
A monologue from *Meet the Roommates* by Jonathan Rand

(For the entire play, visit playscripts.com)

TODD, 18, the ultimate procrastinator, tells his college roommate how he'll finish a final paper that's due in one hour.

TODD

(Fast, manic, and pause-free:)

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.

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!

Oooooh, 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!"¹)* 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!*

Whoa. All of a sudden I just got roundhouse-kicked in the face by Exhaustion, Texas Ranger.² 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.

¹ Both the original and clean version of this line are available on YouTube.

² If this pop culture reference won't resonate, cut the "Texas Ranger" part.

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.)