

Static fades out, into the reverberant humming of the site hallway.

We can hear Raddagher's breathing behind her mask.

Silence for several seconds, before a door opens a few feet away. An EKG beeps from behind the door.

Raddagher takes a breath.

Click.

Static slowly fades out as Harley's broadcast starts.

HARLEY

Overwatch Command, this is Dr. Harley, Head of Communications at Foundation research Site-107, reporting our current status.

The state of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty remains the same as when last I reported. No observable changes to the size, shape, or area of effect. Instances of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash One continue to form around the site, but renewed efforts at the behest of Acting Site Director Alves have proved efficient in preventing the full completion of any instances. By this point, we have learned what to look for and how to break them, and we are doing so effectively, in spite of...

In spite of- uhm. Something. Something that makes it... like it's difficult to- There's something else, I'll... come back to it when I remember.

We have two instances of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash One currently in containment - one derived from a potato, one from a golden pothos plant. The former is

consistently docile, the latter often proves to be much less cooperative. Testing on both will continue soon.

Also in containment are two instances of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash Three, formerly one D-class individual and one staff psychologist. Research is discussing further testing measures with both, considering the Dash Threes seem to be more predictable than the Dash Twos at time of broadcast.

Long pause.

HARLEY

Site-107 is experiencing a temporal loop effect inside this subdimension. Staff have been using the cycles created by the anomaly as a means to measure time and our progress toward escape. In a recent cycle, a large-scale environmental effect altered the gravity of the building, resulting in several injuries and the death of one Engineer. The following cycle is suspected to have caused another- injury...

Pause.

HARLEY

Site-107 Upper Management maintains that their current highest priority is keeping as many people in our site alive as possible.

Another pause.

HARLEY

On the other hand though, Director Alves is leaning toward a continuation in human testing, after former Director Klein put an informal freeze on it. As far as I am aware, Dr. Alves is still setting safety parameters in place

for subjects, although I do not know how far those go. She is also putting resources toward ensuring we avoid another event happening toward the end of the cycle. So far, we've had no significant incidents of note, except that Head of Security Officer Haldi's clearance badge seems to have gone missing. It unlocks quite a few doors, so many of us are concerned with finding it as quickly as possible.

Psychology has seen an uptick in visits recently.

Static fades in and out.

Lancaster's voice is distorted by the recorder.

LANCASTER

This is La- this is Instance SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash Three B- no, you know what? It's me, Lancaster. I'm tired. I can't keep all the numbers straight. They don't even count me as an employee right now so what's the point of this? Call it a function of my stupid anomaly. Inability to- to keep this shit up. Sorry.

No urges. Still no urges. No urges for almost two months, but who's counting? I am. I'm counting.

Can I sue if it turns out I'm not anomalous? Eh, I probably wouldn't anyway. Not that I'd ever win. What- who would I even be suing? Alves? God.

(muffled, into his hands)

God, I'm so tired.

They won't let me talk to anybody. Not anybody I know. They let- they let the Researchers come in here, but Klein never does. I don't think it's her fault. Alves is probably telling her not to just-

just like she's telling everybody else they're not allowed to come visit me. They gave me a book. That was- not nothing. I've read it twice already.

And what- what am I supposed to do now? Do I- do I just keep reading *The Davinci Code* until the next person comes in? To tell- to give me a vague update on what's happening outside this room? To tell me if she's dead or not? All they said is that Gravett's gonna "try something." I don't know what the hell that's supposed to mean.

They're gonna keep me locked up in here, and she's-
(sigh)

Long pause.

LANCASTER

They're not going to let me up there.

Click.

KLEIN

It goes like this.

Hallway lights on at what we have collectively decided is five am. Blue-white fluorescents. The kitchen subset of Maintenance, perfect as they are, have breakfast out by eight am. "Work" starts at nine.

It looks like it did before the Shift. Or at least, it's trying to. Maybe we stay out of the hallways during "work hours" at the behest of our glorious leader Dr. Alves, but it's not the same. Everybody's experienced what it's like to *live* in here, and you can't put the cat back in that bag.

And then at five, we're more or less done. Free to do what we want, but not really. No using facility equipment for recreational use. That means no projector, no microphones, no running around the hallways. Personal computers are okay, but how many of us actually have much of our own stuff? Not like anybody expected us to be trapped in here. I have a laptop, I've been lending it out to people to screen movies and shows. There are a couple book clubs. People get *really* into those, I hear. Lots of time spent with the same handful of books. People are reading all sorts of meaning into things.

No guarantee that nobody will listen to this, but fuck it. I doubt Alves will do much more than lecture me if she does decide to snoop into my stuff and find this.

Hi, by the way.

Movies, books, whatever- those are just the things we're *allowed* to do. But everybody in Upper Management knows there's other forms of entertainment that people are scratching together. I think I might know better than most of them. And God knows we need that booze.

Click.

Harley's office. He takes a sip of something and sets his mug on the table.

HARLEY

I'm sure I could talk to Klein about the details. She'd probably know more than I would. If anyone could find her. Research says she's been working really hard. I don't know if I believe them. Throwing yourself into your work is an effective way of avoiding

things, but I don't know if Klein is actually working. It seems like there's been delays to every step of Research's progress recently. I think she's finding ways to put off experimenting on Lancaster.

Does sabotage count as work? I suppose it could.

And I *could* ask one of the Nurses about her. That might require extrapolating meaning from whatever weird cult jargon I can get out of them. Worth a shot if I can work up the energy. I could ask them what "procedure" they're trying. I don't think I want to know any statistics about the outcome, though.

I have to talk to Raddagher today. It's been too long since I checked up on her. She's- she's not doing well.

Obviously. Jesus Christ.

She can't be in the room for the procedure and I don't know how she's gonna take that. Somebody has to talk to her about- about the possible outcomes. I know it has to be me. Klein is MIA and Lancaster- well, he's in containment, but she's ALSO still mad at him.

And I'm her friend. I'm one of her only friends.

But I've been putting it off. I *want* to talk to her, of course I do. It's just so hard when she's so... closed off. She hasn't spoken to anyone since it happened. I don't think she's eating or drinking much, or if she is, I haven't seen evidence of it. It seems like every time I see her, she's sitting in the Medical wing across from the door.

I don't know how she's going to react and I'm so worried I'm going to make everything worse. I don't want to be the straw that breaks the camel's back, I really don't, but-

Phone beeps and vibrates.

HARLEY

...The door's open. They opened her room.

Rustling of clothing as Harley gets up from his chair, his voice getting more distant from the mic.

HARLEY

They opened her room- I gotta go-

Door closes behind him.

Click.

KLEIN

Observation log. Designation to be determined.

According to a review of surveillance footage, the subject does not appear to be engaging in behavior that Research or Containment would designate as "concerning." Subject does show signs of mental health degradation, but seeing as the population of the site is displaying similar behaviors, Research will not be taking measures to improve this anytime soon. The mental health of our staff remains the priority.

In theory.

Research is drawing up plans for invasive testing to be conducted on instances SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash Three A and B, at a point when Medical personnel are less

preoccupied with their... current...
duties-

Fuck. FUCK! I can't fucking- my
fucking job- god dammit...

Klein takes a deep breath.

KLEIN

Shit. Goddammit, alright. Let me
try again.

Click.

Long pause, the sounds of Harley's office.

HARLEY

Raddagher wasn't there.

The door was open. I asked one of
the Nurses if she was inside. He
said he didn't know where she was.
The moment they opened the door,
she all but fled down the hall.
Didn't say a word, just left in a
hurry.

The curtain was drawn across the
room inside. I could hear the
heartbeat monitor beeping. Most of
the lights were off. It was dim
inside.

The Nurse told me I could go in if
I wanted.

But I just left.

Click.

Quiet office ambience.

KLEIN

"Hey, Raddagher, how's- how's it
hangin?" Ugh. Alright.

"So, I know you're in a pretty bad
spot right now-" That's... nothing.
Um-

"I'm sure she'll be- fine..."

God.

Pause.

KLEIN

What? Oh-

Intercom button clicks. Lancaster's voice comes through, reverberating inside the containment cell.

LANCASTER

Why are you still in there?

KLEIN

I- Because I've got stuff, alright? I've got stuff to do.

LANCASTER

Great.

Lancaster's tennis ball bounces off the wall.

KLEIN

...Are you good?

LANCASTER

No.

Pause. The intercom is still open. Lancaster throws the ball.

KLEIN

Is there anything I can do-

LANCASTER

I know the door's open.

KLEIN

Uh, yeah. Yeah, it is.

LANCASTER

So what's happening?

KLEIN

Gravett is- "trying something."

LANCASTER

Why do you keep saying that?

KLEIN

I didn't ask for details.

LANCASTER

Why not?

KLEIN

Because I don't want to know.

LANCASTER

I do.

Pause.

LANCASTER

What would it take?

KLEIN

I think it's something with tubes?
I don't know-

LANCASTER

What would it take for them to let
me out.

KLEIN

She's going under the knife in
like, a couple hours, Lanc, I
don't think there's anything I
could do between now and-

LANCASTER

Well- what about- what about
after? What do they need? What do
they need to let me out? What do I
have to do?

KLEIN

...There's one test Containment
brought up, they think it would
give us a definitive answer about
if you're still anomalous, but I
want to avoid it if possible-

LANCASTER

Okay.

KLEIN

Lancaster, it's basically- not
"basically," it's torture. They
want to torture you. They want to
subject you to extreme pain or
emotional distress to see if it

evokes the behavior that got you
in here-

LANCASTER
I'll do it.

Pause.

Click.

Inside Raddagher's dorm room. A fan hums.

*Quiet knock at the door. Harley's voice is
heard from outside.*

HARLEY
Hey, Raddagher? I saw that they
opened Love's room.

Pause. No response. It's silent in the room.

HARLEY
I won't lie, I'm not exactly in
the best place about it myself.

No response.

HARLEY
Do you need any-

Doorknob jiggles, door opens quickly.

HARLEY
Oh, I didn't think it would just-

*The fan runs. The room is empty. Harley
takes a few steps in.*

HARLEY
...Of course she's not here. It
couldn't be that easy, could it?

*Harley closes the door. The fan runs for a
few more seconds.*

Click.

*Equipment in Lancaster's containment cell
hums.*

Klein's voice comes in through the intercom.

KLEIN

...I don't like how easily you said that.

LANCASTER

(snapping)
What do you want from me, Klein?
She's dying. I want to see her.

KLEIN

I made a promise that I wasn't going to hurt anyone for Research-

LANCASTER

You made a promise in your capacity as Site Director. But you're not Site Director now, are you?

Pause.

LANCASTER

What else am I going to do in here? It's already torture. Yeah, I'd rather get it all over with at once.

Pause.

LANCASTER

Why aren't you up there right now?

KLEIN

...I don't know.

Click.

Staticky noise, Harley's voice comes through a walkie, he's talking to someone else on the other line.

HARLEY

None of them? Are you sure? Over.

Not even the ones down in the dorms? Over.

Okay. Yes. Right. Over.

Not even once today? Are you sure? Not even- I don't know, when you were on break? Over.

Okay.

Okay...

And you're certain you can't see her on the cameras? Over?

Uh huh. Okay.

Hey, by the way, has anybody found Haldi's card yet? Over.

Oh. Thanks anyway. Over and out.

Walkie clicks and we switch to-

Harley's office ambience.

HARLEY

Not in the infirmary, not in her room, not in the Surveillance office. Not in MY office, not in Psychology. Nowhere the cameras can see. At least not recently.

I need to find her. She needs to- I dunno, she needs to see her before the procedure.

(running hands down face)

She's gonna regret it if she doesn't go. It might be her last chance to before she dies-

Long pause.

HARLEY

..Oh.

Another pause.

Click.

Silence for a moment.

Click, Harley walks through the halls.

HARLEY

Hello, listeners. I lied.

There *is* one more place she might be. It's just a matter of getting in there.

Because you know who is good at finding things? You know who has the answers, after all this time?

That's right. Dumptruck.

"But Harley," You may be asking yourself, "What answers could Dumptruck possibly have? He doesn't even have a mouth."

And to that I say: neither does Hello Kitty. Think about that.

I am not doing very well.

Pause.

HARLEY

I really don't know what I was thinking when I started coming down here. I figured maybe he could find her if I let him out. But how am I going to let him out? My plan so far is to go down to their containment cell and see if my card opens the door. Beyond that, I don't know.

We don't have much longer. It's very important that I find her.

Pause.

HARLEY

...The little light on the door to BH-9. It's green. The main containment chamber is open.

Another pause. Footsteps.

Thinking click of the door lock, the metal door slides open and closed.

Large room reverberates, equipment hums. Distantly, SCP-6320 hums.

HARLEY

(quietly)
...Hey.

Click.

The inside of Lancaster's cell reverberates.

Silence for a while.

LANCASTER
I- I resent that.

KLEIN
Cool.

LANCASTER
You should be there. She- You
should be up there with her.

KLEIN
I know, alright?

LANCASTER
Then why aren't you?

KLEIN
How many times are you going to
make me say "I don't know,"
Lancaster?

LANCASTER
I've been in a windowless box for
a hundred years, I've- questions
are all I have. Where's Harley? Is
he up there?

Pause.

LANCASTER
Jesus, Klein.

KLEIN
He hasn't been talking to me! I
haven't been talking to *him*. He's
just shut up in his office
drinking most of the time!

LANCASTER
Oh, good. Good. Great.

KLEIN

Can't say I blame him. The stuff grows on you.

LANCASTER

Oh, my god.

KLEIN

It's- it's not supposed to happen this way, alright?

LANCASTER

What isn't supposed to happen this way?

KLEIN

We aren't supposed to die like this.

Click.

Harley's clothes rustle as he sits down beside Raddagher. SCP-6320 hums in the background.

HARLEY

I actually came down here to talk to Dumptruck. Er- not "talk." You know what I mean.

No response.

HARLEY

So. You stole Haldi's clearance card?

Rustling, the card fwips in Raddagher's hand.

HARLEY

Why all the way down here? Seems like a lot of effort.

Rustling.

HARLEY

The cameras- they can't see you in this corner, can they?

Rustling, Raddagher shakes her head.

HARLEY

Well. Sorry for finding you when
you didn't want to be found.

Pause. SCP-6320 hums.

HARLEY

It's kind of beautiful, in its own
way. The anomaly, I mean.

No response.

HARLEY

How long now? An hour-ish?

No response. Longer pause.

HARLEY

You really should go up and see
her.

Raddagher huffs.

HARLEY

I... know you don't want to think
about it. I don't either. But this
might be your only chance to-

*Sudden, sharp rustling as she shrugs his
hand away.*

HARLEY

But we do have to acknowledge the
possibility that she's not gonna
make it. And I just want you to
know that no matter what happens,
I'll always-

*Raddagher gets up as he's speaking and
hurries toward the door without a word. He
stands up, but doesn't follow.*

HARLEY

Ingrid-

The door opens.

*Click. Soundscape switches between the
Research observation booth, Harley's clean
recording setup.*

LANCASTER

Then how are we supposed to die?

HARLEY

Overwatch Command, our entire site has been transported to a largely theoretical extradimensional space, through a process unknown to basically every established branch of science.

KLEIN

With aplomb.

HARLEY

We shouldn't be alive.

LANCASTER

I'm serious.

KLEIN

So am I? Kind of?

HARLEY

But we are, we're alive in this hell, we survived.

KLEIN

I mean, Kasey went during some huge catastrophe. Isn't that supposed to be how it happens?

HARLEY

All we ever do is survive.

LANCASTER

Are you asking me?

KLEIN

I'm just saying it's not supposed to be- like this.

HARLEY

We deal in monsters and magic and cracks in the building blocks of our reality and we die in wormholes and labyrinths and the jaws of creatures mortal men cannot look upon.

LANCASTER

I think maybe the world is cruel sometimes.

KLEIN

But it's not "cruelty," though, is it?

HARLEY

She survived the Shift, she survived every Dash Two attack, she survived the building literally going sideways.

KLEIN

For it to be cruelty, it has to have some kind of intention. Like, a motivation behind it.

LANCASTER

But you- you know what I mean. Terrible things just happen.

KLEIN

But that's my point. It's not *our* terrible things.

In the background, we can hear Raddagher's breathing behind her mask as she walks quickly through the hall.

HARLEY

She did everything right.

KLEIN

Our terrible things are like, monsters and shit. But this isn't anything like that.

HARLEY

She followed all the rules.

KLEIN

This is *ordinary*. We're not supposed to be *ordinary*.

LANCASTER

We *are* ordinary.

KLEIN

Yeah, well- maybe *she* wasn't supposed to be!

HARLEY

She survived *all of that-*

KLEIN

-and she gets taken down by what-
a broken vessel in her brain?

HARLEY

All this time spent making it
through the most dangerous job in
the world-

KLEIN

What kind of sick joke is that?!

HARLEY

-all this time, and she dies like
this?!

HARLEY AND KLEIN

It isn't fair.

Raddagher's door SLAMS shut.

*She falls onto her bunk, buries her face in
a pillow, and screams.*

*The screams dissolve into sobs before fading
to silence.*

*Harley's office ambience slowly fades back
in.*

HARLEY

(quieter)
It isn't fair.

KLEIN

This is such bullshit.

HARLEY

And all I ever did was make it
worse.

LANCASTER

Bullshit all the way down.

HARLEY

We've only got forty minutes left
and I still haven't gone.

KLEIN

I can't do it, Lanc. I can't go up
there.

LANCASTER
Neither can I.

KLEIN
If I stay down here, does that
make me a bad friend?

LANCASTER
I don't know. Maybe.

KLEIN
I wasn't prepared for this.

LANCASTER
None of us were.

HARLEY
I don't think there's much that
could prepare anybody for-

Walkie clicks and Morse code beeps: ...-...

Pause.

Harley's walkie clicks.

HARLEY
What was that?

Again, morse code: ...---...

Pause.

Harley's walkie clicks.

HARLEY
On my way.

Static fades in, and back out.

HARLEY
She was sitting in a cheap plastic
chair, pulled right up next to the
bed, curled forward against the
mattress, her head resting just
beside Love's.

It sunk in that I hadn't seen Love
since they brought her in.

Tubes attached to her arms. In her
nose. No color in her face. I went

into that room with every intention to check on Raddagher, to make sure she was okay, but when I saw Love...

Pause.

HARLEY

She was laying in that bed, underneath a cooling blanket they're using to slow her pulse down. But it wasn't *her*, in there. Nothing that made Love "Love" was in that room. How was I supposed to feel like she isn't already gone? What if she *is* already gone?

But Raddagher was still in there. So was one extra plastic chair. I said nothing. I pulled it up beside her, and I sat down, as close as I could. I didn't know what to say, so I didn't. We just sat together, listening to the hiss of the oxygen and the beep of the heart monitor. It was hard, at first, being so close to the inert body that is supposed to hold my friend. Still alive, but only in a technical sense. I don't know how Raddagher could see, with her sunglasses on and most of the lights off. Her four-fingered right hand resting against Love's, not quite holding it, like she was afraid to touch her.

She leaned her head onto my shoulder.

It confused me, for a moment. It didn't seem comfortable, first of all. But I knew that Raddagher doesn't like being touched and barely tolerates it from anyone other than Love. I was at a loss for why she would initiate it at all.

But I suppose she's always been a strange communicator.

I didn't move, afraid that if I did she would withdraw again. But it didn't last too long, anyway. She moved back to where she had been, as close to Love as she could get without the risk of moving her.

I don't know if she'll be okay. I don't know if either of them will. But I'm fairly certain one of them will accept help after all.

Whoever is listening, I know you don't care. It's been so long. I'm sure we've all been mourned out there. The Foundation moves on too quickly. The wheels keep turning. I'm sorry if I'm muddying your airwaves with my own life. Our lives are a part of this place, are they not?

Anyway, I'm signing off for now, Overwatch Command. I hope you are still looking. I hope you find us, alive, before we lose anyone else.

END EPISODE

