

[Static]

HARLEY

I majored in Communications.

I majored in Communications because I didn't know what I wanted. But that was Undergrad, nobody ever knows what they're doing in Undergrad. I did linguistics and cryptography for my Masters.

But uh, it turns out it's kind of difficult to get a job... writing codes. Not terribly high demand. So I wound up in the military as a translator while I was working on my doctorate. I didn't really go anywhere, at least not while I was translating. But after I got my PhD they offered me a radio operator position, and I couldn't say no to the pay raise. They were going to send me to Afghanistan. Er, they were.

But barely a day after we got there, this poor 19 year old kid who didn't put his safety on accidentally shot me right in the shin.

I think the word the doctor used to describe what happened to my bone was "powdered."

So I was discharged and I went home. And now my shin lights up in metal detectors.

Anyway, I hung out in the hospital for a week, crutches for eight months. And then I applied for a new job, here in the States.

The application was vague. Private company, looked like something paramilitaristic. A tech company making weapons or vehicles or

something. They kinda scared the shit out of me, but hey. I was bored, and I needed a job, and I wasn't planning on going back to the military anytime soon. And they needed a radio operator.

The interview was in a hotel conference room, actually. It wasn't really different from other interviews I'd had. The SCP Foundation. Developers of prison security technology, they told me. Shady as all hell. They said what I would be dealing with was highly classified information and nothing they said could leave the room. I was fine with that. I even googled them and couldn't find anything. And I mean *anything*. But I just thought that was because they worked with the US prison institution, and it didn't surprise me that they would keep their business on lock.

I was wrong, of course.

Upon accepting the position, they had me flown out to this big military-base looking place in some location, they didn't tell me where. Barbed wire fences, armed guards, the whole thing. I thought it was a prison. Er, I thought it was a prison for... *normal* humans. Site-17. One of the big ones, I know now. They use it to contain anomalous people.

I barely saw any of the place. They took me to a conference room on the first floor and told me all about how they didn't work with the US government, or any private human prisons. They were a top secret shadow organization that contains and studies anomalous phenomena, creatures, places and people.

They didn't think it was funny when I asked if I would get a Neurolizer.

I stand by it, though. I still want one.

My job was to be stationed at one of the smaller sites. I would communicate with other sites around the world, especially Site-19 and Site-01. All real-time communication, messages, relays and information would go directly from me to my Site Director. Pretty good gig, as far as I was concerned. So I packed up and moved to a desert in the middle of nowhere.

I like to blame the Foundation for my... issues. Everybody else does. But honestly? I've worked at 107 my whole career here, and before the shift this place was- VERY tame, by Foundation standards. I've never had to deal with any of the really nasty stuff before. I haven't even witnessed any deaths firsthand. It's just been a job to me, even beyond all the insanity of working with anomalies.

Which says more about me than about the Foundation, I suppose.

[Static]

LANCASTER

I was- I had a pretty rough go of it, in college.

I paid my way through Undergrad, actually. I worked two jobs on top of my classes. I had to give up a lot of things I liked doing. Didn't um- didn't really have the support of- I was kinda on my own in a lot of ways. I lived on various friends' couches for most of my early 20's. I wouldn't have

been able to go to Grad school if I hadn't spent months applying for- applying to literally hundreds of scholarships. I did make it, though. I uh, I made it through- through a few different things, actually. I'm- I think I'm always gonna be proud of myself for that.

Eventually I was- started working at a crisis center. We worked a lot with- with homeless folks, people that didn't have anywhere to go. I could kinda relate to that. They helped me make it through my doctorate. It was *hard* work, though. We dealt mostly with- with substance abuse and people who were sort of- off their meds. I got attacked a couple times by clients. I got bitten, uh- a few times, a lot of times. But you know- we had to stay calm in situations like that, because that's what- that's what they need, right. They need somebody to be stable.

So I'm not sure when they started keeping an eye on me. But after I got my doctorate, somebody called me and offered me an in-house counseling position. You uh- you see where this is going, right?

Apparently the Foundation had been watching me for a while. They said they were looking for somebody who could help people in really intense situations. Somebody that- who could keep their head even when confronted by- with unpredictable and violent patients. And obviously I had experience with unpredictable patients, it felt perfect.

It takes a really long time before they clear you to work with actual anomalies. As a Psychologist, I mean. You've got to have a pretty

strong nerve built up before they'll let you treat anomalous people. And it sucks to have to acknowledge it, but some of these guys can kill you really quickly. But I don't think that's the biggest reason. I think it's probably just- just difficult to treat people who aren't allowed to see their families or friends and who have to live in a studio apartment underground because, you know, they melt every human being they touch.

They set me up at this little site in Nevada somewhere, it only had one SCP and it wasn't even a sapient one. I was just going to be working on- you know, just people with depression and alcoholism and trust issues, you know, any of the things you'd find at any Foundation site. It hasn't been too bad. Not at all. It would be a lot worse, if we were somewhere bigger.

And the work's gonna be harder, once I get to work with contained anomalous humans. And you know, I don't know if I'm ever going to get the hang of... calling people "it" so often...

But yeah. That's how I got here. Sorta fell into my lap? And... you know, maybe that's how it happens to everybody.

I just want to help, that's all.

[Static]

LOVE

I dunno, it was probably like how everybody else got here, right?

My dad was a Marine. We moved around a lot when I was a kid. I don't think we ever stayed in one place for longer than a couple

years. It sucked, but I dealt with it okay. I had my brothers, even though they were all jerks. Toughened me up, though.

My mom trained war dogs. Mainly the ones that sniff out bodies and landmines. Sometimes she'd train bomb dogs for the cops, too. Not at any of our houses, but every so often I'd get to see them at whatever school she was working at. We couldn't have our own dog because my dad was allergic. And two of my brothers were allergic to cats so I couldn't have one of those either.

I didn't really try in high school. I passed most of my stuff, I just didn't really care about any of it. It's high school, nobody cares. But I did ROTC in college, and it was fine. Something to do. I didn't hate training as much as other people did. We had to do this thing where you climb over this big wooden wall and I could always do it faster than anyone else.

I joined the army, but I wasn't even there very long before I found the application for Foundation security. That's what I originally applied for, Security. I did my exam and I totally didn't think they were going to hire me because I BOMBED my tests for emotional aptitude and marksmanship.

But the weird thing was, they did hire me. I was really surprised because I thought I did really fuckin bad, but they called me in and started me on training.

I...

Eventually I got promoted to field agent. It was... it was a whole thing. It's not that interesting.

And then they said I was going to be guarding some Ethics Committee person to some tiny little site that nobody cared about. And then there was a big earthquake and bang, we're stuck in the void.

And that's about it. I don't know what I'm going to do from here. But I heard it's really hard to leave the Foundation so... I dunno. I'm stuck here like everything else, I guess.

[Static]

RADDAGHER

It was just me and my mom until I was seventeen. And then she died.

After high school I worked at the only 24-hour pawn shop in the city. It was called Seventh Corner Pawn. It was a Foundation front company. I didn't know that. I worked graveyard on security cameras. 11pm to 6am. I didn't know why they had cameras all day. Nothing ever happened. I did that for a couple years until my manager said someone from corporate wanted my help covering shifts at a different location.

When I got to Site-[Static] they said I would only be covering for a few weeks and then I'd get my memory erased and they'd put me back on my old shift like nothing ever happened. I had to cover because they had a breach at Site-19 and they were short-staffed because a lot of people were dead.

Six days in, the person who hired me got arrested for embezzling

money into a private bank account for Marshall, Carter and Dark LTD.

And then nobody talked to me for a couple months, but I kept showing up and doing my job, and then I got investigated because Management forgot I was there for the whole time and thought I might be working with MCD also.

But I didn't know who MCD was so they let me stay because they were still short-staffed.

And then I got transferred here.

...I don't think I'll ever leave. Don't think I could fit anywhere else.

It's fine here.

[Static]

KLEIN

I used to work at a much bigger site, actually.

Alright, wait, I'm going to start over. When I was in undergrad, I was majoring in geology. I'm not- I mean, I'm not one of those people who collects rocks and shit. I just got curious about how the world worked. My hometown had a big earthquake when I was little- it wasn't bad or anything, nobody got hurt, but it made me really curious about stuff like that.

Sorry, I was talking about undergrad. Geology major, STEM research minor. And one day I was working on a project for a class, digging up some samples, and I found this rock. I thought it was a meteor or something. Come to think of it, I never actually found out what it was. But it did this thing where if you got it

warm or heated it up, it would make this ringing noise, and the hotter it got the louder the ringing was. Made the mistake of putting it in the microwave in my dorm to test it out, it was like setting off a stun grenade. Couldn't hear for like, three minutes after.

Anyway, I had this bizarre rock, and I thought "Hey, I should study this! Write a paper and shit like real grown up researchers do." So that's what I started doing. I wasn't trying to keep it a SECRET, but it was going to be a surprise, you know? I had this one professor I really liked, and I wanted to impress her.

So I worked on that paper on the down low for my entire sophomore year and the whole summer afterward. I was so proud of myself, too, I was being so legit with the whole thing. I wasn't always, uh, safe, strictly speaking, but my scientific method was sound.

I finished the paper the winter of my junior year. I was 21, and I was so excited. I felt like I had something that could get me into grad school, even. I showed that professor, and needless to say she was... kinda shocked, actually. About what I found, I mean. And then things started getting weird.

I talked to my professor a couple times about what to do next, but then one day I came into her office and she just... didn't remember. Like, any of it. We had been talking for weeks, but she swore up and down that she had never heard of it. I went home crying, I was so angry. I was convinced she was going to steal my research or something. But

then, there was this woman at my apartment.

She told me her organization was offering to hire me in exchange for me not talking about my research anymore. She said they were a scientific institution and they were always on the lookout for bright young minds like mine. Apparently my paper was pretty good.

I was super suspicious, though. I had kinda kept my head down for most of school, and I didn't entirely believe them. But the details of the job they offered me were uh, pretty enticing. Lab assistant work, not as great a pay as I had seen other places, but they had a tuition reimbursement program and even said they could help me through my doctorate, to an extent.

The tradeoff, though, was that my paper and my weird rock would never see the light of day. And I probably would never be able to publish anything at all outside the organization. And as far as my family knew, I was just a regular lab tech who would never have any accomplishments in my life.

I thought about that for a long time. I asked them questions, I got as many details about the place as I could.

It was the healthcare that did it.

Pretty expensive, took a chunk out of your paycheck, but I couldn't believe some of the stuff they covered. Stuff that was just-listed right there on the front page. I think they knew what they were doing with that, too.

I worked really hard, and finally, FINALLY, I landed myself a Level 04 position as a research administrator at Site-[static]. I worked on a bunch of skips, but I spent the most time working on SCP-[static].

And I loved it! The danger and the secrecy, it was exciting. It felt like I was contributing something to humanity, something good and important. I believed in what we were doing, I still do. And I was good at my job.

And then, uhh... events, and bureaucracy, and red tape, and me ignoring the red tape, and boom. Demoted.

They said I was transferred to 107 because of my geology specialty, but honestly?

I think they did it as punishment.

[Static]

[Knock on door]

HARLEY

It's open, come on in.

[Door opens]

KLEIN

Yo.

HARLEY

Yo.

KLEIN

We're doing some testing with D-8379834, Research wants you there in person.

HARLEY

Invited to the party finally, nice. Also which one is D-83 something something...?

KLEIN

The guy who drew all the Dash Ones
in his cell.

HARLEY

RIGHT.

What are you doing to him?

KLEIN

We're not-

We're not doing anything to him.
At least not yet. We're doing
interviews, mental evaluation.
Stuff like that. Lanc wants to see
if he can parse anything out for
his theory about the memetic
effect.

HARLEY

How long has that guy been
strapped down by now?

KLEIN

(Sighs)

Like, two and a half days. I want
to let him back up, but he keeps
drawing Dash Ones and he WON'T
STOP.

HARLEY

Yikes. Poor guy.

KLEIN

I mean, guy did some pretty
unspeakable things to his family..

HARLEY

(Exhausted)

...Gotta get human test subjects
from somewhere, I guess...

KLEIN

(Sarcastic)

God bless the Foundation.

HARLEY

I'll meet you down there, then.
I've got to get my equipment
ready.

KLEIN

Alright.

What're you working on? What is all that?

[Papers shuffling]

HARLEY

This? Oh. Maybe something, maybe nothing. Uh, notes stuff. I'm working on an idea, don't know if it'll work, though.

KLEIN

Alright. Tell me if it does! I'm curious about all those... diamonds, or squares, you've got going on.

HARLEY

Yeah, will do.

KLEIN

Meet you down there. Gotta go give some nutrient paste to an unruly prisoner.

HARLEY

Is he- is he that dangerous?

KLEIN

Well, we're about to find out. T minus one hour to start.

HARLEY

(Nervous)

I'll be ready when you are.

KLEIN

Will you?

HARLEY

Course I will. How bad could it be?

[END OF EPISODE]