

Producing the Angels

Due:

*This story is set shortly before the competition for magical candy begins in *Magical Girl Raising Project*.

Cast



Narrator: Gabe Lerman, Martin Weston

Minael: Arialani

Yunael: Ari

Tama: amgue

Ruler: shucaisan

Fav: MetalHead365

Extra:

- Tama's Grandmother:

Guidelines:

- PRONUNCIATION! HEAVY EMPHASIS ON THIS! There is a link that will be posted in #castchat with how to say the foreign words.
- Either send your lines in a DM, or email it to me at mgrp.va.official@gmail.com in a .wav file.
- Please format your files as: [Character Name]_[Episode #]_ [Scene #], So for example, [Nemurin_Episode 1_Scene 2]

- If you have any questions, please ask! I will be happy to help you with anything.
- Improvisation? Of course, go nuts!
- Say each line at least 2 times, 4 at maximum.
- If I ask you to re-do your lines, please do them.

Scene 1

Narrator: Gabe Lerman

Minael:

Yunael:

There was a mobile game called Magical Girl Raising Project.

Rumors said this game caused miracles and made one out of every few tens of thousands of players into a real magical girl. The "completely free to play" element-which some called the height of madness for a mobile game-had definitely enabled the spread of such rumors. But it was a well-known fact that the gossip was based on actual sightings.

The aggregate site dedicated to the strange girls-nicknamed "magical girls"-who were spotted in N City was buzzing with activity that day, as it always was. The furious exchange of information that could be fact or fiction continued as posters endlessly added to the pile of impressions and commentary, as did the exchange of nastiness and scorn regarding said information.

The regulars on this aggregate site were categorized into a number of types: those who had been helped by magical girls; those who loved magical-girl characters; those who were into magical girls, as well as cryptids and UFOs; those who lived to troll; and ... the magical girls themselves.

Minael: "So what are we gonna do about this?" (Casual conversation, down-in-the-dumps)

Yunael: "I know, right?" (Casual conversation, down-in-the-dumps)

Mina and Yuna Amasato were sitting side by side at their kitchen table, pressing their faces close in front of a smartphone as they discussed the magical girls.

Most twins diverge in interests, principles, and even appearance as the years pass, but Mina and Yuna were still close, despite being in university. They liked the same things, wore the same clothes, and looked like two peas in a pod. Even their parents couldn't tell them apart. They had always taken it for granted that they would choose the same university, live in the same apartment building, and do everything together. If they ever had any issues, they always talked them over with each other.

The two of them saw this chat as a serious discussion, but it was really just an endless complaint and condolence circle-jerk, and at the very least, it wasn't a productive conversation about what to do. The both of them had gotten the vague sense that this conversation wasn't doing much for them, but it wasn't like they could come up with a solution for their problem, anyway. And if they had no ideas, it was best to just let the conversation drag on.

Talking might lead them to some kind of idea; plus, Mina liked Yuna and Yuna liked Mina, so they didn't mind just chatting endlessly together.

Minael: "While we're busy worrying over this, the popularity poll is gonna start!" (Frustrated, complaining)

Yunael: "I know! At this rate, we won't be able to win first place!" (Frustrated, exasperated)

Minael: "I really wish we had some kinda awesome plan to beat everyone." (Bummed out, casual)

Yunael: "Agreed." (Bummed out, casual)

Minael: "But like, if just you and me, we're not gonna be able to come up with any ideas, are we?" (Thoughtful)

Yunael: "Oh! You're so magi-cool, sis, picking up on that." (Impressed)

Minael: "If I were, maybe I'd have come up with something." (Dismissive, a bit smug)

Yunael: "You're so magi-modest, sis." (Impressed)

Minael: "Should we ask Ruler for advice?" (Hesitant, bored)

Yunael: "That hysterical old bag? No way." (Incredulous, bored)

Minael: "Yeah. But Fav is useless." (Mindless chatting, bored)

Yunael: "Then Sister Nana or something? Or Calamity Mary?" (Thinking, mindless chatting)

Minael: "I'd take Ruler over either of them. We wanna stay away from those types." (Repugnant, mindless chatting)

Yunael: "Maybe 'asking for advice' is the wrong way to think about it, anyway." (Mindless chatting)

Minael: "Oh yeah. Maybe it's better to think of it like we're using them." (Dismissive of words, mindless chatting)

Yunael: "Or working them like dogs! I like that." (Excited, smug)

Minael: "So then why not her? The new one." ('Ohh!' intonation, realization)

Yunael: "Oh, the puppy dog Ruler brought in?" (Curious, investive)

Minael: "Yeah, yeah." (Investive)

Yunael: "Ohhh, I like that. So let's make her give us some ideas. Let's do it!" (Upbeat, excited)

Minael: "Now that that's decided, let's play some Momotetsu to celebrate our idea. Whoever loses buys dinner for us tonight." (Determined, Upbeat)

Yunael: "All right! I'm gonna put an egg on my beef bowl today, then." (Upbeat, cheerful)



Scene 2

Narrator: Martin Weston

Tama:

Ruler:

Fav:

Tama's Grandmother

Even magical girls, as unworldly as they seem, deal with interpersonal relationships like everyone else. When someone gains powers through Magical Girl Raising Project, the first thing that happens is a period of instruction from a more experienced magical girl.

When Tama Inubouzaki became her alter ego Tama and met another magical girl for the first time, the impression she got was: She seems scary. Though for Tama, about 85 percent of first-time encounters were scary. And after seeing them for a second or third time, 99 percent of those scary-seeming people turned out to be scary people in general.

Tama's natural-born cowardice manifested itself as a timid personality, and that, coupled with her slow thinking, led people to rank her a rung lower than everyone else. Whether in after-school classes or at school, her teachers would either never bother with her in the first place or eventually give up on her.

When it came to schoolwork, she was the worst of the worst, and athletically, she ranked in the middling region of the bottom tier.

She was also worse than average at drawing and singing. She was absolutely terrible at memorization. Her parents neglected her, and her younger brother and sister followed suit, treating Tama like she wasn't there. Her classmates in middle school thought of her only as a gofer or an extra head when they needed to round out a group.

The only person who had ever listened to her, her maternal grandmother, had passed away six months earlier from acute pneumonia. Her grandma had listened intently to Tama's awkward stammering, often patting her head and telling her,

Tama's Grandmother: "You're such a nice girl, Tama."

During the funeral, Tama had recalled just how warm her hand had been. Devastated, she had cried and cried until she had no more tears to shed.

It was the death of her grandmother that had led her to start playing Magical Girl Raising Project. With her grandmother gone, she no longer had anyone who would spend time with her. With some vague thoughts in her head that maybe she could escape from this hopeless mess by becoming a magical girl like the rumors said, Tama immersed herself in the game, practically clinging to her cell phone.

And in about two months, the mascot character of Magical Girl Raising Project, Fav, came to talk to her.

Fav: "Congratulations, pon! You've been chosen to become a real magical girl, pon!" (Cheery)

And this was how Tama Inubouzaki became the magical girl Tama. She now had the ability to run up walls, crush rocks, and circle the town with a string of continuous backflips. Her sharp senses meant she could see through the darkness of night and hear a pin drop. She had an adorable face and voice, and doglike ears that would twitch back and forth growing from her head. With her magical ability to instantly create holes, she could dig anywhere she wanted.

Once Tama had checked out all of her new magical-girl powers, she was brought to an abandoned temple called Ouketsuji in Nishimonzen, where a more

experienced magical girl would teach her the rules and give her an understanding of her role.



In contrast with fluffy, puffy Tama and her doggy ears, doggy tail, hooded cape, and paw gloves, the magical girl Ruler was sleek and slender in every way. She wore a long cape, sparkling tiara, and glass slippers, and she carried an ivory scepter.

As she looked at Tama, swelling with pride, Ruler overflowed with the confidence and dignity of a magical girl befitting her princess-like attire. Tama automatically shrank into herself.

Ruler: "Now then, let's begin with what it means to be a magical girl."
(Lecturing, commanding)

Ruler launched into a lecture about how a heroine should not do this and should conduct herself like that, and Tama dazedly watched her mentor's fast-moving lips until, before she knew it, Ruler's explanation was over. Ruler looked Tama in the eye and asked,

Ruler: "Do you understand?" (Asking, harsh)

Tama: "... I'm sorry, I don't really." (Quiet, Apologetic)

Ruler: "You stupid IDIOT! Moron! Listen up when people are talking to you!" (Annoyed, Loud, Scolding)

Ruler yelled, suddenly furious. Tears rose in Tama's eyes as she shrank even smaller.

Once the thorough scolding was over, Ruler sighed.

Ruler: "Well, idiots like you are common enough. That's why I've made this." (Exasperated, matter-of-fact)

She pulled out a booklet that looked rather like a guidebook for a school field trip. It was a stack of printouts stapled together with a drawing of Ruler, staff raised, on the cover. The design was very aesthetically pleasing, and the illustration was good enough to be mistaken for the work of a professional manga artist or illustrator.

Above the illustration, the title was written in a large, comical font. "'The Road to Being a Magical Girl?'"

Ruler: "Read this, and you'll understand what we should be like. Well, all you really have to do is remember everything I say, but people with poor memories like yourself are common enough. And it's a ruler's role to lead the ignorant masses ... " (Annoyed, Lecturing, Continuing)

Ruler began talking again, but Tama only pretended to listen as she opened the booklet. She was getting dizzy just looking at the lines and lines of tiny characters.

Tama: "Um ... " (Hesitant)

Ruler: "Hmm? What's wrong?" (Questioning, Flat)

Tama: "I can't read most of these kanji characters ... and there are alot of words I don't understand..." (Shaky, Quiet, Hesitant)

Ruler: "You ignoramus! Simpleton! Fluff-for-brains!" (Angry, Scolding)

Ruler raged at her like a storm, and the temple around them groaned under her vicious, angry shouts. With a vein popping on her temple and her shoulder sheaving after the harsh dressing-down, Ruler took the booklet from Tama and opened it up.

Ruler: "So? Which kanji can't you read? Which words don't you know?" (Harsh, Asking)

Tama: "Um ..." (Quiet)

Ruler: "Hurry up; out with it! Don't irritate me anymore than I already am!" (Annoyed, Irritated)

Tama: "U-um ... this ... and this ... " (Hesitant, awkward)

The only sound in the quiet, abandoned temple was the skritch of Ruler's pencil moving. Shoulder to shoulder, the two of them faced the booklet. Tama would point out kanji, and Ruler would write a phonetic spelling. Once the final page was full, Ruler shoved the booklet at Tama.

Ruler: "All right? No complaints?" (Questioning, Sharp)

Tama: "Oh, yes. Um ... no complaints. Thank you ... very much." (Taken aback, slightly surprised and grateful)

Ruler: "So then make sure to remember it all. Make absolutely sure. If you don't, I'll be angry." (Authoritative, yet a more softer tone)

Tama looked at Ruler with upturned eyes. Her mentor looked incredibly confident and imposing as she crossed her arms and gave a little hmph.

Tama: "Ruler ... ma'am." (Curious)

Ruler: "What?" (Confident)

Tama: "Um ... you're really kind." (Hesitant, grateful)

Ruler: "Sh-shut up! There's no need for that!" (Surprised, defying, embarrassed)

Ruler flushed red all the way to the tips of her ears. Huffing mad, she squared her shoulders and marched out. Her long cape slid over the floor and left a dust-free trail in her wake.

Tama watched her go with a tilted head. Her impression of Ruler had gone from *seems scary* to *definitely scary*, but she also suspected she was a slightly different brand of scary.

Tama: "Is she actually a good person?" (Curious, slow)

But she got the feeling that wasn't quite it, either. Head still tilted, Tama *hmmmed* uncertainty, unable to put the idea into words.

After that, Ruler summoned Tama to Ouketsuji at every opportunity. Under Ruler's instructions, Tama performed tasks like cleaning up the whole temple and repairing the damaged areas. Tama wasn't the only one there at these times, either-the twin angels were with them, too. This pair-Minael and Yunael, who'd been introduced as the Peaky Angels-obeyed Ruler without whining or complaints.

For Tama's part, she thought of them as a set with Ruler.

Two days earlier, the Peaky Angels had asked to see Tama.



Scene 3

Narrator:

Minael:

Yunael:

Tama:

Minael: "We wanna be popular. Popular!" (Cheery, Loud)

Yunael: "That's exactly what we're not, huh, sis?" (Faux-exasperated)

They had arranged to meet on the roof of the train station building. As soon as Tama arrived, the twin angels began ranting at her. The pair said nothing but "Mm-hmm" and "Uh-huh" when Ruler was present, and Tama had never imagined they would yell about anything, so she was surprised.

The Peaky Angels chattered back and forth, not allowing Tama to get a word in edgewise.

Minael: "So you know that one site, right?" (Asking)

Yunael: "Like, it's full of nothing but articles about Snow White."
(Complaining)

Minael: "It's nothing but stuff the 'magical girl in white' did." (Complaining, 'mimicking')

Yunael: "What's up with that? Is there more than one of her or something?" (Annoyed)

Minael: "There's just so many sightings of her." (Annoyed)

Yunael: "We can't take this lying down." (Combative, insistent)

Minael: "Only about a tenth of the stuff is about us, even though there's two of us." (Irritated, insistent)

Yunael: "It's weird, right?" (Agreeing, insistent)

Minael: "So there's this popularity poll coming up." (Explanatory)

Yunael: "On the aggregate site." (Explanatory)

Minael: "If we're gonna be magical girls and all, we want to be popular."
(Determined)

Yunael: "Obviously, right?" (Determined)

Minael: “So we did a bunch of stuff to try to get popular.” (Explanatory)

Yunael: “You’re so magi-cool, sis.” (Impressed)

Minael and Yunael told Tama they’d come up with a plan to boost their popularity by sockpuppeting. Minael had used her own magical phone to create a thread about how she’d been saved by the twin angels, while Yunael had used her own magical phone to post a sympathizing response: “They saved me, too! Those angels were so cute.”

This ploy to use both their phones to stir up enthusiasm for the Peaky Angels fell apart because of one unforeseen complication: Though each of the twins had their own phone, identical IDs ended up displaying on the message boards.

Minael: “We have two different phones! What are our IDs the same?!”
(Irritated, outraged)

Yunael: “Are the two of us a set?!” (Irritated)

Minael: “When we complained about this to Fav, he wasn’t bothered at all! He was like, ‘Oh, really?’” (Annoyed, mimicking)

Yunael: “Give us a break!” (Angry)

For their transparent ploy, the twins were laughed at, trolled, and driven off the boards. Their next idea was to use their old normal phones to redo the

scheme, but the whole brouhaha had burned that bridge for them. Anyone who brought up the twin angels would just be treated like a sockpuppet.

Meanwhile, the sightings of Snow White continued to increase.

Minael: “So like, at this rate, things are gonna get real bad, y’know?”
(Explanatory)

Yunael: “Really bad.” (Emphasizing, insistent)

Minael: “Snow White is gonna win by a landslide.” (Explanatory, annoyed)

Yunael: “It’s not good.” (Depressive)

Minael: “We thought about having a press conference.” (Thoughtful)

Yunael: “But apparently, if you reveal you’re a magical girl, you have to quit.” (Annoyed, irritated)

Minael: “We also thought about just voting multiple times for ourselves.”
(Stuck, thoughtful)

Yunael: “But if we get caught again, we’ll probably get banned from the site.” (Pointing out, thoughtful)

Minael: “So do you have any good ideas, Tama?” (Asking, prodding)

Yunael: “Do you?” (Prodding)

Minael: “We’re friends, right?” (Insistent)

Yunael: “You’ve got to have some good ideas, right?” (Insistent)

The twin angels were pressing closer and closer, until Tama’s back was touching the iron railing. Feeling the cold metal on her back, Tama thought,

Tama: *I really don’t get what they want from me, but I do understand they’re counting on me.* (Confused, slow, thinking)

When Tama had been a normal girl, not a single person had ever relied on her. Some might have made fun of her or gotten mad at her, but no one had ever wanted her help. At most, people had only ever ordered her to go buy juice for them or carry their backpack on their way home.

Ever since she had become a magical girl, that had changed. People thanked her. People looked at her with gratitude. The awkwardness and embarrassment made her want to squirm, but she was happy, which felt nice. Helping people made Tama profoundly glad she had become a magical girl. Now she could understand, just a bit, why the ones on TV ran around doing so much stuff for others.

And now, there were two other magical girls relying on Tama. They thought of her as one of the group. One of them. Friends. Tama had shared a deep, loving bond with her grandmother, but she had been family. Tama had never had friends or been part of something bigger. For the first time in her life, someone was calling her part of the group, and what’s more, there were two of them who both relied on her.

The angels were fluttering and rustling their wings, their expressions serious.

Tama: "Um...uh...You could work really hard at helping people?" (Hesitant, Thinking, Slow)

Minael: "We're already working hard!" (Irritated)

Yunael: "Snow White is cheating somehow!" (Accusing)

It seemed they didn't appreciate her answer.

Tama: "What about...asking Ruler for advice?" (Thoughtful, quiet)

Minael: "No way! I don't wanna have to deal with a hysterical old bag!"
(Suddenly loud, complaining)

Yunael: "She's so annoying." (Annoyed)

Minael: "If we ever get the chance, we're gonna get her good."
(Combative, Irritated, 'Why I oughta!' intonation)

Yunael: "I'd love to see the look on her face." (Wishful)

Minael: "She'd probably look so offended." (Wishful)

Yunael: “Totally mortified.” (Smug)

Minael: “She’s awful! One day, I just want to take her down a peg!” (Loud, complaining)

Yunael: “Yeah, she’s so full of herself!” (Irritated)

The two effortlessly spouted off a stream of invective toward Ruler. Tama had assumed they did what Ruler said because they liked her, but it seemed that wasn’t the case.

Tama felt a little sad.

Tama: “Um...if you ask for advice...I think she’ll hear you out, though?” (Shaky, quiet)

Minael: “No way!” (Loud, angry)

Yunael: “Forget it!” (Loud, irritated)

Evidently, they didn’t want to ask for Ruler’s help, no matter what. Tama had a hunch that if she pushed that suggestion any more, she’d become the target of their ire, so she shut her mouth.

Whatever the two angels thought of Tama’s silence, they pressed her for a response.

“No ideas? No ideas?” they asked as they tugged on her sleeves and smooshed her paws. Tama was a middle schooler, and Minael and Yunael were the size of children; Tama was bigger, but since they had her outnumbered two to

one, the way they crowded her was pretty scary. Looking closely, Tama thought the two of them didn't even seem to be blinking, making them even more frightening.

Feeling tears building in the corners of her eyes, Tama looked away. So many things appeared tiny from atop the station building: a ginkgo tree swaying in the breeze, cars going in and out of the parking lot at a pachinko parlor, the big digital billboards in front of the station. On the screen, a famous idol Tama recognized was singing and dancing.

Something crossed her mind. It was a flash of insight—possibly the first in her life. She yelled,

Tama: “Y-you could make a promotional video!” (Loud, sudden thought of insight)

Scene 4

Narrator:

Minael:

Yunael:

Tama:

The competition in the popularity poll was reaching its climax.

There was the magical girl in white, who boasted an overwhelming number of sightings, and then there were the twin angels, whose popularity had suddenly shot through the roof when someone uploaded the video titled “Two Angels In Flight Holding Hands” to a streaming site. Support and votes from fans of both made it a fierce, neck and neck contest that long remained a subject on the site.

Support for the magical girl in white was both broad and deep-rooted, and in the end, she reached first by a hair's breadth, while the twin angels earned a frustrating second.

Oh, the Peaky Angels were sure to take it out on Tama. They would yell that they'd lost because of her strategy. Believing deep in her heart that would be the case, Tama dragged her heavy feet out to the top of the station building, where they were to meet. There, she was greeted by the angels-who sounded surprisingly cheerful.

The pair held out their hands, Minael took Tama's right while Yunael took her left, and they shook both her hands vigorously.

Minael: "Wahoo! Welcome friend!" (Upbeat, excited, dramatic)

Yunael: "We got second, second! Did you see on the site?" (Upbeat, excited)

Tama: "Oh yeah." (Slightly surprised)

Minael: "They were giving us so many compliments!" (Satisfied, excited)

Yunael: "That big video plan really worked, huh?" (Upbeat)

Though they had called it a "promotional video," it had just been a simple project filmed by Tama with a home video camera and edited by Minael and Yunael on their computer. With Tama forced to be a camera operator for the first time, the filming process had been full of failures: falling over, running out of batteries, and making mistakes with the camera. Without image stabilization, they would never have managed to put the video together in the first place.

Tama: “Y-you think?” (Quiet, slightly happy)

Minael: “And Fav said, ‘That’s not technically breaking the rules, pon.’”
(Happy, mimicking)

Yunael: “We got that blob good!” (Smug, Upbeat, ‘In your face!’ intonation)

They seemed glad. Tama breathed a sigh of relief.

Minael: “Okay, then let’s play some celebratory Momotetsu at our hideout now.” (Excited, upbeat)

Yunael: “Yeah, let’s!” (Agreeing, upbeat)

Tama: “Huh?” (Confused, surprised)

Yunael: “We’ve got a hideout that’d give even Ruler a shock, first time she sees it.” (Explanatory, smug)

Minael: “Yep, yep.” (Smug)

Tama: “Huh? Huh?” (Surprised)

Yunael: “If I lose, I’ll buy you dinner tomorrow.” (Betting, casual chatter)

Minael: “Woot!” (Cheering sound, upbeat)

Tama: “Huh? Huh? Huh?” (Surprised, scared)

Each of the angels grabbed one of Tama’s arms and floated up into the air with her in tow. You’d think that flying so close together, their wings would beat against each other, but they spiraled up without any trouble. The crowds walking below shrank even smaller. The winds were strong up high, and Tama couldn’t bear to open her eyes. It was terrifying, but also somehow fun.

Yunael: “Okay then. A ten-year trial, right?” (Casual chatter)

Minael: “No handicaps.” (Agreeing, casual chatter)

It seemed Tama had much yet to learn.