

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. 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.

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!! **(he puts his lunchbag over his head.)** ...Lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-headed girl is looking at me with this stupid bag over my head she must think I'm the biggest fool alive. But, if she isn't looking at me, then maybe I could take it off quickly and she'd never notice it. On the other hand...I can't tell if she's looking, until I take it off! Then again, if I never take it off I'll never have to know if she was looking or not. On the other hand...it's very hard to breathe in here. **(he removes his sack)**

Whew! She's not looking at me! I wonder why she never looks at me? Oh well, another lunch hour over with...only 2,863 to go.

LUCY VAN PELT:

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 BROWN:

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'?

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. **(awkward exit)**

SNOOPY:

(on top of doghouse, speaking over music) Here's the World One I 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 called 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 **(SFX: 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! **(SFX: machine gun fire)**

Curse you, Red Baron! Curse you and your kind! Curse the evil that causes all this unhappiness! **(SFX: 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!