

UNDERGROUND RUMBLINGS

By Edan Schappert

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CAST: STRAWBERRY and ONION

AT RISE: Entire stage is dark except for two pools of light on two people at center stage. One is dressed in red—STRAWBERRY SEED—and one in white—ONION SEED. (Casting can be a male and female, 2 males or 2 females.) They are sitting on floor with arms hugging knees and are in very tight positions. Each “seed” is motionless and stares straight ahead at audience.

****NOTE: For contest purposes, where costumes and props are not allowed, this play can easily be performed without either.***

STRAWBERRY: Not much going on down here under the ground, is there?

ONION: **(grumpy)** Too dark for much to go on.

STRAWBERRY: What are we supposed to do here?

ONION: How do I know. You think I know everything?

STRAWBERRY: No need to get touchy! I was only asking.

ONION: I wasn't getting touchy! You're always bugging me with questions!

STRAWBERRY: **(softly)** Boy, what a grump.

ONION: So what! I'm an onion seed. I can be as grumpy as I want.

STRAWBERRY: What did you say you were?

ONION: **(gruff)** An onion seed.

STRAWBERRY: **(haughty)** Oh. I see. Yes. Well, I thought you were a little different from me.

ONION: You want to make something of it.

STRAWBERRY: No. I don't want to make something of it. I don't like to fight. I'm a strawberry seed.

ONION: Big deal.

STRAWBERRY: A cultured strawberry seed. I come from a very good line. You must have heard of my family strain. The Windsor-Sterling Strawberry? From Massachusetts?

ONION: Never heard of them.

STRAWBERRY: Well, the Windsor-Sterling Strawberry family is quite well-known among the seed set.

ONION: Good for you.

STRAWBERRY: We came over on the Mayflower.

ONION: Uh-hmm.

STRAWBERRY: We're fancied by seed connoisseurs. Our family has a Triple-A rating.

ONION: (**shouts**) Would you quit your talking so I can get some sleep? I didn't get any sleep last night with that rainstorm pounding overhead. Now I've got to put up with your family history. I'm tired! I want to get some sleep.

STRAWBERRY: (**very chatty**) Yes. That was a nasty rainstorm we had last night. It made the earth so soggy. I can't stand this nasty mud. Do you think it will get warm soon? Maybe it will get a little drier down here. Hmm? Do you think so?

ONION: Yeah.

STRAWBERRY: (**talks to self**) I don't know what I'm doing in this part of the garden anyway. I'm supposed to be with the other strawberry seeds, and with the flowers – over in the sheltered part of the garden.

ONION: Yeah.

STRAWBERRY: I fell out of the seed package by mistake. And look where I end up. In this miserable, muddy part of the garden. It seems like I've been here forever. (**sighs**) It's so tacky...so common...so plebeian here.

ONION: (**exasperated**) LOOK! Every day for the past month. Talk, talk, talk! Can't you ever be quiet?

STRAWBERRY: I'm only trying to strike up a conversation. It gets so dull down here. There's nothing to do. I wish there were something to do.

ONION: Do! Do! There's nothing to do down here! How many times have I told you that.

STRAWBERRY: Maybe we could roll over to the corner of the garden. I heard some noises over there. It sounded like a lot of pumpkin seeds talking. I hear them. They're yelling over at us, (**imitates voice of a pumpkin seed**) "Come on over! Come on over, you guys!" (**to ONION**) Oh, man, I'm going. (**leans, tries to roll**)

ONION: (**excited**) What do you want to bother the pumpkins for! It's really cozy right here.

STRAWBERRY: You'd miss me if I left. All the complaining that I talk too much. Now you don't want me to leave.

ONION: Listen. I don't care what you do. Go if you want.

STRAWBERRY: (**tries to roll again**) I can't. I'm stuck.

ONION: (**gruff**) I don't need you. I don't need anyone. I don't need friends. Never have and never will!

STRAWBERRY: (**still trying to roll**) I can't move. If only I could unloosen myself. Got any scissors?

ONION: I can get by without any friends.

STRAWBERRY: (*annoyed, and still trying to move*) Everyone needs friends.

ONION: Not me.

STRAWBERRY: What makes you think you're so different.

ONION: Because I don't mind being alone.

STRAWBERRY: No one likes being left alone.

ONION: I do. I've been alone for as long as I can remember...before you came here, that is...

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