

They Call Me Jo.B

Josephine Broad: "Jo. B" or "Pastor Jo" A 35 year old, African American Female. She has three kids and works as a pastor in a predominantly black church.

Kelly- 30 year old, white female. Teacher where Jo works. Her husband is the chief of police.

Lauren- 25 Year old, White female. Teacher where Jo works.

Emily- 27 Year old, White female. Teacher where Jo works.

Micheal- (Non- speaking) 18 year old, African American Male. Jo's son. A senior in high school. Football and Basketball athlete.

Open on a church service where Josephine is standing on the stage preaching the word. She is passionate and obviously emotional about the topic she is speaking on. (The Camera should start from farther away, and as the script goes along it gets gradually closer, until her last prayer)

Jo- So how many of you are suffering? Not just now, but have ever suffered before? (Pause) Now how many of you have blamed God for that suffering? (Pause) Alright, well I am going to tell you a story. Not a bible story per-se, but it's a story within a story.

The scene changes but the sound of Jo preaching over this is still heard to Jo sitting at a kitchen table. She hears a knock at the door and the police are there.

Jo- One night I was paying my bills while Micheal was at basketball practice, Mira was at cheer and Milaya was staying at a friends house. I heard a knock on the door and it was the police. Knowing the time we are living in, I tried to stay as calm as possible because I didn't want to give any reason why they should take any action against me, but I am not who they wanted. They already had who they wanted, my son. My son had been caught in the middle of basketball practice with Marajuana in his possession. As a mother I was beyond

furious. I went down to the station to bail him out, but they said the bail was going to be a large sum of money and Micheal was gonna have to stay in jail until I could pay. He had just turned 18 years old a month prior, but he would be in with all the adults charged with things way worse than his.

(She moves closer to the congregation)

I'm not naive, I have been blessed with perspective, by God and I thank Him everyday for that. What He is showing me through this is that the court system in America is flawed. But what many of you cease to understand is who created the justice system. The word justice usually coincides with the word law. But, the laws that are made do not always serve the purpose of justice. Do you know why?

(She waits for the congregation with no answer)

Because laws are made by humans and do you know what humans are?

(She waits for the congregation once more)

Flawed beings! Yes, we are flawed beings! Can I get an Amen?

(We hear the congregation say amen)

Lord, those Amen's came from the voice of the beings you created, and I had a moment where I wondered why you even created us. Or some of us anyways. Why create such flawed creatures, that make others feel as though they are not equal amongst others? And do you know what he replied?

(Pause)

Nothing. He said nothing. Sometimes he doesn't just give us the answers, he makes us experience more things so we can answer the

questions for ourselves. You didn't think the story was going to just end there did you?

(Laugh from the congregation)

As most of you know, my husband was killed this year. What I have neglected to share with y'all was the details. My husband had his headlights out when he was driving at night and got pulled over. He was apprehended because, according to the cops that shot him, they thought that he was high. They asked him to step out of the car and when he got out, they asked for his license. Not the way it usually goes, but neither does shooting someone for reaching for their wallet because they thought it was a gun, or pulling someone over for their headlights and killing them based on an racial biased assumption.

(Pause)

I think this was the moment. The moment I started to doubt God.

(She sits down on the step of the church stage)

I started to think that maybe I was not meant to be in this position.

(Gesturing toward the pew)

And that's why I took my sabbatical. I didn't want to leave you behind, but how was I supposed to lead you all to God when I clearly was having trouble fighting the battles that he threw my way?

I was left with one son in jail, no husband, and another daughter and son that I had to financially and emotionally support. How was I to come out of this with any hope? How was I supposed to give thanks to God when it seems he had taken everything in my life that seemed to have any sort of **semblance.**

How was I going to get meals into my kids mouths?

How was I going to deal with my son being in jail until I could earn enough for his bail money?

Another question I wish I had the answer to, especially in that moment.

So the next step was obviously to get another job. To find a place where I could make a good income, a place that would not take me away from my son and daughter all day, and a place where I could maintain some sense of sanity.

I got a job at my daughters middle school, I was a school counselor. With my Christian background they were happy to have me mentor their students and give order to their lives, order that I didn't even have over my own life.

They would come to me with their problems about how their parents didn't give them enough money to buy the new Playstation or how all their friends had new Iphones and all their parents got them was an Android. You know, real problems? (Scoffs)

I did meet some teachers. They asked me to have lunch with them during the kids given lunch time and I was not surprised to see I was the only woman of color at the whole lunch table. I looked around and my little girl was one of the few as well.

I thought I could make some friends in these teachers, but one day they were all talking about their husbands and they asked me about mine. I couldn't lie, so I said

Jo- (quietly) he's dead

Emily- Wait, what?

Lauren- How, I mean you are only like 40?

Kelly- Was it a heart attack, or cancer, or car accident or-

Jo- (Bursts out) He was killed, shot....

(Silence)

Jo- ... By the police

Emily: Woah!

Lauren- Oh, my god!

Kelly- Well, what did he do?

Jo- Well, he didn't do anything actually.

Kelly- I mean, he must have. My husband is the chief of police and they never shoot anyone if they don't deserve it.

Emily- He must have been aggressive, was he rude to them, or aggressive?

Lauren- Yea, was he not polite to the police? I feel like that happens sometimes, they get pretty mad at that.

Jo- No, he is- was a perfect gentleman. Wouldn't hurt a fly.

Kelly- Well I am sorry Josephine, but there must be something they are not telling you about what happened. Sounds alot like all of this stuff that people are saying about how ONLY Black Lives Matter. Like Blue lives matter too. No cops are bad, they have to pass a qualification.

Emily: Well, honestly I think all lives matter.

Lauren: Yea, me too.(Pause) You okay Jo?

Jo: Yea, I forgot I have a meeting in a few minutes with a student. Asked me to meet with him at the end of lunch. You ladies have a good day.

(Transition back to the Church)

Jo: As I walked out of that lunch room, I looked back and saw Milaya with her friends and wondered if she had had a similar experience. This thought struck fear into my heart. I needed to find refuge.

(Transition to Jo's office)

Jo is on her knees praying in front of her desk

Jo- Lord God,
I have left the place you once gave me to lead your congregation, but now I feel lost. You have given me a partner who stood by my side, and now they have taken him away. You have blessed me with three beautiful children, who are looking at a figure of a person who used to be me. I am not me anymore Lord. Satan has thrown every obstacle my way and I am suffering. I am suffering, Lord. I surrender to you God. You are such a good Lord. You are such a good Lord.

(Transition back to church)

Jo-You are such a good Lord. So So good Lord! (Raises her hands to the sky)

Lord, I pray that you show me and everyone here through all the suffering in their lives. Lord, you have brought my husband into your safe arms, away from the turmoil created by the sinful nature of humans. Lord, you have shown my child struggle to show that this life is not easy and death is not to be feared, because Heaven is the goal for a reason. Lord, you have shown my daughters what a strong mother looks like and you have shown them they can surpass any obstacle with

the love and power of you God. God, I thank you for the love you bring about in the people who have realized their past mistakes. Lord, I thank you for showing the injustice in the police force and justice system. You use us for your glory Lord. If we follow your law God, we will get Justice. Lord, show others that your greatest commandment is love.

(Transition to outside a police station where she is about to get her son)

Jo looks up and takes a moment to thank God for his grace. A silent prayer, smiles, then goes in.

(If possible have a son, she runs into his arms if possible)

Jo (Voice Over)- Just as I ran to my son that day, I run to you everyday Lord. I feel your love Lord, I feel your comfort, I feel my husband in this moment. In you I feel everything I have lost and everything I will ever gain.

Epilogue:

"Jo went to law school to become a lawyer while also preaching God's word and mothering her three kids. She did not just fight for injustice, but for the law of Love given to us by God. Our greatest gift from God is love, let's not use this gift selectively. Just like God, we should give our love to everyone."

Final Shot:

"Open arms, the arms of His son, why should He be the only one?"