

the supermarket queue / Lawrence Upton

Woman 1

Scuse me.

Man

What for?

Woman 1

I want to get by.

Man

You've got things to pay for.

Woman 1

That's right. I want to pay. I'm in front of you.

Man

I'm sorry but you're not.

Woman 1

I am!

Man

If you're in front of me, then you don't need to get by.

Woman 1

Don't try to be funny with me.

Man

I doubt that would be possible.

I don't intend that. I just don't want you pushing in.

Woman 1

I'm not fucking pushing in. I'm in front of you.

[Man does not reply]

Look. That's my fuckin sister. In front of you.

Man

I'm sure she's a very nice person.

Woman 1

I'm with her.

Man

Clearly, you are not... We've done that; and don't push me.

Woman 1

Let me through then.

Man

No, Madam. Don't push me.

Woman 1

And what are you going to do?

Man

To cashier Would you call security or the police please. I am being assaulted, technically assaulted, by a rather rude woman.

Cashier

Can you behave?

Man

Call Security.

Cashier

Behave.

Man

I have asked for assistance from you as an employee of the company. If you won't help then I shall endeavour to deal with it myself and you and your company will have caused the situation.

Woman 1

What you goin do? Eh? What you goin to do?

Man

For the last time. Don't push me. I shan't warn you again.

Woman 1

What you goin to do? You goin hit a woman?

[Man does not reply]

Fuckin answer me, you cunt.

Man

Madam, you're not getting past me.

You can have as many tantrums as you want --

Woman 1

I'm not having tantrums!

Man

You can insult me if you want. I don't like any of it but you will not bully me successfully. If you continue to assault me, I shall defend myself.

Woman 1

You goin hit me? Eh? you goin hjt me? Hit a woman?

Woman 2

Leave it, Lorraine. He aint worth it. He's a cunt.

Woman 1

Devon

[Devon is a fat man clutching a box of ferraro rocher. He stares back with a more than frightened look]

Woman 1

You think you're clever don't you?

[Man does not reply]

I said you think you're clever.

Man

I heard you....

Woman 1

You think you're fuckin clever.

You think you're fuckin clever.

Woman 2

Leave it Lorraine.

Woman 1

You're a cunt you are. You're a fucking cunt.

Man

And you, madam, are a foul mouthed bully; but not a very good one.

Woman 1

You don't even care when I call you a cunt. You cunt.

Cashier

Good after noon. Do you have a bonus card?

Man

Good afternoon. No. I don't want one either. Just these few things, please.

Madam, it's been interesting talking with you

Woman 1

Don't talk to me.