

DON'T CLOSE THE DOORS **by** ***Tara Meddaugh***

EXCERPT

10-minute play

Don't Close the Doors

by

Tara Meddaugh

a ten-minute monologue play

EXCERPT

To read the full play, [visit here](#):

<https://www.tameddaugh.com/dont-close-the-doors-a-10minute-monologue-play>

For more information on Tara Meddaugh and her work, visit:

www.tameddaugh.com

For permission to perform, contact: tmeddaugh@gmail.com

Copyright © 2021 by Tara Meddaugh

All rights reserved. No part of this monologue may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without permission in writing from the author, except by a reviewer, who may quote brief passages in a review. Any members of educational institutions wishing to photocopy part or all of the work for classroom use, or publishers who would like to obtain permission to include the work in an anthology, should send their inquiries via email to tmeddaugh@gmail.com.

CAUTION. Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *Don't Close the Doors* is subject to a royalty. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound taping, all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as information storage and retrieval systems and photocopying, and rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

EXCERPT

Special thanks to Mike Bouteneff and Kevin Snipes.

EXCERPT

EXCERPT

Don't Close the Doors

Cast

ABIGAIL A ghost of a woman. In appearance 20s-40s, worn, faded, lonely, desperate.

*Abigail speaks to STEPHANIE, a woman in her late teens-30s. Stephanie may or may not be physically present as a character.

Setting

A bedroom closet of an old house/apartment building.

Time

Contemporary.

EXCERPT

To read the full play, [visit here](#).

AT RISE: Stephanie's bedroom in an old house/apartment building. ABIGAIL is in her closet. She is in her 20s-40s, but looks faded, worn, desperate, lonely. The ghost of who she once was. Abigail speaks to Stephanie who stands, looking into the closet. *Stephanie may or may not be seen.

ABIGAIL

It doesn't make me happy to chill you to your bone when you open this closet to pick out a skirt or...a low-cut top that I don't think your father would like you to wear. But I know you just want to look beautiful for all the boys you hope to attract at those parties and bars. I don't understand from any personal experience, having never been to a bar, and because boys were never physically attracted to me no matter what I wore. My husband said my soul was the most beautiful part of me, and that this is what mattered. The physical amounted to nothing but bones and skin, which are really not very special as even turkeys and trout have these things.

(pause)

But I have heard what you say on the telephone to your friends when you come back after those late nights out and I've even heard the boys that you bring back from time to time. Or seen them if you open the closet to pull out a change of clothing. And it seems as though the skirts are working to give the effect that you want. That must make you happy, and I don't, please know, that I don't intend to steal your happiness. I like you, Stephanie. I have known you for so many years and watched you grow and study for tests and put on makeup and have long talks with your mother and practice the violin and pet your cat. And so I tell you all of this with true affection and in the hope that you'll show me kindness. You don't know me...but I think...you have always known I was here.

(pause)

I know you're tempted to close the closet door and warm up in your bed, under the blankets, but I am sorry to say, you're not going to be able to move your feet. There isn't much I can do from here now, but I can make you cold. And as much as I don't like to do this, your feet are going to be blocks of ice. You know it will only be for a few moments, but now, when you hear

me, you will know why. If you try to close the closet doors, which sometimes you do and sometimes you don't, I'll make your hands blocks of ice also and you won't even be able to twist your hair, as you like to do when you're nervous. And I think you might want to twist your hair when I'm telling you all of this.

(pause)

Stephanie...my name is Abigail. I did nothing you would think remarkable with my life. But I played the piano fairly well, and had a baby who inherited my green eyes. I broke my nose when I fell from my brother's bicycle and I cooked meals for my husband that I was proud of. And...I don't want to stay in your closet forever. I want you to have your privacy back. I don't want to hear you and a boy when you share secrets and lust. I don't want to watch the mice use that sweater behind your blue pumps as a litter box anymore. That's why it smells inside the closet and I'm surprised you haven't searched to find the source of that. I don't want only to have a view of doors and sleeveless shirts forever. But I can't move from here. Unless you help me.

(pause)

When my life had been stretched to the point where I wanted only to stretch my neck to death...I thought my horrors would end. Quickly. My husband and baby died in a fire. You may not understand the commonality of fires, as you have smoke detectors in your rooms and fire hydrants every half mile, it seems. This is an astounding source of death prevention and I hope you never take this for granted. Because in my living days, this was not the case. Fires killed...so many. My husband and baby were only two of a hundred who died in the fire that killed them. Everyone, it seemed, was grieving. Who had space to show me sympathy when I carried around ashes in my apron?

(pause)

I moved to this city apartment only because I had to move somewhere. I was able to clean and tutor in exchange for the room. But moving towns doesn't make the haunted any less followed.

END OF EXCERPT

To read the full play, [visit here](#):

<https://www.tameddaugh.com/dont-close-the-doors-a-10minute-monologue-play>

For more information on Tara Meddaugh and her work, visit:

www.tameddaugh.com

For permission to perform, contact: tmeddaugh@gmail.com

ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT



Tara's plays have been presented by theater companies around the world such as Fusion Theatre, Mosaic Theater Company of DC, The Directors Company, Le Petit Theatre de Terrebonne, Theatre One, Tutti Bravi Productions, Westchester Collaborative Theater, Possibilities Theater, Tagragg Productions, One Armed Man, Oracle Theatre, Inc, the Bobik Theatre Ensemble, The Acme Theatre Company, The Harlequin Players, Woman Seeking, and numerous schools, universities and colleges including Colgate, Gardner-Webb, Prince Williams, and Peru. Her work has showcased at festivals such as the Artists of Tomorrow Festival in NYC, The Bangkok Community Theatre Fringe Festival, the Pittsburgh New Works Series, and the Last Frontier Theatre Conference in Alaska. Tens of thousands of teachers, actors and students world-wide have utilized her monologues for competitions, course material, auditions, showcases, and in workshops at theaters, acting studios, colleges and schools. Tara has taught Playwriting at Carnegie Mellon, the Pittsburgh Public Theatre, The Westport Country Playhouse, and she has led Creative Dramatics Workshops for children and teens in underserved areas throughout New York and New Jersey. She has script consulted on several animation and VR projects. Tara's work has been published by Oxford Press South Africa, the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Arts (LAMDA), Limelight Editions/Applause Acting Series, YouthPLAYS, The Hunger Journal, Meriweather Publishing, Applause Theatre & Cinema, Performer Stuff and Ace-Your-Audition. She is a recipient of the Shubert Fellowship in Dramatic Writing, the Sloan Screenwriting Fellowship, the New Works for Young Women [Actors] Award, The Write Stuff Award, and is a member of the Dramatist's Guild. Tara holds her MFA in Dramatic Writing from Carnegie Mellon University. She lives near New York City with her husband and two kids.

For more information about Tara Meddaugh and her work, visit:

www.tameddaugh.com