

SHOBE Script

INT. SHOBE HOUSE - MONTHS LATER - EVENING

Out on bail, Shobe moves silently around Jr's room removing his posters off the wall. She's seen death hundreds of times but none have impacted her the way that this one has. As she gathers his things out of the closet, she tries to fight back her tears. Eventually she breaks, hugging his clothes as if she her son were inside of them.

A KNOCK at the door breaks her train of thought. Quickly she wipes her eyes and makes her way to the door. She opens it. To her surprise it's Platoon Sgt and Staff Sgt stand on the other side of the door.

STAFF SGT

First Sgt.

With defeated eyes, Shobe opens the door.

SHOBE

I'm not a soldier anymore.

Shobe steps aside and invites them in. Platoon Sgt takes a food dish and sets it on the table.

PLATOON SGT

How are you holding up.

SHOBE

Death is death right?

As military veterans they know she's right, but they know this isn't the same. They want to comfort her. Shobe had always carried and air of pride and strength. The woman in front of them was broken.

STAFF SGT

I hear the officer goes on trial next month.

Platoon Sgt nudges her, she can't believe off all the things to say that's what came out of her mouth. Quickly Platoon Sgt tries to interject.

PLATOON SGT

Is there anything you need or that we can do?

Shobe looks at Platoon Sgt with dead eyes. Platoon Sgt looks back uncomfortably awaiting a response.

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An unsettling tension fills the room. Shobe leans forward, grabs a ciggarrette out of the pack then the lighter resting beside it. She flicks the lighter, then proceeds to take a long puff. Slowly she leans back closing her eyes as if preparing to release all her troubles. Eventually, Shobe speaks.

SHOBE

Did you know that 182 African Americans have been shot down by police since George Floyd was killed.

The two Sgt's are unsure of wether or not they should even answer that question, so they say nothing. Instead they listen.

Shobe takes their silence as confirmation of their ignorance.

SHOBE (CONT'D)

Didn't think so. We all know Briana Taylor was killed in her own home. Daunte Wright shot because of an air freshener hanging from a mirror. Ma'Khia Bryant was 16 and shot 4 times and my 11 year old son gunned down right in front of me, but none of us knows when senseless killings of our people is gonna end. Slavery ended over 100 years ago yet we are still slaughtered like animals in this country. Instead of the white slave masters its the white police officers who infiltrate our communities to keep us in line using brute force. Instead of YES SIR NO SIR it's YES OFFICER NO OFFICER then we're expected to shuck and jive and smile while enduring whatever disrespect or indecencies they decide to dish out.

While the two Sgts cling to Shobe's every word she takes another puff as if to reload her thoughts. She inhales and proceeds.

Them white bastards stroll into black neighborhoods and try to keep the peace in a community that's foreign to them, and they're afraid.

(intensified)

Weak muthafuckas who ain't never even had a physical confrontation let alone a fist fight before are trying to assert their authority like over people who have had to fight ever since they were brought to this country. And this is why they shoot.

(MORE)

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SHOBE (CONT'D)

They don't see us as people, they see animals so they're afraid.

They hide behind a badge and a gun because they're scared to take an ass whoopin. They're in fear for their lives the moment they step into our cities so it's no wonder why and shoot first.

Shobe stares her friends in the eyes. The death in Shobes eyes is slowly withers as if the flame in her eyes is re-lit.

SHOBE (CONT'D)

When will it end? When we shoot back?

PLATOON SGT

You sound like your preparing to start a war.

SHOBE

Start? We're already at war. Do you think when that cop in Columbus shot a teenage girl 4 times he saw his daughter or little cousin?

PLATOON SGT

First Sgt -

SHOBE

NO! All he saw was an beast, something that needed to be put down. Them muthafuckas can talk about black on black crime all they want, but that's family business and eventually we'll work it out. But how long do they expect us to keep turning the other cheek while they hunt us?

They continue to look on, unsure of exactly where Shobe is going with this.

SHOBE (CONT'D)

I was a mother who simply wanted peace in my life and for my son.

Shobe ponders for a moment.

SHOBE (CONT'D)

This country made me a soldier. In doing so it taught me that if I truly want peace I'd better be ready to kill for it.