

**RAPTURE**

by

Dan Forrester

**ACT I**                      **SCENE 1**

*Outside in the street, present day. There are empty cars in the road that have crashed and pairs of empty footwear litter the pavement. The atmosphere is smoky and apocalyptic.*

*DEANO and KENNY are standing on the pavement looking bewildered.*

*We hear a trumpet blast.*

**KENNY:**                      What the hell was that, Deano? Where's everyone gone all of a sudden?

**DEANO:**                      I saw a film about this. Judging by the loud trumpets and smoke wisping up from their boots, Kenny, I'd say they've all gone to heaven and left us behind with the scallywags.

**KENNY:**                      (*Gasps*) Heaven?

**DEANO:**                      Yeah.

*(Beat)*

**KENNY:**                      But it's not open till nine.

**DEANO:**                      Not the nightclub, you idiot. Proper heaven.

**KENNY:**                      Proper heaven?

**DEANO:**                      It's the Rapture.

**KENNY:**                      (*Gasps louder*) Blondie?

**DEANO:**                      No, the proper Rapture.

**KENNY:**                      So what about us? What makes them so special?

**DEANO:**                      They're chosen. They must go to church and stuff.

**KENNY:**                      That's not fair, I went to church once!

**DEANO:**                      That doesn't count.

**KENNY:**                      And why not?

**DEANO:**                      'Cos you stole the lead from the roof. They won't like that.

**KENNY:**                      But I donated it to charity.

**DEANO:**                      You dumped three tonnes of it on the high street outside Age UK.

**KENNY:**                      Exactly.

**DEANO:** Because you found out the police were going to search your lock-up.

**KENNY:** It's the thought that counts, innit?

**DEANO:** No, it's the leaky roof that counts. That's why they've all gone, and you're still here.

**KENNY:** (*Hrumphs*) So what are you still doing here?

**DEANO:** Ah, well, I fell in with a bad crowd, didn't I?

**KENNY:** Oh yeah? Who was that, then?

**DEANO:** You.

**KENNY:** So how do we get ourselves ruptured?

**DEANO:** Raptured. We need to do something good. Really good. And quick.

**KENNY:** Like what?

**DEANO:** You still got that charity box you found lying about all on its lonesome with no-one there holding it or looking after it?

**KENNY:** Yeah. No. Might have. Why?

**DEANO:** And that mobility scooter you found all on its lonesome with no-one there sitting on it or looking after it?

**KENNY:** I've just fitted it with some alloys I found lying about all on their lonesome with no-one--

**DEANO:** You need to give them all back.

**KENNY:** Give 'em back? Who to? If they're so good they'll have buggered off with the rest of 'em by now. Maybe not the old fella who was nowhere near the mobility scooter, he looked a bit slow on his feet, but--

**DEANO:** What have you got left in your lock-up?

**KENNY:** Just a few bits and bobs. You know what my old mam used to say, other people's pockets are like a box of chocolates; you never know what you're gonnato get. I had to clear a lot of it out for the church roof, though.

**DEANO:** We need a gesture.

**KENNY:** I've got a couple of these you can have. (*Sticks up two fingers*)

**DEANO:** Not that kind of gesture. A symbol of our inherent goodness and--

**KENNY:** Nadgers. If I have to give all my stuff back I'd rather stay here.

**DEANO:** And what will you do with it? Money will be worthless. There'll be no power for the scooter. We'll be reduced to scavengers, living off our wits. Like that film...

**KENNY:** The Breakfast Club?

**DEANO:** No, not The Breakfast Club. Why are you always going on about the bloody Breakfast Club?

**KENNY:** (*Mutters*) It's a good film.

**DEANO:** Come on, think! Before it's too late.

**KENNY:** What if I don't want to go? I like it here. I belong here. So do you. It's our home, however shit you think it is.

**DEANO:** Don't you get it? The only people left are the scum of the earth, the sinners, the wrong 'uns. I'm better than that. I've got scruples.

**KENNY:** I might be able to find you a buyer for those.

**DEANO:** Who? There's no-one bloody left!

**KENNY:** What's so good about heaven, anyway? Last time I was in there it was full of dogs and shite music.

**DEANO:** It's not like the nightclub, Kenny. We're talking harps, golden gates, naked angels--

**KENNY:** Naked angels?

**DEANO:** Well, they were naked in the bible pictures back in Sunday school.

**KENNY:** Yeah, I remember that. But they weren't angels, Deano. I don't reckon angels kiss like that. What we had there was one of your dad's magazines. I nicked it from his car.

**DEANO:** All right, all right. Not the point, is it?

**KENNY:** Well get to the bloody point, then. I told you, I'm staying. I love it here, right or wrong. I love the people with all those things they leave lying about. I love the smell of stale beer when you walk in a pub. I love the singing at the match and the fights at the taxi rank. I love--

**DEANO:** There won't be any more matches, Kenny! Or pubs! Look, you stay if you want. I'm off upstairs where I belong. I'll send you a postcard.

**KENNY:** If you belonged there you would have been sucked up with the rest of the choirboys. Face it, you're as bad as me. And we're both as bad as everyone left.

**DEANO:** Not me, mate. I've just had bad luck. I could have been someone, I

could. One of my primary school teachers said I was a treasure.

**KENNY:** Yeah, 'cos she wanted to bury you.

**DEANO:** I'm serious, I've got brains. If things had worked out different I wouldn't be stuck here with you. You were a bad influence, making me mess about in high school. And you got me on the fags and booze, and then robbin' from the shops.

**KENNY:** I used to love detention. It was just like being in--

**DEANO:** Don't mention the bloody Breakfast Club again.

**KENNY:** You know what? You're right. I messed up your life; it's all my fault. I'm sorry. If it weren't for me holding you back, you could have been one of the good guys. If there was anything I could do to make it up to you, I would.

**DEANO:** Are you taking the piss?

**KENNY:** No, I mean it. I'm really sorry. (*Shouts at the sky*) Hey, big guy, I resent!

**DEANO:** You repent.

**KENNY:** (*Shouts at the sky again*) Suck up Deano! It were all my fault, I tell you. Don't worry about me, I want to stay. I relent!

*BEAT*

**KENNY:** Hey, you know what? I feel really light all of a sudden, like a weight's been lifted from my shoulders. Wow, that's amazing. Hey, Deano, can you hear that shite music? (*Gasps*) It's Blondie!

*Trumpet blasts*

*Exit KENNY in a puff of smoke*

*Beat*

**DEANO:** Kenny? Kenny! Oh, you've got to be kidding me. That's so unfair. (*Shouts at the sky*) Take me, I love Blondie!

*CURTAIN*