

WELCOME TO MY CRIB

Setting:

The location is a crowded pig stall in an industrial livestock factory. Every pig is represented by a naked human being. Therefore, when talking about pigs in this script, the actors who embody the pigs are human.

The pigs are in very small boxes, with barely enough space to lie down. There is no straw or grass beneath them, only a cold, hard metal floor. You can hear the pigs and piglets squeaking and oinking.

Our protagonist is a small, male piglet with the identification number 84765328, that is narrating its life from its naïve, oblivious and childish perspective. It is restrained to his box, which it shares with his mother, a sow, and his 12 siblings.

Script:

84765328: Hi Guys! Welcome to my crib! Let me show you around. Oh, I forgot to introduce myself, sorry! My name is 84765328 and this is where I will live for now. I am only a few days old actually, so I am still in my piglet's nest.

This is my mom, it's better not to talk to her atm because somehow, she is very stressed and gets upset very easily, but I don't know why. Also, I am living in this box with my 11 siblings, whose names are 37395798, 37278975948, 342453, 44953589, 4845789347, 378372, 85498954, 37483748, 4875489578, 9690506, 2334674. Yesterday 847857496 and 4785749677 were taken away. They were laying around the whole day and didn't want to play anymore. I think 4785749677 even hat a weird bulge on its butt. All of us piglets made fun of him, but now I am sad that he is gone.

Despite my young age, I have already witnessed some interesting things. First of all, on my second day on this planet, the factory owners cut off my lovely, curly pig tail, which I already miss. I don't really understand why they did that, but I think they will have their reasons for it. At least they could have used some kind of anesthesia for me – because that really hurt! Then, secondly, they ground down my teeth: they did this so that my mom would have less pain when feeding us and would get less easily injured when us rowdy piglets fool around in our box, so I am quite proud of that. But the most painful of all the things they did to me was when they just grabbed me, sliced my tummy open and cut something through – I don't know exactly what they did to be honest. I couldn't help but squeal and oink very loudly. For that, they should have definitely used anesthesia! Also, I've been feeling a bit weird since that stuff happened to me – almost like my personality changed a little.

Lastly, as I told you already, I got tagged with my own number. This number is completely mine and no other pig has it! I don't remember how exactly it was done but now me and all my siblings have these funny little plastic pieces on our ears, just like mommy. That was worth the pain, I guess. It didn't hurt as much as the other things anyway and I am a really tough so I can handle it. My sister already had two tags because her first one was ripped out by my brother who is quite an aggressive player. She wasn't happy about it at all because she isn't good with seeing blood.

My mom, on the other hand, is very tough too! She is always lying on the floor so my dear siblings and me can eat anytime we want. Even though she seems exhausted. Other than that, there is not much to do here – we always try to play and fool around a bit, but we cannot move around a lot since our box is quite small. Also, it is a bit dirty here I have to say – we don't really have a toilet or anything like that, so the smell is a bit annoying. I hope someone will come around to clean our box soon. Also, the metal edges on the floor and the metal bars sometimes hurt me when I am playing with my siblings, for example when I am being pushed against them. Especially the ones around my mom are very annoying, because we can't really cuddle with her.

In the next few weeks, however, we will all get a new home – I am super excited about this! I hope that it will be nice, cozy and warm; maybe on a green meadow outside this factory? I would love to explore everything around here and discover new things.