

# ALL THAT JASMINE

Jasmine, the most dangerous (and sexiest!) demon is on the loose again! She is sent on a mission to Earth by Lucifer herself (yes, herself!). It seems that Lucifer (Lucy) has a twin sister angel, Celeste, and Celeste has come down to Earth on a mission to rescue the souls of all the people who sold their souls to the Devil. Lucy wants Jasmine to stop her by any means necessary, including her most hellacious demon magic.

Celeste is stopping off at a special facility on Earth for visiting angels, a sort of hotel run by Rowena, herself another angel. Jasmine shows up at Rowena's hotel, and tricks her clerk, Karen, into registering her in the special suite of rooms reserved for Celeste. It's a laugh-a-minute, as Divine battles Infernal. Caught up in the battle are Karen, her boyfriend Lenny, Impy, another demon, Rowena's husband Clarence and Senator Shoemaker, a politician, who has sold his soul to the devil.

2M,6F, 3Either

Great Stage Publishing



# ALL THAT JASMINE

Written by  
Frank V. Priori



Great Stage Publishing

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Great Stage Publishing  
11702-B Grant Rd. #602  
Cypress, TX 77429  
[www.greatstagepublishing.com](http://www.greatstagepublishing.com)  
[greatstage@comcast.net](mailto:greatstage@comcast.net)

# All That Jasmine

## Synopsis of Scenes

### **ACT ONE**

Scene 1 - An Auxiliary throne room of Hell  
Scene 2 - The Lobby of an Inn in a rural town

### **ACT TWO**

Scene 1 - Same as Act One, Scene 2 – The following morning

### **ACT THREE**

Scene 1 - Same as Act One, Scene 2 – Two weeks later  
Scene 2 - Same as Act One, Scene 2 – Three and four days later

## The Cast

*(In order of appearance)*

IMPY  
JASMINE  
LUCY/CELESTE  
KAREN  
LENNY  
ROWENA  
CLARENCE  
SABINA  
WREN  
SEN. J. H. SHOEMAKER  
PIZZA DELIVERY BOY

2m, 6f, 3 Either

NOTE: The roles of IMPY, SENATOR SHOEMAKER and PIZZA DELIVERY BOY can be played by m or f.

# All That Jasmine

*An original comedy*

By  
Frank V. Priore

## ACT I

### Scene 1

**Please Note:** This scene may be played on the downstage third of the stage with a ‘Hell’ drop (as basic or as elaborate as you wish) or a black curtain with a few cardboard cutouts of flames, etc. indicating that we are in Hell. If the stage has an apron of approximately three foot forward of the act curtain (such as most school auditorium stages have), it may be played on this apron with the aforementioned cardboard cutouts and the Act Curtain closed behind it.

*Setting: An Auxiliary Throne Room of Hell. Flames are seen on a drop or cardboard cutouts as described above. There is a throne-like chair against the upstage wall (drop or Act Curtain) Left of Center.*

*At Rise (or “Lights up, if using only the apron): IMPY, a short demon dressed in a “Court Jester” costume, except that there are horns on his forehead forward of the jester’s cap, and a red “devil” tail that reaches the floor and drags behind him. Instead of a jester’s scepter, he carries a small pitchfork, ENTERS from Right. After he is a few steps on stage, he looks behind him and waves an unseen character to follow him.*

IMPY: C’mon, c’mon. This way. Hurry up

JASMINE (Offstage): Alright, already! Hold your water, you little wart!

*(JASMINE ENTERS from Right. She is dressed from head-t-toe in workman’s cover-alls, which are heavily stained with black coal dust. She wears a workman’s hat of some sort, also heavily stained with coal dust large enough for all of her hair to be tucked into. There are a few smears of coal dust on her face.*

*NOTE: These facial smears must be easily removable with one swipe of a “handy-wipe.” She is carrying a shovel.*

JASMINE: Now, what is this all about? I’ve got fires to stoke and three car-loads of coal to shovel onto the flames. Why am I being interrupted?

IMPY: You don’t like having a break?

JASMINE: *(Thinking about it for a beat)* You know, I actually do. The last ten minute break I had was six months ago, and I had to spend that time standing on my head and singing “You Light Up My Life” to my supervisor.

IMPY: Why?

JASMINE: Work rules. Hell's a tough place to make a living, particularly when you're being punished by The Boss.

IMPY: *(Giggles)* Oh, yeah. I heard about that fiasco with those angels. Boy, you sure got your tail whipped!

JASMINE: *(Annoyed)* You little pus bucket! How'd you like to get this shovel...

*(She is interrupted by the sound of a loud gong.)*

Now, what?

IMPY: It's The Boss! Quick – on your knees! *(They both kneel)* *(Shouts)* All Hail our ruler, Lucifer!

*(LUCIFER ENTERS from Left. Once again, this is not the Lucifer one would expect. LUCIFER is a quite "stout" woman, dressed from head-to-toe in bright red. She is carrying a plate of bright red strawberries. She is eating one of them as she Enters. JASMINE looks amazed at seeing her.)*

LUCIFER: *(Pointing to the "throne.")* *(Loud)* Impy!

IMPY: *(Quickly rises.)* Yes, Master! Yes, Master! *(He quickly moves to the throne, and he uses his hand to "dust" the seat of it. A cloud of dust arises as he does.)*

LUCIFER: I guess I haven't used this auxiliary throne room for a while.

IMPY: *(As LUCIFER moves to the "throne," turns to sit in it, wiggles her behind once or twice and sits.)* Not since 1693, when you cited Stinkwicket for excellence of service, when he possessed a child in Massachusetts and incited the Salem Witch Trials.

LUCIFER: Oh, yes. I remember now. They were so much fun! *(She mimes pulling a noose up from her neck and sticking her tongue out as if she'd been hung and laughs. She takes another strawberry from the plate and eats it.)* Remind me, Impy. Why am I here, now? *(With his thumb, IMPY indicates JASMINE.)*

Oh, yes. Jasmine. How are you, my dear? *(She indicates that JASMINE should which JASMINE does.)* You looked surprised to see me.

JASMINE: Well, yeah. This is the first time I've seen you since the great battle in heaven. I always thought you were a man!

- LUCIFER: A common misconception. When you think about it, it's almost impossible to tell the gender of an angel, isn't it. We all had long hair, dressed in those white robes and carried harps. It's much easier here in Hell. For instance, nobody in their wildest imagination would mistake *you* for a male. But fear not, I am she, Lucifer, "The Bearer of the Light." *(She pulls a disposable lighter from a pocket, flicks it on, It is set to display as high a flame as possible.)* Want a light? *(She laughs heartily at her own joke as she releases the lever and the lighter goes off. She then indicates that JASMINE should come closer to her.)* You can call me Lucy
- JASMINE: Okay. I'm sold. So, why am I here?
- LUCIFER: Because I summoned you, of course.
- JASMINE: *(A little annoyed)* I know that. You sent that little festering boil, Impy, to get me.
- LUCIFER: Oh, don't be so hard on the little excrescence. He's very good at entertaining me. *(IMPY takes a mock bow)* He makes me laugh almost as much as when I toss newly arrived "residents" into the boiling lava pits. *(A beat)* I have a mission on Earth for you, Jasmine; one that requires your unique abilities. You are the sexiest and also the most devious demon I have. And this mission requires both of those qualities and more. It's a chance to redeem yourself, by the way, and get back into my good graces. Are you up for it?
- JASMINE: *(Excited)* Oh, boy, am I! What do I have to do?
- LUCIFER: You need to humiliate, disgrace, take down and destroy completely someone who has gotten in my way for the last time!
- JASMINE: Right up my alley! Who is it?
- LUCIFER: Celeste, my goody-two-shoes twin sister.
- JASMINE: *(Shocked)* You have a twin sister?
- LUCIFER: *(Disgusted by this admission)* Yes. She's an angel, one of you-know-who's *(She points upward.)* favorites. She's loose on Earth again, and she is gathering tons of souls for the opposition, souls that were mine – signed sealed but not quite delivered. She needs to be stopped, and you're the one who can do it! *Rises)* Impy will fill you in on the details. *(She begins to EXIT Left.)*
- JASMINE: Just a moment.
- LUCIFER: *(Stops, turns)* Yes? Be quick now. I have barbeque spits to turn. They're filled with rich Republicans.
- JASMINE: How do I get to Earth. Don't I need to be summoned?

LUCIFER: *(Giggles)* In a very amusing and ironic way, actually. Two of Celeste’s followers are playing with a Ouija Board, and I’m guiding their hands.

JASMINE: Cool!

LUCIFER: Ta ta, now. Knock ‘em dead, as it were.*(She EXITS Left.)*

JASMINE: *(Moves to Down Center.)* You know what this means, don’t you, Impy?

IMPY: No. Tell me.

*(JASMINE whips off the hat. Her long hair flows out and she twirls quickly to make it swirl around her head. She pulls the shoulder straps of the cover-alls down and step out of them. Underneath, she is dressed in a sexy black outfit and fish-net stockings. She holds her hand out behind her, as if to receive something and shouts: “Wipe!” IMPY quickly pulls a “Handy-wipe from his pocket and places it in her hand. She quickly, with one or two swipes, removes the coal dust from her face. She takes a pair of wrap-around sunglasses from the pocket of her outfit, puts them on, then holds both arms outward in a “Look at me!” position.)*

JASMINE: *(ala “Poltergeist,” shouts)* I’m Ba-a-a-a-ack!

BLACKOUT

Perusal  
Only FOR  
NOT FOR  
PRODUCTION

## ACT I

### Scene 2

**SETTING:** *The lobby of an inn in a rural town. There is a registration desk Up Center, with an open registration book and a small stack of mail, which contains two magazines and about four or five letters on it, as well as a small notepad, a pen and an unusual “angel” paperweight.. Pigeon holes for mail and hooks for room keys are located on the upstage wall behind the desk. On the upstage wall, to the Right of the desk, is a very small table, perhaps triangular. It has a doily and a plastic vase with a few flowers in it. [NOTE: vase should be able to withstand being dropped to the floor without breaking.] There is an old wood-framed upholstered chair on its side Down Right. There is a small end table with a small lamp and a cordless phone on it just upstage of the chair. Downstage Left there is a small (two-seat) sofa. Alongside it on the Left is a small end table, which is a twin to the one. Right. This also has a similar lamp on it. There is a small coffee table in front of the sofa. A short two or three step flight of stairs is located along the Right wall. There are two wing openings on the Left wall. One, extreme Up Left leads to the front door of the inn [offstage]. The other is located close to the downstage edge of the Left wall. This leads to the basement [also offstage]. There should be enough room between the downstage end of the Left wall and the opened Act Curtain for someone to enter surreptitiously [as JASMINE will in Act I Scene 2], and the Left side of the Act Curtain when open to reveal the set should end about a foot before the downstage edge of this wall.)*

**AT RISE:** *The act curtain rises to a completely dark stage. The sound of hammering is heard. After a few beats the lights slowly come up to reveal KAREN, who appears to be in her early twenties, and who is dressed casually, standing behind the small registration desk, Upstage Center. She is leaning forward with her elbows on the desk. She is holding a smart phone in her right hand, and she is scrolling through whatever is currently on her screen. The hammering is coming from KAREN’s boyfriend, LENNY, about two years older than KAREN, who is wearing coveralls and a workman’s cap, as he works on the small front leg of the chair on its side.. He has a few other tools hanging off him in loops on the coveralls.*

**LENNY:** *(Who has been leaning over to work on the chair leg, straightens up) There. That should do it. (He turns the chair right side up and sits in it. The small*

*leg he had been working on immediately comes off, and the chair tilts forward.) Or not. (He sighs, rises and turns the chair on its side again.)* Back to square one, Karen. *(He picks up the small leg and prepares to go back to work fixing it. ROWENA, an attractive middle-aged woman wearing an ankle length dress, and who has her hair tied back in a bun, ENTERS from the stairs, unseen by either KAREN or LENNY.)*

- KAREN: *(Looking up from her phone)* Why don't you give up, Lenny. That chair's ready for the scrap heap. It's probably as old as the Civil War.
- ROWENA: *(Moves to Right Center, between the two.)* The Revolutionary War, actually. It is an antique, as well as being a family heirloom. So, it is definitely *not* going on any scrap heaps.
- KAREN: *(Who has quickly moved her right hand and the phone in it behind the desk and out of view.)* The Revolutionary War. Really. It doesn't look *that* old.
- ROWENA: It's been reupholstered many times; poorly, I might add. *To LENNY)* I hired *you*, sir, as a handyman. Forgive me for being a tiny bit presumptuous, but I was under the distinct impression that a handyman were supposed to be...*handy!*
- LENNY: Er, yes, Miss Rowena. But you see, the wood around the base of this leg is old. I've tried both nails and woodscrews. They keep falling out.
- ROWENA: I have a special all-purpose glue. It dries harder than the original wood. It is a fast setting glue. You'll find a tube of it on the workbench in the basement.
- LENNY: *(Embarrassed)* I'm, er...on it. Right now.. *(He quickly EXITS through wing Down Left.)*
- KAREN: Pardon my saying it, Ma'am, but it seems like you're pretty handy yourself. Why did you hire Lenny?
- ROWENA: The same reason I married a consummate gardener when I hold an advanced degree in Botany. I am much too busy running this inn to tend to such trivial matters. *(She moves to the front of the desk, just to the right of KAREN.)* And because I have far too many things to attend to in the inn, and cannot spend my time at the front desk, I hired *you* to give your attention to the front desk. *(She quickly reaches over the desk, takes KAREN's right forearm, and lifts it over the top of the desk. KAREN is still holding the phone in her hand.)* Your *complete* attention; do you understand me?
- KAREN: Yes, Ma'am. I'll just shut off my phone, and...
- ROWENA: Not so fast, young lady. *(Holding her hand out to take the phone.)* May I see the device, please?

KAREN: Er, yeah. Certainly. *(Gives it to her.)*

ROWENA: *(She takes the phone, and begins tapping her fingers on the display of the phone with the speed of a teenager texting a friend.) (As she taps the display...)* Let's see, here. Tum tee dum tee dum dot com, and then route the signal through these servers and then into the cloud to yada yada yada dot org....Yes that's got it. *(She presses a button on the phone.)* And if I'm not mistaken, that turns the phone off. *(She presses that button, turning the phone off, and then hands the phone back to KAREN.)*

KAREN: *(Looking at the phone)* What did you do to my phone?

ROWENA: Oh, I just added a little app I developed. Now, I do trust that you will keep your phone off and not waste any more of the time I am paying you for doing whatever it is you young people do on cell phones.

KAREN: Oh, no, ma'am. Certainly not. *(She puts the phone in her pocket.)*

ROWENA: Excellent. And I do trust you to be faithful to your word. But as one of our Presidents once said...*(Thinking)* I think his name was Bonzo or something like that. He said: "Trust but verify". So, the app I just installed on your phone will immediately dial my phone and notify me if you should turn your phone back on anywhere in the inn. That's the "verify" part....But I *do* trust you, of course. *(She turns and heads back to the stairs, by part way thee, she turns back to KAREN)* Oh, one more thing, Karen. I am expecting a very important guest. She should be arriving any minute now. I cannot stress how very, very important this person is to me, to this inn, and quite possibly to the world. So you will treat her with the utmost courtesy, quickly register her into the penthouse suite, and see that she promptly gets anything at all that she may want. Are we clear on this?

KAREN: Positively.

ROWENA: Wonderful.

KAREN: And her name is? I don't want to make a mistake here.

ROWENA: Oh, don't worry about that. You will know who she is the moment she enters. Her presence will fill the room, as it were. Trust me. *(She turns to leave, then quickly turns back.)* Oh, and if my husband Clarence should wander into the lobby here, kindly usher him out – politely, respectfully, but especially quickly. I do not want her to think that in addition to VIP's, we also rent rooms to hoboes. And if Clarence has been spreading his *home-made* fertilizer on those lovely flowers he grows for me again, please turn on all the exhaust fans as soon as you get him out of the lobby.

KAREN: Okay, Miss Rowena. I'll take care of it all.

ROWENA: See that you do. *(Turns and EXITS up the stairs.)*

*(KAREN waits a few seconds, then looks to make sure ROWENA has left the room. She takes the phone from her pocket, quickly turns it on. ROWENA's voice is heard from offstage.)*

ROWENA (Offstage): Turn off that phone!

KAREN: *(Caught in the act, she juggles the phone in her hand, but does not drop it. She has a "Damn it!" expression on her face as she turns it off and puts it back into her pocket.) (Calls out in the direction of the stairs.)* Sorry. It must have turned on accidentally in my pocket.

ROWENA (Offstage): Horse feathers!

*(LENNY ENTERS from basement. He is carrying the tube of wood glue.)*

LENNY: Say, this glue is great! I've been practicing with it in the basement.

KAREN: I didn't know anything down there needed repair.

LENNY: Nothing did. I was just sort of *improving* a few things.

KAREN: *(Skeptical. With her hands on her hips.)* Like the time you *improved* your Dad's garage door opener?

LENNY: What was wrong with that? He can now use it to turn on the living room lights, start the coffee maker, and change the channel on the TV.

KAREN: But it won't open the garage door anymore!

LENNY: Well, it's a work in progress.

KAREN: I hope you didn't make any *progress* on anything in Miss Rowena's basement. *(KAREN sees that LENNY has a "guilty" look on his face.)* Len-ny! What did you do?

LENNY: *(Sheepishly)* I fixed the thermostat. The cover kept coming off so I glued it in place. .

KAREN: Well, that doesn't seem too bad. You can't get into too much trouble gluing down a thermostat cover. *(LENNY still has a "guilty" look on his face.)* Or *could* you? Lenny, what did you...

*(ROWENA's voice is heard from offstage)*

ROWENA (Offstage): *(Yelling)* It is the middle of the summer! Why is the heat coming up?

- LENNY: *(Loud, answering her)* Just a little problem with the thermostat, Miss Rowena. I'm working on it. *(Normal volume, to KAREN)* A drop of the glue got on the thermostat's furnace switch.
- KAREN: *(Fans herself with her hand)* You'd better do something about it – quick! I can feel the heat, too, Lenny.
- LENNY: Okay, okay. Just let me fix the chair leg. It'll only take a minute. *(He quickly moves to the chair he was repairing earlier, turns it over, Goes down on one knee, and glues the leg in place.)* There, that should do it. It'll be dry in a few minutes, and then we can turn the chair back up. *(Rises)*
- KAREN: *(Who has taken one of the magazines from the stack of mail, and is fanning herself with it.)* Wonderful. Now get downstairs and fix that thermostat. It feels like a sauna in here.
- LENNY: *(Takes a step toward the basement door, stops and looks at the sofa.)* You know, that sofa looks a little off kilter.
- KAREN: There's absolutely nothing wrong with that sofa!
- LENNY: Sure, there is. I'll bet it has a wobbly leg. *(Quickly moves to sofa, flips it on its side, goes down on one knee, and wiggles each leg in succession.)*
- KAREN: *(When he has wiggled the last leg)* See. The legs are fine. Which is more than I can see for myself. I'm roasting here, Lenny!
- LENNY: I don't know. *(He wiggles a leg of the sofa.)* This one feels a little loose. *(He wiggles it, stops momentarily, tries wiggling it again with no result. Finally, with a grunt, he gives it a good twist. The snap of breaking wood is heard.)* I thought so! This leg is broken! *(He quickly glues it, then rises, dusts one hand off with the other. The sofa remains on end.)*
- KAREN: *(Sarcastic)* Would you like me to break one leg on the desk here, so you could glue it? *(LENNY looks as he is considering it.)* I'm kidding, Lenny!
- LENNY: Aw, I knew that. *(He looks across at the table next to the upended chair he has fixed.)* *(Gleefully)* But that table over there could use some glue on one of the front legs. It's almost out of its socket.! *(He rushes over to the table, removes the lamp from the table and places it on the floor behind the lamp. He flips over the table bends over it and proceeds to glue the leg. As he does, KAREN crouches down [out of sight] behind the desk. When he is finished gluing, he stands up and looks around)* Karen? Karen, where are you?
- KAREN: *(Screeches unseen from behind the desk ala "The Wizard of Oz" film)* I'm melting! I'm melting! *(For a second or two, LENNY looks around panicked before he realizes she is joking. He moves to the front of the desk, bends over it,)*

LENNY: Hello, down there.

KAREN: *(Still unseen)* Turn me over, Lenny. I think I'm done on this side. *(She slowly rises.)* Seriously, you'd better head downstairs and get to work on that thermostat right now!

LENNY: Alright! Alright! *(Takes a step toward the basement door, stops and looks at the table alongside the sofa.)* You know, I'll bet that table could use a little strengthening.... *( Unseen by either ROWENA appears on the top of the landing to the stairs, where she stops and observes LENNY and KAREN. She has a small bonnet on and tied around her chin, and she carries a small cloth shopping bag, which is empty.)*

KAREN: *(Who has had just about enough of this)* Lenny, I see a crack in this desk. Quick, give me the glue!

LENNY: *(Turns to her, holding the tube of glue out.)* Huh? Where?

KAREN: *(She stanches the glue tube from his hand.)* Thank you! *(She quickly stashes the tube of glue on an unseen shelf behind the desk, and then points toward the basement door.)* The basement, mister! Miss Rowena will fire you if she finds out you've been fiddling around up here instead of fixing the thermostat...

ROWENA: *(Moving down the stairs to them.)* She has found out! *(To LENNY)* And Karen's concerns about the status of your employment here are entirely valid! At the moment, the entire second floor feels like it has been set to "Bake." I have to run down to the corner store for a few groceries. I am preparing a special dinner for that very important guest, who should be arriving any minute now When I return, this inn had better be at least fifteen degrees cooler. Do I make myself clear, young man?

LENNY: Perfectly, Miss Rowena. But I do have a problem. The furnace switch is stuck down with some of that special all-purpose glue you have. I'm not sure I know how to get it unstuck.

ROWENA: *(Reaches into a pocket on her dress, come up with a small bottle of nail polish remover, and hands it to LENNY.)* Use some of this.

LENNY: *(Looks at the bottle)* Nail polish remover?

ROWENA: Absolutely. It will dissolve almost any kind of super glue there is. Now, go on and get busy!

LENNY: Yes, Ma'am! *(Quickly moves to basement door and EXITS.)*

- KAREN: Just out of curiosity, Miss Rowena. Do you always carry a bottle of nail polish remover around with you?
- ROWENA: Only when I entrust super glue to nincompoops like Lenny. I never know when I might have to separate them from something they've glued themselves to!
- KAREN: Lenny's really a very talented handyman. He just gets carried away sometimes.
- ROWENA: Your views are obviously prejudiced because, as I understand it, he is your boyfriend. Your evaluation of his skills is accurate, however. That's why I employed him. Now, if he could only keep himself from parboiling all my guests in their beds! *(She heads for the front door exit)* I'm off. Don't forget to watch out for our important guest.
- KAREN: *(As ROWENA is Exiting)* I won't. *(After ROWENA has already EXITED through front door exit.)* Hmm. She never did tell me her important guest's name?. *(But.)* Well, I guess I'll recognize her. Miss Rowena said I'll know who she is the moment she enters, and her presence will fill the room.
- (Suddenly the lights blink on and off a few times and a loud crash of thunder is heard. KAREN is frightened, and she ducks behind the desk at the sound of the thunder. With the crash of thunder and the blinking of the lights, JASMINE ENTERS from the space between the end of the Left wall and the open Act Curtain. She is "dressed to kill" in the sexy outfit and wrap-around sunglasses we last saw her in. She immediately moves to Center stage, and strikes a pose. KAREN slowly rises from behind the desk and sees JASMINE.)*
- KAREN: Wow! Miss Rowena wasn't kidding about that!
- (JASMINE slowly removes the sunglasses and looks around her. She sees the overturned chairs and table and the lamp on the floor.)*
- JASMINE: Hmm. This usually happens to a room after I've left it.
- KAREN: Er,..hello...hello.
- JASMINE: *(Slowly turns toward KAREN)* Are you addressing me, child?
- KAREN: *(Annoyed, but trying not to show it.)* Child? Excuse me, but I'm twenty-three years old.
- JASMINE: *(She moves toward the desk..)* Twenty-three years? *(Laughs)* I've spent longer than that just sharpening my pitchfork! Eternity is a very, very long time. Why don't you come join me and you can find out for yourself? In fact, I've got a little contract here you might be interested in. *(She takes a*

*small rolled-up parchment from a pocket.)* You do like warm weather I hope.

KAREN: *(Looks at Jasmine as if she was crazy)* Er, certainly, but I've just started working here. Miss Rowena would never give me time off for a vacation.

JASMINE: *(As she puts the parchment back into her pocket.)* Pity. Rowena did you say? I wonder... No, it couldn't be. I'm sure it's just a coincidence.

KAREN: She has been expecting you.

JASMINE: Really! How interesting.

KAREN: She has the penthouse suite reserved for you.

JASMINE: *(Now, quite surprised)* She does, does she? How lovely!

KAREN: *(Pushes open registration book toward her)* Just sign here. *(She picks up pen to hand to her.)*

JASMINE: No thanks. I have my own. *(She bites her finger and uses it as a pen to sign the book.)*

KAREN: *(Shocked)* You just signed the registration book in blood!

JASMINE: Of course. Is there any other way?

KAREN: I can think of a few. *(Holds up the pen)* A pen would be nice.

JASMINE: Pedestrian, my dear. Pedestrian. Where I come from everything is done in blood.

KAREN: *(Joking)* And where is that – Transylvania?

JASMINE: *(At first, confused, she slowly repeats the word, syllable by syllable.)* Tran – syl-van-ia? Now, why would you say...? *(Finally understanding)* Oh, I get it. Vampires and such *(Laughs)* Oh, you humans are so quaint with your legends. Completely fictional, of course. If such creatures did exist, we would have wiped them out centuries ago. Killing off humans every night so they could feed, before we had a chance to corrupt their souls. Totally unacceptable. We just would not allow it.

KAREN: And exactly who are *we*?

JASMINE: *(Stares at her for a beat)* You don't know who I am, do you?

KAREN: Sure I do. Your name is... *(Looks at the register)* ...Jasmine. I don't see a last name though. State regulations do require a last name in the registrar.

- JASMINE: *(Matter of factly)* Then, change the regulations. Now, tell me about this *fabulous* penthouse suite I will be occupying.
- KAREN: Oh, it's very nice. It has a lovely queens-sized bed, a complimentary mini-bar and several luxurious bathrooms with built-in Jacuzzis.
- JASMINE: Interesting. However, I don't require sleep, I don't need to eat, and I just step in the flames for a few minutes if I need to remove any accumulated grime from my body. But I'm sure, it'll be adequate. How do I get there?
- KAREN: *(Removes a key from the peg and hands it to her.)* Up these stairs, then three more flights. It's on the top floor, of course. Wait until you see the view!
- JASMINE: Actually, I don't like heights. I prefer the deepest of the depths. It's much cozier down there.
- (LENNY ENTERS from basement wing. He is holding the bottle of nail polish remover in his hand. JASMINE turns and spots him.)*
- My, my, my. What do we have here? Such a handsome young man. *(She moves slowly toward him.)*
- KAREN: What we have here is my, my, *my* boyfriend.
- JASMINE: *(Turns her head, stares at KAREN for a beat, then turns back toward LENNY.)* Irrelevant. *(She continues slowly moving toward LENNY.)*
- KAREN: *(Furious)* Irrelevant! I'll show you irrelevant! *(She quickly comes around the desk to confront JASMINE. Without batting an eyelash, JASMINE, who hasn't even turned toward KAREN, holds up her upstage hand in a "Stop" motion. KAREN freezes in her tracks.)* Hey, I can't move!
- JASMINE: *(Still not looking at her)* Be glad that's all you can't do, dearie. One twitch of my finger and you won't be able to breathe either. *(To LENNY)* My, what a hale and hearty specimen of manhood!
- LENNY: *(Clueless as to what is going on)* Er, thank you, Ma'am, I'm sure. *(To KAREN, holding up the bottle)* Karen, here's the nail polish remover. I'm all finished with it.
- JASMINE: *(Stops in her tracks, stares at LENNY for a beat.)* Pity. *(She abruptly turns, moves to steps, and EXITS up the stairs. The second she has left the room, KAREN flops forward, but does not fall. She has been release from JASMINE's spell.)*
- LENNY: What's the matter. Are you alright?
- KAREN: That...that woman just waved her hand, and I was paralyzed! I couldn't move a muscle!

LENNY: Really. Maybe she's some kind of witch.

KAREN: If she is, she's certainly not Glinda, the good witch.

LENNY: It was probably some stage magician trick. I'll bet she did it with mirrors.

KAREN: Do you see any mirrors, Lenny?

LENNY: Well, no, but...say who is she, anyway?

KAREN: Miss Rowena's "important" guest. I don't see what's so important about her, though. She seems like a real whack-doodle to me...a dangerous one, though, I suspect.

LENNY: A whack-doodle, huh? She's sure a pretty one, though. *(He hands her the bottle. She puts it under the desk.)*

KAREN: Pretty *weird*. That's what she is. Stay away from her.

LENNY: But why? She's really cute, and...

KAREN: Let me rephrase that: Stay away from her...*(She raises her fist)* ...if you know what's good for you!

LENNY: Er, right. Well, let me get this furniture right side up. The glue should be dry by now. *(Over the next few lines, he moves around the room righting the furniture.)*

*(KAREN looks toward the front door wing to make sure ROWENA isn't coming, then quickly takes out her phone and starts to punch in numbers on it. The phone suddenly rings.)*

KAREN: *(Holds phone slightly away from her)* Huh? *(She puts the phone to her ear.)* Hello? Oh, hello, Miss Rowena. No. No. I wasn't using the phone. It must have, er...turned itself on in my pocket. *(She looks shocked)* Miss Rowena! *(She hangs up phone but still holds on to it.)*

LENNY: What's the matter? What did she say to you?

KAREN: Horsefeathers.

LENNY: Why did you sound like you were shocked? "Horsefeathers" doesn't seem too bad.

KAREN: She didn't say "feathers."

LENNY: Oh. *(Sniffs the air)* Say, Karen, does that phone of yours transmit smells, too?

KAREN: Of course not. This is a smartphone, but not *that* smart!

LENNY: Well, you know that horse *stuff* that wasn't feathers you were talking about?

KAREN: Er, yeah.

LENNY: Take a deep breath, and tell me what you think.

KAREN: *(She does, and then exhales quickly with a look of disgust on her face.)*  
Eww! What a disgusting odor! It couldn't possibly coming from my phone, though. *(She brings the phone up to her nose and sniffs as CLARENCE ENTERS from the front door entrance. He is approximately the same age as ROWENA, and he is dressed as if he was a farmer, with a red plaid flannel shirt, jeans and broad-brimmed floppy hat.)*

CLARENCE: *(To KAREN)* You shouldn't hold that cell phone so close to your head. It'll scramble you brains.

KAREN: *(Putting phone down)* Er, yes, Mr. Clarence. *(As he approaches her, she bends backward away from him, and uses her hand to wave away the smell.)*

CLARENCE: Have you seen my wife, by the way? I'm looking for her.

KAREN: She went to the market. She should be right back.

CLARENCE: Why are you bent backwards like that? You're going to fall over.

KAREN: *(With an embarrassed laugh)* You've been spreading fertilizer on your flowers again, sir, haven't you.

CLARENCE: Oh. *(Backs away from her a bit)* Sorry. Yes, I have, as a matter of fact. I just got a new delivery of horse manure, enough for most of my flowers. I'm getting another load tomorrow for my rose garden.

LENNY: Gee, Mr. Clarence, do bags of fertilizer always smell that strong?

CLARENCE: Bags? You mean processed fertilizer? Wouldn't think of using that garbage. I get mine delivered directly to me fresh from Farmer Jones' stables. Right from the horse's mouth, so to speak. Well, actually from the other end. They were running a special today. I got a great price.

LENNY: Sort of a barn door-buster sale, eh?

CLARENCE: Actually, his barn's kind of old. The door's already busted.  
*(ROWENA's voice is heard from offstage.)*

ROWENA: *(Offstage)* Clarence! You're in there; I know it! I can smell you from here! *(She ENTERS from the front door entrance. Her bag has some groceries in it.)* Ah, there you are! You need to get yourself down to the basement bathroom this minute and take a shower. *(She sniffs, and recoils in disgust,*

*waving her hand in front of her face.) ...a long shower! I'll have some fresh clothes sent down to you. Put those old ones in the wash. Better yet, put them in the incinerator! Our guest will be arriving here any minute. I don't want her to think I'm running a hog farm here!*

KAREN: Actually, Miss Rowena, your guest has arrived already.

ROWENA: She did! How wonderful! I hope you put her in the penthouse suite.

KAREN: Oh, yes, Ma'am. She didn't seem too excited about getting it, though.

ROWENA: What do you mean?

KAREN: Well, she said she didn't need to sleep or bathe. And she said she didn't have to eat.

CLARENCE: *(Who has started for the basement doorway, stops and moves back to ROWENA, who waves her hand in front of her face warding off the smell.) Impossible! You know Celeste, Rowena. She loves to eat. You can't drag her away a restaurant table. And if it's a buffet, she throws them for a loss every time!*

KAREN: Celeste? That's not the name she gave me. It's, er...*(Lifting up registration book and looking at it.) ..."Jasmine." Look. (She holds book out to ROWENA.)*

ROWENA: *(She takes the book from her, and looks closely at it.) She signed in blood! No, no. It couldn't be... Clarence look at this. (She holds the book out toward him. He moves to her. Before he gets completely there, ROWENA holds her hand up in a "stop" motion, then uses the hand to wave away the smell.) Wait. Stop there! (She holds the book out to him as far as her arm can reach. He looks at it.)*

CLARENCE: It looks like her signature. I recognize the flare she puts on the "J." But how can that be? Your cousin Constance told us she had banished her to the deepest recesses of Hell.

KAREN: Hell? What's going on, Miss Rowena?

ROWENA: *(To CLARENCE)* Enough, Clarence. *(To KAREN)* Karen, why don't you and Lenny take a break...away from here.

KAREN: You got it. You don't have to ask me twice. Come on, Lenny. Let's go check out the gazebo in the back yard. *(Suggestively)* It has a lovely *two-seat* bench.

LENNY: Great. Why don't we take along that tube of glue. There might be a loose board on the bench.

KAREN: Lenny, a two-seat bench can be very romantic....unless you find yourself stuck down to it.. *(Grabs him by the top of his arm and ushers him out the front door entrance as they EXIT)*

CLARENCE: So, let me get this clear, Rowena. Jasmine, Hell's most dangerous demon, somehow managed to free herself from the depths of Hades, and she is now here at our inn, and is registered in the penthouse suite.

ROWENA: Yes. That about sums it up, Clarence.

CLARENCE: The penthouse suite that we were reserving for Celeste?

ROWENA: Right again.

CLARENCE: Heaven's most powerful and most influential angel. Who has the ability, may I remind you, to bust us down from Principalities to mere Archangels.

ROWENA: Or worse. Remember when Gloria borrowed Celeste's new designer robes without asking.

CLARENCE: I do. Celeste was forced to attend the Paradise Grand Ball wearing the previous year's robes, which were horribly out of style by then.

ROWENA: And she didn't even have time to have them pressed. She was a laughingstock among the elite angels she hangs out with.

CLARENCE: Oh, yes. Those bunch of snobs. They could all do with a refresher course on the seven deadly sins. Pride is at the top of that list.

ROWENA: Celeste was so ticked off, she busted Gloria all the way down to Cherubim .

CLARENCE: I never heard of an angel getting ticked off before.

ROWENA: Celeste always was a trend setter.

CLARENCE: You don't think she would do that to us, do you?

ROWENA: You never know. Celeste does have a temper. *(CLARENCE giggles)* What are you laughing about? This is a serious matter.

CLARENCE: I'm sorry, dear. I was just picturing you flying around in a diaper.

ROWENA: *(Annoyed)* Fine. Go ahead and laugh. Celeste should be here any minute. When she finds out that not only doesn't she have the penthouse suite, but that we gave it to Jasmine, of all people, er...that is of all demons, there's going to be Hell to pay – so to speak.

CLARENCE: This entire situation stinks. *(ROWENA points a finger at CLARENCE and starts to say something. CLARENCE raises his hand to her in a "stop"*

*motion.*) Don't say it, Rowena! Fertilizer washes off. We're not going to be able to clear up this state of affairs with a little soap and water!

ROWENA: But you can clean yourself up with a little soap and water, *(Sniffs and is repulsed by the smell)* er...make that a *lot* of soap and water. Get going, now. *(Waves him toward the basement exit.) (Suddenly a loud trumpet flourish is heard.)* Uh, oh! Too late!

*(CELESTES ENTERS from the front door entrance. She is the identical twin of LUCIFER [NOTE: This role, obviously, is designed for doubling]]. She makes a "grand entrance" and is dressed in a long golden gown with a train that is carried by WREN and SABINA, girls who appear to be in their late teens.*

CELESTE: *(She moves downstage and strikes a pose. WREN and SABINA, still holding her train, move there with her.)* I have arrived!

ROWENA: *(Moving to her)* So you have. So you have. Celeste, welcome to our humble abode, and Inn, of course. Who are these young ladies with you?

CELESTE: These are my two acolytes. Wren and Sabina. *(Turns to WREN and SABINA)* You may let my train down now. *(Quickly turns to ROWENA)* This floor is clean, isn't it.

ROWENA: The cleanest. I just had it power-washed.

CELESTE: Wonderful. *(Turns to WREN and SABINA)* Girls, could you get the luggage from the bus?

WREN: Yes, Miss Celeste. Right away. *(WREN and SABINA EXIT through front door entrance.)*

ROWENA: You took a bus here? Public transportation? That doesn't sound like you, Celeste.

CELESTE: *(Laughs slightly)* You are so funny dear. Not *a* bus, *the* bus. My own tour bus. I had it specially outfitted for this crusade. It has three country kitchens inside of it. *(Tut-tuts)* As if I would ride on a public conveyance. Really, Rowena!

ROWENA: And you've brought two...what did you call them, *acolytes*?

CELESTE: Yes. Wren and Sabina are two young ladies from a small church in Iowa. They've chosen to follow me and help with my crusade. They're devoted to me, the dear girls.

ROWENA: Oh, then they're not angels.

- CELESTE: Angels? Hardly. They're loyal and devoted, and good helpers, mind you. And they work cheap! But they can be very mischievous. I have to keep my eye on them. They do manage to get into all sorts of trouble.
- ROWENA: Why do you keep them around, then? I know about your crusades. They require a great deal of concentration and effort. Do you really have time to keep track of whatever escapades those youngsters are up to.
- CELESTE: Oh, they're very helpful to me. I can't do without them. They run all sorts of errands, iron my robes, and they have a knack of drawing my bath for me at the exact temperature I like it. They're wonderful acolytes, believe me.
- CLARENCE: *(Moving downstage)* Acolytes? They sound more like personal servants to me.
- (WREN and SABINA RE-ENTER. WREN carries two obviously heavy suitcases. SABINA drags a large trunk, so large that she moves backing into the room one step, then pulls the trunk, and keeps repeating that. They are obviously laboring under the weight.)*
- CLARENCE: *(Spotting them.)* Humph! Make that personal *slaves!*
- CELESTE: Clarence. You're here, too! *(She begins to move closer to him, then suddenly stops, pulls her head back away from him and uses her hand to wave away the smell.)* Oh, boy, are you here! What did you do – fall into a cesspool?
- CLARENCE: *(Ignoring her comments about his smell)* *(Annoyed)* Well, why wouldn't I be here with Rowena? We've been married since shortly after Creation. Just last week, we celebrated our seven hundred billionth anniversary, didn't we dear?
- ROWENA: Yes. Clarence is such a romantic. He sent me a beautiful bouquet of flowers.
- CLARENCE: I've been doing *that* for *six hundred* billion years. God took his sweet time creating flowers.
- CELESTE: *(Not really interested)* How lovely. *(To WREN and SABINA)* Go right on up the stairs with them – to the penthouse suite.
- ROWENA: *(Quickly to WREN and SABINA)* Just a minute, girls. *(To CELESTE)* Er, we have a little problem there, Celeste.
- CELESTE: *(Annoyed)* Don't tell me you didn't reserve the penthouse suite for me, Rowena!
- ROWENA: I did. I really did. But there was a mix-up and my helper at the desk accidentally gave it to someone else who arrived just before you.

CELESTE: Well, there's an easy solution to that problem. Kick them out of the penthouse suite!

ROWENA: Easier said than done, Celeste.

*(There is a clap of thunder and a flickering of the lights simulating lightning. JASMINE suddenly ENTERS from the stairs in a sexy outfit, and slowly takes a few steps toward CELESTE and ROWENA)*

JASMINE: *Much* easier said than done, Celeste!

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN

Perusal  
Only  
NOT FOR  
PRODUCTION