

# A Cowboy Says Goodbye to his Floozie

Anon. Arr. Lamming

Cowboy is sitting on the edge of the bed, pulling on his boots and shirt, deep in thought. Floozie is sitting in bed, chewing, smoking and looking generally bored.

Cowboy *(dreamily and in a far-away voice)* You can't know what it's like, Ma'am. Days on end, nights on end. Out in the desert, just the cattle, the dust, and the heat. Your shirt soaked in sweat, your feet aching and your backside sore from hundreds of miles in the saddle. Some nights, you go sorta crazy, particularly for, well, for the want of a woman! And when I get back and see a purdy lady like you, Ma'am, well it's kind beautiful. I sure do appreciate what you have done for me.

Floozie *(Uninterested. Chews. Spits into spittoon; sound effect.)* Yeah, whatever.  
*(Looks at watch)*

Cowboy Ma'am, would you mind if I asked you a favour?

Floozie Sure, Honey. Long as there's cash involved.

Cowboy Well, Ma'am, I was out in the desert with m'buddy. Well we was just alone, like I say, and one evening I fell to feeling sorta lonely. I just had to have some comfort, some warmth and loving sympathy. Some close physical comfort. I was going nearly stir crazy with frustration. I needed relief. I had no choice...

Anyway, me and m'buddy, we're pretty close. There's not a lot we don't share – water, food and all. So I says to him, "Buddy" (cos that's what I call him, see – Buddy) *(blank face from Floozie)* "Buddy, I need a woman real bad." That's what I said, see? He didn't say much, which is pretty like m'buddy, but he turned to look at me and I caught something in his expression, a kinda lonely reflection of my own sadness and desperation, and a wild idea came into my mind. When you're as close as me and m'buddy, words are not necessary all the time and I just knew what he was thinking. So I says, out loud, Buddy, you know I don't mean nothing, but roll over and let me at you!"

And d'you know, Ma'am, he did just that. You can't have no purer friendship than that. It brings a lump to my throat just to talk of it.

So, after that, I felt a whole lot better and I vowed to myself that when me and m'buddy had finished that little job and we hit town, I was going to make right sure that I did for him as good as he done for me. Which is why I am saying Ma'am, in a clumsy sorta cowboy way, if you understand me.... *(he is now dressed and stands with his hat clasped in front of him)* would you do me this favour and give m'buddy the time of his life, alone with you? He's clean and he's wholesome, and if I can't do this one thing or him well then I don't know what I can do.

Floozie Sure Buster. *(Spits, as before)* Show him in as you leave and put the twenty dollars on the table.

Cowboy Why, thank you Ma'am *(rips money from billfold, thrusts it into her hand and runs from the room a happy man)*.

Pause.

Cowboy *(from off stage)* Well. c'mon m'old Buddy. I've fixed it. You knew I would always pay you back and now is the time. So, have this one on me, old son; just let yourself go!

*Through the open door bounds a joyful, rampant (pantomime) horse, making straight for the bed.*

Floozie *(Screams in delight, throws off bedclothes and waves her limbs in the air.)*  
Oh Boy!!

**Blackout.**