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Classyass

by Caleen Sinnette Jennings

From...

35 in 10

Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays

Compiled and Edited

KENT R. BROWN

This excerpt contains strong language.



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Classyass premiered in 2002 in Actors Theatre of Louisville's 26th Annual Humana Festival of New American Plays. Timothy Douglas was dramaturg. The play was directed by Rajendra Ramoon Maharaj, and featured Jason Cornwell, Nikki E. Walker and Robert Beitzel.

CHARACTERS

AMA (or AMADEUS): Black college freshman.

BIG B (or BELINDA): Black woman, 20, dressed like a street person.

MILES: White college senior and radio-station manager.

SETTING: A small room that serves as a modest campus radio studio at Bellmore College.

TIME: The present. Early morning.

CLASSYASS

AT THE CURTAIN: AMA speaks into the microphone with a suave broadcaster's voice.

AMA. Okay Bellmore boneheads. That was Tchaichovsky's "1812 Overture." Bet those cannons busted a couple of you dozers. Perfect for 3:47 on a cold, rainy Thursday in finals week. It's the end of time at the end of the line. Study on, people. Bang out papers. Cram the facts. Justify that exorbitant tuition and make Bellmore College proud. I'm feeling y'all! Especially those of you studying for Calc 801 with Professor Cobb. Call me if you have a clue about question #3 on page 551. You're listening to Casual Classics, because you don't have to be uptight and white to love classical music! This is WBMR the radio station of Bellmore College. Miles Morgan is your station manager. I'm Ama, Amadeus Waddlington with you until six a.m. Guzzle that warm Red Bull and cold Maxwell House. Here's music to squeeze your brains by. It's Dvorjak's "New World Symphony" comin' atcha. (He puts on the CD, grabs a beer and a huge textbook and sprawls out on the floor. A bold knock interrupts him. He shouts.) Go to hell, Miles. I like "New World"! (Another knock.) Okay, okay. I'll play Beethoven's Symphony #1 next. Lots of strings, okay? (Persistent knocking.) Damn!

(AMA strides to the door and opens it. BIG B strides in, carrying shopping bags and waving several faxes.)

BIG B. You messed up, boy!

AMA. Excuse me?

BIG B. And your smart-assed faxes made it worse!

AMA. Do I know you?

BIG B (examining the mike and CDs). I want a public apology.

AMA. Don't touch that. Listen, whoever you are...

BIG B. Whomever!

AMA. Whatever!

BIG B. You ain't got a clue who I am.

AMA. A fabulous person, no doubt, but you've got to go. This is a classical music show and I've got a killer calc final...

BIG B. Color me compassionate. You're shorter than I thought. But I figured right about you being a dumbass. I told you right here...

(BIG B shows AMA the faxes and he realizes who she is.)

AMA. Oh my God...you're...Big B! I thought you were...

BIG B. ...a brother. I know, 'cause I ain't hearing none of your bullshit. Well, I thought you was a white boy, and I was right.

AMA. Look, I don't know what you want...

BIG B. How long I been faxing you, moron? You said the "Gloria" was by Faure...

AMA. I told you one thousand faxes ago, "Gloria" is by Poulenc, and when I played it, I said Poulenc...

BIG B. ...Faure!

AMA. ...Poulenc!

BIG B. I know what I heard, you arrogant shithead.