

THE CASHIER IN LANE 8

By Jerry Rabushka

Copyright © 2016 by Jerry Rabushka, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 978-1-60003-867-9

Caution: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

Reservation of Rights: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation.

Modifications: There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to this Work or title of this Work, unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the Work's "Production Notes." This includes changing of character gender, cutting or adding of dialogue, or alteration of language.

Royalties: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice and will be set based upon your application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged. Any licensing requests and questions concerning rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Credits: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s). Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice: *Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.*

Reproduction: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC..

PUBLISHED BY BROOKLYN PUBLISHERS
1-888-473-8521

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, (*Eewwww!*) 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 beat!" 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.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from THE CASHIER IN LANE 8 by Jerry Rabushka. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

**Brooklyn Publishers, LLC
P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406
Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011
www.brookpub.com**