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# PREVIEW: RAPTURE RADIO

By

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# Cast of Characters

REPORTER: Maria Delano
HOUSEWIFE
STUDENT
FORLORN WOMAN

## Synopsis

A radio broadcast interviews three different individuals who have widely varied responses to the fact that they're still here on Earth after everyone else seems to have disappeared.

# Act 1

## Scene 1

**(Everything is in darkness. Three figures are on stage, separated stage right, center stage and stage left.)**

**REPORTER**

Good morning. This is Maria Delano, coming to you from the streets of *(insert local location)* for WKLX: Rapture Radio. I can’t really be certain if anyone is listening at this point, but for those of you who do happen to be tuned in, I’m wandering the streets of a small neighborhood – not far from downtown – for some real- time reactions to the mass disappearance of people earlier this morning, which can only be described as an event indicating the return of Jesus Christ. Your response, Ma’am?

**(Lights up stage right on a HOUSEWIFE.)**

**HOUSEWIFE**

Well, I’m not really sure what to say. It makes no sense. The entire family next door has disappeared and – well – **(mild disdain)** they’re Catholics – but ultimately pretty decent people. **(Conspiratorially)** But then, the young woman across from us – the one who throws those parties every weekend – she’s gone, too. Now I’m not one to judge, but is it really possible that she’s gone, and I’m still standing here? Really, Maria, I’ve been a Christ-follower since day one – born and baptized! Volunteer at our church’s soup kitchen, have been president of the ladies’ auxiliary for two terms and spend time in the Word everyday. I know my Bible backwards and forwards! **(To an invisible child; angry)** Jimmy, shut your trap. Mama’s giving an interview. **(Back to Maria)** If I’d have known that I could be seen on the arm of a different man every weekend like “someone I know” **(indicates woman across the street)** and still get sucked back into the clouds, well then…**(she catches herself; recollects)** No, I’ve followed all the rules and done all the right things, so I’m sure it’s just a matter of time until I join everyone else. Probably just an oversight. Or someone’s mistake, more likely. Bad office help, you know. You can’t get quality service these days.

**(Lights down on HOUSEWIFE and lights up center stage on a HIGH SCHOOL / COLLEGE STUDENT.)**

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**FORLORN WOMAN**

**(paced a little slower than the preceding two; simple and honest)** I’m not surprised at all. All my life, I’ve known the difference between right and wrong. And for one reason or another, I chose poorly. I’ve turned my back on family and friends who’ve wanted to care for me. I’ve done things that’ve hurt others – worst of all, myself. I wasted my time, threw away money, made a mockery of my talents. And for what? What have I got to show for it? I’m stuck in the grip of stuff that would make you shudder. Make you weep. But it’s not anyone else’s fault, Maria. All of you listening – any of you who are still here: we made our own beds. **(A moment)** So the only thing now is to own my mistakes and hope. In a God who’s bigger than even what I can conceive. Of endless forgiveness and of eleventh-hour rescues. That’s all I’ve got at this point, so why not? I made the mess, but I’m sure not gonna get myself out of it. **(Very slowly and very deliberately, she kneels to pray. It is probably the first time this has ever happened. She is tentative and uncertain.)** Hi, God. This is a little surreal and you may not even remember hearing from me before, but at this point, I thought I’d give it a try…

**(As she continues to pray, the lights dim slowly out as she continues to speak.)**




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