The Big O CD Theater

“The Walking Together down the Yellow Brick Road”

A Play by Chiaki J. Konaka

Translated by David Fleming / ZRO Limit
Dramatis Personae

Roger Smith (25)  A Negotiator
Norman Burg (54)  Roger's Butler
R. Dorothy (18)   An Android
Angel (26)        A Foreigner
Dan Dastun (47)   A Major in the Military Police

This play was written with the intent of it sounding like a recording of a play performed in a medium-sized playhouse. The set is the piano hall in Roger's mansion. The lines should have an ambience that sounds like they're being spoken inside a room. Also, I want it to be vivid enough to sense the actor's movements. The applause when the curtain opens and closes should also be real. As for the actors' performances, it should have the same tone as the animation, but it may be effective in some scenes to give it a strong nuance that it is a stage performance. Feel free to ad lib so long as the meaning isn't changed.

ROGER'S MANSION
The starting bell sounds, and a rustling murmur grows quiet.
Music (sax and piano)
Roger's voice rolls out (a recording).

ROGER (off)
My name is Roger Smith. I perform a much-needed job here in this city of amnesia. This town, Paradigm City, is a city of Amnesia. One day forty years ago, everyone here lost their memory of everything before that day. But humans are creatures that manage to make do and go on with life.

Pause to match music duration.

ROGER (off)
If they can figure out how to make machines run and generate electricity, they can have something like a civilization even without a history. They can live their lives just fine without knowing what did or didn't happen. No, they try their hardest to do it. The only ones who regret their lost memories are the city's elderly. But Memories... Like nightmares, they sometimes appear when you least expect it.

Curtain Opens.
We see the large living room in Roger's mansion. We hear a piano polonaise. At stage rear, R. Dorothy plays the piano.

ROGER (off)
Dorothy! R. Dorothy Wayneright!
Door opens on stage left, Roger enters.
Dorothy continues playing the piano.

DOROTHY
What’s the matter, Roger? The song I’m playing now isn’t the one I play to wake you up.

ROGER
That’s not what I mean! Don’t you know where it is?!

Roger paces the room as he talks.

DOROTHY
If you don’t tell me what you’re talking about, I can’t tell you whether I know or not.

ROGER
(irritated)
Don’t you understand?! It’s gone! It’s not there!

DOROTHY
WHAT isn’t there?

ROGER
What do you THINK?!

DOROTHY
Norman?

ROGER
No! Big O!

DOROTHY
[beat] Big O is gone?

ROGER
(sighs)
That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you.

DOROTHY
You’re saying that Big O started up on its own without you in it?

ROGER
Yes. It’s happened before. When it happened, you were in it.

DOROTHY
But right now, I’m sitting here speaking to you.
ROGER
(regaining composure)
Yes… You’re right. What’s going on here?

DOROTHY
What about Norman? Where is he?

ROGER
I’ve looked all over the mansion for him! But it looks like he’s stepped put.

DOROTHY
Have you considered the possibility that Norman may have taken Big O out for walk?

ROGER
I don’t even want to THINK about that! HIM? Doing something like that without telling ME?!

DOROTHY
Maybe you should calm down, Roger Smith.

ROGER
Calm down?! Are you trying to say that I’m not calm?!

DOROTHY
No one who saw your crooked necktie and messy hair could possibly think you were calm.

ROGER
Do you think anyone could remain calm in a situation like this?!

DOROTHY
[beat] Roger.

The sound of the piano stops.

ROGER
[beat] What?

DOROTHY
[beat] I admit that Big O disappearing is a serious matter, but seeing you lose your composure like this is unnatural.
ROGER  
And why is that?! Big O is gone! If there’s a greater reason to lose my composure, I’d sure like to know what it is!

DOROTHY  
Still…

ROGER  
What?!

DOROTHY  
It’s not as if something has happened that would require you to go out in Big O right this very moment.

ROGER  
I’m thinking about what would happen if it did!

Are you?

DOROTHY  
What’s THAT suppose to mean? What are you getting at, Dorothy?

ROGER  
What exactly is Big O to you?

DOROTHY  
…

ROGER  
Putting it that way is completely off base.

DOROTHY  
Would you react this way if the Gryphon disappeared?

ROGER  
Does an android’s way of thinking put car on par with a Megadeus?!

DOROTHY  
…
An awkward silence, then Roger clears his throat.

ROGER (off)
At any rate, Big O has gone somewhere underground, taking the Prairie Dog with it.
[sighs] What am I going to do? How can I look for it…?

DOROTHY
Have you tried calling it?

ROGER
Wha-?

DOROTHY
Have you tried calling it with the watch on your left wrist?

ROGER
[beat] What in the world? How could I have forgotten something so simple? I must be losing my mind, all right. Thank you, Dorothy.

Click. We hear the sound of a door to stage right. Norman enters and stands beneath an overhead spotlight. (Norman will always stand at this location from now on.)

NORMAN
Master Roger, a guest has arrived.

ROGER
N-Norman! Where in the world have you been?!

NORMAN
Me, sir? Where have I been? Why, I’ve been in the kitchen all day.

ROGER
That can’t be. I must have called you a dozen times from the dock a while ago, and I even looked for you in the kitchen myself. You weren’t there.

NORMAN
How odd. I had decided to make turkey pot pie for dinner tonight, so I haven’t set foot away from the oven all day.
ROGER
Never mind that!

NORMAN
Sir?

ROGER
Don’t you know where it is?!

NORMAN
Where what is, sir?

ROGER
It’s gone! Bi…[stop with a gasp]

NORMAN
Bi…, sir?

ROGER
You…said I had a guest?

NORMAN
That’s right, sir. Major Dastun of the Military Police says he would like to see you, Master Roger.

ROGER
What could he possibly want at this hour?

The door to stage right opens and Dastun walks in, footsteps echoing.

DASTUN
How long are going to keep me waiting?

NORMAN
Sir, you really mustn’t barge in unannounced! It simply isn’t done!

ROGER
It's all right, Norman.

NORMAN
[beat] Yes, sir.

DASTUN
How do you do, miss.

DOROTHY
Good evening, Major Dastun.

ROGER
I see you’re polite when it comes to androids, at any rate.

DASTUN
Er, um, I didn’t mean it like that…

ROGER
I’m sorry, but would you mind waiting a minute?
Norman.

NORMAN
Sir?

The two leave the room to stage right.
Dastun and Dorothy are left alone.

DASTUN
[beat] So… You can play the piano?

DOROTHY
…

Dorothy starts playing a ballad.
(sample existing piano tracks only?)

DOROTHY
[beat] Do you like ballads?

DASTUN
[beat] No… I’m not all that interested in music. It’s just that that song…It almost seemed like it was knocking on a door inside me.

DOROTHY
A Memory…?

DASTUN
My Memories aren’t of anything important. I’ve probably lived this way my whole life.

DOROTHY
….
DASTUN
Your playing…

DOROTHY
Hm?

DASTUN
Did you have to practice?

DOROTHY
[beat] No. The Memories I have let me play the piano.

DASTUN
Your Memories?

DOROTHY
Yes. The Memories belonging to Dorothy Wayneright the girl I was modeled after who died long ago.

DASTUN
[beat] I see…

The two are silent for a moment.
Dorothy continues playing the ballad.

DASTUN
Doesn’t it…bother you?

DOROTHY
Hm?

Dorothy stops playing.

DASTUN
No, I’m sorry. That was strange thins to ask.

DOROTHY
...

DASTUN
You’re… You’re an amazing piece of work. A work of art, you might say…

DOROTHY
Is that flattery? Thank you.

DASTUN
No, it’s just that… I couldn’t help thinking that you’re almost —

DOROTHY
I’m different from humans.

DASTUN
Yeah, I know. I learned that the hard way when I caught you back when I first met you. (laughs dryly)

DOROTHY
I don’t remember that… But I suppose I should say I’m sorry just in case.

DASTUN
There are things you remember and things you don’t remember… You have Memories of some things, but not of others… And you always feel like the Memories you don’t have are lurking behind your back, menacing you… How are you any different?

DOROTHY
Huh?

DASTUN
[beat] (changing topic)
Where’d that Roger Smith get to?

Just then, we hear Roger and Norman’s voices from offstage.

NORMAN (off / flustered)
This has never happened to me, either, sir. Whatever shall we do, Master Roger?

ROGER
Do you think anyone could remain calm in a situation like this?!

ROGER (off)
At any rate, we…(lowers voice at this point)

DASTUN
It looks like he’s busy. I should come back some other time.

The door opens.
ROGER
I’m sorry I kept you waiting, Dastun. So, what can I do for you?

DASTUN
That’s all right, I’ll come back later. This looks like a bad time for you.

ROGER
In other words, you’re saying that you didn’t come here tonight as a major in the Military Police?

DASTUN
Or as your former superior officer.

ROGER
(gives a little sigh)
Don’t tell me that you’re here as a friend.

DASTUN
I wouldn’t go that far, but there are times when I feel like talking to you over a drink. But I’ll call quits for tonight. Sorry I bothered you.

Dastun starts to leave.

ROGER
Dastun,

DASTUN
Hm?

ROGER
I’ll admit that there is something that I have to see to tonight. But I can’t bear to see anyone with whom I share the slightest bond leave my home with a troubled face, even if he isn’t friend.

DASTUN
(gives a bitter smile)
That’s one thing that hasn’t changed about you, Roger.

ROGER
Dorothy, if you’ll excuse us?
She closes the piano cover with a “clop.”

DASTUN
No, that’s not necessary.

ROGER
But….

DASTUN
Before you came back, the young lady and I…er, the android I-

DOROTHY
Don’t worry about hurting my feelings.

DASTUN
[beat] Dorothy, Right. Maybe I should just call you that… I was talking to Dorothy about it for a while.

DOROTHY
About Memories.

ROGER
This could take a while…Norman!

Norman steps under the overhead spot.

NORMAN
You called, sir?

ROGER
A bourbon for our guest.

NORMAN
Very good, sir. (leaves)

DASTUN
[beat] Thank you.

ROGER
It's just that I’m surprised that a man like you, who is proud of his job of protecting those people inside the Domes even though he’s mocked as the lapdog of the Paradigm Corporation, would lose sleep obsessing over Memories.

DASTUN
I don’t know if it was intentional, but you’re sorely mistaken, Roger
Smith. The Military Police doesn’t just protect the Domes. We protect everyone who lives here in Paradigm City.

ROGER
I’m not so sure that the regulations provide for that.

DASTUN
The regulations can kiss my ass! Oops. Sorry, Dorothy.

DOROTHY
That’s all right.

DASTUN
[beat] I don’t want to dredge up what happened when you left the force.

ROGER
Right. The situation hasn’t changed on bit.

We hear the door open to stage right.

NORMAN
Please pardon the delay.

ROGER
(coming over)
Thanks. I’ll take it from here.

NORMAN
Is that so, sir? Here you are then, sir.

Roger takes the glass over to Dastun.

DASTUN
[beat] Thanks.

ROGER
I was in the mood for a drink, too.

DOROTHY
Dorothy starts playing the piano.
Dastun hold the glass to his lips for a while.
Roger watches him.

DASTUN
Don’t you think it would be a lot easier if we never had
Memories in the first place?

ROGER
Huh?

DASTUN
I — I’ve always believed that it was just to use military force to combat unjustified violence when it threatens peace.

ROGER
……

DASTUN
This is what I’ve always believed — before we lost our Memories, the Military Police wasn’t an agency run by the Paradigm Corporation, but more like something that ——

ROGER
In other words, you’re trying to say that it lived up to the ideal of the Military Police that you have in your head. Something that didn’t protect Paradigm’s assets.

DASTUN
Believing that is what’s let me keep my pride in my work. Maybe this is the first time I’ve ever talked to anybody about this.

ROGER
[beat] Isn’t that enough?

DASTUN
…

ROGER
We may get our lost Memories back one day. Even if you don’t want to happen, you can be sure that someone will turn up who DOES. But when it’s all said and done, they’re only Memories. Ghost of the past.

DASTUN
[muttering] Ghosts of the past…

ROGER
Here and now, WE are the ones who are living our lives here, not the ghosts of the past. No matter what happened in the past, how we live our lives right here and now is another
Dastun, silent, smiles dryly.

ROGER

...

DASTUN
You’re pretty amazing, you know that? You’re absolutely right.

ROGER

...

DASTUN
The way you live your life is terrific. I admire you. But you’d do well to remember that things might not work out so well for normal people like me, Mr. Negotiator.

ROGER
(stunned)
I’m not interested in forcing my way of life onto others.

DASTUN
[beat] No… I’m not all that interested in music. It’s just that that song… It almost seemed like it was knocking on a door inside me.

DOROTHY
I should hope not. For starters, Roger sometimes wakes up in foul mood and takes it out on Norman and me.

DASTUN
Huh? What do you mean, Dorothy?

ROGER
Dorothy!

DOROTHY
He has dreams. Dreams that are fragments of Memories.

ROGER
Would you cut it out?! Don’t go around blabbing about other people!

DOROTHY
But Major Dastun has been speaking completely openly. I don’t think it’s fair.
ROGER
You’re saying that I’m not fair?! How DARE you suggest that I of all people am not fair!

DASTUN
(laughing)
Okay, okay, okay… Let’s just leave it at that. Save the family squabbles for after I leave, all right?

DOROTHY
Family….

ROGER
It’s not like that at all. Dorothy and I are —

DASTUN
Big brother and little sister.

ROGER
…

DASTUN
That’s the impression I get, but I guess that’s not right. Sometimes Dorothy seems like your older sister.

ROGER
…

DASTUN
No, that’s not quite right either. Oh, forget it. I’m a simple man. I understand relationships between men and women even less than I understand Memories.

ROGER
[beat] I admit…that I have dreams like anyone else. And they’re fragments of Memories of the past, no doubt about it. Also…

DASTUN
?

ROGER
The thing that’s precious to the man I am right now… the being that lets me believe that I am myself… you might say that it is the
embodiment of Memory.

DASTUN
What … are you talking about?

DOROTHY
(a little worried)
Roger?

ROGER
A being that is itself a Memory… From time to time, such things appear in this city.

DASTUN
Megdeuses… Is that what you’re talking about?

ROGER
Roger, I—

DASTUN
Wait, don’t tell me that what you’re trying to say is that—

ROGER
I’m a man who prizes fairness. And I can’t hold myself apart from such questions as what sort of Memory it originally was, and for what purpose it was constructed. But even so, I acknowledge its existence because I believe the man that I am now to be a just one.

Roger’s tone of voice gradually grows more forceful.

DASTUN
…

ROGER
Probably — no, without a doubt — those Memories of the past were powerful enough to destroy the very world we now live in. And that is why I won’t allow anyone to reawaken the Memories of the past to be used now as they were back then, Dastun!

DASTUN
Roger Smith… What are you—

ROGER
Those who would wake the ghost of the past, THOSE are my enemies! The Military Police? How powerful do you think they were in the past If your idealized Military Police existed back then, why is it that we lost our Memories?!

DOROTHY
(quietly, but forcefully)
Roger, stop it.

ROGER
Know your true enemy, Dastun!

DASTUN
(quietly)
What did you just say?

ROGER
Naturally, it’s not some small-time street punk like Beck! And it goes without saying that it’s not someone like that poor investigator Schwarzwald whose mind was ruled by the thought of digging up Megadeuses!

ANGEL
(from off stage, stage right wing)
Then are you trying to say that it’s Alex Rosewater, Mr. Negotiator?

Startled, everyone turn to look.
Angel appears from stage right. As if on her way home from a party, her beautiful dress is slightly disheveled.

ROGER
A – Angel…

BAM! Fshhhhh…
The sound of an hourglass being turned over.

ROGER
(strained)
Dorothy, mind your manners.

DASTUN
Uh… I’m SURE I’ve met you before. You’re Paradigm’s uh….Alex Rosewater’s secretary…? No, that’s not it. You were with Military Police’s board of inquiry… No, that’s not it, either. [confused] An
Out-of-Dome volunteer?

BAM! Fshhhhh….
The sound of an hourglass being turned over.

ROGER
Not even I have any idea how many names or titles this woman has.
NORMAN!

DASTUN

Norman steps under the overhead spot.

NORMAN
Yes, Master Roger?

ROGER
You’re familiar with the rule in this mansion?

NORMAN
Of course, Master Roger. First of all, everyone who lives in this mansion is to wear black. Let me see… Another is that all visitors who are young woman are to be shown in immediately.

ANGEL
( chuckles )
Why thank you, Norman

NORMAN
Not at all, miss.

BAM! Fshhhhh….
The sound of an hourglass being turned over.

ROGER
Cut that out, Dorothy! Um…Norman, this woman is an exception.

NORMAN
Sir? This is the first I’ve heard of this rule.

ROGER
I just made it up. Remember it.

NORMAN
(confused)
Of course, sir… I shall keep that in mind. If you’ll excuse me, then,
sir.

Norman leaves.

ANGEL
(a little tipsy)
If you’re having a party, you should’ve invited me. I thought we were at least that close, Roger Smith.

ROGER
[beat] There’s no party here, but you seem to be on your way home from one. If you decide to drop by because you weren’t drunk enough, you came to the wrong place.

ANGEL
A real gentleman would have offered me something, but you don’t mind if I sit, do you? I’m a little tired.

Angel flops down on the sofa in center stage.

ANGEL
I’m going to take my shoes off, too.

She takes her shoes off.

ROGER
I don’t have any special interest in women’s shoes, but it seems to me that ruby-colored shoes like that are only attractive when they’re on a woman’s feet.

ANGEL
Look, I know it’s bad manners. But I only bought these new shoes because I like them. I think they’re a bit small for me. I’m bushed…

ROGER
(irritated)
Just where do you think you are?!

Dorothy quietly begins to play a blues song on the piano. (cast plays it by ear until the song ends)

ROGER
(sighs)
What a night…
DASTUN
Huh. You can play songs like that, too, Dorothy?

DOROTHY
I sometimes get in the mood.

DASTUN
Mood…?

ROGER
Don’t let it get to you, Dastun. This android sometimes says stuff like that to confuse us.

ANGEL
(chuckles)
That looking in her eye is a little scary.

ROGER
Didn’t you know? Androids can see into the hearts of people with a guilty conscience.

ANGEL
(belly laughs)
Then… I must…
( desperately trying to reign in the laughter)
look like … a monster to her
(chokes back the laughter)

DASTUN
(dubious) Wait a minute, Roger… That’s the first I’ve ever heard that. Can she really —— Do androids really ——

DOROTHY
What I can tell is that Roger is a big, fat liar.

DASTUN
[beat] (caching on)
Oh…

DOROTHY
And that’s not all.
ROGER
Just drop it, Dorothy. By the way, Miss — What’s your name tonight?

ANGEL
Oh, now. You should just call me “My Angel” just like you always do.

DOROTHY
I think you mean, “That Obnoxious Fallen Angel.”

Roger sighs deeply.

DASTUN
(clears his throat)
Uh, a young lady really shouldn’t talk like that, Dorothy.

DOROTHY
Excuse me. Don’t worry about it.

ROGER
(discouraged)
Why did you come here?

ANGEL
Do you and I need a reason?

ROGER
Would you give it a rest?! I see you’ve had too much to drink.

ANGEL
I didn’t mean to. I was just at a party thrown by Alex Rosewater.

ROGER
You were, were you?

ANGEL
It was a birthday party for his father, Gordon Rosewater, a man who couldn't possibly attend. (snorts) What a joke.

ROGER
It was that old man’s…

ANGEL
Gordon Rosewater has no memory of yesterday, much less forty years ago. He lives happily basking all day in the warm light of the false sun in his personal Dome. What possible reason could he have to leave there?

ROGER
Yes, what reason…? (see Act:13)

ANGEL
Hm? It sound like you know something about Gordon that we don’t

ROGER
No, not really.

ANGEL
Well, never mind. Whatever Gordon did forty years ago, that poor old man can’t do anything now. He can’t get back our Memories, much less change the world.

DASTUN
Excuse me…

ANGEL
Yes, my good Mr. Military Police Major?

DASTUN
I … hear that you’re also searching for Memories.

ROGER
Yes, although her reasons seems to differ from those people I mentioned earlier. But just like them, she’ll stop nothing to get Memories.

We hear the sound of lighter flicking.
Angel takes a deep drag on her cigarette.

DASTUN
They’ll … stop at nothing…

ROGER
Dastun, you should do some digging on her. I’m not even sure if she was born here in Paradigm City.

DASTUN
[beat] You’re from… the outside world?
ANGEL
You’re awfully talkative tonight, Negotiator.

DASTUN
(sighs deeply)

ROGER
[beat] I’m sorry, Dastun… Looks like brought up some bad memories.

DASTUN
[beat] The one Memory I have of forty years ago… is of me and little girl younger than me watching a movie screen. On the screen was a beautiful woman from the outside world. And that woman appeared to me, exactly as she was in that film from forty years ago… And she died.

ANGEL
You sound like you’re talking from experience.

DASTUN
Did you know? I was the one… With these two hands…

ANGEL
I don’t know anything. That’s the sort of relationship we have, isn’t it, Roger Smith?

ROGER
[beat] It’s all a little too convenient, don’t you think?

ANGEL
At the very least, assassins from the outside world have nothing to do with me. It’s stupid to think that killing people will change this world.

ROGER
You’re awfully talkative tonight, yourself, Angel.

ANGEL
[beat] I suppose I am. But don’t get the wrong ideal I’m not in love with you or anything.

ROGER
Fine by me.
DASTUN
Do… you mind if I ask you something?

ANGEL
Who, me?

DASTUN
What exactly IS the outside world? Look, I don’t think that Paradigm City is the whole world. But nobody thought that there were people outside this city who have maintained a civilization like we have here.

ANGEL
[beat] I’m not sure.

DASTUN
What do you mean by that?

ANGEL
Have you ever considered that instead of “you never thought that” you were MADE not to think that?

DASTUN
(groans)

ANGEL
Memories weren’t simply lost forty years ago. I can’t imagine that they just up and vanished.

DASTUN
Our Memories were manipulated by someone…?

ROGER
I don’t know where you come from or why you’re trying to dig up Memories, but if I agree with you on one thing, it’s your thoughts regarding Memories. They aren’t absolute. They’re nothing more than something that we who live here in the present must conquer.

ANGEL
(smiling)
Why thank you, Roger Smith.

Roger returns her smile.
There is a brief silence.
CLANG! We hear the piano keyboard being slapped hard.

DOROTHY
I’m sick of this!

Everyone gulps and turns to look at her.

DOROTHY
(harshly)
Are Memories that precious to you? You’re chained up by something you can’t see – something that you’re not even sure exists! Humans are such idiots!

ROGER
Dorothy…

DOROTHY
That’s right! There’s even something wrong with me! I’m able to play the piano because I have Memories of my own! The reason my thoughts are so chaotic, that my regulatory functions are going haywire, isn’t because I have a soul! It’s an intolerable buffer overflow error that’s being caused by the thought processes of Dorothy Wayneright, the human I was modeled after, that are lingering in my Memories! These human Memories that cause these things in me… I… I’m sick of it.

ANGEL
(concerned)
[beat] She’s…

DOROTHY
I – I… I feel this way, but I can’t even cry.

DASTUN
(gently)
I’m only a human. But I think I understand what you’re feeling right now.

DOROTHY
….

ROGER
As you said, we’re chained up by these invisible things we call Memories. As long as we live what we call Memories, and not just those of forty years ago, will constantly be overwritten. But they never completely fade away…
ANGEL
I think it’s regrettable to call it “being chained up” . . . But you’re right. We’re missing that part of ourselves, and we want to fill in the hole. That’s the only things we have in common.

DOROTHY
[beat] (starting to regain composure)
I . . . Suddenly came into being in this world. I had someone who deserved to be called a father, but the reason I gained something like self-awareness in this world isn’t because he triggered it. I came into this world all alone . . . I don’t WANT to be alone. But I’m a being who only has the ability to imitate humans . . .

A brief pause.
Angel stands up.

ANGEL
These shoes might be a little big for you.

DOROTHY
Huh?

ANGEL
When I was little . . . I was told a story that went something like this. A little girls sucked up and carried away by a huge tornado. She’s carried away from the little town she lived in to a magical world.

DOROTHY
What sort of world . . .?

ANGEL
Everything the little girl saw and touched was wondrous to her. There, the girl makes three friends. One is . . . Uh, I can’t remember the details. But none of them are human. But each of them has lost some part of human soul . . . Courage, I think. And intelligence . . .

DOROTHY
Memories . . .

ANGEL
The girl had lost her home. The four of them walk down a road of yellow bricks to see a great wizard who ruled that world, a wizard no one had ever seen in person.

ROGER
This sounds familiar…

ANGEL
But in reality, that wizard was nothing but a plain old cowardly human…

DASTUN
So… How does it end?

ANGEL
I can’t remember… Haven’t you ever heard this story before? I always wanted to visit where this story was made.

A pause.

ANGEL
(changing topics)
Uh…Oh, but I do remember the girl got back her own world. Dorothy, try putting these shoes.

DOROTHY
…

Dorothy puts on the shoes.

ANGEL
(gives a bitter smile)
Those shoes just don’t work with a black dress. Still… you should try wearing bright colors like that every once in a while. I mean, the color of your hair is really pretty.

DOROTHY
[beat] How did the girl get home?

ANGEL
She clicked the heels of her shoes together one, two, three times.

ROGER
Give it a try, Dorothy.

DASTUN
[beat] But…

ROGER
Oh, just do it. The magic will work. I guarantee it.
ANGEL

Huh?

DOROTHY

Well... I'll give it a try.

Nervously, Dorothy starts.
Click. Click. Click... go the heels.
Silence.

DOROTHY

Nothing happened...
Of course not. What you told me was... just a story told to children.
(sadly) How could you guarantee something like this, Roger...? That was careless thing for a Negotiator to do...

ROGER

The magic is working, Dorothy.

DOROTHY

Huh?

ROGER

[beat] Or rather, you MADE it work.

DOROTHY

...

ROGER

We’re just like those three almost human but not characters that appear in that fairy tale. We think of these things we’ve lost that we call Memories as that part of us that we’re each missing. In my case, it refers to an entity that’s slightly more tangible.

DASTUN

Back to that, huh? That “embodiment of Memory” of yours...?

ANGEL

What do you mean?

ROGER

For the sake of argument, I’ll call it “Big O.” And now, I’ll tell you another fairy tale of my own.
They all hold their breath, hanging on Roger’s every word.

ROGER
There was once a man, and he believed that their meeting was more coincidence. But then he realizes that this was not the case. He could make this entity in the shape of a giant, an entity that by all rights he had never seen before, do whatever he wished. Either arrangements were made beforehand to allow him to pilot it, or…some Memories within him that he was unaware of allowed him to do so.

ANGEL
(smiling faintly)
What a fascinating fairy tale this is.

ROGER
However, whether this is the truth or not doesn’t make the least bit of difference to this man now. As I — As HE sees it, the question is how he will use that entity — How he will use Big O. To him, that’s something he has to give serious thought to as he acts.

DASTUN
A god presides over justice? Is that what he’s playing at?

ROGER
The answer to that is “no,” of course! I don’t like calling Big O and the other giant robots “Megadeuses”. Nevertheless… I sometimes wonder if the humans who created those beings that were among those incredibly powerful Memories – assuming they WERE human – weren’t trying to create gods.

ANGEL
(suppressing a laugh)
Don’t you mean “he”?

ROGER
No, this is what I think, Angel. I don’t think Big O understands what people like that were thinking. But Big O is an entity that was left behind, too… [holdover / remnant] Yes, his Memories have gaps in them, too. Dorothy. Those emotions you displayed in front of us a few minutes ago… You may say they are a reaction, but I believe they are your own feelings.
DOROTHY
Huh?

ROGER
There’s no need for you to become human. You are yourself, and the feelings within you are your own. YOU were the one who taught me that.

DOROTHY
[beat] I can’t understand, Roger that. It’s completely illogical.

ROGER
It’s not logic. Humans, androids… and even Megadeuses… all exist here in this city with something having been removed from them. I believe that continuing to look for that missing something is proof that we’re alive.

ANGEL
It’s… magic?

ROGER
Exactly. Until just recently, I believed that something that might be called the embodiment of Memory had disappeared. But that isn’t the case at all. When I begin to lose the desire to continue that search and I come to rely only on its strength out of a sense of weakness, it ceases to exist.

DASTUN
[beat] Then it exists right now.

ROGER
(proclaiming loudly)
Indeed it does!

Click! He touches his wristwatch.

ROGER
Big O! SHOWTIME!

Rrruummmmble!
A deep roar resounds through the room.

ANGEL
(spooked)
Wha —? What’s happening?
“Sure Promise” echoes.

DOROTHY
Big O…

DASTUN
The Megadeus… No, Big O… it’s here…

ROGER
Of course it is! This fairy tale doesn’t have an ending yet! I’ll keep on fighting! With Big O!

Sound Effects — Big O cockpit interior noises.

ANGEL
(sounding strained)
[beat] So, you’ll fight, no matter what?

ROGER
That’s right! Memories of the past are no ghosts! It’s the beings who wake them and revive the destruction of the past that are the ghosts! No matter who those beings are, I’ll fight them!

DASTUN
[beat] I… I’ll wake down a road I believe in with my pride in the Military Police in my heat. At the end of that road, I may end up fighting you.

ROGER
That’s all right, Dastun!

Creak! We hear a lever being pulled back.

Then, suddenly, the music and sound effects out simultaneously.

ROGER
Big O! ACTION!

We hear the door to stage right open, and Norman steps under the overhead spot.

NORMAN
It’s grown quite late. I’m terribly sorry, but as I have an early
morning tomorrow, I shall take the liberty of excusing myself. I have placed chocolates and milk in your bedroom, Master Roger. A good night to you all.

Norman bows and start to leave, then goes over to Roger.

  NORMAN
  Master Roger…(whispering) Big O has returned.

  ROGER
  I know.

The door closes.
Everyone lets out long, tired breath.
Dastun clears his throat and stands.

  DASTUN
  Uh… I guess I stayed a lot longer than I meant to… I’ll call it a night, too.

  ANGEL
  My buzz has worn off.. I wonder if any bars are still open?

  DASTUN
  Uh… You’re going home barefoot?

  ANGEL
  (smiling)
  You’ll give me a lift? You’re so sweet.

  DASTUN
  (a little flustered)
  Wha ——? Oh, sure…All right.

  ANGEL
  Well, until we meet again, miss.

  DOROTHY
  ...

  ANGEL
  Roger Smith..(throws him a kiss)

BAM!
An hourglass is flipped over and we hear the sand being to run.
DOROTHY
[beat] Roger…

ROGER
[beat] This has been strange night, hasn't it, Dorothy?

DOROTHY
These shoes are too big.

The intro “And Forever…” begins to play.
Applause.

Play ends.