

MARY. God told me to

CONSTANCE. God, told you to blackball the. (*Chuckles.*) Well he's kept you busy

MARY. He has

CONSTANCE. Hiding the Reapers, smashing the relics, and what was His reasoning for this, did He not have faith in Elizabeth?

MARY. I think He has faith in all of you

CONSTANCE *chuckles again.*

It must be, His design. For it to lead to this

CONSTANCE. Lead to this? You and me? You and me in an empty (*Chuckles again.*)

MARY. What's so funny?

CONSTANCE. I've no idea. I thought I was doing some great and noble thing. Forcing the others away. Taking the fall for Philippa. Turns out, I'm taking the fall for you! For you. (*She can't stop laughing.*)

MARY. Sister?

CONSTANCE's *laughter becomes crying.*

I will leave you, sister

CONSTANCE *is still crying.*

I will leave

MARY *goes to exit.*

*The CHILD appears at the door. They are not barefoot; they wear military boots which are trampling muddy footprints.*

MARY *pauses, unable to work out if they are real or not. But this one is real alright.*

CONSTANCE *turns and sees the visitor.*

CONSTANCE. Oh! Welcome, um. Sorry I, always get emotional at Easter. Christ is dead and all that. I won't give any spoilers, but there's a big twist coming. What's your name? Are you lost? Can I fetch you some tea? We've got a

camping stove set up in the kitchen. They can take away our power but they can't take away our tea. Mary, fetch the tea

*The CHILD produces a knife.*

CHILD. It's fetching me nothing

CONSTANCE (*beat*). No tea for you then

CHILD (*gestures to MARY*). Is this an instrument of our destruction?

CONSTANCE. Pardon?

CHILD. Is this an instrument of our destruction? We are wise to the tools of capitalism, they reek of the blood they spill

CONSTANCE. You're a Luddite

CHILD. We are the revolution. We are the momentum. Terms like 'Luddite' belittle our cause. We are the future. We are the progress

CONSTANCE. You're certainly a lot of things. I'll tell you what I am. Old enough to be your grandmother

CHILD. And I'm old enough to care. 'Bout my country. My lands, my birth right

CONSTANCE. There's no need to wave a knife around. You've missed the party. Your friends passed by last night

CHILD. Aye. I was there. But where are the cog-jobs?

CONSTANCE. The what?

CHILD. We came to gut them in the fields, pour the oil back into the soil they stole it from. You've hidden them. The robots

MARY. They're gone

CHILD (*jabbing at MARY*). Just this one left then

CONSTANCE. Hang on hang on. How do you know she's. Why d'you think she's a robot?

CHILD. Saw the photos online. One thing they're in the hospitals, the shops, but now they're in the churches?

CONSTANCE. And when's the last time you were in a church, eh? Just calm down. Tell me your name

CHILD. I am not one, I am many

CONSTANCE. Uh huh, well I'm Sister Constance, this is Mary

CHILD. Not talking to a cog-job

CONSTANCE. Look. If you leave right now, I won't be telling your parents, or anything like that

CHILD. They're in this fight as well! This is the beginning. The day of reckoning. We announced it on the streams, the last dusk, the new dawn, today's the day we take our future back. We reclaim the docks, the airports, we're gonna stop these things coming to our shores

CONSTANCE. The, airports?

CHILD. Do you know how much they're spending on these cog-jobs?

CONSTANCE. What's happening at the airports?

CHILD. Do you know how many they've assembled? Industry's dying, economy's tanking, but the elite build an army?

CONSTANCE. So you and friends build your own? You can't use violence to solve this. Nobody's gonna get hurt, are they? At the airports

CHILD. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth

CONSTANCE. Now don't you go quoting scripture at me!

CHILD. We are the revolution. We are the momentum! You can't understand. You're safe in here, you're fed, get a bed. We don't even get that, but these things do?

CONSTANCE. I understand your pain, I do, it's tough, when things change

CHILD. So we're changing them back

CONSTANCE. But they're not the problem. They're just the wrong solution

CHILD. So you admit that it's wrong, it's unnatural, we are w to the tools of capitalism, they reek of the blood they spill

CONSTANCE. Yes yes yes, you've said that already –

CHILD. I'll say it over and over again. I'll say it over and ov again (*To MARY*). Get on your knees

MARY. Please

CONSTANCE. Hey now –

CHILD. Shut up or you're next. (*To MARY*). Get on your knees, or do I have to fix you already? (*Gestures with knif*

MARY. You're scaring me

CHILD. I'm scaring you? I'm scaring you?

*The CHILD strikes MARY. She falls to the ground.*

You're terrifying

MARY tries to get up and the CHILD strikes her again.

MARY. I'm sorry. (*Beat*). Forgive me

*The CHILD strikes MARY again.*

CONSTANCE. Stop it. This isn't

CHILD. S'just a tool

CONSTANCE. She's not

CHILD. The wrong solution, that's what you said

CONSTANCE. I know I know, I'm, oh God

CHILD. We've got to gut the robot

CONSTANCE. But I'm the robot

CHILD (*pause*). What?

CONSTANCE. I'm the robot

CHILD (*beat*). No she's the robot

CONSTANCE. That's what we want you to think. Are all Luddites this stupid? She's just a decoy