

Hold the Door
-by Jonathan Hardin

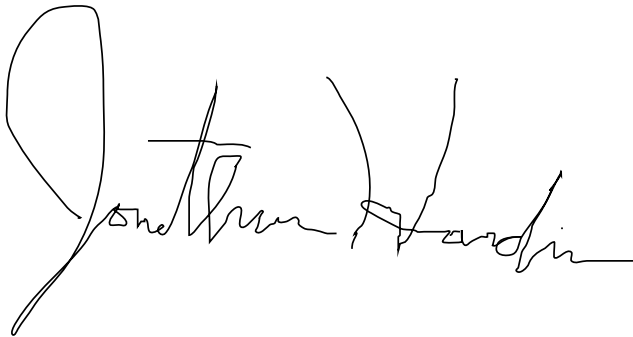
Bill – adult male

Mary – adult female

Gentleman Reading a Newspaper – Reads so intensely that he holds it in front of his face, covering it.

Present

An elevator

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jonathan Hardin". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looped initial 'J' and a long horizontal tail at the end.

[Begin Excerpt]

BILL: Yeah. Told him I would hold the elevator. He asked me to. Can't exactly go back on my word.

MARY: Look. We have somewhere to be. In the time you and I have been arguing we could already have gotten to our floors and been on our merry way. Then the elevator would have been empty again and he wouldn't have even needed you to hold it.

BILL: "We?" Well, someone thinks highly of herself.

MARY: What?

BILL: Saying "we" like that to refer to yourself when telling me you had somewhere to be, rather rudely I might add, sounds a bit conceited.

MARY: I was not using the royal "we," I was referring to myself and the other gentleman in the elevator.

BILL: "Gentleman," eh? Well, I suppose that yeah I'm a nice guy. *(Sincere grin)* Thanks for that, it's nice to get a compliment from a stranger.

MARY: Not you. *(Points at Gentleman.)* Him.

BILL: Oh, right, right.

MARY: Now, would you please—

BILL: D'you know him?

MARY: What?

BILL: The "gentleman." D'you know him?

MARY: Wha— why?

BILL: Well you said "we have somewhere to be," so you must know him, the "gentleman," if you know he has somewhere to be.

MARY: I— ...this is an elevator, right?

BILL: Right.

MARY: And an elevator takes people to someplace else, right?

BILL: Right. Well, not always people. Sometimes things. Have you ever heard of a freight ele-

MARY: Fine. An elevator takes people and things someplace else, right?

BILL: Right.

MARY: And this gentleman is on this elevator, right?

BILL: "In" is really-

MARY: In this elevator... right?

BILL: Right.

MARY: So... presumably, this gentleman, being in this elevator which takes people and things to other places, has someplace else to be.

BILL: ...Ahhh, I see what you're getting at.

MARY: Good. Now if you don't mind, can we please, for God's sake, let the elevator go up?

BILL: I'm sure he's almost here.

[End Excerpt]