FREAKY FRIDAY

Based on the book by MARY RODGERS

Written by BRIDGET CARPENTER

Music and Lyrics by TOM KITT & BRIAN YORKEY

Provided solely for artists who may wish to familiarize themselves with this material prior to their auditions
PROLOGUE

(ELLIE BLAKE – 16, smart, funny, our hero – bounds onto the stage. She’s a tomboy: baggy, rumpled clothes, hair that hasn’t seen a comb today. Or yesterday. She addresses the audience.)

ELLIE
So you’re never going to believe me. No one in their right mind could ever possibly believe me. But what I’m about to tell you is true. One-hundred-percent true.
(pauses to make sure the audience is with her)
Everything started the day before my mom got married.

KATHERINE

(offstage)
Honey...!

(KATHERINE BLAKE – 40, decisive, lovely, punctual – enters.)

ELLIE
(ignoring KATHERINE)
The day that I had – I’m talking mind-bending. Bananas.

KATHERINE
(overlapping)
Ellie. Ellie. Ellie!

ELLIE

What?!

Hi, sweetie.

KATHERINE

(to audience)
This is my mother.

ELLIE

(KATHERINE
(waves cheerfully, notices someone in the audience)
Hi there! You look adorable.
(to ELLIE, pointedly)
See, she made an effort. She looks nice. You could do that.

ELLIE

I’m in the middle of a story.
I know. I'm being supportive.

Could you do that somewhere else?

What if you started by introducing the family—

I'm getting there! It's my story!

(to audience)
She used to be so sweet.

Mom.

Fine, I'm going.

Good.

(to audience)
So it was the second Friday in April, and every morning is pretty chaotic in our house, but this was even more crazy than—

(KATHERINE digs a bobby pin out of her pocket and smooths ELLIE’s hair to the side.)

Mom, what are you doing???

I want to be able to see your pretty face.

(to audience)
She hides her face!

Mom!

(ELLIE looks daggers at KATHERINE, who exits, waving one last time at the audience. ELLIE takes the audience back in time.)
Just One Day
[Rev. 10/20/16]

CUE: Segue from "Prologue"

Just one day... I beg, I plead... but the drag just keeps on dragging, while I

Book by BRIDGET CARPENTER
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Lyrics by BRIAN YORKEY

Bright, Warm  \( \frac{3}{4} \) 158

ELLIE: That morning... she was really up in my grill. (GO)

ELLIE:

Just one day... that's all I need, just a day without her nagging.
Just One Day

Wish for just one Monday or a Friday to be free-free to slouch and sulk and mumble and be messy and be me. All I

ask is for twelve hours, to live my life my way

simple, awesome, crazy, kick ass

day...

PERUSAL ONLY
One more day, she's on my back. She's been riding me forever.

On my faults and all, I lack and all I—oh, whatever. Cause I'm
lazy and I'm avourage, and I'm slopp-y, for a start And I know she'd like a daugh-ter who was

t-ty, thin, and smart And I know she's freak-in' per-fect, but I'll nev-er be that way

Not for a sing-le, sol-i-tary day!
FOR JUST ONE DAY!

ELLIE

FOR JUST ONE DAY!

KATHERINE

FOR JUST ONE DAY!

ELLIE

FOR JUST ONE DAY...

ELLIE, KATHERINE

(The Switch: ELLIE and KATHERINE feel their souls exit one body and enter the other. From this point forward, "ELLIE" designates Katherine's soul in Ellie's body, and "KATHERINE" designates Ellie's soul in Katherine's body. ELLIE wrests the hourglass from KATHERINE's grip.)

ELLIE

Ellie, you are acting like a child!

KATHERINE

Oh really, Mom? I'm a child—?

(They realize something is wrong.)

ELLIE, KATHERINE

What the—

(They stop. Terrified.)

This is not funny! AHHHHHH!

(As they scream, ELLIE drops the hourglass. It breaks. A mysterious sound fills the room. Something momentous and magical has occurred.)

KATHERINE

You have my face! You have my face and my body! And you just broke my hourglass. What... is... happening?!!?

ELLIE

(takes a calming step towards KATHERINE)

Honey...?

KATHERINE

You keep away from me, you weird clone!
ELLIE
Ellie. Ellie. Ellie! It's me. It's Mom! I'm Mom.

You are not my mom!

ELLIE
(smiling, friendly voice)
I'm Mom.

Shut up!

ELLIE
Ellie, you are not to tell me to shut up!

KATHERINE
Oh my god, you are my mom. How did you get in my body?

ELLIE
How did you get in mine?

KATHERINE
I'm in yours?
(freaking)
No way! This suuuuuuuuucks!

ELLIE
I don't understand this.

KATHERINE
It's a super-bad dream.
(to herself)
Wake up. Wake up. Wake up.
(slaps her own face, then pulls her cheek, riveted)
Whoa. I pull it and it just stays there.

ELLIE
Stop that!

KATHERINE
Mom, maybe we're tripping. Someone slipped us a drug. Fletcher!

ELLIE
Your brother did not drug us!

KATHERINE
But we're sick. I'm calling 9-1-1.
ELLIE
Wait, no! Stop. If we go to the hospital right now and say we switched bodies, we’d be locked in the psych ward and medicated until someone wrote a book about us. No hospitals. No doctors. No way. We have to figure this out on our own.

KATHERINE
If we’re not going to the hospital, what are we going to do? I’m freaking out!

ELLIE
(takes KATHERINE by the shoulders)
Ellie, listen to me. We are going to solve this. We are not going to freak out. Okay?

KATHERINE
Okay.

ELLIE
Okay, the wedding is tomorrow—

(KATHERINE makes a retching noise.)

Is that really necessary?

KATHERINE
Yes! This is the worst day of my life. You are the worst thing that has ever happened to me!

ELLIE
Young lady, watch your tone!

KATHERINE
You don’t like it? It’s your tone!

(offers examples)
“Be more positive.” “Get your hair out of your face.” “Put down that hourglass.”

(ELLIE and KATHERINE turn to stare at the broken hourglass.)

ELLIE, KATHERINE
The hourglass.

KATHERINE
Oh my god. We totally broke a magic hourglass.

ELLIE
Honey, I highly doubt that we were holding a magic hourglass.

(ELLIE and KATHERINE pick up the pieces. The mysterious sound repeats. They stare at each other.)

END
IN THE BIOLOGY LAB, 40-YEAR-OLD KATHERINE — APPEARING IN 16-YEAR-OLD ELLIE'S BODY— FINDS HERSELF UNEXPECTEDLY FLUSTERED TO BE NEAR ADAM, ELLIE'S 16-YEAR-OLD HANDSOME CLASSMATE

PERUSAL ONLY
clear-ly are still mys-ter-ies to life

It's King-dom, Phyl-lum, Class, and then it's

STUDENTS:

Mmm

Ekm7

Db

Gb

Or-der, Fam-ily, Gen-us
It all comes back to me like child's play

Then be

Mmm

Mmm

Ooh, aah,

simile Db/Gb

Ekm7/Gb

Db/Gb

Ooh, aah,

PERUSAL ONLY
leans over my shoulder there, in all his long and lean-ness and
Mmm Mmm

cresc.

GB


cuts my hard-earned knowledge clean away
I
Mmm Clean away

GbD7/Cb

G7/Cb

D7sus D7

PERUSAL ONLY
try to keep a focused mind and steady hand

But the rhythm of my heart is like a country western band

Oh, Biology [Rev. 9/25/16]
Oh, Biology

Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

Oh, Biology What have you done to me? Why can't my grown up brain control my teenage parts?

Oh, Biology Why won't you let me be? Why can't you
be humane... and still our beating hearts before the cutting

starts...?

starts?

erst and inarticulate, a specimen of truant And though we're both sixteen, he's much too

Ooh ooh ooh
young My am-g-da-la is ful-ly formed, my front-al lobe is flu-ent, then

Much too young Ooh ooh

pher-o-mones go futz-ing with my tongue

ADAM:
That's totes am-aze, I'm way im-pressed,

Ah

PERUSAL ONLY
Um, like totally, um, thanks — Good like, sweet, technique

Holy cow!

Lord, now, can't I even speak?

Oh Biology — Oh Biology — Oh Biology — Oh Biology

PERUSAL ONLY
Biology - Else

Why won't you set me free? 'Cause I'm not in control when hunger has its say.

And hormones have their way, hunger has its say and hormones.
SCENE 2: BUS STOP

(FLETCHER sits alone, suitcase at his feet, staring at Angry Bob and Caspian on his hands. ADAM enters.)

ADAM

Hey, man.

(holds the phone out)

Hunters. This year’s Hunt is officially begun. And here’s your first clue. See the sign? This clue is gonna be solved by the fastest mind with the fastest mode of transportation, meaning first come, first solved. If it’s gone when you get here, move on to clue two and beyond. Happy hunting!

(ADAM finishes recording, presses send, then sits next to FLETCHER.)

Where you headed?

(as Caspian)

“Hollywood!”

FLETCHER


ADAM

Do you want to hear a joke?

Yeah. I do.

(as Angry Bob)

“What do you call a sad coffee?”

FLETCHER

No clue.

(as Angry Bob)

“Depresso!”

(Angry Bob laughs. So does ADAM. As Caspian:)

“What do you call a man with no body and no nose?”

FLETCHER

I don’t know... What do you call a man with no body and no nose?
(as Caspian)
"Nobody nose."

What's your name?

Fletcher.

(re: Caspian)
I was talking to him.

(as Caspian)
"I'm Caspian!"

Hey, Caspian, I'm Adam.

(ADAM bumps fists with Caspian.)

FLETCHER
I think you go to the same school as my sister.

Who's your sister?

FLETCHER
Ellie Blake.

ADAM
Ellie Blake. Your mom is the Sandwich Lady? Awesome. Does she know where you are right now?

(FLETCHER blinks back tears and shakes his head.)
Hey... little dude... what's up?

FLETCHER
I'm running away.

Why?

ADAM

FLETCHER
My mom started acting weird. And my sister hates me.
ADAM

Aw, I'm sure she doesn't hate you. Women, kid... women are like sandwiches.

FLETCHER

(looks at ADAM for a long beat)

What?

(#14) WOMEN AND SANDWICHES

ADAM

WOMEN AND SANDWICHES
THEY ALWAYS SURPRISE
THEY'RE MORE COMPLICATED
THAN BURGERS, OR FRIES
OR GUYS

WOMEN AND SANDWICHES
SOME'ERE COLD AND SOME HOT
BUT TAKE WHAT THEY OFFER
AND YOU'LL LEARN A LOT
YOU'RE DOUBTFUL, OR DREADFUL
THEY BURNED YOU BEFORE
BUT TRUST ME, MY BROTHER
YOU'LL LINE UP FOR MORE
FOR THEY MAY BE CRUSTY
OR SALTY, OR SOUR
BUT WOMEN AND SANDWICHES
ALWAYS HAVE THE POWER

AND SOMETIMES THERE'S A SANDWICH
WITH A TASTE THAT DISAGREES
THAT MAYBE MAKES YOU ANGRY
GIVES YOU AGITA, THE QUEASE
BUT GO WITH IT, AT LEAST A WHILE
AND SOON IT'S NOT SO STRANGE
WITH TIME, AND UNDERSTANDING
TASTE CAN CHANGE

(SAVANNAH enters wearing a backpack and fatigues. She sees the bus stop sign and
pulls out a welder's mask and blowtorch.)

SAVANNAH

Step back

(puts on her mask, cuts the sign down, and throws ADAM a triumphant look)

Cross it off the list.
FLETCHER

ADAM

WOMEN AND SANDWICHES
LIKE CHOCOLATES AND WINE
SOMETIMES THE STRANGE ONES
ARE JUST THE MOST FINE
YOU LOOK AT THE OUTSIDE
THE FACE, OR THE BREAD
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THERE
IN THAT ROLL, OR THAT HEAD
BUT ODDS ARE YOU'LL LIKE
WHAT'S INSIDE FOR Y'ALL
WOMEN AND SANDWICHES
I SO LOVE THEM ALL

AND SOMETIMES THERE'S A SANDWICH
THAT YOU LOOKED AT JUST ONE WAY
THEN IT SUDDENLY SURPRISED YOU
SAY, A LOT, AND SAY TODAY
AND THEN ASKED YOU TO DO SOMETHING
THAT YOU THOUGHT WAS JUST A CHEAT
THE EXPLANATION WASN'T SO COMPLETE
BUT STILL AND ALL
IT'S JUST A SIMPLE FEAT
SO MAYBE YOU SHOULD HELP HER
'CAUSE SHE'S SWEET
AND HER BROTHER'S PRETTY NEAT

FLETCHER

(stares at ADAM, as Angry Bob)

"So... you dropped the metaphor and you're just talking about a woman at this point. That's what's going on here, right?"

ADAM

You got me.

WELL, LONG MAY THEIR HEAVENLY MYSTERIES LIVE!
AND ALL OF THE JOYS AND THE SORROWS THEY GIVE!
WHEREVER WE WEIRDOS
WE WISHING MEN ROAM
WOMEN AND SANDWICHES...
ADAM, FLETCHER
WOMEN AND SANDWICHES

FLETCHER
WOMEN AND SANDWICHES

ADAM
WILL ALWAYS BRING US HOME

Should we get out of here before the cops come?

FLETCHER

(as Caspian)
"Brilliant, mate!"

ADAM

Brilliant, mate!

(ADAM and Caspian bump fists.)

(#14A) JUST ONE MORE SANDWICH
FREAKY FRIDAY
Piano/Vocal

Women and Sandwiches
[Rev. 9/7/16]

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Lyrics by
BRIAN YORKEY

CUE:
ADAM: Aw, I'm sure she doesn't hate you.
Women, kid... Women are like sandwiches.
(Fletcher looks at Adam for a long beat.)
FLETCHER: What?

(MUSIC)

Rubato

1

2

3

4

Women and sandwiches they always surprise
They're more complicated than burgers or fries or...

5

6

Groovy, Soulful
guys.

7

8

9

10

Women and sandwiches... some're cold and some hot
But
Piano/Vocal

Women and Sandwiches [Rev. 9/7/16]

You're
take what they of- fer, and you'll learn a lot.

But trust me, my broth- er, you'll

doubtful, or dread- ful, they burned you be- fore.

For they may be crust- y, or salt- y or sour.

And

women and sand- wiches al- ways have the power

PERUSAL ONLY
sometimes there's a sandwich with a taste that disagrees
That maybe makes you angry, gives you agitation, the quease
But go with it, at least a while, and soon it's not so strange with

(time and understanding, taste can change.

(Savannah comes on. She wears a backpack and fatigues. She sees the one-stop sign, takes off her backpack, pulls out a welder's mask and a torch.)
(Savannah puts her mask on and blasts the torch, cutting the sign down cleanly. She turns off the torch, puts it and the mask back in her backpack, and takes the sign with her, throwing Adam a triumphant look.)

Step back.

Cross it off the list. Wow.

PERUSAL ONLY
ADAM:  

Women and sandwiches like chocolates and wine.

Sometimes the strange ones are just the most fine. You

look at the outside, the face, or the bread, you don't know what's there, in that roll.

or that head, but odds are you'll like what's inside for y'all.
Women and Sandwiches

Women and sandwiches I so love them all. And sometimes there's a sandwich that you looked at just one way then it suddenly surprised you, say a lot, and today, and then asked you to do something that you thought was just a cheat. The explanation wasn't so complete. But still and all, it's just a simple feat. So
Piano/Vocal

may-be you should help her, 'cause she's sweet and her broth-er's pret-ty neat.

FLETCHER: (Angry Bob) "So— you dropped the metaphor and you're just talking about a woman at this point. That's what's going on here, right?"

ADAM: (in the clear) You got me.

Well,

long may their heav-en-ly mys-ter-ies live! And all of the joys and the sor-

rows they give! Where-ev-er we weird-os, we wish-ing men roam...

PERUSAL ONLY
Women and Sandwiches

ADAM: Should we get out of here before the cops come?

home.
FLETCHER: (Caspian)  
ADAM:  

"Bril-liant, mate!"  Bril-liant, mate!
No More Fear
[Rev. 10/20/16]

Book by
BRIDGET CARPENTER

Music by
TOM KITT

Lyrics by
BRIAN YORKEY

FREAKY FRIDAY
Piano/Vocal

CUE:
Attaca from #17B
(MUSIC)

(Acting freeze and Ellie turns to us.)

1 |
Colla Voce, quickly
ELLIE:

What is this feeling that I'm feeling?

Like I've shot right through the ceiling—Is it

2 |

3 |

4 |

5 |

6 |

7 |

only the caffeine? And the sugar?
And the pizza?
Dear me, I had three slices of that pizza...

Are
carbs the feeling that I'm feeling? Like I'm losing it, but dealing? It's all

arming... but appearing... and somehow healing...

Urgent, in the moment
Vamp - out on any beat

How long has it been since this old heart has skipped a beat?

How long have I kept an even keel? How hard have I worked to keep our life

PERUSAL ONLY
so calm and neat? And how good does this freak-ing chaos feel? Though

I don't have the first idea what else may be in store

I know I won't be frightened any more!

No more

fear

No more fright

I go
No More Fear

Piano/Vocal

bold or I go home

It starts to

Vamp - out on any beat

night.

Oh, God-

More movement, bounce

Have I taught my daughter to be cautious at all cost?
Have I made her somehow be afraid?

Have I held too tightly, after all we both have lost?

How do I clean up this mess I've made?

Clearly I can't promise things will all turn out okay.

But
here's the most important thing I'll say:

No more fear
No more dread
No more dwelling on the danger
We'll dare to live instead
No more sadness
Not one tear
We'll be tough and tough together

No more
Vamp out on cue

fear

(on punch)

No more

shyness or embarrassment

No confidence, no doubt

That self-

consciousness and anxiousness

Just throw that stuff right out

'Cause I thought I taught you manners

But I may have made you mock

And a
girl can be a good girl with-out ev-er be-ing weak If you

have to fight then fight and I'll be the first to cheer No more

wait-ing No more hid-ing Are we

clear? No more fear No more