Detroit Rock City
written by Carl V. Dupré

Jam

I'm gonna ask you nicely first. Mom, can I have my drumsticks back? **(his mother ignores him)** Again, can I have my drumsticks? Hellooooo!? I'm gonna be spending the next two years of my life at St. Bernard's Boarding School, remember?! I'm gonna be outta your hair till I'm a legal adult, right?! Then you can spend your days in a guilt-free pursuit of more constructive activities, like telling everybody else how screwed up their lives are. And that way you don't even need the patience and understanding to talk to your own son on some normal plain. And that way you don't even need to think about how tough it was for you when you were growing up, and it's probably a good thing too 'cause if ya did, you'd realize what a LOUSY, PARENT YOU ARE! Now, for the last time, Mom. Give me back my drumsticks. **(pause)** Please.