

FEELING DEVILISH
by Donald E. Baker

6-Minute Two-Hander

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FEELING DEVILISH

SYNOPSIS: Roger's best friend is very concerned when Roger meets a demon on an online dating site, even more so when the demon turns out to be a personal injury lawyer.

CHARACTERS (1M, 1M/F)

ROGER: Thirty-ish. Male. Any race or ethnicity.

STEVIE: Roger's best friend. Any race, ethnicity, or gender expression.

SETTING: An apartment implied by a chair and a door to the outside

TIME: Now.

At rise, ROGER sits in his apartment playing/working on his phone. There is a loud knocking on his door.

STEVIE (OFF)

Roger! Are you in there? Roger!!

ROGER

Stevie?

Roger moves to open the door.

ROGER (Cont.)

Stevie, what's the matter!

STEVIE

Roger! Thank God! Are you alright?

ROGER

Of course I'm alright. What's gotten into you?

STEVIE

This text you sent. Something about meeting a demon. I was scared to death. On my way here I actually left a message for Father O'Brien asking him if he knew a good exorcist. Dammit, Roger. I expected to come in here and find you lying dead in a mess of blood and pea soup with your head on backwards.

ROGER

Well, he had my head spinning for sure. Calm down. As you can see, I'm fine.

STEVIE

How in the world did you meet ... it?

ROGER

His pronouns are he, him, his.

STEVIE

Whatever. Did you do the whole bit? Draw a pentagram and light candles? Or did you just stand in front of your mirror and chant a forbidden name over and over until he appeared?

ROGER

I found him online.

STEVIE

Like on Tinder?

ROGER

No. I came across this brand-new dating app. It's called R Triple G dot com.

STEVIE

Which means?

ROGER

Really Good-looking Gay Guys. Dot com.

STEVIE

Don't take this the wrong way, but to be on a site called Really Good-looking Gay Guys, don't you have to *be* a really good-looking gay guy?

ROGER

Nah. Anybody can sign up. It's just they have this algorithm that determines how much you pay depending on how good-looking it thinks you are. Maybe I didn't get the lowest rate, but my subscription is very reasonable. Only six dollars and sixty-six cents a month.

STEVIE

O ... K ... But why were you online looking for a demon in the first place?

ROGER

I wasn't looking for one. I was just swiping left as usual and came across this profile that said the guy was a "demon in bed." And he was gorgeous. So I swiped right. Turns out he's a demon out of bed also.

STEVIE

An actual demon.

ROGER

Yep. Named Zippy.

STEVIE

Zippy!?

ROGER

He said humans can't pronounce his demon name—apparently it's twenty-one letters long and has three x's in it—so he simplifies it when he's here on earth. Or "this mortal coil" as he calls it. Isn't that cute?

STEVIE

Almost Shakespearean.

ROGER

And, Stevie, I think I'm in love.

STEVIE

With a demon named Zippy.

ROGER

You know sometimes I'm not averse to a little S&M.

STEVIE

No I did not know that. And I did not need to know it now.

ROGER

You would not believe how talented Zippy is in inflicting pain.

STEVIE

Actually I would believe it.

ROGER

It was so intense I felt like I was on fire. And we have the funniest safe word. It's "hun-ka-hun-ka"!

STEVIE

Elvis would be so proud. I hope you're not planning to see this—person—again.

ROGER

He gave me his phone number. See?

Roger shows them Zippy's number on his phone.

STEVIE

All sixes? Isn't that the number for that personal injury lawyer? The one with the obnoxious TV commercials? "We'll give the big insurance companies hell until we get you the money *you* deserve. So when you're in a fix, just call six." I mean, talk about torture.

ROGER

That's him. Zip Barrister.

STEVIE

A demon lawyer? Isn't that kind of redundant? But how did you not recognize him? You must see his ads ten times a night. If nothing else, that head of flaming red hair should've been a dead giveaway.

ROGER

He was wearing a ball cap and switched his name around. Called himself Barry Zipshitz.

STEVIE

Sounds even more like a lawyer.

ROGER

But you want to know the best part? He lives right here in this building. On the sixth floor.

STEVIE

Room 666?

ROGER

How did you know?

STEVIE

Lucky guess. Look. I think you're out of your mind but you seem okay physically. So I'm going to go call Father O'Brien and tell him we won't be needing the bell, book, and candle after all.

ROGER

That's not exorcism. That's for excommunication.

STEVIE

Ex this, ex that. Who can keep track? Give me a call when you come to your senses.

Stevie exits. After a moment Roger picks up his phone and punches in all sixes.

ROGER (coquettishly)

Hello, Zippy? This is Roger. You busy? I have a burning desire to see you tonight. ... Yeah. You might say I'm feeling a little devilish.

END OF PLAY