

LUCY &amp; SCHROEDER.

You're a good man,  
Charlie brown!  
You're a good man,  
Charlie brown!  
You're a good man,  
Charlie Brown!

SALLY &amp; LINUS.

Bravely facing  
adversity.  
Always kind to  
animals!  
You're a good man,  
Charlie Brown!

SNOOPY.

Oh,  
You're a good man!  
Oh,  
You're a good man,  
Charlie Brown!

*During applause, ALL exit and the music segues.*

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No. 2a **Good Man Playoff** See p. 81  
(Orchestra)

*Music comes to an abrupt stop in mid-phrase.*

SALLY. This is my report on the past. The past has always interested people. I must admit, however, that I don't know much about it. I wasn't here when it happened.

*SALLY exits; music segues.*

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No. 2b **Before Lunch Hour** See p. 81  
(Orchestra)

*A school bell begins ringing during applause, loud, electric and raucous. When it stops, CHARLIE BROWN is alone onstage. He has a large brown paper lunch bag.*

CHARLIE BROWN. I think lunch time is about the worst time of the day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course sometimes mornings (*music ritard and fade out*) 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, lunch time is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got.

*(open lunch bag, unwrap sandwich, look inside)* Peanut butter.

*(bite sandwich and chew)* 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.

*(eat, clear palate with fingers and wipe fingers on the bench)* Boy, the PTA sure did a good job of painting these benches.

*(eat)* 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.

*(stand)* I'm standing up.

*(sit)* 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?

*(freeze)* She's looking at me.

*(in terror, look one way, then the other)* She's looking at me.

CHARLIE BROWN turns his head looks all around, trying frantically to find something else to notice. His teeth clench. Tension builds. then with one motion he pops the paper bag over his head. LUCY and SALLY enter.

LUCY. No, Sally, you're thinking of that other dress, the one I wore to Lucinda's party. The one I'm talking about was the very light blue one and had a design embroidered around the waist.

SALLY. I don't remember.

LUCY. *(take a pencil and draw matter-of-factly on the top of the paper bag covering Charlie Brown's head)* Something like this, and the skirt went out like this and had these puffy sleeves and a sash like this.

SALLY. Oh, yes, I remember.

LUCY. Yes, well that was the dress I was wearing last week when I met Frieda and she told me she'd seen one just like it over at —

SALLY & LUCY exit. CHARLIE BROWN is immobile as their voices fade. Then:

CHARLIE BROWN. *(speaking inside the bag)* Lunch time is among the worst times of the day for me. If that little red-haired girl is looking at me with this stupid bag on my