

URINATION IQ

by

Joseph Arnone

Copyright © 2018 MonologueBlogger.com All rights reserved.

INT. G AND M'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Urination IQ is a short comedic script for 2 men. G and M are roommates who have slowly been growing apart in their friendship and evolving identities.

M enters the living room.

G  
Pass me the remote bro, it's right next to you.

M  
Just grab it.

G  
I'm asking you.

M  
Why are you asking me?

G  
Cause you're standing right next to it.

M  
All you have to do is lean.

G  
I don't want to lean.

M  
You're lazy.

G  
Just flick me the remote man.

M  
You can't even lean over five feet to grab the remote?

G  
Dude, you're lazy. All you have to do is extend your arm, take hold of the remote control and toss it to me.

M  
No.

G  
Just toss the remote.

M  
No.

G  
I'd do it for you.

M  
I'm not doing it.

G  
Why not?

M  
Because if I pass you the remote,  
it will mean that I am condoning  
your way of life.

G stares at M.  
No.

G  
What's wrong with my way of life?

M  
Are you seriously asking me that?

G  
I want to know.

M  
You're a straight up slob. Your  
dishes pile up in the sink and you  
expect me to keep doing them.  
There are dust balls floating in  
the corners of your bedroom that  
are making their way into the rest  
of the apartment and I have severe  
allergies to dust. We have piss  
stains on our tiled floor in the  
bathroom because you can't seem to  
aim right. What else?

G  
What makes you so sure that it's  
my piss stains? How do we know  
it's not yours?

M  
Because I have urination IQ.

G  
Oh, so you're a big shot.

M  
No, I'm just a responsible guy who  
doesn't like pee pee stains on his  
bathroom floor. It's disgusting.

(MORE)

M (CONT'D)

You're disgusting and I refuse to clean it.

G

I never asked you to clean it.

M

But you're asking me to live with it.

G

I wasn't even aware of it until you just told me.

M

That's because you have no self-awareness. You are one of those people who go through life completely oblivious to their surroundings. If a bomb went off, you would just mosey along like everything is dandy because in your brain all that exists is rolling your next fatty, burping or farting.

G

Dude, what's your problem?

M

I'm sick of living with you. You are too raunchy.

G

Raunchy? How am I—dude, tell me you're joking.

M

(sarcastic) I'm not joking, DUDE. You smell. I mean, look, I'm a man too, alright, God I get it...I'm not the cleanest person either but there's a limit you know. There's a limit to how far I will go to where I'm actually feeling like I'm not part of the human race, society or whatever it is you want to call it. You get what I'm saying.

G

I'm busy studying.

M  
You dropped out of school,  
remember?

G  
I'm preparing for when I go back.

M  
Bullshit.

G  
I'm studying to be an actor.

M  
Who?

G  
Acting man. I'm studying acting.

M  
...Have you lost your mind entirely?

G  
What's wrong with acting?

M  
Nothing is wrong with acting,  
acting is fine, it's you,  
something wrong with you.

G  
You saying I can't be an actor?

M  
It's like me saying I want to join  
the circus and be a lion tamer.

G  
I would support that.

M  
I can't even take you seriously  
anymore.

G  
You see, that's your problem,  
you're always closed off to  
everything. You put yourself in a  
box and don't explore life. You  
play it safe and boring and I  
would go out of my mind if I were  
you.

M

I'm playing life smart and progressive. My life is building to something.

G

What? Death? What is your perfect life building to? Huh? What? Is it a good paying job, working your way up the corporate ladder, getting married, having kids, a dog and a house? Is that what you call life?

M

There is nothing wrong with that.

G

That's what every stiff seems to aspire to. Like a carbon copy of one another by the millions, all coming out of the factory line with the same ideas and same path. Let's not forget that holiday home for good measure.

M

Your life is going nowhere and you know why? Because you don't take life serious enough. Everything is an adventure with you, everything is a joke. There's no trajectory to anything substantial.

G

Do you hear how corny you sound? Words like trajectory, substantial. Whip out your dick and piss on the floor.

M

What?

G

Do it! Do it now. I dare you. I dare you to take a huge leak dead smack in the middle of our living room floor.

M

You've lost your mind.

G

I'll do it.

M  
Stop! You are insane!

G  
Just pee. Throw caution to the  
wind and let it flow. Stop trying  
to be so protective of yourself.  
You can't control every little  
thing in your life. Do something  
outside your comfort zone you  
miserable little bastard. Here...

G hands M a glass vase.  
Throw that against the wall.

M  
I'm not throwing this vase, my  
mother—

G  
Throw the vase!

M  
I said I'm not—

G takes the vase and smashes it against the wall shattering  
it.

M (CONT'D)  
What the hell is wrong with you?!  
You asshole! That —my mother gave  
me that.

G  
Let it go!

M  
It was a family heirloom. It  
belonged to my great-great  
grandmother.

G  
Did it?

M  
Yes, you loser.

M grabs G's laptop.

G  
What are you doing? Dude, put it  
down.

M  
Just let go, right?

M smashes the laptop against the wall.

G  
No! That was my laptop!

M  
(sarcastic) Let it go bro, let it go.

G  
That's all I had that was worth anything. I was gonna sell it to pay rent this month.

M  
And I was gonna give that vase to my son or daughter one day.

G  
All I wanted was the remote.

M  
Lean! Lean! All you had to do was lean!

G takes a seat back on the couch. He lights a blunt. He offers it to M. M sits on the couch beside G.