

ONIONS

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[Boy sits on back porch steps, sobbing. Father, mother and little sister are inside eating supper]

[A little mole with big thick glasses pops out of a hole in the ground]

“What’s all the crying up here?”

“Who said that?”

“Look down, Crybaby.”

“What are you?”

“I’m a mole. Haven’t you ever seen a mole before?”

“Uh, no. Do moles talk?”

“Hey Crybaby, you hear me don’t you? Why the tears?”

“Don’t call me that, I’m Chris. I’m hungry but I can’t eat supper.”

[Mole scrambles to porch and looks through screen door on his tiptoes]

“That doesn’t make sense, everyone inside is eating supper.”

“I can’t eat supper because I don’t like onions and the stew has onions. Dad said to quit complaining and eat supper or go outside, so that the rest of us can have a quiet meal.”

[Mole moves onto step next to boy]

Wow, I am talking to a mole! Hey, do moles have names?"

"Wow, I'm talking to a boy! Everybody has a name, dummy. I'm Robert.

"Robert? That's a human name."

"Yeah, but my mole name wouldn't make sense to you, so just call me Robert."

"Ok, but you'll have to stop calling me names.

"Fine, let's be friends."

[Chris and Robert shake hands]

"Anyway, that's why I'm sitting out here. I can't stand those slimy bits and pieces of onions."

"Really it's not a problem at all; let me tell you what happened to me."



[Underground mole tunnel scene. Mole Family eating supper in tunnels under vegetable garden. All are eating earthworms except for a little boy mole, Robert]

"I can't stand these dirty worms! I won't eat them!"

[Father mole stands up in front of Robert]

“Quit whining about the dirt or go to your room and do without supper.”

[Robert leaves for his room, slumping along]

[In room, Robert plays a computer video game]

“I hate them, I hate them, and I won’t eat them!”

[Mother mole comes in and sits down on the edge of bed]

“Sit with me Robert. Let’s talk about this.”

“I don’t like dirt on my earthworms.”

“But dirt doesn’t bother moles.”

“It bothers me.”

“I have an idea, and I know that you’re very hungry. Just take the earthworms and carry them to the puddle in the tunnel and wash the dirt off.”

“You mean where there’s a leak in the water pipe to the humans’ house? Wow, what a good idea!”

[Robert scuttles down the tunnel, washes the earthworms in the water and gobbles them]

“Hmmm. Yummy, yummy, yummy!”



[Back porch steps with Chris and Robert sitting side by side.]

“What does that have to do with my problem?”

“If you don’t like onions, just quietly pick them out and set them aside. There are probably not many and they are in the stew for flavor anyway.”

“Wow, what a great idea!”



[Back in house another night Chris is eating supper with family and quietly picking out onion bits and pieces from a casserole.]

“How did school go today Chris.”

“Just fine Dad. I got an “A” in spelling!”

“That is great, Chris.”



[Robert as a great-grandfather mole in a reclining lounge surrounded by a pack of kid moles, all with big glasses.]

“Great-Grandpa Robert, what a neat story that was about the boy.”

“Yes, we don’t really mind the dirt on the worms.”

[One tiny girl mole makes face.]

“Ugh, I think they’re gross!”

[Great-grandfather Robert smiles.]

“You know something interesting? When the boy grew up he learned to like onions.”



[Chris as a father eating his food without complaining. However, a little boy at the table is making a face and sticking his finger in throat.]

“Don’t like the onions, huh? Well, just pick them out. Someday you’ll like them.”



[Final scene is a the little girl mole washing off earthworms down the tunnel at the water leak.]

“Hmmm. Yummy, yummy, yummy! But, I would never eat those slimy onions!”