

David, "The Santaland Diaries" by David Sedaris

M/F

The woman at Macys asked, "Would you be interested in full-time elf, or evening and weekend elf?" I said full time elf. I am a 33 year old man applying for a job as an elf. I often see people on the streets dressed as objects and handing out leaflets. I usually avoid leaflets but it breaks my heart to see a grown man dressed as a taco, so if there's a costume involved, I tend to not only accept the leaflet, but to accept it graciously, saying "Thank you so much" and thinking you poor son of a bitch. This afternoon I accepted a leaflet from a man dressed as a camcorder. Hotdogs, tacos, video cameras, these things make me sad because there's no place for them, no community. I figure that at least as an elf I will have a place. I'll be in Santa's village with all the other elves. We'll live in a fluffy wonderland surrounded by candy canes. It won't be quite as sad as being some big french fry out on the street corner.

You're a Good Man Charlie Brown

M

CHARLIE BROWN (young child):

“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 pleasing, 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 redheaded girl eating her lunch over there. I wonder what she’d 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 no reason why I couldn’t just go over there and sit there. I could do that right now. All I have to do is stand up. (He stands.) I’m standing up.

(He sits.) I’m sitting down. I’m a coward. I’m so much 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 couldn’t spare one little moment just to...(He freezes.) She’s looking at me. (In terror, he looks one way, then another.) She’s looking at me. (His head looks all around frantically trying to find something to notice.)”

“A C?” from *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*

Character name: Sally

Gender: Female

Age Range: 15 — 25

Show: You're a Good Man Charlie Brown

Duration: 0 — 1 minutes

Monologue Type: comedic

Sally has just received a mediocre grade on an art assignment, and she's not happy about it...

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 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 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'?