

MOBILE SUIT

機動戦士ガンダムUC

ユニコーン

One of Seventy Two

福井晴敏

メカニックデザイン カトキハジメ

原案 矢立肇・富野由悠季



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“MOBILE SUIT GUNDAM UC: One of Seventy Two”
Released 2013

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Novel Translation and Book Layout by Zeonic|Scanlations

First Edition: July 2024

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ユニオン

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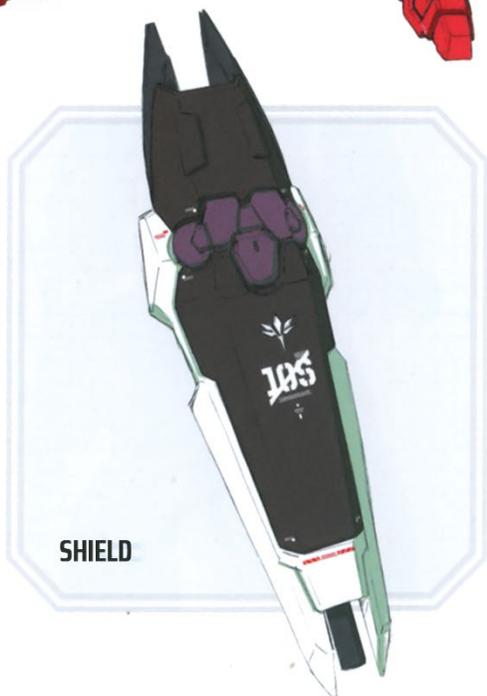
FINAL MANUSCRIPT

AMX-107R

REBAWOO
リバウ

型式番号	AMX-107R
頭頂高	19.6m
本体重量	40.4t

The Rebawoo is a transformable mobile suit, extensively modified from the Bawoo originally developed by Haman's Neo Zeon, now featuring customization by the Sleeves. Psycho-frame technology has been incorporated into the cockpit area of the upper body (Rebawoo Attacker) and the nose section of the lower body (Rebawoo Nutter), allowing for perfect separation and coordinated maneuvers guided by the pilot's psycho-waves. Its ornate decoration and red coloration serve as evidence that the Rebawoo was originally prepared as a phantom unit exclusively for Full Frontal. After the acquisition of the Sinanju was confirmed, there are testimonies suggesting that other pilots used the Rebawoo in multiple combat situations.



SHIELD

RX-0

型式番号	RX-0
頭頂高	(デストロイモード) 21.7m (ユニコーンモード) 19.7m
本体重量	(デストロイモード/ユニコーン モード) 23.8t

UNICORN GUNDAM 03 PHENEX ユニコーンガンダム3号機 フェネクス

Universal Century 0095, the third unit of the RX-0 series was constructed based on an early delivery full psycho-frame prototype, incorporating build data from both the white Unit 1 and black Unit 2. Its origins were deeply influenced by the designs of a certain Earth Federation Forces staff officer.

This unit, known as the "Phenix," activates the NT-D (Newtype Destroyer System), a key feature of the RX-0 series. Upon activation, not only does the main body armor transform, but the two Armed Armor DE units on its back also deploy simultaneously. The resulting humanoid silhouette, reminiscent of spread wings, along with the glow of its blue psycho-frame, fully reveals its nature as a phoenix-themed Gundam.



ARMED ARMOR DE
(TIP)



RX-0

型式番号	RX-0
頭頂高	(デストロイモード)21.7m (ユニコーンモード)19.7m
本体重量	(デストロイモード・ユニコーンモード)24.0t

UNICORN GUNDAM 02 BANSHEE ユニコーンガンダム2号機 バンシィ

DESTROY MODE

The second unit of the Unicorn Gundam developed under the UC Project. Like Unit 1, it is equipped with the Newtype Destroyer System, and boasts superior completion due to its specially developed enhanced psycho-frame armaments that surpass Unit 1. The Banshee, also described as a "lion" due to the complex shape of its antennas deployed during NT-D activation, can be said to embody the UC Project's aim to eradicate the "Newtype myth" through technology.

UNICORN MODE

As a prototype with a full psycho-frame, its body structure allows for vastly superior body responsiveness compared to conventional mobile suits. It was brought to Earth for testing under gravity and underwent meticulous adjustment. Additionally, since the Armed Armor could be used even in Unicorn Mode, it demonstrated advanced combat capabilities.



UNICORN MODE

準備橋

Pre-Release Version

Fade in from black.

A date appears on the dome's front screen:

December 3, 0095

To the right, a sub-monitor window flickers to life, projecting a 16:9 standard view from a space surveillance camera. The image reveals a treacherous sea of cosmic debris. Through the grainy, static-laced feed, pinpricks of light dance between the floating wreckage – the telltale sign of mobile suit thrusters.

OPERATOR: Target acquired.

The camera zooms in with mechanical precision, details sharpening with each magnification.

OPERATOR: Count is four... no, five. Confirming models. They're Sleeves, as we expected.

Four Geara Zulus slice through the void, deployed in a tight, two-by-two formation.

OPERATOR: Four AMS-129 Geara Zulus, and...

Without warning, a crimson blur erupts through the Geara Zulu formation, dominating the screen.

OPERATOR: One unit unidentified in our database. Estimating 80% probability it's an AMX-107.

As the red mobile suit – the Rebawoo – is captured by the targeting grid, a separate window opens to its right. A 3D wireframe of the analyzed Rebawoo appears.

ADVISOR A: *(incredulous)* AMX? That's a relic from Haman's era!

ADVISOR B: Likely a minor modification... though its thrust capabilities seem significantly enhanced.

ADVISOR A: *(scoffing)* And here I thought we'd see some cutting-edge prototype...

ADVISOR B: Whatever it is, the intel checks out. (to the Operator) Any sign they've detected us?

OPERATOR: No sign of that, sir.

ADVISOR B: What about Anaheim's ship?

OPERATOR: No movement. Holding position at designated coordinates, bearing [redacted], distance [redacted] from our vessel.

As the operator speaks, a CG map of the debris field replaces the Rebawoo analysis screen. It highlights the positions of the Federation ship, Anaheim's vessel, and the Neo Zeon squadron in pulsing points of light.

ADVISOR B: Good. (to ADVISOR A) Shall we begin?

ADVISOR A: *(with a sly grin)* Not going to give Anaheim's bunch a heads-up?

ADVISOR B: No need. The game is already afoot. (to the Operator) 0-3, advance to the test area. Initiate test program upon enemy contact. Neutralize the targets with extreme prejudice--

A bone-deep rumble interrupts, the ship groaning as if in pain. Static crackles across every screen.

The crew reacts with a cacophony of startled cries and curses, ad-libs.

ADVISOR A: Report!

OPERATOR: Friendly unit just buzzed us! Passed directly overhead. IFF... confirmed!

A new window opens on the dome's left side, frantically tracking a blur of thruster light as it screams past the ship.

The camera struggles to focus, finally revealing the Unicorn Gundam 02 Banshee (Unicorn Mode), its Armed Armor gleaming ominously through the static-laced feed.

OPERATOR: It's the RX-0-2 Banshee!

The Banshee rockets through the shoal zone.

With the Rebawoo on the right and the Banshee on the left, the stage is set for a showdown between rivals.

ADVISOR B: Unicorn Gundam Unit 2. The black lion to complement Unit 1...

ADVISOR A: Such arrogance! Sullyng military prototypes with this menagerie of lions and unicorns!

A communication tone chimes, cutting through the tension.

MARTHA: *(over comms)* If our aesthetic choices offend your delicate sensibilities, you're welcome to rename it after delivery.

The sudden intrusion of Martha's voice sends a jolt through the advisors, their faces twisting in poorly concealed annoyance.

Advisors A and B exchange irritated glances, muttering curses under their breath, ad-libbed.

MARTHA: We're civilian contractors, after all. We aim to please our sponsors. Though I must say, most find our naming conventions quite... charming.

ADVISOR A: *(ignoring her comment)* Ms. Martha, your test pilot's lack of discipline is a liability we can ill afford.

MARTHA: And your sneak attack is the height of sportsmanship, I'm sure. A truly fair competition requires a simultaneous start, wouldn't you agree?

ADVISOR A: This is a comparative evaluation test between Units 2 and 3, not some schoolyard game. It's a live-fire exercise using active enemy units as targets. A playful attitude will get your pilot killed.

MARTHA: I'm not certain someone who arbitrarily cobbled together Unit 3 out of misplaced military pride should be lecturing others on professionalism. But very well. The Banshee, pilot included, is in absolute peak condition. Let's have a fair match... if you think you can keep up.

Communication cuts off.

ADVISOR A: That Vist Foundation vixen!

OPERATOR: 0-2 is on an intercept course with the targets.

ADVISOR B: We can't afford to fall behind. 0-3, full acceleration! Close the gap!

*A new window opens on the dome's front, revealing the Unicorn Gundam 03 Phenex streaking through space.
The third RX-0 unit, modeled after a phoenix, completes the trio.
As the observation camera circles the unit, providing a full view.*

ADVISOR B: RX-0-3, Phenex...

ADVISOR A: Built by the military using an early full psycho-frame prototype, incorporating data from both 0-1 and 0-2. This is the true RX-0.

ADVISOR B: If it outperforms 0-2 in this live-fire test, even the most ardent Vist Foundation sympathizers will be forced to reconsider their stance. We've also furnished a Cyber-Newtype to ensure peak performance. We won't let merchants dictate the course of the UC Project.

OPERATOR: Contact. Engagement imminent.

ADVISOR B: Switch to main screen.

*At this command, the display changes to a full celestial view.
The battle erupts in a maelstrom of light and shadow.*

ADVISOR A: Go, Phenex. Your targets aren't mere drones – they're living, breathing opponents. Devour them all, including the Banshee's share if need be. Show the Vist Foundation the folly of their hubris!

The Phenex and Banshee descend upon the Geara Zulu squad.

Despite their frantic attempts to scatter, the overwhelming mobility of the two Unicorn-type units hunts the Geara Zulus down with ruthless efficiency, dispatching them one by one in a ballet of destruction.

The Banshee's left arm claw extends with lethal grace, tearing apart one hapless Geara Zulu as if it were made of paper. Suddenly, a searing beam of light slices through the void, grazing the Banshee's flank. It twists away at the last possible second, the beam instead vaporizing a massive chunk of debris behind it.

More beam fire rains down. With the smoldering wreckage of a Geara Zulu as its macabre backdrop, the Phenex enters the fray like a golden comet. It fires its beam magnum repeatedly, each shot a miniature sun, seemingly trying to engulf both friend and foe alike in its fury.

MARTHA: (alarmed) What are you doing?!

ADVISOR A: We clearly stated this was a live-fire exercise, did we not? We can hardly be held responsible for... unfortunate ricochets in such a debris-filled battlefield. (to the Operator) What's the score?

OPERATOR: 0-2 has downed two, 0-3 likewise at two, sir.

ADVISOR B: A dead heat...

ADVISOR A: The new model remains. This will be the tiebreaker that decides our victor.

The Phenex, while keeping the Banshee at bay with a withering hail of beam fire, takes careful aim at the Rebawoo. It fires.

The Rebawoo evades with skillful maneuvering. The Banshee closes in from the side, swinging down its Armed Armor. Though the Rebawoo avoids a direct hit, it's thrown off balance. The Phenex seizes the opportunity to strike. Just as it seems the attack will connect, the Rebawoo suddenly splits into two parts. The upper body (A-Parts) and lower body (B-Parts) transform separately, dividing into two distinct units.

ADVISOR A: What in the name of...?

ADVISOR B: It separated!

The divided Rebawoo, now twice as unpredictable, launches a coordinated assault on the Phenex from two directions. The Phenex blocks with its I-Field shield and returns fire at the A-Parts, only for the B-Parts to circle behind with impossible speed, landing a solid hit on its unprotected back.

OPERATOR: 0-3 is being pushed back!
ADVISOR B: What ungodly mobility. And they dare call this a mere 'minor modification'?
OPERATOR: Detecting a luminous phenomenon from the separated new model. This is... estimated to be psycho-frame emission!
ADVISOR A: What?
ADVISOR B: Are you absolutely certain?!
OPERATOR: The wavelength is distinct from standard thruster emissions, sir. The reaction is minimal, but it seems to be in the control systems...

The Rebawoo, scattering psycho-frame phosphorescence, recombines. It drives off the approaching Banshee with rifle fire, then draws its beam saber. The Phenex's beam saber clashes with it from the opposite direction, as if the Rebawoo had eyes in the back of its head. Meanwhile, the Banshee closes in again. It fires a beam at the momentarily stationary Rebawoo, but the target separates and escapes at the last second. Instead, the beam grazes the Phenex. It staggers, appearing winded.

ADVISOR A: Disengage the Phenex's limiter.
ADVISOR B: (gasps) But that's...!
ADVISOR A: Look at how that abomination moves! They must have a Cyber-Newtype piloting it too. If we remove the limiter, the NT-D will activate.
ADVISOR B: But if a resonance phenomenon occurs... We still don't fully understand the psycho-frame's properties.
ADVISOR A: (interrupting) Do it! The entire prestige of the military hangs in the balance!

Psycho-frame light courses through the Phenex's frame. As if writhing in pain, it transforms into Destroy Mode. The phoenix motif comes to life in its opened horn. The Phenex immediately launches a blistering counteroffensive. Its beam saber cleaves through a massive piece of debris. The Rebawoo barely avoids it, suddenly on the defensive. It attempts to retaliate by recombining, but before it can even raise its rifle, the Phenex's beam saber comes crashing down. The Rebawoo takes a direct hit to its leg but manages to evade. The Banshee blocks its escape route. The Phenex fires relentlessly. Though it avoids a direct hit, the Rebawoo is blown away along with the Banshee. The Banshee slams into a piece of debris, momentarily stunned. A red light ignites in its eyes, and golden radiance begins to pour from its entire body. Transforming into Destroy Mode, the Banshee kicks off the debris and takes flight. It charges into the fray between the Phenex and Rebawoo.

The three units weave through the debris field at incredible speeds, outpacing the camera's ability to follow. Their light trails separate and intersect repeatedly in the distance.

OPERATOR: *(suppressing agitation)* O-2 has also activated NT-D. They're too fast, I can't keep up!

Far in the distance, the three units' trajectories collide, erupting in an intense flash of light. It leaves behind a reddish, rippling luminescence that gradually expands. The trio continues to clash while in motion, leaving behind scattered points of light. A dark, ominous glow amplifies countless ripples of light.

ADVISOR A: What is that light?

ADVISOR B: It's a psycho-frame emission... but far too intense. That's...

A deep rumble shakes the ship. Suddenly, the three units burst back onto the screen, locked in fierce combat.

A beam from the Phenex grazes the screen. The advisors' ship shudders violently once more.

The three men groan and cry out.

The Banshee's Armed Armor tears off the Rebawoo's leg. Discarding the destroyed B-Parts, the Rebawoo retreats.

The Banshee moves to pursue. The Phenex shoves it aside from behind and fires a beam at the fleeing Rebawoo. The Banshee, as if to say You bastard!, body-slams the Phenex.

The Phenex stumbles for only a moment before turning its gun on the Banshee. It fires without hesitation.

The Banshee barely dodges and returns fire.

A battle between the two units erupts.

As they clash, more of the eerie light expands from them. The previous light ripples merge, enveloping the entire dome in a red-black auroral membrane.

The most violent tremor yet rocks the ship, shaking the screen.

MARTHA: *(through heavy comm static)* What's happening out there?!

ADVISOR A: Stop them! The target is the enemy units. We didn't authorize a mock battle!

Of course, this is no mock battle. The Phenex and Banshee, locked in genuine combat, move at high speed. Each collision generates waves of light, with invisible forces scattering nearby debris. The shockwaves reach the ship, causing the hull to groan ominously.

ADVISOR B: *(groaning)* What is this light phenomenon?!

OPERATOR: Unknown, sir! It's beyond anything our sensors can quantify.

ADVISOR B: But we can see it with our own eyes!

OPERATOR: That's just it, sir. Our sensors aren't detecting anything.
MARTHA: *(voice filled with awe and fear)* This... this is like a recreation of the Axis Shock. *(to her own crew)* Abort the program. Withdraw from this sector immediately.

ADVISOR A: Ms. Martha??

MARTHA: We're pulling out. If you have any sense left, you'll do the same.

Communication cuts off.

ADVISOR A: Hey, Ms. Martha! Martha Vist Carbine! *(a pause)* Damn it!

Outside the rapidly deteriorating safety of the observation ship, a maelstrom of impossible light engulfs all of known space. Against a cosmic backdrop that has shifted to the color of spilled blood, the Phenex and Banshee continue their apocalyptic duel.

In the foreground, the Rebawoo's A-Parts limp across the screen, seemingly forgotten, before disappearing off-screen.

OPERATOR: Target has withdrawn from the operation area!

ADVISOR B: We should leave too. Issue the abort order.

ADVISOR A: We have no choice. Abort the mission. Call it off immediately.

OPERATOR: 0-2, 0-3, both unresponsive!

Advisors A and B gasp in shock.

ADVISOR B: What about the pilots' vitals??

OPERATOR: I... *(looks)* This is...

ADVISOR B: What is it?!

OPERATOR: All readings have flatlined, sir. If... if it's not some massive equipment malfunction, then...

ADVISOR B: They're... already dead?

ADVISOR A: Then... who's piloting those things...?

The Banshee lands a hit on the Phenex before charging towards the ship. It passes directly overhead and vanishes off-screen.

The Phenex moves to pursue but pauses, turning its gaze towards the ship. Its eyes flash menacingly.

The Phenex tears through the vortex of ominous light, closing in on the ship.

ADVISOR B: It's coming right for us!

ADVISOR A: I-Intercept! No, evade!

OPERATOR: *(overlapping with the previous lines)* 0-3, mission abort. I repeat, mission abort. 0-3, 0-3...

ADVISOR B: We won't make it. Collision warning!

ADVISOR A: It's a monster...

The Phenex fills the screen as it approaches.

Its eyes burn with a demonic light.

Its hand reaches out, seemingly about to engulf the entire dome--

Cut to black.

After a brief pause, credits roll.

決定橋

Final Manuscript

The screen fades in from black.

*A date appears in front of the space colony: **December 3, 0095***

The mirror-like surface of the colony reflects the void of space. As the date fades, the first reflection comes into view.

A Neo Zeon squadron appears, remaining on screen for about 20 seconds.

OPERATOR: Target acquired.
ADVISOR A: So, they've finally shown themselves...
ADVISOR B: Just as our intel suggested.
OPERATOR: Mobile suit confirmed. It's the one with the 'sleeves.'
ADVISOR A: Ms. Martha, are you tracking them on your end?
MARTHA: Yes, I can see them. Have you noticed the unfamiliar mobile suit mixed in?

As the first reflection fades, a second one appears, focusing on the Rebawoo. This shot lasts about 30 seconds.

MARTHA: Our systems are pegging it as an AMX-107 with 80% certainty. What do you make of that?
ADVISOR A: (*exasperated*) AMX? That's a mobile suit from Haman's era!
ADVISOR B: It's likely a minor change... but the thrust seems significantly improved.
ADVISOR A: (*scoffing*) Well, well. It seems Neo Zeon's coffers aren't as deep as they'd like us to believe.
MARTHA: Old or new, the rules of engagement remain unchanged. Unit 2 and its pilot are primed for action. Let's give them a run for their money, shall we?

As Martha's words hang in the air, a third reflection materializes, unveiling the Banshee. This shot commands the screen for 30 seconds.

OPERATOR: RX-0-2 is on an intercept course with the target.
ADVISOR B: Unicorn Gundam Unit 2, 'Banshee.' The black lion that complements the RX-0-1.
ADVISOR A: Pure hubris, that's what it is. Tainting military hardware with fanciful names like 'lion' and 'unicorn'!
ADVISOR B: If we can take down the Banshee in this evaluation test, that situation might change.
ADVISOR A: Exactly. We can't let the Vist Foundation have their way any longer. (*to the Operator*) Are we ready on our end?

As ADVISOR A speaks, a fourth reflection fades in, showing the Phenex preparing for launch. This shot lasts about 40 seconds.

OPERATOR: 0-3, ready for launch.

ADVISOR B: RX-0-3, 'Phenex.'

ADVISOR A: Built by the military using an early full psycho-frame as a base, incorporating data from both 0-1 and 0-2. This is the true RX-0.

ADVISOR B: The rules are simple. Whoever shoots down more Neo Zeon units wins.

ADVISOR A: We've also got a Cyber-Newtype at the helm, bringing it to peak performance. Watch closely, Martha Vist Carbine. We're about to wipe that smug grin off your face.

As the fourth reflection dissipates, the backdrop suddenly erupts into a frenzy of motion.

OPERATOR: 0-2 is advancing. The battle is beginning.

The Banshee enters the frame from below.

ADVISOR B: Don't let them get the upper hand!

ADVISOR A: Go, Phenex! Your targets are live. Show no mercy, not even to the Banshee. It's time to put the Vist Foundation in their place!

The Phenex joins the fray. The battle ignites. Both units swiftly dispatch enemy units.

OPERATOR: 0-2 and 0-3 have each shot down one unit.

The Rebawoo engages the Phenex.

ADVISOR B: Hold on... That new model...

ADVISOR A: We're losing ground. Regroup, damn it!

The Phenex, overwhelmed by the Rebawoo's onslaught, is brutally slammed into floating debris. The Banshee stealthily approaches from behind the Rebawoo, its menacing claw poised to strike.

At the last possible instant, the Rebawoo splits into two.

ADVISOR A: Oh...?

ADVISOR B: It separated...

A-Parts and B-Parts scatter to the left and right. In their wake, an eerie green phosphorescence flickers to life.

OPERATOR: Psycho-frame luminescence detected from the separated new model!

ADVISOR A: What the--?

The Banshee begins its transformation to Destroy Mode.

OPERATOR: O-2's NT-D is activating!

The Banshee pursues the Rebawoo.

The camera follows, approaching the debris where the Phenex is hiding.

ADVISOR A: Release the Phenex's limiter.

ADVISOR B: *(gasps)* But that's--!

ADVISOR A: We'll activate NT-D on our side too. It's our only chance at victory.

ADVISOR B: But if a resonance phenomenon occurs... The psycho-frame's characteristics are still—

ADVISOR A: *(interrupting)* Just do it! The military's pride is at stake!

The Phenex transforms into Destroy Mode and bursts out from the debris.

OPERATOR: O-3's NT-D activated. It's closing the gap.

The Phenex unleashes its fury. A storm of beams rains down, catching the Banshee in its deadly crossfire.

The Rebawoo vanishes from sight.

MARTHA: Have you lost your minds?! Are you trying to take down the Banshee too?!

ADVISOR A: What in blazes is happening out there?

The mothership enters the frame.

OPERATOR: Sir, comms are deteriorating rapidly...

The Phenex, relentless, continues its barrage on the Banshee. Both units' psycho-frames emit an otherworldly, alarming glow.

ADVISOR B: They're dangerously close to the ship. For God's sake, call them off!

ADVISOR A: Phenex, get your head straight! Neo Zeon is the enemy, not the Banshee!

With each collision between the two units, a blinding psycho-field light erupts, gradually engulfing the entire screen.

MARTHA: This light... it's the psycho-frames resonating. (to her own crew) Terminate the program immediately. Evacuate this sector, now!

ADVISOR A: Ms. Martha?!

MARTHA: We're pulling out. If you value your lives, you'll do the same.

Communication cuts off.

ADVISOR A: Hey, Ms. Martha! Martha Carbine! We're out of options. Abort the mission. I repeat, abort immediately!

OPERATOR: 0-3, mission abort. I say again, mission abort. 0-3, do you copy?!

The Phenex violently shoves aside the Banshee and charges headlong towards the mothership.

OPERATOR: 0-3 is not responding!

ADVISOR A: Dear God, what have we unleashed?!

ADVISOR B: It's coming this way!

ADVISOR A: I-Intercept! No, retreat!

The Phenex unleashes hell upon the bridge.

Terrified screams from ADVISOR A, ADVISOR B, and the OPERATOR pierce the chaos.

The Phenex advances towards the screen. Behind it, the bridge erupts in a fiery cataclysm.

Its blood-red eyes flash with murderous intent before it vanishes from view.