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*Dramatic Publishing*



# **DUMBO**

(Down Under the Manhattan Bridge Overpass)

by  
Wanda Strukus

From...

## **35 in 10**

Thirty-Five Ten-Minute Plays

Compiled and Edited

KENT R. BROWN



**Dramatic Publishing**

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(35 IN 10)

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# **PARTIAL POST**

By  
Mark Guarino

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**Partial Post** was first produced in 1997 at the Curious Theatre Branch in Chicago. It was directed by Julieanne Ehre, and featured Ed Dzialo and Melissa Culverwell.

## CHARACTERS

A: A woman.

B: A man.

Both are in their forties and should not be conventionally attractive. They should look weary, as if they've been shut inside this house for years. They should be simply dressed.

SETTING: A bare stage with only a round, wooden table and two chairs. A window behind it suggests a dark, dreary, snowy day outside. There is a door leading outside. No colors at all should be visible. Everything—the clothing of the characters, the walls, the props—should blend together in a mix of blacks, grays and whites.

TIME: The present.

## PARTIAL POST

AT THE CURTAIN: *LIGHTS up. B is at the table, trying to write with a pen. A is standing.*

A. So you're writing a letter!

*(Beat. B looks up at A. His pen has run out.)*

B. Got a pen?

*(A walks to him and pulls a pen from behind B's ear and hands it to him.)*

A. You're writing a letter. How...1940s of you. A letter. What precious muse must spur you to action! You think? Yes... A Big Man With a Letter. A Big Man With a *Heart*. Postman must make that route bound and gagged by now. All led with the smell of the stamp that he knows to be yours. *(A pause.)* Whatta sap.

B. Who?

A. Oh, who knows. Me, especially. But I'd probably point to that postman. You think? He hates you, surely. Through pain, stains, heat and snow, he's got to trudge your little *affections* every week, every hour to that same address. He's not your slave.

B. No?

A. I am. You think? *(A pause.)* Me.

B. You're not. Especially.

A. Oh. Well...I thank that. I guess I'm a little special like my mama always said I am. I had six toes on each foot when I was born and they made me a queen, she said. We celebrated imperfections back then. We advertised misnomers. We relished in idiosyncratic methods of

living that were contrary to the general populi. (*A pause.*) Barf. That was the first six months. Problem was, baby hadda walk. Now two toes in a pill bottle in a crazy lady's house. But hey. The feeling's still there—to be special? I am *that*, you know.

B. I know.

A. Oh, sorry. You're penning again. (*A pause.*) What does it ever say?

B. "Dear."

A. Oh baby, I know that. "Dear Her. Boo Hoo." A sad tale of lament, I'm sure. A tug. A soppy string of eloquent mash.

B. You don't know what it is.

A. Tell me. Baby, for once, isn't it time? You think? *I* do.

B. I know.

A. *I* do. Isn't it a sign of respect, do you think, that maybe I should know what's inside'a your heart?

(*B puts his pen down.*)

B. I-can't-think.

A. Maybe I'm just a Mason jar you screw shut every night to keep the air out. Fresh air.

B. I'm almost done.

A. I know. (*A checks her watch.*) About that time. For X's and O's. For Met-a-phors, don't you know. Yes. To sign off again is the most creative time, to shine, to *shine*, don't you think? Let's see you do it.

B. No. Make coffee.

A. Oh, the grounds are all caked. It's not to be drunk. Now you...

B. It's personal. Sweet. It's mine.

(*A tries to look at his letter.*)

A. No, no...