

Protomen

"The Good Doctor"

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Tom:

My father worked the mines until the day it took his
Life.

It stole him from his only son and it stole him from
His wife.

And I swore upon his grave, someday I would make
things
Right.

So I learned how to bend steel. I learned how to make
It move,

And I watched as it withstood all the hell we put men
Through.

With hands of iron, there's not a task we couldn't do.

They've waited so long for this day,

Someone to take the death away,

No son would ever have to say,

"My father worked into his grave."

Albert:

Tom, listen to yourself, then listen carefully to me.

If you replace the working parts, you get a different
Machine.

The man who turns the wheels, they will follow
Anywhere he leads.

We've spent our whole lives searching

For a way to make a better world.

Giving everything to them, asking nothing in return.

Well here it is: our chance to take back everything

We've earned.

Tom: They've waited so long for this day (Albert:

They've waited so long for this day)

Someone to take the death away (There is no price they
Wouldn't pay)

No son would ever have to say, (For someone else to
Lead them)

"My father worked into his grave." (Don't turn your
Back on me!)

[Light walked slowly to the window overlooking the City. He knew he had no choice but to turn on the Machines. They'd come so far. To turn back now would be Failure. Failure of his promise to the city. Failure of His promise to his father. Failure of the promise he'd Made to himself.]

What will I become with the things I will create?
I never said that men should bow. I never said that men
Should break
I only want what's best.
The one I love, she works so hard, she works her
Fingers till they bleed.
Some of the pain that she endures would bring a
strong
Man to his knees.
I only want to help.

(You are a fool.) You underestimate the character of
Man.
(They are weaker than you think) You think that they'll

Surrender if you bind their working hands.
But they are strong (just wait and see.)

We will build cities in a day (Man would cower at the
Sight)
We will build towers to the heavens (Man was not built
For such a height)
We will be heroes! (We will BUILD heroes!)

[Tom reluctantly reached out his hand to the wall and
Pulled the large metal lever.
For miles, lights flickered under the sudden strain as
The machines were brought to life.]

They've waited so long for this day,
Someone to take the death away,
No son would ever have to say,
"My father worked into his grave."
Men sleep tonight with hands of bone. They will awake
With hands of steel.
And with these hands we will destroy. And with these
Hands we will rebuild.
And we will stand above our city, rising high above the
Streets.
From tops of buildings we will look
At all that lies beneath our feet.

We will raise our hands above us,
Cold steel shining in the sun,
And with these hands that will not bleed,
My father's battle will be won.

[As Thomas Light left the workshop, descended the
Stairs, and walked out in the cold night air, his
Partner surveyed the machines they had spent their
Lives creating. His gaze shifted from one pair of
Lifeless eyes to the next, until he came upon a single
Red light shining through the blacked-out blast shield
Of a dark green helmet. He shuddered. This was the
new
Face of fear. He quickly turned to exit, the machine
Striding stoically a few steps behind. The two men were
Both headed to the same place.

Thomas Light walked slowly through the darkened
Streets. His mind was racing. His decision, right or
Wrong, had been made. Nothing could undo it now. He
Spoke to himself in hurried, hushed tones. Weighing
the
Consequences of his actions. A familiar automobile
Passed him in the darkness. He was too lost in thought
To take notice.]

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