



YOU'RE A GOOD MAN,

CHARLIE BROWN!

Please choose, record & submit **ONE** monologue of your choice along with your song. Have **LOTS** of fun with this! We want to see joy, enthusiasm and silliness just like the *Peanuts* gang! Monologues do not **(and should not)** be memorized!

SNOOPY:

My stomach clock just went off. It's suppertime, and Charlie Brown has forgotten to feed me. Here I lie, a withering hollow shell of a dog and there sits my supper dish ... EMPTY! But that's all right. He'll remember. When no furry friend comes to greet him after school, then he'll remember! There will be nothing left but the dried carcass of his former friend who used to love to run and play so happily with him. Nothing left but the bleached puppy bones of...

CHARLIE BROWN:

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.

SALLY:

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.