

Ladies' Night at the Lonely Nag.

Rosa is 'a certain kind of woman' as they said in the 50's, and likely a man in fine drag. She sits high up at the bar . Gloves, hat with a little veil: she drinks stiff martinis.

Love Jimmy?...love is a racehorse -- you bet on the form but you check out the going... Hey. Check out bein' checked out... Nice young fella? Worth a flutter?

[She takes out a coin from her impractical accessory bag and stands]

All eyes on the Lonely Nag, oestrogen-a-swagger, 'coz when I step to the juke-box, the silence is for me. Eyes flick away, flesh tingles, I'm hot! How the competition hate me. Yoo hoo, its Natural Selection Time, and "Sniff this suckers!": Slow Torture is the perfume Tonight's Winner trails behind; and here he comes, oh piston-pelvis saviour-boy and, " Can I join you feature creature?" *Quel surprise*, I'm special guest on the Macho Dink show, and "Naked is the best disguise" and we, putative heterosexuals, line dance and mud wrestle to the finish line...

[She speak-sings with the juke-box]

"--are you lonesome and blue/ what's an angel like you doin' in a/

[She returns to the bar stool and adjusts her skirt]

Its good odds Jimmy: Ladies Night at the Lonely Nag : I'm solo, well lubricated. What's that cocktail? Gimme a "cheap high"...

[Admirer approaches]

Oh! Sure, sit yourself down...

[she performs a ubiquitous subtext]

Shrug... Eyebrow.... Cheekbones...O my sins: secret sufferings beyond telling. I'm... draped in whispers of a scandalous past."

"Abandon hope ", he says, raising his glass. Ha! Ha ha ha, I'm off! First out the gate in the Blue Angel Stakes, I'm taking the front out o' the bend and comin' up on the bar scene. The greenhorns 're jostling for places-- pathetic-- I seek *solitude* up at the front.

But. *Men flutter to me, like moths around a* –Wait, come back here--

I never *find* solitude, y'know : it's tactics?

But I feel everything I fake. Its my double upper-cut – I cry out and laugh at the same time. And every word means two things: " Ice?"-- cut none with me pal; "straight up?"-- thanks, these legs stay crossed... Mine's dry, comes with a twist. Cheers.

Underneath these dark veils, flame coloured lingerie past dreaming—honey trap for a *good* man, he'll roll home alone to his dispossessed farm in the drought. But you're not a good man. I can tell.

Well, we're over the double hedges sweetie, tightly bunched, flat out in soft going. Handicap? - you're gonna bump me at a hundred metres, youuu tut tut betrayer. I'm love's marked victim, see, a fatal woman, can't be helped, bores me and that's a fact. True Love's in jockey shorts, up ahead, out of sight. True Love's light, carries a stick. Not that kind of stick...Please! After the tickle, the slap.

Now, let's not get mad. We deserve each other, bad guys both. C'mon, it's a *photo finish*. While the back room deals are made there's time for a nice rub down and a bucket of oats. You like me, don't you? Don't you? Ahh. Found you out, did I? Ohhh! I see a little smile! Sugar cube! Come on... on your marks, ready? You're so slow, you kill me. That's the fate of a broken down race-horse.

My mother warned me and my grandmother, and my grandmother's mother warned her. Trust no-man. I figure a guy I just met ain't had time to let me down. Sir, don't walk away, I believe in you! You're gonna get me back in the race. You're gonna get me some training, stake a bundle on me. You're gonna say how I shoulda never been runnin' a course like that, hell just listen to me –why can't I remember the Femme Fatale can't never speak more 'n two and a half lines! I mean, what cross-dressin' impersonator could learn all this by heart? Let me show my angel stuff? I am too tattooed with you...

[The admirer has gone; she breathes a sigh]

Lonely Nag's stretching out. Lonely Nag's turning away. It's neck and neck, Lonely Nag is breaking
...breaking her record again.

[she weaves out]

'Night Jimmy.

.....

Written for Darryl Hagen for performance at **The Blue Angel Cabaret**
Accompanied by the Paul Cram Jazz Trio.
Northern Light Theatre Power Plays Season, Alberta, 1991.