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# Mardock Scramble: The Third Exhaust

By Tow Ubukata

I'll survive!  
You have an affinity for clubs.  
You won in poker with them.  
Stay.  
I'll hit.  
Player busts.  
What should I have done?  
The first order of business  
is to learn that.  
I'm doing nothing but losing.  
It's according to plan.  
Don't worry.  
You'll win.  
I'll back you up.  
I'll display the basic strategy.  
Ten-value cards are the most  
common type in this game.  
When the Dealer's upcard is a 5,  
his probability of busting is 43% .  
Sit tight, and wait for your opponent  
to self-destruct.  
Stay.  
Double down.  
That man is amazing.  
He isn't winning.  
He's being allowed to win.  
- It's dealer manipulation.  
- Manipulation?  
Right. Watch closely.  
All the players are going to  
start leaving one at a time.  
Starting with that man.  
He's winning hands, but look at  
how much money he's losing.  
That's what manipulation is.  
Throw off all  
the players' decisions...  
...and make them take actions  
they'd never take otherwise.  
I didn't play very well, did I?  
To go with the flow,  
one has to pay the price.  
His losing was inevitable.  
He was manipulated into losing his entire

bankroll for the sake of momentary victories.

I didn't see it at all.

If you're aware of what's going on,

you can avoid the manipulation.

Mine and the Doctor's , as well.

I want to believe in you two.

Is that a bad thing?

When all is said and done,

I'm a tool.

I can only prove my usefulness

by having you use me.

You're giving me more things I can do

by myself even when you aren't around.

I want to use you.

I'll never betray you again.

I found myself a fine partner.

Even money.

When you have 2 1, it's a tie and there's

no payout if the dealer also gets 2 1.

It's the sixth of this game's basic strategic

options, and is meant to prevent that.

But the payout is a measly 1 to 1.

It's the option to throw away

your hard-earned victory.

It's not something that you

should choose right now.

I'll begin a running count.

Blackjack!

That's amazing!

Have a wonderful evening, everyone.

This dealer is making some kind

of pattern with the cards.

You think he's manipulating

the card order?

I can sense it.

He's doing something.

All right. I'll read the cards with

calculations and the scent of our opponents.

You read them with your senses.

This is the true count. I'll log every card

and spot the right time to go all in.

Until then, we'll manipulate

the dealer.

Give him a taste of your mystique.

Cross your legs.  
Look to the side so your cards  
are to the left of your field of view.  
When people think of something  
they like, they turn to the left.  
When they're nervous about something,  
they look down and to the right.  
Once you know the patterns,  
you can read someone's mind.  
He was reading me  
like that?  
That's right.  
And we'll use that against him.  
Look, they're like birds!  
Gosh, it's so sharp  
and pointy!  
It seems really soft  
for some reason.  
Still, hit me.  
So I'll stay.  
Hit me for sure.  
Wow, you're one of those people  
with a gift for talking to the cards.  
I'm the middle of an important deal!  
What's the big idea, calling me away?  
You called him?  
Ashley? Chief?  
Special Consultant?  
Which of this high rollers making lots  
of money has your panties in a twist?  
This flashy guy with the girl.  
According to the floor report,  
they're uncle and niece.  
He's trying to insert 1 0 cards into  
the portion not used in the game.  
How many?  
3 2.  
So, he's set aside the 1 0-value cards  
from two decks.  
The nerve of this guy...  
Hang on.  
He hasn't put them all in.  
Gotcha.  
Owner?

Deal with these two, Ashley!  
Wipe out their luck your way!  
Acquaintances of yours, sir?  
They're trying to completely  
waste my time.  
I'm doing anything and everything  
I can to escape time's curse.  
Don't you understand?!

Yes, sir.  
I'm in the middle of some incredibly  
important business.  
Don't let them get  
any closer to me, got it?!

Oeufcocque.  
Go in with the Doctor.  
Do it.  
You'll never beat me  
if you don't bet a lot.  
All right, challenge accepted!

Split.  
Split.  
Split.  
Split.

We're within spitting distance now.  
Where the hell are you, Boiled?!

Searching for them.  
What's wrong?  
It's them! They're here  
right now!

- Just as I thought...  
- What?

Answer me.  
Is whatever is involved in your  
business deal there with you?  
This is where my first Show was.  
It all began here.  
I'll prove that you made the best choice.  
That's my usefulness.  
I wanted to use you.  
That's all I wanted,  
to use you.  
Come back to me, Oeufcocque.  
Isn't it a little early  
to be leaving, Bell Wing?

Go for it. Bet it all.

Stay.

Stay.

When the remaining cards are two sevens  
and more than four eights,  
...the odds of the player winning  
are 1 00%.

That's the magic  
of sevens and eights.

Because the dealer stuck in  
all the tens at the very end,  
...I was able to predict  
the remaining cards.

The dealer brought this defeat  
down on himself.

It'll be too hard to carry  
all these chips around.

Let's just have them give us a big  
container to carry everything in.

A million-dollar chip, please.

I'll see to it at once, sir.

If you're there as the checker,  
it'll convince the Association.

If she has a system that can  
net a million-dollar chip,

...you can bet

there will be copycats.

So if the Association decides  
to adopt my countermeasure,

...it'll mean

a big payday for us.

If that happens, you and I won't have to  
work under that nutjob owner anymore.

I thought you liked this place.

That was before I found out that  
the owner was a rabid dog...

...who went around burning  
fifteen year old girls to death.

It's beyond me why the Association  
still lets that man have a job.

Fifteen... Oh, I see.

So that's why she's here.

You standing in her way is a test  
given to her by the Holy Spirit.

You've given up being a spinner  
and are a prophet now?  
Have a little faith. I'm thankful  
that I've been led to this place.  
By the way, how much do you  
know about those two?  
Just the girl's name.  
Rune-Balot. What a sad name.  
Found it. The storage medium that  
Shell's memories are recorded on.  
This is the first.  
Marlowe John Fever, you're fired.  
I signed a letter of  
reference for you.  
Leave before the owner  
spots you.  
This troublemaker wanted to keep  
playing, but we have rules here.  
I'm going to swap this for a fresh shoe.  
Is that all right?  
Of course.  
Just as I thought, you had  
your sights set on a big target here.  
Bell Wing...  
This is Ashley Harvest.  
Our industry's idea of hired muscle.  
I'm here to observe how well  
you can stand up to him.  
This man's luck  
never runs counterclockwise.  
He has no weak spots.  
I suggest you remember that.  
I will.  
This table is now reserved  
for you two.  
A little thank-you for getting  
the cheat in the poker room,  
...Bell Wing here,  
and a talented dealer fired.  
Our own private table!  
A bit extravagant, isn't it?  
It's easier to win this way,  
don't you think?  
I've never heard

of a dealer like you...  
Here's hoping that looks  
aren't deceiving.  
We have a draw.  
Stay.  
Hit.  
Stay.  
We have a draw.  
Sixteen draws in a row.  
You don't see that every day...  
A sign that your luck is an  
even match for the casino's .  
You're formidable opponents, indeed.  
What is this man after?  
I don't know.  
What's he thinking?  
What's this scent I'm smelling?  
What should I do?  
For now, we'll hold him off  
using the optimal strategies.  
It's not as if my card counting  
is being blocked.  
We have a draw.  
He precisely ordered  
over 300 cards while shuffling.  
His skill is hard to believe.  
Every single hand  
ends in a draw...  
You two have magnificent luck.  
Or perhaps there is some third party  
who is giving you your luck?  
Perhaps it's time  
for a change in strategy.  
Hit.  
Hit.  
Hit me.  
Player busts.  
Hit.  
What should I do?  
Stick with the optimal strategy.  
Let the Doctor handle the frontal assault.  
Stay.  
We have a draw.  
It'll take more than one card



to get you to budge, huh?

Hit.

Hit.

Hit.

Hit me.

Player stays, I assume?

Stay.

We have a draw.

That's some countermeasure. Who else besides you could possibly do that?

It's simply a matter of practice.

For someone who shot down every ball I threw,

...you're putting on a boring show.

Chips don't mean anything to you, right?

So who are you

holding back for?

Restraint is like a pile of shit.

During a big match,

the stink distracts you.

Concentrate on the game. Don't forget that she works for the casino, too.

You're you. You don't need to hold back for anyone.

Hit me.

Stay.

Player loses, player draws.

One can lose his luck over the slightest thing.

No one can laugh at someone who's been abandoned by luck.

I'll hand off my good luck to her, and my bad luck to you.

Feel free to rejoin the fight whenever you like.

Stay.

Player loses.

Stay.

I made a mistake.

I'm sorry.

Stop it.

He's manipulating you.

He's trying to implant  
a sense of defeat in you.  
But if I had done as you taught me  
and not asked for that hit earlier,  
...I would have had blackjack.  
It's my own fault for not being  
able to read this man.  
My condolences, miss.  
By the way, you can't hear someone's voice  
through that left glove of yours, can you?  
How did you--  
Bingo.  
You aren't speaking with the cards,  
you're speaking with your left hand.  
I'm sorry, Oeufcocque...  
I'm sorry.  
It's all right. Stay calm. He isn't  
allowed to touch a guest's clothing.  
They don't have any means  
of separating us.  
Stay.  
Player loses.  
I have a question for you.  
What is it?  
It's just a little icebreaker.  
It's no fun to play when the atmosphere  
is this tense, don't you agree?  
Let's say that you're driving down  
a long road in your car.  
But the engine breaks down.  
Around you is nothing but desert.  
What do you do?  
I wait for help to arrive.  
So you would hitchhike.  
What would you do if you came across  
someone who needed help?  
If they look like they  
can be trusted, I help them.  
I see.  
Both are 50% answers.  
You're average.  
There are other answers?  
Did you stop to consider that it could be  
a carjacker pretending to be a hitchhiker?

You're saying that I should never help anyone?  
By "50% answer," I mean that your attitude changes...  
...depending on which side of the situation you're on.  
For example, if no one helps you, you won't go looking for help.  
Or if you do help, you're prepared to be killed by that person.  
What would a 100% answer be?  
If someone asks for help, you kill him.  
That person is prey.  
And if someone offers their help, that person is also prey.  
This is a place where we can legally steal from others.  
That is what gambling is.  
What is a sweet young lady like you doing in such a place?  
Were you born mute?  
Or did you lose your voice because of someone?  
While hitchhiking, perhaps?  
Stay calm. I can't read his intentions.  
Don't make any hasty moves.  
This man is testing me.  
To see whether or not I'll play his game.  
Stop what you're doing.  
Please trust me.  
I do. That's why I'm asking you to please trust me.  
Balot!  
Do I look like I'm that easy to kill?  
You're a formidable opponent.  
We probably wouldn't find anything even if we searched your body.  
There might not have been anything to begin with.  
In any case, you took off your gloves of your own accord.  
Neither I nor the casino

forced you to do so.

No.

When I say you're a formidable opponent,  
I mean that you don't run or hide.

Hit.

Stay.

Player loses.

Oeufcocque, do you read me?

I still seem to be able to transmit.

What are you up to?

I'm sorry. I just thought  
that I had to do it.

I have a favor to ask.

Do you mind?

If it's in my power.

Add the numbers to my senses.

Not the count?

That's too narrow.

Something's bothering me,  
something besides the numbers.

I want to know what it is.

Understood. I'll have the numbers  
reflect your visualization as best I can.

Manipulate them however you like.

Thank you.

Sure thing, Partner.

Player busts.

Player busts.

Player busts.

They're like birds flying...

Excuse me?

Player busts.

It's pointy, so I want  
to round it off.

Hit.

It's incredibly pointy.

Still, hit me.

It's getting pointier  
and pointier.

Hit.

Hit.

Hit.

Stay.

A draw...

Do you know why I am looking forward  
to this next card?  
If it's a king, you lose.  
Especially if it's a spade.  
All that card plucking  
would be for nothing.  
You saw through my shuffle?  
No. But the cards have been in  
your favor this whole time.  
Not very many, it seems.  
I don't need to win much.  
I want to bet on clubs.  
They're going to be on my side.  
Understood.  
Hit.  
Hit.  
Stay.  
You won!  
Congratulations.  
Next hand.  
Hit.  
Hit.  
Stay.  
She did it!  
Did you see that? Say what  
you like about this girl,  
...but she knows what  
it means to endure.  
Bell Wing... And here I thought  
that you were on MY side.  
It's no fun if the game  
is over quickly.  
There's just one thing  
that I want you to remember.  
That thing I blurted out and tried to  
teach you even if you already knew it.  
About being ladylike?  
Right. Be the person you ought to be.  
Be who you're meant to be.  
Otherwise, you'll never be  
able to talk to the cards.  
If you can't talk to the cards, you'll never  
be able to beat this man. Right?  
Right.

That's better. You're far more beautiful now than before.  
Thank you, Bell Wing.  
I should have asked someone else...  
It's hard to believe...  
You're beginning to understand luck.  
I've spent my whole life trying to do so, and you've done it in a mere hour.  
You're humble.  
Such people take coincidence and turn it into the inevitable.  
Inevitability that will allow them to survive.  
Have you ever thought about luck?  
I used to think a lot about how bad mine was.  
There's more to that hitchhiking story I was telling earlier. May I continue?  
Of course.  
I had an older brother.  
Two brothers against the world.  
He meant the world to me.  
But one day, he picked up a hitchhiker in his car and was killed by him.  
He was forced into the trunk, and was left out in the blazing sun.  
He was ravaged by dehydration and respiratory distress, ...and eventually died in the dark when his strength gave out.  
After the funeral, my father and I went to where my brother had been found.  
There, I climbed into the trunk my brother had died in and had my father close it.  
I wanted to know what my brother had felt.  
It was terrifying in there.  
As I frantically struggled there in the pitch blackness, I heard my father's voice.  
"Pull the latch.  
There's a latch inside."

I found the latch.  
And I survived in my brother's place.  
If only my brother  
had known about that latch.  
If only he had had someone  
to tell him it was there.  
If only he had been lucky enough  
to save himself.  
If he'd had any one of those three,  
my brother wouldn't have died.  
It's the people without those three  
who lose first.  
I don't know which  
of the three you have.  
But you've been spared because you do.  
You mustn't forget that.  
I won't .  
Player wins.  
Player wins.  
Balot...  
Sometimes it's more painful  
to win than it is to lose.  
The more you win, the greater  
the weight you have to carry.  
Hit.  
Stay.  
Draw.  
Next hand.  
Hit.  
Hit.  
Stay.  
Player loses.  
No one will laugh at you  
if you decide to quit now.  
Next hand.  
Double down.  
Congratulations. According to house rules,  
trip sevens pay out 1 .5 to 1 .  
Tactics and strategy  
are the key to victory.  
Tactics are the  
individual decisions.  
What's the first?  
Stay. Don't take a card.

Next?

Hit. Take another card.

Third.

Double down. Take one, last extra card  
and double your bet.

And the fourth?

Split. When you have  
matching cards,

...set out more chips and play them  
as separate wagers.

And surrender. Pay half your bet  
and fold your hand.

Strategy is the accumulation  
of these five tactics.

With timing and teamwork,  
victory is assured.

Even money.

Even money?

But you're sure to win.

In spite of that, you're going to throw away  
a double payout and maximum victory?

We're talking four million dollars. You're  
really going to walk away from that payout?

Yes.

I didn't think  
you had it in you.

Just now, I saw courage.

And humility.

For the first time, I saw someone achieve  
total victory with my own two eyes.

I once died the same way  
your brother did.

But I had people who rescued me  
from the locked car.

To think that my cards  
were defeated...

I can't see the cards.

The cards don't matter anymore.

This is your victory.

Your perfect victory.

If you don't mind, would you tell me  
what you hope to find in those chips?

I think I made a deal with someone.

I wanted to be able to do this on my own.



You're like a mermaid.  
I just remembered a story about  
a mermaid who gave her up voice...  
...to receive magic legs  
that let her walk on land.  
I bet that she was  
just as brave as you.  
The owner?  
Precisely. Too bad, I'd hoped to continue  
the cool act a while longer.  
I'm really sorry, Bell Wing.  
Oh, please. You've been head over heels  
for this girl for a dozen hands now.  
Please call the owner.  
I want to return these chips to him.  
You had me fooled. You weren't trying  
to break the bank at all, were you?  
The owner's days are numbered if you  
have it out for him, young lady.  
I just hope that the spell on you  
lasts for a long time.  
He's here.  
Cleanwill John October.  
Shell's business partner,  
as well as the father of his fiancée.  
Take those back.  
You little whore that was born  
in a garbage dump...  
Take only the yolk. Don't touch  
the shell or the white.  
But if you do--  
Return them at once.  
A wise choice!  
I gave you everything!  
I'll keep spinning  
the wheel somewhere.  
If you're ever in the mood,  
stop by and see me.  
I will.  
You sure you didn't  
forget anything?  
I smell murderous intent!  
Crap! Boiled?!  
Balot, use me!

Forget! This is as her primary physician!  
Balot's already at her limit!  
Oeufcocque!  
Balot!  
Balot...  
Rune-Balot...  
Thank goodness...  
She's stabilized.  
Abnormal skin fiber growth?  
The data says something's wrong.  
But given the situation she's in,  
it's perfectly normal.  
We've got some hard work  
ahead of us.  
After all, we have to pore over the  
memories of a homicidal maniac.  
Let's just pray  
that it's for the best.  
We'll use Shell's memories to establish  
the process that led to his crimes.  
You and Oeufcocque should  
be able to do it in a day.  
But are you really sure  
you want to do this?  
I want to know.  
I want to know why me.  
If I can find some answers,  
any at all, it'll be enough.  
Balot is perfectly rational  
about this, Doctor.  
Right.  
Okay, let's scramble some eggs.  
I'm begging you, I don't want  
to go back to my father.  
I'll make you beautiful.  
We need to establish context.  
There's no meaning.  
Let's go back to the entrance.  
Trouble will be knocking  
on your door soon.  
This deal  
is for me alone.  
You had misgivings about  
what you were given...

A blue diamond.  
That's my solution.  
Keep it up. Shell's motive for committing  
murder is being becoming clearer.  
There's nowhere that I  
want to go back to...  
Why...?  
Why me?  
Why am I so afraid of her?!  
Hold yourself together.  
That isn't your fear.  
I can't possibly know why that is.  
I've already forgotten everything.  
There's nowhere that I  
want to go back to...  
I promise. Even if I lose my  
memories, I'll remember you.  
There's something that  
I want you to hear.  
I'll remember you,  
no matter--  
I was raped by my father.  
Stop! Don't get drawn into it!  
Calm down, Balot!  
Stop it, Doctor!  
Damn... Balot is stronger  
than I expected.  
I'll make you beautiful!  
I'll make you  
into something beautiful!  
This is wrong...  
He didn't kill the first girl.  
We'll have to send her  
all the way back to the very end.  
The first person he killed was...  
I had a processing specialist turn my  
dead mother's ashes into a diamond.  
We've reached  
the emotional trauma.  
Why... Why me?  
Mother, stop! Mother!  
23 hours.  
That's how much time has passed  
since you laid down in there.

Get some rest.  
You won't have any bad dreams.  
Oeufcocque is right there with you.  
Good morning.  
The trial date's been set.  
I was a fool.  
If only I'd told you more of  
what you needed to know...  
Please. Help me become a new person  
one more time.  
I'll erase everything.  
Sexual molestation  
by the mother.  
When he was 18,  
Shell killed his mother.  
He rigged her car and burned her to death  
inside, making it look like an accident.  
Without that memory, it left him unable  
to keep his emotions in check,  
...and that became the root  
of his homicidal urges.  
Shell started to think what he  
was doing made perfect sense.  
And so Shell selected girls with a past  
identical to his own, and sacrificed them.  
I think it was after Shell's lover died.  
A girl that Shell truly loved.  
It seemed to come as a real shock when  
he learned that they had identical pasts.  
That the two of them  
had chosen someone so similar.  
Shell didn't kill that girl.  
Despair resulting  
from sympathy, huh?  
In any event, this will cast doubt on  
the usefulness of October Corp.  
Anyway, the loss of his memory turned  
Shell into a bloodthirsty killer.  
Do you think Shell will stop killing  
if he gets his memories back?  
It's possible. But he would  
probably refuse.  
He didn't fight like you did.  
He simply sought out victims.

You two saved me.

Thank you.

Well, I suppose

that closes your case.

It's from the public prosecutor.

A request for negotiations.

The name on it is October Corp's  
representative director.

What does that mean?

He's the man who was next  
to Shell at the casino.

He's requested negotiations  
and information disclosure.

They're scared that we might exploit your  
case to expose their criminal activity.

Exploit?

Well, it means that the chips you won  
give us that kind of leverage.

What's this?

It says that the lead negotiator  
for the case is Boiled.

Impossible. Boiled would  
be working two contracts.

Where's Shell?

Out on bail.

The prosecutor has him under surveillance,  
but I have a bad feeling about this.

- Balot.

- Forget it.

Do you want us to take the lead  
and burn her even more?

What are you talking about?

Shell and his memories  
are the only material we have.

October Corp might want to eliminate Shell.

We have to protect him.

I'm not sure I follow you. Does that mean  
that I need to protect Shell?

- It does.

- Forget it.

She's closed her own case.

Her case belongs to her.

She chose this.

Her Life Support Program

has been extended indefinitely.  
She's your user, so--  
Don't try to manipulate her!  
Thank you, Oeufcocque.  
I want to learn to be able  
to use you properly.  
What lies ahead won't necessarily  
be good for you.  
Maybe, but this is what I chose.  
To make it go even a little bit better,  
teach me how you close cases.  
Show me how I can do it, too.  
Understood.  
Let's go.  
Let's go close our case.  
I don't like  
the smell of this.  
Damn! It's Shell's fiancée.  
I still smell Shell's  
murderous intent on her.  
This must be part of some rite  
to become a new person.  
I smell murderous intent!  
W-We're just hired guns!  
Come on, cut me some slack!  
Call your employer.  
Wow, nicely done.  
Well...  
Yes. Yes, sir.  
That was fascinating game  
you played at the casino.  
The game is over.  
You're under arrest, Mr. Cleanwill.  
Hardly. You have no proof that  
I gave them their orders.  
More importantly, you should  
agree to the negotiations.  
We're suing Shell, same as you.  
Come again?  
Shell-Septinos did undeserved  
damage to our casino,  
...damaged our corporate image, and even  
demanded that I share my assets.  
What a convenient excuse.

Sharing family assets is only natural  
where marriages are concerned.  
Marriage? Oh, right.  
I'm amazed that some other man  
would want that girl...  
I'll make you beautiful...  
We even have  
an excellent case worker.  
You children of 09 should fight  
this out amongst yourselves.  
That bastard! Is he going to  
let Shell be killed by Boiled?  
Balot!  
What are you doing? You'll be arrested  
for hacking into a public system!  
Stop it! Follow proper procedure!  
Don't lose control!  
No, Balot!  
Please! Let me kill this man!  
And Shell!  
Let me kill them all!  
I can die afterwards for all I care!  
Balot? Are you angry?  
Or are you sad?  
That girl was also like me.  
Like all the other girls  
Shell killed.  
The same?  
You mean their fathers--  
Please... I don't care if I die!  
Please! Let me kill them!  
I can smell your soul.  
It makes me certain that if there's one  
thing that I can believe in, it's you.  
I give myself over to you.  
To think you were in the same hotel...  
This sort of hobby is frowned upon.  
This is pretty blatantly illegal.  
This is private property!  
Then let's leave it to the police  
to sort everything out.  
Let's go. There's still something  
that we need to do.  
Cleanwill knew that his daughter would

be killed, and left her to her fate.  
This would cost Shell  
his right to a case worker,  
...and he could contract Boiled  
with no conflict of interest.  
This guy is way more burnt  
than we are.  
I don't care what his reasons were!  
That was his own daughter!  
If their "suit against Shell" scenario is still  
in play, he hasn't been eliminated yet.  
We still have time to take him  
into protective custody.  
Will he trust us, though?  
If Shell gets his memory back,  
I'm sure that he won't kill anyone else.  
Boiled?!

I've gotten an offer  
from October Corp.  
Who gives a damn  
about October Corp?  
I can become  
a new person again now.  
I'm grateful to you. A little longer, and  
I would've been killed by that woman.  
You're a true friend. Let's stay  
in touch after this, Boiled.  
As part of the discovery process,  
case workers are in your area.  
If they find you,  
the tables will be turned.  
What are you talking about?  
I'm saying that you're my savior,  
someone who would never betray me.  
I don't want to die.  
But you killed me anyway.  
What the hell was that, Boiled?!

So, you're here. You're listening in over  
this line, aren't you, Oeufcocque?  
What? I asked you  
a question, Boiled!  
What's the sense in us fighting?  
Back off from this, Boiled.  
You and I were created to bring as much



nothingness into the world as possible.  
I suspect that your current user is itching  
for a chance at justifiable homicide, too.  
What good will come of killing Shell?  
What will come of killing everyone?  
Creating things isn't my job.  
Boiled! Are you trying  
to kill me?!  
Mr. Shell. I think that we could have  
been more than client and patron.  
It's unfortunate, but the  
situation has changed.  
Boiled...  
I'm Oeufcocque-Penteano,  
the case worker assigned to you.  
I'm taking you into protective--  
I didn't want to die.  
Give her your weapon, and the Life  
Support Program will apply to you.  
Where are you?!  
Somewhere close.  
Do you know what  
I'm doing, then?  
What's the point of that now?  
This is your final chance.  
Shut up!  
I'm gonna show those idiots who sent  
this woman after me how business is done!  
Oeufcocque.  
My life is being threatened.  
I'm returning what you lost.  
No matter how rotten  
the egg,  
...if you warm it up,  
it might come back to life.  
Crap, low-altitude flight paths  
have been shut down!  
Boiled's behind this!  
He hired a ton of aerial survey choppers  
and packed the airspace with them!  
I'm using special investigation authority  
to move them, but it's taking time.  
We fell into his trap.  
How do you want to handle this?

Defense and retreat  
are our only options.  
Even if a police squad comes, if they're in  
October Corp's pocket, he'll be eliminated.  
I'll try to protect him.  
How long will it take  
for you to get here?  
Two hours... No, one hour.  
Have some faith in me.  
I do.  
I won't run away.  
I WANT you to run away.  
I'm begging you.  
I will. Once I'm done.  
I'll be there soon  
to pick you up, okay?  
What do you have in mind?  
Bye-bye, Shell.  
You're going for  
a direct confrontation?  
There were lots of people  
I wanted to be loved by.  
But you're the only one  
I ever wanted to love.  
We won't kill. We won't BE killed.  
We won't let him kill, either.  
Because the man who's coming  
used to be your friend.  
I'll try to find a way.  
We won't kill. We won't be killed.  
We won't let him kill.  
That's going to be difficult.  
But it's worth making  
the attempt.  
I've found myself a fine partner.  
You've heard about  
my methods?  
That's enough, Boiled!  
Twee and the others were happy to  
find someone like himself in you.  
So am I.  
I'm going to seal away  
those powers of yours.  
It's a weapon that uses EM waves

to trigger pain in the skin!  
Turn off the pain!  
Snark your own body!  
I don't want to die...  
It'll take more than that  
to stop me.  
He's using his pseudogravity  
as a makeshift leg...  
W...a...rm...  
Let's see you stop  
the nothingness that is me.  
She did well. You should be the one  
to finish it, Oeufcocque.  
Stop it, Boiled!  
Oeufcocque?!  
Oeufcocque...  
Your case is now concluded.  
I'd say that we deserve any anger you have  
over being put in danger, but, well...  
The way this wrapped up  
hit us pretty hard.  
Would you mind  
staying with Oeufcocque?  
That's what he said, too.  
Boiled said that?  
Would it be okay if I went  
for a drive for a bit?  
There's something else that  
I need to tell Oeufcocque.  
Boiled said something else  
to you?  
"Now I can finally sleep."  
I was involved  
in developing that, too.  
We made it so he'd never  
have to sleep again.  
There's a lot of work to do. So we ought  
to save the grieving for later.  
Would you mind holding me?  
Oeufcocque?  
I want to be held  
a little more... By you.  
Let's cry together, Oeufcocque.  
To make the sadness

go away, just a little bit.