

*I, Animal* was first produced by Kazan Co-op in May 2012 at Neptune Theatre, Halifax, Nova Scotia, as part of the SuperNova Theatre Festival. It featured the following cast and creative crew:

Man In Scrubs: Antonio Cayonne

Boy In Hoodie: Stewart Legere

Woman In Prada: Kathryn MacLellan

Director: Richie Wilcox

Light design: Ingrid Risk

Costume design: Janet MacLellan

Set design: Victoria Marsten

Sound design and composition: Aaron Collier



## Man In Scrubs

*Night. A dog park.*

*A black man in scrubs carries a leash.*

*(off)* Larry. Larry. Larry! Good!

*(to us)* They said I had no business going off like that. They said I had no reason to be offended.

*(off)* Larry.

*(to us)* They said I had no right.

*(off)* Larry!

*(to us)* But how do they know that. They don't know me.

*(off)* Good!

*(to us)* But I gotta be what I am. Believe what I am.

Be what I believe.

*He watches off after his dog a moment.*

I'm on staff. We work together. We've got to be able to work together. He's a doctor. Yeah yeah. That's a big deal. That's a great divide. It's not like on TV. The doctors and the nurses being at the same parties, arguing in the hallways of the hospital, going out to lunch together in expensive restaurants. You're not going to see that in real life. But that's why there's TV. A nurse hanging out with a doctor. It'd be like hanging out with your landlord. It'd be like going out with your landlord if you lived in a building of over a hundred units. That's what it's like. Because that's what we do. We just rent the patients. The patients belong to the doctor.

How many people ever go out with their landlord to a fancy restaurant? Unless you live with your landlord. Or are a landlord. And sometimes you rent a place and you don't pay much attention to it; and sometimes you rent a place and you paint and put in new floors and install a washer and a dryer. That can happen. People do that. I'd do that if I had the cash. I've always preferred renting. Who owns anything? Tee used to say "leave the campsite better than how you found it." I always remembered that. I built my life around that. Since Tee.

*(off)* Larry!

(to us) So he is trying to tell me what I can or can't say? How I may or may not identify myself. That's bullshit.

*He looks off after his dog.*

I've got a temper. I got it from my old man. People always said "you got your temper from your father." And everybody knows the best way to pass on a temper. *Whack*. I should put that in a book. That's what I'd call it. *Whack*.

(off) Larry!

(to us) People treat their dogs better than they treat their people.

That's one crazy dog. I mean he's a great dog. But he sure is horny. That's a dog who loves dogs. Most people don't care. Most people think it's funny. Some people freak out. Some dogs freak out. Some dogs love it.

(off) Larry! No! Sorry about that. Not to worry, he's been fixed. He's shooting blanks.

*He makes a shooting gesture.*

(to us) He's not loaded. But he sure still gets cocked.

*He watches off after the person he was speaking to. He turns to us.*

The lady keeps looking back. Her purse all up on her and carrying her little dog. Let's say she's deaf. In that outfit she could be blind and deaf. Let's say she's deaf as a bag of leaves and now she's on her way to the police to tell them there was a "suspicious-looking man in the park and he began making shooting gestures at my dog and I." She might. Stranger things have happened. Far stranger.

*(off)* Larry!

*(to us)* Most people don't care. Most people know Larry. It's the breeders. When Larry comes at their dogs with his humping the breeders go nuts. It's not sex—he's got no balls—it's not sex, it's dominance. That's the kind of animal Larry is. The breeders are like that with all the dogs. Come near them and it's like they can see their bank account draining. All you have to do is look and see he's got no balls. But the breeders don't look too closely at mutts like Larry. I say don't come to the park if you're a breeder. I say no breeders allowed. *(laughs)* I should give that to the Pride Day people. For the posters. "No Breeders Allowed!" And no offence intended, okay? Just I preferred things back when we were over the rainbow and under the radar. Yeah, yeah, I believe that we're all one world and all that. But that *human race* idea doesn't take into account personalities. And everybody's got one and they're all different. And you can't get rid of it ever. Even in a mirror. You can't stare it out of yourself. I've tried. I mean you can alter it and all that. Join a group or take a pill. But you've always got that "you" to contend with. This personality. I'll say about personalities, I'll