



FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
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The Hooker Monologues

The wait is over!

Vancouver sex workers and allies tell stories about sex work

VANCOUVER: For the first time in Canada, sex workers and their allies are storming the stage to bring audiences straight into the hidden world of sex work.

The Hooker Monologues' ten-woman cast works under the expert direction of Vancouver theatre veteran, [Mindy Parfitt](#). A team of Vancouver sex workers and their allies met for well over a year to craft dovetailing stories that command attention. This production will prove to be unforgettable.

Cast member Carmen Shakti has worked as an inside sex worker in Vancouver for 6 years.

“I want our audiences to know that I’m a real person who works with real people and that I love my job. We hope the Monologues will move people, will help them park their disapproval of sex workers, and understand something of the hostility we face.”

Maggie de Vries, a Vancouver writer and teacher, is another cast member. Her book *Missing Sarah* tells the story of her sister who worked as a DTES sex worker and went missing in 1998. Four years later, Sarah’s DNA was found on the farm of serial killer Robert Pickton.

“I wish I could have listened to Sarah without trying to change or rescue her,” Maggie says. “In the end, my story poses an essential question: Why do we have such a hard time listening to what sex workers tell us about their lives and work?”

The Hooker Monologues March 9 – 13th, 2016
Firehall Arts Centre, 280 East Cordova, Vancouver
Wednesday - Saturday at 8 p.m. Sunday at 3 p.m.
PWYC Preview: Wednesday, March 9
Opening Night: Thursday, March 10
Tickets on sale at the [Firehall Box Office](#)

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To arrange cast interviews contact:
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CBC The National coverage of The Hooker
Monologues [Out of the Shadows:](#)
[Website](#) [Facebook](#)

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Selected Script Quotes

“Let’s talk a bit more about that, ok? What is it about sex that makes you nervous? Has it always been that way with you?”

“I read men quite well, but I wasn’t sure what to say, so I just did what my training and instincts told me to do – sit still, listen and watch for cues. He lay on the floor, curling into a fetal position. Then he started talking about his brother and his uncle who worked in the towers.”

“Women like me are public property, my body a coliseum, a place for the masses to piss, stick their gum, scrawl graffiti, and fight their wars while my blood pours over the cobblestones. How many more of us will die before they admit we are human?”

“It was never about the money. I would have found a way into this world regardless. Needing money was the excuse I used when I couldn’t admit to myself or to others that this work is something that makes me feel free.”

“I resented the way society viewed street workers as dirty, druggie, losers, with no morals or brains. These prostitutes were society’s own children. Did they expect us to just wither up and blow away?”

“I start sucking and bobbing around, although with the floppy merchandise, it feels more like gargling a fish wrapped in plastic. I look up and make eye contact, giving him what I hope is a smoldering look.”

“Dark hair, slicked back. He smiled at me, arrogantly. Let’s call him Pride. And there’s another guy sleeping in the bed. Let’s call him Sloth. So I stopped dancing and asked who these gentlemen were. ‘Oh, don’t worry about them. They’re with us.’”

“On April 14, 1998, Sarah disappeared. Four years later we learned that she had been murdered. So this is not a dialogue, not really, Sarah shares the words she wrote almost 20 years ago. She can’t hear me. I know that.”

“Then I made eye contact with them. They knew that I knew. I stared them down like a lioness hunting antelope. I didn’t take my gaze off the men. I smiled at the young woman and took her hand firmly in mine.”

Someone you know is a sex worker ...