

Charlie Monologue

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of the day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes mornings aren't so pleasant, either - waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too - lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between- when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut Butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely. I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth (he says this while chewing. Then he gets the peanut butter unstuck with his finger.) Boy the PTA sure did a good job of painting these benches. There's that cute little redheaded girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she'd do if I went over and asked her if I could sit and have lunch with her. She'd probably laugh right in my face. It's hard on a face when it gets laughed in. There's an empty place next to her on the bench. There's no reason why I couldn't just go over and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up. (He stands up.) I'm standing up. (He sits down) I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward she probably wouldn't even think of looking at me. She hardly ever does look at me. In fact, I can't remember her ever looking at me. Why shouldn't she look at me? Is there any reason in the world why she shouldn't look at me? Is she so great and I'm so small that she can't spare one little moment... (He stops) She's looking at me. She's looking at me. (He panics and puts his lunch bag on his head.)

Sally Monologue-

A "C"... a "C"... I got a "C" on my coat hanger sculpture. How could anyone get a "C" in coat hanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I being judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I being judged on my talent? If so, is it right that I be judged on a part of life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort then I was judged unfairly for I tried as hard as I could. Was I being judged on what I have learned about this project? If so, were then not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my

"C"? (High pitched Oh) Well, perhaps I was being judged on the quality of the coat hanger itself, out of which my creation was made. Now is that not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of the coat hangers that are used by our dry cleaning establishment to return our garments. Is this not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my "C"?

Snoopy Monologue-

Here's the World War One flying ace high over France in his Sopwith Camel, searching for the infamous Red Baron. I must bring him down. Suddenly anti-aircraft fire, archie we used to call it, begins to burst beneath my plane. The Red Baron has spotted me. Nah, nah, nah, nah, you can't hit me! Actually, tough flying aces never say "nah nah"... I was just... drat this fog. It's bad enough to have to fight the Red Baron then to have to fly in weather like this. Alright Red Baron! Where are you? You can't hide from me forever, (Offstage voices sing Ah.) Ah, the sun has broken through. I can see the woods of Montsec below.... ça va, bonjour! But, what's that? It's a Fokker triplane. Ha, I've got you this time, Red Baron. (He make machine gun noises: rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat) Augh! He's diving down out of the sun. He's tricked me again. I've got to run. Come on Sopwith Camel, let's go. Go, Camel, go! GO! (Snoopy sings the Ah.) I can't shake him. He's riddling my plane with bullets. Curse you red Baron! Curse you and your kind. Curse the evil that causes all this unhappiness. Here's the World War One flying ace back at the aerodrome in France. He is exhausted and yet he does not sleep, for one thought continues to burn in his mind: Someday, someday I'll get you Red Baron.

Linus Monologue-

Apparently you haven't read the latest scientific reports. A blanket is as important to a child as a hobby is to an adult. Many a man spends his time restoring antique automobiles, or building model trains, or collecting old telephones, or even studying about the Civil War. This is called playing with the past. And this is good, for it helps these men to cope with their everyday problems. Now, I feel that it is going to be absolutely necessary for me to get me blanket back, so I'm just going to have to give it a good YANK! It's surprising what you can accomplish with a little smooth talking and some fast action.

Lucy Monologue-

Now Linus, I want you to take a good look at Charlie Brown's face. Would you please hold still a minute Charlie Brown. I want Linus to study your face. Now, this is what you call a failure face, Linus. Notice how it has failure written all over it. Study it carefully. You rarely see such a good example. Notice the deep lines, the dull vacant look in his eyes -- yes I would say this is the finest example of a failure face you're liable to see in a long while.