



Arts Engagement  
and Education

## CB'S SISTER

“Metamorphosis. Transformation. Evolution. Change. Evolution. Change, Changing evolution.”

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

Gender: Female/Feminine Presenting  
Style: Contemporary Dramatic  
Age Range: 14-17

**Link to Buy Script** [www.amazon.com](http://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**

CB’s Sister struggles with her own search for self-meaning, adopting Goth and thespian costuming and personalities.

### **Monologue**

Metamorphosis. Transformation. Evolution. Change. Evolution. Change, Changing evolution. I am a teenage caterpillar. I know of these things. For soon, I’ll spin a cocoon. And from the silk-like craft that I will create, a magnificent creature will emerge. No. Not a butterfly. For butterflies are a dime a dozen. Destined to flit about for a day or so, then drop dead. Or have its wings ripped off by a demented child. Or have its body pinned to a piece of cheap foam core and matted underneath a cheap frame and hung in the bathroom of an elderly woman who reeks of Preparation-H and Vicks VapoRub. *(Beat.)* This will not be my fate. This CANNOT be my fate. I will become a platypus. It’s not impossible. It’s just never been done before. It’s only a matter of time, you see. If I stay in my cocoon longer, I’ll change from a butterfly to a swallow and then from a swallow to a duck and then from a duck to a platypus. It’s all just a matter of time. And time I have. I will wait to become a platypus. I will be an extraordinary creature. *(The lights fade as she pulls a silk scarf from her pocket and begins to wrap it around herself.)*

**Helpful Links**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TSOz29b4-7A>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0jOR4KLUa>