

Kid in Control

Sam: Hello, I'm Sam Benson and I'm the creator of Kid in Control, the first ever program for kids who want to give their parents a taste of their own medicine. I used to be a kid too, you know, and I couldn't stand my parents embarrassing me and bothering me *all the time*. I mean with the mindless questions and the meaningless rules and the painful memories of when Dad had too much to drink (*begins to shudder noticeably*)... why wouldn't he stop? Why?... (*quickly composes himself*) Well enough about that. I know what its like to be a kid under Mom and Pop's persecution. And that's why I dreamed of coming up with a way of helping kids escape the rules and the questions... (*shudders again*) and the pain... (*quickly composes himself*) look at that, I bounced back again. Today I have that solution. Kid in Control is a proven method of turning the tables on parents so that you don't have to suffer the 9 o'clock curfews and the incessant nagging anymore. By following our easy-to-follow formula, you'll be the one telling your parents that you'll be home late and they'll just have to deal with it.

Sam: Ok, now let's get started. Let's take a look at an average kid in an average family. Meet Billy.

Billy: Hello!

Sam: Billy can't stand his parents' stupid rules.

Billy: I can't stand my parents' stupid rules.

Mom: Billy, don't forget to give the cat its suppository after you clean out the gutters!

Billy: But Moooooommm, I don't want to clean out the gutters... and the cat doesn't even *take* suppositories!

Dad: Young man, if your mother tells you to give the cat a suppository, you'd better be smiling and giving me a thumbs up while you're doing it.

Billy: (*stammering*) But... but... my hands would be up the cat's...

Dad: (*cutting Billy off*) I SAID THUMBS UP!!!

Sam: *(shocked)* Ok then... so maybe Billy doesn't have the most normal family, but we can still use him to show you how to set your parent trap... *(laughs way too much way too loudly, then stops awkwardly)* well anyway, let's get back to Billy. *(sound of a cat screeching)* What was that?

Billy: *(hands inside the cat)* Uh... I'm kind of in the middle of something right now... *(glances at the cat and almost vomits)* Why don't you just explain it?

Sam: Yeah, I might as well. The first step is to take a stand against those stupid rules you hate so much. Tell your parents what for. You don't deserve to be doing these chores and they should know it. Billy?

Billy: *(vigorously washing his hands)* How much do I have to scrub to get that out? *(Ben clears his throat loudly)* Oh! Hey!

Sam: You done washing your hands yet? It's time for you to tell off your parents.

Billy: Ok yeah I should probably stop now; I can almost see the bone. *(turns to his parents and speaks calmly)* Mom, Dad, I don't want to give the cat suppositories anymore. I don't deserve to be forced into doing that type of thing, and frankly, neither does the cat.

Mom: Billiam!

Sam: *(suppressing laughter)* Your name is *Billiam*?

Billy: Not the time, Sam.

Dad: Young man, if I ever told my father that I was too good to give the cat a suppository- *(is interrupted by Billy)*

Billy: But Grandpa's allergic to cats.

Dad: That's right, so we had mules instead. Two big mules, and they took suppositories twice a day. And I did it without question because they were just as much members of the family just like your mother or the cat are.

Billy: But I'm a member of the family, aren't I?

Mom: Not with this kind of attitude you won't be.

Billy: *(flabbergasted)* Wait, what??

Dad: Billiam, go to your room until I say you can go out.

Billy: You know what? Fine!

Dad: *(calling to him as he leaves)* And no TV either!

Billy: *(shutting the door)* Well nice work, genius.

Sam: Don't give up hope yet, Billiam... *(suppressing laughter)* really? Not William, but Billiam... wow.

Billy: Can you just focus?

Sam: Ok, ok... I'm good. Don't give up hope yet, because that was only step one of the plan. Now it's time for step two. It's time to get more extreme. You've already told your parents off, so now it's time to disobey their orders. Do this enough and they'll eventually just stop bothering to give them.

Billy: I gotta be honest, I don't think that's gonna help things any.

Sam: Trust me Billy, this is a tried-and-true formula. *(looks at the TV Guide)* And I see here in the TV Guide that the episode of Spongebob where Patrick copies him to win an award is on.

Billy: Aw, man, that's my favorite episode! But my Dad said I couldn't watch TV!

Sam: So why not just watch the show? What's he gonna do, pull the TV out of the wall?

Billy: *(unsure)* Well... ok then. *(Picks up remote and turns on TV. Dad kicks down the door)*

Dad: I HEAR NAUTICAL NONSENCE!!!

Billy: But Dad, why can't I watch the show?

Dad: As long as you live under my roof, you're gonna have to deal with my rules, young man.
Give me that *(picks up the TV and leaves)*

Billy: Wait, don't take the TV! Aw... now what am I gonna do?

Sam: Ah, but Billy, you have a golden opportunity on your hands right now! And that opportunity is step three: use your parents' logic against them. Here, you can borrow my TV in the meantime.

Billy: Why do you have a TV with you?

Sam: Don't question it, just watch it. *(goes to turn on the TV but is interrupted)*

Billy: Wait! Don't do it! My dad is gonna get *really* mad if he sees the TV on again... and a TV in here in general.

Sam: But he can't be mad if we use his logic against him, now can he? *(takes out a chainsaw and begins to saw off the ceiling)*

Billy: What the hell are you doing?!

Sam: *(yelling over sound of chainsaw, shaking from chainsaw)* You don't have to follow his rules if you don't live under his roof!

Billy: So you're cutting off the roof?!

Sam: Well more literally sawing, but yeah. Did you have a better idea? *(turns off chainsaw)*
There, all done. *(suddenly confused)* Hey, was your room this dirty a second ago?

Mom: Billy, what was all that racket?

Billy: Nothing, Mom! Dude, what am I gonna tell my parents?

Sam: You don't have to tell them anything; you don't live under their roof anymore.

Dad: Billy, pipe down! You're supposed to be ground... *(notices all the debris around him. Dad looks up and is horrified)* Oh my god! What did you do to my roof?

Billy: I don't live under your roof anymore, so I don't have to listen to your stupid rules! *(grabs the remote and turns on the TV)*

Dad: Oh yes you do. *(grabs Billy's arm)* You're coming with me, young man. No son of mine is living in a room without a ceiling. Until I can fix this you're gonna live in the boiler room with the cat.

Billy: Dad, you can't really be serious.

Mom: Listen to your father, William.

Dad: You need to learn to respect your elders, young man, and until you do, you're just gonna have to live in the boiler room and think about what you did!

Billy: I hate this family!

Mom: And it's starting to hate you, too.

Billy: Fine! *(turns back to Ben, increasingly angry)* So let's recap, shall we? First I got grounded for talking back to my parents, then my dad pulled the TV out of the wall, and now I'm sleeping on a cement floor with the cat... and what have we actually accomplished here?

Sam: Well... um... *(turns away from Billy)* Well Billy turned out to be an extreme case, but I promise you, if you stick to the Kid in Control method, you'll achieve results beyond your wildest dreams! Your parents won't even think to bother you again.

Billy: Yeah, that's because you'll be banished to the boiler room and probably won't be heard from again... they probably won't even feed me while I'm in here...

Sam: Well anyway, that's all the time today. Call 1-888-KID-CTRL... get it? It's the control key on a keyboard! *(laughs way too much way too loudly, then stops awkwardly)* Well anyway, you can order Kid in Control today with one easy payment of zero dollars and

zero cents... mostly because it's just occurred to me that I just explained the whole thing and no one would bother spending money on it now.

Billy: Yeah, that and- *(is interrupted by Ben)*

Sam: And I'd like to thank our good friend Billy here for being a good sport and helping out with our demonstration.

Billy: A good sport????? That's all you're gonna say to me?????

Sam: Yes. Yes it is. For all of us here at Kid in Control... well, come to think of it, I'm actually the only one here at Kid in Control... but anyway, I'm Sam Benson wishing you all the best with your parental troubles.

Billy: Wait! What about me?

Sam: Yes, Billy, I wish you the best with your parental troubles, too. And now I'm leaving.

Billy: Wait wait wait wait wait... you get me in trouble and destroy my room, and now you're just ditching me?

Sam: Well... yeah. I'm outta here. This boiler room is starting to smell a little mildewy. See ya!

Billy: So you're just gonna leave me here all alone? *(couple of seconds of silence waiting for response)* Wow. He actually just flat left me here. I guess I'll just talk to the cat then. Hello kitty! *(cat screeches loudly)* I'm sorry! Ow, not in the face!