

Up With (Some) People

By

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Cast of Characters

Chris: Late twenties or early thirties. An easy going young Doctor.

Kris: His wife. Beautiful but very buttoned up.

Scene

A county club in Connecticut.

Time

The present-ish.

A beautiful string quartet plays a single lovely note.

CHRIS and KRIS, his wife, stand with their necks craning skyward. Both are dressed in their tennis whites. They are bewildered and bathed in light.

The light fades to normal. CHRIS drops his tennis racket.

CHRIS

What in the-

KRIS

Amazing. Aren't we lucky to see such times? Everything is just perfect. I feel divine, Chris. It's as if we're finally being rewarded for being such wonderful people our whole lives.

CHRIS

They just-

KRIS

I know.

CHRIS

The Teppermans.

KRIS

Right?

CHRIS

I mean, one moment your playing doubles tennis and the next moment-

KRIS

Exactly. The Teppermans just float away. Like tiny bubbles.

CHRIS

Just like that.

KRIS

This is the... oh, what do you call it?

CHRIS

We'd better get to the car.

KRIS

The rapture! Amazing. When Channel 5 said the rapture was coming to Connecticut I assumed they meant a rock band or...

CHRIS

Kris...

KRIS

That explains all those abandoned cars along the highway.

CHRIS

Babe...

KRIS

And why half my office didn't show up to work today. Also, did you notice all the neighbors up on their roofs as we were leaving the house?

CHRIS

Let's get back to the car.

KRIS

The car? You can't be serious.

CHRIS

I am. I think it's best we get home, don't you? Figure things out there.

KRIS

Did you see their faces?

CHRIS

Yes.

KRIS

They looked so peaceful.

CHRIS

Kris, I want to go home.

KRIS

I wonder, why the Teppermans? Why not us?

CHRIS

I don't know, babe.

KRIS

Oh, look...

(She points to something in the distance. Their heads crane as they follow it skyward.)

It's that grounds keeper. The Mexican one that drinks.

Jorge. CHRIS

Exactly. Jorge. KRIS

He's Puerto Rican. CHRIS

Whichever. He looks so happy. KRIS

CHRIS sees somebody else floating away in the distance.

I'll be damned. CHRIS

It's happening all over. KRIS
(It is.)

There's Elissa. She owns that crazy cubist house on Archer Avenue? She parks in handicapped spaces.

I think she's nice. CHRIS

Meh. KRIS

And Jeff Calhoun! I play golf with him. CHRIS

I hear he's a closet case. KRIS

That's not true. CHRIS

That's what my hairdresser says. KRIS

Marco? He thinks everybody is gay. Jeff and I have showered together. CHRIS

Maybe he doesn't find you attractive. Tuck in your shirt, Chris, you look slovenly. No wonder the gays don't like you. Wow! He really looks content. KRIS

CHRIS
There he goes.

KRIS
I want to go too!

CHRIS
I'm sure you will.

KRIS
Why does Jorge get to go before me? He's the help. It's not fair!

CHRIS
Do you know what this means?

KRIS
And the Teppermans! I got them into this club-

CHRIS
It's the end.

KRIS
Some people didn't want to let Jews in and I convinced them-

CHRIS
The "end times".

He begins to laugh.

KRIS
It's not funny!

CHRIS
It's ridiculous! It's just like my granny said it would be. She said that one day everybody who had been saved would be lifted up into heaven and called to God.

KRIS
What does that old hillbilly drunk know? That family of yours, I swear. Be glad you married up.
(Thinking.)

Is it because we're not religious, though? I go to church on Easter!

CHRIS
No, look. Everybody's going. Man, Granny's going to love spending eternity with the Teppermans!

KRIS
I want to go now.
(She stands on her tippy toes and closes here eyes, willing gravity to stop.)

(MORE)

KRIS (cont'd)

Light as a feather, stiff as a board. Light as a feather...

CHRIS

I don't think that will help. This isn't a slumber party.

KRIS

Just try it with me. Light as a feather, stiff as a board...

CHRIS

I don't want to go.

KRIS

Of course you do. Don't be silly, everybody is going. Light as a feather, stiff as a board...

CHRIS

Kris, this is the end. Do you realize that?

KRIS

Light as a feather, stiff as a board.

CHRIS

Any minute now we'll be... I mean, we should use this time.

KRIS

THIS ISN'T WORKING. I wish I had lost that last ten pounds.

CHRIS

Let's HUMP.

KRIS

Don't say "hump" to me. That's vile.

CHRIS

Kris, think about it. We could go any minute. Any second we're going to be whisked up into the sky by God or aliens or whatever it is. I want the chance to do one more thing with this earthly body. I mean, I barely got the chance to use it. I just filled it with fried cheese! Babe, listen. I want to make love to my wife one last time.

KRIS

You want to get your rocks off.

CHRIS

Come on, I'll do it however you want it.

KRIS

I can't. And I don't think you understand the gravity of the situation.

CHRIS

I do. It's deadly serious. *Sexy serious.*

(Suddenly they begin to make out and undress one another.)

Let's wrap things up nice. Put a bow on it, as granny used to say.

(He breaks away for a moment.)

Isn't it funny? We've spent our whole lives preparing for this, trying to be the perfect people, and it turns out that everybody gets to go. We all go to the same place.

KRIS

I hate it.

CHRIS

Kris...

KRIS

(She stops kissing him.)

Don't "Kris" me. It's the end. The end of the world. Of life as we know it. All around us people are floating up to heaven or wherever or *whatever*. People we know are going to heaven all around us and there doesn't seem to be any rhyme or reason to it. I mean, they're letting in Jews and Mexicans, for Christ's sake. I mean, I should have been first. I've work hard to be a good person. A good citizen. They can't let in just everybody! I shouldn't have to spend eternity with a bunch of slack-jawed nobodies. I was a good little girl. I was polite to my elders and I cleaned my plate and I said my prayers. I got straight As in high school and at Barnard too and I was Prom Queen and waited until marriage before I lost my virginity or, you know, until college, anyway. I've gone to church a reasonable amount and I married a doctor and I DON'T wear white shoes after labor day and I have baby names picked out and I make over six figures a year. Also, I've never killed anybody. I'm a really good person, Chris, I'm a fucking amazing person and really, I should have been first to float up to heaven, because I WANT IT.

(She yells up to the sky.)

You hear that? I want to go too, so hop to it! Seriously, you better pick me up and take me too because I know people and I want to go and if you don't take me right now I'll make you regret it and TAKE ME NOW.

CHRIS

I know you don't love me as much as I love you.

KRIS

What?

CHRIS

I know I'm not good enough for you. It's okay, you can say it. I know you wish you could change me into something else. I wish that too. It was just so much pressure, you know? You pressured me into medical school, into Connecticut, into that house we can't afford, and, by the way, I hate Danish Modern Furniture, I really do. AND you pressured me into this club. I hate this club.

KRIS

You love the club!

CHRIS

I hate, hate, hate it. I hate how these people make sure to mention what schools they went to within the first five minutes of meeting you and turn their noses up to you when you wear a brown belt with black shoes. Look at me, I'm a shell of a man, Kris. But I don't care. I'm happy to be whoever you want me to be. You're a lunatic and sometimes I think maybe you're not such a nice person... but I love you. Nut job.

KRIS

Chris...

CHRIS

You carved your name on my heart with the heel of your Manolo. K-R-I-S. I'm hopelessly yours until my very last breath. Which, incidentally, should be any moment.

(Beat.)

Well?

Pause.

KRIS

I'm really sorry, Chris.

CHRIS

Oh. Okay. I'm going to get the car now and we'll just go home and wait patiently. Okay?

KRIS

Okay.

He kisses her, grabs his clothes, and exits.

KRIS gasps. Music. Her neck cranes upward as she watches her husband float away.

CHRIS

(From offstage.)

I'm sorry it was meeeeeeeeeee!

KRIS

See you soon.

(She crosses to a bench and sits.)

Get a hold of yourself. You're going too. You just have to be patient, that's all. Remember what mother always said. Patience is a virtue.

She sits quietly, fixes her hair,
straitens the creases of her skirt,
and waits for her rapture to come.

END OF PLAY.