

A Taste of Freedom v2

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Premise: A businessman meets a cowboy at a bus stop.

Cast: 3 - Businessman, Cowboy, Narrator.

Note: Action lines are read aloud by the NARRATOR.

EXT. BUS STOP - CITY LIMITS - EVENING

A Worn-Out Office Drone, 35, dressed in a grey business suit, walks up to the empty bus stop. The BUSINESSMAN examines the timetable. Should be here any minute.

He sets down his briefcase and waits. It isn't long before...

COWBOY (OS)

Excuse me, sir!

The Businessman turns. A few feet over, a COWBOY in a full 1800s cattle-wranglin' outfit, 30, leans suggestively against the bus shelter. His shirt is very unbuttoned.

COWBOY

(enthusiastically)

Yes. I would like to suck *your* dick for \$20 and a menthol cigarette.

BUSINESSMAN

Excuse me?

COWBOY

Yes, sir, that is correct. In exchange for twenty American dollars and one Virginia Slim, I will chug, snort, cuddle, touch, caress, squeeze, lick, suck, and otherwise affirm the existence of your genitalia.

The Businessman seems like he's about to say something.

COWBOY (CON'T)

- Under a bridge, in a car of your choice, at home - wherever you'd prefer your wife and children not be aware. Behind the Church, parking garage, you name it.

The Businessman picks up his briefcase.

BUSINESSMAN

I'm not sure I want that.

The Cowboy searches the Businessman's face for a glimmer of hope.

COWBOY

Ohhhhhh but you're not sure you
don't want it. I been a dick-
suckin' cowboy long enough to know
a twinkle in an eye when I see one.

BUSINESSMAN

I don't, uh... see a twinkle.

COWBOY

Well of course you can't see your
own god-dang eyeball. Ridiculous!

Beat. The beginnings of a smile on the businessman's face.

BUSINESSMAN

Why?

COWBOY

Excuse me?

BUSINESSMAN

Why do you...

He gestures, not comfortable saying it aloud.

COWBOY

Suck dicks at a bus stop under a bridge?

BUSINESSMAN

Yes. That.

COWBOY

Let me tell you somethin'.
There is nothing a full-blooded
patriot loves more than cigarettes
and the American dollar.

BUSINESSMAN

Sure, but *why* trade sexual favors for -

COWBOY

- Well, the simple answer to that
question is that I'm a cowboy gigolo,
and it is how I make my trade.

The Businessman just stares, expecting more in the ways of an explanation. One is forthcoming.

COWBOY

Some ply the fields. Others, the mines.
Still fewer take up the churn, or else
brave the many savage urban wastelands
which stain these fifty fine states,
shilling themselves for an uncaring
establishment staffed by peddlers,
junkies, and fools with weak chins.

He spits, scans the horizon.

COWBOY

Some prefer a simpler life.

BUSINESSMAN

I... I see.

COWBOY

Now then. Dealer's Choice, Pappy,
what's it gonna be? Twenty bills
for a mouthful of cock. Let's go.
Game time. Ride or die.

The Businessman seems to have been swayed by the Cowboy's rhetoric. Something awakened there. He considers it, clearly torn.

BUSINESSMAN

Alright, fuck it.

COWBOY

Yesssss, *nice*.

The Cowboy takes him by the hand. Together, they walk off into the sunset.

Suddenly, they stop.

The Cowboy leans in, an unspoken promise on his lips.

COWBOY

Oh, and I'm gonna need that
menthol up front.

The two men turn to face each other. Before the Businessman can say anything, the Cowboy reads the truth on his face.

BUSINESSMAN

(tearfully)

I don't smoke.

Beat. The cowboy tips his hat.

COWBOY

Shame.

He walks off into the sunset, lighting a Virginia Slim as he goes.

Starry-eyed, the Businessman watches on. He just lost something he didn't know he had to lose.

In the distance, the bus pulls away from the station.

END