

## Class Action

by Brad Slaight

**The Play:** A collage of encounters and solos occurring outside the classroom, reveals the difficulties of coming-of-age in the complex environment of high school.

**Time and Place:** A year in the 1990s. Various parts of an unnamed high school.

**The Scene:** *Emma (teen) recounts a life-altering encounter at a famous rock concert.*

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EMMA: I screamed when the DJ told me I had not only won tickets to the concert, but backstage passes as well. (*She displays a backstage pass.*) I mean I had never won anything in my life, and then all of a sudden I was caller number twenty-five and on my way to the biggest concert of the year! The New Landlords were my favorite group, and the fact that I was going to get to meet them kept me from getting much sleep the rest of the week. The concert was everything I hoped it would be, I had the best seat in the house and my friend Cindy owed me big time for giving her the other ticket. She just about passed out when we went backstage to meet the band members. Eddie was my favorite and I almost fainted when they introduced him to me. He was the lead singer, and not really that much older than me, even though he looked like he was. Cindy was so caught up with all the excitement, she didn't see Eddie and me leave the party and go to his dressing room. (*Pause.*) I guess I should have known what was going on, but I honestly thought we were just going to get away from the noise and have a good talk. Eddie and me alone together, it was like a dream or something! His lyrics are so inspiring, so full of love that I was completely

shocked when he pulled me over to a couch and started tearing at my clothes. Maybe if he would have kissed me or something first I wouldn't have reacted like I did, but he moved on me so quick. He got on top of me and started pulling at my shirt. He was much stronger than me and even though I pushed and told him no, he pinned me down. I started to panic because I felt trapped and he wouldn't listen to me. His rough beard was scratching my face. His breath made me nauseous. When he started to unzip his pants it gave me just enough room to swing my knee hard into his crotch, causing him to fall off me. I got out of there before he could go any further. (*Pause.*) I saw him on MTV the next week. He had makeup on, but I could still see the scratch marks where I gouged his face. I hope it never heals. (*She looks at the backstage pass and tosses it on the ground as she exits.*)

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**The Scene:** *Danielle (teen) reveals a secret that will soon be very public.*

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DANIELLE: I haven't started to show yet, so most everyone thinks that I'm moody because I broke up with Richie. That's partly true, although I don't blame him for not wanting the burden of having this kid. We're both only seventeen. He wanted me to "take care of it," and even though I believe in the whole choice thing, my choice was to keep her. Oh, I know it will be a "girl" because I'm hardly sick or anything, and my Aunt Susan told me that it's always baby boys that make a pregnant woman nauseous. She should know...she had four. My Aunt Susan's been real cool about this. I told her before I told anybody, because we've always had a special friendship. Richie doesn't talk to me much anymore, and I'm sure some of my friends are going to be pretty weird around