Mary the Chosen by Nosa Igbinedion

FADE IN

EXT. LONDON - DAWN

A fading moon sits above the shadowy cityscape. First glimmers of crimson in the sky.

INT. CLEANER'S ROOM - DAWN

Sat at a table, MARY (early thirties, in a cleaners uniform) gazes at a blank page. Pen hovering like like a dowsing stick. Her forehead wrinkles. Nothing's coming. Her phone rings. Welcome distraction.

CUT

As she listens grimly to the phone, we see Mary's face. Plain with a world weariness that belies her age.

MARY
(into phone)
... so there's no...he won't wake up?

A beat. She listens again.

MARY
Just...wait. I ned to be there...to say...
(stifles tears)
...bye.

She cuts the call. Glances into the broom cupboard ahead of her. Her body looks like it's about to collapse in on itself. She glances at her phones screensaver --

A photo of a BOY, eight years old. A hospital drip attached to his arm. He's smiling through pain.

Somehow she manages to summon the strength to stand up and grab a broom.

INT. OFFICE - DAWN

A dungeon like office. A sea of desks extend far into the distance. A big windows displays the London skyline.

Mary diligently dusts a desk.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Mary hoovers lazily. Glances at the clock. Seconds fluttering away. She resumes her duty with focus.

Suddenly the vacuum stops. Like someone just pulled the plug. Mary's gaze follows the hoover cord. It's still connected.

She bends down to switch off the hoover but --

DESK LAMPS start flickering on and off like Christmas lights. Caught up in the show, the sound of someone clearing their throat behind catches her by surprise. Mary spins. Gasps.

...at a man in a white gown....well sort of a man.

WHITE WINGS extend above each shoulder and stretch to the ceiling. His posture is resplendent, kingly. He glances at the clock. It's 6:20AM. A flicker of concern.

Mary hoists the hoover like a shotgun.

OTHERWORLDLY BLUE EYES gaze back at her. He speaks in another language, his voice deep, booming.

ANGEL
(Semitic language subtitled)
I COME TO YOU WITH A MESSAGE ...

Still gripping the hoover, Mary looks confused.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
(Semitic language)
IN 10 YEARS WAR WILL BRING
HUMANITY TO IT'S FEET AND....

Off Mary's blank expression the angel pauses. Starts again -- in english.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
MARY JOHNSON, I AM HERE TO TELL
YOU ABOUT YOUR DESTINY, YOU ARE
TO BE THE SAVIOUR THAT WILL LEAD
HUMANITY OUT OF THE RUINS OF --

MARY
How do you know my name?

She lances forward with the hoover. The angel stumbles backwards slightly.

MARY (CONT'D)
Don't play with me.

The Angel breathes out frustration.

ANGEL
I MEAN YOU NO HARM...

MARY
How do I know that...?

ANGEL
BECAUSE I'M AN ANGEL...

MARY
How do I know that?

He sardonically gestures to the wings. Mary lowers the hoover. Taking a deep breath, the angel starts again.

ANGEL
MARY JOHNSON, YOU ARE HERE TO SERVE A GREAT PURPOSE --

MARY
(interrupting again)
So who put you up to this then, was it Kasim, is this his way of getting me back?

The angel glares.

ANGEL
YOU”RE HERE TO REMIND HUMANITY --

MARY
So who is it then? Osas.

ANGEL
EVEN THOUGH OUR TIME IS SHORT --

MARY
Amara, Elizabeth..

ANGEL
THAT --

MARY
Stella, Royce, Steven?

ANGEL
(Erupting)
SHUT THE FUCKING FUCK UP FOR A SECOND, I'M A FUCKING ANGEL FOR HEAVENS SAKE!!!!

Awkward silence. The angel’s face burns red with embarassment. Mary kisses her teeth.

MARY
Prick!!

Mary turns back to the computer desks and continues dusting. The angel cringes.

ANGEL
(to himself)
Oh Mary, I'm going to hell!

The angel rushes over to Mary.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I APOLOGISE. BUT I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME --

MARY
(not looking up)
Neither do I, the workers come in an hour. So...

ANGEL
YES. BUT I STILL HAVE TO TELL YOU --

Mary throws down her duster. Stares down the angel. He gulps. She goes back to work. As the angel watches. An idea bubbles.

ANGEL
MARY, I KNOW THINGS ARE HARD WITH...ROBERT.

Mary stops cleaning immediately.

ANGEL
BUT PLEASE BELIEVE THAT YOUR DESPAIR IS NOT THE END.

She eyes him now. Not intimidatingly but serious.

MARY
How did you...?

The angel leans in. His cerulean eyes seem hypnotic.

ANGEL
I AM GOD'S MESSENGER AND GOD KNOWS EVERYTHING.

Up close Mary gazes in wonder.

MARY
Your’e skin...glows.

ANGEL
YES. AM I NOT PERFECTION MADE POSSIBLE ONLY BY THE MOST HIGH. AM I NOT THE EMBODIMENT OF --

Mary yanks at his wing. He struggles with her but she tugs ever more aggressively.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Stop, stop, it's gonna...

The wings rip off. And crash to the ground.

The 'angel' is now red-faced. There's a HARNESS where wings were connected to.

ANGEL
Shit!

Mary sniffs at the imposter.

Defeated, he packs up his broken wings. And sits them down on a desk. He takesa BLONDE WIG off balding scalp. Removes FALSE TEETH. Pops out CONTACT LENSES. His posture slouches. In reality, he’s pretty pathetic looking.

Finally he uncaps a bottle of whisky and starts to glug. Mary looks on with sympathy.

MARY
Mate, if I’m caught with a drunk...

ANGEL
(re: half empty bottle)
I ain't drunk....not yet.

His voice, no longer booming sounds very human.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
I ain't no angel by the way...

MARY
(sarcastic)
Really?

ANGEL
My name's Kyle...

She watches him for a beat. Ponders. Then...

MARY
I'm gonna get security because...
(beat)
How did you...know about Robert?

KYLE rolls his sleeve. Beckons Mary closer. She winces at TRACK MARKS on his forearm. Track marks from syringe use.

KYLE
I keep em to remind me of what got me clean. You know who that was?

Mary looks upon Kyle with compassion.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You. Your words.

MARY
...,I don't follow.

KYLE takes a beat. Shrugs as if to say 'fuck it'. From his pocket, he takes out a small chip, places it on Mary’s temple before she can say anything.

KYLE
(to the chip)
Alexa 300, Search and play Mary Johnson 2035 UN speech...

A graphic box, a monitor of sorts, appears in Mary’s sight. ON SCREEN’S an older Mary, on stage. She has the air of a stateswoman. There is a lightness to her.

MARY (ON SCREEN)
...once upon a time an angel come to me and he showed me, even though time is short, who we are and what we do, in this moment, matters...

The angle reverses. ‘Future Mary' speaks to thousands.

KYLE
Alexa 300. End video.

As the screen vanishes, Mary flops down next to Kyle. For once she's speechless.

KYLE
Guess that needs some explaining.
(beat)
So I'm born a few years...centuries from now and then you're a big deal, like Jesus type big deal.

Kyle swigs his drink.

KYLE (CONT'D)
When Tesla figured out time travel, they thought your moment of glory, meeting with the angel or whatever musta been a time traveller, so 'ere I am.

Mary shakes her head in disbelief. Kyle stares at her.

KYLE (CONT'D)
But it weren't real was it. Cus your 'angel'
(points to self)
is a fuck up.

Mary’s still in shock.

MARY
I can barely cope as is, I'm no Christ.

Kyle gazes. This Mary, full of uncertainty is nothing like the Mary in the video. He sighs.

KYLE
Well if there ain't no saviour there's no reason I shouldn't help my self to some more of --

Mary grabs the bottle.

MARY
Just chill.

She really looks at him. A momentary flash of that messianic intensity from the video.

Kyle obediently lowers the drink.

MARY (CONT'D)
Whenever I'm having a bad morning, I sit here quietly and look at this.

Mary turns around. She gazes through the massive windows.

Kyle joins her to look at --

The beautiful view of the sun rising. A golden halo envelops them both. A peaceful, transcendent moment.

Turning to Kyle, Mary smiles.

MARY (CONT'D)
Better right?

Kyle sighs.

KYLE
(looking at the sun)
The timeline is broken.
(beat)
But they always put a fail-safe if things mess up.

MARY
Huh...What's that?

KYLE
Amazon 300. Memory wipe.

Mary blink. A WHITE FLASH appears before her eyes....

And then...

Kyle is gone. Like h never was there. Leaving behind a frozen Mary. For a beat she seems to be comatose and then she shudders awake.

A look of confusion swells on her face. She stands up, unsure of how she got in the position she is in. She looks up on the wall, the time is 6:55 --

She springs into habitual action. Grab the hoover. About to launch into frantic action, she stops and gazes at her surroundings.

Something's off. A beat. She drops the hoover. Turns to walks away.

INT. CLEANER'S ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON Marys' pen hovering over the paper once agin. With golden sun rays filtering in to the room Mary notices her screensaver. Her son beaming at her.

As she stares, tears well up and *something *opens up inside.

Suddenly the pen drops to the paper like an anvil. And she starts writing.

Over the scribbling, we hear Mary's voice....

MARY (V.O.)
Once upon a time an angel come to me and he showed me, even though time is short...

Hold on the image of her son and...

FADE TO BLACK