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Dramatic Publishing

MIDDLE SCHOOL MADNESS

Scenes and Songs à la Carte

Book by

BETTE GLENN

Music and Lyrics by

MATT CORRIEL



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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(MIDDLE SCHOOL MADNESS)

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“Produced by special arrangement with
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Middle School Madness was first performed in 2004 by the Antrim Theatre Camp at the Antrim Playhouse in Wesley Hills, New York, and featured the following ensemble:

CAST

5th-Graders (youngest group)

Shaindel Chapman
Ben Israel
Danielle Klein
Alexandra Leslie
Nina Masheroni
Elisha McGinnis
Melissa Neils
Jenna Rogoff
Rachel Schwartz
Marissa Zito

6th- and 7th-Graders (middle group)

Adrienna Accattado
Bri Cafaro
Alexander Domini
Taylor Goldstein
Erin Lowden
Melissa Mazart
Michele Thorkelsen
Geraldine Valente
Kaitlyn Vella

8th-Graders (oldest group)

Gianna Accattado
Brendon Cahill
Martin Cahill
Michele Cobham
Joe Egan
Andrew Lowden
Nick McGarvey
Julia McIntyre
Maureen McNulty
Erica Mulligan
David Niederhoffer
Christina O'Brien
Amanda Pardo
Brendan Quinn
Ariel Sabaj
Freia Titland

PRODUCTION STAFF

Director/Producer Bette Glenn
Musical Director/Pianist..... Tracy Kirschner
Assistant to the DirectorAra Glenn-Johanson
Second Assistant..... Sara LeVine
Choreographer CJ Schwartz

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Middle School Madness offers scenes, monologues and songs à la carte, allowing you to create the show you want. The musical number “Opening” and scene “Lost 5th-Grader” establish the first day of the school year, and the scene “Rule!” and the songs “Good Things,” “Yearbook” and “Finale” wrap up that school year. The “Virtual Tour” Guide provides the through line. The rest is yours to customize, targeting your age groups, talent pool and the issues you wish to illuminate. Times of the scenes are provided to help create the length of show desired.

Since middle schools vary, some including grades five through eight, some six through nine etc., general categories for which the scenes were intended are indicated: younger, middle and older.

Lighting is most important. It makes it clear that what is being presented is a series of nonlinear moments from the middle school experience. The sets can be simple, elaborate or imaginary. The costumes are whatever the young actors normally wear.

You may want to incorporate original student work if it is suitable, as long as any such addition is duly noted in the program. This can provide an opportunity for a young poet, writer or composer to present his or her work in a broader context.

I hope that you have a rewarding experience and a great deal of fun with *Middle School Madness* and that the actors benefit from having parts of their reality revealed on stage. I have certainly been enriched by the time I've spent creating with and for this unique age group.

Break a leg!

Bette Glenn

MIDDLE SCHOOL MADNESS

Cast of Characters Table of Contents/Run Times

ACT 1

OPENING (*Songs/Scenes/Monologues*)

<i>Opening Sequence</i> , Full Company (4:30).....	9
<i>Virtual Tour Monologue</i> , Tour Guide, 1m or f, older (1:00) ...	13
<i>Lost 5th Grader</i> , 1m, 3f, younger; 1m, older (0:30).....	14
<i>Schedule Fugue</i> , 10m or f, any age (3:30)	15
<i>Mr. Davie's Dictionary</i> , 1m or f, middle or older (3:00)	19

LOVE (*Songs/Scenes/Monologues*)

<i>Love Intro</i> , Tour Guide (0:30).....	21
<i>Locker Love</i> , 8f, younger (2:45)	21
<i>The Game</i> , 2m, 1f, younger (2:00).....	26
<i>Wanting More</i> , 3f, older (0:30)	28
<i>Michael and Me</i> , 1f, older (5:00)	29
<i>Track</i> , 1f, older; 1m or f, younger (5:00).....	31
<i>The Way I Am</i> , 1f, older (4:30)	35
<i>Pretending</i> , 1m or f, older (1:00).....	37

HOME (*Songs/Scenes/Monologues*)

<i>Home Intro</i> , Tour Guide (0:20)	38
<i>Hand Me Downs</i> , 2f, older; 1f, younger (3:00)	38
<i>Garage Band</i> , 5m, middle/older (3:30).....	41
<i>Popular Girl</i> , 9f, younger (5:00)	44
<i>Internet Yvette</i> , 1m, 1f, older (4:00).....	49
<i>Allergies</i> , 1f, older; 1m, 1f, younger (1:30).....	52
<i>The Mall Song</i> , Full Company (3:30)	54

ACT 2

CAFETERIA (*Songs/Scenes/Monologues*)

<i>The Ladies Who Serve Lunch</i> , Full Company (5:30).....	58
<i>Cafeteria: Boys</i> , 7m, older (3:00).....	61
<i>Cafeteria: Girls</i> , 6f, younger/middle (3:00).....	65
<i>Ice Cream</i> , 2f, middle/older (3:45).....	69
<i>Interlude: I Wish, I Wish</i> , 10m or f, younger (2:00).....	72

SERIOUS (*Songs/Scenes/Monologues*)

<i>Serious Intro</i> , Tour Guide (0:30).....	74
<i>The Visit</i> , 2m, 6f, older (4:00).....	74
<i>Interlude: Short</i> , 1m or f, middle (0:30).....	78

STUDY HALL (*Songs/Scenes/Monologues*)

<i>Study Hall Intro</i> , Tour Guide (0:30).....	79
<i>Rumor Police</i> , 1m, middle; 8f, older (4:00).....	79
<i>Mr. Mucciolo</i> , 3m or f, middle (solos), et al. (5:45).....	84
<i>Interlude: Allergies Reprise</i> , 1m, 1f, younger/middle (0:30) ..	88
<i>Interlude: Hovercraft</i> , 1m, middle (1:20).....	89

END OF THE YEAR (*Songs/Scenes/Monologues*)

<i>End of the Year Intro</i> , Tour Guide (0:20).....	90
<i>Friends and Finals</i> , 2f, middle (2:30).....	90
<i>The Yearbook</i> , 3f, middle (4:00).....	92
<i>Rule</i> , 1m, middle; 1m, younger (1:00).....	96
<i>Good Things</i> , 1m or f, older (Tour Guide) (3:15).....	97
<i>Finale</i> , Full Company (1:30).....	99

The rousing opening number celebrating the first day of middle school sends a charge through the audience. As the applause fades we meet Matt, our narrator, who will guide us through the play.

INT. SCHOOL

(MATT, an enthusiastic boy of fourteen, explodes onto the stage. He clutches his laptop and waves a letter wildly.)

MATT *(whoops in delight)*. We won! I won! *(He rereads the letter with obvious glee, notices the audience and gushes the news.)* There was this contest on METUBE to see who could make the best virtual reality tour of his school—anything you wanted—the building, teachers, clubs, sports, music, whatever. I picked the kids—you know, the students, 'cause they're what makes the school, right? *(Holding out the letter.)* And I won! \$10,000 for my school and \$1,000 for me! Geek loser my butt! *(He does a little dance of triumph, stops, grins at the audience and pats his laptop.)* I...uh...just happen to have it with me if you'd care to take a little 'look see'?

(He waits for the audience to respond and encourages them until they do.)

MATT *(cont'd, smiling broadly)*. All right!!

(MATT sits on the edge of the stage, opens his laptop and presses a key, which 'causes' a BLACK OUT.

LIGHTS COME UP on the beginning of the 'tour'.)

Andy and Josh were basketball buddies, then girls happened.

THE GAME

INT. GYM or EXT. OUTSIDE PLAY AREA

(ANDY and JOSH, 5th-GRADE BOYS, play a pick-up game of basketball. More boys can be used as long as there is an equal number. The boys are totally focused on the game and having a great time.)

ANDY. C'mon Josh—gimme the ball already!

(JOSH throws the ball to ANDY, who starts dribbling. JOSH blocks his shot.)

JOSH. You'll never sink it—not with LeBron James on 'D'!
(meaning defense)

ANDY. Oh, yeah? You forgot it's Duane Wade taking the shot!

(ANDY shoots and celebrates the basket.)

ANDY *(cont'd)*. Yes!! Two points, sucker!

(JOSH grabs the ball, dribbles, making the sound of a roaring crowd.)

JOSH. The fans are going wild!

ANDY *(catching JOSH breaking a rule)*. Hey, you didn't check it!

JOSH. All right, all right, I'm checking it!

(JOSH dribbles back to the correct position as ANDY waits. EMILY, a 5th-GRADER, enters and approaches

ANDY. JOSH bounces the ball to ANDY, who starts showing off for EMILY. JOSH is irritated.)

EMILY. Hi, Andy! So are you coming to my birthday party or not? You never answered the invitation.

ANDY. Oh yeah. I think it's still in my book bag. (*He stops playing and looks at EMILY.*) Are you having pizza?

JOSH. C'mon Andy—you're messin' up the game, stupid!

ANDY. Who you callin' stupid, stupid?!

JOSH. *You*, stupid!

ANDY. You're the one who's stupid!

JOSH. Shut up!

ANDY. *You* shut up!

JOSH. No, *you* shut up!

EMILY (*hollering over both of them*). ANDY!

(*JOSH and ANDY stop yelling.*)

EMILY (*resumes her dainty voice*). We're going to dance and play some really awesome games.

ANDY (*horrified*). Dance??

EMILY. Yeah, it'll be so much fun! So tell your mom to call my mom—you know—RSVP?

ANDY. No, who's he?

EMILY. Silly! It means tell me if you're coming or not!

JOSH(*exasperated*). Andy, c'mon, let's play!

ANDY (*ignoring JOSH*). Are you having pizza?

(*EMILY heaves an impatient sigh and starts to walk away. ANDY gently tosses the ball at her and it bounces off her leg.*)

EMILY (*loving the attention*). Hey!!

(EMILY chases ANDY, who runs away laughing. They disappear from sight. JOSH retrieves the ball and stands alone, disgusted.)

JOSH. Girls!

BLACK OUT

Tryouts, blisters, Olympic dreams, frostbite ... Michael. Megan runs us through the agonies and ecstasies of winter track.

5. TRACK (SCENE WITH SONG)

(MEGAN, dressed in sweats, jacket and hat, comes dragging herself in, wincing with each painful step. She peels off the jacket and lets it fall to the floor, pulls off the hat and gloves and collapses onto the floor or couch.)

MEGAN. Track practice. *(She turns her head away and heaves a sigh, then turns back to the audience.)* In winter! *(She sits up slowly and continues talking to the audience as she removes her shoes and massages her feet.)* You're in homeroom and the announcement comes over the loud speaker: *(imitating an adult)* "Tryouts for the girls' track team after school today. If you enjoy running, come and try out for the team!" *(Own voice.)* Wow, you think, I love to run! I can't hit a ball or make a basket, but run? I can run! You picture yourself all through your life—racing your friends to the deli for sodas, speeding in circles around your yard to "get your energy out," jogging down the beach with your dog—the salt spray in your face! It all comes back to you in beautiful slow motion, like those ads for anti-depressants on T.V. And you see the crowds—you hear them cheering you—*(makes a crowd sound)*. You picture the trophy and...the cute guys who check you out with a new sort of respect. And *(standing)* The Olympic platform *(she takes her pony tail holder off and shakes out her hair)* with your national anthem blaring and your mom and dad choking back tears of pride. So you try out for track! And you make the team! And now here you are months later, trudging along in your *(indicating sneakers)* blister-makers behind someone who had beans for lunch, trying not to get run over by a bus!

(Spoken in rhythm.) Track!

STUPID TRACK!

WHY DID I EVER SIGN UP FOR TRACK?

Why do spring sports start in the winter?

OUT IN THE COLD,

RUNNING LAPS UNTIL I'M TOLD

THAT I CAN GO IN AND CHANGE!

CHANGE GEARS AND DO MY HOMEWORK

TILL THE NEXT DAY'S RISING.

THE ROUTINE'S SO TIRING,

I WONDER WHY I'M DOING IT.

BUT WHEN I LIFT MY FEET

ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER

I AM PRACTIC'LY IN FLIGHT.

OH, I FEEL SO FREE.

OUT THERE, NO ONE'S CROWDING ME.

AND I GET TO THINKING

(Spoken in rhythm.) Track's all right.

(Spoken in rhythm.) But

YES, YES IT'S HARD

WHEN AFTER RUNNING HALFWAY

ROUND THE WORLD,

And you can't feel all your extremities,

YOU DON'T GET A BREAK.

ALL YOU GET IS SCOLDED

'CAUSE YOU DIDN'T FINISH YOUR CHORES.

AND A DOZEN OTHER THINGS LIKE

FEED THE GOLDFISH,

READ THAT BOOK FOR ENGLISH!

SO WHY WASTE TIME YOU CAN'T AFFORD

WITH TRACK?

'CAUSE WHEN YOU LIFT YOUR FEET

ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER

IT'S LIKE SOARING THROUGH THE SKY.

AND I WOU'N'T CHANGE A THING.

(Spoken in rhythm.) Nah.

NOT A SINGLE THING.
I WOULDN'T EVEN TRY.
'CAUSE WHEN I RUN I FLY.

But sometimes it's like 20 below and you can see your gasps for air. The sn...OK...mucus is frozen in your nose and you're realizing you've got joints and muscles you never knew you had and they're all screaming HELP!!!
(Sighs and sits.) Maybe I'll quit.

(PHONE RINGS off stage. MEGAN's meddlesome little SIBLING enters with the phone.)

SIBLING *(teasing)*. It's for you. It's that cute running buddy of yours, Michael. He wants to know if he can come over and study for history. He says you were awesome in the track meet on Saturday.

(MEGAN takes the phone and starts to talk, then sees that the SIBLING is listening eagerly. She gives her a "Get out!" look and the SIBLING leaves, making silent smooching kisses as she goes. MEGAN covers the phone and sings.)

MEGAN.

BOYS ARE A MESS.
MICHAEL'S ALWAYS GIVING ME THESE LOOKS
AND I CAN TELL HE REALLY LIKES ME LIKES ME.
BUT I DON'T KNOW.
I MEAN I LIKE HIM AS A FRIEND
'CAUSE HE'S A REAL AWESOME GUY.
AND YES, HE'S GOOD LOOKING.
I'M NOT BLIND.
I SEE THAT CUTE BEHIND.
ESPESH'LY WHEN HE'S RUNNING.

(Spoken in rhythm.) Ooh!

BUT LOVE IS SUCH A GAME.
WE'RE NOVICE PLAYERS,
SO WE'D BETTER TAKE IT SLOW.
AND I KINDA DOUBT
HE'LL HAVE THE NERVE TO ASK ME OUT.
BUT EVEN SO,
WHERE WOULD WE GO?
AND MORE IMPORTANT, WHAT WOULD WE DO?
IF HE TRIES TO KISS ME, DO I HAVE TO
TELL ALL MY FRIENDS?

(Spoken in rhythm.) Obviously yes, but I mean

HOW MUCH DETAIL?
OF COURSE IT'S NOT LIKE TRACK
WHERE YOU WIN IF YOU'RE FASTER.
THIS COULD

Be a disaster!

BUT HECK, IT'S WORTH A SHOT.

WE OUGHT TO RUN AND TRY TO CATCH THE PRIZE.
COME ON, MICHAEL! CHASE ME! COME ON!
CATCH ME IF YOU CAN.
YOU KNOW I CANNOT BE CAUGHT.
BUT ON SECOND THOUGHT,
WHAT AM I RUNNING FROM?
MY HEART GOES PATTA PUM
AND HE'S MY BIGGEST FAN.
SO ALL RIGHT, MICHAEL.
YOU CAN BE MY MAN.
BOY.
GUY.

(MEGAN moves back to the couch and sits as she speaks into the phone.)

MEGAN. Hi Michael. *(Listens.)* Oh, you saw that? Yeah, it was cool. Hey Michael, do you want to go to a movie or something sometime? *(Listens.)* Saturday? Yeah, that would be great.

(MEGAN settles in for a cozy chat.)

FADE TO BLACK

Becky and Alex are driving Sis crazy! Is it their sneezes or their lovesick stares? The Mall to the rescue!

ALLERGIES

(The stage is dark. In the darkness we hear ALEX and BECKY, 7th-GRADERS, sneezing and 'blessing', obviously adoring each other and their common plight.)

ALEX. AAAACHOOO!!

BECKY. Bless you!

ALEX. Thanks.

BECKY. AAACHOOO!!

ALEX. Bless you!

BECKY *(clogged)*. Thanks.

(LIGHTS UP on ALEX and BECKY, gazing sweetly at each other. Sitting on a chair watching TV is SIS, Alex's older sister. She points the remote to change the channels as ALEX hangs over one shoulder and BECKY the other, trying to watch the TV, too. ALEX sneezes on SIS.)

ALEX. AAACHOOO!

SIS. Alex!!

ALEX. Sorry.

BECKY. AAACHOOO!

ALEX. Bless you!

BECKY. Thanks.

SIS. Alex, I'm trying to watch TV here. Why don't you and your little friend go out and play or something?

ALEX. Can't. My grass allergy.

SIS. Then go hang out in the den.

BECKY. Can't. My dust allergy.

SIS. Then go to your room!

ALEX. Can't. Fluffy sneaked in and shed all over. AAA-
CHOOO!

BECKY. Bless you!

ALEX. Thanks.

SIS (*over it*). All right! Mom said she'd take me to the mall
in a half hour. If you leave me alone till then, I'll tell her
you can come, too.

ALEX & BECKY. The Mall! Yay!

*(ALEX sneezes again, wipes his nose on his sleeve.
BECKY looks on, adoring. SIS is grossed out.)*

SIS. Mom!!

BLACK OUT

7. THE MALL SONG (SONG)

*(LIGHTS UP on SIS and the other OLDER GIRLS,
dressed in way too many accessories and loaded with
shopping bags.)*

ALL.

STARBUCKS.

ABERCROMBIE.

RADIO SHACK.

FOOT LOCKER.

LOEWS THEATRE.

MACY'S.

TARGET (*Pronounce: TARZHAY*).

DAYS THAT I GO TO THE MALL.
TO THE MALL!
GO TO THE MALL! {NAME OF THE MALL}
DAYS THAT I GO TO THE MALL.
ONCE A WEEK!
TWICE A WEEK!
THREE TIMES A WEEK!
MAMA DON'T WANNA DRIVE ME
BUT I'LL GET THERE IF I'VE GOTTA CRAWL.

SHOP AT THE FINEST STORES.
WHAT YOU WANT
IS WHAT YOU'RE BUYIN'!
SPEND AT THE FINEST STORES.
WHAT YOU NEED
IS WHAT YOU'RE BUYIN'!
MAKE YOURSELF OVER
CAN'T BE SEEN IN LAST SEASON'S DESIGN.

SOLOIST 1.

GO `HEAD AND BUY
ALL THAT YOU SEE.
JUST MAKE SURE YOU
HAVE ENOUGH MONEY.
DREAMS CAN COME TRUE AT THE MALL.

SOLOIST 2.

TOPS AND SOCKS AND
OTHER APPAREL.
LAUGHS AND GOOD TIMES
BY THE BARREL.
LIFE IS A BREEZE AT THE MALL.

SOLOIST 3.

PRADA. GUCCI.
LOUIS VUITTON.
COACH. DOONEY AND BURKE.
GUESS? YES!
I LOVE HANDBAGS!

SOLOIST 4.

DIESEL. SKETCHERS.
ALDO. REEBOK. CONVERSE. NIKE.
CLEATS? NEAT!
SUCH GREAT SHOES!

SOLOIST 5.

SEE AND BE SEEN.
DON'T SMOKE. DON'T STEAL.
JUST HAVE A GOOD TIME.
HAVE A GOOD MEAL AT THE MALL.

SOLOS (*one restaurant per soloist*).

TRY MCDONALD'S.
CHILI'S.
MACARONI GRILL.
T.G.I.F.
STIR CRAZY.
RANCH.
SBARRO.
LITTLE TOKYO.
PANDA EXPRESS.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN CANDY SHOP.

ALL.

SO MUCH TO EAT AT THE MALL!
CAN LIFE GET BETTER THAN LIFE AT THE MALL?

SOLOIST 6.

I HATE THE MALL WITH A PASSION.
I HATE THE CELL PHONE KIOSKS.
I THINK IT LOOKS LIKE A WAREHOUSE.
I HATE THE KIDS WHO KNOW EV'RY STORE BY NAME.
WHO DID THEY PAY TO BUILD IT THAT WAY?
IS EV'RYONE BLIND?

ALL.

H&M!
HOLLISTER!

BED & BATH!
LORD & TAYLOR!
BABY GAP!
BUILD A BEAR!
BARNES & NOBLE!
RESTORATION HARDWARE!
BJ'S!
BEST BUY!
FILENE'S!
IMAX!
PAYLESS!
BROOKSTONE!
JEEPERS!
ICE RINK!
J.C. PENNEY!
C.V.S.!
THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE!

LIFE IS A BREEZE
AND DREAMS CAN COME TRUE.
IT'S ALL RIGHT THERE WAITING FOR YOU
AT THE MALL!

(Spoken in rhythm.) Yeah!

(In the applause, the LIGHTS remain UP and the GIRLS freeze in their final poses. MATT enters, looking at them and smiling broadly before he turns to the audience.)

MATT. Now, no leaving the building to shop! But I figured you might want to stretch your legs for a few minutes and then I'll show you the rest of the tour. *(Referring to the GIRLS in poses behind him.)* The kids look really lifelike, don't they? Technology, ya gotta love it! See you in fifteen.

(MATT exits and the LIGHTS FADE to BLACK.)

If wishes were hovercrafts, Harry could fly!

HOVERCRAFT

(HARRY, a mischievous and likable 7th-GRADER, enters and shares his story with the audience.)

HARRY. My mom wants to know what I want for my birthday next month. “Anything you want!” she said. “You name it!” Today before I went to school, I left her a big note with one word on it: HOVERCRAFT! Wait till she sees that! *(Sighing with satisfaction.)* A hovercraft. You know, those low flying planes? Mine will be sleek and black and real shiny. Like a James Bond kind of deal. Inside, it’ll be silver with a cup holder for your soda. And if it gets hot, little fans will come on. And it’ll have big speakers with a built-in sensor that will scan my mood and put on just the right music. When I jump in it, I’ll know instinctively how to operate it. I’ll press the ‘ENGAGE’ button and it’ll automatically rise up *(making a sound like a spaceship lift-off)* and there I’ll be, hovering over everybody, hearing everything and seeing everything and nobody will know I’m there. So cool. O.K. Mom, let’s see how you do with your birthday promise. *(Starts to leave and then stops.)* Of course if she can’t work out the hovercraft, I guess an iPod would be O.K., too. *(He exits.)*

Matt says goodbye to middle school and to us as he ends our tour and the cast launches into the exuberant closing number. Summer and high school, bring ‘em on!

END OF THE YEAR

(MATT enters and addresses the audience one last time.)

MATT. Well, it's coming up on the end of the school year and my tour, too. Lots of memories...mostly really good ones. Anyway, it's been fun hanging out with you. Maybe I'll see you sometime. *(Pauses, thinks a second.)* But actually, I'll be so much taller and better looking by then that you probably won't even recognize me. That's middle school for you. *(He exits.)*