

Name _____ Date _____

Spotlight on Performance Script

Forever Rock and Roll

Costume/Prop Suggestions

Melody should wear typical school clothes. Mom wears casual clothes, appropriate for home. Everyone else should wear summer clothes appropriate for the beach: shorts, flip flops, and t-shirts. Prepare the following props: MP3 Player and earphones (for display only), book bag, kitchen table and chair, DVD and DVD player (for display only), beach balls, towels, floats, sunglasses, sunscreen bottles, guitar, saxophone, and other classroom instruments to play along with the songs.

Set Suggestions

Stage Right can be dressed up as a kitchen and Stage Left as a living area with an entertainment center. Center Stage is where the “screen action” takes place. If desired, a large screen could be built of wood, cardboard, or other materials. The “Movie People” would come out of this screen. However this effect can easily be imagined and is not, by any means, necessary.

Script Begins

(Melody, wearing headsets and carrying her book bag, enters her kitchen after returning home from school. Her Mom greets her enthusiastically and Melody ignores her because she can't hear her with the music blasting in her ears through the earphones.)

Mom: Hi, honey. How was your day?

(Melody's eyes are closed and she is “rocking and rolling” to the music that only she can hear.)

Mom: Melody, honey. *(more slowly and deliberately with her anger building slightly)* How was your day?

Melody: *(Her eyes are still closed as she starts to belt out some random rock and roll “yeah, baby” kind of lyrics.)*

Mom: *(With even more anger building)* Melody, how was your day?

(Melody continues to rock and roll in her own world oblivious to her mother.)

Mom: *(Removing MELODY's headsets)* Hi, honey. Melody, how was your day?

Melody: *(Angrily)* Mom, that was my favorite song!

Mom: Your MP3 player isn't going away or at least not yet. A little "my day was great, fantastic, horrible, lovely or whatever—Mom, how was yours?" Just a little acknowledgement that I'm here on the same planet with you.

Melody: *(A bit sarcastically)* My day was great, fantastic, horrible lovely or whatever and Mom, how was yours? *(Not pausing for a response she puts the headsets back on.)*

Mom: *(Removing headsets again)* Remember, privileges can be taken away.

Melody: *(Coming to her senses)* Sorry, Mom. But it was my favorite song. I suppose now we're going to sit down, have milk and cookies and you can teach me how to crochet while we talk about family values. Mom, you just don't understand me or my music. I'm just that kind of person. You're not that kind of person. You can't relate.

Mom: I know you think I grew up in another century.

Melody: You did.

Mom: You're right. I guess I did, but that's beside the point. Some things were different. We didn't have MP3s, or DVDs, or CDs, or even... well... Let's talk about the things that we did have.

Melody: Oh, I think I've heard of these things... called "Eight something"...

Mom: Eight tracks.

Melody: That's it. Eight tracks.

Mom: Believe it or not, on our eight tracks, guess what we played.

Melody: I dunno.

Mom: Believe it or not, on our eight tracks, we played ROCK AND ROLL!

Melody: No way!

Mom: I loved rock and roll and guess who else loved it!

Melody: I dunno.

Mom: Your dad.

Melody: No way! My carpool-driving, crossword puzzle-working, Dr. Phil-watching mother loved rock and roll?

Mom: I know... truth is stranger than fiction.

Melody: My scrabble-playing, NPR-listening, buttoned-down dad loved rock and roll? Get out of town!

Mom: It's true. In fact, your dad and I played in a combo.

Melody: A combo? Like with fries and a medium drink?

Mom: A combo was what.... I mean a band. We called it a combo back then.

Melody: That's bizarre. This is too weird to take in... my parents playing in a band. Truth is stranger than fiction.

Mom: Melody, I wasn't going to tell anybody about this, but if you promise to keep this under hat, I'll tell you.

Melody: What hat?

Mom: *(getting slightly frustrated)* What I mean is I'll tell you something if you promise not to tell anybody, especially Dad.

Melody: *(sticking out her pinky finger)* Pinky promise.

(Mom responds in kind.)

Mom: You see, I took some of our old home movies and put them on a DVD.

Melody: And...

Mom: Well, would you like to see them?

Melody: Beats doing homework.

Mom: I'm overwhelmed by your enthusiasm for sentimentality.

Melody: Huh?

(Mom goes to the drawer stage left and gets out a DVD, inserting it in the player stage left. As the two of them gaze into the screen, the screen becomes the entire scene. Actors/singers enter dressed in beach garb and sing "Surfin' U.S.A." Mom and Melody, stage left, freeze while the main focus is on the "home movie" coming to life center stage. A guy and girl are miming playing instruments.)

Song 1: Surfin' U.S.A., p. 306

(At the end of the song/movie, people freeze as dialogue between Mom and Melody resumes.)

Melody: Mom, push pause. *(This happens simultaneously as the Movie People freeze.)*

Mom: *(pointing to a singer on the “screen”)* That’s me.

Melody: No way! I had no idea that you could sing and play like that!

Mom: And the handsome guy on my left, playing the guitar, you know who that is?

Melody: He looks familiar.

Mom: You know him very well.

Melody: No way!

Mom: Yes, it is.

Melody: Can’t be.

Mom: Can be.

Mom and Melody: It’s Dad.

Melody: Press play. I want to see more. This is a lot better than homework.

(As Mom presses play, the group unfreezes and Mom and Melody freeze. Movie Mom picks up a saxophone and is featured on “Yakety Yak.”)

<p><i>Song 2: Yakety Yak, p. 308</i></p>

Groupie 1: You are unbelievable. Can I have your autograph?

Movie Mom: Sure.

(Groupies seem to come out of nowhere and surround Movie Mom wanting autographs.)

Groupie 2: Can you do another song for us?

Movie Mom: Sure. What would you like to hear?

Groupie 3: “Southern Nights,” I love that song.

ALL GROUPIES:(starting to chant) Southern Nights! Southern Nights! Southern Nights!

(“Southern Nights” intro begins underneath the chanting)

Song 3: Southern Nights, p. 310

Melody: Mom, push pause. *(This happens simultaneously as Movie People freeze.)*
Mom, are you sure this isn't like digitally enhanced or something. I mean,.. autographs, groupies, Mom... I never knew. Mom, push play. I want to see more.

(Using the same device, Mom and Melody freeze and the Movie People unfreeze.)

Movie Dad: Next we're going to do one of my favorite songs. You know we all need a hero. I have lots of them, some political, some famous, some not so famous. There's a hero in all of us. We've just got to look within our hearts.

Song 4: Hero, p. 312

(The crowd goes crazy as “Hero” is performed. After the song ends, Mom and Melody unfreeze.)

Melody: Mom, push pause *(this happens simultaneously as movie people freeze).*
Mom, who was your hero when you were growing up?

Mom: I had several—Amelia Earhart, Jane Addams, and Clara Barton were all great women who helped the world to be a better place. I looked up to them a lot. But there was one who stood out above them all.

Melody: Who was that?

Mom: I'll bet you could figure it out.

Melody: I have no idea.

Mom: Just think about it.

Melody: I will, but in the meantime, can we hear some more of your music?

Mom: I'll press play.

(As Mom presses play, the Movie People unfreeze while Mom and Melody freeze. “Change the World” is performed.)

Song 5: Change the World, p. 314

(After the song ends, Movie People freeze and Mom and Melody unfreeze.)

Melody: Mom, I think I know who your hero is.

Mom: I'll bet you do.

Melody: And I think we have something in common.

Mom: What's that?

Melody: I think your mom is your hero and (hesitating just a bit as it's hard to express herself at this level) Mom, you're my hero. I mean, I know sometimes I can be in my own world and think that you don't understand me or my music or anything about me, but I think you probably understand more than I give you credit for.

Mom: I always want to understand you and I'll always try to. You know, even though I grew up in the last century, things really haven't changed that much. And one thing I do know for sure is... well, I'm not going to say it, I'm just going to press play.

(As Mom presses play, the Movie People unfreeze. Mom and Melody freeze. About halfway through "Rock and Roll Is Here to Stay," Mom and Melody exchange a "why not" expression and join the group—singing and dancing.)

<p><i>Song 6: Rock and Roll Is Here to Stay, p. 316</i></p>
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