**Delinquent**  
by Emily Picha

*(A mother walks onstage, obviously frustrated and confused. She sits down in a chair and attempts to read, but this fails. While holding her book, she utters things about her daughter, Dana.)*  
  
     Teenagers these days! Don't they understand that it's not safe to be out till 4 o'clock in the morning? Why I could... (pauses) I hate to sound like an old grumpy woman, but I guess that's what I am. My so-called daughter walked into my house at 4 o'clock last night. She said she forgot the time. Forgot the time? What kind of idiot can't tell when the sun is breaking and you've been out for ten hours with that.. that Jeremy kid. Hoodlum. *(Tries to read again.)*   AGCHH!!! I can't believe this! I can't even hold my eyes on a godforsaken book! The nerve of that child. Making me worried sick! I can't believe this. I really can't. When we were kids, we would never dare do a thing like that to hurt our parents! They did too much for us. We had respect, I'll tell you! Lot's of it! And what did I to do deserve a delinquent child? I've worked for her all my life! Changing diapers, teaching her manners, driving her everywhere, and look what she turns around and does? Decieves me! When is it going to end?   It wasn't just this. Last week she lied to me, said she was going over to a girlfriend's to study. HA! I knew it all along. She snuck off to the beach with that Jeremy kid. Hoodlum. And she did god knows what there! Then she comes home with these big bloodshot eyes. My baby! Stoned! Oh and then last month, oh last month! Her counselor calls me up and tells me to come down to the school. Little Miss Juvenile Delinquent brought cigarrettes to school! And she was smoking them in the bathroom! Kids these days! It's crazy, I tell ya, what I hear on the news. And now! My daughter is becoming one of them hoodlums! Walkin' around town with those baggy pants and revealing tanktops and BLUE HAIR! She looks like a smurf! Skater smurf! HA! Kids these days! We weren't like that when I was a kid. No siree! We were good, with lots of respect for our elders! I tell ya..  *(Goes back to reading)*