**Tone and Themes**

 The tone of the monologues is comedic with very serious and nervous undertones. Each monologue has elements of funny in them based on how far fetched and unrealistic the scenario’s are. Someone how been kidnapped and yet we are pretending that we can play happy families and everything will be just fine.

 The themes in the monologues are about the messed up perception of the perfect family or the “American Dream”. The characters try to create a perfect family but in the most twisted way possible, kidnapping. The play deals with rape, incest and murder. Jane and John are pretending the kidnapped girl is their daughter and yet John rapes her on more then one occasion. This play also deals with moral values and doing the right thing. Although it takes Jane a while to get there she eventually see’s what they are doing is wrong and as a result lets the girl go.

**Biological**

 I was born into a lower class family in California. For the most part my mother was my sole caregiver because my father left us when I was 10 years old. My mother worked hard and provided for my little sister, and myself she was 5 when our father left, but it was tough on all of us. I helped raise my little sister while my mom was working her two jobs and enjoyed any quality time I could get with my mother. I have not seen my father since he left. Something that has always bothered me, as I never understood why he left. In my mind we had food, a roof over our heads and we loved each other why give up on that?

 I was more of a mother figure to my little sister as my mother was so busy. I took on a lot of responsibility at a young age and worked hard to please my mother. I excelled in school, started working at an art gallery in the summers when I was 15. I did not have many friends as I found it hard to trust people and really I was more interested in my studies and helping with my sister.

**Physiology**

 I am a 47 year-old female. I am 5’6, 150 pounds with medium length dark brown and grey hair. I have brown eyes and pale skin as I spend most of my time indoors. I am not overly confident and it shows in my posture although I am a thinker and often sit back and wait to speak until I assess the situation. This is evident in the first monologue as I am trying to get some answers from my husband about what he may or may not have done during the day. I want him to tell me and I know something is not right but I don’t know how to come out and ask him. So I talk in circles trying to read his reactions before I pursue the conversation I want. I am passive and insecure.

 I have never liked the way I looked, I have always been over weight and never felt overly pretty. I am quite average. I tend to keep to myself and my only true friend is my husband. I am loyal to him and want to make sure he is happy and will not leave me like my father did. After my mother passed away I became more and more introverted, my relationship with my sister faded and we seemed to grow apart, especially after I married my husband and he became my whole world. He never wanted to have children, so neither did I. However, thanks to my past I do have a mothering side and I am a little more confident in that role. This is evident in the second monologue when I am speaking to the girl who my husband brought home. I am more confident and free to speak to her in order to let her know about the world, how it has changed and how I feel about it. Unlike my relationship with my husband where I am passive, I am more aggressive, and willing to be the leader.

 In the third and final monologue with my husband I am no longer passive as I have realized our relationship and everything we stand for is wrong. My perception of who he is has changed and as a result I am more animated in my gestures and voice and I am more confident in what I am saying. I am no longer sitting back and analyizing, I am leading the conversation and demanding his attention.

**Sociology**

 We were not a very religious household and as a result I never attended church. Sometimes we would receive Christmas presents from church families as they knew we did not have a lot but my mother never wanted us to be involved. She said it was a waste of time and praying doesn’t pay the bills.

I worked hard at school but was very introverted. I did not have many friends which suited me fine as I found it hard to trust people. I excelled in history, art and English and once I finished school got myself an internship in an art gallery as a registration assistant. I attended California College of the Arts with a major in Art History landing me a job at the same gallery as an Archives Manager. I have never worked anywhere else and am quite happy in my routine.

My husband and I have done well for ourselves. He is a cab driver and my job at the gallery allows us to live comfortably and keep to ourselves. We are simple people and do not follow politics nor care about anything too far outside of our little bubble. We have both had experienced trials and tribulations in the life that has jaded our perception of the world. We only truly rely and trust each other.

My hobbies and amusements are whatever my husbands are. Together we watch TV, go on hikes and keep to ourselves. Sure I love my job and enjoy art but I do that from 7am -3pm and then I am home ensuring things are going smoothly for my husband. I suppose he is my hobby, amusement and my everything.

**Psychology**

 The sex faded out of my relationship with my husband long ago. We still partake in making love on special occasions but that is really it. There are times when I long for a little bit more but sometimes John has “issues” in the bedroom. I am understanding of these “issues” as I know it is not his fault.

 We are not religious people, something that was instilled in us both as young children. I feel I have a good moral compass and live my life in a good way. I know the difference between right and wrong and keep myself out of trouble. My husband is a little rougher around the edges but he means well and together we can work anything out.

 I am very intelligent in regards to book smarts but when it comes to street smarts I am a little behind. I really depend on my husband to tell me how the world is as I have spent a lot of my time avoiding the outside world. Something my husband, as a cab driver, knows all too well. He warns me of how bad it is out in the world, which is why we work so hard to keep out house safe, happy and without any interference from others. We only need each other. I am happy with this arrangement as he protects me from the harm of others.

**Objectives**

 In the first monologue I am speaking to my husband. My main objective is to find out if my husband had in fact picked up a girl from the café and taken her in his cab. Deep down I know I saw him with her and I know things did not look right, as she looked drunk, scared and far too young to be with him. However I am so blinded by my love and loyalty to him that I believe him when he tells me he did not see nor pick up a girl like that.

 In the second monologue I am speaking to the girl who my husband had in fact picked up. She is bound and gaged, as she was kidnapped, and I have managed to drag her into a chair. It has been decided by my husband, and his decisions are my decisions, that she will stay with us and live in our house as our daughter. My objective in this scene is to educate and dominate her. I want her to know how the rules of the house work, how to dress and act, and that I blame young people for the rapid decay and decline of civilization. I will not tolerate this behavior and though I welcome her as a daughter I will not let her ruin my happy home.

 In the third monologue I am again speaking to my husband. My objective is to figure out if my husband is a cold-hearted rapist/sociopath or if he will redeem my faith in him by showing any kind of empathy or regret. My rose colored glasses are off and I am need to see who he really is.

**Realization**

 In the first monologue I realize my husband has been lying to me when I go into the kitchen and see the girl lying on the floor. This is shown through a change of body language, from relaxed to tense, a gasp when I see the girl and dropping my purse on the floor. My pace of speech quickens as I seek understanding followed by my speech slowing down as the reality of my realization hits.

 In the second monologue the realization occurs when I state, “Because we are good people…” I realize that maybe we aren’t good people. This realization is shown as I switch from a strong voice full of confidence to desperation as I complete the sentence. My body language again shifts and instead of looking at the girl as a parent I am seeking her forgiveness and understanding. My energy becomes tenser, I chew on my nails and my breathing becomes deeper. I know what we are doing is wrong but I don’t know what to do about it.

 In the third monologue my realization occurs between me yelling about how I am going to beat the girl’s head in and when I say, “ You would like that wouldn’t you?” I pause between the yelling and the question, and bring the tire iron down from its lifted position above my head. The movement is slow and deliberate. My energy shifts from high strung and excited about what I am saying to sad and a feeling of resentment towards my husband. I know he is exactly what I thought all along but refused to admit, a monster.

**Critical Moments**

 When I am first speaking to my husband the first critical moment occurs when I ask him if there is anything he needs to tell me about and his response is no. This is the first lie he tells me in my quest to find the truth. I am forced to rethink my line of questioning in order to tread lightly on the topic I want to bring up. As I continue my conversation with him I finally ask about the girl and he again fails to be honest with me. This is also a critical moment as I make the decision to believe him, against my better judgment, and feel a false sense of relief. This shows his power over me where I would deny what I saw in order to keep the peace with him.

 When I am speaking to the girl at the kitchen table the first critical moment occurs right at the beginning of the scene. I state how lovely everything is only to begin to get after her about how slutty she is dressed. This is a critical moment because unlike the first monologue I am showing a little bit of who I am. For once I am in control and can tell someone what to do, even if she is tied up. The next is when I start talking about the world and how it has changed. This part shows my paranoia about the outside world and how desperate I am to keep everything in a little bubble.

 For my final conversation with my husband there are many critical moments. From the moment I start talking to him I am testing him to see if he will show me any empathy or remorse. For example when I ask him about young people being nasty I am hoping he will disagree or stand up for them but instead he agrees with me and I must continue on with my fictional story. When I refer to the girl as being a disgrace and how she brought all of this on herself I am actually referring to him and I in the hopes it will appeal to his human side. Instead I am met with him becoming more excited over the prospect of me hurting this girl. The final straw is when I raise the tire iron over my head to show him how I beat the girl. It is at this time I completely change towards my husband. I am no longer dependent on him or stuck in a fantasy of who he is. I know what I need to do, I need to get rid of him.

“Faces Look Ugly”

Shannon Cooper

Theatre 2210

Winter Semester

Instructor: Wesley Eccelston