

Beetroot

By

Spencer Barrett

[s.barrett57@gmail.com](mailto:s.barrett57@gmail.com)

INT. SMALL SHOP - NIGHT

The shop is well lit, every surface gleaming white. Near the door sits one till and on that till sits a plump bored looking TEENAGER.

He's sitting playing games on his phone, he's obviously been sitting there for a long time.

In walks a talk African-American male, MIKE, he walks past the Teenager who glances up and then carries on playing his game.

Mike walks up an aisle filled with vegetables. He stands looking bemused.

In walks a MAN with a long coat. He stands at the end of the aisle in plain view of both Mike and the teenager.

He pulls open his coat to reveal a bomb.

The Teenager drops to the floor and hides beneath the till.

MAN

Everyone get down on the ground!  
I'm going to kill us all.

MIKE (O.S)

The hell you ain't!

The man looks completely bemused. He turns and looks up the aisle.

Mike is standing there looking at the vegetables.

MAN

What?

MIKE

I said 'The Hell you aint!' and  
unless you're here to help me find  
the beetroot you had better walk  
your badly dressed ass out of here.

Mike turns to look at the man, he shows Mike the bomb.

MIKE

And? You think I give a shit about  
that? I've got a wife back at the  
hotel room expecting some damn  
beetroot! I'd rather you blow me  
the fuck up than turn up without  
some beetroot!

(CONTINUED)

MAN

I've got a fucking bomb mate, you might want to reconsider that.

MIKE

You ain't gonna blow me up, shithead! If you was, you would of just walked in here and done it. You want to be talked out of it.

The man closes his coat and walks up to Mike. Mike starts scanning the shelves again

MAN

I'm going to blow us all up, they'll remember me for ever...

MIKE

For what? Blowing up a black man and some vegetables. I doubt they'll even fucking notice in the first place!

MAN

Of course they will! And nothing you can do is going to stop me.

Mike looks back at the man.

MIKE

Do you know how long I have been in this country?

MAN

N...No...

MIKE

Two.Damn.Weeks.

MAN

Oh...

MIKE

And do you know what it has done for those two weeks?

MAN

No?

MIKE

Rained. The whole fucking time I've been here it has rained on my black ass. Shit, you'd think that Zeus

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (cont'd)  
was pissing on me specifically. 'Go to england' She said 'it's filled with culture' she said. Do you know what it's really filled with?

MAN  
No?

MIKE  
Pigeons and tracksuits! What the hell is it with you people and tracksuits? And your pigeons? They ain't scared of shit! They just walk right up to you and shit on your foot!

The man turns to leave.

MAN  
I think I've made a mistake.

MIKE  
Don't you walk away from me boy, you think you've got problems? Do you know why I came to this damn country in the first place?

The man stops and turns back around.

MAN  
Look, I'm really sorry, I just have nowhere to live and nothing to live for, I just wanted to end it all.

MIKE  
You got nowhere to live, but you got enough to make a bomb? Shit even your homeless people can't be normal!

MAN  
It's not that bad over here.

MIKE  
Then why the hell you trying to blow a brother up?!

MAN  
I just...

MIKE

Exactly, quit your whining! I'm only here because I've got to bury my dad.

MAN

Sorry, I had better go.

The man picks up a tin of beetroot and hands it to Mike.

MAN

Here you go

The man turns and walks away. Mike smiles.

The man gets to the tills where the teenager is still laying under the desk, on his phone playing games.

MIKE (O.S)

Hey!

The man turns back around, Mike is walking towards him.

MIKE

You ever tried beetroot?

MAN

No...

MIKE

Come with me, my wife makes it better than anyone else.

MAN

Are you sure? I just tried to blow you up...

MIKE

Yeah I'm sure, my wife'll think it's hilarious.

Mike puts some money on the counter and walks out with the man.

END