

The Rock

by Bella Li

Somewhere between the laundry aisle and the junk food section, my favourite track from my favourite album by my favourite '90s post-rock outfit starts playing over the PA, and it's a banger, it's the best twelve and a half minutes of my life. Suddenly I have six boxes of Cadbury Favourites in the trolley and I don't know how they got there. I'm about to reach down and put two of them back on the shelf and then the droning guitar in the extended seven-minute bridge gets louder and I think, what the hell, why not, you only live once, don't stop believing! All the other shoppers are coasting along, perched on their trolleys, with jars of pickles and Best Foods mayonnaise crammed inside, really both living *and* believing. By the time I get to the end and see the fruits and vegetables piled into slippery, gleaming stacks like Tahoe in summer, I'm ready to marry anyone, I'm ready to sign away the rights to all the unwritten film scripts I haven't written. There's a man to my right gracefully peeling three bananas from a bunch of five. Right before the key change I think it might be Dwayne (The Rock), but it's not.



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