

“Attention Span”

Miss Thomas: Barbara, how do you expect to get anything done, if you can't keep your mind on it for one minute. You have the attention span of a five year old.

Barbara: Time, damnit.

Miss Thomas: What?

Barbara: Time out, bad mouthing me about my attention span. I've been paying attention. That's what's wrong, I've paid enough attention to peep your game, Miss Thomas. So don't give me all that bullshit. You're shucking. I ain't never gonna get no damn job, not with people like you around.

Miss Thomas: I beg your pardon.

Barbara: You ain't deaf. I said "if we all get a job, it'll blow your game". Yeah, game. All you middle class bousie ass niggas. I know where you're coming from. All of ya'll got the jobs and you making your money off of us, **right on** administering to your lesser brethren and sisters, **right on** all us poor deprived ghetto children. Shit. Now, what you high tone niggas make for this jive ass number you running down on us, uh? \$15,000. And Miss Derell \$15, \$20,000. Well if it wasn't for niggas like us, ya'll wouldn't make shit. Where ya'll live, uh? Not around here. I betcha that. Am I right? *high five* So don't blow smoke up my ass about no freaking job. My mama didn't raise no fools. Now I got enough attention span to know what's happening. What's happening is that I can recognize a poverty pimp, when I see one. What's happening is bousha bullshit.

Miss Thomas: Barbara, you're not gonna get me on some middle class guilt. I went to school Barbara. I put in my time and I paid my dues. I went to school Barbara. It was hard work and I worked hard.

Barbara: My ass bleeds for you. So now you working hard on your game of underprivileged niggas. "Can you do the work", "Are you dependable", "Can you get along well with others". Shit. Can you do the work? Now you put your attention span to that when you take your \$15,000 and your tight-ass self back to your 1st negro in my black neighborhood and your electric vibrator. Now, what you need is a man. Or somebody. Whatever gets you through the night.

Miss Thomas: That's a terrible thing to say to me. Even to imply such untruths. It's so unfair.

Barbara: Oh, you mean, like talking about somebody's attention span.

Miss Thomas: (she leaves)

Barbara: I didn't start that. I was just minding my own business, playing her game. She had no right talking about how dumb we are.