Dead Eye Boy

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**Biography**

 I was born in East Vancouver in the East Hastings area. I was raised by my mother and never knew my father. I am not sure why I never knew my father, just that he was never around and it was a topic my mother did not want to discuss. I made the mistake of bringing it up to her once, when I was 9, and we ended up having a huge fight. It was the first time of many, I ran away from home.

We never really had money and relied on government housing and assistance to get through the months. We lived cheque to cheque. My mother did the best she could but suffered from a drinking problem and she was an angry drunk. Hitting and verbal abuse was the norm in our household. I was placed in foster care when I was 11 years old. For the next 3 years I was in and out of many different homes until I was raped at 14 by one of my foster sibling. I was kicked out of the house and told not to tell anyone what happened because the foster parents were afraid of losing their funding. I opted to keep the baby, whom I named Soren. I tried to move back in with my mother once Soren was born but she was terrible to live with and never understood why I would want to keep my ‘Rape Baby’. It was a brutal time for me but I knew I had to make a better life for my son. I try not to think about the rape. It is like it never happened.

I tried to get a job and make it on my own but who wants to hire 15-year-old mother? Thankfully my Aunt opted to take me in. She helped me out with babysitting so I could get myself a job and help out with bills. She has four kids and a husband who often would check out for days. I like those days as it was peaceful around the house, otherwise there was a lot of fighting.

I am only attended school until 13 and never really had any friends. That’s what happened when you move around a lot. After being sifted through so many foster homes and getting pregnant I just kind of fell through the cracks. I do not have any brothers or sisters. I think it is because my mother hates men, I know something happened to her as there has been the odd comments said by family members but I do not know what. I learned at an early age sometimes it is better not to ask questions you do not want answers too.

 When I was 16, I met a boy and fell in love. He introduced me to drugs and I fell in love again, with the drugs. I managed to be a functioning drug addict until 22 years old when I woke up in a crack house, lost all forms of income and had no idea where my son was. This started my long journey in and out of rehab. I must admit I know I can be tough on Soren but he needs tough love so he doesn’t go down the path I did. He needs honestly from me in order to know how the world works. In the end I am sure he knows I love him.

**Tone**

 The overall tone of the monologue is dramatic, desperate and sad. Although in the beginning when Shirley is speaking to Dr. Tredway and Soren, the tone is light and somewhat happy as Shirley is trying to put on a front of being a ‘Good Mother’. The tone begins to change once the letter has been read. The desperation begins to show as Shirley realizes she does not look like a good mother to the doctor and that the doctor knows an intimate detail about her life, the rape. Shirley begins to try and explain herself by justifying her actions. As she is attempting to explain herself the tone has a tinge of sadness as she remembers what happened.

**Objectives:**

 Based on what was said through out the monologue and the tone of the monologue, my main objective for this scene is to get the therapist to believe I am a good mother. I am quite casual in the beginning as I feel showing up was half the battle and I am very unaware of why I am actually here.

 As the monologue progresses, and my secrets are exposed, I shift from getting the doctor to believe I am a good mother to justifying my past actions. My objective becomes wanting the doctor to understand my actions and to think I am a good person. Not a monster.

**Relationships**

In this monologue I am talking to my 10 year old son, Soren and his therapist Dr. Tredway. Soren was the product of a rape and his eye was injured during childbirth. But the injury seems to run deeper then just his eye. I am constantly disregarding his feelings and at times am borderline psychologically abusive. I view Soren as “MINE”, an object that belongs to me vs. his own person. My relationship does not change much through out the monologue towards my son. I am fake with him in the beginning, trying to be nice and seem loving but my body language and eventual loss of temper, after the climax, tells a different story of my relationship with my son.

 I do not know Dr. Tredway. Personally I think seeing a therapist is bullshit. I was asked to come and see him due to the story Soren wrote. I came because I know that I need Dr. Tredway to see I am a good parent so that I can continue to get my government funding. In the beginning I am pleasant towards the doctor, as I do not realize what he already knows. Once the letter is read I try to deflect what has been said by asking if ‘hisself’ is a word. This fails and I am left defending my past and resenting the doctor. I care less about his opinion, realizing my objective is lost, and more about letting the doctor know I did what I had to do and it was the right thing to do.

**What Happened Before The Monologue?**

 Soren gets into a lot of trouble in school and has behavior problems. He tends to talk back to anyone in authority and is a bit of a bully to other kids. As a result Soren has been sent to the school therapist with the hopes of gaining the tools needed to help with his anger.

 I was hanging out at home, having some fun with some friends, when I got the call from the school therapist that they needed to see me. I made the plan for the next day to meet with him and Soren. I don’t really want to go but he says it is important and I know if I don’t go it will look bad on me. I spoke to Soren about it when he got home and he does not know why I have to come. I guess it is just to double check everything and to let me know how he is doing. I make sure to look my best and know I will be on my best behavior.

**Realization:**

 Shortly into the monologue I realize I am not going to get what I want. The ‘story’ that Soren has written is very telling of how my actions have devastated my son. I realize I am not the mother I thought myself to be and in reality the things I thought I was doing right, telling Soren the truth, has blown up in my face.

 I also realize that the doctor knows a lot about me and the impact I have had on my son and as a result does not think I am a good mother. I feel judged and find it necessary to defend my actions. This realize this is all a little bit too late and that nothing I will say will change how I am viewed.

**Crisis**

 The first crisis I encounter is with Soren when he wont let me see the story he has written. I am trying to impress the therapist so it is important that Soren and I look as though we get along great and have a sharing and close relationship.

The next crisis occurs when I read the story and realize that it looks very bad. The therapist knows my relationship with my son is not great and that I have done him more harm then good to him in his life.

**Climax:**

 The climax occurs when I angrily say, “Listen, what happened to me was my business and it doesn’t have anything to do with you.” I realize at this time that Dr. Tredway is not buying into my act, and I have no chance of convincing him I am a good mother. My true colors have begun to show and I am losing control. I also realize how badly my son has outted my life with his letter and these ‘sessions’. I foolishly assumed this meeting would benefit me but have realized it does not. I feel inclined to spend the rest of the monologue defending my actions and myself. Grasping onto my belief that I have done the right thing.