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Feedback

HARLEY

Overwatch Command, this is Site-107, come in. Are we received?

Pause.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I didn't think so.

Today is Friday, around hour 18:30. We have made rough approximations of the date and time, but due to our present circumstance it's impossible for us to truly know. We also can't be certain time even functions the same in here as it does on the outside. We are operating on the assumption that it does, if for no other reason than simplicity.

The Engineering Department has established Day and Night cycles using the lights so we can at least simulate a normal circadian rhythm without access to the sun. This endeavor would be more effective if the Engineering Department would make up their minds about when night and day should be and stop switching in the middle of the night or when I'm trying to broadcast.

Adjustment to the present situation has proved... a bit difficult. There are a lot of unique challenges and we are still unsure if we are adequately covering everything. The office wing had a brief blackout, but Maintenance and Engineering worked on it and got it up and running after a few minutes.

But quick repairs aside, we will have to keep a closer eye on our

electrical and life-support systems.

The state of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty is still shaky. The Containment Department has been watching it as usual, making sure no foreign material makes it into the established radius of effect. But since the shift occurred, we haven't seen any instances of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash 1 yet. SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty has not changed physically from what Research can tell, and we aren't sure if there is a change in its secondary effect. At Dr. Klein's discretion, Research is going to continue proper testing soon.

Which reminds me. Our Site Director, Dr. Carson, was killed in the breach, along with several of the Department Heads. The surviving Department Heads held a meeting to replace the leadership we lost in the shift and named Dr. Beatrix Klein as Acting Site Director. Dr. Klein formerly served as Head of Research, and from what I heard, there was a bit of dissent in opinions regarding her appointment. She has seniority and no one here can deny what she has contributed to the Foundation, but some apparently worry about her... spontaneity.

All of this is secondhand, on account of my lack of invitation to the meeting, despite my position as Head of the Communication Department. Dr. Shao, the liaison for the Ethics Committee who was visiting when the shift happened, got to go to the Department Head meeting. They are not a department head.

Pause.

ANYWAY.

Shuffles papers.

And now, an update on the big spider in my office.

Overwatch Command, there is a huge spider in my office. It lives in the corner behind the door, and it has been there for... huh. I don't know. It's brown. I don't know what kind of spider it is, I'll have to ask Research even though I keep forgetting.

Moving on.

HARLEY

Another problem we are confronting concerns our food supply. Our water recycling system is still functioning well, so running water is still available, but we have had to pool all the food we have to properly ration it across the site. Everything from our personal stores in our quarters, leftovers in the break room, anything that will keep we have contributed to the kitchen staff. All Level 0's have been promoted to Level 1 seeing as it's pretty much impossible to keep them in the dark about anomalies now that they're... inside one. For now, they and the janitorial staff are being included in the Maintenance Department.

Fortunately, our emergency reserves are pretty extensive to account for the whole site being entirely underground. Had to plan for potential collapses, so we have about thirty five-gallon buckets of barley and oats and other things in storage. That, and probably months worth of the powder they use to make nutrient paste. So we reliably will not have to worry about starvation for at least a while, barring another

disaster happening to our supply.
Knock on wood.

Harley knocks on the desk.

The Botany Department has reported a plan to look into growing a renewable food source inside the greenhouse. We might be able to use some vegetable scraps from the kitchen. No news on that yet.

Officer Haldi, Head of Security, has brought up concerns regarding the state of the D-Class personnel who survived the shift. There are 8 of them total and Dr. Klein has made the decision to keep them alive, because we do need all the help we can get. And they can still assist in any future testing of SixtyThreeTwenty. It sounds like the Department Heads agree that we can't trust them to fill any other jobs at the moment. It's not like we can let a bunch of mass murderers and Nazis run around here.

Haldi fears that the D-Class may try to exploit our site's disorganized state to mount an escape attempt.

We lost a good portion of our Security Department, and they are a difficult group to replace. Dr. Klein assured her that management of the D-Class, *as well as* continued research into the scip *and* maintaining our life support systems are *all* our number one priority.

A handful of field agents were visiting the site alongside Dr. Shao, and they have agreed to assist the Security Department with their duties. But from what I can tell, not all of them particularly get along with each other. ESPECIALLY *certain agents*

whose names will go unspoken at this juncture, as a result of several threats made to me personally using a pair of wire cutters, and my subsequent educated decision that crossing *certain agents* would be a big mistake.

These developments in the joint of Security and the outside field agents also happened at the Department Head meeting that I, Head of the Communication Department, was not invited to.

Another update: it has moved. The spider. I thought it might have been dead, but it is not.

I have decided to name it Holland.

Harley and Holland, best friends forever.

Morale is low, the Psychology Department reports. A few days ago, Dr. Lancaster, Head Psychologist, declared site-wide that he, Dr. Chappel and the three interns that make up the department, will take on more hours to supply additional therapy sessions to anyone who needs them, which, so far, has been the vast majority of us.

This decision of course does not cover the actual Psychology Department themselves. After all, Dr. Lancaster has expressed no small amount of worry for his own department's mental health, especially considering they had to give up their huge, enormous Redbull cache to the... food-rationing... pile? They can't rely on that to stay up as late as they always do. It's clearly taken a toll on... all of them.

It was a lot of Redbull. Like, a serious shit-ton of Redbull.

At both the gentle advice of Dr. Lancaster and the... cold, terrifying DEMAND of our Head Medical Doctor, Dr. Gravett, we are all spending more time in the greenhouse. Lack of the real sun means we have to get our Vitamin D from the sun lamps, so visits have gone from strongly suggested to unwaveringly mandatory. Lancaster worries we're all going to get even more depressed, Dr. Gravett worries we're all going to become... "weak and feeble." So. Looks like I'm going to be going to the greenhouse for the first time in... forever. It's not that I take it for granted, I think it was a good idea on Lancaster's part, I've just killed every plant I've ever had. It's like a curse or something.

(imitating Lancaster)

"Being near nature is scientifically proven to improve people's mental health and most of us are buried in this cave for days, so-

Pause.

Something tells me Dr. Lancaster never really liked being down here. It was him, he was what told me. All the time. 90% of what he'd talk about at staff drinks.

Poor guy.

The Botany Department does not seem overly excited at the new reality that they'll have to be sharing their space way more than before. I never liked them. Secretive. I think they might be hoarding food that they didn't contribute to The Pile. One time one of them made fun of me because

I killed the English Ivy I had on my desk, but that's neither here nor there. I think they're shady and it has nothing to do with my black thumb.

Pause. Harley drums fingers on desk.

Hmm.

Harley makes a couple other random absent-minded noises.

I've been thinking. Well, I've been thinking about a LOT of things, obviously, we're trapped in a pocket dimension for an indefinite period of time, but I've been thinking about the scip. It... it hasn't DONE anything. Since we got here. Research says it's the same size, same shape, still looks like a mineral-deposit-vein-shaped rip into outer space. They haven't tried putting anything near it that could make a Dash 1 yet, but...

Harley taps anxiously on the desk.

You know what? I'm going to say it.

I'm... BORED.

I realize how tremendously ironic that is, given that I'm sealed in limbo in a scenario that can only be accurately described as "science fiction," but nothing has HAPPENED. Not really, anyway.

I want it to do something. I know that's probably asking for trouble, but hey, trouble is better than... waiting. It's like that part in movies when you *know* something bad is going to happen, but it hasn't yet, and you know that the longer you wait the worse it's gonna be when shit eventually hits the fan?

Ugh.

In other news-

Walkie alert tone.

KLEIN

Dr. Harley, this is Dr. Klein. Are you preoccupied? Over.

HARLEY

I'm in the middle of the record broadcast, what do you need? Over.

KLEIN

Research is introducing a particulate into SixtyThreeTwenty's effect radius, can you-

HARLEY

Wait, they are?

Pause.

HARLEY

...Over.

KLEIN

Yeah, they are. Over.

HARLEY

Can- can I get eyes on the test? For the record? Over.

KLEIN

Sure, I don't give a shit. Comm up to the surveillance office and see if they can remote the feed to your monitor. Over.

HARLEY

(off-walkie)

YES! YES. HELL YEAH.

The walkie beeps as Harley speaks to Klein again.

HARLEY

(immediate switch to cold professional tone)

Working on it now, over.

Intercom button clicks, quiet static.

HARLEY

Surveillance, this is
Communications requesting eyes on
SixtyThreeTwenty, cleared by Dr.
Klein. Computer number 28827054.

Click. TV static, quiet electronic beep.

HARLEY

Ah. There it is!

God, it's so much smaller than I
remember it being.

Walkie beep.

HARLEY

Klein, do you want me relaying the
test as it happens? Over.

KLEIN

We were originally going to have
you just read off Research's
report, but if you're here you
might as well, over.

HARLEY

I would much prefer that to
reading Research's reports, yes.
Over.

KLEIN

Copy that, but you will probably
have to read their report
afterward anyway, over.

HARLEY

If I have to read one of their
reports, please tell them to stop
writing vaguely mean things about
the Records Department in them.
Records is getting mad at me for
reading them on air, over.

KLEIN

I've had it noted in Research's
report that, as former Head of

Research, the Records Department
can eat my shorts, over.

HARLEY

...requesting permission to
expunge the previous statement
from the record, over...

KLEIN

Permission denied, over.

Harley groans under his breath.

KLEIN

Alright, commencing test. Confirm?
Over.

HARLEY

Ready, over.

Walkie beeps as Harley sets it down.

HARLEY

Okay, this is a live test report,
informal structure. Formal
information will be reflected in
the recording following this
initial broadcast, as well as in
the physical report turned in to
the Records Department by the
Research Department.

Dr. Klein is giving the "OK" hand
sign from the viewing booth.
D-class- I can't tell which one-
approaching SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty,
carrying a petri dish of... sugar, I
think. Head of Research, Dr.
Masterson, is giving instructions
from the booth. D-class is about
ten feet from the object, he's
turned toward the booth, probably
asking something. Okay, now he's
approaching it even closer, about
five feet away.

D-class is now shaking the
particulate onto the ground in
front of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty,
probably four feet from the wall.

I can't really see it now, hang
on-

Walkie blips.

Dr. Klein, is it doing anything? I
can't see it, it's blending in
with the floor, over.

KLEIN

Not yet, but it's been about ten
seconds, over.

HARLEY

Roger that, how long do these
usually take? Over.

KLEIN

For that amount? Around thirty two
minutes, over.

HARLEY

Wait, like, *specifically* thirty
two? Over.

KLEIN

It's always thirty two, over.

HARLEY

Minutes?

KLEIN

It was always 32 *something*.
Minutes, seconds, hours, days a
couple times, before we'd have a
fully created instance. Over.

HARLEY

So is that how long we have to
wait? Over.

KLEIN

I dunno, probably. If it does
anything at all.

HARLEY

(off walkie)

God, please let it do something.

KLEIN

So in the meantime, stand by,
over.

HARLEY
Roger that, over.

Harley sighs casually. He drums his fingers on the desk.

HARLEY
So now we wait.

Pause.

HARLEY
Oh, shit, I forgot my computer still has Minesweeper!

Audio feedback/static, time passing.

Harley snoring a few feet away from the mic.

Walkie beeps.

KLEIN
Dr. Harley, we have developments in the test, do you copy? Over.

Harley snores.

KLEIN
Dr. Harley, do you copy? Over.

YO, HARLEY, OBJECT IS DOING THE THING, OVER.

Harley scrambles for his walkie.

HARLEY
(spluttering a little from being woken up)
AH. ajkhfakdhg WHAT WHAT'S GOING ON-

KLEIN
(excitedly)
IT'S DOIN' IT, LOOK!

Harley readjusts closer to his microphone.

HARLEY
Uh, continuing test results, it looks like they've put a

floodlight on it, maybe so I can see it better. I can see it now, the foreign particulate has shifted into a small copy of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty's shape, it looks like it's almost a complete Dash 1 now.

I can't see any individual pieces moving, but Dr. Klein has pressed herself against the glass in the viewing booth and is watching below while grinning and nodding her head repeatedly, so that probably means it's moving?

I don't know if it's been exactly thirty two minutes, but judging by the expressions of the Research Department in the booth, I think that-

Deep earth rumbling. Harley fumbles with the mic.

Feedback. Something shatters.

Tremors continue for a few seconds.

Silence.

Walkie beep.

HARLEY

Dr. Klein, I've lost the feed, what's your status, over?

Silence.

(severely)

Dr. Klein, please confirm your safety, over.

Click and static as intercom clicks on.

KLEIN

It's cool! Everything's cool, nobody freak out. That was Research, we're trying some new tests on the scip. Oh, also, Medical to the containment chamber, we have a D-class who

smacked his head on the floor, I think he's unconscious. Oops.

Pause.

Harley sighs in relief.

HARLEY

Alright. That wasn't too bad a tremor, I don't think anybody should have been injured that severely. We'll find out eventually, I suppose.

Oh. Shit. My mug broke. Dammit.

Walkie beep.

KLEIN

Harley, are you seeing this? Over.

Harley

No, I lost connection, stand by, over.

Intercom button clicks.

HARLEY

Surveillance, I lost connection to- oh. Yeah, that one, thanks.

Walkie beep.

HARLEY

Alright, I'm back in. See what? Over.

KLEIN

Look at the Dash 1, over.

HARLEY

Dr. Klein, this camera is like, fifty feet away from the scip, I can't see-

Oh. The camera is zooming in. It seems Surveillance is equally as curious. Stand by...

(fascinated)
...oh, holy shit.

KLEIN

(absolutely jazzed about
science)

This is very fucking cool, over.

HARLEY

I mean-

KLEIN

This is also probably very bad
news, over.

Harley readjusts the mic.

HARLEY

What we're seeing down there is
that instead of disappearing, like
they'd usually do, this Dash 1 has
turned into... an *actual* copy of
SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty. Like,
there's a little rift in the floor
now, same shape as the original,
still looks like space inside, but
it's... maybe a foot long? Little
less?

The camera has zoomed back out
now, it looks like it's about 7
inches long compared to the
original's 8 foot height.

Walkie beep.

HARLEY

Dr. Klein, was it thirty two
minutes? Over.

KLEIN

Thirty two minutes and thirty two
seconds exactly, over.

HARLEY

(off walkie)

Huh.

KLEIN

I'd like to go on record and
report that this is fucking wild,
over.

HARLEY

Recorded, over.

KLEIN

Thank you for your compliance with this test, Dr. Harley, you can go back to your reporting. Sorry about the tremor. Now I have to go see about a little baby rift. Over and out.

HARLEY

Over and out.

Harley sighs.

Well. It... it did something! That's a start!

I don't know what it's a start of, exactly, but it's a start of something. A new lead in our research. And that's better than nothing.

Also, apologies for the informality of our live reporting format, Overwatch Command. We have no protocol for how to do this, we're figuring it out as we go.

I don't think I have anything else to report tonight. Supplies are alright for now, morale is a bit low, but we have developments with the scip, and if news of that spreads as quickly as I think it will, that might boost some spirits around here.

Deep down we are people of science, men and women of discovery. In a manner of speaking, all humans are creatures of discovery, of curiosity, of a sometimes unholy wonder. Where would we as a species be without our drive to *know*?

That's all for now, Overwatch Command. This is Dr. Harley at Site-107, over and out.

And to anybody else who might be
listening in, find us alive.

END EPISODE