



Arts Engagement
and Education

CB

“My dog died. I don’t know if you remember, but I had a beagle.”

From *Dog Sees God: Confessions of a Teenage Blockhead*
By Bert V. Royal https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bert_V._Royal

Gender: Male/Masculine Presenting

Style: Contemporary Dramatic

Age Range: 14-17

Link to buy script: www.amazon.com

Play Synopsis

Dog Sees God: Confessions of a Teenage Blockhead is genuine and genuinely moving update for the “Peanuts” gang, a heartfelt comedic drama and strong ensemble piece which explores the challenges of high school and growing up.

When Snoopy dies, CB is plunged into such a depression that a literal raincloud starts to follow him around. Suddenly introspective and concerned with the afterlife, he is no longer satisfied with his high school status as a good-looking bully. Writing without hope to a childhood pen pal who has never written back, CB confesses his doubts and fears, and describes his daily interactions with his community: his angst-ridden performance artist sister, aggressive buddy Matt, mean girls Marcy and Tricia, and stoned philosopher Van. When he unexpectedly connects with Beethoven, a childhood friend who had become a target of his group’s homophobic bullying, CB thinks he’s found both a relationship and a means to rebel against his predictable, doormat persona... but he may have to lose everything to gain peace of mind.

At this moment

This is the start of the play. We hear CB writing a letter to his pen pal.

Monologue

My dog died. I don’t know if you remember, but I had a beagle. He was a good dog. My best friend. I’d had him as far back as I could remember, but one day last month, I went out to feed him and he didn’t come bounding out of this red doghouse like usual. I called his name. But no response. I knelt down and called out his name. Still nothing. I looked in the doghouse. There was blood everywhere. Cowering in the corner was my dog. His eyes were wild and there was an excessive amount of saliva coming out of his mouth. He was unrecognizable. Both frightened and frightening at the same time. The blood belonged to a tiny little yellow bird that had always been around. My dog and the bird used to play together. In a strange way, it was almost like they were best friends. I know that sounds stupid, but ...Anyway, the bird had been mangled. Ripped apart. By my dog. When he saw that I could see what he’d done, his face changed to sadness and he let out a sound that felt like word “help.” I reached my hand into his doghouse. I know it was a dumb thing to do, but he looked like he needed me. His jaws snapped. I jerked my hand away before he could bite me. My parents called a center and they came and took him

away. Later that day, they put him to sleep. They gave me his corpse in a cardboard box. When my dog died, that was then the rain cloud came back and everything went to hell.

Helpful Links

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qJeGPC1AWHI>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=irkCd2dlaYw>