

Monologue from *The Man Who Killed the Cure* by Luke Yankee

(Rudolph Heller, a German doctor in his late 30's, lives in New York in the early 1950's. He has escaped Nazi Germany with his best friend and colleague, Dr. Max Gerson. Since they moved to America, Rudy has pursued the path of mainstream medicine and even tries experimental cancer treatments with his patients, to the delight of the pharmaceutical companies who pay him handsomely. Max has gone down the path of herbal medicine and has even developed a successful, all-natural cure for cancer, which Rudy thinks is a hoax. In this monologue, Rudy explains why he feels justified in destroying his former friend and colleague by poisoning his coffee.)

RUDY

In the last century, there was a pigment used by painters called Paris Green. Monet, Renoir and Cezanne all worked with it. Highly toxic. It might have been the reason Van Gogh cut off his ear. Elizabethan women used traces of this same element as face powder, mixed with vinegar and chalk. It gave them the lovely, pale complexion of noblewomen, not realizing what they were ingesting into their skin. At least no one could mistake them for a field hand when they expired.

In olden days, this same element was used to treat syphilis. Even cancer. It's tasteless and odorless and has the chemical symbol "As". As. To the same degree or amount. As bees to honey, as a knife through butter, as life to death. Arsenic. The poison of kings. In the coffee. For months. Lightly at first, just enough to slow him down. Now, with a vengeance. He's laughing at me! He's making a mockery of everything I hold sacred. If the Pepper-Neely Bill passes and he gets his funding, I'll be destroyed. So will hundreds of others. How can I let that happen? I saved his life once! I have every right to take it away.