

2020 (Six years later...)

Southern France, United Global Wards

“Mr. Smith, observations are coming up. Please be prepared for observation. If you are not present for your observation, you will be observed at your location. Thank you, and have a nice day.”

Underpass

[Vermillion]

I'm surprised you bothered to show up.

[Smith]

Why's that?

[Vermillion]

You had no obligation to do so. Nobody has any power over you.

[Smith]

If I get a call, I'm going to respond.

[Vermillion]

And you did.

[Smith]

So what's the job?

[Vermillion]

There is none. There are no jobs anymore. I just wanted to check up on you.

[Smith]

Aren't you a handler?

[Vermillion]

I played out my part. But no country binds us now. That's something Mills didn't understand.

[Smith]

He had no way of knowing.

[Vermillion]

When the world got rid of its borders, its true shape was revealed.

Do you know what I'm talking about?

[Smith]

...?

[Vermillion]

Never mind.

A new experiment is about to begin.

This world has already been completed and has run its course.

But it's still potentially a valuable resource.

Keep your eye out for it.

[Smith]

Will do.

Are you sure that's all?

[Vermillion]

I just thought you should know.

By the way, are you really...?

[Smith]

I'm a Smith.

That's all.

[Vermillion]

...

Are there always going to be some of you running around?

[Smith]

You tell me. You already know.

[Vermillion]

And now I've played another part.

Watch out for the administrator.

North America
Langley Junction
Underground Bunker

[Ocha]

I'm sorry, I'm getting so emotional...
I'm just so excited!
I'm excited for you!
I'm excited for us...
Everyone is going to love you for this.
Everyone is going to praise you.
Can I praise you?
I'm sorry, I can't help myself!

[Dr. Love]

It's okay.
You know I trust you.

[Ocha]

You trust me? Do you mean it?
Do you really mean that?
Do you seriously trust me?
Am I worthy of that?

[Dr. Love]

Yes.

[Ocha]

Incredible...
Oh, um... just to reiterate, it's perfectly safe to be here, right?

[Dr. Love]

Absolutely.
This place is nobody's property anymore.
It's one of several shelters left behind after the nation collapsed.
A series of underground bunkers with unknown purposes...
There's sure to be all kinds of things hidden away in them.

[Ocha]

But, but! Wouldn't there be somebody there to pick up the pieces?
Even I can tell that this country wasn't just this country...

[Dr. Love]

I don't know.

There's something going on here that's too big for us to perceive.

Do you know about the "Smith Syndicate Incident"?

If you look into that, you'll find some things that'll really get you asking questions.

[Ocha]

Smith? But isn't that...

[Dr. Love]

Oh yeah. For sure.

Oh, shit, here it is.

It's here, on this shelf.

This is the same technology we were hooked up with nine years ago.

[Ocha]

Let me see!

...

"Death Drive"?

[Dr. Love]

Let's open it up.

[Ocha]

...

But this is...

This isn't it, is it?

[Dr. Love]

No, this is it.

[Ocha]

But this is a dead body.

Ulmeyda Metropolis

An enormous crowd is gathered in the middle of the street. They are directing their full attention to an important-looking man on a podium. High above him, a huge screen broadcasts the podium from the side of a skyscraper. The air is eerily still; there are no moving vehicles in sight. Strange figures stand perfectly motionless atop buildings.

[Clemence]

Human beings! Citizens of the Perfect Ward!

(The crowd cheers as one.)

[Clemence]

Ambassadors of the beyond human! Those with infinite potential!
Us! We have partaken of the Lord's blood, and become a new type!
Risk flows through our veins! We are limitless! We are topless!
Our way of life stands eternal!

[Crowd]

OUR WAY OF LIFE STANDS ETERNAL!

[Clemence]

And our city.

Our world.

A perfect circuit! Controller of the flow, almighty arbiter of the stock!

It is the mother that has given us the sixth sense.

The womb to which He returned to be reborn through our will.

This city is His body.

God is in the cables.

[Crowd]

GOD IS IN THE CABLES!

[Clemence]

Now I'm sure you're all aware of this,
but today, the Eagle 12 are making a special broadcast.
I was given some information in advance,
and I am beyond excited for what is contained within.
After all this time, the next dead sea scrolls are about to be imparted.

Soon enough, the television screen turns on. In a small green room, a middle-aged man in a purple suit stands in front of the camera. To one side, a man in white attends to him; on the other side, a man in black does the same.

The man in the center speaks in pleasantries for the first several minutes. He addresses and praises various specific wards for their growth and development. He is humble and occasionally makes a warm-hearted joke. Saint Clemence and his citizens stand in perfect attention, never saying a word.

[Eagle]

All that aside, though, the purpose of this broadcast...
As a testament to the ultimate trust that we all have in each other,
we are declassifying a document that happened to come into our possession
during those shameful times of war.
During the clash of those self-proclaimed countries, it was deemed necessary
to keep this document top secret to prevent it from going towards the war effort.
Now, however, with the specter of the nations eradicated, we have no such worries.
In fact, we apologize for keeping this information from you for this long.
Please accept the declassification as our apology.
The Yakumo Cabinet Policy can now be made free for all to access.
As always, due to the risks of sequestered ideology inherent to network communication,
the Yakumo will be available in your ward's library, or for mail-order if you wish to own a
personal copy. This should be in effect as of right now.
Thank you for your time.

The screen goes dark.

A single tear runs down Clemence's cheek.
He has finally unlocked a new holy scripture.
He whispers to himself,
"Have I done well, Mr. Ulmeyda...?"

[ERR:no_location_data_found]

[Aonuma]

What the fuck are they doing?

[Akamine]

Shit if I know.

[Shinichi]

They must have some goal in mind for the church.

The “city that fled away its death”.

[Kinji]

What a load of bullshit.

[Aonuma]

There’s no way we could have seen this coming.

We’re falling behind, fast.

I hope the girls get back soon...

[Shinichi]

What’s taking them so long?

You don’t think they were, you know...

observed, do you?

[Kinji]

No way.

We can’t even think about believing that.

[Akamine]

Agreed.

We are invisible.

[Aonuma]

Yeah, but...

We can’t hang around here for too long.

We have to stay on the move.

[Kinji]

You don't have to tell me that.

But all we can do is wait.

[Shinichi]

Shiiit...

Southern France

Union Hotel

In an empty suite on the top floor,
there is at first absolute stillness,
but then,
a single moment later,

seven beams of light flare up around the room.

Electricity crackles madly, wind whips papers and furniture around,
the sounds of an enormous engine can be heard from somewhere unknown.
The ground becomes scorched with burn marks, and shapes of figures seem to
descend down the light, from the high ceiling until they reach the ground.
The beams of light disappear in an instant at this, leaving their occupants:
seven figures in strange, tinted metallic bodysuits.

[Red]

Did we make it?

[Blue]

Check the time indicator.

[Red]

Seems we're a little late, Blue...

[Blue]

Only by a few days. The year and the month are correct.

[Yellow]

Okay, let's hear the rundown.

What are we here to do?

[Blue]

Basically, we're course-correcting.

We're hella behind schedule,

so we need to release the 'second' from the parapersonality.

Then time can continue to proceed.

The mission is simple: locate the 'second',

put them through the wringer,

and induce awakening here in the warped room.

That should prime them to be transported.

Are there any questions?

[Orange]

I have a question.

[Blue]

OK, ask.

[Orange]

Can we take off these timesuits yet?

[Blue]

No.

If we don't observe our mission and send it back to Natsume, it cannot be verified to have occurred outside of our relative position, and we'll be unable to connect to the flow of things.

[Orange]

Understood, boss.

[Blue]

Are there any other questions?

[Purple]

How does our positioning work as a construct?

[Blue]

It's a vertically-oriented sort of thing.

[Purple]

Oh, of course.

[Yellow]

Can we really trust these creepy fucks?

[Blue]

You mean Pink and Green?

[Yellow]

Yeah, they're like mindless killing machines.

Haven't said a single word this entire time.

[Blue]

Don't worry about that.

They know exactly what to do.

[Yellow]

If you say so, boss.

[Red]

Don't worry. If Blue says it's fine, I trust him.

[Orange]

Well, if he says so...

[Blue]

Okay, that's enough fucking around, everyone.

Let's begin the operation.

[Smith]

Who the hell are you!?

[Red]

The giant of stone has not forgotten you.

2054 (Thirty-four years later.)

Ah, bloody psychopaths "killer5". I've been waiting in this program for a long time.

Do you know the incident where seven people were murdered in this hotel?

It has everything to do with your past.

After indiscriminately killing seven innocent victims, the killer shot himself on the roof.

He was a serial murderer whose crimes had become a serious problem across the western world.

Hasn't she told you?

I'm sure you'll start to realize a few things if you focus on that device.

What was it called again? The HARMAN System?

It's said that the group known as the "Union 7" were slaughtered on an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

The "Union Incident" is legendary, now. There are plenty of fictionalized accounts of it. And, as time has passed, we are now unsure exactly what is fact and what is fiction.

However, one important fact that is consistent across every account is that, whether by his own hand or another's, the killer himself died in the very same incident.

His corpse was found on the top floor. Many suspicious points were found in the autopsy, but it's a proven fact that his body was recovered. I've seen it myself, years ago.

But the body was sent to a processing lab to be studied due to its unusual properties. I don't know where it is now.

As I near the conclusion of this report, I find myself much more at ease than I was when I began.

They say that it's the screams of the last 40 years that gave birth to the new form of invisible terrorism.

They say that when an object enters a black hole, it falls slower and slower the closer it gets to the center. This continues indefinitely; the object never stops moving, nor does it ever reach its destination.

Anything that crosses the event horizon - the vanishing point - can no longer exit. And of course, one cannot retrieve an object from beyond the vanishing point without entering it oneself.

We have become like that object, unhinged from time, spiralling towards an unreachable center.

Our story continues forever, but goes nowhere.

I sit on the balcony and wait for the dawn to come.