

*Static fades in, out.*

LOVE

Experiment Log: 6320 Dash Two  
Point Two.

Subject SCP-6320 Dash Two Point  
Two.

Footnote; colloquially known as  
"Hiway Robbery."

Note: Site-107 research personnel  
are accompanied by SCP-6320 Dash  
Two Point Two's current handler,  
Agent Nari Love.

Agent Love also supervises an  
additional instance of SCP-6320  
Dash Two, colloquially known as  
"Dumptruck." "Dumptruck," or  
Instance SCP-6320 Dash Two Point  
One, is not considered a risk to  
staff or site safety at this time.

Begin log.

*Click.*

HARLEY

Today is the big day. Upper  
Management has cleared Research to  
conduct basic testing on Highway  
Robbery. It's four days until the  
next reset, and if we can use Dash  
Twos to facilitate transportation,  
we need to know as soon as  
possible. They cleared out one of  
the containment chambers and  
started early this morning.

Needless to say, Love is very  
excited.

*Click.*

LOVE

The anomaly in question measures  
approximately three meters in  
length and consists of one  
continuous vine.

At rest, SCP-6320 Dash Two Point Two resembles a mammal, compared by observers to a badger or bear. The instance often appears with more than four legs, however.

Instance Two Point Two was created outside of ordinary safety protocol by Agent Nari Love. The following experiments are designed to test Two Point Two's perceived loyalty and obedience to Agent Love.

Test one.

The subject is instructed by Agent Love to carry an object from one designated point to another. Subject complied without protest or complication. Subject transported the object by wrapping lengths of its internal plant material around it, effectively carrying the object inside itself.

*Click.*

*Walkie clicks, beeps.*

HARLEY

Is she already challenging you?  
She doesn't get switched over  
until the Reset, does she?

KLEIN

(over walkie)

She's acting like she's in charge  
already. Pissing me off. Would it  
kill her to let me have this? Just  
the last couple days?

HARLEY

You don't HAVE to quit, you know.

KLEIN

For everybody's sake, yeah. I do.

HARLEY

Whatever you say, boss.

KLEIN

I can already tell I'm gonna hate  
some of the stuff she'll do with  
this place.

HARLEY  
Like what- AGH.

*Harley grits his teeth.*

KLEIN  
You good, buddy?

HARLEY  
(pained)  
Yup- it'll go away on its own-  
just gimme a second-

*Harley breathes shallowly through the pain for a moment, then exhales. His office chair squeaks.*

HARLEY  
Okay. I'm good. It's gone. Just a  
pinch. Ribs and everything.

KLEIN  
Has that been happening often?

HARLEY  
Periodically.

KLEIN  
You gotten that checked out?

HARLEY  
Last time I saw Medical, they told  
me I was fine.

KLEIN  
When was the last time you saw  
Medical?

*Pause.*

KLEIN  
Harley.

HARLEY  
I'm fine!

KLEIN  
Lancaster was also "fine," you  
know.

HARLEY  
...Okay, you're right. I guess I  
just don't know what they could  
do.

KLEIN

It's what they're here for,  
Harley. Besides, you were one of  
the most injured people this time  
around.

HARLEY

Fine. Okay. You're right, I'll go  
talk to them.

KLEIN

You're not still afraid of them,  
are you?

HARLEY

Of course I'm afraid of them, I  
have a functioning sense of  
self-preservation!

KLEIN

(chuckling)

Fair. But go anyway. Get some meds  
for that. I have to go back into  
battle with Alves. I'll talk to  
you later.

HARLEY

Bye.

*Walkie clicks off.*

*Harley's chair squeaks as he leans back in  
it.*

HARLEY

I don't want to. I don't want to  
go up there. uuuuUUUUUGH.

*Click.*

*Surveillance office ambience, equipment  
hums.*

*Walkie beeps.*

LOVE

(over walkie)

Hey!

RADDAGHER

Hi.

LOVE

Want to hear about it?

RADDAGHER

Yes.

LOVE

So he's very good at carrying things. Especially when I tell him to. Sometimes when other people give him instructions he doesn't want to, but he'll do it if I say it's okay. I think that he might not be very smart, though. He's really- he takes things the wrong way sometimes.

RADDAGHER

Literally?

LOVE

Yeah, literally.

RADDAGHER

Did you find out why he went after Lancaster?

LOVE

I have a theory about it. Remember what we were talking about right before he ran off?

RADDAGHER

Therapy.

LOVE

Yeah, I wanted to talk to him again. I think Hiway was trying to... get him. For me.

RADDAGHER

(anxious)

Oh.

LOVE

But it's okay! I'm going to train him so he doesn't try to- fetch people.

RADDAGHER

Can he carry people?

LOVE

Yeah, he can! It's really weird, though. He lets me ride him like a horse but it's kinda like sitting in a broken wicker chair.

*Comfortable pause. Raddagher sighs.*

LOVE

How have things been up there?

RADDAGHER

Two little ones.

LOVE

Shit. Did somebody get them already?

RADDAGHER

Yes.

LOVE

Have you been talking to Harley more?

RADDAGHER

Yes.

LOVE

Have you said anything to Lancaster?

*Pause.*

LOVE

Yeah, I thought not...

*Click.*

HARLEY

My appointment is in a few minutes. I brought a recorder. It makes me feel better. I don't know why. Like a security blanket.

I talked to Lancaster before coming up. He said he agrees with Klein, of course he does. I'm not going to fight anybody on it, especially considering how long it's been difficult to breathe deeply. I know I need to get it done.

I know what to say. How to describe my symptoms. But every time one of the Nurses looks at me, I can feel my mouth dry up completely. Like their eyes are

pulling the life from my body, to use in... something else.

Sometimes I wonder what Gravett is doing here at all. Her credentials are... staggering, from what I gather. Most of it is classified. And sure, she's one of the oldest people in the building. Perhaps our site is one step toward easing her into retirement. But I can't help but feel that there's something more. Something I'm not being told.

Then again, considering some of the rumors I've heard about her... prior work experience... maybe I would regret it if I knew.

*Click.*

KLEIN

It seems... promising.

I'm hesitant to say anything more than that. That thing still freaks me out. Might freak me out less if it had, you know, eyes. More of a face. And why's it gotta move like that?

*She shudders.*

KLEIN

But, uncanny valley aside, things are going well. I've been personally overseeing testing and nothing has gone wrong so far. Which feels nice. Love is very cooperative, which is a bit of a weird development, but hey. No complaints over here. If it keeps her out of trouble, then that's as good as I can hope for.

And the Two, Hiway Robbery, she calls it, is surprisingly tame. It really doesn't do very much when it's not being directly commanded by Love. Kinda docile. That doesn't mean that we aren't taking it seriously as a threat, of course. Dumptruck might be all round and no pointy bits but this

one's got pointy bits. And it's huge. Dumptruck is about as dangerous as an overstuffed pillow. But Highway can pick up a grown man without even exhibiting physical stress.

Good thing it's so calm most of the time.

Seems like as long as Love is with it, it's going to be able to help people get around easier. If we survive the next reset, it might even be able to facilitate digging people out. There are a couple more tests we want to run, but this could be a big change for us.

*Click.*

#### LOVE

The following is a list of tests conducted upon SCP-6320 Dash Two Point Two.

Experiment: Carrying objects.

Result: Subject carried the objects so good. He did such a good job and didn't even drop a single one. A+.

Experiment: carrying people.

Result: He's really good at it. But he's better when they're alive people. Kinda jostled the test dummy around a little bit. Might not be the best for severely injured people. But we're working on it.

Experiment: Listening to orders.

Result: Subject can sit, stay, and do just about anything as long as it's a very clear instruction. Tangled himself in a bit of a knot when asked to "roll over."

Experiment: Listening to orders from not Agent Love.

Result: Mixed. He's stubborn and he only likes me. He'll do it eventually but you really gotta get him to like you. By getting me to like you.

The next list contains experiments they would not let me do.

Experiment: Teaching the subject karate.

Hypothesized result: Very awesome and cool looking.

*Click.*

HARLEY

I don't like the new infirmary setup.

Naturally, the Medical staff are making do with what they have. And that is not much. But what they've done with it is... eerie. I'm not sure how else to describe it.

When you walk into AD-1, the wing they have converted into their new sanctuary, it is easy to become disoriented. Beds lined up like a field hospital. Some of them elevated, stood up on other pieces of furniture. To "save space," they say. Fabric strung up between them. Bedsheets, blankets. "For privacy." Many of these makeshift curtains have not seen an opportunity to clean off the blood of the newly injured. Red-brown streaks, drops and fingerprints upon the white veils.

Also, Simmons was there? And that made everything so much worse.

*Click.*

*Echoing containment cell ambience.  
Fluorescent light buzzes.*

LOVE

Yeah, I know. I got it! He's my boy, I'll be fine by myself!

*Hiway growls quietly as Love walks across the room.*

LOVE  
Hi, buddy! I missed you.

*Love "pets" him. His leaves rustle and he growls some more.*

LOVE  
Did you miss me too? Did you miss me too?? I bet you did!

*The intercom in the room clicks on, Klein's voice echoes.*

KLEIN  
You about ready, Agent?

LOVE  
Yeah, yeah, I'm ready. Are YOU ready?

*Hiway growls and rustles.*

KLEIN  
Commencing the test.  
(ceremonially)  
Dr. Ford, pour the sand.

*Sand being poured on the ground.*

*Highway starts growling louder.*

KLEIN  
Dash One instance 50% complete.

LOVE  
Hold on, boy.

*More sand pouring.*

KLEIN  
This one's moving quick. 70% complete.

*Hiway snarls loudly.*

LOVE  
Hey, buddy, it's just-

*Highway screeches and lunges, leaves and twigs rustling and shuffling.*

LOVE

Whoa!

*Dr. Ford yelps. Hiway roars.*

KLEIN

Love, DO SOMETHING!

LOVE

Highway, NO! PUT HIM DOWN!

*Pause. Hiway's growl quiets down.*

LOVE

Put him down.

*Rustling of leaves, Dr. Ford grunts as Hiway drops him. Highway growls resentfully.*

KLEIN

Testing over.

LOVE

Wait, Klein, he just got confused-

KLEIN

Meet me in the booth, Love. Ford, you good?

FORD

I'm okay!

LOVE

Klein, he didn't mean anything!

KLEIN

In the booth. You're not in trouble.

*Pause.*

LOVE

..Fine.

*Click.*

*Harley's office ambience. He walks in, sits down in the chair.*

*Harley heaves a grim, melodramatic sigh.*

HARLEY

I do not think I trust Dr. Gravett.

She's taller than me, first of all. Made out of entirely sharp angles and hard lines. Black eyes that can see to your bones. More Body Code tattoos than anyone onsite, maybe even more than me. Striping her arms and spotted between her fingers. But it's her voice. So smooth and quiet. Like how I imagine death itself.

She asked me a question after her work was done. One that Foundation personnel rarely ask anybody, let alone one another. Perhaps we fear the answer. Nevertheless, she sought an answer of me.

"Do you believe in an afterlife?"

It was several seconds before I could drive my mind from the conclusion that she was about to send me to one.

I explained that I'm hardly spiritual, and she explained that, while she isn't either, it's been on her mind lately. Understandable. We just broke an unofficial Foundation social protocol by openly grieving one of our dead. I'm sure mortality has been on the minds of everyone. But with her extensive and highly classified history, I wonder how much death she has already seen, and possibly administered. And how this one is different.

She wants to observe me through the Reset. To keep a closer eye on my wounds. She tells me that her staff have noticed the Resets are having an "impact" on prolonged medical conditions. She declined to elaborate on what that meant, but said my ribs might be a prime candidate for observation and further investigation, as they are unlikely to pose a threat to my ongoing health.

Investigation into what? She would not say. Perhaps to see if I am a

good candidate for human  
sacrifice? Who knows?

*Click.*

*Surveillance office equipment humming.  
Love slumps in her chair.*

RADDAGHER  
Are you okay?

LOVE  
(pouting)  
No.

*Pause.*

LOVE  
They won't let me take him out of  
containment now.

RADDAGHER  
Oh.

LOVE  
It wasn't even his fault! He just  
got confused, that's all.

RADDAGHER  
Confused like when he went after  
Lancaster?

LOVE  
Yeah, like that. I think he  
thought Dr. Ford was a Dash Three  
or something. Because he was  
making a new Dash One on purpose.

RADDAGHER  
Makes sense.

LOVE  
Right? It's not his fault. He's a  
baby, he doesn't understand.

RADDAGHER  
He's still dangerous, though.

*Pause.*

LOVE  
...Maybe.

RADDAGHER  
You can teach him in containment.

LOVE  
Yeah. Yeah, I can.

*Another pause. Love huffs and sits back in her chair.*

LOVE  
(whiny)  
But I HAAAATE it. They should just let him stay with me, I could keep him in check!

RADDAGHER  
Sorry.

LOVE  
After all, they let me keep Dumptruck, don't they?

RADDAGHER  
Dumptruck is round.

LOVE  
(chuckling)  
Yeah, he's really round.

I dunno. Maybe I could train Hiway to be round. He can change his shape.

*Pause.*

LOVE  
What?

RADDAGHER  
I like you.

*Love giggles.*

LOVE  
I like you too, weirdo.

RADDAGHER  
You seem happy.

LOVE  
I guess I'm not- NOT happy.

*She pauses again.*

LOVE  
I just finally feel like I fit somewhere, you know?

RADDAGHER  
I thought you liked being a field  
agent?

*Longer pause.*

LOVE  
Can I tell you something?

RADDAGHER  
Yes.

LOVE  
I'm not a field agent.

RADDAGHER  
But you're-

LOVE  
It just says I'm one on my  
paperwork because they didn't know  
how else to categorize me.

RADDAGHER  
If you're not a field agent then  
what are you?

LOVE  
I dunno. But I'm not a field  
agent. Not a real one, anyways.

RADDAGHER  
Why not?

LOVE  
I failed my marksmanship test.

RADDAGHER  
Oh.

LOVE  
Three times.

RADDAGHER  
Oh.

LOVE  
And I dunno. I'm a "bodyguard," I  
guess?

RADDAGHER  
For Shao?

LOVE

They said they couldn't get enough "qualified" people for the escort job. They told me my only job was to stand in front of them in case anybody started shooting.

*Pause.*

LOVE

Don't tell Klein. Or anybody. Please. I don't want them to know that I'm just here to be a human shield.

RADDAGHER

I won't.

*Pause.*

LOVE

It's just nice. Right now. Doing all this with the Dash Twos and everything. I like feeling like I'm more than cannon fodder.

(sighs)

One day I'll be a real field agent.

RADDAGHER

Will you be happy?

LOVE

Huh?

RADDAGHER

Will you like being a field agent?

LOVE

I guess so. It's not like I have a lot of options.

RADDAGHER

Mm.

*Pause.*

LOVE

Scoot over here a sec.

*Chair scoots/rolls across the floor.*

*The chairs squeak and shift as the two try to get comfy.*

LOVE

These are really not made for  
cuddling.

RADDAGHER  
Floor instead?

LOVE  
Yeah.

*Click.*

*Computer hums. Klein takes a deep breath.*

KLEIN  
Three days. Only three more days.

Three days, and she's all yours,  
Gloria.

END EPISODE