

WE SHALL OVERCOME

Abraham Tadesse

Joel - WORKER  
Jenna - MANAGER  
Amy - CUSTOMER  
Jim - PATRON

A Customer is walking the aisles and has a question for a supermarket worker.

CUSTOMER  
Uhh, excuse me.

WORKER turns to greet the CUSTOMER.

WORKER  
Hi, welcome to Ralphps, how can I help you?

CUSTOMER  
Yeah, I was looking for the soup aisle. Could you help me?

WORKER  
Soup?

CUSTOMER  
Yeah.

WORKER  
Ok, no problem. I'll take you over.

A beat.

WORKER (CONT'D)  
You did say soup? My ears aren't too good.

CUSTOMER  
Yes, soup.

CUSTOMER and WORKER walk to another aisle with soup.

WORKER  
There we are - all the soup you can carry.

CUSTOMER  
Thanks!

WORKER still stands next to CUSTOMER looking over the soups.

WORKER  
(Under their breath)  
It's crazy what they're coming out with now.

CUSTOMER  
What was that?

WORKER

No, no nothing. You know, just AI  
and stuff (mumbles under breath).

CUSTOMER looks a little concerned but does dig in.

WORKER (CONT'D)

I mean like, if it was me we  
wouldn't have cans for the soup to  
hide in. Why the secrets, right?

A beat.

CUSTOMER

I really appreciated you helping  
me.

WORKER

What? Yeah no problem. It's just,  
it says it's cramed corn, but what  
if it wasn't? Trust but verify.  
There could be more under the lid.

CUSTOMER

I really don't mean to be rude, but  
I'm ok now and can shop on my own.

WORKER has hands raised to show "no disrespect"

WORKER

My apologies, my apologies, you are  
a human being wanting soup - I just  
get carried away on the subject.

Customer acknowledges the WORKER apologizing. CUSTOMER reaches  
for a can of soup.

WORKER (CONT'D)

(LOUDLY)

NOT THAT ONE!

CUSTOMER is shocked.

CUSTOMER

What the hell?!

WORKER

I know I gave you my word to never  
return, but listen to me - don't  
touch that one. It's not right.

WORKER takes an indignant stance to the CUSTOMER.

WORKER (CONT'D)

Hey, listen, why the hell do you want to buy soup anyways? You're young, it's a Friday night - you don't want to go mixing yourself up with this kind of stuff - you have your whole life ahead of you kid.

CUSTOMER

I'm 42.

WORKER

(Laughs/scoffs)

Yeah, and I'm a can of creamed corn .

CUSTOMER

ITS CREAMED CORN!

WORKER

(screaming)

WHO GIVES A SHIT!

At that moment, the MANAGER walks over into the aisle and gets in-between the CUSTOMER and WORKER.

MANAGER

What the hell is going on?

WORKER

Nothing boss, just doing some good customer service.

CUSTOMER

He's harassing my life and soup choices.

MANAGER

(To worker)

Let me talk to you over here.

WORKER and MANAGER walk a step away from CUSTOMER.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

(Seething)

We talked about this.

WORKER

I know that, but I was trying to do the right thing here. Soup should be free to flow, it's not right that its just produce in water - they should be flowing in the produce aisle.

MANAGER gets closer into the face of the WORKER.

MANAGER  
What did we say?

WORKER  
"No civilians".

MANAGER  
(To CUSTOMER)  
Sorry about that, he just gets a little carried away. Not enough spoons in his bowl if you get my drift.

CUSTOMER  
I don't.

A beat.

MANAGER  
(Annoyed)  
What are you, like 42?

CUSTOMER  
Were you eavesdropping?

Manager leaves abruptly.

WORKER  
I'll let you get your shopping done. Just show the soup some grace and kindness. Can you promise me that?

A beat.

CUSTOMER  
I'm ACAB but willing to turn "blue lives matter" if you don't leave me alone.

WORKER  
Copy that.

The WORKER is filmed walking to his car after work, getting in, and driving. He stops at a red light and sees a billboard that shows cans of soup that reads, "they don't want to be produce - because they're soup!" WORKER looks at his steering wheel and he grips it harder. Light turns green. He drives past a bar with a rowdy group of bikers, all throwing canned soups on the ground and laughing. WORKER has a pained look on his face as he drives off. He pulls into another bar, this one more low-key.

He walks up the steps of this old-country bar, where people are chatting on the front steps of a wrap-around porch. People are

smoking, soups are sitting on mini-pillows and on railings; one soup has a hat on. It's good vibes all around.

WORKER sits on a stool while a singer is at the stage and folks are listening to her. WORKER looks up past the bar at the wall of photos behind the bartender. The bartender appears as a regular can of soup, with a dish-towel tied onto it.

WORKER (CONT'D)  
I'll get my regular.

A beer slides to the WORKER. He nods, "thank you" to the soup. He continues to look at the photos - they show the history of soup-civil-rights throughout the years:

- Million-Can-March

- Soup civil-rights leaders facing off against can-openers in White Hooded Robes.

PATRON takes a seat next to WORKER.

PATRON  
Tough day at the office?

WORKER  
Yup.

PATRON  
Soup me about it!

They both laugh, clink beers.

END