

The Door Play

A series of vignettes

By Jarred Corona

SCENE ONE: ANSWER THE DOOR

AT RISE: There is a door.

The majority of sounds should come from behind the door.

There is only a door.

There will only ever be a door.

Beat.

Beat.

A doorbell CHIMES.

Then, a PLAYFUL KNOCK.

Beat.

The doorbell CHIMES.

A LESS PLAYFUL KNOCK.

Beat.

The doorknob turns.

The doorbell CHI-CHI-CHIMES.

Beat.

The doorknob turns.

The doorbell CHIMES.

A HEAVY KNOCK.

Beat.

A DESPERATE KNOCK.

The doorknob RATTLES.

The knocking INTENSIFIES.

It grows ANGRY.

It stops.

Beat.

Beat.

Beat.

Something heavy hits the door.

GROANING.

SCRATCHING.

A gun shot BURSTS.

Silence.

Beat. Beat.

A police siren BLARES and FADES.

Dogs BARK.

A low bass RUMBLES.

SCREAMS.

Silence.

The doorknob TURNS.

Beat.

A WEAK KNOCK.

Blood spills out from under the door. It goes
and goes. There's a lot of it.

We watch the pool.

It's enough to make you understand Elizabeth
Bathory. Perhaps you want to bathe in it. It
keeps coming.

A PLAYFUL KNOCK.

The doorknob turns.

A PLAYFUL KNOCK.

The door RATTLES.

A bone BREAKS.

SQUELCHING.

TEARING.

CHEWING.

A HEAVY THUD against the door.

Silence.

Beat.

A voice starts from nowhere.

VOICE

Eat the cigarette for money.

Eat the vomit for a kiss.

Smoke and bile are the potion ingredients
for the curse of the good life.

If you beg and bark and kill when told,

you'll be called a good boy.

Eat the undead to live.

Eat the living to kill.

A storage receptacle resides in your stomach,
affordable housing for everyone
you can't afford to lose, but you are too poor
to afford to see open their doors.

Eat the malicious.

Eat the loving.

In the end, they're the same. The ones
who hurt us are the hardest to let go.
They linger in your stomach, in the fridge.
Butterflies cause lovesickness and indigestion.

Closed doors have a habit of opening.
The primal fear of abandonment lies within,
a beast with a black hole in its bronze chest
that unendingly drips bloody with semen.
You turn the corner down the city streets in a new life,
and there's the door in an alley.

The memories flood back.
I eat when I am in pain as if I can devour grief
before it tears away another of my limbs.
I thought I sealed the door away in a box
with underwear and wishful letters,
but doors never vanish, even in the ancient ruins.

He has never been to my house, yet he wheels
his house to my driveway. He steps out with a smile,
with a tear. I cannot leave a stray kitten.
I miss you. I love you. I'm sad. I'm lonely.
My feet betray my brain, and I bound over the vestibule
knowing full well he will push me out with less flesh.

A kitten MEOWS.

It MEOWS.