

Pigcat

by
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PIGCAT

Characters:

FREDDY, 12, *trapped, excitable and impulsive boy*

BOBBY, 17, *determined and aggressive*

VIC, 43, *repressed, volatile alcoholic*

JANE, 38, *Freddy's mother*

WILLYBOAR, *an apparition from Freddy's imagination, played by the same actor as Vic.*

Setting: A small deteriorating town in the USA.

ACT I, SCENE I

(The backyard of a small house in need of serious attention with an old shed and a rusted old pick-up truck. A couple of old chairs, an old beat up sofa, a grill resting on the side of the house, a clothesline with the hide of a wild boar. Some crates tossed carelessly around the yard.)

Freddy sits by a crate. He lifts the crate up and pulls out a wooden hand-carved mask of Pigcat. He puts the mask on, scuffs the ground with his feet, squeals, snorts, hisses. Stops. Takes a magnifying glass out of his back pocket and searches the ground for bugs.

Bobby steps out of the house looking at a porn magazine. Freddy sees him, takes off the mask and hides it under the crate. Bobby sits on the sofa reading the magazine while Freddy searches for bugs. He finds one, uses a magnifying glass and sunlight to burn the bug.)

FREDDY

Watch'em sizzle, Bobby.

BOBBY

Later.

FREDDY

Whoa. *(frying bug.)*

(Bobby walks into the shed with the magazine. Freddy scours the yard for another bug. He ends up by the truck. He finds a bug.)

You're in for it now, idiot. *(to bug)*

(He places the bug on the hood of the truck, jumps on the hood and tries to fry it with his magnifier. Freddy is interrupted by a muffled groan from the shed. He distracts himself by burning the bug. Suddenly he pretends to be the burning bug, writhing and screaming to himself. After a moment he stops writhing, looks for more bugs.)

(To himself about Bobby)
Idiot, spittin' on it.

(Bobby walks out of shed)

The sun sizzles 'em good.

BOBBY

(Walking to the sofa frame)

Shut it about the bugs, you're annoyin' the hell out of me.

(Bobby hides the magazine under the sofa, takes out a cigarette; lucky strike non-filters, smokes it.)

FREDDY

That's Vic's magazine.

BOBBY

What about it?

FREDDY

I seen 'em all.

BOBBY

Yeah? What'd you see?

Naked girls. FREDDY

They're chics, Idiot. And you better not let Vic catch you. BOBBY

Better not let him catch *you*. FREDDY

He don't care about me. BOBBY

Why would he care about me? FREDDY

I don't know. Cause you're twelve. BOBBY

So. FREDDY

Why don't you ask him? BOBBY

He'll give you the belt. FREDDY

He's not going to find out...Tell him, but you'll pay for opening your mouth. BOBBY

I said I wouldn't. FREDDY

(Bobby grabs Freddy.)

Let go.

(Bobby takes his cigarette and holds it close to Freddy's arm.)

You'll get what's coming to you. BOBBY

I don't want nothing' FREDDY

(still closer)

Ah, okay. Ah! You said he don't care.

BOBBY

(Pushes Freddy away)

He don't, but I hate squealers.

FREDDY

I'm no squealer. I never squealed on nobody.

BOBBY

Bobby did this, then we did that, and this bullshit and that bullshit and where is Bobby going? Bobby's not home yet.

FREDDY

I don't know what you're saying.

BOBBY

You don't?

FREDDY

No.

BOBBY

Good, then keep your mouth shut about shit.

FREDDY

What shit?

BOBBY

Any shit that's not about you. Any shit that comes out of your mouth.

*(Bobby makes his way to the truck
and lies on the hood with his legs
dangling off the side. Freddy slowly sneaks
up close to Bobby.)*

If Jane's piece of junk worked, I'd drive myself somewhere like California where all those chics in the magazines make movies. None of 'em around here worth squat. Can't trust 'em, neither. Always saying one thing and meaning something else. Like that Georgia Crispen idiot. Said she liked me, then laughed in my face when I asked her if she wanted to fool around behind the school. Say one thing, mean something else. And they'll run out on you, too. Without no more

than a thought. Just leave you sitting in the middle of a road somewhere to die, as if you were road kill still twitching in the sun. Just like Jane left.

FREDDY

Jane didn't leave me twitching in the middle of no road. She left me here with you and Vic.

BOBBY

She left you like you were nothing. Like her giving birth to you meant squat. Don't matter to me, though. I'm driving to where it's always warm and them hot magazine chics make movies. And I'm gonna make movies with 'em. I'm gonna direct porn movies.

FREDDY

Yeah, and I'm gonna be your camera man.

BOBBY

That's a good one.

FREDDY

I know how to use a camera.

BOBBY

No you don't. You have to have skill to use a camera.

FREDDY

Do you have skill?

BOBBY

The director doesn't need a camera skill.

FREDDY

I'll learn it.

BOBBY

I'm not taking you to California.

FREDDY

Then can I have a smoke?

BOBBY

No.

*(Freddy has been using the magnifier to burn
Bobby's sneaker.)*

Smells like rubber burning.

(Freddy laughs to himself. Bobby looks up.)

BOBBY

Ah! You little idiot. I'm gonna burn your eyes out with that thing.

*(He runs after Freddy. Freddy dodges,
manages to escape a couple of times, but
Bobby is too quick, tackles him, pulls the
magnifying glass out of Freddy's hand.)*

FREDDY

Gimme my mag.

BOBBY

I'm gonna fry your eyeballs like you're one of those bugs.

*(Freddy manages to twist his head into the
ground.)*

Gimme your head, Pussy.

*(The sound of the front door of the house
opening and slamming shut.)*

VIC'S VOICE

Where the hell are you boys? Bobby?

*(Bobby puts out his cigarette and throws the
butt out of the yard.)*

FREDDY

Give me my magnifier. *(He tries to grab the magnifier)* Give it.

*(Bobby finally lets Freddy have it, then pushes
Freddy to the ground. Vic walks into the yard with
a string of sea bass.)*

VIC

I expect an answer when I call.

BOBBY

We didn't hear you.

FREDDY

Yeah, we didn't hear you, Vic.

VIC
(to Bobby)

Take these.

FREDDY

Whoa.

BOBBY
(seeing the bass)

Shit, Dad.

(Bobby takes the fish and sets up to gut them.)

FREDDY

You caught all these, Vic?

BOBBY

Idiot. What do you think?

VIC

Get a bucket of water, Freddy.

(Freddy runs into the house. Vic pulls out a fish gutting knife. Hands it to Bobby who deftly guts a fish. Vic takes a pint from his back pocket, takes a swig. Freddy sticks his head out the window.)

FREDDY

I'll gut one.

BOBBY

You'll fuck it up.

FREDDY

No I won't.

(Freddy disappears inside. Vic slaps Bobby across the back of the head.)

VIC

What did I say about that fuckin' mouth?

BOBBY

No worse than yours. *(Under his breath)*

What? VIC

Nothing. BOBBY

Freddy, where's that bucket? VIC
(calling)

I'm getting it. FREDDY'S VOICE
(from inside)

Hurry it up. VIC

I got it! FREDDY'S VOICE

(Freddy walks out from the house, carries the bucket over to them.)

Full bucket, Vic. Ready for some gutting. FREDDY

Watch how you spill it. VIC

Put the bucket down. BOBBY

Can I gut one? FREDDY

There's only one gutting knife and I'm using it. BOBBY

Let me gut one, Vic? I'll do it like you showed me. FREDDY

Here, idiot. BOBBY

(Bobby hands Freddy the knife. Freddy jumps at this, grabs a fish and the knife. He guts the fish.)

VIC

Gut that thing right, now. Don't look away when you're using that thing. It'll cut through you like a hot knife through butter.

FREDDY

Like a hot knife through butter.

VIC

That's what I said. I don't want a bloody mess to deal with.

FREDDY

I don't want no bloody mess, neither.

VIC

Stop repeating me.

FREDDY

Stop repeating what Vic says. Oh!

VIC

Jesus, you're as dumb as a bucket of fish heads.

FREDDY

I'm not dumb. I know how to gut this thing.

BOBBY

There's nothing to do in this shithole.

VIC

(Vic takes another swig.)

This shit hole is your home. You don't like it go out on your own.

BOBBY

Maybe I will.

VIC

Go on then. I was on my own at sixteen. That's a year younger than you are now, isn't it?

FREDDY

From the shit hole up through the belly. Then you pull out all the guts. Scrape the blood loose from the belly of the backbone. That's how you taught me.

(He holds up a fish.)

VIC
(to Bobby)

Help him with the grill.

BOBBY

He can get it.

VIC

Don't give me lip.
(to Freddy)
Help Bobby with the grill.

(Bobby and Freddy set up the grill. Vic guts the fish.)

FREDDY

Did they put up a good fight?

BOBBY

Ha. They'd a pulled the weakling in.

FREDDY

I'm no weakling. I'm gonna catch me one of these big ass basses.

BOBBY

I wish we went fishing with you, Dad.

FREDDY

Yeah, Vic. I wanna hook one those things.

VIC

I don't need you idiots around me every second.

(Silence. Vic takes a swig from the bottle.)

You two don't pull any crap, maybe next time I'll take you.

FREDDY

You mean it, Vic?

VIC

What'd I say?

FREDDY

Yeah! Yeah! We're going fishing and I'm gonna catch me a big ass bass.

VIC

Get the coals going in the grill.

(Vic disappears into the house.)

FREDDY

I'm gonna catch me a big ass bass.

BOBBY

Shut it already.

(Stillness. The action is quiet, almost slow motion. Lights shift to emphasize the internal; a sense that forces are working.)

Bobby gets the grill going as Freddy watches. Bobby and Freddy stand by the grill watching the coals burn. Vic comes out of the house, carrying a pot with corn on the cob. Bobby walks into the house and gets some plates. Freddy gets the silverware. They sit round and eat. Real time.)

VIC

What'd you do all day?

FREDDY

I sizzled bugs with my mag and Bobby played with himself in the shed.

BOBBY

I'm gonna break your face when we're done eating'

FREDDY

He musta six times today.

BOBBY

I didn't do nothing six times.

(Bobby goes after Freddy)

FREDDY

Get off me. Vic, get 'em off me.

You make your own bed. VIC

You lay in it. BOBBY

What does that mean? FREDDY

It means this. BOBBY

(Bobby raises his fist to punch Freddy.)

That's enough! VIC

He needs a beating. He never shuts his mouth. BOBBY

That's true. VIC

(Bobby stops and shoves Freddy.)

Idiot. FREDDY

Dad. BOBBY

You're a little shit though, aren't you Freddy? VIC

I didn't do nothing. FREDDY

Minding everyone's business but your own. VIC

I mind my own business, but business don't mind me. FREDDY

VIC

Always trap yapping' You're lucky I felt sorry for you at the time. Letting her runt stay with us....Didn't leave no explanation, did she? Left her little snot behind. I could've kicked you out. You know that?

FREDDY

Why would you do that, Vic? I'm a good kid.

VIC

Cause you're her kid, that's why. Should nickname you Lucky Runt.

BOBBY

That's a good one, Dad.

(Freddy laughs.)

FREDDY

That's a good one, Vic.

(Vic and Bobby stare at Freddy. He stops laughing.)

BOBBY

He don't show no appreciation.

FREDDY

I appreciate it, Vic.

VIC

Do you?

FREDDY

Yes, sir.

VIC

All right, then.

BOBBY

You shoulda thrown him out on his ass.

FREDDY

Don't you worry about it. I'm fixing up that truck and I'm leaving here.

You're not fixin' nothing. BOBBY

Neither are you. FREDDY

Stay away from that truck if you know what's good for you. BOBBY

That trucks getting towed outta here in a couple a days. VIC

What? BOBBY

That's Jane's truck. You can't get rid of Jane's truck. FREDDY

That's my truck now, and I sold it off for fifty bucks and a tow outta my yard. VIC

Why'd you do that? I was gonna fix her up. BOBBY

That shitbox can't be fixed. VIC

I was gonna try. BOBBY

Bobby took a truck fixing class in school. FREDDY

(Bobby heads out of the yard.)

Where're you going? VIC

I gotta date. BOBBY

With a chic? FREDDY

You're not goin' nowhere till supper's cleaned up. VIC

I gotta date. BOBBY

You leave here without doing what I tell you, don't come back. VIC

I'll clean up for him. FREDDY

(Bobby looks at Freddy, surprised.)

Shut it, Freddy. VIC
(to Bobby)

Clean up, then you can go.

(Bobby mumbles under his breath)

Don't give me no lip, neither. VIC

I ain't giving you lip. BOBBY

And you listen up about this other thing...Don't get no girl pregnant. I'm not taking no one else in. VIC

They're chics, Vic. FREDDY

Jesus Freddy. Shut up. BOBBY

I'm just saying.

FREDDY

(Some silence as the boys clean up.)

Jane left you for some loser.

What?

VIC

Jane took off with some loser.

FREDDY

And she left her runt behind, didn't she? Didn't she?

VIC
(Vic grabs Freddy)

Yeah.

FREDDY

Right. Lucky Runt. Right.

VIC

(Vic disgusted, releases Freddy and walks into the house.)

What'd you do? I should pull your tongue out of your mouth.

BOBBY

I don't care. Pull it.

FREDDY

(Freddy pulls his own tongue, jumps up, flops to the ground)

Ah, ow! My tongue. Bobby! Ow!

(Bobby throws a fish head at Freddy.)

I should gut you like this bass for talkin' about Jane running off with some loser.

BOBBY

You think we'll ever see her again?

FREDDY

BOBBY
How would I know?

FREDDY
What do you think she's doing right now?

BOBBY
Probably working somewhere stupid.

FREDDY
Yeah, like the adventure park.

BOBBY
Adventure parks aren't stupid, idiot.

FREDDY
I wish she took us with her.

BOBBY
I don't.

FREDDY
She's not your mother.

BOBBY
I grew up without a mother. Get over it.

FREDDY
Yeah, cause you never knew her. I knew Jane all my life. I bet she's in charge of the cyclone. I'd ride it all day.

BOBBY
You'd puke your guts out.

FREDDY
I wouldn't.

BOBBY
There are two kinds of people in the world. The kind that gets off the Cyclone and wants to jump right back on, and the kind that puke when they get off.

FREDDY
I'm not the second kind.

BOBBY
What about when she took us to Coney Island? After, you puked the entire

lunch up. Cotton Candy, popcorn, hot dogs all came up, didn't it? All over your shoes.

FREDDY

I don't mind pukin.' I feel good after I puke. I had the best time ever.

BOBBY

Doesn't mean nothing. She's probably stuck in a rooming house somewhere, like when you were a brat. Vic and me found you two living in that rat hole rooming house on the other side of town. Remember. Thought you were tough, tried boxing me and I popped you a good one. Right there. Remember that?

(he gestures a punch)

Pop! You cried too. Like a pussy. I don't cry. I never cried in my life. Not once.

FREDDY

What about when your Mom died?

BOBBY

She died given birth to me, so I guess I cried like all babies cry when their born. But I bet it wasn't about her dying.

FREDDY

I remember when I was born.

BOBBY

Right.

FREDDY

I do.

BOBBY

Nobody remembers when they were born.

FREDDY

I came out like a bat out of hell. That's what Jane said.

(He runs around the yard like a bat out of hell. He stops.)

Like that. That's how I was born.

(silence)

She didn't go back there.

BOBBY

What?

FREDDY

The rooming house. I checked.

BOBBY

When did you do that?

FREDDY

A while ago.

BOBBY

So she went to some other rat hole. Still left her idiot rat behind.

*(Freddy tackles Bobby, manages to get a punch in,
but quickly Bobby is on top of
Freddy.)*

BOBBY

Or else he killed her.

FREDDY

What?

BOBBY

You heard me.

(He punches Freddy.)

FREDDY

Ow! No, she ran off with some loser. That's what Vic said.

BOBBY

Yeah. I bet she's buried right here in this dirt.

FREDDY

(Sudden rage, tries to fight Bobby)

Don't say that! Don't say she's dead!

BOBBY

(Still holding Freddy down.)

Vic killed her.

Don't say it!

FREDDY

She deserved it, too.

BOBBY

(Vic appears at the window.)

She deserved it cause she-

BOBBY

Stop the goddamn yelling.

VIC

(The boys freeze.)

Clean up and put that grill away.

(Vic shuts the window. Bobby gets off Freddy, cleans up. Freddy studies the ground, moves to the shed, grabs a shovel and drags it across the yard and makes a circle in the dirt by dragging the shovel behind him.)

You better stop that shit and help me clean up.

BOBBY

She's not dead.

FREDDY

What?

BOBBY

Jane's not dead.

FREDDY

Might as well be. Might as well be her buried six feet deep right,

BOBBY

(He moves to the center of the circle made by the shovel and spits.)

here!

(Freddy takes a swing at Bobby's head with the shovel. Bobby tackles Freddy, takes the handle of the shovel and presses it against Freddy's throat.)

BOBBY

You know what a joke is, retard? Huh?! Huh? Shut it!

FREDDY

(Overlapping screams, choking.)

Don't say she's dead! Don't say it!

BOBBY

(Looking out for Vic)

Okay, shut it! Shut it!

(Freddy struggles for breath. Bobby releases Freddy, who coughs and gasps for air, then jumps up, grabs the shovel and stares at Bobby, looks at the spot Bobby spit. Bobby moves to Freddy and pulls the shovel out of his hand. Moves to shed and puts the shovel away.)

BOBBY

Help me clean up before we get the belt.

(Bobby brings things into the house. Freddy chanting under his breath, walks the circle in the dirt.)

FREDDY

WhiteCat, WhiteCat, WhiteCat, WhiteCat, WhiteCat.

(Bobby returns.)

BOBBY

What're you doin'?

(Freddy ignores him.)

FREDDY

(Continuous)

WhiteCat, WhiteCat, Pigcat, Pigcat, WhiteCat, WhiteCat, Willyboar, WhiteCat, Pigcat, Pigcat...

BOBBY

(Shaking head.)

Freak show.

(Bobby brings more into the house. Freddy stares at the circle and the spot where Bobby spit. The earth rumbles, lights shift, Jane rises up out of the ground, wearing jeans and a flowery shirt, boots. Her hair long but loosely pulled up.)

FREDDY

Mom?

JANE

I know, Sweetie. I'm a mess again. Look at me. Wait a second, Honey. Let me fix myself up for you.

(She brushes off the dirt.)

You know your Mom's still a good looking chick.

(She finishes brushing herself off.)

That's better. How do I look now?...Okay? You must be pretty upset, huh? My baby boy. I didn't want to leave you behind. You know that, right?...I've been on one of those difficult journeys trying to make the best of a bad thing. I didn't leave you behind on purpose. I thought it'd be easier to find a place for us first. Then I'd come back for you. You saw how he is with me. I didn't think he'd hurt you....I promise, Honey. I'm coming back. I'm looking for our family. Your grandmother, my mother...maybe she'd help us. We'd have a place to go. I'll ask her to take us in, ask her to forgive me for running away with you Dad. I can find a better life for you. I'm sure she wants to meet you. I won't take Bobby. He's Vic's boy. Too much like Vic.

JANE(*Cont'd*)

You and me were dealt a bad deck. First me, then you, cause of me. The good thing, the good card in the deck, Freddy...That's you. Don't forget that. I'm sorry, Honey. Sorry I look so bad. Sorry I left you here. I'll come back and get you. But you gotta be good. Don't let Vic hurt you like he hurt me. Be good. Don't start trouble with Vic. Promise Freddy.

FREDDY

Mom, you're not dead, right?

JANE

Oh Honey, what's going on in that crazy head of yours?

FREDDY

I'm scared you're dead.

JANE

Do you see me, Freddy? I'm standing eyes sure as eggs is eggs.

Yeah. FREDDY

Then whaddaya think? JANE

But you're just a finkmint of my head. FREDDY

A what? JANE

I'm just thinkin' you. FREDDY

You remember what I said. You gotta be good. Don't upset Vic. JANE

Jane...When are you coming to get me? FREDDY

(She disappears.)

Jane... FREDDY

(Bobby walks over.)

Later, Freak Show. BOBBY

You think he killed her? FREDDY

No, idiot. I was joking. BOBBY

Maybe she's really buried here. FREDDY

That kid's got no sense of humor. BOBBY

I feel something. FREDDY

BOBBY
What are you talking about?

FREDDY
Like a pull. Tugging me toward the ground.

BOBBY
Jane's not dead.

FREDDY
Then why'd she leave me here?

BOBBY
Cause you're a burden. A pain in the ass. Stop asking me shit.

FREDDY
Take me with you to California.

BOBBY
No.

FREDDY
Why not?

BOBBY
Cause you never shut your trap.

FREDDY
What if I shut my trap?

BOBBY
You can't.

FREDDY
What if I do?

BOBBY
Right. Shut your trap now.

FREDDY
Okay...you think Vic'll really take us fishing? Oh!

(He grabs his mouth.)

BOBBY

What'd I tell ya? Kid can't keep his yapping trap shut.

FREDDY

I'm gonna practice shutting my trap.

(Freddy covers his mouth with his hands, sits on the ground. Bobby walks out of the yard.)

Where are you Jane?

(He covers his mouth again. Light becomes shadow.)

ACT I, SCENE 2

(Night. Full Moon. Lights on in the house. Vic sits in the driver's seat of the pick up, drunk out of his mind. He lights a cigarette, turns on the truck radio.)

RADIO DJ VOICE

Some things never die, folks. Some things never die. One of my all time favorites comin' up on Classic Country. Hank Williams, Your Cheatin' Heart.

("Your Cheatin Heart" plays.)

VIC
(singing along)

Your cheatin heart,
Will make you weep,
You'll cry and cry,
And try to sleep,
But sleep won't come,
The whole night through,
Your cheatin heart,
will tell on you...

*(Vic climbs out of truck singing at the top of
his lungs.)*

VIC

When tears come down,
Like falling rain,
You'll toss around,
And call my name,
You'll walk the floor,
The way I do,

Your cheatin heart,
will tell on you...

*(Jane appears in the middle of the yard. Vic
walks to her. They dance.)*

RECORDED HANK SINGING

Your cheatin' heart
will pine some day
And crave the love
you threw away
The time will come
when you'll be blue
Your cheatin heart,
will tell on you

*(Vic falls to his knees and sobs. Jane slowly
steps away and disappears into the shadows.)*

When tears come down,

Like falling rain,
You'll toss around,
And call my name,

*(Vic passes out on the ground.
Bobby steps out of the backdoor, stares at Vic.)*

You'll walk the floor,
The way I do,
Your cheatin heart, will tell on you...

BOBBY
(turning off radio)

Idiot music.

(Kneels down next to Vic.)
Dad...Dad, you gone?

(Vic grabs Bobby and pulls himself to a sitting position. He has a vice grip on Bobby. Holds him close. He is in a drunken stupor and probably won't remember what he says to Bobby.)

VIC
What do you think of me?...Huh?

BOBBY
Nothing.

VIC
What? Speak up!

BOBBY
Nothing.

VIC
Nothing. What the fuck does that mean? You think nothing of me.

BOBBY
No.

VIC
You and me we gotta a problem between us. You know what I'm talking about?

No. BOBBY

Don't bullshit me! We got a problem between us. Say it. VIC

What? BOBBY

Say it! We gotta problem between us. VIC

We gotta a problem between us. BOBBY

Right. How are we gonna resolve this problem? VIC

I don't know. BOBBY

What do you think I'm talking about? VIC

I don't know, Dad. BOBBY

You think I'm talking about your mother, don't you? VIC

No. BOBBY

You wanna be a man. You wanna leave here and go out on your own, then you better tell the truth to me. VIC

I don't know what you're talking about. BOBBY

Tell me what you feel inside. VIC

You won't remember. BOBBY

VIC

What?

BOBBY

We done this before, Dad. You get drunk and you say this shit, then you don't remember.

VIC

I remember. I remember when your mother died giving birth to you. That's what I remember. How she screamed and bled. How you came out of her all silent and bloody.

(Bobby tries to pull away.)

You need to hear this. You listen hard. She died for you. I washed her blood off your newborn ass. And you didn't make a sound. Nothing You've been carrying around that nothing since forever. I watched it grow and get a deeper hook in you. Like you were one of those gutted dead fish inside. My heart broke in two that night. You understand? You listen. You gotta a piece of her heart in you. She gave you that when she died. You got a responsibility to her. To speak your mind and tell me what you feel in this.

VIC(Cont'd)

(pounds Bobby's heart.)

Tell me what you're fucking feeling in this.

(pounds his own chest.)

Tell me! Tell me. Tell me...

(Vic let's go, looks at Bobby then passes out.)

BOBBY

I don't feel nothing Dad. Are you listening hard? Do you hear? I don't feel nothing.

(Bobby lights a cigarette, jumps on the hood of the truck. Riding like a surfboard.)

Wooooo hooooo!

(he looks at Vic briefly.)

Wooooo. Look at me. Look at nobody, look at nothing, Bobby Simpson. Idiot Bobby Simpson. Mother killer, Bobby Simpson. Riding waves in California. Making his own movies. Whose the idiot now, Dad? Wooooooooo! I'll fix up this truck. I'll make her sing and hum like a red Phoenix flying east into the red sun rise. When I get to California, I'm gonna get a stage name. Get rid of Bobby Simpson. Do you hear me, Dad? I'm changing my name. I'm starting a new life.

I'll be one of those porn stars with all those magazine chics hanging on his arms. I'm gonna introduce myself to all the sweet California pussy. And I'm going into the porn business and make movies. They'll call me Bobby Money. I won't need an idiot drunk for a father no more. Maybe I'll send some money home to let you know that I don't need you.

(really shouting now)

Do you hear, Vic? I don't need you!

(Freddy walks out of the house with a small paper bag. He hides it behind the shed. He sees Vic. He runs around the yard screaming, carrying on, jumping over Vic. Bobby watches Freddy.)

FREDDY

He's passed out good.

BOBBY

Leave 'im.

FREDDY

Passed out real good.

(Bobby jumps off the truck, looks at his magazine. Freddy boxes the air.)

He's out for the count. One, two, three, four-

(Freddy turns to Bobby and boxes the air.)

Spittin' on it again.

(Bobby punches Freddy.)

BOBBY

I said, shut it!

FREDDY

Ow!

BOBBY

I told you. You don't listen.

(Bobby throws the magazine at Freddy, lifts the hood, tinkers with the engine. Freddy looks at the magazine for a moment, tosses it aside, takes

the magnifier, sits next to Vic and focuses the moonlight on Vic's face, moving the light around his face, eyelids, mouth.)

FREDDY

You passed out Vic? Can you feel this? It won't burn. It's cold. Colder than a boar on a witch's tit. Can you feel the cold moon on your eyelids? Are you havin' a dream about it? If moonlight could burn, it'd burn your sockets deep black. So deep you couldn't hear a rock when you throw it down cause it never hits bottom.

(secretive)

Vic... Vic... You're not gonna hurt Jane. When she comes to get me. You're not gonna hurt her...right?

(Freddy tires with Vic and goes over to Bobby.)

Think you'll fix it?

BOBBY

That's the plan.

FREDDY

You don't know nothing about fixing trucks anyway.

BOBBY

I know a few things. I took that mechanics class in school last year.

FREDDY

They teach you about trucks? Cause trucks are different.

BOBBY

You're talking outta your ass.

FREDDY

Are you taking me with you?

(silence)

That's all right. Jane's coming to get me anyway...No mother's gonna leave her boy behind. Except it we were in the wild and I had some stink on me. She might leave me then.

(silence)

I had a picture about her in my head. Right where you spit. She came out of the ground, and said she was sorry, said she had to go cause of that time he tried to kill her. She was afraid he'd kill her.

When was that?
BOBBY

The night she left, idiot. I saw.
FREDDY

She was cheating on Vic. That's why she left, left you behind for
some loser.
BOBBY

That's what Vic says. But I saw.
FREDDY

If you were my real brother I'd worry, but since we're not blood related then I
don't have to care about being a freak show myself...Listen, I'm just telling it
straight. How many boyfriends she had?...That's right. From one freak show to
the next. Now shut up and let me concentrate.
BOBBY

Does that mean Vic's a freak show, cause if it does that makes you the boy of a
freak show. And that makes you a freak.
FREDDY

I gotta wrench in my hand.
BOBBY

(Silence. Bobby works on the truck.)

Vic's passed out good.
FREDDY

*(Freddy looks at the house. Stands motionless.
Lights shift to signify Freddy's memory. Jane
comes out of the house.
She's wearing an old house dress.)*

Vic, you passed out again. Vic!
JANE

(Vic stirs.)

Come on.

(helping him up)

Leave me. VIC
(pushing her away)

Leave me!

JANE
I'm not living like this no more. Do you hear? Vic!

VIC
Get off my back. Stop shouting.

JANE
You can't stay out here all night.

(Vic mumbles something.)

You better stop drinking or--

VIC
Or what? OR WHAT?!

JANE
You're ridiculous.

VIC
What I better stop is you nagging me like a goddamn unfettered bloodhound. I'll do whatever I want whenever the fuck I want.

JANE
And maybe I'll do whatever the fuck I want.

VIC
What does that mean?

JANE
I'm saying that if you don't treat me better I'm leaving.

VIC
That's a good one. Remember where I found you. I'm the best thing you got, Jane. Plain Jane. I'm the best thing you fucking got.

(Trying to grab her)

Come 'ere.

(She backs off)

No. JANE

Com'ere. VIC

(Jane walks toward the back door.)

I'm not playing with you.

(She walks into the house. Vic struggles to his feet and stumbles into the house after her.

Freddy still watching. They are at the window.)

Get away from me. Get off me. JANE

(She screams.)

Who is he? Who're you screwing? VIC

You're drunk outta your mind. JANE

I VIC
People are talking. I'm getting weird looks in town. Those I see every day have a strange smirk on their faces. A judgment. "You're an idiot" smirk. And I've been asking myself, where does this smirk come from? Why am I getting weird looks? think about it. Nagging at me. Annoying little smirking gnats, only the gnats grow to the size of horseflies - the ones that don't give up on it. SMACK! There still there boring into you, sucking away at your blood. Nagging fucking smirks. I think about it. Remember the loser who's wife was down at the Rail giving blow jobs to strangers. And you're out a lot, aren't you? Leaving me home with your freaky kid. I'm wondering what's that all about? What's that about, Jane?

JANE
You're drunk. That's what it's about. Drunk out of your mind.

VIC
Who are you screwing? Cause it's not me. Is it? Is it?!

*(Vic and Jane disappear from the window.
Freddy covers his ears to mute Jane's screams.
Silence.*

*Vic stumbles out of the backdoor and into the
yard. He sits on the ground, pulls out a bottle,
takes a slug. Freddy stares at Vic.*

*Jane walks out of the house, terrified, holding
her face with a bloody cloth. Vic passes out.)*

JANE

(Whispering)

Freddy! Freddy! Where are you? Freddy. Freddy, where are you? Freddy.
(Cautiously walking a little closer to Vic.)

Freddy.

*(Freddy remains cowering underneath the
window.)*

FREDDY

I'm here, Mom.

JANE

I have to go, Freddy. I have to go.

FREDDY

Take me with you.

(She runs off.)

Mom, take me with you.

(He runs to the edge of the yard.)

Mom!

(shouting)

Mom, come back, you can't leave me here.

*(Freddy stands motionless and defeated. The
lights shift to the present. Bobby comes out from
under the hood of the truck, sits in the drivers
seat, Tries starting the engine. The sound of a
quick whirl and nothing.)*

BOBBY

I'm gonna fix this thing, or I'm gonna die trying.

*(He climbs out of the truck and slams the door.
Vic groans.)*

What are you doing over there? Help me carry Vic into the house.

FREDDY

No.

BOBBY

Let's go.

FREDDY

He smells.

BOBBY

It'll be worse for us tomorrow if he wakes out here.

FREDDY

Why can't you get that truck to work?

BOBBY

I don't know.

FREDDY

If I get it to work, I'm leaving

BOBBY

You're not touching my truck.

FREDDY

It's Jane's truck, which makes it mine.

BOBBY

That's a good one. Jane said she had it with her truck. I'm the one trying to fix it.
You don't know a thing about trucks.

FREDDY

You better fix it quick then, before they tow it outta here.

(Vic wakes)

VIC

What's going on?

FREDDY

You passed out good, Vic.

(Vic holds his head and groans)

BOBBY

Take us fishing tomorrow, Dad.

FREDDY

Yeah, we want to hook a big one.

VIC

I gotta work tomorrow. Clean up this yard.

(He gets up, holding his head. To Freddy.)

What are you doing?

FREDDY

Nothing.

VIC

Nothing.

FREDDY

No.

VIC

You're staring. Stop staring.

*(Freddy still looks at Vic. Vic stands over
Freddy.)*

I said stop looking at me with those Jane eyes.

*(Vic walks into the house, stops, comes back,
grabs Freddy.)*

You know about that loser?

FREDDY

No.

VIC

You seen her with him, screwing together in my house.

FREDDY

No.

VIC

You lying?

(Freddy shakes his head.)

I'll skin your hide like that boar over there.

(Vic releases Freddy, mumbles and disappears in the house. Freddy tries not to cry.)

BOBBY

Don't cry about it. That's the way it is.

(Bobby walks over to the truck and looks at the engine. Slams the hood down.)

Piece of shit!

(Bobby walks towards the house, looks inside listens then turns around and walks off. Freddy sits in the middle of the yard, he stares at the moon. He takes out his mag and holds it in front of his face. He moves the light around his face, opens his mouth, moves the light to his eyes, all over his body.)

FREDDY

Moonlight burns cold. Burns cold your sockets out. They become deep wells. Nothing at the bottom. If you drop a stone you couldn't hear it with sonar. If I had to, I'd jump down. I'd take this bit of light with me. I'd find something at the bottom. Something good. Better than now

(Talking into the earth.)

Moonlight doesn't burn the good cards. Vic's always passed out at night.

FREDDY *(Cont'd)*

We could sneak away, run away. He'd never know till morning then we'd be long gone. But not California. We can't go to California cause that's where Bobby's going. We could go somewhere else. Where there's snow and mountains and cold air to breathe. Some place better. Better than now. Can you hear me? Jane.

(Freddy puts the magnifier away. He walks to the boar hide, takes it off the line, lays it down on the ground, lies in the middle of it, wraps it around his body. He rolls around the ground,

*squealing and snorting. He stops for a moment,
then continues for a little more. Then stops. He remains motionless.)*

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

*(Lights shift. A WillyBoar walks into the yard
with a carefully folded cloth in his hand and a
half mask resting on the cloth. He looks at the
moon, then at Freddy.)*

WILLYBOAR

Hello folks. Welcome to Freddy's Fantastic Freak Show Extravaganza
where half human, half animal entertain in ways never thought possible by the
mind of the human brain. Welcome all.

(Freddy sits up.)

FREDDY

Whoa!

WILLYBOAR
(whispers to Freddy)

Stand up, Son.

FREDDY

You're a Willyboar, aren't you? Jane told me about you.

WILLYBOAR

Stand up, the show's about to start.

FREDDY

What?

WILLYBOAR

Don't be an idiot. There are people out there waiting for you.

FREDDY

What people?

WILLYBOAR

Them. See. They're all here for the Pigcat.

FREDDY

I don't see nobody.

(pause)

How do you know about Pigcat? I never told no one.

WILLYBOAR

I know because you're the Pigcat. Now get ready.

FREDDY

I don't play at no freak show for people.

WILLYBOAR

You better do something soon if you know what's good for you.

FREDDY

I'm not afraid of no Willyboar.

WILLYBOAR

Don't be anybody's fool. Take the mask. People are waiting. They're here for some entertainment. They like you, and they'll love the Pigcat.

FREDDY

It's just Pigcat. Not The Pigcat.

(Willyboar offers the mask. Freddy hesitates)

WILLYBOAR

Go on.

(Freddy takes it. The Willyboar opens the cloth and covers Freddy.)

WILLYBOAR

Presenting Pigcat.

FREDDY

I don't see nobody.

(Light shifts emphasizing Freddy. Willyboar plays all this for the audience.)

WILLYBOAR

A half pig, half cat boy. The freaks' freak. The freak that the freaks go to see when they want to see a freak. Watch him turn steel into blood, burn fire-red-ash in his pink mouth, dig up dead bodies with his great Pigcat snout. Come closer. Don't be afraid. Can you see the rage in his eyes.

FREDDY

(Feels his face, screams.)

Ahhhhhhhh!

(Stops.)

WILLYBOAR

I know what you're thinking, folks. The man in the red suit, yes you, Sir. You're thinking, "My God, this is a horror show." And you, Ma'am, you the pretty mother with the little boy, don't turn away, come back. Yes, I know, I know it's a terrible thing. Is Pigcat a poor boy? Is he an abandoned pet? Don't you want to see? Come closer everyone. Yes...Ladies and Gentlemen, for a dollar you can see Pigcat, a poor motherless beast of a boy. The freaks' freak. Come closer and look on his poor self.

(He pulls the cloak off Pigcat and feigns an expression of horror. The mask is on

*Freddy and he is now Pigcat. He snorts and
squeals, pawing the earth with his feet,
charges toward the audience.)*

PIGCAT

See my pearly white tusks and Pigcat eyes. I see in the dark and read a man's lies, like my father the Willyboar who was once as great as me. Whitecat was mother. Pure as the first snow of Winter. Diamond eyes that cry ten shades of blood. Teeth sharp as a gutting knife, with her painted cloven claws. Black.

(pause. snorts, etc.)

The Pigcat was born with his great snout turned up.

(snort. snort.)

Mow.

*(Pigcat runs around again, snorting, making
Pigcat sounds, and building to a terrifying
scream.)*

See his pink hairy skin and powerful hammy hocks, his gray acid tongue and swollen Pigcat eyes. He lived in the Gray Forest protected by the quicksand swamp and spirits of gassy phosphery. One time the WillyBoar didn't come home for days and weeks. Pigcat and WhiteCat searched the Gray Forest and the dangerous swamp. Then Pigcat found WillyBoar's hide drying on a rack in the backyard of the great angry hunter. Vic set a trap for Pigcat and WhiteCat, and made them his family. Made Whitecat lick his dirty boots until she ran away. See his pink hairy skin and hammy hocks, his gray acid tongue and swollen Pigcat eyes. See his pearly white tusks and Pigcat snout. He sees in the dark and reads a man's lies, like his father the Willyboar, like his father the Willyboar.

*He runs around squealing until he collapses.
The Willyboar places a letter in Freddy's hand
and exits.*

*Lights shift. Freddy wakes. He doesn't realize he
has the mask on. He hangs the boar hide on the
line. Looks at the envelope.)*

FREDDY

Jane.

*(Vic walks out, sobered up. Freddy hides the
letter in his pocket.*

VIC

What are you doing out here?

FREDDY

Nothing.

VIC

What's on your face?

(Freddy touches his face. Takes the mask off.)

FREDDY

A mask.

VIC

What kind of mask?

FREDDY

A Pigcat.

VIC

What? Let me see it.

(Freddy gives the mask to Vic.)

Where'd you get it?

FREDDY

Found it.

VIC

Where?

FREDDY

Behind the shed.

(Vic grabs Freddy by the arm)

VIC

You think I'm playing with you?

FREDDY

No. Let go, Vic.

VIC

Where'd you get it?

FREDDY

Ow, ow. I made it.

VIC

You made this?

FREDDY

Yeah.

VIC

You better not be lying to me.

FREDDY

I'm not lying, Vic. I swear.

(Vic let's go)

VIC

What'd you call it?

FREDDY

Pigcat.

VIC

What the hell's Pigcat?

FREDDY

It's half pig, half cat man.

VIC

Then it's half pig, half cat, half man.

FREDDY

Yeah.

VIC

Ain't no such thing.

FREDDY

I made him up.

VIC

You gotta a freakish mind, boy. Nothing good coming from a mind that makes up freakish things like some Pigcat. Maybe I should send you off to the state. They

take freaky kids and keep 'em from society until their mind's set straight.

FREDDY

I don't want to go to no State, Vic.

VIC

You don't go to the State. The State takes you and puts you in a home for the freakishly minded.

FREDDY

I don't want to go.

VIC

I'm tired of taking care of you.

FREDDY

I've been praying for Jane to come back for me.

VIC

Praying.

FREDDY

Yeah.

VIC

You think your praying's gonna get heard by someone?

FREDDY

Yeah.

VIC

Not likely.

FREDDY

What if she comes back to get me? Then you don't have to give me to the State.

VIC

She's not coming to get you.

FREDDY

I want her to come.

VIC

Don't like living here with me, do you?

FREDDY