

Pestilence #1

Coming: A Musical of Biblical Proportions

Read Mrs. Crenshaw

MRS. CRENSHAW:
Stop yelling, honey, mommy has a... headache. What did Paster Pete want?

JOSH:
They're holding auditions for the next season of American Icon in one week in New York City! Pastor Pete thinks I should try out!

MRS. CRENSHAW:
What is that man thinking? Filling you with silly notions like that. You need a good steady job, now you're out of school. Not some pipe dream.

JOSH:
But this could be a real future! Come on, Mom. It's just a couple of days. I've never even seen New York!

MRS. CRENSHAW:
All right, Josh. I guess you can have your audition.

JOSH:
Thanks, Mom! ...I just need to borrow \$40 for a bus ticket.

MRS. CRENSHAW: (Laughing)
And there it is! See, if you did like I asked you and got yourself a job, by now, you wouldn't be asking me to pay for things I can't afford.

JOSH:
C'mon, Mom. This is a chance for me to change lives... there are too many people out there with no hope left. Everybody's so caught up with war and money and all the stuff that shouldn't matter. We've forgotten how to love, and that's the most important thing. If I'm on American Icon, I can touch millions. You know I've got talent. I believe I can do this!

MRS. CRENSHAW:
Why don't you get a nice job at Walmart or Applebees? You can try out for American Icon next year when you saved up.

JOSH:
I just have a really good feeling about this, Mom. I have a purpose in this world. You know I've always been lucky.

MRS. CRENSHAW:
All right, Josh. You think you're so lucky? Let's put it in God's hands. He'll decide for us.
(MRS. CRENSHAW produces a scratch-off lottery ticket.)
Take my lottery ticket. Scratch it off. If it's a winner, you keep the pot and go chase your wild geese. If it's a loser, you start growing up.

JOSH:
Deal.

(JOSH takes the ticket)

MRS. CRENSHAW:

You're mighty sure of yourself!

JOSH:

It's faith, Mom. I have faith in God. And I'll show you He has faith in me.
(JOSH scratches the ticket as MRS. CRENSHAW watches.)

Music #3a - Ballad of Bethlehem Reprise

MRS. CRENSHAW:

Well, I'll be damned! Forty bucks! You won forty bucks!

JOSH:

I knew it! I could feel it!

MRS. CRENSHAW:

You know, now that I'm thinking of it I could really use that money for, um... groceries?

JOSH:

We had a deal, Mom!

MRS. CRENSHAW:

All right. Take the damned money.

JOSH:

New York City, here I come!

End

*I'm in luck.
Now it's clear
I'm destined to get out of here
In one week's time I will premiere
In NYC!*

SCENE 4

(DAMIAN enters, accompanied by his attractive young tour manager, CAIN.)

DAMIAN:

It was around that time, back in New Sodom, when I was struck with... a revelation.
(DAMIAN shifts focus, picking up in the middle of a phone call as he strolls.)
And then it turned out he meant Finnish as in from Finland! So, of course I said yes, and-...
(PETER enters, approaching DAMIAN in awe.)

PETER:

Dude. Bro. Dudebro! You're Damian Salt! Oh my God!

DAMIAN:

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Pestilence #2

Coming: A Musical of Biblical Proportions

Read Nadine

There were so many people out there, but... I thought I saw Magda in the crowd. Did you see her?

DAMIAN:

I didn't. Josh, I can't express how proud I am. That was a performance of Biblical Proportions. They ate you up like Eucharist. How does it feel?

JOSH:

Great.

DAMIAN:

As it should! You've come such a long way in such a short time. You used to be so clean-cut and mainstream and...

JOSH:

Normal?

DAMIAN:

And normal! But now, you're engaging and electric; exceptional. That crowd couldn't look away... And neither could I.

JOSH:

If Magda was out there, maybe she finally wants to talk. I should call her. It's been months...

DAMIAN:

If she wants to see you she'll be at the after-party. Speaking of which, we should get down there, Josh, your public awaits.

(He leads JOSH off, and the lights rise on NADINE.)

Music #19 - Fire & Brimstone Reprise

NADINE:

Be sure to look to the skies late tonight to witness what scientists speculate to be the biggest meteor shower the Earth has seen since Biblical times. Scientists are calling it a miracle of nature, while some religious groups are calling it a sign of the Apocalypse. I'm just calling it an excuse to drink Sangria on my roof deck. Back to you in the studio, Glen.

ENSEMBLE:

*And the Lord rained brimstone and fire
From out of the heavens
Upon our cities*

NADINE:

Hurricane Zebulon marks the 42nd major storm this season; By far the worst storm season in recorded history. Scientists are calling it clear proof of the human footprint on the Earth's climate, religious groups are calling it a sign of the End Times, and I'm calling it a reason to stay off my roof deck this summer.