

### **Black Stache from *Peter and The Starcatcher***

Perchance you think a treasure trunk sans treasure has put my piratical BVDs in a twist? How wrong you are. Yes, I'd hoped to be hip-deep in diamonds, but they're a poor substitute for what I really crave: a bona fide hero to help me feel whole. For without a hero, what am I? Half a villain; a pirate in part; ruthless, but toothless. And then I saw you, and I thought, "Maybe? Can it be? Is he the one I've waited for? Would he, for example, give up something precious for the sake of the daughter he loves?" But alas, he gives up sand. Now, let's see: hero with treasure, very good. Hero with no treasure.... doable. No hero and a trunk full o' sand? Not s'much. NOW, WHERE'S MY TREASURE?!?

### **Eugene from *Brighton Beach Memoirs***

I guess there comes a time in everybody's life when you say, "This very moment is the end of my childhood." When Stanley left to join the Army, I knew that moment had come to me . . . I was scared. I was lonely. And I hated my mother and father for making him so unhappy. Even if they were right, I still hated them . . . I even hated Stanley a little because he left me there to grow up all by myself. And I hated my mother for leaving Stanley's name out when she called us for dinner. I don't think parents really know how cruel they can be sometimes . . . (*a beat*) At dinner I tried to tell them that Stanley left but I just couldn't get the words out . . . I left the table without even having my ice cream . . . If it was suffering I was after, I was beginning to learn about it.

### **Jane from *'Dentity Crisis***

When I was eight years old, someone brought me to a theatre with lots of other children. We had come to see a production of *Peter Pan*. And I remember something seemed wrong with the whole production, odd things kept happening. Like when the children would fly, the ropes would keep breaking and the actors would come thumping to ground and they'd have to be carried off by the stagehands. You remember how in the second act Tinkerbell drinks some poison that Peter's about to drink, in order to save him? And then Peter turns to the audience and he says that Tinkerbell's going to die because not enough people believe in fairies, but that if everybody in the audience claps real hard to show that they do believe in fairies, then maybe Tinkerbell won't die. And so then all the children started to clap. We clapped very hard and very long. Then suddenly the actress playing Peter Pan turned to the audience and she said, "That wasn't enough. You didn't clap hard enough. Tinkerbell's dead." And then everyone started to cry. I don't think any of us were ever the same after that experience.

### **Jo from *Little Women***

I ain't a lady! And if turning up my hair makes me one, I'll wear it in two tails till I'm twenty. I hate to think I've got to grow up and be Miss March, and wear long gowns, and look as prim as China Aster. It's bad enough to be a girl, anyway, when I like boys' games and work, and manners. I can't get over my disappointment in not being a boy, and it's worse now than ever, for I'm dying to go and fight with Papa, and I can only stay at home and knit like a poky old woman!

**Lucy from *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown***

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... (*hears someone offstage*) 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 from *You're a Good Man, Charlie 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 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'?

**Schroeder from *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown***

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'll 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.

### **Veruca Salt from *Willy Wonka***

As soon as I told my father that I simply had to have one of those Golden Tickets, he went out into the town and started buying up all the Wonka candy bars he could lay his hands on.

Thousands of them, he must have bought. Hundreds of thousands! Then he had them loaded onto trucks and sent directly to his own factory. He's in the peanut business, you see, and he's got about a hundred women working for him over at his joint, shelling peanuts for roasting and salting. That's what they do all day long, those women ... they just sit there shelling peanuts. So he says to them, 'Okay, girls,' he says 'from now on, you can stop shelling peanuts and start shelling the wrappers off these crazy candy bars instead!' and they did. He had every worker in the place yanking the paper off those bars of chocolate, full speed ahead, from morning 'til night. Then suddenly, on the evening of the fourth day, one of his women workers yelled, 'I've got it! A Golden Ticket!' And my father said, 'Give it to me, quick!' And she did. And he rushed it home and gave it to me.