

The Devil Dances

1 – Act - 9 Scenes

Drama

Simple Set

1 – M; 2 – F

Story: When old men are victimized by young women, the Devil dances.

Cast: David Monroe: 70's. Cancer patient.
Cindy Smith: 30's. Urologist.
Brenda Jenson: 40's. Cindy's lover.

SCENE 1

(Hospital exam room. Dr. Cindy Smith stands behind David Monroe. Facing downstage, he bends over a high-backed chair. The chair hides his groin. He grips the chair. His slacks are down to his ankles.)

CINDY

Deep breath. (He groans). Good boy. Hold it. (She palpates his prostate).

DAVID

I got to

CINDY

Hold it, please. (beat) All done. (Strips the latex gloves). If you have to go (points, off) (She drops the gloves in the trash basket.)

DAVID

(Pulls up pants) I can wait. (Sits, winces) What's the good news?

CINDY

An unexpected gift on Christmas morning is good news. What I felt wasn't it.

DAVID

You sure?

CINDY

The bloody urine you just voided? (He groans) (She brandishes the finger that palpitated his prostrate) This "little piggy" didn't lie. Your "guy gland" is riddled with tumors. (He is stunned) Smile, David. I do these cut jobs every week. No complaints, so far.

DAVID

Hell, Cindy. How do I live without it?

CINDY

With it, you won't. Don't torture yourself. That's my job.

DAVID

I'm dying here, and you're making jokes.

CINDY

No one is dying here.

DAVID

My soldier liked to salute.

CINDY

That's what you think about when there is nothing else to think about. Here's the other boot coming down.

DAVID

After tomorrow the boot will be without a foot.

CINDY

(Sighs) Here's the post op drill. A leg bag. Muscle-strengthening exercises. After you stop embarrassing yourself, a sponge, to be safe. Prolonged use of a leg bag and catheter might cause urinary tract infections. I recommend Cipro. It runs over those viruses like Amtrak clears the tramps off a railroad track.

DAVID

I don't give a rat's ringtone.

CINDY

David, how you live before you don't is up to you. Oh, one more thing. (His hysteria is controlled).

David, make a fist. (He does) That's the size of the average bladder. Yours is a circus tent. (He groans) It shouldn't surprise you.

DAVID

Why . . . shouldn't it?

CINDY

Those three super-sized buckets you just filled were a spectacle. The chariot race from *Ben Hur*. Almost as fast. (Grips his hand. He ignores the gesture.) Cancer, coffins, burial plots don't always share the same sentence.

DAVID

A grammar lesson? Now?

CINDY

(Stands) Remember, David, life rolls on. Roll with it.

DAVID

Like the roach in a bakeshop, I'm on a roll.

CINDY

That's not exactly what I meant.

DAVID

One question.

CINDY

Sure.

DAVID

Why didn't I see a real doctor?

CINDY

What am I?

DAVID

Why didn't I see one before now?

CINDY

I'm the best. My billings prove it.

DAVID

Anyone in a white coat! That's who I saw!

CINDY

Here's the reason. Your exam a year ago was normal. The blood test that detects prostate cancer was normal. The nurse practitioner in the clinic last week did the digit, ordered that blood test. And here you are. With a stretched bladder and diseased prostate. The prostate has to go. The bladder can be dealt with.

(Pause)

DAVID

I don't hear words.

CINDY

Your prostate grew vertically, like an erection in slo-mo, plugging the bladder. The bladder filled, became the size of the Hindenburg. The nerves that signal the brain when the bladder's full, were dying. The bladder stretched almost to full capacity. You began dribbling. Slowly, at first. Right?

(He nods) Then like an NBA star. In a few years my husband, he's forty-four, will have similar problems. They are common when men reach middle age.

DAVID

Crap.

CINDY

After you've strengthened the bladder, you will self catheterize occasionally. To thoroughly empty the urine pouch. Manually draining the bladder is simple, and doesn't involved anyone named Manuel. My nurse will show you.

DAVID

(Softly) That's it?

CINDY

That's it. Is six-thirty tomorrow a good time?

DAVID

I don't expect it to be a good time.

CINDY

More good news. Right outside the door.

(David hesitates. Cindy notates a chart. As he exits her gaze follows him. She shudders.)

CINDY

(to herself)

Nice ass. Real nice.

SCENE 2

(Moments later. The reception area outside the exam room. Two chairs face. Brenda Jenson is seated. David enters. Brenda stands, shakes his hand. David sits.)

BRENDA

Mr. Monroe, I'm from the finance office. Brenda Jenson (Hands him a computer print-out) This represents an estimate of charges. Actual charges will vary and will be billed to your insurance. Do you still have Medicare A and B, and the Grocer's Association group plan?

DAVID

Yes.

(She check marks a pre-printed form. She hands him a blank form.)

BRENDA

Start at the top. Work your way down.

DAVID

(Sarcastic)

Are you sure?

BRENDA

(Ignores the sarcasm)

Mr. Monroe, even with insurance, Dr. Smith's bill plus hospital charges for five days will equal the cost of a one-owner Mercedes. That's the gross amount, and yes, the amount is gross. But we all must eat.

DAVID

Mac and cheese and greens are good enough for me.

BRENDA

Our meals are subcontracted and paid for when ordered. We accept all major credit cards and the patient can expect a tray after the card has been confirmed.

DAVID

Am I in a synagogue?

BRENDA

Uh

DAVID

A little humor. The best I can do on short notice.

BRENDA

We are a green facility. That means no smoking. To conserve resources we shut off the water from two AM until five AM. The toilets, during those hours, won't flush. (She takes his form) Have a speedy recovery.

DAVID

In Hell, Ms. Benson, who recovers?

Scene 3

(Morning. Following day. After David's surgery. The exam room. Cindy reads a chart. Brenda enters.)

BRENDA

Dr. Benway lives!

CINDY

And cuts!

(They embrace)

CINDY

(Excited) This morning! Wow!

BRENDA

A routine cutting, wasn't it?

CINDY

The post-op was extraordinary. This old fart. His ass would melt a frigid woman. At his age they should be Jelly Jigglers. His are like the Rocks of Gibraltar.

BRENDA

Without the ruts.

CINDY

Tighter than a miser's fist around a dollar.

BRENDA

What would we do without euphemisms?

CINDY

(to the audience)

For a few seconds, I was a whore, in a park, in the bushes, behind the crappers, gagging on the toilet's stink, the man stink.

BRENDA

My fantasy? Coffee with you. You can keep the after-glow.

CINDY

You know it.

(They begin their exit)

(A shared, soft laugh)

(They exit)

Scene 4

(Night. One week later. David's apartment. David is on the phone)

DAVID

I'm one of Dr. Smith's patients. My birthday is November first. Prostate cancer. A week ago. No, not an emergency. No, she's who I wanna speak to. Please tell her David Monroe called. She has my number. Yes, I'm at home. Thanks. (Hangs up)

(He paces, sits, glances at a book or newspaper.)

Sound: Phone

(Lights on Cindy)

CINDY

My husband is here, David. Is there a problem.

DAVID

(hesitates) No problem.

CINDY

Then?

DAVID

I found a woman.

CINDY

Well, congratulations! Uh, well, quick answer. There's the old, reliable pelvic see-saw. Sorry, David, we just finished the Chianti. My "dearly asleep" makes great steaks, buys the correct wine to accompany them.

DAVID

He's lucky he has you. To cook for.

CINDY

Well it takes a woman to show a man.

DAVID

From me they got money.

CINDY

Relationships are voyages of discovery.

DAVID

My boat never left the dock. Ten, twelve hours a day, every day. No time for discovery. Cash and a quick finish. No epiphanies. Till now. (Pause) I know what you did. I know it wasn't a dream.

(Pause)

CINDY

No, Brutus! That dog. I don't know what you think you know.

DAVID

That sour smell that used to excite me was real enough.

CINDY

We need to talk.

DAVID

Right now.

CINDY

My husband. Let me think. I have surgery tomorrow. Meet me in the coffee shop. Seven thirty.

(hangs up)

(light down on David)

CINDY

Brutus?

Sound: Dog

CINDY

Found us a new daddy, Brutus. Remember old daddy? After the stroke, he woke up. Said my name. We celebrated, you and I. Daddy could be a sadistic S.O.B. But he was still our daddy. And he was coming back. Remember, Brutus? (beat) He stroked again, into the endless sleep. (beat) New daddy's coming! That damn machine won't seem so loud.

Sound: Respirator, up and out.

Scene 5

(Next morning. Hospital coffee shop. David is seated at a table. Cindy enters)

CINDY

Waiting long?

DAVID

Not long.

(She sits)

(Pause)

DAVID

My mouth isn't awake yet.

CINDY

Let me talk. Quietly, if you don't mind. Do you live alone?

DAVID

Me and the dust.

CINDY

Get me a cup. Black. Regular.

(He brings two cups to the table)

CINDY

One cup gets me through clinic.

DAVID

(sarcastic)

Are we talking yet?

CINDY

I like you, David.

DAVID

I know what you like.

CINDY

Where else would you find companionship? Who with?

DAVID

I'm too old to dodge a jealous husband.

CINDY

He will never know.

DAVID

You're having the party and I'm paying for it.

CINDY

You're getting a New York strip steak.

DAVID

I like hamburger.

CINDY

Some men can't adjust to upscale dining. You're different. I know it. (She finished her coffee) Busy tonight?

DAVID

(gives her a look)

What time?

Scene 6

(Later that night. David's apartment. He sleeps in a chair. She enters.)

CINDY

No, I didn't walk through a wall. The door was unlocked.

DAVID

My last burglar. Rude bastard. (Checks his watch) Right on time. Like you said.

CINDY

Daddy's asleep. I can't stay long.

DAVID

How long?

CINDY

Long enough.

(She helps him to his feet. He faces the audience. He bends over a chair. His back faces upstage.

She pulls down his pants.)

CINDY

Gorgeous. Times two. (She rubs against him) Tighten up! Yeah, daddy, keep 'em tight. Oh, daddy.
(beat) Whew! Honey you are so talented.

DAVID

You are so fast.

CINDY

Don't pull 'em up yet. Might as well take a look.

DAVID

Might as well. You took everything else.

CINDY

Complaining?

DAVID

An observation is all.

CINDY

Looks okay in there. (slaps his buttocks). They bounce so nice.

DAVID

In this light, how can you tell?

CINDY

Want my finger where you, me and God can find it?

DAVID

Uh, no.

CINDY

Sit in a warm tub. If you bleed, go to the E.R. The resident on call, will be. We might need a CAT scan and I don't mean a tabby.

DAVID

I know what you mean.

CINDY

Scanned my pussy really good.

DAVID

I take my bow, sitting down. (He does) Ouch.

CINDY

Honey, you're a humanitarian.

DAVID

Hitler, me and you. When do we do it again?

CINDY

Can't wait? That's my daddy. (starts her exit) I won't call you unless I need to. You know, like men do.

(He crosses part way as she exits, off)

DAVID

(to himself)

I'm a whore. Ironic, ain't it?