

Title: Redemption

Time: Insignificant.

Setting: Initially unclear, but mostly open space.

Cast

Peter – Hopefully at least late 30s but could be up to 80s. Same actor who played Peter in “Delilah’s Choice”

Delilah – Hopefully at least late 40s but could be up to 80s. Same actor who played Delilah in “Delilah’s Choice”

Lucifer – Any age could work

Boy – Somewhere between 15 and 30.

Small crowd of strangers to gather around Boy, one named Ashley (either gender) who has one line

Lights. Peter is at a table with a very big book open, reading, perhaps turning a page now and then. Perhaps pensive at moments. Occasionally jotting something in it.

Delilah enters, taking note of Peter. She walks about him, hopefully puzzling the audience because this feels like the exact same opening as “Delilah’s Choice”. But here, it changes because Peter speaks first, and so pleasantly.

Peter: (smiling when he notices her) Oh! Delilah! Good morning, as you always say. Good to see you!

She looks around, as if to say, who is he talking to.

Delilah: I’m sorry. Are you talking to me?

Peter: Well, of course. Unless you see another Delilah around here!

Delilah: You know very well I don’t see anyone else here, let alone another Delilah. What’s with the pleasantries?

Peter: Can’t I say “Good morning” to you?

Delilah: (warily) Can you? Of course. Do you? Never. Not for years.

Peter: Ten days.

Delilah: Ten? Dammit. I still can’t get used to that.

Peter: (smiling) It’s of little importance.

Delilah: Hmm.

Peter: Did you sleep well?

Delilah: Did I sleep well? More like did someone hit you over the head since I last saw you? And you know that I don’t sleep. I just...

Peter: ...disappear for a while.

Delilah: Yes. But you KNOW all this. Why are you suddenly acknowledging me? You've gone months...minutes...whatever...without responding to me, let alone greeting me. Suddenly, you turn the other cheek?

Peter: (sobering a bit) I don't take that phrase lightly.

Delilah: Nor do I. What is going on here, Peter?

A pause as Peter, searches for the right words.

Peter: We have...a favor to ask of you.

Delilah: We do? WE do?

Peter: Delilah, this is hard enough...

Delilah: Oh, I bet this is hard. You treat me with disdain, leaving me isolated from every kind of creature here – even you – and now you ask a favor of me? And what could I possibly have to offer the great Saint and his...

Peter: Show respect!

Delilah: (catching herself) Okay. Let's start over. I'm sure it isn't easy and if it can score me some points with you, I'm all ears. I've told you before, I'm not a bad person.

Peter: (catching herself) I...It...doesn't matter at this point.

Delilah: It does to me!

Peter: (pause) Then listen.

Both take a visible breath and moment to settle down.

Peter: We have a situation.

Delilah: (excited) A situation?

Peter: Just listen!

Delilah: Okay!!!

Peter: A mistake was made.

Delilah: A.... (she catches herself and shuts up)

Peter: An angel took a couple up whose time...it was not. In America.

He pauses awaiting a response, but gets none because she is biting her tongue.

Their death was too public to undo. If we sent them back, it would be a nightmare.

Delilah: They would be seen as either monsters or demigods.

Peter: Yes. Probably both by different groups. It cannot be.

Delilah: Are they...here?

Peter: Yes, thankfully, both were easy candidates for heaven so no issue of the fact that they didn't have time to redeem their sins.

Delilah: And my guess is that you would have been a bit generous, if they had been cutting it close?

Peter: I...I'm grateful that I'm not in the position to have to figure that out.

Delilah: This seems like a huge blunder. Does it happen often?

Peter: 1184.

Delilah: What?

Peter: 1184 was the last earth year that such a mistake occurred. It's that rare.

Delilah: But if they're here, and unlike SOME people you know, they're SUPPOSED to be here, it doesn't seem like you have a problem on your hands.

Peter: They have a son.

Delilah: A son.

Peter: Yes.

Delilah: (pause) Wait, this isn't another case of "Delilah, we want you to go down and be a mother to this boy so you can redeem yourself," is it?

Peter: No, the parent's bodies were burned. They're gone. So there isn't a body down there to put you in.

Delilah: Then what is this about needing my help?

Peter: I...I didn't say I needed your help, exactly. I said I needed a favor.

Delilah: I can't *wait* to hear this!

Peter: The help we need isn't from you. The help is from Lucifer.

(that hangs in the air)

Delilah: You want...me...to ask Lucifer?

Peter: Yes.

Delilah: He despises me!

Peter: You don't know that. You only know he was furious. And furious is a baseline for him.

Delilah: (pause) And are....are you going to grant me full admission if I do this favor?

Peter: I...can't. I wish that were an option, but it's not. This is big, but you need to know going into this: admittance into Heaven *cannot* be a reward for this. This is not a viable redemption for YOUR particular sins.

Delilah: Then why on earth...and heaven...would I do this for you?

Peter: Because it's a possible way out for you. A way that meets everyone's needs.

Delilah: (pause) I'm...listening...

Music and lighting (likely red lighting) are used to convey a change of setting. Possibly scenery changes as well. Peter exits. Lucifer enters, far from Delilah. He has his back to her and does not initially see her. She is entering Hell. She looks around, taking it in.

Delilah: Hello, Lucifer.

Lucifer: (startled, he turns) You!

He raises his hands as if it will do something to her, but to his disappointment, nothing happens.

Delilah: I'm protected by Peter's blessing. You cannot hurt me. But your response answers my first question. You *do* remember me.

Lucifer: Remember? You made a fool of me! No one has ever done that.

Delilah: I made no fool of you, Lucifer. I tricked you, yes, but none in Hell nor Earth has any idea. And few in heaven. Your reputation remained intact.

Lucifer: *I knew!*

Delilah: Yes, but that does not make you a fool. Just a creature who is...a man in part.

Lucifer: (snorting an angry laugh) And have you come here to gloat? Is this Peter's idea of a joke on me? Or maybe from higher than him?

Delilah: No one is joking. I've been sent down with a message.

Lucifer: A message?

Delilah: More of a request. An offer.

Lucifer: An offer??? I'm not interested in peace offerings with Him!!!

Delilah: It's not a peace offering.

Lucifer: What then?

Delilah: A deal. A mutually beneficial deal.

Lucifer: He ignores me for millennia...

Delilah: ...not ignored...just not contacted...

Lucifer: ...and now suddenly I'm supposed to make deals with Him?

Delilah: Again, if it can be win-win, my boy, wouldn't you want to know what's in it for you?

Lucifer: (pause) Fine. I'm intrigued. What is He offering me?

Delilah: Me.

Lucifer: What?

Delilah: He's offering **me**. Obviously, you've thought of me in this time.

Lucifer: With fury!!!

Delilah: I know. But not **just** fury, is it?

Lucifer: How dare you! Do you know to whom you speak??!

Delilah: I know **very** well. And I mean no disrespect. Just honesty. If you tell me you've never thought of me with any carnal thoughts, I'll respect you less – because I won't believe you. Part of this fury of yours is the fact that you *allowed* yourself to be distracted by me, dear boy. And I still remember that –

Unison: Kiss.

Delilah: Yes. My tongue felt burned by it, yet somehow never hurt.

Lucifer: It has hurt *many* others.

Delilah: I expect it has. Perhaps mine is tougher than most.

Lucifer: Why are you here?!?

Delilah: Till now, I've not been a true part of heaven. I've been...on the outskirts. A roamer.

Lucifer: Because you entered by deceit!

Delilah: Yes. And in a moment, I'll tell you the favor that they request of you. It's comparatively small. But if you do it, your reward is that you may take me...as your Queen.

Lucifer: My queen!!! The gall...the presumption that I would want...

Delilah: But you do. As they suspected. Thousands of years at your work and no one to share it with?

Lucifer: And you are that woman?!?

Delilah: Who better? The only woman, as you say, to have bested you. And turned you on, to boot. If you pass this up, are you likely to ever have such a creature ask you again?

Lucifer: And if I say no?

Delilah: "Win/Win" again.

Lucifer: What?

Delilah: If you say yes, you have a partner in me forever, so I no longer roam. And if you say no, I return safely to Heaven, only this time, with **full** access!

Lucifer: Peter promised you that, just for coming to ask me this favor?

Delilah: He felt you would say no to anyone else. And he couldn't promise me to you if I didn't agree. Plus, you needed to see me, didn't you, to remind yourself that the idea is...tempting.

Lucifer: And if I say no, you get full rights of Heavenfold.

Delilah: Absolutely. Peter said...let me remember his words exactly..."If you offer this sacrifice, it is MORE than redemption for your particular sins."

Lucifer: So you'd finally get in. But...it was not a given! I could say yes!

Delilah: I know.

Lucifer: And you would be condemned to eternity in Hell.

Delilah: *Condemned?* I would not be one of your burning flock. Or your demon minions. I would stand beside you, supporting you...enjoying you. And you enjoying me.

Lucifer: (*stunned pause*) You WANT this!

Delilah: (*smiling*) I do.

Lucifer: Why?

Delilah: Because why, my boy, would I want to be one of millions in Heaven....when I could be the one...the only...Delilah, Queen of Hell?

Lucifer: This is insane!

Delilah: Is it?

Lucifer: You infuriate me.

Delilah: I know. And I'm fine with that.

Lucifer: I am not going to be your fool again!!!

(Delilah unexpectedly kisses him again, intensely and passionately. His fury settles)

Delilah: If you want me, I am yours, my sweet. You have nothing to lose.

Lucifer: I... *(he sighs, unable to finish the thought)*

Delilah: And what they want of you, by your standards, is a pittance. Important to them; a trifle to you.

Lucifer: What is it?

Delilah: An angel's error, easily corrected by you. I can share all the details. But first I need to hear you say, if you agree that it's an easy task, that you really want me. Not in anger...not in revenge...unless you genuinely want to share your kingdom with me, I can return safely. And if I do, you'll never see me again.

(Lucifer and Delilah stare into each other's eyes for a long moment. Then Lucifer grabs her and spins her gleefully. If that's too physically hard for the actor, find some other way to convey his excited acceptance of her offer)

Lucifer: You are going to love it here. I have so much to show you!

Delilah: *(laughing)* Excellent, my love. Shall I tell you how little is required of you in return?

Lucifer: I'm all ears!

(They laugh together and exit. As they leave, across the stage, Boy enters with his crowd of friends, chatting amiably. One of the crowd, hopefully unseen by the audience, has a fiddle and bow. A chair must be near them. Lucifer and Delilah re-enter and approach the group. Held almost out of sight, Lucifer is holding a fiddle painted gold and a bow.

When the pair get to the group, all the people watch as Lucifer plays just one note [assuming the actor can't play fiddle], implying it was the last note of something longer. Or the sound booth could play a few notes that the actor pretends to play, as if Lucifer were playing it.)

Boy: *(with thick southern accent)* Not bad. Yeah, not bad. So, Devil, let me get this straight. You think you're a better fiddle player than me?

Lucifer: I do.

Boy: And all I gotta do to win this bet...is to play my fiddle better than you just did?

Lucifer: That's all.

Crowd person: Johnny, don't do this. Don't put your soul on the line.

Boy: You hush, Ashley! *(to Lucifer)* Have a seat and see for yourself!

(Friend in crowd reluctantly hands him the fiddle and the bow. He gets ready to play, fixes Lucifer with a sharp smile, and then proceeds to play...terribly! For about 10-15 seconds. After which he stops, there's a pause and all his friends, who look shocked at what they heard, burst into a cheer, as if they've just heard incredible, amazing music come from him. He joins in the cheer: "Johnny! Johnny! Johnny!" Lucifer reaches behind something or into

a coat, perhaps, and pulls out another fiddle, painted gold. Lucifer bows and lays the fiddle at Johnny's feet. Lucifer takes Delilah by the hand and they start to walk away.)

Boy: (calling after Lucifer) And you just come back another time if you ever want to...

Lucifer: (calling back to boy) Yeah, I think we got the idea.
(to Delilah) Good grief...how awful was he?

Delilah: (laughing) Abominable. And he's been so delusional all his life that he always heard himself as being brilliant when no one else did. But thanks to your spell, for the rest of his life, anyone who hears him will think he's incredible.

Lucifer: So he'll always be able to support himself -- without help from his Heavenly parents. I kept my end of the deal.

Delilah: So you did. (teasingly:) But what happens if I don't keep my promise?

Lucifer: Oh, then, my dear...there'll be Hell to pay.

(A brief kiss as "The Devil Went Down To Georgia" begins to play. They walk off as the song runs.)

END.

15-½ minute