

Alex can't seem to get the lyrics out of his head. He is on stage, with the rest of the band, and New Kids, singing their little Mash Up for a crowd of hormonal females and a few testosterone-driven males. This song cannot interrupt his performance...

Mai-ia-hii
mai-ia-huu
mai-ia-haa
mai-ia-ha ha

His next solo is coming up and he is now humming the song. *No way*, Alex thinks to himself. *Think about the Mash Up and you'll do fine*. He does the choreography fine, of course. He's too perfect to screw that up too!

His line is up... now!

Mai-ia-hii
mai-ia-huu
mai-ia-haa
mai-ia-ha ha

Everyone is now looking at Alex with a weird expression. Only Nick would ask if he is high. He has been sober from any drugs or alcohol for a very long time. He only wishes he could blame weed.

"Dude, what is your malfunction?" Howie whispers harshly into his ear, knowing the laughing crowd wasn't going to pay attention to the fact that this isn't part of the routine.

"I don't know. I wish it was something normal!"

"You ain't normal," Brian snickers dancing around him. "Now do your right lines!"

Alex grins to the crowd and clears his throat. The song is out of his system, now he can continue the show properly.

Hallo, salut, sunt
eu, un haiduc
si te rog, iubirea
mea, primeste
fericirea

Now the crowd isn't laughing, but kind of going silent. Alex looks to his band mates for help.

"I can't stop it! I sing and Numa Numa comes out!"

"Oh girls!" Donnie calls out to the crowd. "AJ is having a brain fart at the VERY wrong time!"

The crowd laughs, of course.

Alex does a dorkus dance and looks panicked at Jordan. "Help me! It has been stuck in my head all day and I don't know how to have it leave me be!" He jogs to Jordan and pouts. "I'm really not joking."

"You better not man..." Jordan turns around and wanders over to Danny, whispering into his unplugged ear.

Danny slowly nods his head, sort of snickering under his breath. Jordan hits him on the head and sends him over to the instrumental band. Jordan then wanders to the congregated group of men on the middle of the stage, who were kindly glaring at Alex.

"Alright guys, we are gonna perform Numa Numa to get it out of AJ's system, then we will continue with the show."

"What? He's high, I swear to God," Nick comments.

"And God wants me to shove my foot up your ass!" Alex snarls, stomping over to Nick. Thankfully the stage crew shut off their microphones.

"Cut it out!" Johnathan screams.

Alex lets out a puff of breath and taps his left foot. "I'm sorry but that song is killing me today."

The instrumental band begins to play the song, gradually getting louder. The boy banders end their dispute, for now, and begin to sing the song to help Alex.

**Mai-ia-hii
mai-ia-huu
mai-ia-haa
mai-ia-ha ha**

**Mai-ia-hii
mai-ia-huu
mai-ia-haa
mai-ia-ha ha**

**Mai-ia-hii
mai-ia-huu
mai-ia-haa
mai-ia-ha ha**

**Mai-ia-hii
mai-ia-huu
ma-ia-haa
ma-ia-ha ha**

**Hallo, salut, sunt
eu, un haiduc
si te rog, iubirea**

mea, primeste
fericirea

Hallo, hallo,
sunt eu picasso
ti-am dat beep, si
sunt voinic
dar sa stii nu-ti cer nimic

Vrei sa pleci dar nu
ma, nu ma iei
nu ma, nu ma iei
nu ma, nu ma, nu ma iei
chipul tau si
dragostea din tei
mi-amintesc de ochii tai

Vrei sa pleci dar nu
ma, nu ma iei
nu ma, nu ma iei
nu ma, nu ma, nu ma iei
chipul tau si
dragostea din tei
mi-amintesc de ochii tai

Te sun, sa-ti spun,
ce simt acum
hallo, iubirea
mea, sunt eu,
fericirea

Hallo, hallo, sunt
iarasi eu, picasso
ti-am dat beep, si
sunt voinic
dar sa stii nu-ti cer nimic

Vrei sa pleci dar nu
ma, nu ma iei
nu ma, nu ma iei
nu ma, nu ma, nu ma iei
chipul tau si
dragostea din tei
mi-amintesc de ochii tai

Vrei sa pleci dar nu
ma, nu ma iei
nu ma, nu ma iei
nu ma, nu ma, nu ma iei
chipul tau si

**dragostea din tei
mi-amintesc de ochii tai**

**Mai-ia-hii
mai-ia-huu
mai-ia-haa
mai-ia-ha ha**

**Mai-ia-hii
mai-ia-huu
mai-ia-haa
mai-ia-ha ha**

**Mai-ia-hii
mai-ia-huu
mai-ia-haa
mai-ia-ha ha**

**Mai-ia-hii
mai-ia-huu
ma-ia-haa
ma-ia-ha ha**

The crowd squeals and the lights go out. Alex feels a hand hit his head, and then another, and then another, and then another, and then another, and then another, and then another, and then another. The lights come back up slowly and dramatically as Alex rubs his soar scalp.

The song is now gone from his brain and the men on stage with him hate his guts. Perfect.

TA-DA!