

Spirit of the Horse

by

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Cast of Characters

GALE:

40's

TURNER:

40's

Place

Gale & Turner's home

Time

1PM

Setting: The play takes place inside an open yet moderately decorated apartment in the Upper West Side of New York City. The décor comes off a bit stuffy for a couple in their forties but is nicely kept. Cotton sofas, wall to wall carpeting and big wooden furniture.

At Rise: The play opens up on Turner, who sits alone on the couch looking out in a daze. His wife Gale enters the room but stops to stare at him for a moment before speaking.

GALE: Your sandwich has been sitting on the kitchen countertop for over fifteen minutes.

TURNER: It has?

GALE: Fifteen stinking minutes.

TURNER: Why didn't you tell me?

GALE: I did tell you.

TURNER: I don't remember hearing you.

GALE: You responded, you said, "Huh-uh".

TURNER: Huh-uh.

GALE: There you go again.

TURNER: What?

GALE: What's wrong with you?

TURNER: I'm not hungry.

GALE: You haven't eaten.

TURNER: I know.

GALE: I asked you if you wanted a sandwich. I put a pickle on the side with some potato chips.

TURNER: You did?

GALE: Yes, I did.

TURNER: Thank you, sweetheart.

GALE: Want me to bring it to you?

TURNER: Could you?

GALE: (sighs) Pain in my ass.

GALE exists room, comes back with a plate.

Here. Sit up and eat. You coming down with a cold?

TURNER: I feel healthy.

GALE: You depressed?

TURNER: I'm fine.

GALE: Eat. Probably stale by now.

TURNER: I'll try.

GALE: Don't waste food. Eat.

TURNER: Okay, okay.

GALE sits across from TURNER. She stares at him closely.

What are you doing?

GALE: I'm watching you.

TURNER: I see that...why?

GALE: I want to see you eat your food.

TURNER: I'm not going to hide it under the rug, Gale.

GALE: Take a bite.

TURNER: I can't eat with you staring at me. It makes me very uncomfortable.

GALE: I've been staring at you all my life. Will you take a bite?

TURNER bites his sandwich.

TURNER (mouthful): It's good.

GALE: Yeah? I didn't put too much mayo?

TURNER: It's perfect.

GALE: Is there enough mustard?

TURNER: It's good! It's good!

GALE: No reason to get excited.

TUNRER: I'm eating, what more do you want?

GALE: I want to know why you've been acting this way.

TURNER: What way?

GALE: Like a miserab.

TURNER: I'm fine.

GALE: You're not fine! I know you like a book and right now we're on the chapter that reads, "Something's Wrong!"

TURNER: Here we go---

GALE: Moping around the apartment like our dog just died. Sure, he's on his last leg, but he's still with us, he's here. We're all here, together.

TURNER: We're all here.

GALE: Will you tell me what's eating you or do I have to force my way in.

TURNER: Force your way in..where?

GALE: Tell me!

TURNER: You want to know?

(GALE makes a face)

Okay, alright, okay. I saw something. That's it. That's all you need to know.

GALE: You saw something.

TURNER: That's right.

GALE: You saw something...and?

TURNER: And it brought me down and I can't seem to recover from it.

GALE: What did you see, Turner?

TURNER: A horse flew through a window and died at my feet.

GALE stares at TURNER quizzically and then jumps from the couch and grabs the telephone.

What are you doing?

GALE: Calling the Doctor.

TURNER: For what?

GALE: My husband's losing his mind.

TURNER: Put the phone down. I'll explain.

GALE hangs up the receiver.

GALE: Let's hear it.

TURNER: Sit down, please. I was walking down Commerce Street and was admiring the corner house because it had these solar panels installed on the roof and they were fantastic. I even spoke to the owner who happened to be outside and we chatted for about fifteen odd minutes or so before we parted ways. Nice fella.

Anyway, when I turned to walk away there was a horse, a brown horse staring straight into my eyes, about twenty feet in front of me. It looked as sad as anything I've ever seen in all my life. I felt as though he was calling out to me for help but instead, I sort of frowned and shooed him away. So he stomped his hoof and snorted his nostrils and a tear came down his cheek and I softened. Just as I was about to approach him, comfort him, a garbage truck drove up and honked its horn and the horse took off like a bolt of lightning and ran straight into the window of a cafe, tearing itself up with glass and objects, before coming back outside and falling at my feet...

He looked into my eyes and I kneeled before him, picking up his head and resting it in my lap and his eyes drifted off from mine before finally fading away...dead.

GALE: That's, that's terrible! That must be the saddest thing I've ever heard Turner! But, it just seems so strange, I mean we live in the city...

TURNER: I know we live in the city.

GALE: I mean, what could a horse be doing in downtown Manhattan?

TURNER: Gale, it escaped from the stables near the park.

GALE: How do you know?

TURNER: I talked to the police when they arrived but who cares about that...don't you understand the magnitude of what occurred?

GALE: I do, I do...but you were lucky you weren't hurt, you could have got seriously hurt!

TURNER: No, no, that's not what I'm saying.

GALE: Were you hurt??

TURNER: Not a scratch but far worse.

GALE: What do you mean far worse?

TURNER: It's my fault.

GALE: WHAT?? HOW??

TURNER: Don't you see? He came to me. Out of the millions of people in the city, I was chosen, he chose me to help him and what did I do? I shooed him away. I shooed him. Had I greeted him with love and affection, he never would have rode himself into the storefront window.

GALE: That's absurd!

TURNER: Gale! Can't you take what I'm saying seriously! This happened to me. A horse died in my arms! If I had been friendly from the start, I could have saved him, I could have been there cause he needed me to be there and I let him down.

GALE: But the truck, that garbage truck caused the---

TURNER: NO, it wasn't the stupid garbage truck, it was the moment BEFORE the garbage truck, that's the moment that counted the most and I blew it, I outright blew it. He didn't have to die that way.

GALE: Oh god what an awful thing! But...you were there for his end, weren't you, wasn't that a good thing?

TURNER: The damage was done...

GALE: What did the police say? And what happened to that cafe?

TURNER: A woman suffered minor injuries, luckily and the police took down my information and that was that...life is just supposed to move on...

GALE: Well, you can't entirely blame yourself, you can't sulk for days on end like you've been doing! Why didn't you tell me what happened?

TURNER: I don't feel like me. It's like his spirit passed through me when he died and joined mine. I feel like I'm carrying the horse's spirit with me. A kinship. Like, as if part of me died in a way. Listen, I didn't go to work yesterday, instead I went to the stables where he was from and spoke to the owner and the way the owner spoke of the horse, the way he described him, felt like he was describing me. And you will never believe the name of the horse...never.

GALE: Turner?

TURNER: Turner...Gale, I'm for real, the horse's name was Turner, just like mine.

GALE: I don't believe it.

TURNER: Please, believe me. Why would I lie?

GALE: Unbelievable.

TURNER: I wouldn't believe it either but it happened to me, therefore I am certain it's true. I haven't lost my mind yet.

GALE: You sure about that?...I mean, what an absurd thing to have happened!

TURNER: Do you see why I didn't tell you? It's this ridicule and disbelief that I didn't want to face.

GALE: Alright, alright, I'm sorry. I believe you, it's just so sad but I believe you, I do.

TURNER: Do you?

GALE: Yes, I do. If something so unusual was to happen such as you experienced it, it would definitely happen to you.

TURNER: It did.

GALE: ...Do you feel better, now that it's out in the open?

TURNER: I'm glad that I told you but I, I can't shake this feeling of loss...it's terrifying.

GALE: Why don't we take a drive up through the country? Perhaps some new scenery, the open air would do you some good.

TURNER: That sounds like a good idea.

GALE: Really? You never want to go on a country drive with me?

TURNER: I'd like to walk through the fields...drink some fresh river water, find some haystacks to sleep in and keep on walking till sundown.

GALE: Turner, you sure I shouldn't call the Doctor?

TURNER (laughs): Not at all. Let's pack our bags, we'll leave tomorrow morning!

GALE: You won't change your mind?

TURNER: Nothing would make me happier than being in nature, I need this, maybe I'll feel like me again.

LIGHTS OUT.

END OF PLAY