

'American Pie' by Adam Herz

JIM'S DAD: Son, I wanted to talk to you about what I think you were trying to do the other day.

Jim's face drops, seeing his death unfold.

JIM'S DAD: (continuing with his prepared speech) Now, you may have tried it in the shower, or maybe in bed at night, and not even known what you were doing. Or perhaps you've heard your friends talking about it in the locker room.

Jim's eyes dart about, looking for a place to hide.

JIM'S DAD: Sure you know, son, but I think you've been having a little problem with it. It's okay, though. What you're doing is perfectly normal. It's like practice. Like when you play tennis against a wall. Someday, there'll be a partner returning the ball. (a beat) You do want a partner, don't you son?

Now remember, it's okay to play with yourself. Or, as I always called it -- (elbows Jim) "Stroke the salami!" (chuckles) Ho-ho, Jim. There's nothing to be ashamed of. Hell, I'm fifty-two, and I still enjoy masturbating. Uncle Mort masturbates. We all masturbate.

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