

Charlie Brown monologue

I think lunch time 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, lunch time is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got.

(open lunch bag, unwrap sandwich, look inside) Peanut butter.

(bite sandwich and chew) 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.

(eat, clear palate with fingers, and wipe fingers on the bench) Boy, the PTA sure did a good job of painting these benches.

(eat) There's that cute little red-headed girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she would 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.

(stand) I'm standing up.

(sit) I'm sitting down. I'm a coward. I'm so much of a coward she 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?

(freeze) She's looking at me.

(in terror, look one way, then the other) She's looking at me.

Charlie Brown turns his head looks all around, trying frantically to find something else to notice. His teeth clench. Tension builds, then with one motion he pops the paper bag over 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 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 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 judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my "C"? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of the coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made ... Now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of the coat hangers that are used by the dry-cleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my "C"?

SFX: The Teacher's voice is heard offstage – (brief unintelligible squawk voice mixed with electronic static).

(to offstage) Thank you, Miss Othmar. *(to audience)* The squeaky wheel gets the grease! *(exits)*