

Scars and Stripes

By

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written for Amios Theater Company's "It's a Bird! It's a  
Plane! It's Shotz!"

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### Cast of Characters

<u>Zula</u> :	a three-year-old female zebra
<u>Zane</u> :	a five-year-old male zebra
<u>"Zookeeper Carl"</u> :	a zookeeper
<u>Sabrina</u> :	a little girl
<u>Patrick</u> :	her daddy

### Scene

The San Antonio Zoo

### Time

10am

*The San Antonio Zoo on a hot-as-balls day. Zula and Zane, two young zebras, are in their cage. Zane reclines and grooms his hooves. Zula paces.*

ZANE

So how you liking the place so far Zula?

*Zula paces.*

I hear you're a transfer from Africa? That's cool, that's cool. How are the exhibits there? Nice? I was born here, so if you have any questions I'm your guy.

*Zula paces.*

You don't say much, huh?

ZULA

If I spend one more minute in this hell-hole I'm gonna lose my mind. People staring at me. Pointing at me. Calling me an "it." "Look Daddy it's eating!!!" "Look Mommy it's peeeeeeeeing!"

*She makes a lewd gesture to imaginary zoo-goers.*

ZANE

Oh our guests? Our guests are the best! Hey, I just shined my hooves on the bars. What do you think?

ZULA

So you're gay, right?

ZANE

Huh?

ZULA

You prefer stallions to mares.

ZANE

Pardon?

ZULA

Do yer thing dude. I got a girl in the Serengeti that I'm dying to get back to. But you do know why they put us together, right?

*Just then, Zookeeper Carl approaches.*

ZOOKEEPER CARL

Hey cuties!

ZULA

Fuck off Carl.

ZANE

Be nice! Zookeeper Carl's a doll.

ZULA

Zookeeper Carl's a douche. He's only nice when he wants something.

ZOOKEEPER CARL

Papa's got some pellets for you! You hungry?

ZANE

Oooh! Pellets! Pellets! You'll love these!

*Zookeeper Carl keys in and enters the cage. There is a moment of stillness and silence, a face-off between Zane and Carl. Then... Carl starts prancing around like a gazelle, keeping the feedbag out of reach from Zane. Zane growls happily and chases him. He pounces. They wrestle.*

ZULA

Why does he do this?

ZANE

(still wrestling) For the thrill of the hunt I think!

ZULA

(to Carl) Herbivores don't hunt, dumbass! They graze!

*Zane and Zookeeper Carl exhaust themselves.*

ZOOKEEPER CARL

(sigh) Boy, that was fun! Here you go, cuties.

*He pours the pellets into the trough. Zane dives face first into the food.*

I also brought you.... a brand new salt lick!

ZANE

SALT LICK! SALT LICK! I LOVE THE SALT LICK!!!!

*Zookeeper Carl installs the salt lick. Zane laps at it with great enthusiasm.*

ZULA

Don't trust him Zane. I'm telling you, he's buttering you up for something.

ZANE

(licking) Mmmmmm. Sooooooo goooooood.

ZOOKEEPER CARL

Zane, I'm buttering you up for something. (Beat.) It's time for you to pull your weight and procreate.

ZANE

(still licking) What's he talking about? You know what he's talking about?

ZOOKEEPER CARL

Let's press pause on the salt-lick for just a sec. Here's the thing, buddy. Attendance is way down at this here San Antonio Zoo. Papa's gonna lose the place if he doesn't sell more tickets. And nothing sells tickets like fresh exotic baby animals. Sooooo... I'm gonna need you to put this...

*He points to Zane's junk.  
...in that.*

*He points to Zula's junk.*

ZANE

WHAAAT?!! HELL NO! (to Zula) No offense.

ZULA

None taken, Zane. the thought of you putting your "this" in my "that" makes me puke in my mouth.

ZANE

Oh good. Same page.

ZOOKEEPER CARL

There's no reason to be scared pal! You'll like it! And you won't even have to pay for it, like I always do. Nice and easy now...

*Carl tries to guide them together. They resist.  
Zane? Papa spent lots of money to bring this filly all the way from Africa for you! He needs you to like her!*

*They struggle.  
Come on you little asshole, JUST DO IT!*

*He shoves them together. Zula & Zane make horrible zebra sounds & shoot to opposite ends of the cage.*

ZANE

You were right. Zookeeper Carl is a douche.

*We hear voices approaching down the path.*

SABRINA

Daddy! Look!!! Zeeeeeebras!!!

PATRICK

Yes, those sure are some pretty zeh-bruhs honey!

ZOOKEEPER CARL

Buddy? Papa's sorry. He shouldn't have forced the issue. Just... act normal for me. Ok, cuties?

*Carl exits and re-locks the cage as a  
daddy/daughter duo reaches the exhibit.*

SABRINA

Daddy, why do zebras have black and white stripes?

PATRICK

Because they're incarcerated sweetheart. It's their prison uniform.

SABRINA

Oh! I thought they were referees of the jungle!  
Daddy, what sound do zebras make?

PATRICK

Zeh-bruhs are bi-racial horses, luv. So they neigh of course!

SABRINA

Oh!!

*Sabrina neighs enthusiastically at Zula and Zane.*

ZOOKEEPER CARL

(under his breath) Kid wants you to neigh, you neigh.

ZANE

YOU neigh you sonofabitch!

ZOOKEEPER CARL

Zane!

ZULA

That's it Zane, get mad! He's using you. Everyone here is using you!

ZANE

(to Carl) You're using me! Everyone here is using me!

PATRICK

(confused) On second thought... maybe zeh-bruhs hee-haw. Daddy's not sure punkin.

ZULA

You think we're donkeys dude? Fuckin donkeys!!!? Do these look like ASS teeth to you?!

*She makes disparaging donkey faces at them.*

SABRINA

Daddy look! It's smiling!

PATRICK

It likes you sweetheart!

ZANE

Ooooooh don't call her an "it." We are NOT "its!"

*Zane starts aggressively kicking his back legs.*

ZULA

Yes Zane, yes!

ZOOKEEPER CARL

Zane? Calm down!

PATRICK

Look Sabrina, he's dancing! At least I think it's a he. Is it a he? Oh yes. Ahem. It's most definitely a he.

*Zula joins in the aggressive back-leg-kicking.*

ZULA

Are you looking at his junk??!

ZANE

WHY IS EVERYONE OBSESSED WITH MY JUNK!?!??

SABRINA

Now they're BOTH dancing daddy! Just like The Rockettes!

PATRICK

(beaming at Sabrina) And a 5 and a 6...

PATRICK/SABRINA

And a 5, 6, 7, 8!

*Sabrina and Patrick launch into a kick line accompanying themselves to the tune of "New York, New York." Everyone but Carl is kicking.*

ZOOKEEPER CARL

EVERYBODY STOP KICKING RIGHT NOW!!!

*Everyone stops.*

ZOOKEEPER CARL

Hi there, I'm Zookeeper Carl. Boy, that's a pretty dress you're wearing sweetheart! Did you know we have a Malayan Wreathed Hornbill in the Wings of Wonder exhibit whose feathers are that exact same color?

SABRINA

(gasps) I love the Malayan Wreathed Hornbill!!!!

PATRICK

She's a fiend for the Malayan Wreathed Hornbill!

ZOOKEEPER CARL

Well then by all means...GO!

*Zookeeper Carl rushes them off, then turns to Zula and Zane. He starts clapping.*

What a performance! What a show. Zane, I've had it! None of the zebras I've brought you are good enough, huh? Well I know just the girl to cure you of your little "problem." You're going to see Marcy!

*He keys in, grabs Zane by his mane and starts pulling him out of the cage.*

ZANE

(panicking) Marcy? Did he say Marcy?

ZULA

Who's Marcy?

ZANE

A Mongolian horse! She drops foals like it's her job!

ZOOKEEPER CARL

This is what I should have been doing all along!!! Zebroids! That's what people want! They want freaky deaky cross-bred zebroids! By the time I'm done with you, we'll have zeedonks, zorses and zonies all over this zoo! People will come out in droves! But wait. Why stop there??? I'll mate you with everything! We'll have Zalligators! Zelephants! Zorangutans!!!! Muuahahahaha!

*Sabrina and Patrick reappear. They've dropped the daddy/daughter act.*

SABRINA/PATRICK

Release the equid!

ZOOKEEPER CARL

Huh?



SABRINA/PATRICK  
KAPOW!

*Sabrina and Patrick tear open their shirts to  
reveal the word PETA across their chests.*

ZOOKEEPER CARL  
PETA!!!!

*He tries to run but they throw a huge net over him  
and knock him to the ground.*

PATRICK  
We're here to take these animals back to the wild!

SABRINA  
We're here to teach you compassion motherfucker!

PATRICK  
Tell me what you had for breakfast this morning!

ZOOKEEPER CARL  
Whaaaat?!

SABRINA  
TELL HIM!

ZOOKEEPER CARL  
Eggs! I had eggs!

SABRINA  
Wrong answer my friend.

*Patrick chokes him. Sabrina pummels him. Zula  
motions for Zane to follow her out the open cage.*

ZANE  
This is a little brutal, yeah? Shouldn't we do  
something?

ZULA  
No. This is our chance. You want real life don't you?

ZANE  
...yes?

*The PETA people continue their attack. The zebras  
start to move.*  
Wait! I just need to-

ZULA  
Zane! You've got a one-way ticket to Tanzania, a  
magical place where herds of sexy-ass male zebras romp

ZULA  
freely across miles and miles of shrublands. Don't you  
want to be part of that?

ZANE  
I do. I sure as fuck do.

*The zebras move down the path.*

PATRICK  
Those eggs were gonna be baby chickens you bastard!

SABRINA  
Until you fried their fetuses in your skillet of  
death!!!!

PATRICK  
How'd you prepare 'em, asshole?!

ZOOKEEPER CARL  
What the hell does that matter?

SABRINA  
Answer the question!!!!

ZOOKEEPER CARL  
I poached the shit outta them and smothered them in  
hollandaise!! And I would do it again!!!!

*The PETA people wind up their fists...*

ZANE  
Goodbye Carl.

*...and give Zookeeper Carl one last punch. He's  
out cold. The zebras are gone. Sabrina and Patrick  
weep profoundly.*

PATRICK  
(wailing) Oh GOD the chickens!!!

SABRINA  
(wailing) Oh GOD The zebras!!!

*Beat. They look up.*

PATRICK/SABRINA  
Oh shit. Where are the?-

*Blackout.*

*End of play.*