
A city remembers what people try to forget.
街は、人が忘れようとした記憶を覚えている。
INIO ASANO
THERE WAS SOMEONE HERE
[ここに誰かがいた]
3:17 AM
Two people. One night.
Countless versions of what could have been.
ふたり。
ひとつの夜。
そして、数えきれない「もしも」の姿。
未来はいつも違う形で来る
渋谷区神南一丁目
Jinnan 1-chome
Shibuya City
1-23
誰も
MARA VENN
誰もいないはずの場所で
BY THE CREATOR OF
GOODNIGHT PUNPUN
AND DEAD DEAD DEMONS
DEDEDEDE DESTRUCTION
浅野いにお


小田急
新百合ヶ丘駅
3:17 AM.




YUNIKA BLDG.


焼肉
牛繁
2-3F


ホテル伊豆


ホッピー

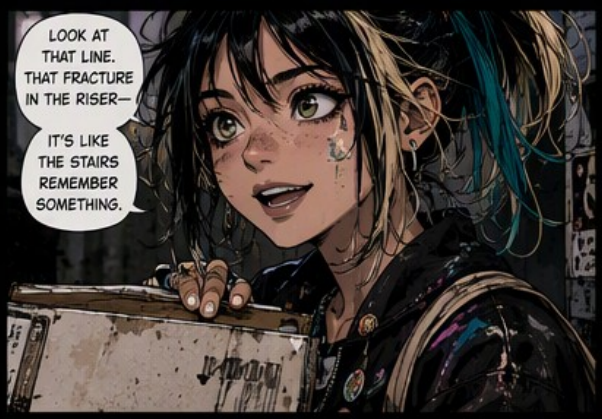



THE APARTMENT DOESN'T CHANGE MUCH.
GOOD.
LESS TO UNSORT.
THE LITTLE ARRANGEMENTS PEOPLE MAKE TO PRETEND THEY'RE KEEPING IT TOGETHER.
SO EASY TO SEE.
MOM.
ALWAYS LEFT SPACE FOR WHO WASN'T THERE.
LIKE SHE KNEW SOMETHING WOULD BE MISSING.
GRIEF ISN'T LOUD ANYMORE.
IT'S JUST... A WEIGHT.
MANAGEABLE.
MOST NIGHTS.
THE CITY DOESN'T ASK QUESTIONS.
IT JUST TAKES.
PEOPLE THINK I DISAPPEAR OUT HERE.
NOT EXACTLY.
I BLEND.
OBSERVE.
LISTEN.
SOMETIMES I EVEN SMILE.
DRY.
RARE.


1:17 AM
THE WEIGHT OF BAD DECISIONS
SOME NIGHTS, IT'S NOT EXISTENTIAL DREAD THAT KEEPS YOU UP—
—SOMETIMES, IT'S JUST A VENDING MACHINE THAT HATES YOU.
C'MON, ONE MORE TRY...?
I MEAN, I BOUGHT TWO ALREADY, THIRD TIME'S NOTHING, RIGHT?
¥140
販売中
ARE YOU KIDDING ME.
RULE #1: NEVER TRUST A VENDING MACHINE AFTER MIDNIGHT.
LOOK AT YOU, JUST TEASING ME NOW.
ha ha ha ha ha
AT LEAST I'VE GOT A SENSE OF HUMOR LEFT.
YOU OKAY? YOU'VE BEEN TALKING TO THAT THING FOR, LIKE, FIVE MINUTES.
GUILTY.
IT'S BEEN A ROUGH DAY.
I'M REN, BY THE WAY. REN ITO.
ITO REN... LIKE THE AUTHOR?
HA! IF ONLY.
NO, JUST SOME DUDE WHO CAN'T BALANCE A BAG AND A DRINK.
BUT I'LL TAKE THE COMPLIMENT.
HOW DID YOU—
I DUNNO.
I JUST... LISTEN, I GUESS.
PEOPLE LEAVE LITTLE CLUES ALL OVER.
MOST PEOPLE ARE JUST HOPING SOMEONE NOTICES.
YOU SAID A ROUGH DAY— WHAT KIND?
THE KIND WHERE YOU REHEAT PASTA THREE TIMES BECAUSE YOU FORGET TO EAT.
YOURS?
HM...
LET'S SEE.
YOU ALWAYS ORDER ICED COFFEE, EVEN WHEN IT'S FREEZING.
YOU HAVE A LITTLE SCAR ON YOUR LEFT THUMB.
AND YOU SAY "SORRY" A LOT WHEN YOU DON'T NEED TO.
YOU'RE KIND. EXHAUSTING, BUT KIND.


PEOPLE THINK A DINER IS JUST A PLACE THAT SERVES FOOD.
BUT AFTER MIDNIGHT, IT TURNS INTO SOMETHING ELSE.
DAILY SPECIAL
MEATLOAF
MASHED POTATO w/ GRAVY
COFFEE
ANOTHER COFFEE, MR. SAITO? YOU'RE GONNA OUTLIVE THE DINER AT THIS RATE.
HA!
ONLY THING KEEPIN' ME ALIVE IS THIS PLACE, MORITA.
YOU SAY THAT EVERY NIGHT.
...BUT YOU KEEP COMING BACK.
TABLE THREE WANTS EXTRA RANCH, NO RANCH ON THE SIDE...
TWO COFFEES, ONE BLACK, ONE REGULAR... AND A SLICE OF APPLE PIE TO GO.
YOU EVER GET TIRED OF THIS, MORITA?
TIRED? NAH.
I GET TO WATCH THE WHOLE CITY UNWIND.
YOU SEE IT ALL. FIRST DATES. BREAKUPS.
BAD DAYS. GOOD DAYS.
PEOPLE THINK NOBODY NOTICES.
BUT I NOTICE.
THE WAY SOMEONE STIRS THEIR COFFEE WHEN THEY'RE LYING.
THE WAY THEY AVOID SAYING WHAT THEY REALLY MEAN.
THE SILENCES PEOPLE THINK NOBODY HEARS.
SOMETIMES I WONDER IF ANYBODY WOULD MISS ME IF I JUST... DISAPPEARED.
...
THAT'S WHEN THE DINER STOPS BEING A JOB.
DINER 24 HOURS
THAT'S WHEN IT BECOMES A PROMISE.


HOLD UP—
THIS IS IT.
I KNEW I DREW IT RIGHT.
YOU KNEW THERE'D BE A RANDOM STAIRCASE HERE?
ONLY A GENIUS COULD PREDICT THIS LEVEL OF DECAY.
FALSE ELEVATION
NINA VALE / MILO CHEN


LOOK AT THAT LINE. THAT FRACTURE IN THE RISER—
IT'S LIKE THE STAIRS REMEMBER SOMETHING.

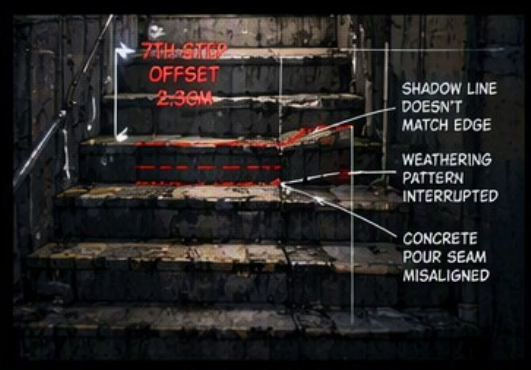

ALRIGHT, ARTISTE.
LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'RE SEEING.


HM.
SOMETHING'S OFF.




THE SEVENTH STEP.
IT'S NOT ALIGNED.


YES.
THAT'S IT.
IT'S OFF BY EXACTLY 2.3 CENTIMETERS.
ENOUGH TO BOTHER THE EYE, BUT NOT ENOUGH TO BE WRONG.

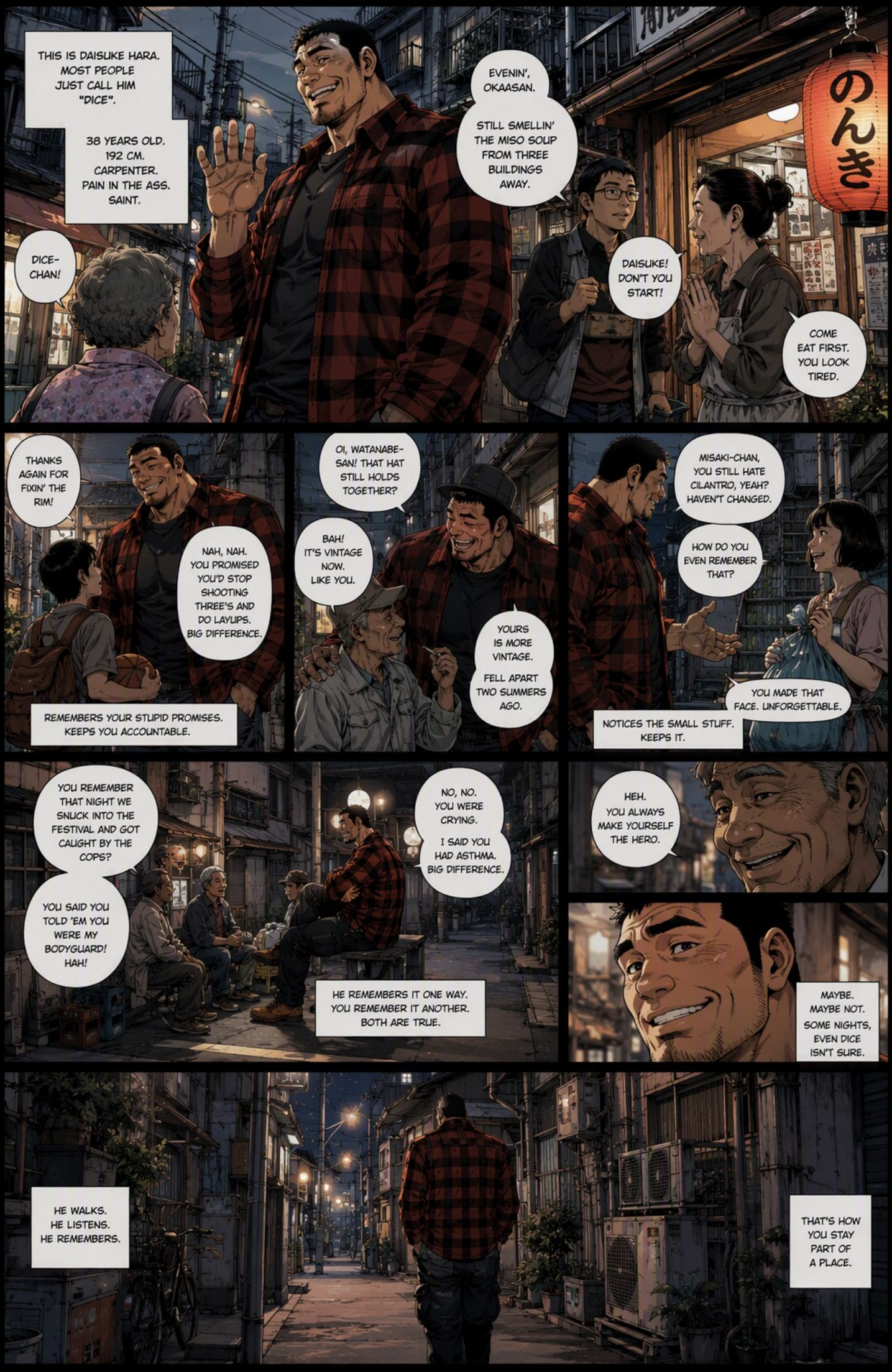

~~7TH STEP~~
OFFSET
~~2.3CM~~
SHADOW LINE DOESN'T MATCH EDGE
WEATHERING PATTERN INTERRUPTED
CONCRETE POUR SEAM MISALIGNED


SOMEONE POURED A NEW SECTION LATER.
PATCHED IT.
TRIED TO MAKE IT SEAMLESS.
FAILED.


YOU'RE TELLING ME YOU NOTICED ALL THAT FROM A PAINTING?
THAT'S ACTUALLY INSANE.


THAT'S WHY YOU'RE THE ART, AND I'M THE DELIVERY. TEAMWORK.




THIS IS DAISUKE HARA. MOST PEOPLE JUST CALL HIM "DICE".
38 YEARS OLD. 192 CM. CARPENTER. PAIN IN THE ASS. SAINT.
DICE-CHAN!
EVENIN', OKAASAN.
STILL SMELLIN' THE MISO SOUP FROM THREE BUILDINGS AWAY.
DAISUKE! DON'T YOU START!
COME EAT FIRST. YOU LOOK TIRED.
のんき
THANKS AGAIN FOR FIXIN' THE RIM!
NAH, NAH. YOU PROMISED YOU'D STOP SHOOTING THREE'S AND DO LAYUPS. BIG DIFFERENCE.
REMEMBERS YOUR STUPID PROMISES. KEEPS YOU ACCOUNTABLE.
OI, WATANABE-SAN! THAT HAT STILL HOLDS TOGETHER?
BAH! IT'S VINTAGE NOW. LIKE YOU.
YOURS IS MORE VINTAGE.
FELL APART TWO SUMMERS AGO.
MISAKI-CHAN, YOU STILL HATE CILANTRO, YEAH? HAVEN'T CHANGED.
HOW DO YOU EVEN REMEMBER THAT?
YOU MADE THAT FACE. UNFORGETTABLE.
NOTICES THE SMALL STUFF. KEEPS IT.
YOU REMEMBER THAT NIGHT WE SNUCK INTO THE FESTIVAL AND GOT CAUGHT BY THE COPS?
YOU SAID YOU TOLD 'EM YOU WERE MY BODYGUARD! HAH!
NO, NO. YOU WERE CRYING.
I SAID YOU HAD ASTHMA. BIG DIFFERENCE.
HE REMEMBERS IT ONE WAY. YOU REMEMBER IT ANOTHER. BOTH ARE TRUE.
HEH. YOU ALWAYS MAKE YOURSELF THE HERO.
MAYBE. MAYBE NOT. SOME NIGHTS, EVEN DICE ISN'T SURE.
HE WALKS. HE LISTENS. HE REMEMBERS.
THAT'S HOW YOU STAY PART OF A PLACE.


ARLEN
LOCK & KEY
CLOSED
CLOSED
PIANO


6:42 PM
SENTRAL AVENUE
THE CITY DOESN'T FORGET ITS OWN ARCHITECTURE.
Sentral Avenue Station
A D
Exit 3
Elevator Across Sentral Avenue
MORITA GLOBAL
HM.
THAT CORNER SHOULDN'T BE SET BACK.
LET ME CHECK.
3 MONTHS AGO
NOPE.
BUILDING RECORD
MORITA GLOBAL HEADQUARTERS
Completed: 2017
Architect: Morita & Hasegawa
Height: 96m
Renovation: None
NO RECENT RENOVATIONS.
CITY RECORDS MATCH.
ONE DETAIL.
ONE LINE OF GEOMETRY.
OUT OF PLACE.
EVERYTHING ELSE MOVES LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED.
I KNOW WHAT I SAW.
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHY IT'S GONE.
THE CITY REMEMBERS EVERYTHING.
EXCEPT WHAT IT DOESN'T.


MARA VENN.
STILL HATE CROWDS?
REN ITO.
STILL NOT GREAT WITH NAMES?
I DO REMEMBER TINY DETAILS, THOUGH.
LIKE HOW YOU ALWAYS ORDERED YUZU SODA.
EXTRA ICE.
...
WAIT—HOW DO YOU—?
THAT WAS ONE TIME.
YEAH, BUT YOU STIRRED IT LIKE A MANIAC.
SAID IT WAS "THERAPEUTIC."
YOU'RE INSANE.
HEH.
YOU ALWAYS NOTICE STUPID THINGS.
IT'S HOW I SURVIVE.
YEAH?
MUST BE EXHAUSTING.
WORTH IT.


YOU REALLY THINK ANYONE'S GONNA READ A 500-PAGE NOVEL ABOUT A SAD BARTENDER?
HEY, IT'S NOT JUST ANY SAD BARTENDER.
THIS ONE'S... "HAUNTED."
OOH, LIKE ME?
24 HOUR
24 HOUR GRAND MENU


"HAUNTED" BY WHAT, TRAUMA?
OR BAD REVIEWS?


BOTH, PROBABLY.
I'M A REAL CATCH.
HA.


YOU ALWAYS JOKE LIKE THAT WHEN YOU'RE LYING.


HM. INTERESTING DATA POINT. FILED.
AW, C'MON.
AYA, DON'T PSYCHOANALYZE ME OVER WAFFLE FRIES.


WHAT, ARE YOU TWO RUNNING A FOCUS GROUP NOW?
GEEZ.


...YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE JOKING.
BUT YOU'RE NOT.


YEAH, WELL.
SOMETIMES THE TRUTH WEARS SNEAKERS.


NOTED.
ADDITIONAL DATA ACQUIRED.
PATTERN EMERGING.


24 HOUR STORY CAFÉ.
OPEN ALWAYS.
JUDGING SOMETIMES.
THREE PEOPLE.
ONE TABLE.
ZERO SLEEP.
MAXIMUM SIGNAL.
GOOD COFFEE.
BAD DECISIONS.
BETTER CONVERSATION.
REPEAT.


WAIT...
THIS IS THE NEW PHOTO.
BUT... MY PAINTING HAS SOMETHING THIS ONE DOESN'T.
OH? WHAT'RE WE LOOKIN' AT?
NINA VALE
SEE THIS BEAM? THE CROSS-BRACE? IT'S IN MY PAINTING.
BUT IT'S GONE IN THE PHOTO.
I TOOK THIS PHOTO YESTERDAY.
MAYBE... MAYBE I MISSED IT?
NO.
THERE'S NOTHING THERE.
IN MY PAINTING, THE BRACE CONNECTS HERE.
IN REAL LIFE...
IT NEVER EXISTED.
...
I PAINTED SOMETHING I'VE NEVER SEEN.
PRETTY WILD, HUH?
OR...
PRETTY COOL.
DID I REMEMBER IT FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE?
OR DID I IMAGINE THE FUTURE?
OR DID THE PLACE CHANGE...
BEFORE I EVER KNEW IT?


YUP. JULY 17TH.
HUMID AS HELL. THE KIND OF HEAT THAT STICKS TO YOUR SKIN LIKE WET CLOTH.
DICE, YOU KNOW THAT ROUTE DOESN'T RUN ON THURSDAYS.
JULY 17TH WAS A THURSDAY.
I REMEMBER BECAUSE THE WIPERS COULDN'T KEEP UP.
EVERY TIME THEY SWEPT, THE GLASS WOULD FOG RIGHT BACK OVER.
THERE WAS AN OLD LADY UP FRONT WITH A GROCERY BAG FULL OF SHISO.
SHE KEPT ADJUSTING HER HAT LIKE THE AC WAS PERSONAL.
COLLEGE KID HALF-ASLEEP BY THE WINDOW, HEAD BOUNCING EVERY TIME WE HIT A PUDDLE.
HE WAS WEARING A SOUNDGARDEN T-SHIRT.
"BLACK HOLE SUN" WAS PLAYING ON THE RADIO.
NOT LOUD. JUST LOW ENOUGH TO RUMBLE IN YOUR CHEST.
SOUNDGARDEN
Black Hole Sun
...
I REMEMBER BECAUSE A GUY GOT ON AT THE NEXT STOP—CONSTRUCTION WORKER, HARD HAT IN HAND.
HE SMELLED LIKE WET CEMENT AND TOBACCO.
HE SAT NEXT TO ME. DIDN'T SAY A WORD.
JUST NODDED AT THE SONG LIKE HE APPROVED.
ALL OF THAT SOUNDS REAL SPECIFIC.
TOO SPECIFIC FOR A ROUTE THAT DIDN'T RUN.
I DON'T MAKE UP MEMORIES, MARA.
SOME DAYS DON'T MAKE SENSE ON PAPER.
BUT THEY HAPPEN ANYWAY.

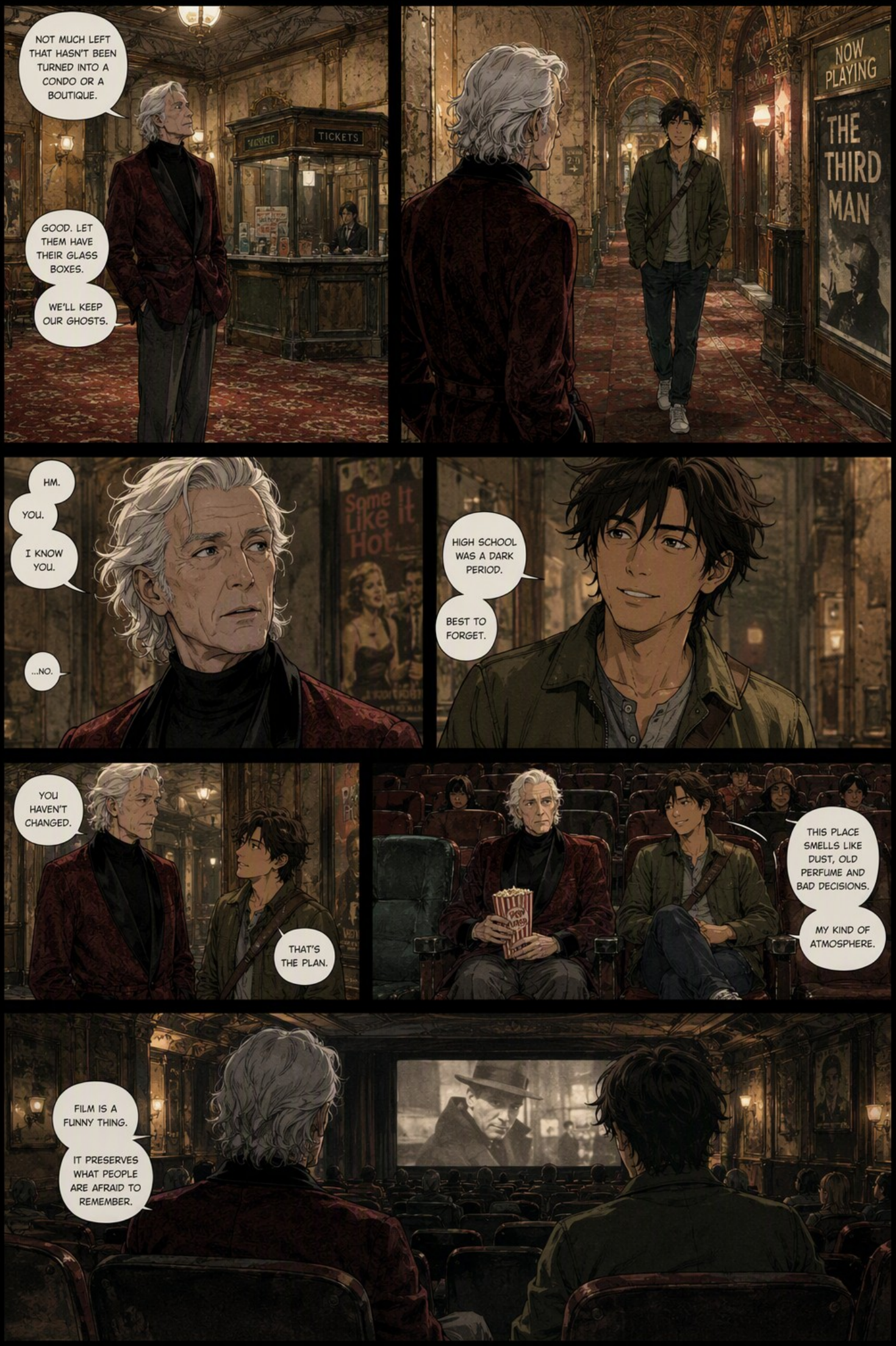

SAME STREET.
Ω
OMEGA BUILDING
神南一丁目
Jinnan 1-chome 23
平川歯科
2F
渋谷区神南
1-23
Jinnan 1-23 Shibuya City
YOU'RE LATE.
GUILTY.
TRAIN WAS A DISASTER.
AGAIN.
SAME STREET.
β
BETA BUILDING
神南一丁目
Jinnan 1-chome 23
平川歯科
2F
渋谷区神南
1-24
Jinnan 1-24 Shibuya City
YOU SURE?
MM.
POSITIVE.


SHIBUYA
7:12 PM
?!
キキィィイイッ
SCREEEECH!
YOU OKAY? LOOKED LIKE THAT CAR CUT YOU OFF.
MY BAD! I DIDN'T SEE THE LIGHT CHANGE.
HOLD UP— DON'T MOVE. LET'S CHECK YOUR ARM.
YO! THE ART OF THE SAVE!
HEH. HEAVY BOX. I GOT YOUR BACK.
RAMEN. ALWAYS RAMEN.
UNLESS IT'S SUSHI. OR FRIED CHICKEN. OR—
THOSE ARE DELIVERY SPECIALS. SO WHAT'S THE REGULAR SPECIAL?
I'M COOL. JUST... PRIDE DAMAGE.
AND MY EGGS.
CITY SURVIVAL RULE #37: ASSUME DELIVERY BOXES ARE BLACK HOLES.
RULE #38: NEVER TRUST A DRIVER NAMED "DICE."
BWA HAHA HA!
HEY!
THAT'S MR. DICE TO YOU.
TIP BETTER THAN YOUR JOKES.
CAN WE MAKE A ZINE ABOUT THIS?
"FIVE STRANGERS AND A BLACK HOLE."
NOTHING BRINGS PEOPLE TOGETHER LIKE MINOR DISASTER.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.
NEXT TIME, I'M CROSSING ON GREEN.
MYSTERY REMAINS UNSOLVED.


FEATHER. BLACK AS PITCH, NO IDENTIFIABLE SPECIES.
Y'KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?
IMAGINARY BIRD.
松戸市民市場
MATSUDO CIVIC MARKET
まぐ
IT MEANS WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH DATA.
COULD BE IMPORTED. COULD BE—
RIGHT. BECAUSE THIS PLACE IS JUST FIFULL OF... "EXOTIC FEATHER IMPORTS."
C'MON, MARA.
NOT EVERYTHING NEEDS A LAB COAT AND A GRANT APPLICATION.
NO.
BUT EVERYTHING NEEDS A CHAIN OF CUSTODY.
MATSUDO CIVIC MARKET
Aisle 7-C
Behind
Flower Stall
19:42
CHAIN OF CUSTODY?
YOU TAGGED IT BEFORE I COULD SO YOU COULD "BE RIGHT."
RELAX.
I APPRECIATE THE DRAMA.
REALLY.
I'M NOT TRYING TO BE RIGHT. I JUST—
I DON'T WANT TO MISS SOMETHING WEIRD.
YEAH.
ME NEITHER.
THEN QUIT TREATING IT LIKE A GHOST STORY AND START TREATING IT LIKE A PATTERN.
WHERE'D YOU FIND IT.
WEATHER. WIND. TRAFFIC. WILDLIFE.
YOU AND YOUR PRECISION. .ON.
YOU KNOW THAT'S WHY I HATE YOU, RIGHT?
NO.
YOU JUST HATE THAT I'M RIGHT.
...
花
Flower
¥680
Y'KNOW, FOR A PESSIMIST, YOU'RE PRETTY STUBBORN.
IT'S NOT PESSIMISM. IT'S SURVIVAL.
松戸市場
FAIR.
YOU?
DELUSION WITH GOOD EYE-LINER.
WORKS SO FAR.


2:17 A.M.
Outside Royal Host, Koenji
Royal Host
24 HOURS
海老と帆立のシーフードドリア
24時間営業
年中無休
So.
You and Haruka-san.
Still just "good friends"?
Heh. Interrogation with a smile. Scary.
We're just... close, I guess.
You know, like— college buddies.
...
FLICK.
"Close." Right.
But there's a sentence you're not saying.
And it's heavy. Way heavier than that.
...?
...Aya?
What's wrong?
...


TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN. MOSTLY, IT DOES.
AHHH, THIS TAKES ME BACK. COLLEGE. INSTANT NOODLES AND QUESTIONABLE DECISIONS.
SAME UNIVERSAL CONSTANTS, THEN.
HEY, I WAS MORE OF A CUP NOODLES ARTIST. RESPECT THE CRAFT.
YOU THREE ARE IMPLYING THAT DECISIONS AT THREE A.M. ARE QUESTIONABLE. RUDE!
I THINK THREE A.M. DECISIONS ARE THE ONLY PURE ONES.
AYA
COMING FROM THE GIRL WHO JUST ASKED IF THIS PLACE HAS A GHOST.
AGAIN.
AYA
IT'S A LEGITIMATE QUESTION.
LOOK AT THIS PLACE.
IT'S BEEN OPEN SINCE SHOWA 52.
SOMETHING'S HAUNTING THE BATHROOM.
AS LONG AS IT PAYS RENT, I DON'T MIND SHARING SPACE.
DICE, YOU AND GHOSTS.
A LOVE STORY.
HE TALKS TO PLUMBING LIKE SOME SHAMAN.
IT'S... UNNERVINGLY TENDER.
24 時間 営業
OKAY, REAL TALK. WHAT'S EVERYONE DOING AT THREE A.M. ON A TUESDAY?
OTHER THAN MAKING ME WORK.
RESEARCH. URBAN LEGENDS. DOCUMENTING THE BEAUTIFUL DECAY OF LATE CAPITALISM.
AND YOU?
CONSTRUCTION.
SOMETIMES THE DAY DON'T END.
YOU JUST GET BETTER AT COFFEE.
THAT'S ALL.
FREELANCE CONSULTANT.
MOST OF MY CLIENTS THINK THE SUN NEVER SLEEPS.
THEY'RE WRONG.
I TEACH. PART-TIME.
SOMETIMES I CAN'T SLEEP.
MOST NIGHTS I DON'T MIND.
I WORK.
I DREAM.
I EAT.
I JUDGE YOU.
SOMETIMES ALL AT ONCE.
AYA
I DRAW THINGS THAT MAKE PEOPLE UNCOMFORTABLE.
IT'S MY LOVE LANGUAGE.


NOT MUCH LEFT THAT HASN'T BEEN TURNED INTO A CONDO OR A BOUTIQUE.
TICKETS
GOOD. LET THEM HAVE THEIR GLASS BOXES.
WE'LL KEEP OUR GHOSTS.
NOW PLAYING
THE THIRD MAN
HM.
YOU.
I KNOW YOU.
...NO.
Some Like It Hot
HIGH SCHOOL WAS A DARK PERIOD.
BEST TO FORGET.
YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED.
THAT'S THE PLAN.
THIS PLACE SMELLS LIKE DUST, OLD PERFUME AND BAD DECISIONS.
MY KIND OF ATMOSPHERE.
FILM IS A FUNNY THING.
IT PRESERVES WHAT PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO REMEMBER.


NOW SHOWING
WINGS OF DESIRE
DIRECTED BY
WIM WENDERS
BICYCLE THIEVES
TICKETS
...WE'VE MET, RIGHT?
MM.
CAN'T SAY I RECOGNIZE YOU.
REN ITO.
WE PROBABLY HAVE.
I GO TO A LOT OF... OBSCURE THINGS.
HM. NOT RINGING ANY BELLS.
BUT YOU SEEM LIKE A REGULAR SOMEWHERE.
WAIT, SERIOUSLY?
I FEEL LIKE I WOULD REMEMBER THAT FACE.
...
MAYBE MY FACE IS JUST MORE... FORGET-TABLE THAN MY TASTE IN FILMS.
HA. HA.
MM.
COULD BE.
...
EXIT
LATE SHOW TONIGHT
12:15 AM
THE END IS A PLACE WHERE WE CAN MEET


NOW PLAYING
THE RED SPECTER
A FILM BY J. HAWTHORNE
COMING SOON
EMBERS
IN THE FOG
...YOU EVER HEAR ABOUT THE LONG NIGHT?
ピタ
ピタ
...HUH?
THE LONG... NIGHT?
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
...
...
THERE ARE NIGHTS YOU DON'T WALK INTO.
YOU REMEMBER THEM.
RIVENDALE PICTURES
TONIGHT ONLY
35MM SCREENING


THERE'S NO ONE HERE BY THAT NAME.
NOT NOW. NOT EVER.
AURELIA COMMERCE PLAZA
YEAH, WELL. PEOPLE MOVE AROUND.
ESPECIALLY PEOPLE IN MY LINE OF WORK.

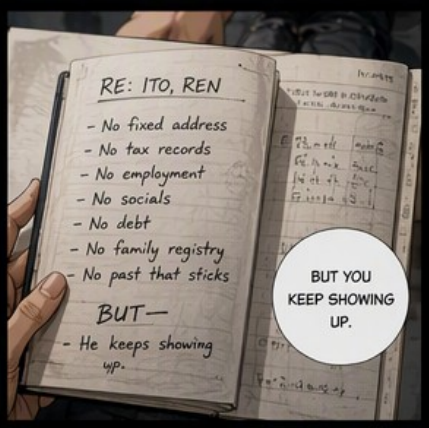

ITO, REN
ADDRESS HISTORY (7 YRS)
- 6 REPORTED ADDRESSES
- 12 VARIANTS
- 0 CONSISTENT MATCHES
SIX ADDRESSES IN SEVEN YEARS.
NOTHING HOLDS.


NATIONAL RESIDENT REGISTRY - QUERY RESULT
NAME: ITO, REN
ADDRESS HISTORY (UNVERIFIED)
2017.04 SUGINAMI-KU, TOKYO (2-14-7 MOMOI)
2018.02 CHUO-KU, OSAKA (4-3-11 KORAIBASHI)
2019.06 KOTO-KU, TOKYO (1-9-4 TOYOSU)
2020.11 NAKA-KU, YOKOHAMA (3-8-19 HINODECHO)
2021.08 SETAGAYA-KU, TOKYO (5-27-6 TAISHIDO)
2022.03 SAPPORO-SHI, HOKKAIDO (UNREGISTERED)
2023.07 — (NO RECORD)
SOME OF THESE PLACES... DON'T EVEN EXIST ANYMORE.


納税証明書 TAX PAYMENT CERTIFICATE
納税者名 TAXPAYER NAME ITO, REN
証明年度 TAX YEAR 2018 - 2023
NO RECORD
NO TAX RECORDS. NO EMPLOYMENT HISTORY.
HE'S A GHOST IN EVERY SYSTEM THAT MATTERS.


...THAT'S NOT REALLY POSSIBLE.
I FILE TAXES. I PAY INTO PENSION.
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SOMETHING.


REN ITO
NO SOCIAL MEDIA PRESENCE FOUND
NO SOCIALS. NO DIGITAL FOOTPRINT.
NOT EVEN A FORGOTTEN BLOG.


RE: ITO, REN
- No fixed address
- No tax records
- No employment
- No socials
- No debt
- No family registry
- No past that sticks
BUT—
- He keeps showing up.
BUT YOU KEEP SHOWING UP.


THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT INTERESTING.
THE DATA DOESN'T ADD UP.
BUT YOU'RE NOT LYING.


SO WHAT, YOU THINK I'M...
...SOME KIND OF EXPERIMENT?


I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, REN.
I JUST KNOW THE STORY YOU'RE TELLING...
...ISN'T THE ONE THE RECORDS ARE TELLING.


I REMEMBER THIS DAY.
CLEAR AS ANYTHING.
DAISUKE HARA
"DICE"
38 YEARS OLD
192CM / 118KG


THE PROBLEM IS...
BUT THE RECORDS... THEY DON'T LINE UP.


THEN LET'S LOOK AT THE EVIDENCE.
R 0024
2007.-3.14
新宿 → 豊橋
¥8,910


1. TRAIN TICKET
R 0024
2007.-3.14
新宿 → 豊橋
¥8,910


2. STORE RECEIPT
YAMADA
¥12,800


3. ROADSIDE CAMERA
2007/03/14 18:42:07
東名・音羽蒲郡IC付近


4. WEATHER LOG
2007年 3月14日（水）
最高(℃) 最低(℃) 降水量(mm)
東京 15.2 6.1 0.0
横浜 14.8 6.3 0.0
名古屋 13.4 4.2 0.0
豊橋 12.9 3.8 0.0
気象庁データベースより


THE MAPS SHOW ROADWORK THAT SHOULD'VE BLOCKED THAT ROUTE.
THE TRAIN SCHEDULES DON'T MATCH. THAT RECEIPT—THAT STORE WASN'T EVEN OPEN YET.


EACH PIECE MAKES SENSE... ON ITS OWN.
BUT TOGETHER...


...IT'S LIKE THERE ARE TWO DIFFERENT REALITIES OVERLAPPING.
AND HIS MEMORY FITS ONE WE CAN'T ACCESS.


YEAH.
MAYBE I WAS NEVER CRAZY.
MAYBE I JUST REMEMBER THE WORLD A LITTLE DIFFERENT THAN YOU.


THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TELL YOU, AND IT'S KIND OF WEIRD.
MM.
24 HOURS
OKAY, SO... YOU KNOW HOW SOMETIMES YOU'RE TALKING TO SOMEONE,
AND RIGHT BEFORE THEY SAY SOMETHING—
YOU GET IT?
THE SILENCE BEFORE?
SURE.
IT'S MORE THAN THAT SILENCE.
IT'S LIKE... I HEAR THE SENTENCE.
BUT IT'S NOT A SOUND.
IT'S JUST... THERE.
"I'M SORRY FOR ALWAYS MESSING THINGS UP."
IT'S PROBABLY NOT REAL.
MAYBE I'M JUST MAKING IT UP.
OR READING TOO MUCH INTO PEOPLE.
AND YOU THINK EVERYONE HAS THESE HIDDEN LINES THEY NEVER SAY OUT LOUD?
YOU MUST BE EXHAUSTED.
YEAH...
SOMETIMES THEY'RE SAD.
SOMETIMES THEY'RE... I DUNNO, ANGRY, OR LONELY, OR THINGS THEY'RE TOO PROUD TO SAY.
IT'S LIKE MY BRAIN JUST FINISHES IT FOR A SPLIT SECOND.
"I WISH I COULD HATE YOU."
AND THEN?
YOU CARRY IT AROUND?
YEAH.
UNTIL I FORGET.
OR UNTIL I'M WRONG.
I HOPE I'M WRONG.
...THAT SOUNDS HEAVY.
BUT MAYBE IT'S ALSO... A KIND OF CARE.
I DUNNO.
IT JUST MAKES NORMAL CONVERSATIONS FEEL LIKE STANDING ON THE EDGE OF SOMETHING BIG.
AND I ALWAYS TRIP.


Under the Saikai Line
Mishima City
11:47 PM
西海線
三島市
THAT RAILING SHOULDN'T BE THERE.
VENDING MACHINE WASN'T HERE YESTERDAY.
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S COMING UP BEHIND US.
COUNT AGAIN. THERE ARE THIRTEEN STEPS.
MARA
THE ANGLE'S OFF.
THAT MID-RAIL DOESN'T MATCH THE LANDING.
AYA
NEW MACHINE.
NINA.
BUT THE POWER BOX STILL HAS YESTERDAY'S DATE.
NINA
HEAVY STEPS.
RIGHT FOOT DRAGS SLIGHTLY.
THREE SECONDS APART.
DICE
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR...
1
2
3
5
6
9
11
12
13
...THIRTEEN.
YESTERDAY WAS TWELVE.
REN
PARALLAX DOESN'T LIE...
BUT PEOPLE DO.
TOGETHER
...
MARA
SAME PLACE.
FIVE DIFFERENT TRUTHS.
REALITY ISN'T BROKEN.
頭上注意
けた下
制限高 3.2M
JUST OBSERVED POORLY.

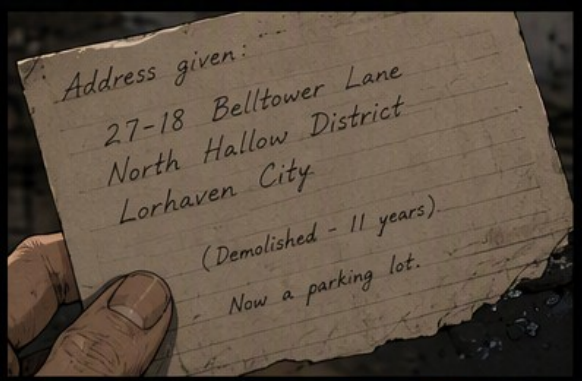

I MADE THIS FOR SOMEONE WHO IS NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THERE ANYMORE.
I WON'T CALL THEM DEAD.


PEOPLE DISAPPEAR. NAMES GET CROSSED OUT. ADDRESSES GET ERASED.
BUT SOME DOORS DON'T FORGET.




SO YOU MADE A KEY FOR A DOOR THAT LEADS NOWHERE?


YA-1
KW-5
SC-3
SC-1
HD-2


Address given:
27-18 Belltower Lane
North Hallow District
Lorhaven City
(Demolished - 11 years)
Now a parking lot.


THAT ADDRESS DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE.
NEITHER DOES THE BUILDING.


MAYBE THEY LEFT.
MAYBE THEY WERE TAKEN.
MAYBE THEY HAD TO VANISH.


BUT UNTIL I KNOW OTHERWISE...
...I KEEP THE KEY.


YOU ALWAYS WERE BAD AT LETTING THINGS GO.

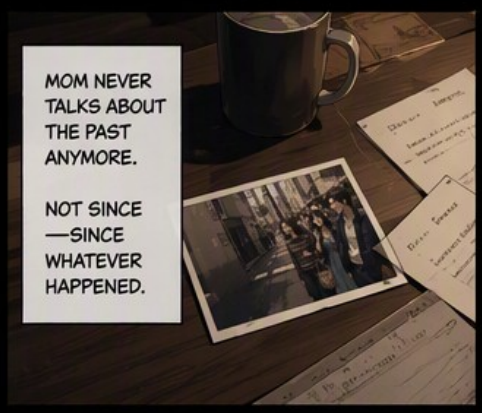
THE SPACE SOMEONE LEFT BEHIND

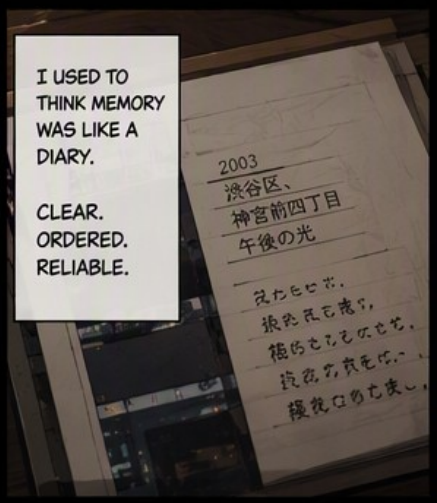




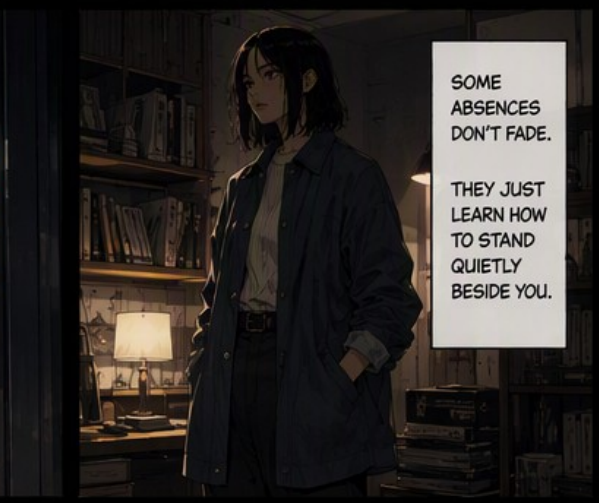













I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO SAY THIS WITHOUT SOUNDING CRAZY.
BUT... I REMEMBER YOU.
ME?
NOT FROM ANYTHING BIG.
JUST... A SMALL MOMENT.
THREE YEARS AGO. LATE WINTER.
...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
YOU WERE WAITIING FOR SOMEONE.
THERE WAS A BOOK IN YOUR HANDS. YOU WEREN'T REALLY READING IT.
IT WAS KAWABATA. "THE SOUND OF THE MOUNTAIN."
YOU KEPT CHECKING YOUR WATCH. NOT IMPATIENTLY.
LIKE YOU KNEW THEY MIGHT NOT COME.
YOU HAD CHAPPED LIPS, AND YOU KEPT PUSHING YOUR HAIR BEHIND YOUR EAR.
YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU WERE TRYING NOT TO CRY.
THEN YOUR PHONE BUZZED.
YOU READ SOMETHING.
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, YOU SMILED.
NOT A BIG SMILE.
JUST... LIKE A SECRET YOU DECIDED NOT TO KEEP ANYMORE.
I...
I DON'T REMEMBER ANY OF THAT.
YEAH.
THAT'S WHY I WASN'T SURE IF I SHOULD SAY ANYTHING.
BUT SOME THINGS... THEY DON'T REALLY FADE.


SO.
WE JUST ...WHAT?
MARA.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME.
DON'T.
DON'T ACT LIKE THIS IS A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.
NOT AFTER WHAT YOU DID.
YEAH.
I KNOW.
I WAS HOPING MAYBE... WE COULD TALK ABOUT IT.
TALK.
YOU MEAN YOU WANT TO EXPLAIN
WHY YOU PRETENDED I WAS A STRANGER?
WHY YOU LET ME WALK AWAY FROM EVERYTHING?
ALL THOSE YEARS.
NOT A SINGLE WORD.
NOT WHEN I NEEDED YOU MOST.
I...
THERE WAS A REASON.
A REASON.
OR A CONVENIENCE?
YOU PROTECTED YOURSELF.
NOT ME.
I WAS SCARED, MARA.
SCARED OF WHAT IT WOULD MEAN IF WE STARTED AGAIN.
SCARED OF WHAT I'D HAVE TO TELL YOU.

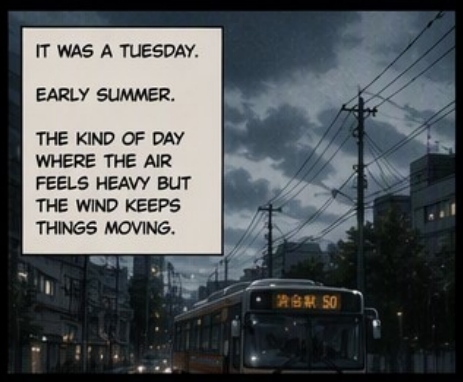

WHY DID YOU LET ME FORGET YOU?
...
...


...YOU EVER NOTICE HOW THE RIVER LOOKS DIFFERENT EVERY HOUR?
LIKE IT CAN'T DECIDE WHAT KIND OF MOOD IT'S GOING FOR.
SUMIDA RIVER, KOTO CITY
19:07
KIND OF LIKE YOU.
OH, PLEASE.
I'M WAY MORE CONSISTENTLY ANNOYED.
ANNOYED'S YOUR BASE SETTING.
BUT YOU'VE GOT HIDDEN LEVELS.
OH, I'VE GOT LEVELS.
MOST PEOPLE JUST DON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO UNLOCK THEM.
I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD BE HONORED.
YOU SHOULD COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.
未来は
まだ
決まってない
THE FUTURE ISN'T DECIDED YET.
LOOK,
SOMEONE'S OUT HERE DOING DEEP STUFF.
EITHER THAT OR THEY JUST REALLY LIKE CATS.
TRUE PHILOSOPHY.
YOU EVER THINK ABOUT GETTING OUT OF TOKYO?
SOMEWHERE QUIETER?
SOMETIMES.
THEN I REMEMBER I'D MISS THE GOOD RAMEN AND THE TRAIN STATIONS.
AND YOU.


I'M FRIGHTENED I'M LOSING THE EXACT SOUND OF MY MOTHER'S VOICE.
THE WAY SHE SAID MY NAME.
I MEAN, THAT'S THE TERROR OF LOVING SOMEONE,
ISN'T IT?
EVENTUALLY BECOMING UNABLE TO PROVE TO YOURSELF WHAT THAT PERSON WAS LIKE.
THAT'S THE PART THAT SCARES ME.


2:17 A.M.
Between the Dinner Rush and Closing.
"You're too much.
It's not that deep."
"You always overthink."
"You care too fucking much."
"Just relax."
"Why can't you be normal?"
"You take everything so personally."
"You're exhausting."
"You should smile more."
You're too sensitive.
"Calm down."
You're really something else."
AYA MORITA, 26
• Waitress
• Night Person
• Overthinker
• Professional People-Watcher
Y'know... I've heard that sentence in my head so many times.
For years.
But I never knew where it came from.
It's not like anyone ever actually said it to me.
It's always just... there.
Whispered.
Echoed.
Like static you learn to live with.
And I built this whole case in my head...
Trying to figure out what I did to deserve it.
Turns out...
It wasn't about me at all.
"But by then...
I'd already believed it for so long...
...it started to feel true."


THE STRANGEST DAY I CAN REMEMBER HAPPENED TWENTY THREE YEARS AGO.
I WAS FIFTEEN.
IT'S FUNNY.
NOT IN A "HA-HA" WAY.
JUST... STRANGE.


IT WAS A TUESDAY.
EARLY SUMMER.
THE KIND OF DAY WHERE THE AIR FEELS HEAVY BUT THE WIND KEEPS THINGS MOVING.


I TOOK THE BUS TO SCHOOL.
SAT IN THE BACK.
AS USUAL.


THE DRIVER WAS HUMMING ALONG TO AN OLD SOUTHERN ALL STARS SONG.
"TSUNAMI."


AT SCHOOL, NOTHING SPECIAL.
MATH CLASS WAS BORING AS HELL.
LUNCH WAS BREAD AND MILK.


AFTER SCHOOL, IT STARTED TO RAIN.
NOT HARD.
JUST THAT FINE MIST.


I SAW SOMEONE THAT DAY.
SOMEONE I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FORGET.
BUT I CAN'T RECONSTRUCT THEIR FACE.


I TOOK THE TRAIN HOME.
THE USUAL LINE.
THE USUAL CROWD.


A GUY NEAR THE DOOR KEPT SNEEZING.
EVERYONE IGNORED HIM.
I ALMOST LAUGHED.
ALMOST.
ハクション!!


SOME KID WAS LISTENING TO MUSIC WITHOUT HEADPHONES.
BADLY.
THE WHOLE CAR COULD HEAR IT.
HE DIDN'T CARE.


AT HOME, MY MOM MADE CURRY.
TOO SPICY.
I DRANK MILK.


I WENT FOR A WALK AFTER DINNER.
THE STREETS WERE WET.
THE LIGHTS LOOKED BEAUTIFUL.


THAT'S THE THING...
NOTHING HAPPENED.
AND YET—


I REMEMBER EVERY SOUND.
EVERY SMELL.
EVERY COLOR.
EXCEPT FOR ONE FACE.


THAT'S MY STRANGEST DAY.
NOT BECAUSE SOMETHING CRAZY HAPPENED.
BUT BECAUSE I FELT LIKE THE WORLD WAS WATCHING ME...
AND I WAS FINALLY WATCHING BACK.


NINA VALE.
19. 163CM.
OCCASIONAL MENACE.
PROFESSIONAL STAIRCASE DOCUMENTARIAN?
OKAY, FINE. I'LL EXPLAIN.
YES, I HAVE PAINTED THESE STAIRS LIKE, A LOT.
HERE'S THE THING.
SOMEONE KEEPS DISAPPEARING HERE.
LIKE, OUT OF EXISTENCE.
AT FIRST I THOUGHT I WAS JUST PARANOID.
Y'KNOW, TOO MANY COMICS, NOT ENOUGH SLEEP.
BUT THEN I REALIZED THE ONLY CONSTANT WAS...
...I WAS THE ONLY ONE NOTICING.
SO I STARTED PAINTING.
OVER AND OVER. DOCUMENTING. OBSESSIVELY.
BECAUSE IF REALITY IS GLITCHING, I FIGURE I'LL CATCH IT.
OR AT LEAST MAKE PRETTY EVIDENCE OF IT.
EMBARRASSING, RIGHT? HEH.
#1
#2
#3
#4
#5
#6
#7
#8
#9
#10
SEE?
SUBTLE STUFF.
A POSTER THAT WASN'T THERE.
A PLANT THAT VANISHED.
THE AIRCON UNIT SWITCHED SIDES.
ONE TIME THERE WAS A CAT.
THEN THERE WASN'T.
I'M NOT CRAZY.
WELL, MAYBE A LITTLE.
BUT IT'S DOCUMENTED NOW.
I DON'T KNOW WHO—OR WHAT—KEEPS SLIPPING THROUGH.
BUT I'M STARTING TO THINK...
...MAYBE IT'S NOT SOMEONE DISAPPEARING.
MAYBE IT'S THE WORLD.
SO YEAH. I PAINT THE STAIRS.
I WATCH. I WAIT.
AND IF YOU THINK THAT'S UNHINGED...
...YOU SHOULD SEE HOW MANY LAYERS OF PAINT ARE UNDER THOSE STEPS.


THE OLD ADDRESS ON THIS KEY LEADS TO A PLACE THAT DOESN'T EXIST ANYMORE.
IT USED TO BE AN ORDINARY BUILDING. NOTHING SPECIAL.
IT WAS REAL. COMPLETE LY REAL.
HOLLOWAY STREET SECTION 7 BLOCK 12 BUILDING 3
DEMOLISHED TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.
THE CITY CHANGES. STREETS MOVE. BUILDINGS DISAPPEAR.
BUT SOMETIMES...
...A KEY REMAINS.
AND SOMETIMES, THAT'S ENOUGH.
LET'S TRACE WHAT'S LEFT. OLD MAPS, DIRECTORIES, PHOTOS.
PIECES TELL THE TRUTH.

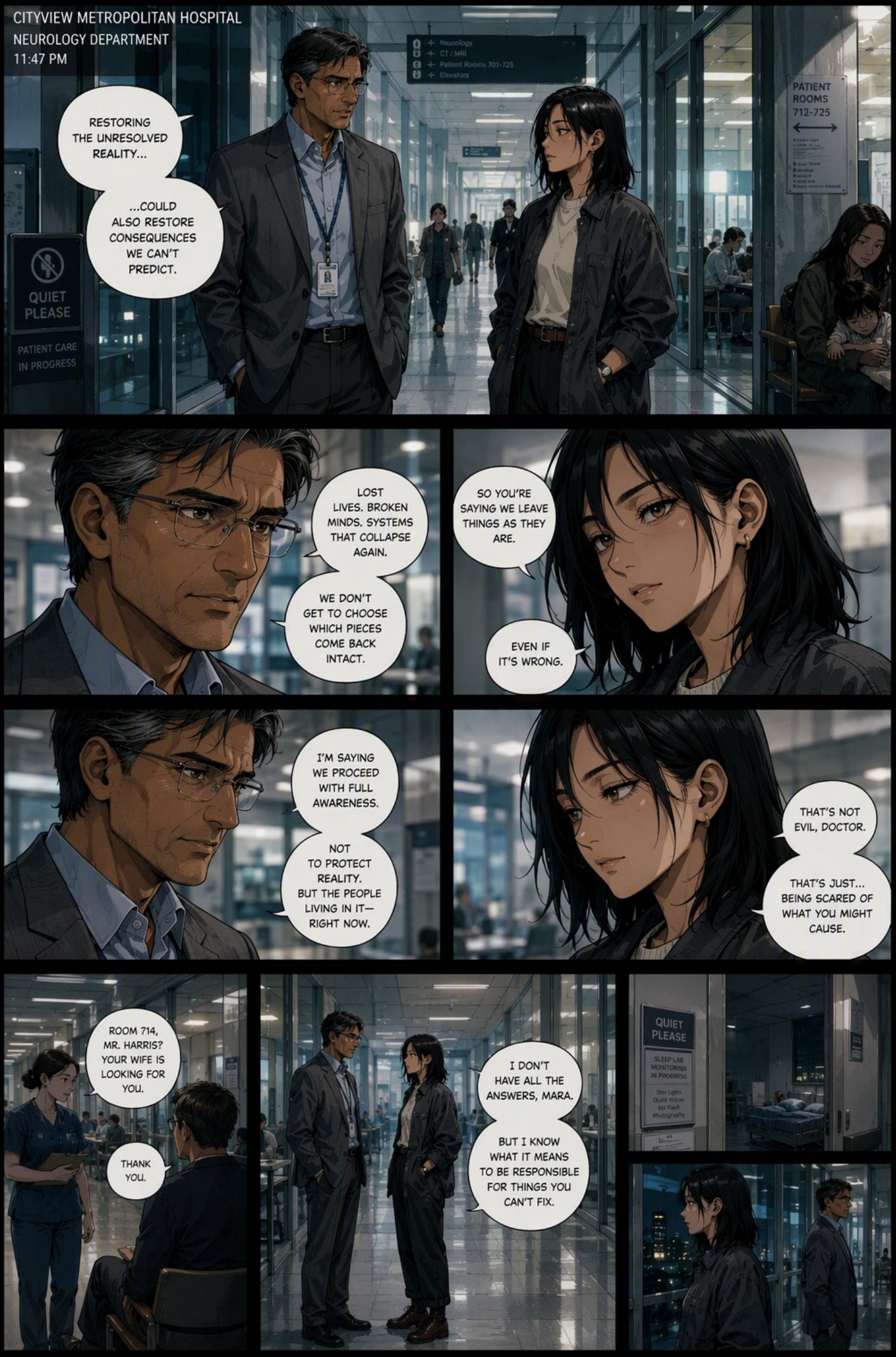


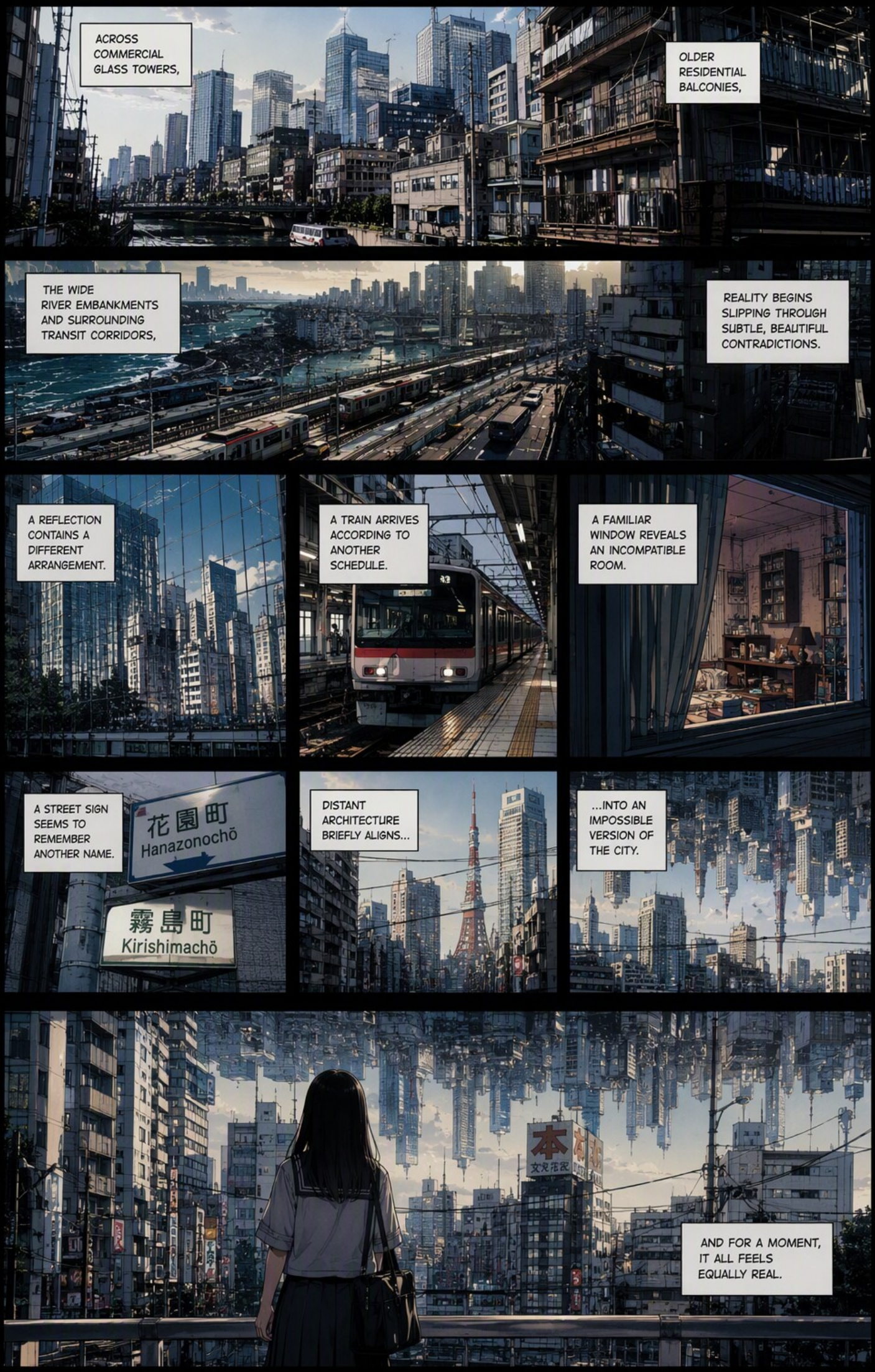

THE TRUTH WASN'T OUT THERE.
IT WAS HERE.
NO.
I WASN'T THERE.
I KNOW I WASN'T.
2005.10.27
The Long Night
BUT THEN I FOUND THIS.
A TIME I COULDN'T PLACE.
FACES I THOUGHT I DIDN'T KNOW.
A FEELING I TRIED TO BURY.
Who were we fighting?
What did we lose?
What did we survive?
-M.V.
NO...
THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT.
THIS ISN'T A STORY I FOUND.
IT'S MINE.
I WAS THERE.
I WAS ALIVE.
I REMEMBER NOW.
THE LONG NIGHT WASN'T JUST A CITY'S NIGHTMARE.
IT WAS MINE.


FRAGMENTS.
REALITY WHEN IT STILL LISTENED.
THE LONG NIGHT.
THE CITY DIDN'T CARE WHO WE WERE...
...ONLY WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT TO MORNING.
I CAN STILL HEAR HIS VOICE.
THIN.
SHAKING.
please... don't... leave me...
I DIDN'T THINK ABOUT BEING BRAVE.
I THOUGHT ABOUT HIM.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO.
NOT ALONE.
MY HEART WAS LOUDER THAN MY HEAD.
THAT'S RARE FOR ME.
FEAR.
COMPASSION.
UNCERTAINTY.
THEY ALL SPOKE AT ONCE.
I CHOSE.
NOT BECAUSE I WAS SURE.
BECAUSE I COULDN'T LIVE WITH NOT CHOOSING.
TIME DIDN'T STOP.
CARS KEPT DRIVING.
PEOPLE KEPT WALKING.
THE WORLD KEPT LOOKING AWAY.
THAT NIGHT CHANGED SOMETHING I COULDN'T PUT BACK.
A MEMORY THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO THE CITY—
ONLY TO US.


MARA'S CHOICE DIDN'T JUST CHANGE HER.
IT RIPPLED OUT. SILENT. MESSY. IRREVERSIBLE.
AYA KEPT THE DINER AFLOAT.
SHE HIRED TWO MORE KIDS FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD. GAVE THEM A FUTURE.
NINA'S WORK STARTED GETTING NOTICED. SHE GOT A GRANT.
PAINT DOES NOT PRETEND
SHE'S BUILDING MURALS ACROSS THE CITY NOW.
DICE OPENED THE COMMUNITY WORKSHOP.
TOOLS. TRAINING. SECOND CHANCES.
HE SAYS IT'S NOT CHARITY. IT'S REPAYMENT.
TOM TRAINED APPRENTICES AGAIN.
SAID IT GAVE HIS HANDS A REASON TO KEEP MOVING.
THEIR LIVES FOUND SHAPE.
REN'S DIDN'T.
SOME NIGHTS, SHE WONDERED WHERE HE WAS.
IF HE EVER THOUGHT OF THEM.
IF HE HATED HER. IF HE UNDERSTOOD.
SHE'D MADE THE CHOICE TO SAVE THEM.
BUT THE PRICE WAS A QUESTION THAT WOULD NEVER GET ANSWERED.


YEAH... I FIGURED IT OUT.
MIGHT NOT BE THE KIND OF ANSWER YOU WERR HOPING FOR.
I'M PROBABLY *NOT* THE ORIGINAL PERSON YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.
THE ME FROM THAT NIGHT— OR THE VERSION YOU REMEMBER—
HE'S *GONE*. OR MAYBE HE NEVER EXISTED OUTSIDE YOUR HEAD.
WHAT'S LEFT IS... *COMPOSITE*. A SURVIVOR MADE FROM OVERLAPPING MEMORIES, HALF-CHOICES, AND THE AFTERMATH NO ONE COULD ESCAPE.
LIKE A PATCHWORK OF ALL THE ROADS WE DIDN'T TAKE, STITCHED TOGETHER BY WHATEVER WAS STRONGEST.
SOUNDS HORRIFYING, RIGHT?
DON'T WORRY. IT'S NOT. IT'S KIND OF HILARIOUS.
I MEAN...
I STILL GET HUNGRY.
I STILL MAKE BAD JOKES.
I STILL OVERTHINK TEXTS.
SOME THINGS SURVIVE ALL TIMELINES.
SO YEAH. I MAY NOT BE WHO YOU THINK I AM.
BUT I'M RIGHT HERE. AND I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
YOU CAN KEEP SEARCHING FOR GHOSTS...
OR YOU CAN TALK TO THE GUY WHO SHOWED UP ANYWAY.


CITYVIEW METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL
NEUROLOGY DEPARTMENT
11:47 PM
Neurology
CT / MRI
Patient Rooms 701-725
Elevators
PATIENT ROOMS 712-725
QUIET PLEASE
PATIENT CARE IN PROGRESS
RESTORING THE UNRESOLVED REALITY...
...COULD ALSO RESTORE CONSEQUENCES WE CAN'T PREDICT.
LOST LIVES. BROKEN MINDS. SYSTEMS THAT COLLAPSE AGAIN.
WE DON'T GET TO CHOOSE WHICH PIECES COME BACK INTACT.
SO YOU'RE SAYING WE LEAVE THINGS AS THEY ARE.
EVEN IF IT'S WRONG.
I'M SAYING WE PROCEED WITH FULL AWARENESS.
NOT TO PROTECT REALITY. BUT THE PEOPLE LIVING IN IT— RIGHT NOW.
THAT'S NOT EVIL, DOCTOR.
THAT'S JUST... BEING SCARED OF WHAT YOU MIGHT CAUSE.
ROOM 714, MR. HARRIS? YOUR WIFE IS LOOKING FOR YOU.
THANK YOU.
I DON'T HAVE ALL THE ANSWERS, MARA.
BUT I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THINGS YOU CAN'T FIX.
QUIET PLEASE
SLEEP LAB MONITORING IN PROGRESS


ACROSS COMMERCIAL GLASS TOWERS,
OLDER RESIDENTIAL BALCONIES,
THE WIDE RIVER EMBANKMENTS AND SURROUNDING TRANSIT CORRIDORS,
REALITY BEGINS SLIPPING THROUGH SUBTLE, BEAUTIFUL CONTRADICTIONS.
A REFLECTION CONTAINS A DIFFERENT ARRANGEMENT.
A TRAIN ARRIVES ACCORDING TO ANOTHER SCHEDULE.
A FAMILIAR WINDOW REVEALS AN INCOMPATIBLE ROOM.
A STREET SIGN SEEMS TO REMEMBER ANOTHER NAME.
花園町
Hanazonochō
霧島町
Kirishimachō
DISTANT ARCHITECTURE BRIEFLY ALIGNS...
...INTO AN IMPOSSIBLE VERSION OF THE CITY.
AND FOR A MOMENT, IT ALL FEELS EQUALLY REAL.

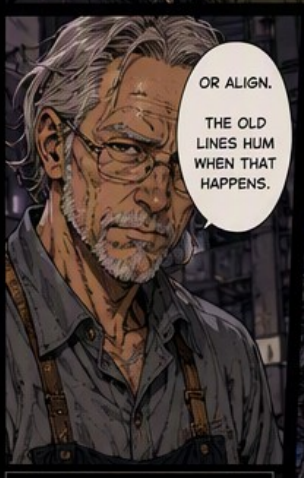

DO YOU WANT TO KEEP EXISTING IN THIS WORLD, REN?
...I DON'T KNOW IF I DESERVE TO GET THAT CHOICE.
I CAN'T DECIDE THAT FOR YOU.
I JUST... DON'T WANT TO LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE YOU AREN'T IN IT.
THAT'S NOT A SMALL THING TO SAY.
IT'S KIND OF TERRIFYING, ACTUALLY.
I'M SCARED TO KEEP HURTING PEOPLE. TO KEEP BEING A BURDEN.
TO WAKE UP ONE DAY AND REALIZE I'VE WASTED EVERYONE'S TIME, INCLUDING MINE.
YOU'RE NOT A BURDEN TO ME.
I'VE MADE MY PEACE WITH THE FACT THAT LOVING YOU MEANS LOVING THE PARTS OF YOU THAT SCARE ME TOO.
LOVE ISN'T A CONTRACT.
IT'S NOT OWNERSHIP.
YOU'RE NOT MINE TO KEEP.
AND I'M NOT YOURS TO SAVE.
...SO IF YOU DECIDE YOU WANT TO DISAPPEAR,
I WON'T STOP YOU.
I'LL HATE IT. EVERY DAY.
BUT I WON'T STOP YOU.
...THEN I WANT TO CHOOSE TO KEEP GOING.
NOT FOR ANYONE ELSE. NOT TO PROVE ANYTHING.
JUST... BECAUSE I WANT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS.







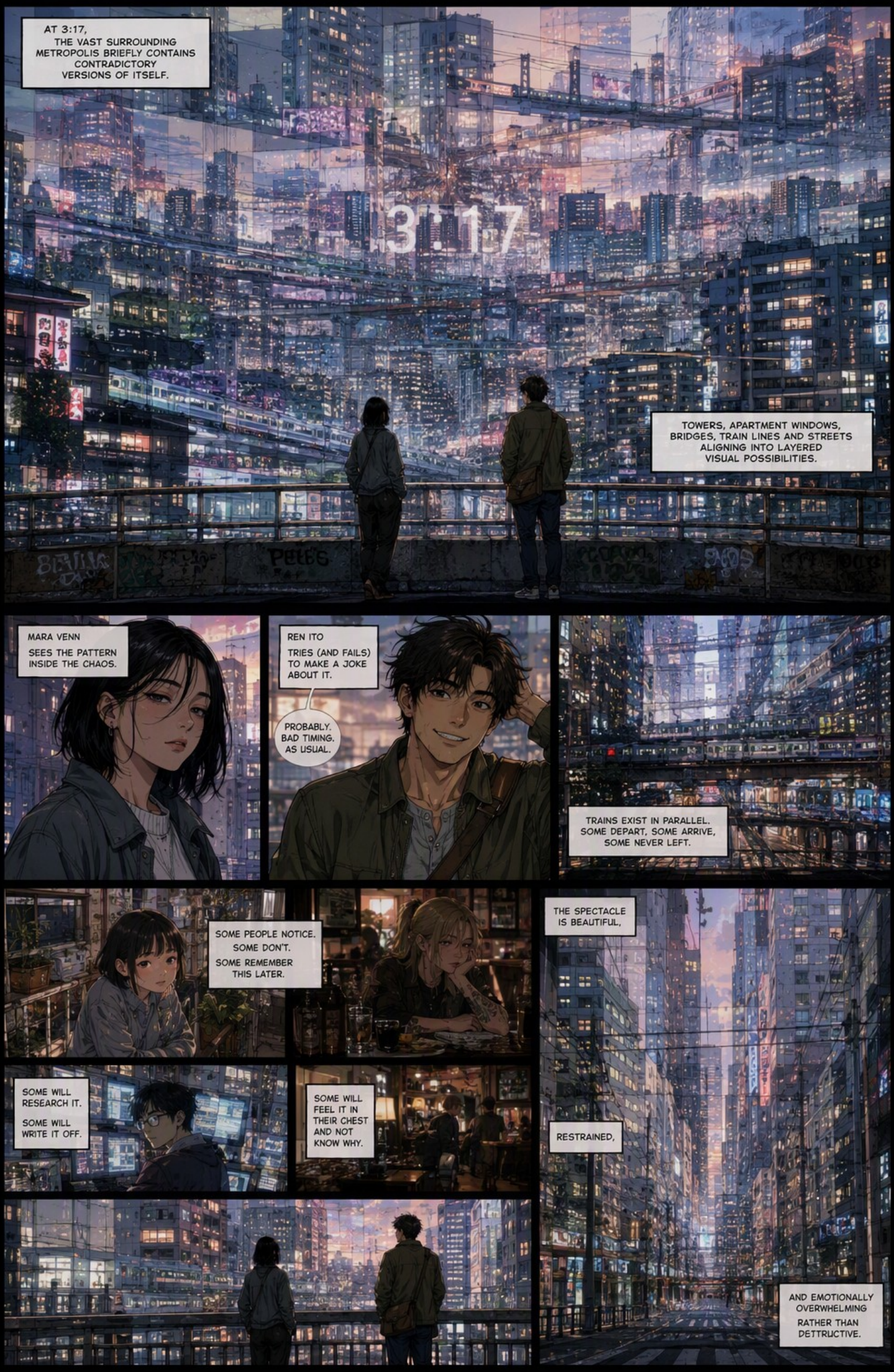








TO BE CONTINUED...


AT 3:17,
THE VAST SURROUNDING METROPOLIS BRIEFLY CONTAINS CONTRADICTORY VERSIONS OF ITSELF.
3:17
TOWERS, APARTMENT WINDOWS, BRIDGES, TRAIN LINES AND STREETS ALIGNING INTO LAYERED VISUAL POSSIBILITIES.
MARA VENN
SEES THE PATTERN INSIDE THE CHAOS.
REN ITO
TRIES (AND FAILS) TO MAKE A JOKE ABOUT IT.
PROBABLY. BAD TIMING. AS USUAL.
TRAINS EXIST IN PARALLEL. SOME DEPART, SOME ARRIVE, SOME NEVER LEFT.
SOME PEOPLE NOTICE.
SOME DON'T.
SOME REMEMBER THIS LATER.
SOME WILL RESEARCH IT.
SOME WILL WRITE IT OFF.
SOME WILL FEEL IT IN THEIR CHEST AND NOT KNOW WHY.
THE SPECTACLE IS BEAUTIFUL,
RESTRAINED,
AND EMOTIONALLY OVERWHELMING
RATHER THAN DESTRUCTIVE.

AYA MORITA

FEAR: BEING OVERLOOKED.
THE FRAGMENT: AN IMPOSSIBLE SENTENCE.



NINA VALE

FEAR: HER ART ISN'T REAL.
THE FRAGMENT: HER STAIRCASE PAINTINGS MADE REAL.



DAISUKE HARA (DICE)

FEAR: LETTING PEOPLE DOWN.
THE FRAGMENT: PASSENGERS FROM THE WRONG DAY.



TOM ARLEN

FEAR: FORGETTING WHAT CAN'T BE FIXED.
THE FRAGMENT: AN OLD DOORWAY RETURNS.






AT THE THRESHOLD OF 3:17.
03:17
IF WE DO THIS... I MIGHT DISAPPEAR.


YOU ALREADY DID.
THIS JUST FIXES THE RECORD.


RESTORE REN ITO?
WARNING: FULL REINTEGRATION MAY CAUSE REALITY INSTABILITY.
LIKELIHOOD OF COLLAPSE: 68.7%
POTENTIAL OUTCOMES:
- REN ITO RESTORED
- MEMORY CASCADE
- TEMPORAL SHEAR
- ENVIRONMENTAL DECAY
> PROCEED
CANCEL


SIXTY-EIGHT POINT SEVEN PERCENT?


RESTORE HIM...
...AND THIS CITY MIGHT NOT SURVIVE THE NIGHT.
LEAVE HIM BROKEN...
...AND HE MIGHT NOT SURVIVE HIMSELF.


MARA, I'M SCARED.
BUT I DON'T WANT TO KEEP BEING A GHOST.


YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW?
EVERY CHOICE HERE EATS SOMETHING.


TYPICAL. I FINALLY GET A CHOICE AND IT'S THE END OF EVERYTHING.
GUESS THAT'S MY BRAND.
DON'T MAKE IT ANY WORSE.


I'M NOT HERE TO SAVE THE CITY.
I'M HERE TO DECIDE WHAT STILL MATTERS.


THEN LET'S DECIDE TOGETHER.


03:17
YEAH.
TOGETHER.

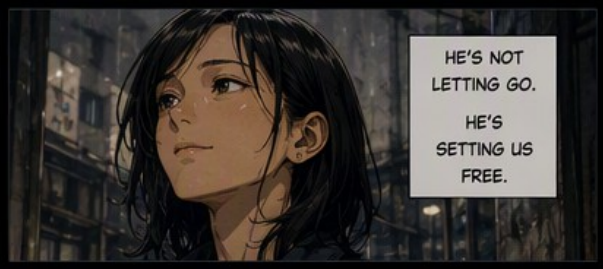

STAYING IS EASY.
CHOOSING IS HARD.
BUT I'D RATHER
BE TRUE TO WHAT
I FEEL THAN SAFE
IN WHAT I DON'T.


I CARE ABOUT YOU.
BUT I WON'T BUILD A LIFE ON HOPING YOU'LL STAY.
THAT'S NOT LOVE. THAT'S FEAR.


YOU DON'T NEED TO PROVE ANYTHING.
I GET IT.


SO I'M CHOOSING MYSELF.
NOT INSTEAD OF YOU.
BUT SO I CAN BE REAL— WITH YOU, IF WE EVER GET ANOTHER CHANCE.


I WON'T WAIT.
I WON'T CHASE.
I'LL JUST LIVE.


HE'S NOT LETTING GO.
HE'S SETTING US FREE.


RESPECTING HIM...
THAT'S LOVE, TOO.


THANK YOU.
FOR SEEING ME.


SOME ANSWERS
DON'T COME AS WORDS.


JUST SILENCE.
AND CHOICE.


THE METROPOLIS
RETURNS TO ORDINARY LIFE.
5:47
Kita-Senju
24
OPEN
Family Restaurant
7:02
LIFE CONTINUES.
WITH A MIXTURE OF RELIEF,
GRIEF AND QUIET WARMTH.


THE CITY DOESN'T REMEMBER YOU.
BUT IT KEEPS GOING.
小料理ゆき
THREE SEVENTEEN.
初台
Hatsudai
首都高
SHUTOKO EXPWY
ANOTHER NIGHT.
NOTHING SPECIAL.
THAT'S ENOUGH.