

MONOLOGUES

CHARLIE BROWN: I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. 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... 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...I'm standing up!...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?...SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!! SHE'S LOOKING AT ME!!

SCHROEDER: I'm sorry to have to say it to your face, Lucy, but it's true. You're a very crabby person. I know your crabbiness has probably become so natural to you now that you're not even aware when you're being crabby, but it's true just the same. You're a very crabby person and you're crabby to just about everyone you meet. Now I hope you don't mind my saying this, Lucy, and I hope you're take it in the spirit that it's meant. I think we should be very open to any opportunity to learn more about ourselves. I think Socrates was very right when he said that one of the first rules for anyone in life is 'Know Thyself'. Well, I guess I've said about enough. I hope I haven't offended you or anything.

SNOOPY: 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. Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh! You can't hit me! (*aside*) Actually, tough flying aces never say 'Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh'. I just, ah... Drat this fog! It's bad enough having to fight the Red Baron without having to fly in weather like this! All right, Red Baron! Where are you? You can't hide forever! Ah, the sun has broken through... I can see the woods of Montsec below...and what's that? It's a Fokker triplane! Ha! I've got you this time, Red Baron (*machine gun fire*) Aaugh! 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! I can't shake him! He's riddling my plane with bullets! (*machine gun fire*) Curse you, Red Baron! Curse you and your kind! Curse the evil that causes all this unhappiness! (*plane engine sputtering towards silence*) Here's the World War I 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!

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LUCY: Do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up I'm going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I'll live in a big palace and when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them, and...and...in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I'll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them... What do you mean I can't be queen? Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. It's usually just a matter of knowing the right people.. ..well... if I can't be a queen, then I'll be very rich then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I'll kick out the old queen and take over the whole operation myself. I will be head queen!

SALLY: A 'C'? A 'C'? I got a 'C' on my coathanger sculpture? How could anyone get a 'C' in coathanger 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 fair that I be judged on a part of my 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 coathanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coathangers that are used by the drycleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my 'C'?

LINUS: In examining a book such as Peter Rabbit, it is important that the superficial characteristics of its deceptively simple plot should not be allowed to blind the reader to the more substantial fabric of its deeper motivations. In this report I plan to discuss the sociological implications of family pressures so great as to drive an otherwise moral rabbit to perform acts of thievery which he consciously knew were against the law. I also hope to explore the personality of Mr. Macgregor in his conflicting roles as farmer and humanitarian.