

[Static]

KLEIN

Alright.

Alright alright.

Let's get started with this.

Item number, SCP-6320.

Footnote, Object designated 6320 prior to Incident A. Designation in current Foundation database subject to change. This article is written under the assumption that readers are familiar with the events of Incident A's Class M dimensional shift.

Alright.

Object class. Uhh, Keter.

Right? "Actively escaping containment" seems right for something that... ate its entire containment facility.

So, yeah. Object class: Keter.

Special Containment Procedures.

Dammit. Uh.

SCP-6320's activity is to be monitored by Site-107 personnel from within the associated extradimensional space. All instances of SCP-6320 Dash One are to be broken before completion by any and all personnel available.

Should an instance of SCP-6320 Dash One be completed, the location must be reported to the Containment department.

Personnel of Psychic Resistance Index 14B are... to... fuck. Um,

they're- they're gonna do something. They're gonna do some shit. God, it's on the tip of my tongue, I'm losing it-

What part was I at?

Oh yeah, description.

Description.

Fuck, are we designating the extradimensional space as 6320 now or are we just having it be about the rift?

Scratch that, it's the rift. SCP-6320 is the main rift, because this is just for us, not the main database.

I'll fuckin... rewrite this again if we get out.

It'll be like, the third iteration, but whatever. WHATEVER.

Okay, Description.

SCP-6320 is an extradimensional rift resembling a mineral vein, located at the bottom of a disused copper mine in Eureka County, Nevada.

Tied to SCP-6320 is the entirety of Foundation Research Site-107 and all its surviving personnel, contained within a... pocket dimension? Liminal space? Extradimensional sub-universe?

[Klein grumbles in frustration]

[Click, recorder distortion]

KLEIN

Yeah, no, I heard you.

[Pause, Klein sighs]

Alright. Lancaster, I feel like we've reached this point in our professional relationship where I can say this without worrying that you'll take it wrong.

Because I'm going to be brutally honest.

You're never going to get people onboard with that. At least, people other than me.

I appreciate your commitment to morale improvement but I want you to record this plan and play it back to yourself so you can witness firsthand how balls-to-the-wall bonkers as fuck that sounds.

[Click]

[Coffee maker bubbles]

KLEIN

SCP-6320's primary observable effect is self-replication through the movement of liquid or loose particulate matter (such as dirt, crumbs or dust) within a fifteen meter radius.

These replications are designated SCP-6320 Dash One.

[Mechanical hiss]

Open bracket, something something it always takes some amount of time involving the number thirty two, I'll put Research's chart about that in here later, close bracket.

The completion of a full replication of SCP-6320 using any material creates a nearly-identical copy of the original object, albeit differently sized.

Change in effects when inside the anomaly's associated pocket dimension pending further research.

[Click, recorder distortion]

KLEIN

We got a new full Dash One today, did you guys feel the tremor up there?

[Mechanical hiss]

You're not in the- Love, what do you mean you're "not in the office?" I thought you were on day shift.

(exasperated sigh)

Okay. Uh, why? Why did she do that? Did you do something?

[muffled sound of Love yelling over the receiver]

Alright! Alright, damn! Quiet down, you're right in my fuckin' ear.

Can you at least check with her?

Alright, ugh. See if Harley will talk to her about it. We need to get more people watching the feed, we can't keep missing things like this.

Yeah, I- I know it's not your fault! I'm not saying-

[More indistinct yelling]

Okay. Alright, Love, I'm hanging-
I'M HANGING UP BYE.

[Click]

[Klein's voice echoes through the empty hall]

KLEIN

Instances of SCP-6320 can be halted with relative ease if personnel employ situational awareness and stay alert to their surroundings...

But there's- there's a thing about that? Hang on... focus stuff, um- uhhhhh, something about Psychic Resistance 14B? That sounds right, right? Fuck. Okay, put a pin in this, I'll come back to this later.

[Click, recording distortion]

KLEIN

Uh huh. Sure, that's fine.

No, I haven't cleared that. Did Masterson tell you I cleared that?

Oh. Well, yeah, no, I didn't. I'll talk to them about doing something like... surface variation testing first. Maybe something with materials. Or size. I don't think we've ever seen one smaller than 15 centimeters.

Can you put Alves on for a second?

Where is she, then?

Does she have her walkie on her at least?

Oh my God, are you- no, it's fine. I'll see if I can find her.

When she gets back, tell her to call me? And tell her to keep her damn walkie on her. That's like, junior staff stuff.

(under her breath)

Come on.

[Click]

KLEIN

Alright, this is gonna drive me up
the fuckin wall. What's the thing?

I know I had it RIGHT HERE like
TWO SECONDS ago.

Okay, there's something about
people. There's something with...
uh... it's something like- God, my
brain is completely freezing up.
It'll come to me, I swear.

It's uhhhhhh a human thing, with
humans. Something with people.
Fuck.

[Click, recorder distortion]

KLEIN

Hi, Gloria.

Your staff told me that you're
still using channel 4, so I know
there's at least a CHANCE you can
hear this...

Look, can you stop avoiding me?
This is getting really petty and I
don't know what I- I mean, I'd
appreciate it if you or somebody
else talked to me. It feels like
nobody is telling me anything.

Alright, I'm getting off topic.

Dr. Lancaster in Psychology and I
have been looking into... some
stuff.. I can't really...

You know what, I'm really trying
here, alright? Can we put
everything behind us and be adults
about this? I-

Wait, hold on. That's not what
I'm-

There's something else, there was
something else I wanted to talk
about-

It has something to do with... fuck,
I'm losing my train of thought.

...And I'm sorry for saying "fuck."

[Click, echoing voice and servers humming]

KLEIN

Incident Summary: Incident B

On the thirty-second day of
Site-107's entrapment within
SCP-6320's extradimensional space,
the site experienced temporal
reboot, displacing all objects,
creatures and personnel back to
their exact location at the moment
of Incident A's dimensional shift.
This temporal shift is hereby
referred to as Incident B.

Injured personnel and changes to
living organic material, such as
plant growth, were not reset.

It is unknown whether this
temporal effect was an isolated
incident or will become a
recurrence.

[Click]

[Pause, computer fan whirring, mouse
clicking, fluorescent light hum]

...extradimensional physics...

No way.

Yes! Haha! Okay! Dr. Carson,
Extradimensional Physicist.

Although I probably would have
remembered that, did you have two?

[Mouse clicking]

Oh. Yeah. PhD in Extradimensional
Physics and... Epidemiology. Huh.
Hope it served you well.

Alright then, you competent but disorganized dead bastard, let's see if you can posthumously help us out.

[Click]

KLEIN

Oh, shit. Right.

Addendum 1, *additional* additional effects of SCP-6320.

SCP-6320 also possesses the ability to... spawn living entities within its extradimensional space. These entities have been observed as deriving from both plants and animals, enlarged and transformed to resemble SCP-6320 itself in certain aspects. The entities are referred to as instances of SCP-6320 Dash Two.

Open bracket: if we see more of these things I'll put the chart here, close bracket.

Recorded instances of SCP-6320 have been created from existing plants or animals. Both recorded Dash Two instances were destroyed. It is unknown how the object created the entities originally.

The result of direct human contact to SCP-6320 or completed Dash One instances is also unknown.

[Mechanical hiss]

(muttering)

"It is unknown," fuckin' everything is unknown, we don't know shit.

(muttering even more)

Yare yare daze.

[Click, recorder distortion]

KLEIN

...and you were planning on
telling me this when exactly?

Shit. Dammit. What's he doing?

Alright, yeah, you said that
already. What does "acting
erratically" physically look like?

I'm sure she is, but for now it's
impossible for me to get ahold of
anyone for some reason, so I need
*somebody to tell me what the fuck
is going on around here.*

Yeah, I know it's not your fault.
I'm just frustrated.

If you see either Alves or Haldi,
tell them to contact me. Please.

[Click]

KLEIN

Addendum 2. Former head of
Research and current Acting Site
Director Dr. Klein would like it
noted that this sucks. Pocket
dimensions are dumb. In commonly
Foundation-accepted technical
terms, "this blows major di--"

[Click, recorder distortion]

KLEIN

Alright. I need to ask you a
question and you have to tell me
the truth because I'm your boss
now.

...are people avoiding me? Am I...
am I not trustworthy or something?

Wow, could you be any LESS
convincing?

I didn't mean literally- oh my
God, Harley- Harley stop. Please.
Harley.

I'm trying to be real right now.

Have you been in contact with the other department heads? It feels like I can't get ahold of anybody outside Research.

Alright. Yeah. ALRIGHT, I GET IT. We're trying to make room for you in the meetings, hand to God. Don't freak out about it.

Speaking of Lancaster, have you guys worked things out yet?

Right. Fuckin of course not.

No, it's not a big deal. I'm sure it'll be alright soon. We'll figure shit out.

Also, could you tell Raddagher to put another camera in the Records storage room? Love told me they're STILL moving all the boxes around and we've gotta make sure nothing anamorphic happens. I am not in the mood to open that can of worms right now...

Yeah, I'm heading down to the BH wing now. Gonna check up on something the D-class are doing that everybody in Containment and Security are all being super annoyingly vague about.

Yeah, I'll let you know.

[Click]

[recorder clicks on, background humming]

[Klein sighs heavily]

KLEIN

...am I doing something wrong?

It just feels like everybody is pulling away from me, and maybe from each other, too. I don't think it has anything to do with the anomaly, either. I think it's

probably just me somehow. It's
like if this-

[Static. Morse code beeping.]

-“outside world,” we'd probably
get screwed over for it.
Containment didn't even TELL
Security what was going on with
D-8379834 until-

[Static. Frantic Morse code beeping.]

[Tense music begins]

God. I don't know. And that whole
thing with the D-class, what even
WAS that? At least he's- shit,
“stable” isn't the right word, is
it? At least he's “been stopped?”
How he managed to get this far
drawing a Dash One that big is
beyond me...

And we don't really know WHY he-

[static]

HARLEY

Oh my god. *Oh my god, Raddagher
turn the cameras-*

[Static]

KLEIN

I can't believe they had to tie
his *fingers* down. His *fingers*.
Dude was *determined*. That takes
some *serious* commitment, on his
part.

I think the whole Containment
staff is over at Medical
interrogating the guy. Seeing how
he got that shiv into his room.
And finding out if he tried to
make any more.

I'd almost be impressed, if it
weren't for the fact he could have
caused another-

[Static, crackling audio]

LOVE

Hey, I got your beep, what's-

RADDAGHER

Look-

LOVE

...Oh my sweet holy fuck, how MANY
IS THAT?!

RADDAGHER

Go.

LOVE

Do you mean-

RADDAGHER

Go!

[Music stops]

[Static]

KLEIN

At least somebody caught him
before he finished carving it. No
idea how it took them this long to
realize what he was doing but hey,
that's what Containment gets for
not keeping me updated.

You know, if this wasn't such a
close call I'd totally rub it in
Alves' face.

But I don't want to give anyone
more reasons to hate me...

Uuuughwhy am I so worried about
what other people think?!

...fuck, maybe I should talk to-

[lights flickering]

[Flickering stops, machines power down]

[Pause]

KLEIN

...God DAMMIT, AGAIN?!

[distant rumbling]

Wait-

[Klein gets up and opens the office door]

[Distant scream. Something crashes. Glass shattering]

[Distant Dash 2 roar]

WHAT-

[Breach alarm starts up]

...You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

[Click]

HARLEY

Ohgodohgodohgodh-

[Walkie beeps]

LANCASTER

Hey?? What the hell's going on with the temperature control?

HARLEY

Temperature control?!

LANCASTER

It just dropped to like, 20 degrees in my wing, Harley, what's happening?!

[Raddagher's comm clicks on]

RADDAGHER

Love didn't get them in time-

HARLEY

(panicking)

Shit, I knew I should have said something over the site comm! It's okay it's okay it's okay we'll fix this-

RADDAGHER

She's coming back but we've
blacked out in-

HARLEY

I know! I know-

[Walkie beeps]

LANCASTER

Harley?!

HARLEY

Yeah, hang on one second!

[Walkie beeps]

HARLEY

Where are you?! What's happening
down there?!

LOVE

Not- ACK- not now!

HARLEY

Where's Klein?!

[Dash Two roars over walkie]

LOVE

FU-

[click as her walkie cuts off]

HARLEY

Dammit all to-

[Walkie beep]

Klein, something just happened, do
you have ANY information?! Over!

[Walkie beep]

Klein? Hello?

[Walkie beep]

*Site Director Klein, please
advise! What just happened?! What
are we supposed to-*

[Click]

[END OF EPISODE]