

Things Have A Place by L.M. Konoplisky

(Monologue can be done by a man, woman or gender non-conforming person, any age)

THINGS have a PLACE. It's simple. So fucking simple. Where's the car? It's in the garage. Where's the pot? It's on the stove. Where's the lawn chair? It's on the mother fucking lawn for crimminy sake! That's why it's called a LAWWWWWWNNN CHAIR and not a bathroom chair. The only chair that belongs in the bathroom is the toilet. And—news flash— a toilet's not a chair. Are you following? Cuz this doesn't take a Ph.D.! A turnip could grasp it! *(Speaking as the turnip)* I'm a turnip. Where are my roots? They're down there *(pointing down)*, where are my leaves, they're up there *(pointing up)*. Where is my dirt? It's all around me. I'm surrounded by dirt, dirt dirt-ity dirt and that's how I feel when I'm in this house. Like I'm surrounded by dirt, dirt, dirt-ity, dirt. And I can't find my frickin' roots!