

# SWITCHEROO

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By R. Eugene Jackson

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## **STORY OF THE PLAY**

It is the most critical time in a teen's life when prom night is only a few hours away and nobody has a date for it! Oh, but wait! Chemistry and Secret Herbal Mixtures student scientist Beatrice has devised a concoction that will cast a spell over all the male students, causing them to appreciate the girls so much that they will undoubtedly invite the girls to the prom.

Oh, but wait! Pokey does not understand Beatrice's formula so she adds some "blue stuff" for "better color." The result is that a "switcheroo" takes place: the girls now think they are the boys, and the boys now think they are the girls.

Oh, but wait! Beatrice recognizes the problem and, during the strangest prom on record, tries to remedy it with new chemical and herbal mixtures. Oh, but wait! The new mixtures are inadvertently contaminated by perfume, cola, and more of the "blue stuff," causing the students and faculty to become, first, robots, then hens, then raging monsters. Oh, but wait! ... Well, you get the idea.

In this uproariously hilarious and offbeat play, the girls begin by complaining that boys have many advantages over girls. Meanwhile, the boys are upset that they have to do all the work and that girls have all the advantages over boys. Each wishes she/he was the opposite. And, in this case, each gets his/her wish—for a while. And what a hysterical while! In the end, they take back their wishes—that is, except for Beatrice and her—or is that his?—boyfriend—maybe that's girlfriend—Boaz.

All in good fun. All in good taste. A bare stage representing a school gym. It couldn't be easier—or funnier!

## **CHARACTERS**

*(8 W, 5 M, extras as desired)*

**BEATRICE:** Student scientist.

**POKEY:** Beatrice's ditzy assistant, dates Harold.

**COPI (KOH-PEE):** Goes to the prom with Burt.

**BRIDGET:** Takes Curtis to the prom.

**MICHELLE:** Cosmetic consultant.

**STRINGER:** Tomboy; the only girl on the boxing team.

**BURT:** Copi's boyfriend.

**CURTIS:** Goes to the prom with Bridget and Michelle.

**BOOM BOX:** Stringer's boyfriend, always carries a radio.

**HAROLD:** Absent-minded boy who is dating Pokey.

**BOAZ:** Beatrice's boyfriend.

**MS. CLOVER:** A teacher.

**MR. NUKUM:** The chemistry teacher.

**MR. or MRS. LECTURE:** Military-style principal.

**EXTRAS:** Other teenage students as desired.

**TIME:** The present.

**PLACE:** The high school gym.

## **SETTING**

The stage may be empty or it may look as much like a gym as possible. There are several chairs and a table (or a few desks) at one side.

See end of playbook for a complete list of **PROPS** and **COSTUMES**.

## ACT I

*(AT RISE: Four teenage girls—COP1, BRIDGET, MICHELLE, and STRINGER—are decorating the gym for the upcoming prom. They are twisting crepe paper rolls into colorful streamers, but they are totally inept at it. Most wear a dress or skirt and blouse. STRINGER, however, is tom-boyish and dresses accordingly.)*

COP1: *(SHE angrily stomps her foot.)* Boys!

BRIDGET: *(SHE angrily stomps her foot.)* Boys, boys, boys!

MICHELLE: *(SHE angrily stomps her foot.)* Boys!

STRINGER: *(SHE angrily jumps up and down.)* Booooys!

COP1: I hate 'em!

BRIDGET: Curse 'em!

MICHELLE: They're the cause of every problem the world has ever known.

COP1: Plus some.

STRINGER: *(SHE angrily jumps up and down.)* Booooys!

COP1: If it weren't for boys, we wouldn't have to wear dresses.

STRINGER: Cop1! You mean you'd come to school in your...in your...?

COP1: No, silly. I'd wear jeans. *(Pause.)* If it weren't for boys, we wouldn't have to shave our legs.

STRINGER: We're supposed to shave our legs?

MICHELLE: You'd come to school with hairy legs?!

COP1: It's better than coming to school with nicks and razor-burned legs. *(Pause.)* If it weren't for boys, we wouldn't have to decorate this gym.

STRINGER: That's right. We could just paint the walls pink and let it go at that.

BRIDGET: If it weren't for boys, my parents' monthly telephone bill wouldn't be higher than their bank account.

STRINGER: Bridget, what do boys have to do with your parents' telephone bill?

BRIDGET: Well, I have to talk to them when they call, don't I?

STRINGER: You could hang up?

BRIDGET: What—and miss those sexy, husky voices?

MICHELLE: If it weren't for boys, I wouldn't be an hour late for school every day.

STRINGER: How do boys make you late, Michelle?

MICHELLE: Well, when I get here, I have to stop by the bathroom to check my makeup.

STRINGER: It takes you an hour to check your makeup?

MICHELLE: Stringer, if you looked like me, it'd take YOU an extra hour, too. *(Pause.)* Wait a minute. That isn't what I meant.

BRIDGET: If it weren't for boys, we wouldn't have anything to gossip about.

STRINGER: Well, that proves it.

BRIDGET: Proves what?

STRINGER: That boys are good for SOME-thing.

*(The GIRLS giggle in agreement.)*

COPI: It's got to be a lot easier to be a boy. They can wear ugly, comfortable clothes and still be in fashion.

BRIDGET: Yeah. And they don't have to hang around the house all night hoping somebody will call and ask them for a date. *(Pause.)* And when the phone rings, hope it isn't Harold.

MICHELLE: Yeah. And they don't have to spend hours in front of the mirror applying false eyelashes, only to have one fall off in the middle of your mashed potatoes. *(Pause.)* And, take it from me, Ramona's eyelashes and mashed potatoes do not mix.

COPI: Who's Ramona?

MICHELLE: A cosmetics line. She makes everything for the woman of style.

COPI: Now if you were only a woman of style.

STRINGER: You girls are weird.

COPI: WE'RE weird?! At least WE didn't go out for the boxing team.

STRINGER: Well, I've already won one match.

COPI: How did you do that when boxing season hasn't even started?

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STRINGER: I kayoed Boom Box when he tried to kiss me.

MICHELLE: No kidding? I have to sock the boys to GET them to kiss ME.

STRINGER: Anyway, Copi, there's no dress code here. You don't have to wear a dress if you don't want to.

COPI: I know that, Stringer, I do it for the boys. (*SHE sighs.*)

STRINGER: And Bridget, you talk to the boys too much on the phone.

BRIDGET: What makes you think that?

STRINGER: Well, when you came to school last week with the phone receiver stuck to your ear, for one thing.

BRIDGET: I couldn't help it. I talked so long it sorta got imbedded there.

STRINGER: Fortunately, the Rescue Squad was able to pry it off.

BRIDGET: Yeah. The bad thing was, it was a pay phone and I was running out of quarters.

STRINGER: And Michelle, if you'd get up earlier each morning, you wouldn't need another hour in the bathroom here at school.

MICHELLE: Oh, I'm not a morning girl, Stringer, so I put my makeup on BEFORE I go to bed in the evening.

STRINGER: No wonder you need repairs the next day.

MICHELLE: Yeah, but my pillow looks great!

COPI: (*Angrily*) Boys!

BRIDGET: Boys, boys, boys!

MICHELLE: Boys!

STRINGER: (*SHE jumps up and down.*) Boooy!

COPI: I wish I was a boy.

BRIDGET: Yeah. So I could use the phone at the Pizza Palace.

MICHELLE: Yeah. So I could sleep on a clean pillow once in a while.

STRINGER: Yeah. So I could be the quarterback of the baseball team. (*Suddenly, SHE sniffs the air.*) Uh-oh. I smell danger approaching.

COPI: (*As all the GIRLS sniff the air.*) It's Ms. Clover. Look busy.

MICHELLE: But we ARE busy.

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