

Cowboys (a horseplay)
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© November 2021

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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.