

COWBOY

The Boys in the Band · Audition sides · p. 55-56

COWBOY. (*Singing fast.*)

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR HAROLD.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

(*And with that, he throws his arms around
MICHAEL and gives him a big kiss on the lips.
Everyone stands in stunned silence.*)

MICHAEL. Who the hell are you?

(**EMORY** swings in from the kitchen.)

EMORY. She's Harold's present from me, and she's *early*!
(*Quick, to COWBOY.*) And that's not even Harold, you
idiot!

COWBOY. You said whoever answered the door.

EMORY. (*Quickly, to group.*) But not until midnight! He's
supposed to be a *midnight cowboy*!

DONALD. He *is* a midnight cowboy.

MICHAEL. He looks right out of the chorus of a bus-and-
truck *Oklahoma*!

EMORY. (*To COWBOY.*) ...Not until midnight and you're
supposed to sing to the right person, for Chrissake! I
told you Harold has very tight, tight, black curly hair.

(*Referring to MICHAEL.*)

This number's practically bald!

MICHAEL. Thank you, and fuck you.

BERNARD. It's a good thing *I* didn't open the door.

EMORY. Not that tight and not that black.

COWBOY. I forgot. Besides, I wanted to get to the bars by midnight.

MICHAEL. He's a class act all the way around.

EMORY. What do you mean – get to the bars! Sweetie, I paid you for the whole night, remember?

COWBOY. I hurt my back doing my exercises, and I wanted to get to bed early tonight.

BERNARD. Are you ready for this one?

LARRY. (*To COWBOY.*) That's too bad, what happened?

COWBOY. I lost my grip doing my chin-ups, and I fell on my heels and I twisted my back.

EMORY. You shouldn't *wear* heels when you do chin-ups.

COWBOY. (*Oblivious.*) I shouldn't do chin-ups – I got a weak grip to begin with.

EMORY. A weak grip. In my day it used to be called a limp wrist.

BERNARD. Who can remember that far back?

MICHAEL. Who was it that always used to say, "You show me Oscar Wilde in a cowboy suit, and I'll show you a gay caballero."