

A note on the women, from Cecilia Fairchild

For a long time I considered what would be the right way to refer to the women in this play, as a group. We call the men in these pages Marines, because they are, and because it is also a concise and beautiful word that conjures images of both a rolling sea and a battlefield swollen with pain and love and death. It is accurate, it is strong, and it sounds good.

There doesn't exist a reference word for the women present here, who provide sex for a living, that is as evocative, and also free of derogatory connotations in our society as it stands at this moment in time. The term full-service sex worker is accurate and politically correct in the year 2020, and although I do think the very precision of it is sort of edgy and cool, I long for a single word to describe these women - something short, hot, beautiful, theatrical, full — something worthy of the kind of service they provide. The word whore is often used as an insult, but in my research I found that it shares its roots for dear, loved, and desire. I like that very much.

The women in this play are called Whores because they are dear, and loved, and desired — and because in their work they put their skin in the game to show dearness, love, and desire to those who place monetary value on their service.