

THE DOOR

a short play by
Peter M. Floyd

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Characters:

A

B

A and B can be of any race and gender, and of any age between 20 and 45. They should, however, be of the same race and gender and about the same age.

Scene: What appears to be an office, with two comfortable chairs facing each other. Perhaps there is a coffee table between them. A and B sit in the chairs. A is talking at lights up, as B listens. The impression the audience should get is that of a patient talking to a therapist.

A

Now this part is going to sound crazy, but there you go. This morning, there was a door in my apartment that wasn't there yesterday. A totally new door.

B

A door?

A

A new door. In my apartment. There's this hall that runs from the living room down to the main bedroom. On one side there's a closet and a little niche for the washer and dryer. On the other side, nothing. No doors. 'Cause on the other side of the wall is someone else's apartment. I keep saying I'll put up some prints or something on the wall, 'cause it's just so blank, but I never get around to doing it.

B

But now there's a door?

A

Right. I walk out of my bedroom, half asleep still, and suddenly there's a door in the wall that wasn't there before. Weird, huh?

B

A door to the next apartment?

A

Well, you might think that.

B

Do you know the person who lives there?

A

Not really, no. I've seen him around a few times, but we don't talk. Just say Hi and all that. Don't even know his name. He's got kind of an accent, Russian I think. Anyway, I wasn't really thinking about where the door led to; all I was thinking was how that door could possibly have appeared from out of nowhere.

B

Yes, that must have been unsettling.

A

No, not unsettling. Terrifying. Like, guess what? The world doesn't work the way you think it does.

B

So, what did you do?

A

Honestly, at first I tried to ignore it. Like, the best-case scenario here was that I was having some kind of hallucination. So, I had breakfast, showered, got dressed, but every couple of minutes I'd step back out into the hall to see if the door was still there. And it always was.

B

So what did you do?

A

Well, I figured I'd just get out. Just leave the house. So, I went to get my coat, and just then my phone goes off, and it's my mother. I pick up and say, "Hi, Ma," and she goes off on her usual complaints, how my sister and I don't call her, my Aunt Geraldine's cancer, this, that, and I'm just standing there going "Yes, Ma" and "No, Ma," and as we're talking I see the door start to open. Just kind of *crack* open.

B

Someone had opened it?

A

So I thought. I just stood there for a minute, staring at it. I was still holding the phone to my ear, and I could hear my mother talking, but I wasn't paying any attention to the words. It was just a droning in my ear, like an insect.

B

How did you feel?

A

I didn't feel anything. I was just terrified. I stood there for a long time, ten minutes, twenty minutes, I don't know. At some point I realized I couldn't hear my mother any more. She must have gotten impatient and hung up. I just stood there, waiting for someone to come out of that door that shouldn't be there.

B

But no one came out?

A

No. So finally I just called out, "Hey, is there anyone there?" I knew they wouldn't answer, though, and they didn't.

B

How did you know?

A

I just knew. If they'd been the kind of person who'd answer, they wouldn't just crack open the door and stand behind it, you know?

B

I see.

A

So finally, I just walked over there, put my hand on the doorknob, and pulled it open. I had to do it all at once, without thinking, like yanking off a Band-Aid, you know what I mean?

FOR FULL SCRIPT, CONTACT PMFLOYD01@GMAIL.COM