
A scene from *Meet the Roommates* by Jonathan Rand

(For the entire play, visit playscripts.com)

2 males:

MIKE and TOMMY, 18

Tommy's new college roommate Mike has an extremely unique sleep condition.

(MIKE 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.)