

Meet the Roommates

a play by Jonathan Rand

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Cast of Characters

TOM

JEN

TOMMY

PATRICK

JENNY FAKEOUT #1

JENNY FAKEOUT #2

JENNY

EMELYN

TODD

BRENDA

BRIAN

MOM

SUMMER

MIKE

SHARON

DERRICK

Setting

A generic room and two dorm rooms, all of which can be implied, each in a separately lit area on the stage. Doors and dorm furniture would be ideal, but could be replaced with simpler alternatives if necessary. For example, sheet-covered chairs could represent a bed.

Production Notes

Blackouts are ideal for punch line punctuation. To keep the pacing brisk, each blackout probably shouldn't linger too long.

Jen and Tom are the only two characters who definitely shouldn't be double-cast. It'd be easier and make more sense to the audience if Tom's avatar Tommy is played by one actor and Jen's avatar Jenny is played by one actor; if you'd like to get more actors involved in your production, however, a different actor could play those characters in each and every scene. Each roommate could be played by a different actor for each scene, or the parts could be double-cast.

If any technology or sports or pop culture reference is noticeably out of date (e.g. Siri may not resonate a few years from now), please update it to the present-day equivalent.

Hat tip to Susan P.

MEET THE ROOMMATES

by Jonathan Rand

Scene 1

(TOM is working on his laptop. JEN enters.)

JEN. Hey, man.

TOM. What's goin' on?

JEN. Oh, just working on my college roommate questionnaire.

TOM. Me, too. So check this out: I was getting stressed that my answers would lead to the worst possible roommate —

JEN. Yeah, same here.

TOM. —but I found this website that'll show you what your specific roommate experience will be like.

JEN. What, like a college roommate fortune teller?

TOM. Sort of. Here, look: First you create an avatar. Like so.

(He hits Enter. A sound effect plays. On the other side of the stage, lights up on TOMMY in a dorm room setting. He's a male dressed just like Tom. JEN and TOM continue to look at the laptop screen. What they see on the screen plays out on the other side of the stage, so they look at the screen throughout the play instead of across the stage.)

JEN. Okay, that's creepy.

TOM. Now I select a question from my roommate questionnaire, like this: "Would you rather your roommate be single or already in a relationship?" Then I select my answer, "Single." Then when I hit the Simulate button, my roommate experience appears on the screen.

JEN. Go! Hit it!

(He hits Enter. We hear a sound file to indicate the simulation has begun. Lights out on TOM and JEN; all the focus is now on Tom's avatar TOMMY. All simulations are totally lifelike; they don't seem computerized or robotic.)

Scene 2

(PATRICK *enters.*)

PATRICK. Thank you for showing up on time for Roommate Meeting #1. Let's begin. First, some important ground rules with regard to "nighttime activities," so to speak. Feel free to take notes.

(TOMMY *doesn't. With each of the following examples, PATRICK reveals the item or items in question.*)

If there is a necktie on the doorknob, that means I have a *special lady* in here with me, so the room is off limits.

TOMMY. Okay, that's standard.

PATRICK. I'm not finished. If there are *two* neckties on the doorknob, either I'm with *two* special ladies, or with *one* special lady the same size as two ladies combined.

If you see this *bowtie*, or this top hat, or this monocle, that means I'm with a special, *older* lady. At the very least 80, but probably older.

If you see this *beret*, then I'm in here with a French pastry chef and we're makin' baguettes, if you get what I mean.

TOMMY. What do you mean?

PATRICK. We're literally baking bread. (*Moving on immediately:*) If you see this foam Statue of Liberty hat, then I'm in here with a certain special lady named Alicia Keys and we're singing duets about New York.

If there is a *banana* balanced on the doorknob, that means I'm in here with a special lady and we've let my pet monkey Bernard out of his cage.

TOMMY. You own a monkey?

PATRICK. Please do not interrupt. And finally, if the banana is wearing this tiny white uniform, then we're teaching Bernard karate.

Any questions.

(*Beat.*)

TOMMY. No, I think you covered everything on *my* mind.

PATRICK. Excellent. Meeting adjourned.

TOMMY. Actually, I do have one question: What if I show up one night and *all* of those are on the doorknob at once?

PATRICK. You mean these neckties, this bowtie, this top hat, this monocle, this beret, this Statue of Liberty hat, and this banana?

TOMMY. Yeah, that.

PATRICK. Oh *man*, that would be a special lady *full house!*

TOMMY. One more question: Am I correct in assuming you don't actually believe anything you've said and that in reality you plan on spending every night alone playing World of Warcraft?

(Pause.)

PATRICK. Yes.

(Beat.)

But I *do* have a monkey.

(Blackout.)

Scene 3

(Lights up on TOM and JEN.)

JEN. *(Deadpan:)* Okay that was weird.

TOM. Yeah. But at least now I know not to say I want a single roommate.

JEN. True. Well clearly I need to try this.

TOM. Way ahead of you. *(As he types:)* I've already set up your account, and your avatar.

(He hits Enter. A sound effect plays. On the other side of the stage, lights up on JENNY FAKEOUT #1 in her dorm room. This avatar is dressed in the same outfit as Jen, but is a male and is built as differently as possible as Jen – ideally a giant football player-sized guy with overdone makeup.)

JEN. Very funny. Fix it.

TOM. All right, if you insist... *(Hits a key. Blackout on JENNY FAKEOUT #1. As he types:)* She looked fine to me.

JEN. I will end you.

TOM. Almost there, annnnnd –

(He hits Enter. A sound effect plays. On the other side of the stage, lights up on JENNY FAKEOUT #2 in her dorm room. This time the avatar is an actual three-year-old girl, wearing the exact same outfit as Jen.¹)

JEN. SERIOUSLY, STOP.

TOM. Fine... *(Hits a key. Blackout on JENNY FAKEOUT #2. As he types some more.)* For the record, you looked gorgeous.

JEN. For the record, shut your face.

TOM. Okay, for real this time.

(He hits Enter. A sound effect plays. On the other side of the stage, lights up on the real JENNY in a dorm room setting. She's a female dressed just like Jen and this time looks intentionally similar.)

JEN. Good. Now move. *(JEN takes control of the laptop.)* So for the same question, now we know it's safer to go with "In a Relationship." Watch and learn.

(Hits Enter, sound effect. Lights out on TOM and JEN; all the focus is now on Jen's avatar JENNY.)

Scene 4

(EMELYN enters the dorm room.)

EMELYN. Hey!

JENNY. Hey! So how was your *first ever college class*?

EMELYN. Hard to believe, right? It was cool.

(EMELYN takes out her cell phone, which had just started ringing.)

Ahhhh! It's Carl!

JENNY. Carl?

¹ Other possibilities: an actual dog, an actual pig, a large stuffed animal, a giant doll. Anything goes. Whatever the choice, this performer or item wears the exact same outfit as Jen.

EMELYN. My boyfriend, Carl. I didn't mention Carl? *(To phone:)* Hi honey! OMG I miss you soooo much. How much do you miss me?

(Text Received tone.)

Wait a second. I just got your text. Hold on.

(She texts.)

(Text Sent tone.)

(She waits a moment.)

(Text Received tone.)

(Romantic:) Awwwwwwwwwwww!!!

(IM tone.)

Ooh, is that you?

(Responds on her computer.)

I didn't even know that emoticon existed.

(Text Received tone.)

(She's typing with one hand and texting with the other.)

(Video chat ringtone.)

(Playfully:) Who could *that* be?

(Click. Carl is on EMELYN's screen.)

Hiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!

Check out my first ever dorm room!

(EMELYN maneuvers the screen or webcam or laptop so Carl can see the entire room.)

Oh wait, I almost forgot. Check your email. It's a music video I made for you of a dog giving a massage to a cat. Here, we'll watch it together.

(We hear Sarah McLachlan's "I Will Remember You" interspersed with cat meows.)

(All this while, there has been a building cacophony of noises, including the music and meows, both kinds of text tones, IM tones, etc. EMELYN is doing an impressive and horrifying job of multi-tasking all modes of communication. The multitude of sounds has now reached its peak.)

(JENNY *tries to speak loudly above it all.*)

JENNY. COULD YOU PLEASE DO THIS ANOTHER TIME?

EMELYN. WHAT??

JENNY. I NEED TO STUDY.

EMELYN. I CAN'T HEAR YOU! WE'LL HAVE TO TALK LATER!

(EMELYN *continues to multitask.*)

(JENNY *decides to try something a little more old-fashioned. Grabs a poster board or piece of paper and writes on it with a marker. Holds it up. We see that it reads "PLEASE STOP."*)

EMELYN *sees it, totally understands.*)

EMELYN. Hey Carl? I've gotta run. Byyyye!

(*In very quick succession:*)

(*Quick text. Text Sent tone.*)

(*Quick IM. Door Close tone.*)

(*Quick kiss on the actual webcam. End Session tone.*)

(*One last YouTube meow.*)

EMELYN. I am so sorry. I just love him so much.

JENNY. It's okay. I guess I'm a little old-fashioned with communication.

EMELYN. Totally. Like, messenger pigeons?

JENNY. No.

EMELYN. One of these days you should meet Carl.

JENNY. I'd love that.

EMELYN. How about now?

JENNY. Uh, sure.

EMELYN. (*Intensely, into a walkie-talkie:*) Carl, we are a Go.

(Simultaneously, every possible device of JENNY's rings and beeps and lights up at once, as a happily waving Carl appears on her computer screen.²)

(Blackout.)

Scene 5

(Lights up on TOM and JEN.)

JEN. Wow...

TOM. My turn. "How would you describe your study habits?" Oh, definitely going with "Procrastinator."

(Hits Enter, sound effect. Lights shift from TOM and JEN to TOMMY, who is reading. TODD enters, pretty frantic. What follows is very fast, manic, and pause-free.)

TODD. Oh man oh man oh man oh man oh man. This is not good. This is *not good*. In fact, this is the opposite of good. This is *bad*. I'm screwed. I'm totally screwed. Wanna know why? I'll tell you. Y'know that giant paper for my Latin American History class I keep telling you about? The one everyone's been working on for months? The one that's supposed to be a "culmination of all the hard work we've done so far this semester"? The one that accounts for half the final grade? The one that needs to be ten pages but I've only written one? That paper? It's due in an hour. *One hour*.

What am I gonna do? What am I gonna freaking do?

Okay okay, get it together. You can do this. *(To TOMMY:)* What time is it? Forget it, I'll do it myself. *(Picks up a clock.)* 9:02. 58 minutes left? It can't be done. It's impossible. *No!* It *can* be done. It *is* possible. I just need to think outside the box. *(To TOMMY:)* Okay, lay some ideas on me. How am I gonna do this? Go. Boom. Hit me.

Wait, I've got it! Books! *(As he feverishly picks up several books and one by one throws them on the desk or bed:)* Yeah! I'll just "borrow" all the best parts from these, and in no time, I'll have the perfect paper.

² Obviously what's possible in this scene — especially in this final moment — will vary with the technical capabilities of each production group. If you can't get Carl to immediately appear on the screen, no problem. A sound effect of a dozen simultaneous rings and beeps and phone-vibrations should hopefully do the trick.

No. Wait. That's plagiarism. That's cheating. My mother didn't raise a sinner. Okay, something else, something else, something else. *(To TOMMY:)* You gotta help me here.

Hold on a second! *Of course!* *(He flies to his laptop.)* I've already written one page, so if I just increase the margins from one inch to, let's say, three inches – yes, good – and then increase the font size from twelve points to twenty-eight – perfect – and then switch up the line-spacing from single-spaced to double-spaced – okay, triple-spaced – and then tweak the page size from eight-and-a-half by eleven inches to a more aesthetically pleasing six by six, then I should be *made* in the *shade*. *(As he rifles through his desk:)* Now, do I *have* six-by-six-inch paper...? *(Grabs a ten-page stack of standard paper from his printer; hands it to TOMMY along with a pair of scissors.)* Would you? *(Back to the computer:)* So after all that, my one page is nowww... *Four pages!! Yes!!*

(TODD holds up a hand for a high five or a fist for a fist-bump, but TOMMY is holding the paper and scissors, not to mention in quiet, deadpan disbelief, so TODD improvises in some way – maybe awkwardly high-fiving or fist-bumping a bedpost.)

Okay! Four pages down, six to go. *(Picks up clock:)* And fifty-three minutes left. Still on pace!

Ooooh, but I still have to actually *write* six pages...

It can't be done. It's impossible. *No!* It *can* be done. It *is* possible. I just need to focus.

Okay, all right, I've got it. *(Flies back to his computer.)* Don't let me down, Sweet Lady Internet. *(Speaking the words aloud as he types them:)* "Latin American History." *(Sees a link.)* Oh, awesome! This used to be my *favorite!* *(Click. We hear a quick clip of the first five words of the chorus of "Don't Cry For Me Argentina" from Evita.)* She was so good in that. How *old* is Madonna now? *(Typing/clicking.)* Huh. I wouldn't've guessed. *(Sees another link.)* Whoa, she's gonna be in that new Samuel L. Jackson movie! Oh! I *have* to play you the best ever movie quote from Sammy LJ. *(Typing/clicking. We hear a sound clip of Jackson's famous line from Snakes on a Plane: "Enough is enough! I have had it with these motherf***ing snakes on this motherf***ing plane!"³ TODD mouths along.)* Oh shoot – plane! I need to book that flight home before I forget. *(Click. We hear the two-word jingle "Priceline Negotiator!")* *No! No! Focus, man! Focus!*

³ Both the original and clean version of this line are available on YouTube.

Whoa. All of a sudden I just got roundhouse-kicked in the face by Exhaustion, Texas Ranger.⁴ But how could I be tired? Since I knew I needed an hour, I bought this Five-Hour Energy and drank exactly one-fifth of it. But I'm like this close to passing out. This isn't good. Not good at all. I'd better hit 7-Eleven for some Red Bulls. (To TOMMY:) You want one? No? Be back in an hour.

(He exits and immediately returns – the fastest door-close/door-open in history.)

I don't *have* an hour. It's *(looks at his clock)* 9:20. If I don't get moving, I'm a dead man. *(Runs back to his computer; to TOMMY:)* Okay, brainstorm with me. When you think "Latin American History," what's the *first* thing that comes to mind? Yeah, I'm drawing a blank, too. All I can think about is that Madonna song.

Hold the phone... *(He clicks the same five-word song clip again from "Don't Cry for Me Argentina.")* Oh man, I've got it. *(As he types:)* "The history of Latin America... includes countries such as the heavily-Argentine country of Argentina... which historians *now* believe is the only land mass with tear ducts... as it would regularly weep for its fearless leader slash pop star."

Boom! This paper writes *itself!* I'm a freaking genius.

Okay, enough writing for now. I've earned a break. Let's see: 9:22. Still on pace, roomie! Give it up! *(He tries the high-five or fist-bump again with TOMMY to no avail, but continues apace.)* Okay, time to reward my brain with some easy tasks from my To Do list. Here we go:

"Water plants." *(As he sprays the plants:)* Drinky drinky drinky.

"Fold shirt." *(As he folds:)* Foldy foldy foldy.

"Move clock ahead for Daylight Savings." *(As he sets the clock:)* Changey changey cha—
OH DEAR GOD.

(Blackout.)

⁴ If this pop culture reference won't resonate, cut the "Texas Ranger" part.

Scene 6

(Lights up on TOM and JEN.)

JEN. Okay, so clearly I should steer clear of procrastination and stick with “studious.”

TOM. Clearly.

(Hits Enter, sound effect. Lights shift from TOM and JEN to JENNY. In walks BRENDA with a ton of props, costumes, etc.)

JENNY. What’s all this?

BRENDA. *(Naturally:)* Oh, I’ve got an American History midterm tomorrow and I always study by way of historical reenactments.

(She dons an 18th century wig and picks up a quill and scroll.)

Okay, I’ll need you to ask me why my signature is so large.

JENNY. Huh?

BRENDA. ASK.

JENNY. Why is your signature so large?

BRENDA. *(Jovially, in a horrible old-timey accent:)* So King George can see it without his spectacles!! *(She simulates the entire Congress laughing:)* Hrah hrah hrah hrah hrah.

(She switches on a dime back to her real voice.)

Okay, now be Houston.

(BRENDA quickly throws JENNY some headphones and puts a giant fishbowl or motorcycle helmet on her own head. She carefully simulates walking on the moon, with appropriate Neil Armstrong vocal intonation, including space communication sound effects.)

BRENDA. That’s one small step for man...one giant leap for mankind.

JENNY. I’m gonna go to bed.

BRENDA. Sure sure, I’ll be done after only one or two hundred more of these. *(As BRENDA quickly adorns JENNY with an obvious Abraham Lincoln beard and hat:)* Here, just put these on, pretend you’re watching a play, and whatever you do, *(As she quietly reveals a giant water gun:)* don’t turn around.

(Blackout.)

Scene 7

(Lights up on TOM and JEN.)

JEN. *(Shaking her head:)* All right...

TOM. Okay, how about this one? "Do you prefer confrontation?" No.

JEN. Yeah – of course not.

(Hits Enter, sound effect. Lights shift from TOM and JEN to TOMMY reading a textbook and BRIAN at his computer.)

BRIAN. Hey, 'dyou have a good time at the party last night?

TOMMY. It was all right.

BRIAN. I wish I could've made it. I was just *so* tired, and I had a huge exam this morning, so I wanted to make sure I was well-rested. What time 'dyou get home?

TOMMY. Not too late, I think.

BRIAN. Was it 11:51? Maybe it was 11:51.

TOMMY. Oh man. Did I wake you up?

BRIAN. Did you? I don't know. I honestly don't remember. I was in bed. Don't even worry about it. Let's not talk about it. I'd rather not get into it.

TOMMY. Oh, okay. Whatever you want.

(They go back to their work. A few seconds pass.)

BRIAN. Did you see the game last night? It was really great how when the pitcher got tired, the manager was considerate about how tired the pitcher was, and let him rest. And once the pitcher was resting in the dugout, nobody disturbed him. The pitcher could just *rest*.

TOMMY. I feel like you're trying to tell me something.

BRIAN. No no no – I'm just talking about the game. Oh, and also, when the game was over, the grounds-crew turned off the lights at the stadium, and they didn't turn them back on again for the rest of the night, because that wouldn't make any sense.

TOMMY. Okay...

BRIAN. And did you see that piece on SportsCenter about Derek Jeter's roommate and how not-a-jerk he is about leaving the lights off when he gets home late?

TOMMY. Look, let's talk about this.

BRIAN. Talk about what? I don't know what you're referring to. I just love sports.

TOMMY. Fine...

(They go back to their work. A second or two passes.)

BRIAN. *(Pretend-coughing the words:)* You woke me up.

TOMMY. What?

BRIAN. *(Pretend-coughing the words:)* You woke me up last night. When you turned on the lights. It was inconsiderate. I'm very upset.

TOMMY. Listen, I'm really s—

BRIAN. What? Oh no, I just have a really bad cough. I think there's something going around.

(BRIAN quietly/daintily coughs once or twice.)

TOMMY. All right, but if anything's ever bothering you, I'd like to talk about it.

BRIAN. Of course! Definitely. Totally.

(They go back to their work. A second later, we hear a tone from TOMMY's phone. He looks at it.)

TOMMY. I just got an email from you with the subject "You woke me up."

BRIAN. Ooh, I can't talk now.

TOMMY. This email is like ten pages. When did you write this?

BRIAN. I really have to study.

TOMMY. But I'm sitting right here. Isn't it easier to talk about it than emailing from ten feet away?

BRIAN. *(To phone:)* Siri, tell my roommate I don't want to talk about it.

SIRI. He doesn't want to talk about it.

TOMMY. Please, can we just talk?

BRIAN. *(Covering his ears:)* Ahhhhh, I have to work on my routine for my dance troupe!

(BRIAN immediately throws his book on the bed, gets up, and begins dancing.)

TOMMY. Okay, now you're literally dancing around the issue.

BRIAN. (Still with covered ears, still dancing:) I'm not! It's just a really hard routine and I have to practice!

(TOMMY stops BRIAN by grasping him by the shoulders.)

TOMMY. Brian! This is *not healthy*. You can't just *avoid* confrontation entirely and be passive aggressive. At some point you have to talk about it directly. Right?

(BRIAN takes a deep breath.)

BRIAN. (Reluctantly:) Well...

TOMMY. Right?

BRIAN. I guess...

TOMMY. Good. So let's start with a simple question and answer: Did I wake you up?

BRIAN. (Trying hard to resist:) —

TOMMY. Did I wake you up?

BRIAN. (The resistance is...too...intense...) —

TOMMY. Did I wake you up?

BRIAN. (Calling out:) Mom!

(Brian's MOM enters.)

MOM. You woke him up.

(Blackout.)

Scene 8

(Lights up on TOM and JEN.)

TOM. *(Simply:)* That mom was hot.

JEN. Okay, here's another: "Do you like to party?" This one's a no-brainer. I definitely want a roommate who's the life of the party.

TOM. Make it happen.

(Hits Enter, sound effect. Lights shift from JEN and TOM to JENNY and SUMMER, the latter of whom is wearing a full-fledged children's clown costume and clown makeup. She holds balloon animals and other party paraphernalia. It's clear we're seeing the first time JENNY has experienced Summer in this guise. A moment passes.)

(Blackout.)

Scene 9

(Lights up on TOM and JEN.)

TOM. Moving on.

JEN. *(Shell-shocked:)* Please.

TOM. "Do you care about snoring or other sleep quirks?" Nah, I sleep through anything.

(Hits Enter, sound effect. Lights shift from JEN and TOM to TOMMY and MIKE, the latter of whom is reading in bed.)

MIKE. All right, I'm turning in.

TOMMY. Cool. Well, Happy First Day of College.

MIKE. Right back atcha, man. Goodnight.

TOMMY. 'Night.

(MIKE goes to sleep. TOMMY returns to his studying. A brief pause.)

MIKE. Could you pass the salt?

TOMMY. What?

MIKE. I prefer a salty minestrone.

TOMMY. Hey, are you awake?

MIKE. And welcome back to Heinz Field, where the Steelers begin the fourth quarter in excellent field position. Roethlisberger takes the snap –

Aaahhhhh! Stay back! Just because you're a bunny rabbit, doesn't mean you scare me. Go back to the Bunny Rabbit Forest –

The square root of 62? Well if it's really for the sake of national security, Mr. President, then the answer is 7.874 –

They can take our lives, but they can never take...our freedom!

TOMMY. (*Shaking MIKE a little:*) Hey man, wake up.

(To no avail. MIKE stands up on his bed, still holding on to TOMMY, and starts to attempt to dance with TOMMY while singing a short line from a dance party song, like Lady Gaga's "Just Dance.")

MIKE. Just dance, gonna be okay, da da doo-doo-mmm, just dance.

(Near the end of the song-and-dance, MIKE lets go of TOMMY, makes his way off the bed, stumbles into and picks up a hoagie from a desk, uses it as if it's a microphone, and speaks to the imaginary concert crowd.)

Ladies and gentlemen! On the keyboard... give it up... for Mr. Reggie... Stackhouse!

(He puts down the hoagie and starts playing Tommy's computer keyboard as if it's a piano keyboard, making sounds that vaguely sound like a piano keyboard.)

(MIKE then gestures to an unseen weather map. Either there's nothing behind him, or there's a standard-issue college poster on the wall that has nothing to do with weather.)

And as you'll see here on the WJXT Weathertron, we've got a heat wave here in the north, with a little breeze sweeping southeast.

(MIKE begins barking and moving around as if he was a sea lion. Then...)

Mommy! I'm hungry!

(He gnaws on the side of a halogen lamp or an errant pair of pants.)

Now I'm thirsty!

(He unsuccessfully attempts to drink from an open bottle of baby powder, which gets all over him.)

Now I gotta go potty!

(He lifts the lid of the trashcan, and is about to unzip or lower his pants when TOMMY realizes what's about to happen.)

TOMMY. Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa!

(Thinking quickly, TOMMY interrupts MIKE by dousing him with a glass of water. That wakes up MIKE.)

MIKE. Huh? What? Where am I? Did I snore?

TOMMY. Hey. You okay? You were asleep.

MIKE. *(Aware of the smell:)* Is that baby powder?

TOMMY. Dude. I don't even know where to start.

MIKE. *(Suddenly:)* Wait! Shoot! Hold on.

(MIKE runs to his desk swivel chair and spins it, carefully monitoring it from its side.)

TOMMY. What're you doing?

MIKE. You saw that movie *Inception*, right? This chair is my totem. If it spins exactly the way I remember, then I can be sure I'm really awake.

(TOMMY stops the chair from spinning.)

TOMMY. I didn't see *Inception* — so literally none of what you said made any sense — but you're awake.

MIKE. Are you sure?

TOMMY. Trust me.

MIKE. Okay, yeah, I'm definitely awake. It's just that sometimes —

(Immediately and simultaneously, MIKE's mouth drops wide open as he gives one prolonged, giant snore, as he has clearly fallen back asleep on a dime.)

(Blackout.)

Scene 10

(Lights up on TOM and JEN.)

TOM. Man...

JEN. Okay, this one's easy. "Would you share your food and other personal items with your roommate?" Of course.

(Hits Enter, sound effect. Lights shift from TOM and JEN to JENNY studying. SHARON enters.)

SHARON. Hey roomie!!

JENNY. Hi!

SHARON. What a day. What. a. day.

JENNY. Hey, is that my cardigan?

(SHARON is wearing it.)

SHARON. Oh, yeah, I got cold and it looked so warm and cozy!

JENNY. Oh, no problem. What's mine is yours.

SHARON. You mean that literally, right?, because I'm also wearing your socks.

JENNY. Sure.

SHARON. Plus, I finished that Mountain Dew you left in the fridge.

And that leftover salad.

And the pie.

(With each item, she shows the empty receptacle.)

JENNY. The entire pie?

SHARON. Oh and I used your computer because mine got a virus but now yours has the same virus.

JENNY. What?

SHARON. Don't worry, I bought us both new computers. Speaking of which, these still work, but these are over the limit.

(She hands JENNY her credit cards.)

JENNY. You used my credit cards?

SHARON. Only for essentials, like the new computers, and a few other things.

JENNY. A few other things?

SHARON. (*Obviously:*) Yes! A few other things! Horses! *You* know!

JENNY. Horses?

SHARON. Don't worry – I got you one.

JENNY. Are those my grandmother's earrings?!

SHARON. (*Touches them on her ears:*) Oh they're *priceless*? Even better. I thought they were just fancy.

JENNY. Okay, we need to talk.

SHARON. Okay, if it's about your underwear? (*Gestures to her lower body:*) I can give them back.

JENNY. We need to talk about boundaries.

SHARON. But... you said what's yours is mine.

JENNY. I meant *some* things; not *everything*.

SHARON. Oh. But how am I supposed to know what's fair game? Like, was it not okay that I finished your allergy prescription?

JENNY. You don't *have* allergies.

SHARON. But the pills look like *candy*.

JENNY. Listen, this shouldn't be difficult. If I'm here, ask me. If I'm not here, call. And how about this? If there's something that's important for one of us to claim, we'll label it, like this. (*She quickly writes her name on a Post-It and adheres it to Sharon's water bottle.*) Now that your name is on this water bottle, I'll know it's off-limits to me.

SHARON. I *think* I get it.

JENNY. Above all, it's about common sense.

SHARON. Right. Got it. So...what about your sunscreen?

JENNY. You could use *some* of it.

SHARON. These Funyuns?

JENNY. A few bites, sure.

SHARON. *(Points to the glasses she's been wearing:)* Your glasses.

JENNY. You have perfect vision.

SHARON. Copy that. Hey – thanks for talking this through with me.

JENNY. No problem. That's what friends do.

SHARON. *(Trying out this new way:)* So, friend, would it be okay if I borrow your lipstick for this hot date I've got tonight?

JENNY. *(Excitedly:)* You didn't tell me you had a date! *(Handing her the lipstick:)* Of course you can borrow it. See how easy that was?

SHARON. That *was* easy.

(Door knock.)

SHARON. Ooh, here's my daaaaaate! Come in!!

(In walks a beaming DERRICK.)

DERRICK. Heyo!

JENNY. Okay, you cannot date my boyfriend.

SHARON. Oh! I'm so sorry. Totally forgot.

(She quickly grabs the sticker from the water bottle and slaps it on DERRICK's forehead. They quickly exit together.)

(Blackout.)

Scene 11

JEN. Okay, I can't watch any more of these.

TOM. Yeah, I'm powering down immediately.

(Computer shut down sound.)

JEN. That was awful.

TOM. Yep.

JEN. I mean: Wow.

TOM. Hey, look on the bright side: at least they were simulations and not real.

(Lights suddenly up on all of the ROOMMATES. They're all intensely and ominously staring directly downstage, except for MIKE, who's asleep.)

PATRICK. Oh, we're real, Tom.

(A beat, as JEN and TOM look at the computer screen, confused.)

JEN. *(To TOM:)* Tell me that fake roommate didn't just talk to you.

EMELYN. We're talking to you, Jen. And we're not fake.

TOM. *(To JEN:)* My computer *isn't* on.

(A brief pause as JEN and TOM stare in horror.)

ALL ROOMMATES EXCEPT MIKE. See you this fall!

MIKE. *(Startled awake:)* WHAT? HUH?

(Blackout.)

End of Play