

ACT TWO

Scene Three

(Pottake puts Jagan back into his wheelchair. She places his blanket delicately over his knees. She keeps the cutlass safely away from him and cleans it with a cloth. Hilda makes sure that Adams is safe and as sound as he can be. His wound is bandaged and he too is put back into his chair. The doorway is dark. Midnight is approaching. There is a slight moon smiling on Bustamante's face as he sits in his chair stuck in the doorway with his back to everyone.)

JAGAN

Federal unity for us was a good initiative. If only we had the courage to man that door for ourselves. Haiti, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Surinam, Martinique, Belize, all together with us. *(Pause.)* For years you all have been laughing at my people. I hear the talk, Guyanese this and Guyanese that. Guyanese and Haitians. You designate special paper bag suitcases to us for traveling and for purposes of denigrating us. Certain doorkeepers out here still make sure that our luggage never comes near this establishment. You all laugh at us. We have to stay downstairs. So laugh now! Laugh Busta! Laugh nuh!

WILLIAMS

You never did anything to the door. You bastard. You were always the absentee leader of the opposition.

JAGAN

But you were here all the time. For almost thirty years When would I have done anything? And with what? A cutlass? *(Laughs out loud.)*

POTTAKE

(Shuts him up by brandishing the cutlass.)
Watch it! You should be shame of yourself. Like the devil possess you or what?