

## **“You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown” by Clark Gesner: Sally’s “C,” and Snoopy and the Red Baron**

[“You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown”](#) is a musical based on the beloved Charles Schulz “Peanuts” cartoons about Charlie Brown, Sally, Lucy, Linus, and, of course, Snoopy. It’s full of fun songs and monologues, and much of the material can stand on its own.

In this monologue, Sally expresses her distaste at having received a C on an art project. It’s a perfect comedic monologue for a young performer.

### **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 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 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 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 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”? Thank you, Miss Othmar. The squeaky wheel gets the grease!

In another fantastic standalone monologue, Snoopy talks about his pursuit of the Red Baron.

### **SNOOPY**

Here’s the World War 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 call it, begins to burst beneath my plane. The Red Baron has spotted me. Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh! You can’t hit me! Actually, tough flying aces never say “Nyahh, Nyahh.” I just, ah... Drat this fog! It’s bad enough to have 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! 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! Curse you, Red Baron! Curse you and your kind! Curse the evil that causes all this unhappiness! 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!

### **“Annie” by Thomas Meehan, Martin Charnin, and Charles Strouse: Daddy Warbucks’ adoption speech**

“[Annie](#)” tells the story of a beloved orphan and the billionaire who adopts her. This heartwarming classic has a number of monologues to choose from and, because it also isn’t sung-through, there are plenty of important emotional moments that happen in speech.

In this monologue, Oliver Warbucks tries to express to Annie that he loves her and wants to adopt her. It’s sweet and stilted, and offers an actor ample opportunity to play opposing emotions: a stoic man who has softened completely where this child is concerned.

#### **OLIVER WARBUCKS**

I was born into a very poor family in what they call Hell’s Kitchen, right here in New York. Both of my parents died before I was ten. And I made a promise to myself—some day, one way or another, I was going to be rich. Very rich.

By the time I was twenty-three I’d made my first million. Then, in ten years, I turned that into a hundred million. (Nostalgically.) Boy, in those days that was a lot of money. (Back to business.) Anyway, making money is all I’ve ever given a damn about. And I might as well tell you, Annie, I was ruthless to those I had to climb over to get to the top.

Because I’ve always believed one thing: You don’t have to be nice to the people you meet on the way up if you’re not coming back down again. (Softening just a bit.) But, I’ve lately realized something. No matter how many Rembrandts or Duessenbergs you’ve got, if you have no one to share your life with, if you’re alone, then you might as well be broke and back in Hell’s Kitchen. You understand what I’m trying to say?

## **“Fiddler on the Roof” by Jerry Bock, Sheldon Harnick, and Joseph Stein: The matchmaker monologue**

Adapted from the tale “Tevye and His Daughters” by Sholem Aleichem, “[Fiddler on the Roof](#)” tells the story of Tevye, a milkman who is doing his best to maintain his Jewish traditions as the outside world encroaches on him and his family.

In this monologue, the village matchmaker comes to tell Golde, Tevye’s wife, that she has a match for one of their daughters.

### **YENTE**

Golde, darling, I had to see you because I have such news for you. And not just every-day-of-the-week news, once-in-a-lifetime news. And where are your daughters? Outside, no? Good, such diamonds, such jewels. You’ll see, Golde, I’ll find every one of them a husband. But you shouldn’t be so picky... Even the worst husband, God forbid, is better than no husband, God forbid... And who should know better than me? Ever since my husband died, I’ve been a poor widow, alone, nobody to talk to, nothing to say to anyone. It’s no life. All I do at night is think of him, and even thinking of him gives me no pleasure because, you know as well as I, he was not much of a person... ☹ Never made a living, everything he touched turned to mud, but better than nothing.

Ah, children, children! They are your blessing in your old age. But my Aaron couldn’t give me children. Believe me, he was good as gold, never raised his voice to me, but otherwise he was not much of a man, so what good is it if he never raised his voice? But what’s the use complaining, other women enjoy complaining, but not Yente. Not every woman in the world is a Yente. Well, I must prepare my poor Sabbath table, so goodbye, Golde, and it was a pleasure talking our hearts out to each other.

## **“Fun Home” by Lisa Kron and Jeanine Tesori: Alison reads her father’s letter**

Adapted from the graphic memoir of the same name, “[Fun Home](#)” depicts Alison Bechdel’s childhood growing up in a funeral home, contending with her father’s homosexuality and suicide, and reckoning with her own coming out. This gorgeous musical won the Tony Award for Best Musical.

In this speech, Alison reacts to a letter from her father, which is a delayed reaction to her own coming out letter.

### **ALISON**

“Dear Al, big week at Fun Home. Couple of kids from Lock Haven wrapped their car around a tree and I ended up working two eighteen-hour shifts. Bad for my blood pressure. Anyway, that’s why I’ve been out of touch for a bit. Oh, by the way, we got your letter. Well, kid, talk about a flair for the dramatic. As far as I see it, the good news is you’re human.”

What does that mean? What else would I be?

“Your mother’s pretty upset—not surprising, I guess. But I’m of the opinion that everyone should experiment.”

Ew.

“I can’t say, though, that I see the point of putting a label on yourself. There have been a few times in my life when I thought about taking a stand, but I’m not a hero. Is that a cop-out? Maybe so. It’s hard sometimes to tell what is really worth it.”

The tone is what I can’t stand. It’s so typical. So all-knowing. He has to be the expert. Lots of wisdom and advice about things he *doesn’t know anything about*. I’m gay. Which means I’m not like him, and I’ve never been like him, and he can’t deal with that. He still wants to be the intellectual, broad-minded, liberal, bohemian but he can’t pull it off, because he can’t deal with me and you know what? He never could. He never could.

### **“A Chorus Line” by James Kirkwood Jr., Nicholas Dante, Marvin Hamlisch, and Edward Kleban: Dancer-life stories**

[This classic Broadway musical](#) takes place during a cattle call dance audition where hundreds of hopeful dancers gather to land a role in the chorus. Some of them share their life stories, as in the following monologues.

“A Chorus Line” offers some of the best musical monologues around because each of the characters are so different. Drama and comedy is covered in this show.

The first example is a wonderful comedic monologue given by Val that leads into the song “Dance 10, Looks 3.”

### **VAL**

So, the day after I turned 18, I kissed the folks goodbye—got on a Trailways bus—and headed for the big bad apple. ’Cause I wanted to be a Rockette. Oh, yeah, let’s get one thing straight. See, I never heard about “The Red Shoes,” I never saw “The Red Shoes,” I didn’t give a fuck about “The Red Shoes.” I decided to be a Rockette because this girl in my

hometown—Louella Heiner—had actually gotten out and made it to New York. And she was a Rockette. Well, she came home one Christmas to visit, and they gave her a parade. A goddamn parade. I twirled a friggin' baton for two hours in the rain. Unfortunately though, she got knocked up over Christmas—Merry Christmas—and never made it back to Radio City.

That was my plan. New York, New York, here I come. Except I had one minor problem. See, I was ugly as sin! I was ugly, skinny, homely, unattractive and flat as a pancake. Get the picture? Anyway, I got off this bus in my little white shoes, my little white tights, my little white dress, my little ugly face, and my long blonde hair—which was natural then. I looked like a fuckin' nurse! I had eighty-seven dollars in my pocket and seven years of tap and acrobatics. I could do a hundred and eighty degree split and come up tapping the Morse Code. Well, with that kind of talent I figured the mayor would be waiting for me at Port Authority. Wrong! I had to wait six months for an audition. Well, finally the big day came. I showed up at the Music Hall with my red patent leather tap shoes. And I did my little tap routine.

And this man said to me: “Can you do fankicks?” Well, sure I could do terrific fankicks. But they weren't good enough. Of course, what he was trying to tell me was... it was the way I looked, not the fankicks. So I said: “Fuck you, Radio City and the Rockettes, I'm gonna dance on Broadway.”

Well, Broadway—same story. Every audition. I mean I'd dance rings around girls and find myself in the alley with the other rejects. But, after a while I caught on. I mean, I had eyes... I saw what they were hiring. I also swiped my dance card once—after an audition. And on a scale of ten... They gave me: For dance: ten. For looks: three.