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# Kid Swap: America's No.1 Reality TV Show

## Scene 1: Farewell

*Music Playing. Stage completely dark. On stage two drama blocks as table, one drama block as stove, three chairs around drama block table. Barbara, the mother, to the side frozen.*

*(Marty, the host, walks into middle with spotlight on him.)*

MARTY: Welcome to final week of *Kid Swap, America's No.1 Reality TV Show* where we swap a child from an underprivileged African family with a typical American teenager and see how they cope. We are at the end of the show and it's time for our American family to say a tearful goodbye to their African child, but also look forward to seeing their lovely son back home with them after braving out six whole weeks in Africa.

*Freeze. Blackout.*

## Scene 2: Barbara's home

*Whole stage becomes lit. Barbara starts moving around like she's cooking.*

MARTY: With me right now is Barbara, the mother, who must feel very emotional about this.

BARBARA: Definitely, definitely. Well I can't believe we're finally at the end of the show. It's been a real journey, these last six weeks. But you know we're proud to have given a home and food and clothes to a poor African child, I mean when you see them in those charity ads they're always in dirty rags drinking dirty water living in dirty little huts, there's just so much dirt. When I first heard about Kid Swap, I was a bit worried but sending our dear, beautiful darling AJ over there. *(Throughout this she has been occasionally turning back to continue chopping, stirring, etc.)*

SEAN: *(calls from behind the stage)* Honey, I'm home.

MARTY: Sean, the father, has returned home from work.

BARBARA: I'm in the dining room hon. I'm doing one of those video diary interview things. *(Sean walks into the room.)*

SEAN: *(rummaging around in makeshift fridge)* What are we talking about?

BARBARA: How heartbreaking it was sending AJ away to Africa.

SEAN: *(comes back to sit down at the table with a beer)* Yeah you know it was a real hard decision to send A.J. over, and there were a lot of tantrums cause you know he thought he'd be going into one of them mud huts with dirty water where you had to sleep on the floor. But I said *(stands, points finger at audience)*, 'Son, we're American and we get what we want. If them natives give you something that aint good enough for ya, then tell them to get you something better cause you're an American and it's your natural, god – given right.'

*(Sean flops back down onto the chair.)*

MARTY: Absolutely. I totally agree. But did you send him over with some essentials?

BARBARA: But you know just in case, we did pack some good warm clothes, lots of clothes, and lots of food too. I mean over in Africa, they don't get the wholesome American food

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we get here, like pizza and um Chinese take-away and um pasta and quiche and ... and ... what else do we get here Sean?

SEAN: McDonalds. Kentucky Fried Chicken, I mean Colonel Sanders with his twelve ...

BARBARA: Eleven.

SEAN: Eleven ... secret herbs and spices. He's my hero.

MARTY: Pity you can't send a couple happy meals and some popcorn chicken over to Africa in AJ's luggage.

BARBARA: Yeah well we let him take his iPod and Nintendo DS, but we had to put our feet down [stamps] when it came to the Play Station. You know AJ still wasn't too happy about going until we told him there was no school in Africa. Obviously, cause none of them can read or write proper, or speak English. There are no jobs there either right, cause I mean if those Africans actually worked they wouldn't be so poor.

*Freeze. Blackout.*

### **Scene 3: Mufasa**

*Jolene walks in filing her nails.*

JOLENE: What y'all doing? Oh one of those video interviews.

MARTY: This of course is their 16-year-old daughter Jolene.

JOLENE: I got so bored of trying to talk to Mufasa, I mean six whole weeks and he still don't understand English (*looks at nails, seems satisfied and walks over and sits down*).

SEAN: Oh yeah, we call him Mufasa cause he had some long tribal African name started with an M that none of us could figure out so we just figured we'd call him Mufasa like in the *Lion King*. I don't think he minds, I mean he don't even understand English.

MARTY: That must have been a challenge for you. I mean living in a house with someone who can't even speak the same language as you.

JOLENE: Of course. First time he came, we thought he'd be able to speak English. And we were so gracious, welcomed him to our great country, and he was looking at us so blankly. Wait, Dad, pretend you're Mufasa for a couple seconds. So I was like, do you understand English? And he still looked at me real blank, so I was like, DO. YOU. UNDERSTAND. ENGLISH?!?

MARTY: Do you think he's made much progress over the last six weeks? What have you taught him?

BARBARA: Made him look like a proper American now. Y'all should see him in his jersey and jeans, and we got him some nice bright sneakers and, of course, a baseball cap cause you can't be American if you don't like baseball.

MARTY: How about food? You must seem to eat a whole load of food compared to what he gets in Africa.

SEAN: Absolutely. As a matter of fact when he came he was so thin we decided it was our dooty to make him a big, strong, healthy boy like our AJ.

JOLENE: I had the idea for us to put Mufasa in AJs clothes – you should have seen how massive they were on him. Our goal was to make the uhh clothes fit him by the time we was done. But I mean,