

## Horse With No Name

She: longish hair, wild and grizzled,  
in disarray. Middle-aged to oldish.

He: no longer young.

'A horse with no Name' America Song plays  
She rides in on her steed.

It halts, Stomps.

Steams at the nostrils.

She looks down at the man semi-prone (prostrate) on the ground.

She

You. You again!

He is holding his face in his hands  
stretched out in front of him  
(an outsized, long paper mâché mask).

HE

I'm not sure I understand what He meant.

SHE

What? You didn't understand what, exactly?

HE

(*stammers*)

I'm not sure. Did He say *La Cana Moora*? The Moorish Dog?  
It sounded almost like Rock and Roll.

SHE

Why would He say that? You've already said this before!

HE

I know. I thought I'd gotten it when He spoke.  
I was sure I had it right. Knew what it was He wanted.

SHE

Peculiar! Everyone thinks they know what He wants.

He: I don't. I don't understand.

She: Beyond me! And how He wants it served up!

HE

Huh?

SHE

Baffling. Your face is white and your feet look like stewed tomatoes!

HE

I need to talk to Him.

SHE

Ho! Not this again!

HE

But it's important. The most important thing ever. I have to get it right.

SHE

Bewildering! What you need may be a great deal different than what you think you need. Keep your day job. Or quit.  
If you don't like it, find something else.

HE

You're being sarcastic.

SHE

Getting off her horse

Dammit! Get up off the damned ground!  
Quit groveling!

HE

Getting up off the ground  
and putting the face down

Mean-spirited!

SHE

Because you don't get it. You don't want to. Same song, 72nd verse!

HE

You don't want to. I just need to see Him.

SHE

This is about something else. Not your "spiritual" life.

HE

What "else"?

SHE

This *thing* that's making you so miserable.

HE

I don't know what you're talking about. Just give me an example!

SHE

You need a hobby. An avocation. An interest.

HE

A waste of time. Nobody's interesting anymore.

SHE  
Can't disagree with you much on this one.

HE  
Everyone's on their device.

SHE  
How about a companion, a *real* girlfriend?

HE  
They all have baggage: Children, grandchildren.

SHE  
Yeah, most do.

HE  
I don't want another burden.

SHE  
A boyfriend, maybe?

HE  
No! Definitely not!

SHE  
You're being excessively fastidious.

HE  
I don't want to get into something that looks good only  
to find out it isn't!

SHE  
A cat. Go to the shelter. They are filled with lovely cats.

She walks over to the horse,  
reaches into her pocket,  
extends arm out to the horse,  
and flat palm up,  
gives the horse oats,

HE  
You have a beautiful horse!

SHE  
Yes. Yes, he is!

HE  
Wat's its name?

SHE  
He's a he, not an its. Horse with no name is a stallion

strokes his head

HE

No pets allowed where I live.

SHE

That's awful. Inexcusable! Barbaric!

extends her hand  
and sweeps it

SHE

Well, **move!**

HE

Not that easy. Not easy at all!

SHE

The world is big. Humongous. Vast! (extends both arms out).

HE

I've looked at maps, hundreds of maps; maybe thousands.

SHE

You're a hard case. I am a patient, long-suffering woman, but I can't stand a whiner and this has turned into an extended whinge.

HE

This is why I don't want to talk to you.  
He is the only one who will understand.

SHE

Nope!

HE

I'm frustrated!

SHE

I'm stultified! Others have said the same thing.  
They think He's shown Himself, talked to them, given instructions...

HE

I'll keep coming until I get the answer.

SHE

So many. Moses, Abraham...

HE

Well, why not me, then?

SHE

Jesus, Mohammed...

HE

If I don't get it right...,

SHE

Joseph Smith, Jim Jones...

HE

I won't get to live with God!

SHE

Oh, this is what you want. What you think you want.  
I'll let you in on a little secret: He changes his mind every birthday.  
What happened way back then isn't what He wants now.

HE

No! That can't be so.

SHE

And pray, why not?

HE

No, He's "infinite, eternal, and unchangeable in his being...

SHE

He's enervated by everyone's quotidian demands.

HE

Wisdom, power, holiness...

SHE

Wars and the rumors of wars...

HE

Justice, goodness, and truth."

SHE

It never ends!

HE

He falls back to the ground  
on his face

Oh, please! Hineni, Hineni, I'm ready, my lord.

SHE

He doesn't know what He wants. I should know, I'm His wife.

She faces audience

I'm exhausted. Poetry? oh, please-  
"What will you do with your one precious life?"

She turns and walks past prostrate man,  
reaches down and pats his shoulder

SHE

Poor Boo boo

She walks off the darkening stage,  
leaving the horse.  
Song fades, Lights darken.  
Horse whinnies.

END