

PIG

Directed by Henry Barrial, U.S. 90 minutes / United States 1:30 p.m., Tivoli

He wakes up with a start in the desert with a black bag over his head and his hands tied behind his back.

Who is he? He doesn't know. Why is he there? He doesn't know. Shaken by occasional but mysterious flashbacks, he tells Isabel (Heather Ankeny), the young widow who rescued him, "I don't remember what I remember."

With the thinnest of clues -- a name in his pocket and a notebook he is filling with observations and fragments of memory -- the two head to California to discover his identity.



The man finds his landlord who lets him into his old apartment, but that only deepens the puzzle as "Justin" (Rudolf Martin) feels even more disoriented among what should be his familiar possessions. Who is he? He begins to get conflicting versions of his identity. Whom can he trust? Anyone?

Is his amnesia a blessing or a punishment?

A spare, seemingly straightforward, almost clinical film, "Pig" can't quite resolve those existential dilemmas. But for those willing to be patient, "Pig" does bring home the bacon by providing a nifty, novel explanation to the mystery -- at least for the audience.

-- Susan Hegger, issues and politics editor