

THE DARK MYSTERIES

By
ALEX JONES

Commission for final year East 15 drama students showcase production and directed by Shane Dempsey in January 2014.

The Dark Mysteries - a contemporary take on the Medieval Mystery Play:

It's payback time for God; the planet he created is plagued by global warming, wars and corruption. And so he sends his only begotten daughter to take revenge. No longer the 'good shepherd', this teenage girl has attitude; she's recruiting disciples – if you're up for carnage and mayhem, you're in! Inspired by the new age gospel of revenge and retribution they follow the Christ child on a mission to teach the world a lesson... it's going to be risky and for some people very painful.

A dystopian future where global warming is making its mark and social upheaval gives way to England's first fascist government. God decides it's time to sort the mess out, and so sends his only daughter to wreak havoc and deliver the new age gospel of revenge and retribution – 'Blessed are the angry and pissed off for they will save the world.'

The Bible rewritten for a world in torment, standing at the very precipice of destruction.

**SYNOPSIS & SAMPLE SCENES
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CHARACTERS

FIVE DISCIPLES

FOUR PROPHETS

FOUR NEIGHBOURS

POLICE AND GUARDS

ALAN WYATT – PRIME MINISTER

COLIN – GOVERNMENT MINISTER

EDWARD – GOVERNMENT MINISTER

CHRISTINE – GOVERNMENT MINISTER

ROMI MATCHVAYA

HER FATHER

HER MOTHER

FATHER G

MOTHER G

MIA SALAHORI

GIRL

OFFICIAL

PIMP

CUSTOMER

PUNTER

GABRIEL – AN ANGEL

ISOBEL – AN ANGEL

JESS – THE CHRIST CHILD

Cast double up to play many parts; including
The Prophets and *Disciples* – a sort of chorus.

CHAPTER 1**SEEK YE THE LORD AND HE MAY BE FOUND**

Music as five disparate DISCIPLES walk on stage, they form a line. They look formidable and serious as they address the audience.

- DISCIPLE 1 It's been a long hard journey just to get this far.
- DISCIPLE 2 And it's only just begun.
- DISCIPLE 3 We're the disciples.
- DISCIPLE 4 And we've come to bring you all the bad news.
- DISCIPLE 5 The world is fucked .
- DISCIPLE 1 And God is angry.
- DISCIPLE 2 Really, really pissed off.
- DISCIPLE 3 He gave us a planet to live on; unspoilt and full of possibilities.
- DISCIPLE 4 A precious blue stone spinning in the black void of space.
- DISCIPLE 5 Seas and lakes.
- DISCIPLE 1 Forests and jungles and vast savannahs.
- DISCIPLE 2 Mountains and plains; rippling fields of wheat and barley.
- DISCIPLE 3 Trees bearing all kinds of fruit.
- DISCIPLE 4 A land teeming with life.
- DISCIPLE 5 Herds of animals were there waiting our stewardship.
- DISCIPLE 1 A gift of life.
- DISCIPLE 2 A gift of love.
- DISCIPLE 3 And look what we did to it.
- DISCIPLE 4 Screwed it up.
- DISCIPLE 5 Adam's fucking rib, ripping up the earth.
- DISCIPLE 1 Eve's delinquent children running riot.
- DISCIPLE 2 Blood and steel from the year dot.
- DISCIPLE 3 War and revenge, revenge and war.
- DISCIPLE 4 Atrocities that defy description.
- DISCIPLE 5 Man afflicting man and woman.
- DISCIPLE 1 Pissing their pollution like a disease into the seas and lakes and rivers.
- DISCIPLE 2 Burning the oil, the coal, the trees.

- DISCIPLE 3 Tearing the guts from the earth in a desperate scrabble to devour the last of its ever decreasing resources.
- DISCIPLE 4 We're fucked.
- DISCIPLE 5 That's what she came to teach us.
- DISCIPLE 1 It began I guess when the National Socialists got into power.
- DISCIPLE 2 Everything was cracking up; global warming was finally beginning to make its mark on the Earth in a really profound way.
- DISCIPLE 3 Massive storms, typhoons, the weather was like all of a sudden really fucking weird and unpredictable.
- DISCIPLE 4 Whole nations were on the move.
- DISCIPLE 5 Refugees from war and conflict and a landscape they could no longer farm.
- DISCIPLE 1 People were like starving in their millions.
- DISCIPLE 2 And it was like our fault, man; the West it was that was using up the earth's resources, burning the fossil fuels, piling up the CO2 gasses, screwing up the weather.
- DISCIPLE 3 So people were like restless, looking for someone to blame; rioting was rife, nobody felt safe any more.
- DISCIPLE 4 And *they*, they seemed to come from nowhere.
- DISCIPLE 5 Suddenly there was this movement, this organisation.
- DISCIPLE 1 Fingering its way into our lives.
- DISCIPLE 2 An iron fist to keep us all safe.
- DISCIPLE 3 An iron fist to control us.
- DISCIPLE 4 An iron fist to smash us in the fucking face if we crossed a line.
- DISCIPLE 5 Their line, their party line.
- DISCIPLE 1 And the EDL and the BNP, and all those other fascist nutters suddenly had a charismatic leader
- DISCIPLE 2 Someone to really around.
- DISCIPLE 3 Alan Wyatt.
- DISCIPLE 4 England's very own Adolph-fucking-Hitler.
- DISCIPLE 5 The day after he was elected Prime Minister, he made that speech.
- DISCIPLE 1 Fucking chilling.
- DISCIPLE 2 Chilling to the marrow.
- DISCIPLE 3 A brutal manifesto that marked the beginning of the end of free speech and protest.

DISCIPLE 4 There were no more riots after that speech; that much was for sure...

Triumphal music. The DISCIPLES break up and mingle with the rest of the cast, becoming part of an adoring crowd with cameras and phones faithfully recording the event, as ALAN WYATT walks on, taking his imposing position centre stage. The cast look up to him, applauding and cheering. Smiling he waits for silence before beginning his victory speech.

CHAPTER 2

THOU HAST A MIGHTY ARM: STRONG IS THY HAND

ALAN What a time this is for all of us... a time to begin a new journey together, make this nation great again: it is time to clamp down on the scroungers, the feckless, the wasters, those in society that know how to work the system. For too long this country has been an open door to wandering tribes of immigrants that see us as a soft touch – with their massive extended families, pushing their way to the head of the housing queue, living on benefits and welfare payments while the decent hard-working indigenous people of this country labour hard to pay the taxes to keep the economy turning, fund our hospitals and schools, and in turn the indolent lifestyles of the hordes of foreign chancers that are daily invading our shores, claiming their rights as so-called European citizens, or dubious refugees from some banana republic where crime and deception is ingrained; a part of their national identity!

He has whipped up the crowd, who all applaud enthusiastically. He waits for them to calm down, and begins to speak again.

ALAN Well this country is no longer a member of the EEC, we are no longer subject to the lunatic whims of their international courts and their federal ambitions. This is England, and that is why I say it's time to get tough with those among us who are work shy, and who steadfastly refuse to integrate and share the proud traditions of a nation built on the backs of noble ancestors. We shall from here on no longer be a soft touch, no longer the laughing stock of Europe and the rest of the world: I say it's an outrage we should no longer tolerate; I say it's time to close the door, I say in fact it's time to kick them out, I say – no more, no more, *no more!*

Applause and more triumphal music. Crowd exit as ALAN steps forward to be greeted and congratulated by his ministers.

COLIN Congratulations... *(smiling) Prime Minister.*

EDWARD Ambitious speech... do you really think we can carry it through though?

ALAN We're in power now, Edward, who'd going to stop us? Besides it's what the majority of people in this country long for – a nation to be proud of.

CHRISTINE Can we... can we really deport all those people? We're talking thousands, millions maybe.

COLIN Those we can't depose we lock up.

CHRISTINE Lock up? Colin, our prisons are overcrowded as it is.

- COLIN We have plans to build more.
- CHRISTINE Do we?
- COLIN Massive movements of people also mean massive infrastructure investment in order to... accommodate these... problems.
- EDWARD Yes, I can see the logic in that, plus of course the building projects alone will provide a needy boost to the economy and provide jobs, too.
- ALAN Exactly, keep everybody busy; all pulling together, united against a common enemy.
- CHRISTINE I agree something should be done to try and alleviate the problem of the illegals, but what if there are protests; remember the riots?
- ALAN There will be no more riots; riots are a thing of the past.
- CHRISTINE But... I mean we're talking about interning and deporting families; women and children too; do you think the general public will tolerate it?
- COLIN All in all it's what they voted us in to do, Christine; the one most popular policy the public cared about above all else wasn't global warming, the economy, education or even the NHS - it was the illegals.
- CHRISTINE I suppose so.
- ALAN You are with us on this one, I hope Christine? You know what this party stands for, and you yourself I recall have spoken out quite vehemently on occasions about the influx of economic migrants.
- CHRISTINE No, of course I'm right behind you, Prime Minister; I just wonder how logistically we go about it.
- ALAN Like everything we do – we will do it legally and efficiently.
- Military style music. The POLITICIAN's exit as the MATCHVAYA family – MOTHER and young daughter, ROMI, and female NEIGHBOUR enter.*

CHAPTER 3

ALL THAT HATE ME WHISPER TOGETHER AGAINST ME

- ROMI Word went round they were coming. We couldn't quite believe it – we had lived peacefully in the same house in the same street for as long as I can remember. Our neighbours knew us well; I played with their children. Papa worked as a labourer for a local builder, Mama was a cleaner; they worked hard, paid their taxes; but word went round... they were coming.
- NEIGH 1 They lived next door to us. Their little girl, Romi used to play with my daughter. I sort of felt sorry for them, but Wayne, my husband said they should never have been allowed to come here in the first place – he'd just lost his job see; made redundant; there just wasn't enough work to go around, so why should foreigners be able to work here, use our health system, and schools? The new government were hard, but they were fair. So I rang the local party, told them they lived next

door... the woman on the phone thanked me for informing, but I wasn't informing; I was just doing my duty, doing what was right for my family, for my family and my country... so they came.

NEIGHBOUR 1 exits.

ROMI I was a child, barely a teenager, but that made no difference to them – we were immigrants, dirty immigrant spongers.

MOTHER She was a child, only a child; she still cuddled her teddy bear at night, and what they did to her..!

ROMI Papa got word.

MOTHER A phone call from another family like ours.

FATHER (*Entering*) They are here – the government police, they are in the next street – get your things together, we have to leave!

The MATCHVAYA family grab a couple of suitcases and bags from back of stage.

ROMI We gathered together what we could, a few clothes...

MOTHER Family photographs... but it was too late...

Loud bangs off as POLICE batter their way in.

MOTHER They were at the door.

ROMI (*Screams*).

FATHER (*Looking about him*) Front and back – there's no escape.

MOTHER They smashed their way in, like animals.

Three POLICE OFFICERS with helmets and batons explode onto stage.

POLICE 1 *Police* – don't move; do not try to leave these premises or we will use force to detain you!

FATHER What do you want? What have we done? We have done nothing wrong.

POLICE 2 (*Forcefully*) Mr and Mrs Matchvaya?

FATHER What are you here for?

POLICE 2 We need to see your passports.

FATHER But we have done nothing...

POLICE 3 Mr and Mrs Matchvaya?

MOTHER Please, we are good citizens; we work hard, keep out of trouble.

POLICE 3 (*Forcefully*) Mr and Mrs Matchvaya?

FATHER (*Submissive*) That is our names.

POLICE 1 We need to see your passports.

FATHER But we have done nothing...

POLICE 1 (*Aggressive*) Your passport!

FATHER I'm not sure where...

POLICE 2 They haven't got a fucking passport; they're illegals.

MOTHER We have been here for a long time, where we come from is very dangerous.

POLICE 3 That's what they all say.

MOTHER It is true; we are refugees.

POLICE 3 Crock of fucking shit!

FATHER (*Riled*) Do not speak to my wife like that, or...

POLICE 1 (*Squaring up*) Or what..? Or fucking what?

FATHER (*Backing down*) Please – some respect; please, this is our home.

POLICE 2 No, this is *our* fucking home...

POLICE 2 *lays into FATHER with baton – a few swipes, which send him to the floor. The other POLICE are enjoying it.*

POLICE 2 *Our* fucking home; we were born here, our parents were born here – you piece of malingering shit!

MOTHER (*Distraught*) No, no, don't hurt him, please!

POLICE 1 No one will be hurt if you cooperate.

POLICE 2 *has finished with FATHER, who slowly struggles to his feet. ROMI is concerned.*

ROMI Papa... are you all right?

FATHER I'm... all right, I'm fine, Romi, don't worry, we will sort all of this out.

POLICE 2 So I think we can safely ascertain that you have no passport and no relevant documentation to prove that you have a right to dwell in this country.

MOTHER We had to leave, we had no choice.

POLICE 3 Why should we believe you if you have no documentation to prove it?

MOTHER (*Nervously*) Wh'... what will happen to us?

POLICE 1 You're here illegally, you may be returned to your country of origin.

MOTHER But we will be tortured there, killed.

FATHER Please don't send us back there; there are people waiting; the regime knows my family – we are refugees.

POLICE 2 Refugee status has been abolished; it's no longer applicable.

POLICE 3 But first of all you will be taken to a detention camp where you will be processed. They will decide where you go, what will happen to you.

POLICE 1 *(Command) Right, no more chatter – let’s go.*

NEIGHBOUR 1 *re-enters with more NEIGHBOURS to gloat as the MATCHVAYA family are taken away.*

NEIGH 1 We watched them go – the whole street turned out.

NEIGH 2 *(Spits) Scum!*

NEIGH 1 I dunno, I did sort of feel sorry for them in a way, but it felt right somehow; I mean the country was in a mess and they... well they weren’t helping.

NEIGH 3 You don’t belong here!

MOTHER You are our neighbours – why don’t you help us?

NEIGH 4 You live next door to us, but you’ve never been a neighbour – you’re not even English!

NEIGH 1 They didn’t belong here, they were different from us; even smelt different.

The POLICE officers are beginning to lose patience with this little scene, and so one of them grabs ROMI and tries to drag her away.

ROMI *(Struggling) I don’t want to go; I don’t want to leave my home..!*

POLICE 2 You’re not getting it are you? This is not your fucking home!

POLICE 2 gives her a shove – she falls to the ground. Brutally, he drags her up by her hair.

FATHER *(Furious) Take your hands off my daughter!*

FATHER goes for POLICE 2, but they all turn on him and violently beat him to the ground.

POLICE 3 Don’t even think it!

POLICE 2 Fucking cockroach!

FATHER lies there defeated, bleeding; even the NEIGHBOURS are shocked.

POLICE 1 Sometimes force is all these people understand.

POLICE drag FATHER off, ROMI and MOTHER follow, crying as they exit. NEIGHBOURS watch, somewhat shamefacedly as they go.

NEIGH 2 *(Guilty) They... they had it coming.*

NEIGH 3 Before you know it their relatives would have been over here too.

NEIGH 4 Breed like rats, take over the country they would if you let them.

NEIGH 3 It’s in their genes, like cockroaches.

NEIGH 1 *(Half-hearted) Yeah... s’pose so.*

NEIGH 2 Wonder if we should... you know, check out their house; you know before they board it up?

NEIGH 4 Yeah, fuck it, why not? Don't see why we shouldn't help ourselves; I mean it's only right, recompense, ain't it?

As NEIGHBOURS begin to exit; a man enters wearing a leather jacket; he looks mean, like someone who can handle himself. Curiously he wears a badge too that looks like angel wings. NEIGHBOUR 1 is somewhat perturbed by the way he is regarding her, so stays behind to confront him.

NEIGH 1 What you looking at?

GABRIEL How are you feeling?

NEIGH 1 *(Uncomfortable)* What..? What are you talking about?

GABRIEL You got rid of them; it's what you wanted... isn't it?

NEIGH 1 What..? How'd you know?

GABRIEL smiles and taps his nose, knowingly.

NEIGH 1 I... I didn't do anything... Just did my duty that's all... like any citizen.

GABRIEL And does it feel good... having done your duty?

NEIGH 1 Fuck you! Weirdo!

NEIGHBOUR 1 exits to join the others looting, as ISOBEL enters, again wearing a leather jacket with wings symbol. She watches NEIGHBOUR 1 go, along with GABRIEL.

ISOBEL Guilty conscience?

GABRIEL Too late for that now; she'll be judged... in time.

ISOBEL Did you see her, the girl?

GABRIEL They took her away.

ISOBEL Bastards!

GABRIEL It's ordained – it's what has to be. I'll visit her when the time is right.

ISOBEL So... it's going to happen, it's really going to happen?

GABRIEL There's no going back now.

ISOBEL The beginning... of the end.

GABRIEL Perhaps... who knows what his ultimate plan is?

ISOBEL He's tired... disappointed, I think.

GABRIEL Angry, pissed off with the way they've fucked it all up; you could see it coming: black marks right down the highway, right up the stock-market bling-bling – people are crying, people are actually dying; there's third and fourth world stuff going on and nobody lifts a finger.

- ISOBEL Yeah, should have talked the shit out of it; shouted and screamed, instead of just standing there. And like everything was about stuff, wasn't it?
- GABRIEL Stuff?
- ISOBEL Yeah, how much stuff you could get; I mean shopping right, shopping was like a religion in itself. I mean you got your white goods; your fridges and freezers and microwaves and dishwashers, but there was everything else too: the computers and tablets and games: swinging through the jungle with an AK47, mincing the meat up, boiling the sky and the rainforests; oh yeah – the rainforests, so what happened to them? Because it was like they never existed.
- GABRIEL I loved the rainforests; the lungs of the Earth, dripping with the green sweat of the planet.
- ISOBEL And what did they replace them with... things!
- GABRIEL Things?
- ISOBEL Everyone had them, didn't they; everyone. And some people too much, like climbing Everest with a rocket pack, like ageing rock stars buying babies; placental parents renting a room in their blood; in their blood and fucking bone! If you wanted it, you could buy it – anything, everything!
- GABRIEL If you could afford it.
- NEIGHBOURS 2, 3 and 4 enter carrying stuff they have looted from the MATCHVAYA's house: a laptop computer, boxes, a painting and other things. They clock ISOBEL and GABRIEL and guiltily begin to find an explanation for their blatant thieving.*
- NEIGH 3 There's a household of shit up for grab, guys. Get yourself round there, you don't wanna miss out.
- Amongst other stuff, NEIGHBOUR 4 has a jewellery box; he opens it to show the two strangers.*
- NEIGH 4 See this jewellery – solid gold: chains, watches, bracelets! Man, they were fuckin' stashing it away: fuckin' asylum-seekers pleading poverty!
- GABRIEL Did they plead poverty?
- NEIGH 1 What?
- ISOBEL I believe the mother and father both had jobs, paid taxes.
- NEIGH 2 (*Angry*) They were illegals!
- NEIGH 3 Yeah they were here under false pretences, taking our jobs – what's it to you anyway?
- The angry discussion is temporarily halted as NEIGHBOUR 1 struggles onstage carrying an enormous antique clock.*
- NEIGH 4 (*Amused*) What the fuck you got there?

NEIGH 1 I think it might be valuable.

GABRIEL *(Smiles, nodding at ISOBEL)* Things!

NEIGH 1 *(Suspicious, nervous)* You still here?

NEIGH 2 Yeah, who are these two clowns? I ain't seen them round here before.

NEIGH 3 No, nor me – bit suspicious.

NEIGH 4 You pair want to mind your own business, or you might find yourself in the back of a van too, like those *illegals*.

ISOBEL Are you threatening us?

NEIGH 4 What if we are?

ISOBEL immediately takes control, throwing NEIGHBOUR 4 to the ground, holding him in a powerful headlock. NEIGHBOUR 2 launches himself at her, but is stopped in his tracks by a vicious punch in the face by GABRIEL. NEIGHBOUR 3 now decides to pitch in, but ISOBEL and GABRIEL quickly and neatly dodge punches and kicks, and hold no quarter in maliciously finishing them off. Before long, the three NEIGHBOURS are bleeding and gasping for breath on the ground, whilst NEIGHBOUR 1 stands gob-smacked, still holding the massive clock.

ISOBEL Had enough?

NEIGHBOUR 2 nods – ISOBEL is sitting on his back, and looks more than ready to snap his neck in two. ISOBEL calmly lets him get to his feet, as do the other NEIGHBOURS, warily collecting up their booty.

NEIGH 3 Fucking hell, we weren't hurting anyone.

NEIGH 2 You'd better disappear, 'cos I'm gonna report you two!

ISOBEL And we're going to report you.

NEIGHBOURS 2, 3 and 4 hastily exit. NEIGHBOUR 1 is left, gaping at the violent scene she has just witnessed.

NEIGH 1 *(Nervous)* Just who are you?

ISOBEL My name's Isobel- he's called Gabriel.

GABRIEL Sound familiar? Yes, there are angels here among you. You wouldn't know it; you wouldn't recognise use – we look just like you.

ISOBEL But we're not like you; we're different.

GABRIEL Very different, we're here to watch – to report.

ISOBEL To report back to God what's going on down here.

GABRIEL And the news hasn't been very good.

ISOBEL For a long time, the news has been very bad.

GABRIEL God isn't happy.

NEIGH 1 *Angels..? You're taking the piss!*

ISOBEL Angels don't take the piss.

GABRIEL Angels are very serious about all they see and do.

NEIGHBOUR 1 *looks confused and somewhat scared – she puts the clock down.*

NEIGH 1 I... I don't want no trouble, right. I don't know who you are, but I don't want no trouble. There - look (*indicating clock*), I ain't took nothing, done nothing wrong, just... just done my duty as a citizen, that's all. (*Exiting*) You wanna be careful round here; you could get hurt.

The ANGELS watch her go. ISOBEL then takes out a pack of cigarettes, passing one to GABRIEL. She lights them both, and takes a long satisfying drag.

ISOBEL Know what I think?

GABRIEL What?

ISOBEL A new age is coming – the age of angels... and vengeance.

GABRIEL nods in agreement. They both 'high five' as they exit. Music as the DISCIPLES enter.

CHAPTER 4

HEAR YE, FAR OFF; WHAT I HAVE DONE, AND, YE NEAR, ACKNOWLEDGE MY MIGHT

DISCIPLE 1 A new age *was* dawning.

DISCIPLE 2 The world would never be the same again.

DISCIPLE 3 A switch had been flicked.

DISCIPLE 4 Lights were going out.

DISCIPLE 5 Energy crisis, unstable world governments.

DISCIPLE 1 War was springing up everywhere.

DISCIPLE 2 Fighting for the Earth's resources – oil, gas, coal, gold, diamonds.

DISCIPLE 3 And most precious of all – water.

DISCIPLE 4 Can't live without water.

DISCIPLE 5 No one knew how to share; only how to take, grab.

DISCIPLE 1 And the strongest, the bullies got the best prize every time.

DISCIPLE 2 And here, the government were getting even tougher: a massive recruitment for the armed forces and the New National Police Force.

- DISCIPLE 3 An island nation became a true island nation once more.
- DISCIPLE 4 Someone blew up the channel tunnel – they said it was terrorists, but everyone knew it was us; our sovereign nation.
- DISCIPLE 5 Funny thing is no one seemed to care much.
- DISCIPLE 1 Saw it as a positive thing.
- DISCIPLE 2 The gates were finally and irrevocably closed to invasion by foreign opportunists.
- DISCIPLE 3 And the country was isolated.
- DISCIPLE 4 World opinion was no longer a concern.
- DISCIPLE 5 Now the bastards could do what they wanted.
- DISCIPLE 1 Besides, word was that the rest of Europe was pretty much up to similar stuff.
- DISCIPLE 2 Genocide was a popular concept.
- DISCIPLE 3 A vote winner.
- DISCIPLE 5 The bastards could do what they wanted.

Music as DISCIPLES exit to be replaced by ALAN WYATT and his cabinet of MINISTERS.

CHAPTER 5

AN EVIL DISEASE THEY SAY CLEAVETH FAST UPON HIM

- ALAN As this is our first cabinet meeting following our first year in office, I think we should perhaps take stock of where we're up to and decide where we go next. Christine, would you like to start us off?
- CHRISTINE Wheat production in East Anglia and Sussex is slightly up, but root crops; particularly potatoes have been badly affected by the heavy rainfall – the weather's getting worse; we may have to consider rationing.
- ALAN Last resort: we need to farm more land, diversify.
- COLIN With this in mind, Prime Minister, the war in Scotland is going well; just a bunch of marauding Jock rebels lying low in the Cairngorms, but they can't hold out much longer.
- ALAN Pity the SNP didn't throw their lot in with us; we had a good deal in common. But they did tend to go on and on about Bannockburn.
- The CABINET laugh politely along with ALAN.*
- COLIN Well there's prime land for cattle and sheep we can utilise there now; particularly in the Highlands.
- ALAN Good, good; mop up the dregs then and finish them off – this is not a time to prevaricate. *(Turning over page of document)* The first stage of our repatriation scheme seems to be going well?

EDWARD Up to a point, Prime Minister.

ALAN How so?

EDWARD We've rounded up most of the illegals pretty much, and have begun now to process the individual families, but there's more than we realised – the detention camps are already massively overcrowded, and consequently there's an increasing risk of infection and disease.

CHRISTINE It's also proving difficult to return them to their country of origin; extradition treaties are not being honoured in many cases – the global crisis is affecting pretty much everyone; no one wants the trouble of yet more mouths to feed.

ALAN Then we need to put them to work.

CHRISTINE What work? Where?

ALAN It doesn't matter: dirty, physical hard labour; the kind of jobs no one else wants to do.

COLIN We desperately need labour on the new harbour defences; we're losing miles and miles of coastline every month with sea levels rising.

ALAN Excellent, Colin, excellent – like that!

CHRISTINE What about the women?

ALAN Women can labour there too. I'm not one to discriminate when it comes to gender, Christine.

ALAN and the CABINET laugh, CHRISTINE smiles politely.

EDWARD There is a legal complication though we need to consider. Some of them; especially their children were born here; they are legally English citizens. I'm not sure we can deport them without kicking up some sort of a fuss; there are still unfortunately some old lefties out there ready to cause trouble.

ALAN Yes, we've been looking into this matter. Colin, if you would?

COLIN Sterilisation.

Pause.

CHRISTINE *(Unnerved)* Sterilise..?

COLIN Selective sterilisation. And besides the youngsters, also pick out those immigrants that are seen as a menace to society: the pushers, prostitutes; those among them whose anti-social behaviour is considered a risk to society, which bring down a neighbourhood.

EDWARD They go to the toilet in the street.

ALAN Rape young girls; young English girls.

COLIN And anyway it's often the young people among them that cause most trouble; forming gangs, intimidating decent citizens.

EDWARD There was a girl I used to see on the street where I live – selling herself nightly; skirt so short you could see her knickers; looked all of thirteen.

CHRISTINE All the same... sterilisation?

ALAN *Selective* sterilisation.

CHRISTINE Do you think we can get away with it?

ALAN We've had no trouble so far; the country is behind us in everything we've done – it's the next logical step.

EDWARD Yes, yes, it has to be done; I can see that.

CHRISTINE But... compassionately.

ALAN Absolutely, Christine: trained medical practitioners, specialist hospital wards – it's all in hand.

CHRISTINE Then I suppose... I suppose I can see that with everything else... I mean the way things are... we have no choice.

ALAN Exactly, Christine, exactly. And as you intimated, it will all be done with compassion. (*Summing up*) Well cabinet, that I think will do for now; we all have a great deal of work to do; well done everyone, sterling work!

CABINET Thank you, Prime Minister... Well done to you sir, *etc.*

ALAN (*About to exit*) Oh and by the way, I wouldn't worry too much about disease in the camps; see it as... nature's way of regulating the species.

ALAN exits to some laughter. But there is a sense of uneasiness in it – a line has been crossed, and they know it. Music as CABINET exit and ILLEGALS, including the MATCHVAYA family enter in family groups, carrying their meagre belongings, looking desperate and scared as a tinny sounding tannoy speaker spits out commands. There are a couple of POLICE GUARDS there too.

CHAPTER 6

KEEP ME O LORD FROM THE HANDS OF THE WICKED

TANNOY 'Please proceed directly to registration.'

The ILLEGALS begin to form some kind of a line before an official sitting at a table at the far end.

TANNOY 'Line up in an orderly fashion. Keep to your family groups.'

MOTHER It was terrifying; none of us could believe what was happening, herded like cattle into police vans, taken to detention camps to be processed.

FATHER (*To MOTHER*) We have travelled halfway across the world to escape such atrocities!

MOTHER It seemed there was no place left anymore for the desperate and dispossessed to hide.

A GUARD pushes some people into line as a POLICE OFFICER enters from far offstage, leading a YOUNG GIRL who is sobbing inconsolably to the opposite exit.

ROMI (Distressed) What is wrong with her?

GUARD Never mind her – stay in line!

There is a family group next to the MATCHVAYA's. The FATHER G and MOTHER G strike up a conversation.

MOTHER G Where are you from?

MOTHER We are citizens of this country.

FATHER G Not any more.

FATHER We have lived here many years.

FATHER G Without a passport it counts for nothing.

FATHER I have worked hard, paid my taxes.

FATHER G But you don't have passports?

FATHER (Sadly) No.

MOTHER G Were you born here?

MOTHER No... but Romi, my daughter was.

MOTHER G Maybe you should mention that. I think she may have some kind of status; she might escape the camps.

ROMI No! I want to stay with you, Mama; with you and Papa!

FATHER What... what happens in the camps?

FATHER G (Shrugs) Who knows?

ROMI I want to stay with you!

MOTHER (Tenderly) All right, Romi, all right; we will do what is best, all will be well.

The FAMILY before them have finished processing and are moving towards the exit. The FAMILY approach the desk.

OFFICIAL Name?

FATHER Matchvaya

OFFICIAL Unregistered?

FATHER I have an NI number, I have utility bills, rent book too with our name inside.

OFFICIAL Passports?

Pause.

OFFICIAL Do you have passports? Are you registered as an English citizen?

FATHER No, but...

OFFICIAL You will be allocated accommodation in family block 205. There you will be provided with toiletries and everything necessary for your stay there.

MOTHER How long will be there?

OFFICIAL (*Wearily*) I'm sorry, I don't have access to that information.

FATHER But what is to happen to us? Are we to be deported? Are we to work?

OFFICIAL (*Getting pissed off*) I can't answer that, I'm afraid. All will be made clear shortly, I'm sure. Please move along.

FATHER But wait, we have to know where we are going, what will happen to us!

OFFICIAL (*Calls*) Can I have some help here, please?

A GUARD joins them at the desk.

GUARD What seems to be the trouble?

FATHER I just want to know what is happening to us.

GUARD You'll find out in good time. Now move along –

FATHER But...

GUARD (*Threatening*) I won't ask again.

Defeated the FAMILY begin to make their way towards the exit. But MOTHER suddenly pulls them up and turns to the OFFICIAL and GUARD.

MOTHER Wait! Romi, my daughter, Romi – she was born here.

ROMI No, Mama!

OFFICIAL Her name is Romi, Romi Matchvaya?

MOTHER She is an English citizen.

ROMI Mama, please don't!

The OFFICIAL checks computer records and nods to the GUARD.

OFFICIAL She was born at the Queen Elizabeth Hospital?

MOTHER I have her birth certificate.

MOTHER hastily retrieves the certificate from her bag and hands it over. OFFICIAL checks it, but ROMI is insistent that she does not want to be split from her family.

ROMI I want to stay with you!

OFFICIAL You have to go with this man.

ROMI No – I won't!

FATHER What will happen to her?

OFFICIAL She will be re-educated, helped back into society.

ROMI I don't need any help!

FATHER Go with him, Romi; it's for the best.

ROMI (Tearful) No!

FATHER We will see you again when all of this is over.

The GUARD takes hold of her arm; a POLICE OFFICER steps over too to lend a hand.

GUARD Come along now –

ROMI breaks free and hugs her MOTHER and FATHER.

ROMI Please don't let them take me away!

OFFICIAL (Shrugs) It's up to you.

Pause as they all tearfully struggle with the situation.

MOTHER You have to go with them, Romi.

FATHER You are my only daughter and I love you. A father should not have to make these choices, but I have to let you go – for your own sake.

ROMI reluctantly gives in and allows herself to be led away.

ROMI I love you!

MOTHER I love you my child.

ROMI (Being led away) Mama, what are they going to do to me?

MOTHER (Biting back tears) All will be well my child, all will be well.

ROMI is led away, crying to opposite exit as her parents exit too. The other ILLEGALS watch sadly as ROMI is paraded past them. OFFICIAL sighs wearily and focusses on her job again.

OFFICIAL Next!

The next FAMILY in line shuffle up to the desk as the tannoy speaker once again crackles into life.

TANNOY 'Please proceed directly to registration: line up in an orderly fashion, keep to your family group.'

Music as ILLEGALS and OFFICIAL exit, and DISCIPLES take their regular place onstage.

CHAPTER 7

ATTEND UNTO MY CRY; FOR I AM BROUGHT VERY LOW

- DISCIPLE 1 She wasn't deported.
- DISCIPLE 2 She wasn't set to work in the labour camps.
- DISCIPLE 3 Her life didn't end suddenly and brutally as it did for most illegals.
- DISCIPLE 4 It didn't end.
- DISCIPLE 5 Although sometimes she wished it would.
- DISCIPLE 1 I was a time when lines were crossed.
- DISCIPLE 2 It was as a time of suffering and torment.
- DISCIPLE 3 A trembling fear of apprehension tingling in the veins.
- DISCIPLE 4 A sharp blade of political hatred digging into the flesh of the nation.
- DISCIPLE 5 Twisting and turning, probing through flesh and veins, stirring up a nagging ache of xenophobia and violent indignation.
- DISCIPLE 1 The world was an unfriendly bitch; slaver jaws like a rabid dog – lines were being crossed.
- DISCIPLE 2 And so it came to pass that she was taken there.
- DISCIPLE 3 Barely a child.
- DISCIPLE 4 But old enough to bleed.

Music as DISCIPLES exit. Two GIRLS enter dressed in hospital gowns and sit on chairs beside each other, there is a spare chair waiting ROMI's arrival. She enters, led by a nurse in uniform. ROMI is wearing a hospital gown too and is crying. The NURSE leads her to the spare chair.

CHAPTER 8

I KNOW THE EVIL THAT THOU WILL DO UNTO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL

- NURSE Wait there till your name is called.

The NURSE exits as ROMI sits nervously, her head down; she can't look at anyone, and continues to cry softly, her face in her hands. MIA, the girl next to her leans over.

- MIA They reckon it doesn't hurt much.
- ROMI carries on crying.
- MIA Say it's real quick too.

ROMI is still crying. The GIRL next to MIA i

GIRL For God sake stop fucking blubbing - there's fuck all we can do about it!

MIA Hey, leave her alone!

GIRL No, she should shut up and get on with it like we all have to!

MIA You saying you're not scared too?

GIRL I... I just don't want to think about it, okay?

MIA You'll be in that room any minute and when you come out you'll be different, your future changed forever – you're scared.

GIRL I'm not fuckin' crying though, am I?

MIA I wouldn't blame you if you did.

GIRL They've made their minds up about us, we can't do anything about it, and at least we're not in one of their camps. She should shut the fuck up and get on with it like we all have to!

ROMI (*Surfacing, rubbing her eyes*) I'm sorry... I... I don't want to have the operation; I would like to be able to give my mother and father grandchildren one day... and I don't know when I will see them again.

GIRL You'll never fucking see them again.

MIA Will you just back off and leave her alone!

GIRL She needs to get fuckin' real, face up to the facts – no one comes out of those places.

ROMI What..? Why would you say that? You don't know.

GIRL Everyone knows, 'cept you of course, dumb-ass bitch.

MIA That's enough – leave her alone, or I swear I'll...

GIRL You'll fucking what? You gonna do me in here? They'll drag you off straight away, and then no one will ever see *you* again, either!

MIA We should be sticking together, not fighting like this – what is your problem?

GIRL I had parents too, and a husband... (*Choking back tears*) Where are they now? (*Angry*) *Ahh* – who gives a fuck?

MIA Hey, that's shit; I'm sorry.

GIRL I don't want your pity... I just want to... survive, that's all.

GIRL gets up and moves to a chair further away.

GIRL (*Calls over*) And I can't bear to hear another person pissing out tears of selfish fucking grief. So get her to shut the fuck up and face up to the future!

GIRL turns her back on them. MIA turns back to face MIA again, consolingly.

MIA You okay now?

ROMI What did she mean, no one comes out of the camps... is it true?

MIA Who knows?

ROMI What happens there?

MIA No one knows. Maybe nothing bad. Maybe it's tough, maybe we'll find out one day, but for now like she said – we have to survive.

ROMI How will I do that? I have nowhere to go, no work permit.

MIA You'll have to find something, or...

ROMI Or what?

MIA The homeless among us are considered a security risk. They take us from the streets straight to a detention camp.

ROMI Well... then I would see my Mama and Papa again.

MIA You don't want to go there, believe me.

Pause.

ROMI What am I to do?

MIA What is your name?

ROMI Romi.

MIA My name is Mia, Mia Salahori... I have somewhere you can stay; a place you can work, earn a little money without being harassed by the security police.

ROMI What kind of work?

MIA The only kind of work that is available to girls in our situation.

ROMI No... I... I couldn't.

MIA I didn't think I could, but the alternative is even worse I think.

Just then ANOTHER GIRL is wheeled across the stage before them by a PORTER. She is weeping, her head in her hands. As they exit, the NURSE enters opposite.

NURSE Mia Salahori?

MIA That's me.

NURSE The doctor is ready for you now – come this way please?

MIA *(To ROMI)* You can find me in the City – Melville Towers, just mention my name.

MIA walks off with the NURSE. ROMI hears a sniffle. She looks over to the GIRL, who in spite of herself is crying. She senses MIA is looking at her.

GIRL *(Bitter)* What you looking at?

MIA turns away as GIRL rubs her eyes. Music as GIRL and MIA exit and DISCIPLES return.

CHAPTER 9**GRANT NOT, O LORD THE DESIRES OF THE WICKED**

- DISCIPLE 1 There was this thunder in the air.
- DISCIPLE 2 A low rumbling growl from the Earth's gut.
- DISCIPLE 3 Shit was happening to the planet.
- DISCIPLE 4 Omens and signs – freak weather, earthquakes and some big fucking volcano in Iceland blew its top.
- DISCIPLE 5 The sky was dark - bleak grey clouds peppered with ash.
- DISCIPLE 1 It pissed soot-black rain for months on end.
- DISCIPLE 2 There were food queues everywhere.
- DISCIPLE 3 There was this restless feeling everywhere; a sense of uneasiness.
- DISCIPLE 4 A sick, nauseous welling of unease, like some plague was on the way.
- DISCIPLE 5 Prophets were popping up everywhere.
- DISCIPLE 1 Messengers of doom and destruction.
- DISCIPLE 2 Someone was coming they said: a flaming sword, a rocket propelled spear of justice, shit like that.
- DISCIPLE 3 Someone was coming they said; someone was coming to sort the planet out.
- DISCIPLE 4 And someone *was* coming, plans were being planned, angels were walking abroad, mingling in the food queues.
- DISCIPLE 5 Sitting in board rooms, watching with their grave, piercing eyes.
- DISCIPLE 1 Making notes.
- DISCIPLE 2 Writing it all down.
- DISCIPLE 3 Taking names.
- DISCIPLE 4 Making lists.
- DISCIPLE 5 Listing the bastards, the paedos, the crooked, criminal pot-bellied politicians.
- DISCIPLE 1 The bankers and the wankers that strutted like dayglo peacocks in their Armani suits and bright sparkly jewellery, lining up for photo shoots all along red-carpeted pavements.
- DISCIPLE 2 Someone was coming; you could feel it, the apprehension spreading like a disease.
- DISCIPLE 3 Smell the sweat of guilt and fear.
- DISCIPLE 4 And while mankind groped and brawled and broiled before a million pixels of parcelled up pleasure...
- DISCIPLE 5 Mind-dumb zombies, gory to the marrow of their chewed up bones...
- DISCIPLE 1 While all this rumbling, thundering, sickening shit was happening; the Madonna of mankind was being fucked like a sacrifice.

DISCIPLE 2 Taking the debauched dreams of a perverted planet upon herself...

DISCIPLE 3 The sins of the world pumped like poison from a thousand cocks.

DISCIPLE 4 Legs askew, her open wound pounded and fingered like meat on a butcher's slab.

DISCIPLE 5 She suffered silently, bearing our sins in the morbid loneliness of her room.

DISCIPLE 1 Most blessed of women.

DISCIPLE 2 Most gracious Madonna.

DISCIPLE 3 Her time was coming.

DISCIPLE 4 Our time was coming.

DISCIPLE 5 The time of judgement.

DISCIPLE 1 The dark moment of truth was nigh.

DISCIPLE 2 The new annunciation.

DISCIPLE 3 The final reckoning.

DISCIPLE 4 Hear the raving cry of the prophets in the streets...

Mad, dark music as the stage is filled with PROPHETS proclaiming loudly and wildly.

PROPHET 1 Lord hear our prayer!

PROPHET 2 A cry in the wilderness of the city!

PROPHET 3 Lord see our suffering!

PROPHET 4 Dead men walking on a four lane highway!

PROPHET 1 Lord feel our pain!

PROPHET 2 The stab of a needle, the tear in the skin!

PROPHET 3 Lord come and find us!

PROPHET 4 In our graves of concrete, our muddy trenches!

PROPHET 1 Dead men are walking, stumbling onwards!

PROPHET 2 Searching for redemption with white sticks and flowers!

PROPHET 3 Young girls are bleeding, counting the hours!

PROPHET 4 While tyrants rule in their tall glass towers!

The PROPHETS and the DISCIPLES all join together in the very last stanza...

ALL They rape the earth, the flesh they savage, so deliver we beg your saviour savage!

Sudden blackout and sudden end of music. PROPHETS and DISCIPLES exit as PIMP and MIA enter.

CHAPTER 10

BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN – ‘THE ANNUNCIATION’

- MIA She came. I knew she would. She came and found me, found escape in a bolted room. What choice did she have? To starve on the streets or face an uncertain future of the work camps... if that's what they were for... It was best not to think about it.
- PIMP She was young, but that's an asset in this game; pretty little thing, jail-bait slut. The punters'll pay good money for fresh meat like that. (*Laughs*) I kept her busy all right, night and fucking day: threesomes, up the dirt box, whatever. When they're illegals I call the shots – what choice did she have?
- MIA It's a life I suppose, a living. You just close your eyes and zone out, hope it will all end one day... pray.
- PIMP It's a living; no one makes them do it.
- MIA Just pray.
- PIMP Pray? Who to? Why would god give a flying fuck for girls like them, the stuff they do?
- A CUSTOMER enters, sheepishly buttoning his shirt. PIMP clicks into business mode.*
- PIMP All okay?
- CUSTOMER Sorry, she's, er... I got a bit carried away.
- PIMP What the fuck have you done? (*Turns to MIA*) Mia – go and see!
- MIA, concerned exits hurriedly to see to her friend.*
- CUSTOMER I just sort of... lost control.
- MIA enters with, ROMI who has a blanket wrapped around her. She has a black eye and blood around her face and is almost comatose.*
- PIMP Shit – you're a fuckin' animal!
- CUSTOMER You said I could get rough; I paid extra for it.
- MIA Bastard!
- PIMP She'll be out of action for weeks, you tosser! This is gonna cost you!
- CUSTOMER Yeah, okay...
- CUSTOMER takes out his wallet and begins to peel off notes, but PIMP snatches it from him and takes the lot, tossing the empty wallet back.*
- CUSTOMER (*Grins*) It was worth it though... When do you think she'll be..?
- PIMP hard stares him. CUSTOMER gets the message.*
- CUSTOMER Yeah... yeah, I'd better go. Sorry I... you know?

CUSTOMER *exits.*

MIA Son of a bitch! (*Spits.*)

MIA *kneels down in front of a dazed ROMI and begins to inspect her face.*

PIMP What are you doing?

MIA What do you think I'm doing? I'm gonna clean her up, take care of her.

PIMP There's a punter downstairs, waiting.

MIA Well let him fucking wait!

PIMP I'll take care of her – get back to work.

MIA No, she needs me.

PIMP Do you want to join your family in the camps?

Pause.

MIA One day I'll get away from here, from you... one day.

PIMP Keep praying – no one's listening.

MIA *exits.* PIMP *grabs ROMI'S face and twists so that he is looking right into her eyes.*

PIMP You'll live my precious cash cow, my little sacrificial lamb. Rest up a while; I'll keep you safe, heal your wounds, get you ready to shoulder the sins of the world again – the cruel, cruel world.

PIMP *lets her go. She sinks to her knees, consumed by grief as he exits. There is mystical music and the lighting changes too as GABRIEL appears. Sensing a presence in the room, ROMI slowly looks up.*

GABRIEL Romi.

ROMI Who are you? How did you get in here..? The door is locked – he always locks it.

GABRIEL Don't be scared; I'm not here to harm you.

ROMI Wh'... what do you want?

GABRIEL I'm a messenger.

ROMI If it's about the loan, I'll have some money soon; I needed the cash for a deposit so I might get away from here...

GABRIEL A messenger... from God.

Pause.

ROMI From..?

GABRIEL From God – on the line, the big cheese's right hand man here on planet earth. (*Smiles fondly*) Sounds nuts, doesn't it?

ROMI (Nods, nervously)

GABRIEL I guess in times like these I probably come over like some coked up crackhead psycho spouting religious babble, like the many prophets raving and raging about the streets and malls and market places. But the honest truth is that I really am sent by God.

ROMI (*Unsure, scared*) What do you want..? You want sex with me?

GABRIEL (*Shakes his head*) I'm a messenger, an angel if you like. Open your heart, Romi; open your heart to my message.

ROMI No, no – you are a crazy man!

GABRIEL You know in your heart that's not true – you can feel God's presence in this room right now... can't you?

ROMI (*Confused, but moved*) I... I don't know... I don't know what's happening.

GABRIEL (*Holds out his hand*) Take my hand –

ROMI What?

GABRIEL Hold my hand –

Tentatively she takes his hand – music as the truth hits her like a bolt of electricity, she kneels before him, bowing her head.

ROMI Ohh... I... I...

GABRIEL You can feel the truth?

ROMI (*Nods, overwhelmed*).

GABRIEL God's chosen you, Romi.

ROMI What..? What are you talking about?

GABRIEL You are going to give birth to a daughter.

ROMI (*Distressed*) It's not possible; I've been sterilised. Stop it, please!

GABRIEL The daughter of God, the Christ Child come a second and final time.

ROMI Why would God choose me? I'm a prostitute, a whore.

GABRIEL You are god's chosen vessel.

ROMI I am defiled, a slut.

GABRIEL No, you have been used, abused, beaten and scorned by men. Life has been unbearably cruel to you, but your heart is pure, your soul unblemished. God is not fooled by those who profess to be virtuous and 'holier than thou' by reason of their status or birth; those who bully their way to power and privilege by political *or* religious means. (*Smiles*) You Romi will deliver to the world a child who will be a mighty whirlwind; no longer the bringer of peace, no longer a meek and mild shepherd of mankind, but an angry kick-ass, pissed off avenging agent of retribution. Planet Earth has proved to be something of a disappointment all in all, and for those who fucked it up it's pay back time.

ROMI And the child..?

GABRIEL Is growing right now in the rich loam of your womb.

ROMI *(In wonder)* A mighty whirlwind...

GABRIEL Yes.

ROMI And... I am to be a mother?

GABRIEL It is ordained.

The tableau is interrupted as the PIMP enters suddenly.

PIMP Thought I heard voices... who the fuck are you, and how did you get in here?

GABRIEL I am a messenger come to deliver the good news to God's chosen one.
(To ROMI) Gather your things; it's time to leave this place.

PIMP She's going nowhere, asshole! *(To ROMI)* You're gonna pay dearly for letting this nutter in here, you little slut! *(To GABRIEL)* Now get out in one piece while you can.

GABRIEL Your heart is black with sin.

PIMP What?

GABRIEL Your soul charred and twisted... you need to be purged.

PIMP Right – I warned you!

PIMP turns and pulls out a knife, but GABRIEL quickly disarms him, beats him violently, ending up holding him tight in an armlock, the knife against his throat.

GABRIEL Malicious, sinful man...

PIMP *(Gasping)* Cunt!

GABRIEL Sin no more!

GABRIEL cuts his throat; blood spurts copiously as PIMP sinks to the ground, gasping, just as MIA runs in.

MIA I heard...

MIA sees PIMP dying on the ground and is rooted to the spot, horrified.

PUNTER *(Off)* Get back down here! I've paid for two fuckin' hours with you..!

PUNTER enters, stripped to the waist and is stopped dead in his tracks as he watches the life drain from PIMP'S body.

PUNTER Shit..!

MIA *(To GABRIEL)* Wh'... who are you?

ROMI He's... he's an angel.

PUNTER He's a damned fucking psycho, and he's going straight to the camps with you two – fuckin' illegal scum!

ROMI It's you who are damned... sinner.

PUNTER *looks at GABRIEL, warily noting the bloody knife in his hand. GABRIEL clocks this – he doesn't need the knife. Smiling, he casually tosses it to one side.*

GABRIEL Leave now, or you must be purged too.

GABRIEL deliberately turns his back, and PUNTER seizes the opportunity, rushes manically at GABRIEL, grabbing the knife in the process. But as before, GABRIEL effortlessly disarms him and grips him powerfully by the throat with one hand, gradually squeezing the life out of him.

GABRIEL Sin no more.

PUNTER drops to the ground, dead.

GABRIEL *(To MIA)* Take her somewhere far from here where she may deliver the child safely.

Bewildered, MIA nods, obediently.

MIA I know where he keeps the proceeds; no one trusts banks anymore – it's a small fortune... *(Regards dead PIMP)* I don't know who you are or why you did this, mister, but I do know I ain't ever gonna mourn that piece of shit, that's for sure.

MIA pulls ROMI to her feet.

MIA Let's go –

As they exit, ROMI turns.

ROMI I thank God for this gift... I will prove myself worthy.

GABRIEL I know.

As ROMI and MIA exit, ISOBEL enters opposite, watching them leave.

ISOBEL *(Taking out fag packet)* Here begins the second testament.

As before she hands a cigarette to GABRIEL, lighting them both.

GABRIEL She carries a great burden.

ISOBEL And a great blessing at this uncertain hour... a new beginning.

GABRIEL *(Blows a perfect smoke ring)* I wonder how it will end?

Music as ANGELS exit and CABINET enter. ALAN WYATT looks worried.

CHAPTER 11
**BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS WHICH COME
TO YOU IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING**

- ALAN Just what the hell is going on with all these prophets?
- EDWARD It's an aberration I think, just a bunch of religious freaks.
- ALAN They're everywhere, stirring up unrest.
- COLIN As far as we can ascertain there is no structure or organisation like Al Quaeda for example. They do seem to be as Edward suggests some kind of an aberration.
- CHRISTINE They'll probably disappear in time, grow tired of a pointless religious fad that's going nowhere.
- ALAN Going nowhere? People are starting to talk of a second coming – a saviour that will purge the planet. These kind of ideas as ridiculous as they sound are dangerous; dangerous for us – it's potentially sedition!
- COLIN The ones we've interrogated do talk of punishing the political elite, the business leaders and bankers.
- CHRISTINE That's nothing new.
- ALAN Well we can't afford to be complacent; I want our security forces to keep their eyes open for this coming... *saviour*. These are troubled times and things are only going to get worse for a while. We need to cope with the ongoing effect of catastrophic weather changes as well as massive unemployment. Whole continents are on the move, millions upon millions of economic migrants are invading Europe, and we believe that America is almost ungovernable, whole cities plagued by anarchistic mobs – *America*, the paragon of democracy! Well I am not going to allow it to happen here!
- COLIN We'll step up the pressure on those who speak out against the government; there's a bill going through Parliament at the moment that will curb any religious organisation that's not endorsed by the state.
- ALAN Good, push it through as soon as possible. And how are things going with the illegals? Those camps are costing us a fortune.
- EDWARD We're putting them to good use though, PM; those who are fit enough, labour hard in the work camps and various civic projects: the sea defences couldn't have been completed without the illegal labour force.
- COLIN And of course their numbers are naturally gradually decreasing as time goes on.
- CHRISTINE One camp near Dover was decimated by Typhoid; hardly natural, Colin; that kind of disease was thought to have been a thing of the past, surely we should be inoculating.
- ALAN I'm sorry, Christine, but this isn't the time for empathetic gestures; smell the coffee for Christ sake! If we're not strong, even ruthless, this country will go the same way as Europe... And that's why I've taken the decision to cancel next year's coming election.

CHRISTINE What?

ALAN This country needs stability; the army and police will back us, and together I'm sure we can persuade the populace that this temporary situation is necessary given the current global problems.

COLIN They'll buy it; they're terrified of what's going on around them, and everybody still remembers the riots.

EDWARD You're right Colin, no one was unaffected by them; everyone suffered the consequences in one way or another.

ALAN Christine... you're with us on this?

CHRISTINE These are I suppose... extraordinary times.

ALAN Exactly! So, we forge onwards, and on the way stamp out this mad religious fervour that's polluting the minds of the young and gullible. The only saviour here is me!

It's his parting philip – laughter is expected, so the cabinet politely laugh.

ALAN *(Suddenly serious)* But if the pretender is out there, I want him found!

Music as CABINET exit and ROMI enters.

CHAPTER 12

SHE WAS FILLED WITH WISDOM, AND THE GRACE OF GOD WAS UPON HER – ‘CHRIST CHILD IN THE TEMPLE’

ROMI I had a baby! A real live baby; I really had her, a daughter – I called her Jess. We found a place, me and Mia and somehow with the money we stole from our pimp we scrimped by. We got black market work too; just pennies working in kitchen restaurants, or cleaning like my mother used to do, but somehow we got by, hid beneath the radar. I didn't see him again... the angel; tried to forget all about him; I didn't want my daughter to be... to be special... chosen by God for something I knew would cause her suffering. But right from the beginning it was obvious she was different, unique – there was this fire in her eyes, a power in her spirit, she could see through people, see all the bad stuff too, and she'd condemn them; it was risky, frightening, but nothing could stop her. Like when we were in church one day, and the minister was all hell fire and brimstone, as always laying into the illegals...

Lights up on PREACHER in his pulpit.

PREACHER Their unnatural ways are known to God, their greed and their avarice, their sloth and their jealousy, their many, many children devouring the fruit of our labour – they may hide from us, but they can never hide from God, and God says their sins *must be wiped from the face of the earth!*

- ROMI She was sitting next to me, and I was sweating with fear, wondering if someone knew I was hiding myself. She was five years old and she was sitting next to me, and then suddenly there she was standing in the aisle, pointing her finger directly at him, at the preacher; her eyes blazing with indignation...
- Five year old JESS walks on and stands directly before the PREACHER, pointing her finger.*
- JESS Judge not else ye too shall be judged!
- ROMI There was a gasp from the congregation; I tried to grab her, but she shrugged me off and walked straight up to the pulpit. I thought my heart would burst.
- PREACHER Go back to your seat, child.
- ROMI But she wouldn't; she just stared right at him, and you could see that he could feel those eyes penetrating, peering into the darker recesses of his soul – he was afraid; afraid of a little five year old girl.
- PREACHER Wh'... what are you looking at? Go back to your seat right now.
- JESS Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.
- PREACHER What... what are you talking about?
- JESS You should know that one, Preacher – it's in the bible. You like casting stones, don't you? Speaking out against those who can't stick up for themselves.
- PREACHER I speak only the truth child, now...
- JESS I know some truth too... about you.
- ROMI It was silent, everyone's eyes were focussed on her; and him, he was swallowing, hardly able to speak, his hands were shaking.
- PREACHER I speak with Christ's authority.
- ROMI There was an audible gasp from the hall as she replied...
- JESS Really? I can't remember giving you permission to speak on my behalf.
- PREACHER (*Incandescent*) You... you blasphemous little brat! How dare you presume to take God's name in vain – you will be damned for this, damned I say!
- JESS No, not me – you; you're already damned for what you've done to your daughter – *hypocrite!*
- ROMI And then everyone's eyes turned to face his daughter; his dear little thirteen year old daughter – her face was red and tears were pouring down her cheeks. His wife was sitting next to her and she looked up at him, at the preacher, her husband, and you could see the scales fall from her eyes as she realised what he had been doing.
- PREACHER No, no it's not true – this child is an abomination; she's making it up!
- ROMI But it was too late; his daughter was running out of the hall, weeping, followed by her tortured mother. The following week the papers were full of it, and he... he was judged then all right, judged good and proper.

Music, lights dim as five year old JESS walks down centre stage to address the audience.

JESS As soon as I could think, I knew; knew that I was put here to do something special for my father; my father I had never seen, but could feel around me in everything that was beautiful and real. I could feel the power he gave me, pulsing in my human veins, and it didn't scare me a bit; it made me feel good. I knew that I was going to do something incredible when I was older, I just had to wait... wait till his angel came and told me what it was.

Music as JESS, PREACHER and ROMI exit and DISCIPLES enter.

CHAPTER 13

LO, LET THAT NIGHT BE SOLITARY

DISCIPLE 1 Things were bad.

DISCIPLE 2 Really bad, and getting worse daily.

DISCIPLE 3 As the years went by there was no change of government, no election, we watched Alan Wyatt and his cabinet growing older and richer.

DISCIPLE 4 There were droughts every summer; people queuing for water by stand pipes.

DISCIPLE 5 In the winter massive flooding; even the sea defences couldn't hold back the rising tides any more.

DISCIPLE 1 And the prophets were being arrested, carted away... perhaps to the camps.

DISCIPLE 2 And no one knew what was happening there.

DISCIPLE 3 The illegals... it was as if they'd never been here.

DISCIPLE 4 Whispers of atrocities.

DISCIPLE 5 Rumours of disease and malnutrition.

DISCIPLE 1 Everyone was scared.

DISCIPLE 2 But the prophets somehow kept appearing; their voices louder than ever...

Four PROPHETS enter.

PROPHET 1 She is coming!

PROPHET 2 There will be a tear in the sky, concrete will crumble, glass will shatter, broken shards shall seed the earth with sorrow!

PROPHET 3 She will trample the mighty beneath her feet!

PROPHET 4 Punish the powerful, the board room bullies, the fat cat executives with their Lamborghini lifestyles.

PROPHET 1 Shiny twitterwings made of pure Gucci leather, tweeting their saccharine gossip!

PROPHET 2 Their days are numbered!

PROPHET 3 There will be a great levelling!

PROPHET 4 A bull-dozing bucket raking up slops!

PROPHET 1 And their guts will be ripped from their bellies, black bin bag viscera
spilling their sins for all to see!

*A loud siren sounds as POLICE OFFICERS walk onstage, batons drawn.
Everyone freezes.*

DISCIPLE 1 On her sixteenth birthday her messenger came; and very soon the world
we knew would change forever.

*Music as PROPHETS, DISCIPLES and POLICE exit and sixteen year
old JESS enters.*

CHAPTER 14

I AM NOT COME TO SEND PEACE ON EARTH, BUT A SWORD

JESS On my sixteenth birthday he appeared. I had had a small party, some presents
too, my mum was a little nervous; she could sense like I could that something
was going to happen that day. When the festivities were over, I went up to my
room and waited, and before long he came...

GABRIEL enters.

GABRIEL Do you know who I am?

JESS My father sent you; I've been waiting.

GABRIEL *(Nods, seriously)* It is time.

JESS I know.

GABRIEL There are scores to be settled, blood must be spilt... are you ready?

JESS I'm ready.

GABRIEL Then choose your disciples and begin.

GABRIEL kneels in supplication.

GABRIEL Holy Child, God is with you as you walk this path to torment and fire.
JESS places her hand on his head; a blessing.

JESS No worries, Gabriel; I'm ready to kick ass and generally create mayhem.

GABRIEL *(Grins)* This world needs a lesson.

JESS *(Grins back)* Leave it to me!

*Music as GABRIEL exits and DISCIPLES enter and line up as JESS goes
to each of them in turn.*

DISCIPLE 1 She found me first; I was a no-hoper alcie kipping in a back alley.

JESS Fuck – you stink like shit!

DISCIPLE 1 (*Groggy*) What?

JESS You need to get cleaned up.

DISCIPLE 1 Why..?

JESS You're gonna be my disciple, that's why. Used to be a boxer, didn't you? Used to be a contender?

DISCIPLE 1 How'd you know that, kid?

JESS I'm the fucking Christ Child, I know everything, now get your shit together and follow me.

DISCIPLE 1 And I did, just like that.

DISCIPLE 2 I was working in a supermarket; brain-numb check out girl; I had quit my old job, even though I loved it.

JESS You were a nurse, yeah?

DISCIPLE 2 Er... yeah.

JESS In a psychiatric hospital, but you left recently when they began the euthanasia programme.

DISCIPLE 2 Bastards! How could they be so cruel..? But no one knows about it... how..?

JESS Follow me –

DISCIPLE 3 I was a computer nerd, worked in PC World, but I was a brilliant hacker... I managed to get into some of the government sites; the stuff I found out was seriously fucking with my brain.

JESS Your skills are needed for the crusade – you up for it?

DISCIPLE 3 Count me in!

DISCIPLE 4 I'd been in and out of nick all my life, and spent most of my childhood in care. Boy I had been fucked and messed about with; I wanted to murder and dismember those son-of-a-bitches paedo scum – I was one angry motherfucker!

JESS Anger can be channelled for the greater good – join the line.

DISCIPLE 4 Fuck it – why not?

DISCIPLE 5 Me? I was the odd one out; fuck knows why she wanted me, I used to be a soldier; fought in the Middle East, killed people, shot them dead... and what for? I never really worked it out; just did what my government told me to do; steadfastly obeyed their commands and murdered, who knows... maybe sometimes innocent victims.

JESS Sometimes those that fight are as much a victim as those who die. Join *my* army and fight those who commanded you to kill.

DISCIPLE 5 It sounded reasonable to me.

DISCIPLE 1 She was inspirational.

DISCIPLE 2 We'd do anything for her.

DISCIPLE 3 Die for her.

DISCIPLE 4 Kill for her.

DISCIPLE 1 And when she spoke...

DISCIPLE 2 When she looked you in the eyes...

DISCIPLE 3 Deep down right into your soul...

DISCIPLE 4 You just knew who she was.

DISCIPLE 5 The saviour had come at last.

DISCIPLE 1 The Christ Child on Earth.

DISCIPLE 2 And we were her disciples!

DISCIPLE 3 All of a sudden my life had a purpose.

DISCIPLE 4 We were travelling around the country, stirring things up.

DISCIPLE 5 Kicking down doors.

DISCIPLE 1 Kicking in faces.

DISCIPLE 2 Taking revenge.

DISCIPLE 3 And everywhere we went people tweeted, face-booked, and crowds gathered to hear her speak...

JESS speaks to a crowd of people.

JESS Believe me when I tell you time on this planet is running out, judgement day is coming, and the pricks who have fracked the shit out of this old blue stone are going to pay with their very souls. I'm not here to give you hope; it's too late for that, but I am here to give you revenge. There is a final reckoning coming soon, and the scales of justice will judge who is worthy of a place in paradise, and who will burn in torment for eternity. This is the word of God, and I am his messenger here on Earth – believe in me and repent your sins before time runs out. And those whose hands are stained red with the blood of the innocent, know this – I am coming to get you, and you will perish and suffer because of your sins. Revenge is sweet sayeth the Lord!

Music as JESS and DISCIPLES exit and CABINET enter.

Comments from Sharon Clarke, former literary manager of Bristol Old Vic...**The World**

The impending doom of your near future world certainly gave this piece tension and aggression and the contemporary references were chilling as we realised that this isn't a million miles away from where we are right now. You got us into this world extremely fast.... I understood the rules right away and this was exciting.

Style & Structure

The ensemble nature gave this piece a real strength and visually I think it could look epic and stunning. The opening has real impact with the disciples and then the government but maybe it stayed just a tad too long in drawing the picture for us of just how messed everything is and how badly society had broken down. There is quite a bit of exposition (such as page 15) and sometimes this meant that information was given to us twice (the issue of the family not having a passport).

Any other comments/recommendations

This is a really brave and bold piece of writing with some colossal ideas that I really admired. The voice of Gabriel and his side-kick are inventive, unusual and unexpected and so really engaging.

I think maybe there is a leaner more economical draft that could be done which would give the piece even more visceral impact.

I couldn't stop thinking that there were times when the scale of this felt more film than theatre, or even perhaps a **graphic novel**.

As always you take some massive ideas and are fearless in tackling them in your playwriting.