

# ***Mailbox Marvin***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

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Cast of Characters

MAILBOX MARVIN/ROSE:

50's/Late 40's

DOCTOR MARY PAULSON:

Late 30's

Place

Anywhere

Time

Future

2.

Setting: The play takes place (in the future) inside and divided evenly between a kitchen stage center left and living room stage center right.

At Rise: Mailbox Marvin walks between the kitchen and living room intermittently. Dr. Paulson is bathed in shadow sitting stage right.

*DR. PAULSON sits stage right in shadow,  
watching MAILBOX MARVIN.*

*MAILBOX MARVIN stands center stage, moving  
around the space.*

MAILBOX MARVIN: There's this anger always beating inside my chest. Some days are worse than others, but it's always under the covers. Back and forth like a pendulum swing.

Do you know that if he wasn't my father, I'd kill him? Did you know that? Many people...but, especially *him*. I have grim memories in my youth, only a little boy, a good little boy, more sensitive than the other little boys. I'm kidding about my father though, I chopped him up into the tiniest pieces I could carve from him. Kept dumping and flushing his pieces in my toilet, until it got clogged up, which really annoys me to even think about now. The whole inconvenience of the damn thing. Imagine? I had to spend the entire afternoon working the toilet first with a plunger, which didn't solve the problem and then had to take the whole damn toilet off the floor and used a half-assed hand snake to break up the blockage. I got lucky cause I was able to break through the swishy gooey stuff only a few feet in. Had to put that lousy toilet back on with a new wax ring, don't ask, and finally got to flush the rest of the junk down the drain. At least that took care of the flesh and organs and fat. I discovered that some farmers use ground-up bones from livestock to fertilize gardens. So I took that approach. After I did my best to scrape the rest of the meat off the bone, I sawed the bone into reasonably sized pieces and would place them in a tear-proof sack before breaking the bone down with a metal mallet, in order to fit them into a giant stove pot I got from my Grandmother way back when. I cooked the bones to a boil for cleansing and softening, before using my manual meat grinder. Can you believe it worked? I should have not been so cheap though. I should have gotten myself the electric meat grinder instead, cause doing everything manually was another real pain in the ass. My shoulder was sore for days afterward. Still isn't fully right. It clicks when I move it a certain way. (lost in thought) ...After I reduced the bone to powder and loose chips, I went out back and mixed those contents with a few bags of soil I had laying around for my plants. I have to say and I hope I don't come off too boastful, but I'm now the proud owner of a beautiful sun-filled garden. Maybe my old man wasn't so bad after-all, considering he did contribute in the end to my peaceful garden.

What did you say? Did you say something?

What the hell was I saying just a moment ago? This keeps happening. Keep losing my damn thoughts. Fuck! ...Oh, yeah, I was talking about this anger I have inside myself, wasn't I? Yeah, I was. Yeah. Anger.

MAILBOX MARVIN (cont'd): Maybe it's the world and all the crap I smell...there really is so much of it, bundles of it, oodles of it, wherever you point your filthy nose...walk around the city, all the coke sniffers fled, all having fun in their pools working remotely...it's a joke, right?

Living off the system. Getting passports made to finally go on that trip to Paris. Buying a new set of clothes and feeling like you're actually wealthy for the first time in your lousy stinking life. Is that it? Clearly, that's what it must be. Too many of them have come out here. The lines have grown longer at the post-office. Can't even back out of my driveway without hitting the breaks multiple times for worry that a car is coming. Fucking lawnmowers are working non-stop and the sudden increase in construction because Timmy and Rene have the funds to fix the roof and shit all over themselves. Huge landslides of self-importance earned from nothing more than lies and trickery. Conning themselves into thinking they are deserving, they are worthy, they suffered long enough...you know...it's time they get theirs for once, right? Yeah, we're all living in this great big fantasy of stupidity and I have to spend more time in my garden. It's important to pull out all the unnecessary weeds.

I want to push my thumbs through his eye sockets and whisper in his ears how ignorant all his conspiracy theories are about ancient times and etymology and all the condescension and blind rudeness he tells himself. He'd cry like a baby with one official smack. Sometimes pain is the only way to release knowledge...you'd be surprised how intelligent people become when they meet me. It's like a religious awakening. Suddenly, they are WOKE! All those poisonous thoughts melt away in their brain like the ocean seeps into sand. Is that all any of us need? A tweak? A push in the right direction?

(he drifts off)

...it's a storehouse, different compartments, cabinets and draws, all these files, tons of papers, piles of them, STACKS of papers scattered around, on the floor, floating through the office, diving out the window...

I just wanna have a normal conversation with you. Can you feel me? Touch my head. Run your fingers through my hair like I'm a puppy dog. (barks) Can you just place the palm of your hand on my head with love...warmth...let me feel your kind-hearted energy, your concern, let me feel your embrace...

*As if hearing someone.*

MAILBOX MARVIN: You can, but you won't. Can't say I don't blame ya. If the shoe was on the other foot...hahaha...I wouldn't risk it. That's for sure.

*As if hearing someone.*

MAILBOX MARVIN (cont'd): Fuck Bobby! Bobby's a little scared wench.

*As if hearing someone.*

Safe? None of us are safe. He's as safe as the body parts I put in mailboxes.

*As if hearing someone.*

(exploding): WHAAAAAAT?!!!!

MAILBOX MARVIN *goes into a convulsion.*  
MAILBOX MARVIN *has become ROSE.*

ROSE (to herself): God, that was ridiculous, darling. There's always a lingering stench afterwards, isn't there? Where's Tula? (to Tula) Tula?? Be sure to double check those carrots before juicing. Fungus spreads fast, darling.

*ROSE applies imaginary lipstick to herself  
in an imaginary handheld mirror.*

*As if hearing someone.*

ROSE: Marvin, I am your mother and you will stay where you are! You've done enough disgrace to this family as it remains. Your father will surely disown you now. How can you do such things? You know I never made the connection.

Snipping your sister's dolls with the scissor is one thing but doing it to real people in real life is quite another, darling. And to make such a splash about it. Why would you take such great effort in spreading them all over town, in different cities, basically all across the country? What is your fascination with mailboxes? Imagine the look on the postal workers face when they open that little side door panel to the mailbox and out comes a finger or a foot or a tongue. And you were such a good boy growing up! (smiling) You really were. So good. So obedient, loving, funny, shy, cute, cuddly, beautiful. Oh, I know you don't like the word beautiful being applied to your beautiful face but it's beautiful and you will have to tolerate a mother's love. That's the price you pay for being you.

Tula? On second thought, no juice for me, I have to go into town now and I can't afford to have orange lips. We'll save it for later.

Get yourself in order once and for all Marvin. When I get back, I want to see all your homework done, especially math because if you don't do your math evenly, between the lines perfectly, your father will have to beat you down miserably in that big wooden chair we all know you love to sit in.

*As if to a little boy.*

ROSE (cont'd) (threatening) You listen to me if it's the last thing you do young man.

*ROSE turns and becomes motionless as if frozen in time.*

*LIGHTS slowly rise on DR. PAULSON.*

*DR. PAULSON walks around ROSE, observing her carefully, before sitting back down.*

*ROSE transforms back into MAILBOX MARVIN.*

MAILBOX MARVIN: That you Doctor Paulson?

DR. PAULSON: Yes.

MAILBOX MARVIN: Wasn't sure I'd be seeing you today.

DR. PAULSON: We are scheduled.

MAILBOX MARVIN: Have you seen my garden?

DR. PAULSON: It's lovely.

MAILBOX MARVIN: Yes, I know.

DR. PAULSON: Your mother seemed quite well.

MAILBOX MARVIN: Did she? Oh good, that's good. Old hag.

DR. PAULSON: Be nice.

MAILBOX MARVIN: What can I say Doctor, you bring out the best in me.

DR. PAULSON: No need for that.

MAILBOX MARVIN: Forgive me.

DR. PAULSON: Do you remember why I'm here?

MAILBOX MARVIN: ...I do.

DR. PAULSON: Excellent.

MAILBOX MARVIN: I feel good about it.

DR. PAULSON: Yes?

MAILBOX MARVIN: One less lunatic in the world.

DR. PAULSON: It's not that you haven't tried.

MAILBOX MARVIN: I know. I have no complaints. It was fun while it lasted.

DR. PAULSON: Good. Acceptance. That is everything.

MAILBOX MARVIN: I appreciate you baring witness.

DR. PAULSON: Hmmm.

MAILBOX MARVIN: I wish to be set in my garden, my ashes scattered about.

DR. PAULSON: All agreed.

MAILBOX MARVIN: Then it's time.

DR. PAULSON: I came to tell you that I won't be here. I'm leaving but I wished to say goodbye.

MAILBOX MARVIN: Leaving?

DR. PAULSON: Yes.

MAILBOX MARVIN: You can't leave! You agreed to stay, to see it through!

DR. PAULSON: We've spent so much time together Marvin. I've analyzed every aspect of your brain function. Studied your behavior, observed all our personalities. There are some things science cannot understand, or perhaps I should say, there are things humans can't understand. It's all there. All the facts. All the meaning. It's a matter of perception and comprehension, isn't it? And you are beyond such...therefore, things need to be accepted as they are, forgotten as they are because no good can ever come out of frustration...you know that better than anyone. Even if we did figure you out, who knows if that would truly benefit humanity. Maybe you would unlock a key that would make things even worse and that knowledge goes into the hands of someone wrongfully powerful...what then? Would it be my fault for such discovery? Hmm. You've made me rethink my motives as your doctor, that's for sure. Don't know where I will go from here, but at least we know you are parting into the great unknown. There is relief in that. Wouldn't you say? You can't expect me to watch you die...

MAILBOX MARVIN: ...You evil witch! You promised me! It was part of our deal!

DR. PAULSON: You signed the death certificate assigned for this very day according to the law. I never signed my end of the bargain.

MAILBOX MARVIN: But I saw you, you gave me a copy of what you signed.

*MAILBOX MARVIN rummages through his kitchen  
draws and pulls out a pink slip paper.*

MAILBOX MARVIN (cont'd): It states right here that...  
(reading)...that...(disbelief)...you...by signing this document, I  
Dr. Mary Paulson excuse myself from having to witness the death of  
Mr. Mailbox Marvin...you...you tricked me.

DR. PAULSON: There was no choice.

MAILBOX MARVIN: I can't have this happen to me without you! You know  
I can't do this without you, Mary.

*MAILBOX MARVIN exits room.*

*The lights on DR. PAULSON dim to black,  
but she remains sitting in corner stage right.*

*MAILBOX MARVIN enters stage carrying an axe.*

MAILBOX MARVIN (cont'd): Where is she?! Where are you Paulson?!  
PAULSON!! PAULSON where are you?!

*A beam of light breaks through a window,  
(figuratively and literally) hitting MAILBOX  
MARVIN in the chest. He collapses to his knees.  
He drops the axe. He falls forward on his stomach  
and dies.*

*DR. PAULSON stands up and exits through  
front door.*

LIGHTS OUT AS DOOR SLAMS SHUT

**END OF PLAY**