNCER:

John Wayne calls off-

SAL:

We get it!

*The Announcer exits.
John Wayne's Horse and Sal look at each other.
Sal plays the harmonica.
It won't play.*

SAL:

It won't play.

She plays it the best she can.

SAL:

Cowboys like smokey old pool rooms and clear mountain mornings
Little warm puppies and children and girls of the night
Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do
Sometimes won't know how to take him
He ain't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let him
Do things to make you think he's right

*She blows in it very hard.
John Wayne's Horse looks at her.*

SAL:

You're looking at me funny, Sal.

*John Wayne's Horse looks away.
He gets an erection.
He tries to cover it.*

SAL:

Sal! Now come on now. No one wants to see a horse get a hard-on. Put it away.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Bft. Bft. Bft.

SAL:

Yeah, I know you can't help it.
Lots of things we can't help.
Yet here we are, still helping.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Tft. Tft. Tft.

SAL:

I hope when John Wayne takes me back to his desert scape,
He doesn't leave me at some soiled saloon. One of those brothels or sorts.
Not that he would of course, it's just.
If he's trying to stop a bandit or a bank teller.
Save a dog from a well or a cat from an old lady
If he's out trying to save the world and he leaves me in a powdered wagon.
Or at the corner of some bar drinking a shirley temple.
If he's so busy running about and running around.
What if he forgets me there.
You know?

John Wayne's Horse nods.

SAL:

Course you know. You know most of all. You're his horse. I'm sure you've seen things.

John Wayne's Horse nods.

SAL:
Sordid things.

John Wayne's Horse nods.

SAL:
Nasty things.

John Wayne's Horse nods.

SAL:
Beautiful things.

John Wayne's Horse shrugs.

SAL:
John left you here because you're dying, didn't he?

John Wayne's Horse looks down.

SAL:
You don't have to say it's true. I know it's true. John Wayne only brings me dead things.

John Wayne's Horse sits.

SAL:
Are you in pain?
You don't have to answer that.
Afraid?
That either.
I guess, I am.
Both are really lonely.
Or beautiful things.
I'd miss the good parts.

John Wayne's Horse puts his head on Sal.

SAL:
Ugh. Fine. I'll put you out of your misery.

Sal jerks John Wayne's Horse off.

SAL:

I think John Wayne is a beautiful thing.
Beautiful body and spurs to boot.
Beautiful things sometimes have tragic endings.
Often that's the way, but John Wayne always has happy endings.
I like that kind of ending, don't you?
I'd do anything to end with John Wayne.
I'd take any ending I could get.
It's this beginning that's so hard.

*John Wayne's Horse cums all over.
Sal immediately takes out her gun.
Shoots John Wayne's Horse dead.
It's very messy.
Sal is soaking wet.
She holds the horse and sings.*

SAL:

In the valley, there are stars that shoot bullets
Toads and antelope too
There's enough sand to drown in
Or liquor to be found in
But there'll never be enough you

In the valley, I find your shadow bare
Tied to my pinky toe shoe
I call out your name
In the caverns again
But I still can't find you

The valley has swallowed
Its begged, stealed, and borrowed
The very likes of your face
It left me barren, uptight, and caring
But it still never left me you

*The Boy exits from the closet.
His mouth is agape. He might be crying.
The Boy exits.*

*John Wayne almost bumps into the Boy.
John Wayne enters.
The Announcer enters.*

ANNOUNCER:

John Wayne almost bumps into the Boy.
John Wayne enters.

The Announcer exits.

SAL:

John, I -

JOHN WAYNE:

Shh. Shh.
Sit down now.

Sal and John Wayne sit on the bed.

JOHN WAYNE:

Now I've been thinking about what you said earlier.
My horse looks funny.
Anyway, I was thinking and you were right.
Certain acts we take or make or break.
Well, they lend some sort of feeling I reckon.

SAL:

You do?

JOHN WAYNE:

Sure I do.
Now, I wanna tell you straight as it is, Sal
Be honest with you as you were with me.
Because that takes guts.

SAL:

Yes.

JOHN WAYNE:

Bravery.

SAL:

Yes.

JOHN WAYNE:

Sex appeal.

SAL:
Well.

JOHN WAYNE:
Yes. So I. Well.
I'm gonna have to go away now on important business.

SAL:
What?

JOHN WAYNE:
Yes. So I. Well.
I'm gonna have to go away now on important business.

SAL:
When will you be back?

JOHN WAYNE:
Hard to say. But, close to forever.

SAL:
Where are you going?

JOHN WAYNE:
Oh, you know. Rough and tumbling places.

SAL:
Let me go with you.

John Wayne laughs.

JOHN WAYNE:
Come with me? Darling, you can't go out into a world like that.
No, no. You stay here and well,
I'll write to you.

SAL:
John you can't leave now. You just got here.

JOHN WAYNE:
Sorry to disappoint.

SAL:
John.
Wait.

JOHN WAYNE:

Now, don't make this hard, you don't want to embarrass yourself in front of all these people.

SAL:

I want to play the game. One last time.

JOHN WAYNE:

Now, darlin, I got to go.

SAL:

One more time.

JOHN WAYNE:

For Chrissake.

SAL:

For old times. One last time. One more. Until you remember.

Sal moves him into position.

Grabs her gun.

They start back to back.

She's excited. He looks at the ground.

She takes a few steps. Maybe even counts them out loud for us.

He steps without feeling.

They turn to face.

She has a gun pointed at him.

He stands facing her. Hands at his sides.

SAL:

Put your gun up, come on.

Come on now. Like old times.

Remember?

He looks at her blank.

SAL:

John.

John why not put that gun up now?

John why not? Put that gun up now.

JOHN WAYNE:

I ain't putting my gun up, Sal.

SAL:

What do you -

Sal lowers her gun for a second.

Looks at him.

SAL:

I see that gun in your holster.

You brought it today and you can use it today.

So you take that off your hip and point it at me.

Or I'm going to shoot you.

I swear.

I swear it.

She cocks the gun.

SAL:

It's loaded. I'm pointing it at you like you did me. But this time.

It's loaded.

I don't know how to use this because you never showed me.

You put destruction in my hands and then turned and walked away.

What kind of man does that John? Leaves chaos in a young girl's heart.

Christ John Christ Christ.

This isn't a dead thing.

I shot your horse John.

The horse you named after me.

I shot him dead in the valley.

By now all the pucker brush and lion's eggs are festering inside.

But, it's okay to kill a dead thing.

It's okay to quicken the poison.

To drink if you know your lights are on their way out.

To smoke if you believe your lungs aren't filtering.

I shot him in the valley

And I sang him the song I wrote for you

Because I loved your horse John

And I still love your horse John

Because he was a kind thing

And he treated me well

And he let me stroke him

And ride him

And good time him

And I miss that horse

Even though it wasn't mine

But you are mine John Wayne

I knew it from the moment

I let my star-studded eyes glance at you

In that ruby red dream of mine
This thing we have John is alive
And you know it and I know it
And if you kill a live thing well
It's just plain old -

JOHN WAYNE:

Christ, Sally.

*John Wayne shoots her down.
She falls. She bleeds. She dies.
He sighs. A long moment.*

JOHN WAYNE:

Now, that's a shame.

It was mighty pretty in here.

*John Wayne steps over her body.
Starts to Exit.
The Announcer comes on.
He fires the Announcer.
He exits.*

INTERMISSION

- *During the intermission, everything on stage stays exactly the same.
- *The Horse Monologue should happen in the middle of the intermission.
- *The Horse can move about. Make comments about how it is intermission.
 - *The Horse can check out the lobby display.
 - *Get a snack.
 - *Get a drink.
 - *Piss.
 - *After the Horse lays back down dead, intermission still goes on.
 - *People should be confused. But, not so confused they leave.

*In between Act One and Act Two.
John Wayne's Dead Horse awakes.
He looks around him.*

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

All a horse can ask for is to go out exactly like that.

John Wayne's Horse nays very loudly and horselike.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Bullet holes pack a punch, let me tell you.

John Wayne's Horse pokes at his deadly wound.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Now that I'm dead I can say this plainly.
John Wayne is a bit of a dick.
There. I said it.
I mean it's one thing to feel his testicles
Day in day out, sweating over my back like a madman.
But, christ. How fast does that mother fucker want me to shit.
I mean Jesus. The one thing a horse wants is
Some nice hay.
A good lay from time to time.
And to take a peaceful shit in the morning.
But no.
Not John Wayne's horse.
John Wayne's horse has to buckle up at 6am
Before even those goddamn cocks start hooting.
Carry the weight of a giant 200 pound fat wagon.
Across the goddamn countryside without even a glass of OJ.

Or better yet, if the dumb bastard is in a fight
And let's face it John Wayne is always in a fight
I have to run for miles on end while that motherfucker yells yippe kayaye.
Like a hooligan, quite frankly, a hooligan.
Now, my father was an academic.
My mother, owned a series of apartments on the westcoast.
After the goldrush, we made out pretty well.
So you might be asking how did a horse like me end up in this situation
Well, here's the thing
I grew up believing
The best kind of horse
Is John Wayne's horse
So I went to the auditions.
I got my horseshot and brief resume.
I was a bit of a childstar and appeared in some life insurance commercials, so I had an
advantage
Kind of ironic now
I went to the callbacks, printed my sides, I mean, I was a good candidate
And I got the part. As you know.
And of course, it all went to horseshit.
NO pun intended.
Now I'm a bit of a socialist.
I think it's kind of hazy to think any other way.
So I'm biased when it comes to exploitation
But, goddamn that man can run your mouth dry
I mean I couldn't even get a line in in some of those films
I'm a vocally trained actor.
I don't only have potential, I have expertise.
Listen to this:

Pretty good, huh?
In all these movies, you never hear shit about John Wayne's horse.
And I'm the one doing all the running.
All the saving.
It's fuckshit if you ask me.
And now this little girl is dead for no reason.
I mean christ, you tell someone you love them, and bang
Out you go.
Poor mango.
She gave good head too.
A shame her skills went to waste in this matter.
Anyway, it's my job to clean up the blood and cum.
Fortunately, it's just my own tonight.
So we thank Peter for these little graces.

*John Wayne's Horse grabs the Eddie Bauer shirt.
Starts to clean up the blood and cum.*

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Ah, fuck it.

John Wayne's Horse lies back down, dead.

PART TWO

*Sal wakes up suddenly.
She notes the sea of blood and cum.*

SAL:

That Bastard. That pigeon-toed, warped-minded, son of a bitch.

*Sal has a huge temper tantrum.
She tears down all her posters of John Wayne.
She tips over her armoire.
She rips her clothes, her negligees, her chaps.
She throws her cowboy boots into the audience.
She takes all the ammunition out of her gun.*

SAL:

That motherhumping no good, god I love him.
That was so hot how he shot me down. THAT WAS SO HOT HOW HE. Fuck.
I wasn't expecting that.
I really wasn't. Fuck.
John Wayne.

She holds up a torn poster of him.

SAL:

I first saw you in a stagecoach riding silly with a girl who didn't know how to comb her hair. I saw your eyes dancing across the rodeo. Glitzing across the screen like a maniac who made out of hell.
The first time we fucked I thought I would be your bandit bride and now look at me. I have a bullet hole through my chest.
They say if you love a thing you should put it out of its misery.
And loving you is the most miserable thing I ever did done John Wayne.
But, maybe you knew that.
It ain't easy loving a cowboy.
Maybe you're sparing instead of spurring.
Maybe you love me back a little.
Oh no.
You love me back a little.

She tries to piece together the torn pieces of John Wayne's effigy.

SAL:

I mutilated your little face, baby.

The Boy walks in on her.

Watches.

BOY:
Baby!

Sal screams.

SAL:
God, boy. Don't you know it's foolish to scare a dead person.

BOY:
You're bleeding out!

SAL:
Would you shut your trap and help me piece this together.

*The Boy runs to her.
Tries to stop the bleeding.*

BOY:
We need a medic or something. A mechanic. Someone who knows what to do with valves.

*The Boy drags out the EKG machine.
Presses buttons.
Tries to take off her clothes.
Plays with the electrodes.
It's chaos.*

SAL:
Get off of me!
Just because I'm bleeding doesn't mean you get to cop a feel.

BOY:
You're!

SAL:
I know what I am.
Just accept it.

*A moment.
He accepts it.*

BOY:
It was that cowboy you dream of wasn't it? He did this to you. Why, I oughta -

SAL:
Do what? Pants him like you did Kyle Mckenny in the locker room? You're such a joke, Chuck.

BOY:
He shot you down!

SAL:
We were just playing a game, now he didn't mean to shoot me.

BOY:
That's a perfect shot.

SAL:
Yeah, well, he's got good aim.
Not like you with your BB gun, idiot.

BOY:
Give me that gun.

SAL:
No, it's mine. John gave it to me.

BOY:
Give me that gun.

*They wrestle for the gun.
It's kind of sexy.
The Boy wins.
He feels powerful.*

BOY:
Now, calm down, alright, baby. I'm here to take care of you.

He practices his aim.

SAL:
Forgetting something?

*She hands him the ammunition.
He takes it, tries to load the gun.
Can't figure it out.
She grabs it. Loads it.
Puts it on her hip.*

SAL:

You're such a loser, Chuck.

BOY:

I don't understand how you're alive or how you gave a horse a handjob. But Christ, Sal. I'm in love with you.

SAL:

Shut up.

BOY:

I don't care if you're sopping in equus ejectile. I just have to have you -

The Boy comes on to her.

SAL:

Chuck! Quit it!

BOY:

It's time we consummate our love.

SAL:

Fuck off, you creep!

BOY:

Come on! Why does everyone in this godforsaken place get an orgasm, but me. Shit, this dead horse has it better.

John Wayne's Horse nods.

BOY:

Shit it moved.

John Wayne's Horse sits up.

Lights a cigarette.

Puts on a slow record.

BOY:

But you - but it - but -

SAL:

It's just how it is, Boy. Learn to accept it.

BOY:

I don't know if I want to.

SAL:
Look, Chuck. As you can see I'm busy. So if you could just wrap up whatever daily monologue you have to get off your chest that would be —

BOY:
Sal – I need to tell you something.

SAL:
Yes, I figured.

BOY:
It's important.

SAL:
Let me guess. Is it that you love me?

BOY:
Yes.

SAL:
And want to marry me?

BOY:
Yes.

SAL:
And drink my breastmilk.

BOY:
You told me you wouldn't bring that up anymore.

SAL:
Save it, Chuck.
Look, I've tried to be nice to you, but you just can't take a hint.
I'm not interested in whatever it is you have going for you.
I'm a mature woman with mature tastes.

She takes a clump of horse cum out of her hair.

BOY:
I came here to tell you.
I'll dress up like John Wayne.

SAL:
What?

BOY:
I'll do it. I've been watching him. I can do a pretty good accent.

SAL:
Let's hear it.

BOY:
Sorry, little pilgrim.

SAL:
That's not too bad.

BOY:
I have the assless chaps at home.

SAL:
The bedazzled holster?

BOY:
Yup.

SAL:
The metallic rimmed hat?

BOY:
Yup.

SAL:
Stirrups?

BOY:
Oh yeah.

SAL:
Alright, fine. But, I don't want to be able to recognize you.

*The Boy is so excited.
He shakes the Horse's hand.
He kisses the sky.
He tries to kiss Sal, but she's not into it.
He exits.*

John Wayne' Horse and Sal look at each other.
SAL:
What are you looking at?

John Wayne' Horse blows her a kiss.

SAL:

Oh knock it off you -

John Wayne enters.

ANNOUNCER:

John Wayne -

JOHN WAYNE:

I thought I fired you.

ANNOUNCER:

My contract is confusing. Alright.

JOHN WAYNE:

Look, just get off the stage. And by the way we need more kleenex back there.
No particular reason.

ANNOUNCER:

I'm trying to get my equity points and they said if —

JOHN WAYNE:

Don't make me say it again.

The Announcer exits.

SAL:

John -

JOHN WAYNE:

Doll -

They both quickly draw their pistols.

JOHN WAYNE:

What are you doing standing vertically?

SAL:

Why, John, not surprised to see me that way?

JOHN WAYNE:

Well, normally we're horizontal.

SAL:

Well, normally people don't shoot me in the heart.

JOHN WAYNE:

Ouch.

SAL:

Tell me about it.

JOHN WAYNE:

You look good for a ghost.

SAL:

No thanks to you.

What are you doing here anyway?

Fuck em cold blooded too?

JOHN WAYNE:

Not anymore, I got in trouble up in Ottawa.

Old man caught me with my pants down in a funeral home.

Knocked over a few punch bowls and ruined the burial gown.

It wasn't pretty.

SAL:

Quit it with the jokes, John.

JOHN WAYNE:

I just came back for my horse corpse.

Thought I'd give him a proper burial in my own backyard.

SAL:

The horse stays with me.

JOHN WAYNE:

He's my horse.

SAL:

You didn't have the decency to soothe him. He was sick.

JOHN WAYNE:

That's why I left him with you.

SAL:

At least I had the decency to let him go. I did.

JOHN WAYNE:

I let you go, didn't I?

SAL:

In a manner of speaking.

JOHN WAYNE:

I'm a decent man.

SAL:

Shut up.

JOHN WAYNE:

You're brutal in death.

SAL:

Oh, you don't know the half of it.

She cocks her gun.

JOHN WAYNE:

Whoa now. John's just having a little fun with you, that's all.

SAL:

Little fun? I'm half dead.

JOHN WAYNE:

And I'm surprised by that, darling. You always did surprise me.
Though this is the first time you've been fully clothed while doing it.

SAL:

Don't try to woo me at a time like this.

JOHN WAYNE:

You're a good looking dead woman, what can I say?

SAL:

I'm not dead, John. You didn't kill me.

JOHN WAYNE:

But, I tried.

SAL:

And failed miserably.

JOHN WAYNE:

Maybe that just goes to show you our love isn't dead.

SAL:

Love?

JOHN WAYNE:

Isn't that what we got here, darling?

SAL:

I thought so. But, the gaping hole in my chest tells me something different.

JOHN WAYNE:

I'll fix you up in no time.

I know a medicine man up in the hills.

He has a moustache and a terrible singing voice.

But, he also happens to be a cosmetic surgeon.

I'll buy you a brand new set of D cups.

How's that sound?

SAL:

Sounds like you're a pig.

JOHN WAYNE:

Ooph, I like it when you talk like that.

SAL:

You're a no good son-of-a-gun, John Wayne. And I can't wait to shoot you down just like you shot -

JOHN WAYNE:

Now wait a minute.

Please. Please.

I can't deny it anymore.

John Wayne gets on his knees.

JOHN WAYNE:

I'm just a man.

Sal, I'm just a man.

I make mistakes like the rest of em.

I got tragic flaws and huge bris -

SAL:

Hubris.

JOHN WAYNE:

Exactly, I got all that darling.

And a drinking problem to boot.

It's not easy being a cowboy.
Away from home all lonesome.
Only my half-nuttred horse to keep me company.
I long for the better things of life.
Good soup on holidays.
A doormat to wipe my boots on.
A wife.

SAL:

What makes you think I'd marry you.

JOHN WAYNE:

Because we love one another.
We belong together in some sick way.
Now that's just the truth.
And I've denied many a thing in my day:
The lost stand-offs barefoot in the heat of Missouri,
Long-tailed affair I had with a woman named Sue,
Negligence of my poor old mother past her prime,
Paternal refutation of my twenty-two children,
Whom I very well know are mine
By the dimples in their sweet cheeks.
I've denied miles.
But, I can deny you no more.

John Wayne pulls her to the ground with him.

JOHN WAYNE:

We'll adventure in the daylight.
Scampering over enemies and mounds of dust.
We'll ride out in a caravan to the edge of the world.
Make love under the stars of every desert I know.
And I know every desert there is.
I want to make little crying imps with you.
Ones that look like me, but have your laugh.
You got a great laugh.
I want the rough and tumble settle sweet kind of life.
And I want it with you.
I need fixing. A woman's touch. A smooth glass of bourbon.
I'm just a man. A mistaken man, but a man nonetheless.
Let me try to be more for you.

SAL:

Sounds like horseshit to me.

JOHN WAYNE:

Love sometimes does, don't it?

SAL:

I loved you, you stupid idiot.

JOHN WAYNE:

And it shows.

SAL:

I don't trust you.

JOHN WAYNE:

I know.

SAL:

Might never.

JOHN WAYNE:

Fine with me.

As long as I have you.

In my arms.

Once more.

SAL:

Remember that time we made love in the shadows.

I felt your kerchief hanging low onto my neck.

You brought me dead flowers and a gold plated gun.

Your mouth tasted like sand running through my fingers.

Kept trying to catch it.

Hold the sand there. Forever.

But, it's not forever. It's all very. Not.

JOHN WAYNE:

Now, Sal, you just -

SAL:

You tried to kill our love before it was dead.

JOHN WAYNE:

Now, I know that, but we -

SAL:

So, now I have to kill -

John Wayne shoots her in the arm.

She screams.

SAL:

Bastard!

*John Wayne moves the gun away from her.
The Boy enters in his John Wayne regalia.*

BOY:

Howdy, little pilgrim.

*The Boy notices what's occurred.
Takes out a fake gun.
Points it at John Wayne.*

JOHN WAYNE:

Now, what in the hell -

BOY:

Put it down.

JOHN WAYNE:

Is this dumb weasel supposed to be me?

BOY:

I said, put it -

JOHN WAYNE:

John Wayne never lowers his gun for no one.

The Boy, in John Wayne fashion:

BOY:

Now you take that iron and give it here fore I give you a jessy like you won't believe.

*John Wayne tosses his gun over.
He starts to check out the Boy.*

JOHN WAYNE:

Damn, that was pretty good.

BOY:

You alright, Sal?

SAL:

Fine, now scram.

*Sal tries to take the guns from the Boy.
He won't let her.*

BOY:

Now wait a second.

SAL:

Look, Chuck, you're a real hero.
Saved me to the nth degree.
But, I got it from here -

BOY:

Sit down.

SAL:

Look, Chuck I ain't no damsel in -

BOY:

I said, Sit Down.

Sal half sits down. She's too stubborn.

BOY:

Now I've been patient with you.
If you ask me I've been -
Well, look at me for crying out loud.
You think I like this?
You think I like looking like this?
Razzmatazz kind of fella?

Sal and John Wayne look at each other.

BOY:

Okay, maybe I do a little.
But, that's besides the point.
The point is I watched you touch And fiddle And bequeath yourself To just about every
living object in this room But me And we've been going steady for three months now
Gave you my class ring and my stack of vinyls Which were actually my pop's Now he's
pissed at me and won't let me march in the band Which is one of my very few pleasures
in life by the way and well and I gave you just about everything I could imagine and you
Won't even give me the time of day Hell I watched you bleed out on your own carpet Sal
I watched that horse have his way with you and the cowboy reach for his gun and I'm
trying to stop it is all Because I love you and Stuff and so what I don't have the best

IQ or your old man doesn't like me because I'll make him like me I'll buy him tickets to the Rangers with my money from the store give him a hot dog and shake his hand firm We can all go to a day picnic or something you know and I can put my arm around you and he can take pictures And we can just forget this whole thing We can just pretend none of this here ever happened and have a normal Semblance of life without country music or pointy boots We can bury him in the backyard and just Forget It Look I know I'm not much of anything I'm just a stupid Boy Flawed and Feeble Minded and I got very little going for me except for the fact that I'm the Boy whose so head over heels for you in the worst way I'm the Boy who will be the Man who will feed your Jack addiction and play the cuckold on repeat it doesn't matter Hell I love you so much I don't even matter So I'll do anything I'll Be anything you want me to be

*John Wayne was moved during this speech.
He begins to cry.
He crawls over to the Boy.
Begins kissing his feet.
At first, the Boy is thrown aback.
He kicks him off.
John Wayne comes back.
Touches all of the Boy's accouterments.
This is the tenderness the Boy has been seeking.
This is the mirror love John Wayne has always known.
Sal and John Wayne's Horse are mortified and silent.*

JOHN WAYNE:
I want you to be
Exactly like this

BOY:
Ok.

JOHN WAYNE:
I recognize you.

BOY:
Oh.

JOHN WAYNE:
Do you recognize me?

BOY:
Kind of.

*They stand up together.
John Wayne checks out the Boy*

*as if he were looking in a mirror.
The Boy enjoys being seen.
It's really quite tender.*

JOHN WAYNE:

I see myself in you.

BOY:

I like hearing the word "you".

*John Wayne picks up the Boy
He throws him out the window
And jumps out right after him.*

Sal and John Wayne's Horse are dead and alone.

*Sal checks the ammunition in John Wayne's gun.
Closes the barrell. Sighs.
Holds it to her head.*

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

I don't think you should do that.

SAL:

Excuse me?

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

I don't think you should do that.

SAL:

You're -

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Yeah, I got a lot to say. Clearly you missed my monologue after the first act.

SAL:

Clearly.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Don't do it.

SAL:

Why? Why do you care?

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Well, you're already dead aren't you.

SAL:

I guess.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Waste of a good bullet, all I'm saying.

SAL:

I guess.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

He didn't love you, you know.

SAL:

I know.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

There's a difference between a love that eases and a violence with a curse.

Sal looks at him smiles.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

What?

SAL:

What?

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Kindness.

SAL:

I don't know about that.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Yeah, what do I know. I'm just a dead bake.

SAL:

Yeah, true.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Takes one to know one.

Sal crawls over to John Wayne's Horse.

Sits in front of him.

John Wayne's Horse strokes her hair.

Wipes his cum out of it.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:
You got something there.

SAL:
Yeah?

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:
Yeah. I see myself in you.

SAL:
I remember you speaking earlier. When I was dead on the stage. It was in the background of the set of my mind. I was having a dream. The same dream I always have. About John Wayne. In our topless car riding out into the sunset. Except this time he wasn't riding behind me. I didn't catch a glimpse in my rearview. I had him. He was sitting there in the driver's seat, winking at me with his good eye. And you know something funny. I didn't get lost in the dream like I do others. I think it's because we were in that moving vehicle. I think it's because.
You weren't there.
I'm tired of losing and waking up. I've gone my whole life thinking one thing, but now I got myself believing in another. What if I fixated on the wrong part of my dream. What if this entire time it wasn't John Wayne it was -
Eh. What's it matter? I've decided that
The world is
inverse anyway.

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:
I was thinking.

SAL:
Yes?

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:
That no-good bastard left his satchel with me. His life savings and such.
Would make for a nice area rug.

SAL:
Really?

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:
You know there's a plus side to all of this.

SAL:
What's that?

JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

You never have to lose or wake up ever again.

Sal laughs largely.

John Wayne's Horse laughs at her laugh.

Sal and John Wayne's Horse get up.

Sal climbs on his back.

They do a little song and dance:

SAL + JOHN WAYNE'S HORSE:

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
'Cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love

They ride off into the sunset.

Offstage we hear John Wayne's Horse say

"You really should get that window fixed".

End.