

Losing Isaiah

KHAILA – I'm sorry.

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

KHAILA – No. I just want my son back.

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

KHAILA – Well, if you were all that, your husband wouldn't have fucked somebody else and you'd have a baby of your own and maybe you wouldn't be trying to take mine. Look in the mirror. Look at 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.

KHAILA – Oh, so you calling me an animal? If you think you can just walk up in this court and take my baby like you take a puppy from a pound, you got another thing coming lady. You ain't going to take my baby from me.

MARGARET – 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.

KHAILA – Don't do what? Tell him the truth. That his real Momma is as black as he is.

MARGARET – Black! All you people think about is color.

KHAILA – You people! You people! Well me and Isaiah, we the same kinda people. Or didn't you notice?