

# Death #1

Coming: A Musical of Biblical Proportions

## Read role of Cain

Cause my religion is in vice  
 Nobody said I was good  
 Nobody called me Mr. Nice Guy. I'm not nice.  
 I'm on a mission from the low down town  
 And my religion is vice  
 Nobody said I was good  
 Nobody called me Mr. Nice Guy. I'm not nice.  
 I'm on a mission from the underground  
 And my religion is vice  
 And my religion is vice  
 And my religion is vice

(LILITH applauds manically, and approaches DAMIAN, who is lighting up a joint.)

LILITH:

Oh my God! That was amazing! We've never had an act like that before. Oh my God!  
Ohmygodohmygodohmygod!

DAMIAN:

Damn, girl. You need to relax. Here, smoke this.

(He hands her a bowl. She walks off with it, as CAIN approaches DAMIAN.)

Start

CAIN:

She's right... That was amazing. I think I'm your new biggest fan.

DAMIAN:

I think you're my new only fan.

CAIN:

Not for long, I'm sure. I'm Cain.

DAMIAN:

Damian.

CAIN:

I caught that. Autograph my bar napkin?

DAMIAN:

Only if you buy me a drink.

CAIN:

Real smooth.

(He hands a bar napkin and a sharpie to DAMIAN.)

DAMIAN:

Which happens to be the way I like my vodka martinis.  
(DAMIAN signs the napkin and hands it to CAIN.)

CAIN:

DANIEL EISENBERG CASTING

Thanks. Hey, I just asked for your autograph. How did your phone number get on here?

DAMIAN:

Well, I have to stay in touch with my fan-base, don't I?

CAIN:

Ha. I guess I owe you a martini, now. How do you like them. Let me guess: Dirty?

DAMIAN:

With a twist.

(Addressing the audience.)

The way to my heart was always through my liver. That was the first drink he ever bought me, but it wouldn't be the last. No, Cain enabled me for years thereafter.

CAIN:

Cain enabled, Damian? Really?

DAMIAN:

Shut up and let me narrate. (Beat.) ~~This isn't "Dippin'" Anyway, it was ten years later when another young talent destined for big things took the stage at Cafe Babylon...~~  
(DAMIAN and CAIN exit. PETER and JOSH enter.)

PETER:

This is the place, Bro! They say Damian Salt got his start here.

JOSH:

At this dive?

PETER:

At this self-same Open Mic, Broseph. This will be a great opportunity for you to test your material in front of a New York audience before tomorrow's audition!

JOSH:

It's awfully quiet. Are you sure there's an Open Mic?

(LILITH appears. Same character but, the jittery, fast-talking LILITH from 10 years ago has become a relaxed, slow-paced stoner.)

LILITH:

Are you guys here for the Open Mic?

JOSH:

Fair enough.

LILITH:

I'm Lilith Moonsong, I'm a beat poet slash folk singer slash dulcimer-player backslash hemp-weaver semicolon your host for tonight's show.

PETER:

# Death #2

Coming: A Musical of Biblical Proportions

Read role  
of Cain

ANNOUNCER: (V/O)

And we're back in 5, 4, 3...

REBECCA:

Josh, that performance was...

(She takes a painfully pregnant pause.)

Off the hook! We're putting you on the show!

JOSH:

I'm in? Oh my God! Thank you! I'm in!

DAMIAN:

(Entering and addressing the audience.)

I remember the first time I saw that kid on American Icon. I didn't make a habit of watching the show, but Cain always had it on every Tuesday Night, so... It was hard to escape, sometimes.

(DAMIAN enters the next scene.)

SCENE 8

(Damian Salt's Penthouse, Midtown. CAIN is watching TV. DAMIAN is drinking.)

CAIN:

Wow. That Josh kid is fantastic!

DAMIAN:

He looks familiar. I feel like I should know him from somewhere.

CAIN:

Uh, I doubt it, Damian. He's from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. You probably just think you know him because he looks like every boy you ever gawk at. Thin, young and perfect. Anyway, I think he's got a good shot at winning this season.

DAMIAN:

Are trite love songs in fashion this year?

CAIN:

Trite love songs are timeless! Come on, Damian! He's talented.

DAMIAN:

Where is the depth? Where is the wit?

CAIN:

Well, he's not like you, Damian. No one is. But I don't think *he's* trying to be. Besides, he's dreamy.

DAMIAN:

The boy has charm, I'll grant. A pretty face, sure. But, no substance. Has he lived? Has he suffered for his art? I think not, because he says nothing new. Nothing fresh. I, on the other hand, have done

Start

unspeakable things just so that I might draw upon them to better my art. An unconventional life gives my voice purpose. What does this Josh Crenshaw know of life? Nothing.

CAIN:

All right, Damian. Well, why don't you tell him that next month when you're a guest judge?

DAMIAN:

Perhaps I will.

CAIN:

But for now, dear, the show is over. And I'm going out to get ice cream, because someone got baked last night and ate the whole carton.

DAMIAN:

My trainer already punished me for it, you don't have to. Pick up some vodka, while you're out.

CAIN:

Only if you give me one of your vodka flavored kisses first.

(They kiss)

Mm, just the way I like you. Dirty...

DAMIAN:

With a twist.

CAIN:

Be back in twenty!

(CAIN leaves)

DAMIAN:

...With a twist. That was the last time I ever saw Cain alive.

End

**Music #9 - God Hates Fags**

*So young when we met  
You were a boy  
I wasn't much more  
So young when you left  
Who could destroy  
What I most adored?  
I guess I should've known that  
God hates fags  
God hates fags  
When they took you away  
Did they ask the Divine  
If they were doing His chore?  
They knew you were gay  
Did they know you were mine?  
Would it stop them from beating you more, my love, 'cause*

# Death #3

Coming: A Musical of Biblical Proportions

## Read role of Israfil

Start

ISRAFIL:

~~Ego sum Israfil, Angelus ad iudicium. Quid est Agnus d' Deus?~~

PETER:

Yep. It's a lunatic. Dude. Bro. Dudebro... are you speaking Latin?

ISRAFIL:

I have not trod the Earthen soil in many centuries. When last I trespassed upon the mortal plane, Latin was the dominant tongue.

PETER:

Yeah, I still don't know what you're talking about.

ISRAFIL:

I am Israfil, the Angel of the Judgment. The Father has sent me in search of the Son.

PETER:

I think you have the wrong apartment, dude. No one here is into live-action role-play.

ISRAFIL:

I am not playing at games, mortal!

(He raises his hands and the lights flicker, the sound of thunder is heard.)

I seek The Lamb of God! Armageddon approacheth.

PETER:

Oh Holy Fuck!

MAGDA:

What is the Lamb?

ISRAFIL:

(moves to take a magazine from the coffee table.)

This man! This man here.

PETER:

Josh?

ISRAFIL:

Joshua, Yeshua, Iesu, Jesus, The Christ, The Nazarene. He has been known by many names. The Father sent me here to find him. Where is he?

PETER:

He's too big for us, now.

MAGDA:

He hasn't been back here in a long time.

ISRAFIL:

What means this? Where has he gone?

PETER:

I'd try The Hell Hole.

ISRAFIL:

You will take me there.

PETER:

No thanks, dude. I don't feel like paying the cover.

ISRAFIL:

You will conduct me to The Lamb immediately!  
(He raises his hands, summoning thunder again.)

MAGDA:

Come. We'll take you.  
(Nadine takes the stage.)

End

NADINE:

(Obviously drunk)

A state of panic is beginning to sweep the populace, as more and more unusual occurrences are reported. But we just keep reporting them, anyway. Oh, and since I'm pretty sure the World is ending, let me say for the record that this network is run by a miserable, jaded C-U-Next Double Hockey Sticks! She just takes out the frustration of her lonely existence on her employees. I've always wanted to say that on the air, and Judgment Day seemed as good a time as any. Stay tuned for more alarmism after this. La la la. Back to you in the studio. Bye.

SCENE 8

(DAMIAN's penthouse. JOSH and DAMIAN are watching TV, DAMIAN's arm is around JOSH. DAMIAN turns off the T.V.)

DAMIAN:

So this is it. God exists, after all...

JOSH:

Do you really think it's The Rapture?

DAMIAN:

You know, I do.

JOSH:

I thought you were an atheist.

DAMIAN:

I was. For a long time I was an atheist. But over the years I've come to realize something about God. God is what humans make of Him. A great many people believe in God, and so He exists. Man believes God is