

The Big O CD Theater

“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 out.

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!

DOROTHY

Are you?

ROGER

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

DOROTHY

What exactly is Big O to you?

ROGER

....

DOROTHY

It's unlikely that it's something you love so much that it's irreplaceable.

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 things 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 “clap.”

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

matter entirely.

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!

Rrruummmbble!

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.