

Cinnamon

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Cinnamon

Characters:

Lilith, a “horse girl,” who is at least 35 years old. She is wiser and happier than you or me.

Cinnamon, a chestnut brown horse. Played by either a real horse, two people in a horse costume, or one person in the rear half of a two-person horse costume.

Setting

A stable,
This morning.

Flavor Profile:

Applesauce, dust, Bonnie Tyler, sweet potatoes, flypaper, CVS hair care aisle, dried flowers.

*A brown horse stands center stage.
He is not gigantic,
But he's not a pony, either.
His face is muscular, like a horse's.*

*He stands calmly.
It is the morning.*

Lilith *(offstage)*
Cinnamon...
Cinnamon...

She is totally in love.

*Lilith enters,
Dancing with herself,
With a gym bag on her shoulder,
Which she lets drop to the ground
In front of Cinnamon's stall,
She's wearing riding pants and boots
And a "Life is Good" t-shirt.*

*She pops out her headphones.
She puts her hand on Cinnamon's nose.*

Good morning, Cinnamon,
Good morning.
I have something special for you today,
Cinnamon.
I do, I do.

*She takes a big step back and opens the big stall door.
Cinnamon walks out,
And she closes the door behind.*

You're so beautiful,
Cinnamon.
Did you know that?
It's true...
You're the most beautiful
Most handsomest
Charming
Sensible
Powerful
Sensual
Loving...

Her praise trails off while she takes a hoof pick out of the gym bag.

*She begins to groom Cinnamon:
Over the course of the scene,
She will complete their routine
Currying, vacuuming, brushing, toweling, polishing.
Each new brush comes from the gym bag,
And when she's done with each, in turn,
She sets them down on the ground,
So that eventually they make a small pile.*

I went out with Stanly last night.

I know I know
But I thought
Why not?
One date
If it's not fun, it's not fun,
And if it's great...
(It wasn't great)
But he is like nice...
No, really.
Really!
He-
We did the whole thing where
He picked me up
We went to this new restaurant
In this big old barn that they've turned into a fancy restaurant.
It's out
Way out
An hour on the highway
Then, a left down a dirt driveway to
Right down to this big old barn
That they'd repainted red
But kind of like a rusty red, you know?
Not red-red.
And there were chandeliers
And tablecloths
And specific piles of sawdust.
It was fancy.

They grow their own lettuce.

And Stanly...
He is a talker
Like
He talks and talks and
Which I don't mind!
But it's hard to focus on one person talk
For two and a half hours.

There'd always be something, too...
Something over his shoulder
A fly buzzing in the rafters
Or a waiter's brown leather apron
Or just the barn's wall
Something in that place
Would remind me of here.
Remind me of you,
And then I'd just be sitting there
Thinking of you
While Stanly went on and on about
All sorts of things.

The news.

*A pause:
Lilith gets a horse vacuum from the wing,
And brings it on stage,
And vacuums Cinnamon's sides.
The vacuum is too loud to talk over,
So she doesn't.*

When she's done, she puts it back.

But the food, Cinnamon.
The food there
And the way they brought it out to you
It was like a play that we didn't know we were invited to
But were suddenly in the middle of.

Every plate had a little explanation.

I'd go in to take a bite
And then the server would start talking
And I'd be like
Oh.
They have to tell me what's on the plate before I can eat it
I have to be an informed eater

She laughs.

And that seemed so odd to me
But then knowing
Hearing the names of everything that's on your fork
It really helps you taste it all
All the ingredients...

Then I started thinking about you
Again
While I was eating
And listening to Stanly
Still listening to Stanly, yeah
But also thinking
About what *you* eat.

It's the same stuff every day, isn't it?
Do you like it?
I know it's all good for you or what's supposed to be good for you but sometimes I eat things
that I know are good for me and I know that but they still taste pretty bad?

Pause.

It's good to keep on putting yourself out there.

I don't think I'm going to call him again.
You were right
But at least I tried it out.

On the car ride home
The long car ride home
The silent car ride home
I could still taste the dessert
In my mouth
The whole way back.

They were these tiny apple pies.
Smaller than this (*re: the brush in her hand*)
With the finest, finest cut apples in them
And this flaky crust
And so much cinnamon.
SO MUCH!
It was almost overwhelming almost.
We were both coughing and coughing...
But it was still nice.

And that of course made me think of you
The cinnamon
The taste
On the drive home?
And then was thinking about your food, and, well,

*She goes back to the gym bag for the last time.
The pile of brushes in front of it is massive.*

I thought,
You know, all he eats is hay.
Right?
Oats and hay.
And you know something that could be easy
That could be fun
To add to your hay?

*She takes out a cinnamon shaker from the bag.
She picks up a handful of hay.*

Cinnamon!
Cinnamon, cinnamon...

*She shakes cinnamon onto a handful of hay
She shakes
And shakes.
She makes a mess.*

I hope... well-
Here.

*She holds out her hand with the hay.
Cinnamon eats it from her hand.
She puts her hand on his cheek.*

She's been thinking about this moment since the car ride home.

Cinnamon
It's wonderful.
Thank you.

The End.