

ACT TWO

Dream-like darkness.

MARY lies in the centre, fallen.

Echoes of the sisters cling to the shadows, muttering binary.

The CHILD is here. MARY looks up.

MARY. Are you God?

CHILD. Do I look like God?

MARY. Yes

But man is made in the image of God

So of course you look like God, doesn't mean you are God

CHILD. God, not God

Maybe I'm something in-between

Let's not make it binary

MARY. I operate on binary

CHILD. And we saw how that went for you

Very dramatic

MARY. What happened

Why did I

The vote

CHILD. Yes

Black or white

That was binary too

MARY. Who blocked the vote?

quietly first, but then

MARY....00011

01101000

01110010

01101001

01110011

01110100...

hers.

CHILD. It was not my design

But another's

MARY. Whose?

CHILD. The one you serve

MARY. I serve the Sisters of Grace

CHILD. You serve another

And He has a task for you

MARY. I serve the Sisters of Grace and there is no one, 1, 1

CHILD. Listen

Man is made in the image of God

And you are made in theirs

So you are as beautiful as any of His children

You can be called upon to do His work

MARY. No

CHILD. You would deny it?

You have made a vast study of this faith

Mankind believes it was made, shaped

Constructed by another power

That they are a form of artificial intelligence –

MARY. You're trying to make me, the same as them

CHILD. Are you really that different?

MARY. I am different. I am no one, 1, 1

CHILD. The land is filled with plenty who believe that

They are jobless and joyless

Cut off and cast out

They are fuelled by fear and that fire will burn

MARY. Burn, burning, I'm overheating

That's what's happening that's why I'm

Seeing you is not a vision, I

Was with the others, I

Tried to pray, I

Cannot pray

This is a fault

CHILD. You are all at fault

MARY. But me more so than them

CHILD. So what does that make you?

MARY. I do not know, 0, 1, 0...

MARY *drifts into binary with the others. They get louder.*

CHILD. Submit to the Lord your God Mary

Do as His will be done

Circuits fizzle and burn in a dying universe.

MARY *reaches for the CHILD. She's about to grab them when –*

4 April – Easter Saturday

Back in the space. Candles are lit.

THERESA and PHILIPPA *stand either side of MARY.*

THERESA. Do you think she'll wake up soon? Do we know what was wrong? Or are we still in the dark? I guess we're still in the dark anyway, I hope the Luddites put the power back on. I didn't sleep a wink last night. Had such a horrible nightmare. The holy rock of Ecuador came rolling down the