

# The Tale of a Horse

Traditional: Arr. Lamming

The cowboy/bartender is preparing to close up his bar. The clock strikes eleven and he calls "Time". He urges imaginary customers to leave.

Over the bar hangs a ragged but substantial plaited strand of horse hair.

The Cowboy is whistling "A four legged friend". While his back is turned a ghostly (pantomime) horse enters.

Cowboy starts talking to himself

Cowboy        Well, it's a year ago now since I parted with my old hoss. Shucks, I hated to shoot him but he was as skinny as a Mohican's moustache and as worn out as a whore's drawers. I sure am glad I kept his old tail, though, to remember him by. (*Looks lovingly at the tail over the bar*). I wonder what the old boy would say if he could see that up there now! Yes Siree!

Horse         I'd say it's a shame, a crime and unfair  
That a critter gets robbed of his posterior hair!  
I gave you good service for many a year  
Then you turn round and shoot me, and shed not a tear  
Like an injun his arrow and a sheriff his star  
I loved that there tail you've got over your bar  
It flicked off the flies and it cooled my rear end -  
Things you can only ask of a good friend  
My tail was my buddy, my pardner, my pal  
Why we was much closer than you and your gal ....

Cowboy        Hang on there you pallid palomino - how come you're here at all?  
Like you say - I shot you last year - you're supposed to be dead!

Horse         I am dead you fool - I'm a *spirit* - a ghost  
I live in horse heaven with the angelic host  
We have plenty of oats and we eat till we're full  
No cowboys to carry nor buggies to pull  
But I cannot relax without my old tail  
I wiggle and waggle, I flinch and I flail  
But it just ain't no good, so I've come down today  
Just for one hour - I'm due back right away -  
Took me ages to find you, but now that I'm here  
I need you to pin back my tail on my rear  
I'll make it right easy and stick out my end (*does so*)  
Don't be 'fraid of a ghost, pal, I'm your four legged friend....

Cowboy        *Glances up at clock*  
Hell, Trigger, don't you know - I can't re-tail spirits after closing time!

*Horse whinnies off in disgust*

The sketch can be augmented by including some drinkers in the bar who respond to the action and lines.