**Scene 11 – Jarrod and Hiya at the Church**

*(Jarrod and Hiya are practicing in the church. She is listening to a song Jarrod wants her to sing).    (Hiya mimicks the notes)*

**Hiya**: I’m gonna freeze up. I’m telling you. I can’t do it.

**Jarrod**: Don’t keep saying that. No you’re not.

(*Jarrod’s phone rings*)

**Jarrod**: Hold on a minute. Hello. Yes. Oh Yes how are you doing? Oh yes. (*Heading to his office)* Can you give me a minute?

**Hiya**: Sure.

(*Hiya goes over the notes in her head)*

*(Ma B enters. She puts her things down and begins cleaning the church).*

**Ma B**: Are these your belongings?

**Hiya**: Yes they’re mine

**Ma B**: Come move them. I need to clean these seats back here.

*(Hiya gets up and gets her things*)

Where’s Jarrod? I’m sure he’s somewhere near since you’re here!

**Hiya**: What’s that supposed to mean?

*(Jarrod comes out)*

**Ma B**: (*Loudly*) You know what it means. Don’t play dumb!

**Hiya**: What are you talking about....

**Jarrod**: Come on now! We’re not gonna do this.

**Hiya**: No Pastor Jarrod! I Just need to know what her problem is with me!

**Ma B**: I don’t have anything to say to you little girl!

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**Hiya**: Really? It seems you have something to say to me every time you see me

**Ma B**: I don’t have to explain anything to you

**Hiya**: How convenient. You’re supposed to be a woman of God, but all you’ve done is harass and criticize me! All I’ve done is come to church to get my life together. What did I do to you?

**Ma B:** (*getting emotional*) I know your kind. I know your spirit! I know your intentions. All you’re looking to do is ruin lives; families.

**Hiya**: Look lady I’m not perfect. I have an ugly past, but I’m here trying to get right with God; trying to get help. I love this church and I want to stay here, but not at the expense of being put down by you all the time.

**Ma B**: Then Leave! Why don’t you get your things and go! Pastor she is going to ruin us. I know it. I just know it!

**Jarrod**: How? Ma B. How do you know this?

*(Pause)*

HOW?

**Ma B.** (*yelling*) Cause she ruined my life!

(*It’s dead silent for a second)*

**Hiya:** I don’t even know you!

**Jarrod**: Ma B. what are you talking about?

**Ma B**: Not her personally.......but her kind?

**Jarrod**: Her kind? What are you talking about?

**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....