Mama: Woi. Pa Ben?

**Pa Ben: Oi.**

Mama: Come quick.

**Pa Ben:What happen? Is what?**

Mama: *[Holding her belly and bawling]* Woi!

**Pa Ben: What happen?**

Mama: Now A know. Yes, A know.

**Pa Ben: Know what?**

Mama: A know is who obeah mi son.

**Pa Ben: Say what?**

Mama: A have the proof.

**Pa Ben: Say what!**

Mama: See her there *[Handing Pa Ben a photograph.]*

**Pa Ben: Mass Len, married?**

Mama: Is the gal in the picture. Is she.

**Pa Ben: Miss Lois.**

Mama: Miss who?

**Pa Ben: Ahm …**

Mama: You know her?

**Pa Ben: No, me nuh know her.**

Mama: Then how come you call her name?

**Pa Ben: How me mus’ call her name if me nuh know her?**

**What name me call?**

Mama: You said Miss Lois.

**Pa Ben: Miss Lois? No, me said ‘Jesus Christ!’**

Mama: Me could swear you said ‘Miss Lois’.

**Pa Ben: You must open yuh ears when me talk.**

Mama: Me nuh care what she name. Me nuh want her beside mi son. *[She tears the photography in two, throwing the part with* Lois *on the floor.]*

**Pa Ben: Shame on you, Miss Aggy. Before you happy for the boy, you come with yuh nonsense. *[Picking up the torn photograph.]***

Mama: Nonsense. Shut yuh mouth. A know what A talking about After I drum it into him head that anything black nuh good, I know is no way him could pick up that of him own free will. *[Pointing to the torn photograph to* Pa Ben’s *hand.]*

**Pa Ben: The boy daddy was a black man. Is obeah you did obeah him?**

Mama: Black was good enough for me. It not good enough for him. There was better for him. *[To herself]* What happen to Miss Margaret?

**Pa Ben: The boy make him own choice.**

Mama: What happen to Miss Margaret? *[She continues bemoaning the loss of Miss Margaret.]*

**Pa Ben: Time’s changing, Miss Aggy. You have to move with the times. Stop living in the past. Any black woman that did marry the boy, you would jump to the same conclusion. You nuh see that don’t make nuh sense. You nuh see that is ignorance.**

Mama: Is who you calling ignorance? Is who? Kirrout! Is my son and it don’t concern you, so mind yuh own business and leave mi property.

**Pa Ben: You have to face up to the truth.**

Mama: What more truth I need? Me nuh forget the years when to boy did cut me off!

**Pa Ben: Examine yuhself.**

Mama: Leave mi property!

**Pa Ben: Miss Aggy?**

Mama: Get off!

**Pa Ben: What’s so wrong if the boy just want to marry somebody who look like him own mother, eh? Put that in yuh pipe an’ smoke it! *[He storms out, but storms right back.]* An’ before you make yuh next move an’ go set evil forces at work to try an’ hit back at the chile, consider the one chance you might be wrong, an’ when you done consider that, consider the consequences.**

*[He storms out again.]*

Mama: *[Pause. Quietly to herself, bewildered]* But I only waned what was best for him.

Pa Ben(s): *[Pushing out the windows of his house, he speaks to the audience.]* Is years now I never had occasion to lose mi temper, but she make so mad.

*[Mama sits with her back to the audience and starts to change her scarf.]*

Pa Ben(s): *[Coming through the door of his little house]*

A year go by, and not a word pass between us. One piece a malice she keep up on me. A try to talk to her.

**Pa Ben: *[He walks over to her space.]*** **Morning, Miss Aggy.**

*[Mama’s head flashes around only to flash back again. She does not return the greeting. Pa Ben returns to the audience.]*

Pa Ben(s): It hurt mi soul case how she was going on. *[Mama changes her scarf again.]* After all, she was mi best friend. A had to keep trying, for me is not one to keep up malice. *[He goes across to her space again.]*

**Pa Ben:Evening, Miss Aggy.**

Mama: *[Turning very slowly to him]* Evening.

Pa Ben(s): *[He is stopped in his tracks and needs his chair for support.]*

A frighten till A almost faint when she answer me, an’ is so we start up again till we start exchange two, three words, but never ‘bout the marriage or anything to do with Mass Len, but A know she never go to the obeah man to go hit back at the girl. A guess the one chance that she could have been wrong make her stay her hand. Is a terrible thing when you go to the obeah man to seek vengeance, an’ it turn roun’ an’ come back at you, but A know that in her heart of hearts she was still carrying feelings for the chile. The months turn to years, then one day out of the blue …