

THE CASHIER IN LANE 8

By Jerry Rabushka

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THE CASHIER IN LANE 8*A Ten Minute Comedy Monologue***By Jerry Rabushka**

SYNOPSIS: The drudgery of grocery shopping quickly gets better when our speaker lights upon a really cute cashier in lane eight. She'll do anything to have him ring up her order, even if it means spending the afternoon in a long line and giving up a chance to check out faster through aisle seven. But why is this taking so long? Customers are showing him cat pictures, fishing for pennies—it's almost like the universe is working to keep her meeting this marvelous young man. When it's finally her turn, he says the darnedest thing...

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(1 female)*

FEMALE MONOLOGUE (f) Young adult.

FEMALE MONOLOGUE: It was my turn to go grocery shopping. We had one of those families where everybody pitched in. Mom wasn't hearing my complaints.

(As MOTHER, *sarcastic.*) "Do you wanna eat?"

"Not if it means I have to shop."

(As MOTHER.) "Well, your sister wants to eat. And your boyfriend wants to eat."

"I don't have a boyfriend."

(As MOTHER.) "That's because you don't feed him."

(*Sigh, to MOTHER.*) OK, I'll go. (*To audience.*) Once we were old enough to drive, we had to *do* stuff! So, here's me going shopping with a prepared list. (*Pantomime looking at list, putting things in a cart, disinterested.*) Beans, peas, more beans, milk, (*Eewww!*) beets, parsnips, squash, who eats this stuff? I can hear my mother now. "Stick to the list." (*Looks at the list.*) How many beans does a family need? I went down the potato chip aisle with wistful teardrops falling from my eyes. Chips weren't on the list. Neither was... (*Really broken up about this.*) Greek yogurt!

(*Gathers herself together.*) You can see where sending me shopping without training didn't go well. (*Checks list one final time.*) Finally, though I'm done. No chips, but... (*Like a poem.*) lots of beets, lots of beans, lots of meats and leafy greens. I'll be eating at my friends' houses until the beets are gone, and... (*An interrupting pause – as if she is just noticing something for the first time, with a big happy smile.*) there's the cutest guy ringing up groceries in lane number eight! Everyone must have thought so, because it was the longest line in the store. He was bagging and smiling and laughing and everyone was having a great time! Now, shopping made sense.

Sure, I could have got through faster in another lane, but I was content to wait and read *The Little Book of Sugar Free Baking* while I looked at candy bars and highly caffeinated soft drinks that (*Aggravated.*) weren't on the list. I was content standing here with ...my new boyyyyyfriend – yeah right – when suddenly a mean old biddie opened up a register in lane seven. She flicked on the “open” light like she was music student gearing up for math homework. She typed a password into her register, (*Pantomime doing this.*) threw in a new cash drawer and slammed it shut like a teenager sent to her room for sassing her sister.

(*As CASHIER, older woman, unpleasant.*) “I’ll take who’s next!”

I wasn’t next; I was fourth in line. But then the lady in front of me said, “you go.”

No, I’m fine here.

“So am I,” she said, “so you go.”

(*More insistent.*) I’m staying here.

(*As CASHIER.*) “Next please!”

(*To everyone.*) I don’t care if the beets rot in the cart – in fact I prefer it – but I’m staying where I am. (*To audience.*) I wanted to see the cute guy. I turned to lane seven and bounced a beet on her counter. “Here, that’ll keep you busy.”

(*As CASHIER.*) “Miss, please come over here so I can ring up your order.”

“No, just make like a drummer and keep the beet!” Then I looked at his name tag, so I knew who to talk about in my next creative writing assignment. Evan T. What’s the T. stand for? Would you like some tea? I like your t-shirt. When we get married, do you want to honeymoon in Ti-juana? I wanna!

To make things worse the old, old, old lady he was currently checking out was showing him pictures of cats! He was smiling, looking and laughing, while the rest of us were idling like cars at a green light waiting for the SUV in front to move out of the way.

"No one cares about your cats!" I said.

(As the CUSTOMER.) "That's not my cat, it's the neighbor's cat. I'm allergic."

"This wouldn't be happening if you'd have only gone to lane seven," said the shopper ahead of me, obviously claiming the young man for herself.

"No it wouldn't," I said. "But nobody's stopping you."

The cashier in lane seven was still standing there like a leftover dance tune at a sock hop. Finally she just shut off her light and went away. I stood my ground paging through *Soap Opera Digest*, the *Enquirer*, *People Magazine*, and finally a pocket dictionary, looking up the perfect words for asking Evan out.

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