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Part of the ORIGIN Music Group - An Australian Independent Music Company

**BAD BOY JOHNNY
AND THE PROPHETS OF DOOM**

ACT ONE

A melancholy church bell sounds. The lights slowly fade to black. Eerie wind and strange apocalyptic sounds surround us. JOHNNY, is revealed standing on the upper level, riffing on his electric guitar as the band take up their positions.

MACLEAN: (v/o) You remember how it was in those dark,
dark days...
We created gods to walk the earth....
Prophets of hope prophets of doom..
But still the greatest was to come...
.Johnny...The Chosen One...

THUNDER & LIGHTNING FX
Lights up on the pulpit (stage/L.) to reveal MACLEAN.

THE CHURCH OF OUR SOULS:
Intro: LET US PRAY. The Choir-Girls assemble on stage.

LET US PRAY

MACLEAN: (sings) ~~Ok sinners~~ we're gathered here today
Get down on your knees and ready to pray
Clear your mind of all your worldly
worries - No worries

I don't care if you've heard it all before
And I don't care if your knees are sore
It's not important as the god of love is
Love is

Reaching for the heavens
To touch a thing sublime
Saving up your graces
To buy yourself some time

MACLEAN: (cont) Guilt is like a dagger
A dagger in your day
Let us pray
Let us pray...

Professional confessional and hallelujah
chorus's
Eating body drinking blood the less it
means the more it is
Quite an awkward sod the god of love is
Love is...

JOHNNY enters doing up his cassock.

MACLEAN: Playing out a ritual - denying all things
 physical
 Traipsing off to church and feeling bloody
 miserable
 He's a stickler for time the god of love
 is..

MACLEAN sends the BOYS out into the crowd with collection
plates. Johnny stays and plays his guitar

MACLEAN: Reaching in your pockets
 To pay for peace of mind
 You meek and mild bastards
 Need kicking from behind
 Conscience is a lonely man
 An easy man to sway
 Let us pray
 Let us pray

MACLEAN goes back to the pulpit

MACLEAN: In the name of the father and the son
 and whatever the other one's called...

Ok sinners it's time to concentrate
There's a rather special matter
A matter to relate
Leading me to tell you of a charity do
next sunday
Next sunday

MACLEAN: Bring the kids and missus - I'll supply
 the loaves and fishes
 I'll provide the entertainment - I'll
 supply collection dishes
 We're gonna pay to renovate this place in
 which we congregate
 Next Sunday
 Next sunday..

MACLEAN: Build a better future

**And buy a better home
A house in which to worship
That we can call our own
Comfort is a nicety
For which one has to pay..
Let us pray
(Repeat 8 times)
Amen**

THE CAST fuss round and help him with his coat.

MACLEAN: Late again Johnny?

JOHNNY: Sorry Father...

MACLEAN: That's three Sunday's in a row.

CHARITY: He stayed out all night Father.

MACLEAN: And how the hell would you know?

He turns back to JOHNNY.

MACLEAN: Well, you'd better not be late next Sunday
John or you're for it that's a fact.
Now pack your gear and get off home,
start practising your act.

MACLEAN exits. The BOYS & GIRLS start to circle JOHNNY.

MAL: Johnny wants to be a pop star...

NICK: Pigs might fly to the moon...

CHARITY: How on earth can he be a star
with a band called The Prophets of
Doom!

JOHNNY: I might be...

NICK: He might be...

MAL: You haven't got a hope...

JOHNNY: I might decide to be a pop star.

MAL: Or what?

NICK: ...Or what?

MAL:Or what?

JOHNNY: Or I might be the bleedin' Pope!

The GIRLS laugh.

CHARITY: That's blasphemy!!!

FAITH: That's heresy!

CHARITY: And in a church as well.

MAL: God will tear your soul out
and fling it down to hell.

NICK: But don't be frightened Johnny,
there will be just one other...
Burning with you in the fire...

MAL: You're dirty...

NICK: ...whoring

BOTH: ...Mother!

JOHNNY flies them.

JOHNNY: Say those words again and I swear you'll
never say another.

They edge back but continue

MAL: How much is she these days, Johnny?

NICK: Yeah, how much for a ride?

MAL: How much to kiss her on the lips?
And poke you're tongue inside?

The GIRLS collapse laughing and jeering..

MACLEAN voice booms from above. He is standing on the
upper level.

MACLEAN: Alright, alright, that's enough,
you've had your bit of fun.
Now piss off home the lot of you,
There's business to be done.

The GIRLS & BOYS leave with a chorus of catcalls and
wolf-whistles. MACLEAN comes down the stairs. JOHNNY
picks up his guitar .

MACLEAN: You too son.

JOHNNY exits stage R.

The mood darkens and an ominous organ sounds. MARY enters stage L.

MACLEAN: On your knees now Mary....
On your knees now, please..

MARY kneels.

Have you anything to tell me?
Your conscience is at ease?
Well, I expect you'll need some cash then.
Stay down on your knees.
I've got a couple of jobs for you,
Classy and discreet
I'll make it look attractive.
Well, it's that or walk the street.
Unless of course, you might prefer I took
the boy away?
Locked him up in welfare care, forever and
a day, eh?

MARY: I can't live without him.

MACLEAN: Then there's nothing to be done.
Go praise the Lord, this man of God
has helped you keep your son.

Intro ANOTHER DAY
Church bells chime in the distance, and the lights cross-
fade to a golden glow.

JOHNNY'S HOME:
Sunday morning, a week later.

MARY: (sings)

ANOTHER DAY

**Sunday morning's round again
Another week has faded away
Life begins as church bells ring
My sleepless night returns another day**

**The living room needs vacuuming
But Johnny's sleeping directly overhead
He's dreaming of a life without me
I can't believe he loves me like he says**

So sleep on baby close your eyes
And I'll protect you until the day I die
Sleep on baby, hold on tight
And don't forget that you're mine
Hey baby you're mine

JOHNNY enters his bedroom on the upper gantry.

MARY:

Long ago my guilty secret
Long ago but just like yesterday
I learnt another priestly love
But not the sort you learn about on Sunday

And now this messenger of God
Is taking gentle Johnny away
Fills my mind with thoughts unkind
It's almost like the price I have to pay

So sleep on baby, close your eyes
And I'll protect you until the day I die
Sleep on baby, hold on tight
And don't forget that you're mine
Hey baby you're mine

What Johnny wants - Johnny gets
Motherly affection
Spoiled to perfection
Sunday morning's getting like the second
resurrection
Johnny - Bad boy Johnny
(Repeat 1st three lines of song)

My sleepless night returns
(another day)
Can't believe he loves me
(like he says)
Almost like the price
(I'll have to pay)
Another day

MARY starts the vacuum cleaner. (this prop is practical.)

MARY: (Calling) Are you up yet Johnny? (looking at her watch)

It's eleven thirty eight.

JOHNNY comes down to the stage.

You've no time for breakfast.
Did you get in very late?

JOHNNY: No, very early.

MARY: Well that's good to know.
Sit down, I want word with you
before you do your show.

JOHNNY sits. Mary summons up her courage. Underscore.

MARY: There's something I should have told you
a long, long time ago.
Oh perhaps I shouldn't tell you now,
but I think you ought to know.
I've been a silly woman, Johnny
too weak, too scared to fight...I..

Her resolve breaks. Underscore finishes.

Oh God, forget it, do your show.
I'll talk to you tonight.

JOHNNY: You know I'll always love you Mum,
no matter what you do.
I'll do the show, but I want you to know

He pulls a big pop star stance.

I'll be singing just for you!

JOHNNY exits.

MARY: Oh Jesus....

MARY exits.

THE CHURCH OF OUR SOULS:

An organ sounds a fanfare. The THREE GIRLS enter through
centre with cheerleader pom-poms and go into a tacky
routine.

GIRLS: Okay sinners take your pew
For Father Maclean's 'Charity do'!

The girls go into tumultuous forced applause.

MACLEAN enters and acknowledges the crowd as the girls go
into a full-on cheerleader routine with march-time drums.

Let's make the Church of Our Souls
A jewel in the lord god's crown

Let's make the church of our souls
the best looking temple in town.

MACLEAN: Amen

GIRLS: Amen!

MACLEAN: Amen

GIRLS: Amen!!

MACLEAN: Shut up.

MACLEAN: (to us) Okay sinners take a break,
There's been a slight delay.
Young Johnny hasn't shown up yet,
but we're assured he's on his way.
In the meantime - have you heard the one
about the Pope and the naked nun?
It's just a little risque,
but a helluva lot of fun!

GIRLS: Here he is..!

MACLEAN: ...Oh here he is.
Let's have three cheers for Johnny.
Alright, you boys fire your gear up.
And you lot, flash your money...

The church erupts into activity. Smoke machines are
fired up. The band tunes up. Follow spots swing into
action.

MACLEAN: Right. Let there be light!!

BLACKOUT

We are now in a FANTASY. As JOHNNY sings his song he
becomes the narrator for a series of vignettes depicting
his birth and childhood.

We start with a kind of Nativity scene. MARY holding the
baby JOHNNY. The GIRLS become the three wise men.
JOHNNY narrates as a kind of Angel.

SWEET VIRGIN MARY

JOHNNY: (sings) **It wasn't an immaculate conception
She'd been a dirty girl her mother cried
If only she had used some contraception
Coz' baby's got to eat
And money's hard to come by**

So now she advertises as the 'Virgin Mary'
It's the kind of thing that makes the
clients smile
But you only have to take one look at Mary
To realise she's played
the love game for awhile...

MARY goes out on the game. The BAND play various clients

Sweet Virgin Mary
She'd like to get to know you well
But if you haven't got the price of heaven
baby
You can go to Hell

Sweet Virgin Mary
Wipe the lipstick off your face
Coz' baby needs his mother now
And you're the mother of the human race

JOHNNY enters the fantasy

JOHNNY: While Mary walked the lonely streets of
heartbreak
I used to hang around the pawnshop all
alone
With nothing in my pocket but a heartache
I dreamed of the guitar I longed to own

The SHOPKEEPER enters.

Yeah I'll do anything to earn that six-
string mister
But the mean shopkeeper he won't make a
deal
But that guitar's like a babe, I can't
resist her
So late one night this young boy learned
to steal

The SHOPKEEPER spots MARY on the street and crosses to
proposition her. JOHNNY sees his chance and steals the
guitar

JOHNNY: She'll lead you down the road to meet
temptation
The bed is warm you might just stay a
while
Then suddenly you're lost with no
salvation

**And looking up you see temptation
Smile at you with expectation..
(Repeat Chorus x 2 and finish)**

THE CHURCH OF OUR SOULS:

The THREE GIRLS rush the stage and mob JOHNNY. MACLEAN steps in.

MACLEAN: Back off.Back off!
Give the boy some air.

FAITH: He's beautiful...

CHARITY: ...I want him

MACLEAN: Then you'll have to learn to share.

FAITH: Can we have his autograph?

MACLEAN: If that's okay with Johnny?

JOHNNY nods.

MACLEAN: Write your name for charity
while I collect the money.

MAL & NICK push through the throng.

MAL: Well, well, well. I must admit
just shows you can be wrong.

JOHNNY: What do you want?

MAL: To shake your hand for giving us that
song.

FAITH: Yeah, pretty bloody raunchy.

CHARITY: You sure can play guitar!

MAL: I'd say of all the gigs I've been to
see...yours was best by far.

Everyone agrees.

MAL: So I expect you'll need a manager?

MACLEAN: Uh, uh he's got one over here.
And any business goes through me,
let's just make that clear.

MAL: Perhaps you need a bodyguard?

NICK: A chauffeur?

MAL: ...Or some crew?

MACLEAN: Back off boys. He's in demand,
you'll have to join the queue.

MARY enters and the crowd goes quiet

JOHNNY: What did you think?

MACLEAN: ...She's pleased as punch.

MARY: I'll speak to you at home Johnny.

MARY goes to leave. JOHNNY rushes over and stops her

MARY: (tearful) You're a bad bad boy.
Did you think that was funny?

She exits

MACLEAN: Oh dear, oh dear.

JOHNNY:I'm going.

MACLEAN: Leave her be, she'll simmer down,
And when she sees the piles of gold,
she'll lose that sorry frown.
In the meantime, come and have a drink-
your throat deserves some pleasure-
and let us talk of strategy,
of costs and future treasure.

As they all leave the stage, church bells chime in the
distance. The lights slowly cross-fade down to suggest
nightfall.

Underscore variation on ANOTHER DAY.

JOHNNY'S HOME:

MARY has the radio on. We hear the background patter of
Ms. Fortune voice...

FORTUNE: (AUDIO pre-record)

Yes, you can have anything you want.
All that you desire. You know you deserve
it and you know you're going to get it,

right here on Ecstasy - 666 on your dial....

'We give you what we know you want!' Well it's a quarter to one on a Monday morning and the big news today is that Pope Liberty the Third is embarking on a major world tour. That's right folks, Pope Liberty and his Holy Band of Cardinals are hitting the road for what they say may be the last time and we're very proud here at Ecstasy that this colossal event will be covered exclusively by this station...

Her PHONE rings. MARY answers it. Lights up on DESIRE.

MARY: Hello?

We hear light breathing.

MARY: Hello?

DESIRE (slowly) Johnny has set my soul on fire.

MARY: Who is this?

Pause

...Who is this?

DESIRE: My name is Desire.

We hear the phone hang up and the drone of the dial tone. MARY looks at her watch, hesitates then grabs her coat and leaves the house. Outside she stops. She is aware of someone in the shadows.

MARY: Johnny?.....Johnny?

Silence. She hurries off. As she disappears JOHNNY enters the house, sits down and strums the guitar.

DESIRE: (calls) Johnny?....Johnny?

KISSING GOD

DESIRE: (Sings) **Holding onto an angel's wings
We flew towards the sun
And though the wings were dark as night-
Yours were brighter ones
Playing with my deep emotions**

And playing your guitar
You set my lonely soul on fire
Every time you played a bar

Years of empty loneliness
And days of killing time- oh Johnny
Play just one more song and you'll be mine

And I'll light up a candle
That glows in the dark
Under a picture of you
Dream of the day when I'll be kissing god
Dream of a lifetime...
I'll dream of a lifetime with you

I never screamed in a church before
and I never learned to pray
The only god I ever saw
Was playing rock'n'roll today

I never heard an angel sing
A sacred song above
Until tonight I saw the light
And learned the language of love

You will be my destiny
Until the end of time - Oh Johnny
Play just one more song and you'll be mine

And I'll light up a candle
That glows in the dark
Under a picture of you
Dream of the day when I'll be kissing god
Dream of a lifetime with you

Then I'll blow out the candle
And cry in the dark
Baby you know that it's true
Remember the day when I was kissing god
I'll do it in memory
Do it in memory of you.

They kiss. She blows out the candle.

BLACKOUT

THE CHURCH OF OUR SOULS:
MARY'S voice calling in the gloom.

MARY: Johnny? Johnny?

The lights come up on the altar. Empty wine bottles and collection plates full of money are strewn on the steps. MACLEAN stands with his back to us as if in deep prayer. He turns round, startled by MARY'S voice and tries to do up his fly.

MACLEAN: God has done a miracle,
turned my waters into wine.
And wine goes in a chalice,
so that's where I've put mine.

MARY: That's disgusting...

MACLEAN:Give us a kiss

MARY: You're drunk...

MACLEAN:I've got the money
Enough to buy you for the night
thanks to your boy Johnny.
So on your knees now, Mary.

She backs off.

MACLEAN: It's a sin to disobey.
And if you want forgiveness
You'll do exactly what I say.

He grabs her.

MARY: Get your filthy hands off me.
You've gone too far this time.
You won't have me or Johnny.

MACLEAN: I will....

MARY: No you won't. He's mine.

MACLEAN tries to kiss her. There is a struggle.

MARY: I'm going to take him far away.
Get right out of this town...

MACLEAN: Oh shut your stupid mouth up
and pull yer' knickers down.

MARY: But first of all I'll sell myself
just once more to the paper,
Tell the sorry tale of Mary
and the priest who tried to rape her.

She kneels him in the balls. MACLEAN screams.

The press won't be forgiving
on your judgement day Maclean.
When my story hits the headlines,
you'll never preach again.

MACLEAN: You wouldn't dare....

MARY: ...Just watch me.
And I'll make a lot of money.
Enough to move away from here
Enough to keep my Johnny.

MACLEAN: I'll excommunicate you, Mary.
Damn your soul as well.
What d'you say to that, you bitch?

MARY: I say you can go to Hell!

MARY exits. MACLEAN watches her go. The music builds,
he turns upstage to the altar and raises his arms in a
kind of invocation. The stage becomes red and Hell-like.

The centre arch starts to glow strangely, and the altar
slowly slides back. The arch fills with smoke and
flames. We are at the gates of Hell. MACLEAN walks
through the arch.

THUNDER and LIGHTNING. As he exits the colour of the
light changes from red to midnight blue. Clouds start to
gather...

ON THE STREET:

MARY re-enters, hurrying home. A storm is brewing. Out
of the darkness we hear voices....

MAL: How much is it these days darlin'?

NICK: Yeah, how much for a ride?

She backs away from the voices.

MAL: How much to kiss you on the lips?

BOTH: And poke your tongue inside...

MARY: Leave me alone. I beg you.....

NICK: Ooh, she's begging for it now.

MAL: If you wanna beg, get on your knees!

NICK: Yeah, on your knees, you cow....

BOTH: On your knees, on your knees, on your knees....

As they continue to chant, the music builds up to a climactic chord on which two headlamps light up within the centre arch, like eyes from Hell.

MARY, her back to us, is caught in their beam. Slowly, almost trance-like, she lowers herself to her knees. The voices laugh with glee. The 'car' revs its engine and with a squeal of terror and tyres shoots forward and on the moment of impact...

BLACKOUT

MARY'S scream hangs in the air and becomes the wailing of a siren.

Lights fade up. MARY'S body lies in a crumpled heap. JOHNNY rushes over. The siren stops and an ambulance light sweeps the stage.

VOICE ONE: The traffic's been cordoned off, the area's well policed. Report, one female, thirty-ish, recently deceased.

VOICE TWO: Any witnesses...?

VOICE ONE: .Just a boy who says that he's her son.

VOICE TWO: Sounds like just another streetwalker, killed in a hit and run.

JOHNNY picks up MARY'S body and passes her to the UNDERTAKER who puts her in a coffin.

THE CHURCH OF OUR SOULS:

The coffin is placed centre stage. JOHNNY stares into the open casket.

MACLEAN enters, watches JOHNNY for a while, then crosses to him.

MACLEAN: Ah, it's a terrible thing, bereavement but one must face these facts.

A pause. He studies MARY's lifeless face.

It's amazing, isn't it, what they can do
with a bit of mortician's wax ?

MACLEAN: Well you've had three long days of misery
since your dear Mum departed.
But floods of tears won't pay the bills.
It's time we got you started.

He produces a contract.

Oh by the way, can you sign this autograph
for me?

JOHNNY signs without looking, lost in grief.

MACLEAN: And just once more on the dotted line,
then I'll let you be.

JOHNNY signs again. MACLEAN pockets the contract.

MACLEAN: Right, now that I'm your manager,
you can leave it all to me...
And I promise you a life of style,
of wealth and luxury.
I'll leave you with your sorrow,
I'll be waiting at the gate.
Your first recording's in half an hour,
let's try not to be late.

MACLEAN exits. The lights fade. JOHNNY is caught in the
colours of the stained glass window...

BAD BOY JOHNNY

JOHNNY: (Sings) **Mother, why did you care for me?
I was a stranger at your door
Oh mother, mother did you die for me?
Better that I'd died for you,
I love you more**

MACLEAN & THE THE BOYS enter carrying a coffin lid. They
hammer it down in time to the music.

JOHNNY: **Mother, remember when you said to me
'Love is for eternity' so how could it be?
My mother, just another memory
Fading on the mantelpiece
My fire, my dream**

ALL: **What Johnny wants, Johnny gets
What johnny wants, Johnny gets
(Repeat)**

MACLEAN puts headphones on JOHNNY. He is making his first record.

JOHNNY: **Bad boy Johnny
Sang for the money
Sold his soul to Father Maclean
Sang to little children,
Johnny was a pilgrim
Johnny loved the money and fame**

**Sad boy Johnny feeling kinda lonely
Mummy went and left him alone
Now the night is dying
Johnny sits there crying
Trying to live his life on his own
He sings:**

**Mother, why did you care for me?
I was but a stranger at your door
Oh mother, mother did you die for me?
Better that I died for you,
I loved you more**

ALL: **What Johnny wants, Johnny gets
What Johnny wants, Johnny gets
(Repeat)**

A crowd roars. The guitarists join JOHNNY in concert mode. MACLEAN intro's the band.

MACLEAN: **Humble brethren, put your hands together
for Bad Boy Johnny and the Prophets of
Doom!**

JOHNNY: **Bad boy Johnny sang for the money
Sold his soul to Father Maclean
Sang to little children,
Johnny was a pilgrim
Johnny loved the money and fame**

**Bad boy Johnny spends a lot of money
Doesn't like this feeling of gloom
Screams at people screaming
Knows that they are dreaming**

Of Johnny and the Prophets of Doom

Johnny and the Prophets of Doom
Johnny and the Prophets of Doom

ALL: **Doom Doom.....Doom Da Doom**

BLACKOUT

We vaguely make out the lights of a big city. The video screen comes to life with CHARLIE FORTUNE in close-up surrounded by press microphones. The following scene to be pre-recorded but to look like live to air.

ALL PRESS: Mr Fortune, Mr Fortune...

PRESS ONE: We've heard that Johnny's on the show.
Can you tell us if it's true?

FORTUNE: It's possible.

PRESS TWO: Yeah, really?

FORTUNE: Would I lie to you?

PRESS ONE: And someone said Pope Liberty
might be joining Johnny?

FORTUNE: Well that depends on lots of things.

PRESS ONE: Namely?

FORTUNE: (laughs) Mainly money!

Knowing laugh from PRESS.

PRESS TWO: What's the show called, Charlie?

PRESS THREE: And how much is his fee?

FORTUNE: I have to talk to Johnny now.
So let's just wait and see...

THE STUDIOS OF ECSTASY TV:

CHARLIE FORTUNE enters with THE GIRLS who are now high-powered PA's. Intro WHAT - U - WANT

WHAT - U - WANT

FORTUNE: (Sings) **Take a look at my equipment**
I just know that you'll be tempted to buy
With a little titillation
You'll be into installation

And you'll be payin'¹
till the day that you die

You stereo, you want video
You want to be a TV star
You've gotta be on top
No, you ain't never gonna stop
'Til the whole world knows who you are

GIRLS:

'Coz everyone wants everything
There just ain't quite enough for us all
So waste no time be the first in line
Dial 666 and give us a call!

We give you what we know you want
And you'll be payin' till the day that you
die.

FORTUNE:

You wanna give your best performance
And you're hopin' that you get it right
Coz if you blow it, they can pick it
Yeah coz everyone's a critic
And everyday's a opening night

FORTUNE:

You want ecstasy! You want liberty!
You wanna live it in your living room
You want sex and fear with your ice cold
beer
You want Johnny and the Prophets of Doom.

So if you're into entertainment
And if you're into playing games
If you wanna be a winner
Then you gotta be a sinner
Cos we'll never make this offer again
(Repeat Chorus)

MACLEAN: Does this mean Johnny's got the gig?

FORTUNE: He's starting right away.

MACLEAN: I'd rather hoped to find out
what you intend to pay!
And what's all this about the Pope?
He might steal Johnny's thunder.

FAITH: Charlie Fortune's got a plan..

MACLEAN: And what is that, I wonder?