

Pig Girl was first produced at Theatre Network in Edmonton in November 2013 with the following cast and creative team:

Dying Woman: Nadien Chu
Killer: Randy Hughson
Sister: Elinor Holt
Police Officer: Brian Dooley

Director: Bradley Moss
Set and costume design: Cory Sincennes
Lighting design: Scott Peters
Sound design: Matthew Skopyk
Stage manager: Paul Bezaire
Production assistant: Anne Wenschlag

CHARACTERS

Dying Woman: twenty-five to thirty-five

Killer: fifty

Sister: thirty to forty

Police Officer: fifty

NOTE

No pre-show music or any music during the show; however, after actors have left the stage, consider Dolores Keane's "You'll Never Be The Sun."

THE BEGINNING

DYING WOMAN and KILLER are in the middle of the stage; SISTER and POLICE OFFICER are on either side.

Hands tied behind her back, DYING WOMAN wears a miniskirt and one muddy high heel—her other foot is bare. Her toenails are painted red and a purple coat lies in a heap by her feet. POLICE OFFICER wears a suit. There is mud on his shoes. KILLER wears sweats and mucky gumboots. SISTER wears jeans and running shoes with splotches of mud on them.

A piece of barn roof with missing slats is slung across the top. Moonlight leaks through the slats and a slab of wall runs down upstage centre.

A hoist and pulley with a chain laced through is fastened on the roof. A sharp hook dangles from the end

of the chain, but it is not seen until KILLER pulls the chain down.

The quiet is occasionally broken by the impressionistic sounds of trains going past in the distance, a dog barking, a telephone ringing, and a knock-knock-knock—all heard from inside the heads of each character.

There are two time signatures: the action between DYING WOMAN and KILLER plays out in real time, while SISTER and POLICE OFFICER experience time over the course of nine years.

DYING WOMAN: Soon it's gonna be light out. Tick tick tick. I'm waitin', eh.

She looks up at the moonlight.

If I'm outside early I always look up to watch for a tiny dot of light at the edge of the sky—even when it's rainin' I can still see a tiny dot of light an' that's when I know the sun's gonna come up.

KILLER makes kissing sounds with his lips.

KILLER: Lemme pet you . . .

DYING WOMAN: You got yer fun—untie me.

SISTER: My sister's twenty-seven years old. She's an addict and a prostitute.

POLICE OFFICER: Oh boy, here we go again.

KILLER: Yer soft like velvet noses, eh.

DYING WOMAN: Don't touch me.

SISTER: She was supposed to come to my son's birthday party on Sunday but she didn't show up—never called, nothing.

DYING WOMAN: You gonna drive me back or what?

SISTER: She's five six, hair about this long, black—sometimes she dyes it but last time I saw her—about two months ago—it was black and she was wearing her purple coat and a nice dress.

KILLER: Lemme pet yer skin—

DYING WOMAN: Don't touch me no more.

SISTER takes out a photograph.

SISTER: Officer, I brought a photograph so you can report her missing. I'm going to get it enlarged and have posters made.

POLICE OFFICER: She probably left town or changed her name—maybe she's in a hospital under an alias. Wait a few weeks—she'll turn up.

DYING WOMAN: My sister's gonna call the cops if I'm not home soon—they'll bust in here screamin' *hands up surrender arseholer!*

KILLER: Me I'm tremblin' with fear, eh.

SISTER: I got a feeling something happened to her.

DYING WOMAN: I live with my sister an' we got a system. When I leave I tell her where I'm goin' an' when I'm comin' back.

KILLER: Lemme touch you—

DYING WOMAN: Hey arseholer—don'tcha understand English?

KILLER: (*infantile*) . . . ooooo pretty beautiful—