

## **Surreal Shopping Trip**

By Tony Bolster

### **Four characters**

(can be played by any gender)

Shopper

Supermarket worker 1 (also penguin)

Supermarket worker 2 (also giant duck)

Supermarket worker 3 (also spaghetti thief)

Shopper:

Enters supermarket with trolley...

SHOPPER: (to himself, joking) I'm wheely looking forward to this big shop! Never shopped here before!

He pushes his trolley on - into the fruit and veg section.

His jaw drops, confused. The Conference Pears are in discussion with each other!

As he turns his head:

SHOPPER: What the...

Granny Smith (apples) are knitting and sipping tea!

He jolts his head to the right and spots Kiwi fruits - doing the Haka!

He rubs his eyes, turns trolley and walks past the potatoes.

As he approaches a certain type of tatties, a strange crying noise starts up. Bawling and crying.. When he's passed the specific tatty area, the noise ceases. He tests this theory several times and in shock turns a corner and bumps into a member of staff.

STAFF MEMBER 1: OWWWWCH!

SHOPPER: I'm so sorry about that! It's just... The potatoes...

STAFF MEMBER 1: (rubbing shin) What about them?

SHOPPER: Well, this might sound crazy, but... when I push my trolley past - they start whining. Crying. Bawling!

STAFF MEMBER 1: (laughs).

SHOPPER: Told you it was crazy!

STAFF MEMBER 1: It's not... not at all... They are the Baby New Potatoes! (Laughs again).

Shopper walks on in half daze: confused and shocked.

He approaches the Dairy Fridges:

Strawberry, Banana and Chocolate Yazoos are making faces and blowing raspberries at the shopper. Stunned, he closes his eyes and slowly reopens. The face pulling and raspberry blowing continue.

STAFF MEMBER 2: (appearing) Okay, shakes, you've had fun stunning this gent. But stop *milking* it.

SHOPPER: I don't.. I must be dreaming?!

Then - a bunch yoghurt pots wearing goggles, wooly hats and scarves whizz past on the floor shrilling "Wheeeee!"

STAFF MEMBER 2: Don't mind them; they're, well, Ski!

SHOPPER: I'm hallucinating...

He pushes his empty trolley on and stops before the margarine and spreads:

A tub of Flora suddenly says to a block of Anchor: "Stop trying to butter me up! I'm not interested!"

On the shopper plods, in a daydream.

He enters: The Frozen Aisle:

Immediately Staff Member 3 hands him a thick woollen blanket.

STAFF MEMBER 3: Use this to keep yourself warm down here. The temperature's freezing!

He wraps it round his shoulders and glances at some products.

SHOPPER: (dazed) Errrrm, right... (checks his list).

Suddenly, Margaherrita, Haiwaiian and Deep Meat Feast "frisbees" hurl towards him. He ducks, just avoiding collision.

STAFF MEMBER 3: You don't want a pizza the action? Can't say I blame you.

A bag of McCain's pops up from a compartment on top of a box Quarter Pounders, which grumbles: "Burger off! It's ALWAYS me. I'm ALWAYS the one you ride on. It's SOOOOO unfair! "

STAFF MEMBER 3: Ignore him. He's always got a chip on his shoulder. A whole bag, in fact.

The shopper stutters forward...

Randomly, an ear-piercing, teeth-gritting "AAAAARRRRHHHHHHHHHH" penetrates the airwaves. Another follows. Then another!

The shopper's head jolts in fright!

STAFF MEMBER 3: Those freaking Ice-Scream tubs are at it again. I bet it's that Raspberry Ripple causing mischief. Take no notice. I'll see to them, later!

Onwards, empty trollied, the shopper wanders; lost.

Next aisle: whilst browsing the penne, rigatoni, tagliatelli...

SHOPPER: (Head turns so fast at commotion behind, giving him whiplash!) WHAT... THE...

STAFF MEMBER 1: (noticing) Oh blast! Never mind, sir. It's okay. The Spaghetti Thief just ran pasta us...

On the trolley is pushed in bewilderment.

"Why did the chicken cross the fairground?" says a voice.

"Doctor, Doctor, my brother says he feels like a bottle of milk!" says another voice, slightly louder.

An egg box flaps its lid.

"To get to the other ride!" says the first voice.

Egg box lid flaps again.

"Well, I calcium getting any better!" the second voice giggles.

STAFF MEMBER 2: (Chuckling) Pay no attention. These eggs love their yolks. They think they're real crackers. "

Shopper shuffles on, jaw hanging open like a drawbridge.

He lifts a packet of Yoyos and Custard Creams and places them in his trolley. He turns to browse further and a human-sized penguin waddles down the aisle and removes both packets - before waddling away).

Shopper catches the penguin in action and drops two packs of pink wafers onto the floor.

STAFF MEMBER 2: (to penguin) Cheek of it! It's taking the *biscuit*! Sorry about this.

The cleaning section approaches and completely trance-like, the shopper glances at shelves as he pushes on, slowly.

Everything seems... *normal*...

SHOPPER: I need bleach... Ber... Leach... Ber...

A giant duck "quacks" its way up the aisle, pausing randomly. The "quacks" become more eccentric the closer to the shopper they get.

SHOPPER: This I all a crazy hallucination. It's gotta be...

The duck quacks past and exits through a door which states: "LADIES/GENTS."

STAFF MEMBER 3 (appearing as the duck plods through door) That greedy toilet duck... Always stinking the loo out. Fabreze, Fabreze, save us - pleeeeeease!

Shopper wheels towards the checkouts with his trolley empty, where he notices a "Rest in Peace" section by the window. He scratches his head and wanders over to investigate.

"INDOOR BURIAL SITE OF 'BAGS FOR LIFE' WHICH HAVE SADLY DIED" a sign reads. Dozens of bags with splits and gapes and holes lay beneath the sign on the display.

SHOPPER: This... This is... This has been a... a bar... a totally barmy trip. Forget the list. I think I'll just grab some... what aisle are they in... the Monster Munch...

End.

