

Protomen

"Hope Rides Alone"

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Narrator: No one was left who could remember how it
had
Happened,
How the world had fallen under darkness.
At least no one who would do anything.
No one who would oppose the robots.
No one who would challenge their power,
Or so Dr. Wily believed...

[There is a skyline in the distance. A brilliant and
Bright city with building after building crowded into a
Dense and industrious center. The city is closer now.
Rushing past the buildings to the base of one
crumbling
High-rise. The first story passes by. The second now,
And with more speed. There is a blur of windows and
Brick. Eighteen... Nineteen...]

Twenty floors above the dark streets of the city, Dr.
Light lived in a run-down tenement.
An eccentric and brilliant man.
Light was a loner, a thinker, a man of ideas.
Ideas forbidden in Wily's society.
The society for which he worked.
The society in which he lived.
The society that he would set free.
And so Light worked, far into the night, when the
Watchful eyes of Wily's robots weren't upon him.
He'd set his skillful hands to the task of creating a
Device to bring about a change, to create a machine to
Bring freedom, to create a man to save the world.
Twelve years Light worked and on a cold night in the
Year 200X, Protoman was born.
A perfect man, an unbeatable machine, hell-bent on
Destroying every evil standing between man and
freedom,
Built for one purpose, to destroy Wily's army of evil
Robots. Ready, willing, prepared to fight.

[The streets, the arteries of this metropolis, run with
Bodies. Crowding together, they flow out of the city,

Toward a superstructure east of town. A factory. A
Fortress. Glancing at it the facade resembles the face
Of a skeleton. Smoke pours from the stacks high above
The outer wall. The gates are open. A figure stands in
The light before the entrance. Perfectly still, he
Waits. The crash of metal destroys the silence. One by
One the Robots step forward, step into the light.]

Cutman
Gutsman
Elecman
Bombman
Fireman
Iceman
Proto

Fireman: Attack!

[The violence is surreal. Metal against metal, the
Sound is deafening. For most, the reaction is
Automatic. Hands cover ears. Mothers reach to cover
Eyes of terrified children. The blows are quick and
Precise. This is Protoman. Dealing death without
Remorse, without hesitation, and still, the fight is
Unbalanced. One against so many. Protoman fights
Without fear of defeat, although it is inevitable. The
Men keep their distance, straining to see every
Crushing blow through the smoke that has surrounded
the
Ongoing battle. The din stops abruptly. Unsettlingly.]

Narrator: And as the smoke cleared!
Wily rose above the countless robots remaining.
Protoman was wounded, low on energy, struggling to
Remain standing as Wily ordered the final attack.
The death of Protoman.

The crowd had gathered there to watch him fall, to
Watch their hopes destroyed.
They watched them beat him, they watched them break
Him, they watched his last defense deployed.
There was not a man among them who would let
himself be
Heard.
But from the crowd, from thier collective fear, arose
These broken words:
We are the dead
We are the dead

Human Choir: What have we done?
Narrator: We are the dead

Human Choir: What will we do?
Narrator: We are the dead
Human Choir: Where will we turn?
Narrator: We are the dead
Human Choir: Is there nothing we can do?
Narrator: We are the dead
Human Choir: How did it come to this?
Narrator: We are the dead
Human Choir: How did we go so wrong?
Narrator: We are the dead
Human Choir: We are the dead

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