

The Conference of Objects

Absurdist · Monologue · 3 min · No gender marker · Adult · Intermediate

MOI

Ladies and gentlemen of the objects, I declare the great annual assembly open. I see the toaster has made the journey. Still burnt, I observe. Good day to you.

MOI

First item on the agenda: complaints. The left sock (one only, the other has vanished, we shall come back to that) formally asks why it is always the one that gets lost, and never the right. A legitimate question. The committee is looking into it.

MOI

Second item. The alarm clock wishes to apologise. It admits having, and I quote, "gone off at the wrong hour out of pure malice" last Monday. It pleads tiredness. We note this, without indulgence.

MOI

Third item, more serious. The keys. Where are the keys? They are never where they are summoned. You look, you get cross, you go round three times, and they reappear in the first place you checked. Such contempt, in so small an object, almost commands admiration.

MOI

I know what you are thinking, you humans, watching me and wondering whether I am all right. You are thinking: "poor thing, talking to his belongings." But ask yourselves the real question: which of us spends his days serving the other? Who waits, patiently, on a shelf, for the other to deign to need him? Who, honestly, is the object of whom?

MOI

There. The debate is open. The toaster has the floor. And bring chairs for the cups, they hate standing. The session continues. It will continue. It has always continued. That, precisely, is the problem.

What you can do with it

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