

LIVER AND ONIONS

by Jan Peterson Ewen

Monologue for a BOY. Age 10 – 16

SCENE.

The house of the BOY's Grandmother, following a fancy family dinner. The BOY has found a moment to talk to his Grandmother alone.

Look Grandma, you have to at least meet me halfway on this. I tried! I really did. Look, you can see, I wore a suit. A *suit*, Grandma - and a *tie*! I have never, ever worn a tie before but I wore a tie for *you* because you wanted to have a nice family dinner. I respect that, and your need for the occasional civilized meal where everyone sits down together and uses cloth napkins. I'm okay with that. I didn't complain when we actually had to talk to each other without the television on. That's fine. For you, I will do almost anything. I didn't complain when I had to listen to Uncle Harry's stories about his years in Guam again, though I've heard them a million times before. I didn't even complain when Aunt Jean kissed me on the cheek and got that awful pink lipstick all over me. I took that in stride - for *you*. But Grandma, come on. Liver and onions? *Liver and onions?* I *hate* liver and onions! I can't even *pretend* to like liver and onions! I knew I couldn't expect you to serve pizza or hamburgers or anything I *really* like. But, what about chicken or steak or casserole - something remotely normal like that? I don't mean to hurt your feelings, Grandma, I really don't. I'm sure everyone else really enjoyed your liver and onions. I just wanted to be honest with you, okay? You want me to tell you how I feel, right? So, please, Grandma, next time - if you want there to be a next time – whatever you do, *don't serve liver and onions!*

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