Side 1

Hiya scene 6 ER lobby

**Scene 6 – ER Lobby**

*(Jarrod is waiting in the ER lobby. Hiya comes out)*

**Jarrod**: Are you okay?

**Hiya**: I’m fine. I didn’t expect you to be here

**Jarrod**: I just wanted to make sure you were okay

**Hiya**: I’m good. Thanks for everything. (Starting to leave) Good night.

**Jarrod**: Wait! Let me take you home it’s kind of cold out there.

**Hiya:** Uhhh… I don’t want to go home yet. I’m good.

**Jarrod**: Okay. Sit down for a minute.

*(Hiya looks around then sits)*

*(Looking at her hospital band)* “Hiya” Do you want coffee or hot chocolate?

**Hiya**: It’s Hiya!

**Jarrod**: Oh I’m sorry. Hiya! Do you want coffee or hot chocolate?

**Hiya**: I’m okay.

**Jarrod:** What happened to you tonight?

(*Hiya looks at Jarrod but says nothing)*

Look I’m not here to judge you. I’m just concerned.

*(Pause for a few seconds)*

**Hiya:** So you know what I do huh?

**Jarrod**: I suppose

**Hiya**: Tonight I got picked up by someone I’ve never seen before. I normally don’t do that but...it’s rough right now. We drove for a minute, then suddenly he pulled the car over….and just starts punching me. I fought back! But then he grabbed me and started choking me!

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**Jarrod**: How’d you get out?

**Hiya:** I honestly don’t know. I just kept swinging and kicking and then I realized I was out on the ground. (Sniffling and wiping her face) What am I crying for? This is the life.... and it’s not the first time.

**Jarrod**: Why don’t you just stop?

**Hiya**: Just Stop! Huh that’s sounds so easy!

**Jarrod:** How long have you…

**Hiya:** 14 years. I’ve been out on the streets for 14 years...since I was 13. My mom was an addict and she made me pay for most of her habit. She made me do what I had to to get her money or drugs. I tried to keep going to school, but many days she would just sign me out and make me go and make her some money. After a year, I dropped out, and here I am….

**Jarrod**: Where’s your mom now? Do you live with anyone?

**Hiya**: *(getting up)*Thanks “Pastor” for all you’ve done for me tonight. I really really thank you.

**Jarrod:** Wait! How are you gonna get home?

**Hiya**: (*Walking away*) I’ll be okay.

**Jarrod**: No it’s okay…

**Hiya**: I said I’m fine.

**Jarrod**: *(loudly)*Stop! Stop Running!

**Hiya**: (*Angrily*) Don’t tell me to stop running! You don’t know me! You don’t know what I’m running from!

**Jarrod:** It doesn’t matter. Let me help you!

**Hiya**: How? How are you gonna help me? What are you gonna put some oil on my head and pray for me? Are you gonna “cast” demons out of me? What? How can you help me? You can’t help me! Look I appreciate you for bring me here tonight, but we’re good! We can disconnect right here! I can tell you’re a good dude! Trust me I’m not the kind of girl you even want to be seen with. Just go and be great! You’re a good Pastor and I’m sure you’re gonna be so successful. I gotta to be me! I gotta take care of myself!

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**Jarrod**: Hiya. God loves you

**Hiya**: Don’t do that!

**Jarrod:** He loves you and regardless of what you think of yourself. You are valuable to Him and He wants the best for you

**Hiya**: *(emotional*) Thanks again for everything!

*(Hiya Exits)*

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Side 2

**Ma B**: (*Angrily*) Robert and I got married when I was 23. He was 25. All I wanted was to get married and have a good life. I didn’t even ask God for children. I just wanted to get married and be happy...... The first year was great. We couldn’t stay apart from each other......Then all of sudden things begin to change. He would go out with his friends and drink a couple times a week. I didn’t say anything because I wanted him to have some time with his friends. But then he started coming home later and later at night; sometimes 2 or 3 o’clock in the morning.

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I suspected something was going on, but he always reassured me I was the only women in the world for him. But then I got a call one night from some women looking for him... When I got to the bottom of it, it turned out she was some escort or something at a club they were going to.......She was you! A harlot. Just like you! A home wrecker. She knew he was married and still....I love God, but I can’t stand girls like you. You live with no regard. Only care about yourselves!!...Don’t care who you hurt or how...And you waltz up in this church like you really want God. I see right through you. You’re just waiting to destroy someone else’s life, like she did mine. (*Opens door to exit*) Why don’t you tell the Pastor the Truth. Tell him What you’re real motive is....It’s only a matter of time before he finds out anyway!

**Hiya:** (*Goes to the doors and closes it so Ma B. can’t leave).* You don’t know anything about me! Yeah you know what I USED to do, but that’s all. I hate who I am! I hate what I’ve done most of my life. But you have no clue how it makes me feel! Can you imagine being 13 and having to do things with guys that you don’t understand. Do you know what its like to have lay there and get abused while your mother is sitting there; but not to help. Not to rescue you. Just to rush it so she can hurry up and get money to get another hit. Can you imagine living in and out of the streets and having to do things just to get out of the cold for the night? You don’t know me! You don’t know how I wash and scrub myself for 3 hours every night in any bathroom just to forget what I did that day. Then having to get up and do it all over again the next day. The life of the ungodly! Hashtag the life of a street girl, Hashtag the life of an orphan, Hashtag the life of a high school dropout. Hashtag my life.

I’m sorry for what happened between you and your husband. I really am! But I guarantee whoever she was - Your husband meant nothing to her. I guarantee he was just money to her. A cell phone bill! I’m sure he was 1 of probably 15 that night. “My Kind” is not the ones you should be mad at; It’s your husband. He made a choice to step out on your marriage. He is the one you should be upset with. Not me! You know, it’s so funny. That night you and your friend stopped me on the street. You hurt me so bad. I’m used to being put down and degraded, but you....you really hurt me. But when I heard you sing...it was like - I didn’t remember that person that hurt me; I saw you differently. I saw a powerful spirit....An inspiration…But you are who you are...You’re a mean lady. I never knew what my grandfather used to mean when he said “having the form of godliness. But denying it’s power”...but now I know exactly what he means.....

But you know what - you’re not gonna break me! I’m tired of running.....I’m nobody’s gift. I can admit that - but I’m not trash either....

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Side 3

**Scene 10 – Hiya Back on the Corner**

*(Hiya is standing on another corner. Jarrod walks up)*

**Jarrod**: I’ve been looking for you since yesterday. I drove around this entire town.

**Hiya**: Well you found me.

**Jarrod**: Hiya...

**Hiya**: Please! Why are you doing this? Just go and take care of your church. Why do you keep trying to help me?

**Jarrod**: Because you are too valuable!

**Hiya**: To who?

**Jarrod:** (*pause for a second*) To God! You are so much bigger and stronger and more amazing than you think and I want you to know that! I believe God led you to our church for a reason.....That’s why I’m here.

**Hiya**: I don’t blame her. She’s right about me. I’ve never been worth much. All I’ve ever done was “dream.” I’ve never done anything important or meaningful. This is all I’m really good at.

**Jarrod**: What? Are You crazy! You are charismatic, intelligent! And your voice? Oh my God. Your voice is...... You can sing anywhere

**Hiya**: Well I don’t know about that, but you wanna hear something funny…I’ve always loved to sing, but I only ever wanted to sing for God. No one else!

**Jarrod:** And that’s one of the most special things about you.

**Hiya**: I’m just so tired of being nothing! I’m tired of just existing.

**Jarrod**: Hiya. God loves you!

**Hiya**: Come on....

**Jarrod**: No I’m serious. He loves you and He has you in his plans. Whether you believe it or not he’s calling you!

**Hiya**: *(Chuckling*) What? “From among the baggage?”

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**Jarrod**: Absolutely! Do you think the last two weeks is a coincidence? Everything has happened for a reason. This is God’s will! And truthfully, I’m glad I met you! Please don’t stop coming to church.

**Hiya:** I just can’t deal with...

**Jarrod**: Don’t worry about anything. God is going to take care of it. I promise.

**Hiya:**I’m not trying to get in the way of your church’s blessings.

**Jarrod**: We are blessed because you gave your heart to him. And If Sis. Pierce doesn’t want to sing for that competition, you can.

**Hiya**: Who me? Nah I can’t do that!

**Jarrod**: Yes you can. You’ve got one of the greatest voices I’ve ever heard.

**Hiya**: I’ve never sang in public

**Jarrod**: I thought you said you sung in the choir?

**Hiya:** Yeah when I was like 10 years old. And I sung with a choir. This is different.

**Jarrod**: You can do it. I know you can.

**Hiya**: Look I appreciate you for believing in me, but I just can’t.

**Jarrod**: I know you’re not gonna make me do this.

**Hiya**: What, beg?

**Jarrod**: Beg? No, I’m about to play the “you owe me” card.

**Hiya:** (*chuckles*) What are you serious?

**Jarrod**: Yeah I’m serious.

**Hiya:** Wait What happened to “I’m a soul and God’s hand is on my life?”

**Jarrod**: You are and it is, but you owe me AND God!

*(They both laugh)*

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Seriously, I really want you to do this! This is a big opportunity for you.

**Hiya**: It’s a gospel competition right?

**Jarrod**: Yes

**Hiya**: So I have to sing a Gospel song right?

**Jarrod:** Yes

**Hiya**: Well I hardly know any gospel songs.

**Jarrod**: Don’t worry about. You can learn gospel songs. And the cash prize can help you get on your feet.

**Hiya**: No I would never take it! I would donate it to the church. The church needs it.

**Jarrod:** Absolutely not! It’ll be for you to do what you gotta do for you. We’ll find another way.

**Hiya:**No one has ever believed in me like this.

**Jarrod**: Well I do.

(*Hiya Abruptly hugs Jarrod)*

**Hiya**: Thank you. Thank you so much.

**Jarrod**: Don’t thank me. Just do you!