

Find Us Alive Ep 01: Please Respond

[distant alarms blaring]

[fumbling with microphone, shuffling papers]

HARLEY

MAYDAY! MAYDAY! MAYDAY!

[clearer through microphone]

HARLEY

Overwatch Command, come in! This is Site-107, requesting immediate correspondence, over!

[waits]

HARLEY

Site-01, respond! Site-107 experiencing... shit!

[shuffling of papers]

HARLEY

Shit shit shit- ah! Um, Emergency Code Tango November Lima Six One Six! We are experiencing unprecedented anomalous activity from SCP-6320! EMERGENCY CODE TANGO NOVEMBER LIMA SIX ONE SIX! OVERWATCH COMMAND, RESPOND! OVER!

[fumbling with microphone, frantic button-pressing]

HARLEY

SOMEBODY ANSWER ME!

[Harley continues to yell through increasing static]

[audio feedback. Mic cuts out]

[silence]

[audio crackling]

[through heavy static]

HARLEY

Calling any and all available Foundation frequencies, come in... this is Site-107, please respond. Overwatch Command, this is Site-107, please respond. We may have experienced a dimensional shift of some sort. We have suffered heavy casualties. Bodycount pending. Status of SCP-6320 unknown. I repeat, heavy casualties. Please respond. Over.

[clearer audio cuts through static]

HARLEY

(wearily)

Overwatch Command, this is Dr. Edmund Harley at Site-107. We have determined that Site-107 has experienced a Class M dimensional shift. 53 dead, 34 injured. 17 unaccounted for, may have been outside the building when the shift occurred. There are, um, there are 92 of us alive in here. 82 researchers, 8 D-Class. It has been... uh, 47 hours since the breach.

Overwatch Command, we can't open any of the doors.

We've lost all apparent communication with the outside world. No cell service, no internet, no... no responses to any radio transmissions. On-Site comms are still working, so are short-range walkies, but other than that, we don't know if we have any connection to you or any other site. Our entire site is subterranean, so with the elevators broken, too, we have no way out.

Still waiting to hear back about how much food and water we have. And oxygen, for that matter. Backup generator is working, but that has an expiration date on it too.

If anyone is hearing this transmission, please respond. Doesn't have to be Overwatch Command. Just... anyone.

[static]

HARLEY

This is Site-107. Come in, Overwatch Command. You'll never guess what happened today. So, you know how none of the doors will open and none of the elevators to the surface are working? Well, they blew through a wall today. Yeah. Couple bricks of C4 onto the wall out by the entrance lobby. You know what happened? I'll tell you what happened. More wall.

[Harley laughs thinly, voice growing more a bit more manic]

HARLEY

They blew up the wall and it just... kept going. Just more drywall and rebar and support beams, like, more copies of the same wall. We had like, four or five of the security officers try and keep digging it. But there's just more wall! Which is fine. All of this is fine! We'll make it out of this! We're the fucking Foundation, what *can't* we do, right? The walls to the outside are... infinitely more wall, which is... on par for this kind of work! It's all been pretty standard stuff, so far, I guess. Trapped with no

outside contact in... the void? Maybe? Just another Tuesday for the Foundation!

Wait, it's Thursday...

[audio feedback/static]

[Harley sits, gives a long sigh]

HARLEY

(speaking low and smooth like a late night jazz radio host)
Good evening, Overwatch Command, this is your late-night DJ, Dr. Edmund Harley. Tonight marks the seventh day we have been in here. Hope you're all feeling mellow, and if you're not, just let the silky tones of this radio broadcast bring you to your happy place.

If you were wondering about the state of that wall we blew up, it... healed. It's healing. It's rebuilding itself like a wound.

I have not eaten in three days.

People are starting to fight over the food. I figured I'd stay out of it. Just seems... easier that way. Everything is going just swell over here at your favorite Site-107, listeners. I have actually barricaded myself into the Communications office on account of the riot happening outside.

[muffled explosion from outside the room]

HARLEY

(still jazz DJ voice)

I don't know if you could hear that, listeners, but it appears the whole staff of our little research operation is a bit on edge. All is not calm at Site-107, it seems, haha. I hope the evening is calm wherever you are. Come to think of it, I'm not certain it's night at all. It's always the same amount of dark or fluorescent-lit in here. But what is *time*, really? Have you ever stopped to think on that, listeners?

[muffled pounding on door]

[fumbling with microphone]

[Agent Love yells from the other side of the door]

LOVE

Hey! Somebody in there?! You better come out, we're having a MANDATORY STAFF MEETING!

[Harley speaks in a half-whisper, way too close to the mic]

HARLEY

That sounds like Agent Love, out there. Don't worry, listeners. She can't hear us underneath the desk.

AGENT

I can hear you muttering in there!

HARLEY

We're perfectly camouflaged. You're all safe with my voice.

LOVE

Why don't you- Hey! HEY! SIMMONS!

[Love's voice grows fainter as she leaves down the hall outside]

LOVE

SIMMONS! I KNOW YOU TOOK MY MATCHES! BOB AND WEAVE, YOU LITTLE RAT!

[distant gunfire]

[Tense pause. Harley breathes into the mic]

[Harley sighs contently]

HARLEY

See? As you can tell, Overwatch Command, things are going swimmingly over on our end. Everyone is adjusting to our new life quite well. Answer our broadcasts and we can talk more about it. Doesn't that sound nice?

[audio feedback, static]

[papers shuffling, chair dragged noisily across the floor]

[Harley fumbles with mic]

HARLEY

(drunk, slurring words)

Come in, oh- sorry. Come in 05's. Overseer... whatever the fuck. Listen, hi, it's Harley. You know? From Site-107? Look, I know you're not listening to me. I know none of you are listening to me. You probably don't even CARE that we're GONE. I dunno. But hey, screw those researchers, right? We're all just EXPENDABLE to you people, right? Right, Overwatch Command? More like Overwatch... DUMBmand... HEH. ...fuck...

Are you bastards doing a funeral for all of us? Huh? You putting a box in the ground at Site-19 for us? I bet you're not. I bet you're just using one BIG BOX. For ALL of us. Big mass grave for 107.

Because who CARES, right? It's the Foundation, "cold but never cruel," well, you know what I think? I think.... Fuck you. That's what I think. That's what Harley thinks! I'm a PERSON! All of us in here, we're PEOPLE! Except for Dr. Masterson's parakeets BUT THEY DON'T COUNT. You're just gonna leave us in here? I bet you've heard all of this! I bet you're hearing every word of this broadcast and you're all thinking to yourselves, "those poor bastards, sucks to be them, doesn't it?" And you know what? YEAH. It DOES SUCK.

[audio feedback, static]

HARLEY

(still drunk)

...I didn't mean all that. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry... I'm drunk. I stole the only bottle of vodka I could find. Somebody's gonna shoot me over it... I know they are..

I don't know what to do. Nobody knows what to do... well, they might, actually, but... I haven't left the booth in two days so... I dunno.

I miss the sun.

(leaning away from mic)

Is it too much to ask to get a copy of the sun in here?!

...oh shit. I just realized there are people working here who have kids on the outside.

Oof.

(laughs weakly)

[audio feedback/static]

[door opens]

LANCASTER

Harley? You in here still?

Oh, dammit...

[shuffling as Lancaster collects a very drunk Harley]

LANCASTER

C'mon, buddy. Time to get up. Let's go. You have your own bed, you know.

HARLEY
(unintelligible grumbling)

LANCASTER
Mm. Yeah, I know.

HARLEY
(more mumbling)

LANCASTER
Mm-hmm. Yeah, I get ya, loud and clear.

HARLEY
Lancaster.

LANCASTER
...yes?

HARLEY
I'm afraid to die.

[pause]

LANCASTER
...me too.

[more shuffling]

LANCASTER
How do you turn this-

[click]

[silence]

HARLEY
Overwatch Command, this is Site-107, reporting current status.

While we suffered no small amount of property damage, no personnel were injured in the riot... at least not too badly. We're still here. We might have to repair some damaged equipment and hope that some of the walls- um- heal, but nevertheless. Everybody seems to be on the same page about at least one thing.

We are all still here.

We, the 92 survivors of what has now been dubbed Incident 6320-A, are here, and alive, and we have nothing to do.

Except our jobs, that is.

Upper Management had a meeting and decided that the only way out of this is to keep doing what we're all here to do in the first place: study SCP-6320. See what we can find out. See if any of what we find out can bring us home. Work definitely won't be going *back to normal*, per se, but we're a pocket dimension full of smart people and we'll figure it out. It's not like we have a choice to do anything else.

If the Foundation has taught me anything, it's that the world is indeed a dark and terrible place full of dark and terrible things. If it wasn't, the Foundation wouldn't exist, would it? But I guess, in a manner of speaking, *this* dark and terrible place, it's full of *us*.

I'm assigned to report the goings-on as things develop, keep a log of everything that happens on site, with the scip and otherwise. So Overwatch Command, if you, by some impossible chance, happen to hear me, we'll be here, securing, containing and protecting. Like we always do, like we've always done.

This has been Dr. Harley at Site-107, over and out.

And if anyone else is intercepting this broadcast, find us. Preferably, find us alive.

END EPISODE