

Losing Isaiah
By

SENARIO (SECRET) 1

KYLA

I'm sorry.

MARGARET

What exactly are you sorry for? That you threw your baby in the trash – dragged my family through hell.

KYLA

No. I just want my son back.

MARGARET

Your son? What makes him your son? You fucked some junkie in an alley three years ago to get high.

KYLA

Well, if you were all that your husband wouldn't have fucked somebody else – maybe you'd have a baby of your own and you wouldn't be trying to take mine. Look in the mirror, look in my face. I'm his mother. God says so.

MARGARET

Take yours! I didn't have to take him, you threw him away remember? Any animal can give birth that doesn't make it a mother.

KYLA

Oh so you calling me an animal! If you think you just going to walk up in this court and take my baby like you take some puppy from a pound you got another thing coming lady. 'Cause you ain't going to take my baby from me.

MARGARET

Huh! He's not a baby. You don't even know him. You don't know anything about him. Wait, don't do this, don't do this to Isaiah.

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KYLA

Don't do what? Tell him the truth, that his real mama is as black as he is.

MARGARET

Black. All you people think about is colour.

KYLA

All you people? You people...me and Isaiah we the same kind of people. But didn't you notice?