

FIND US ALIVE EPISODE 02: Dash One

[Clock ticking]

LANCASTER

It's been hard on you, hasn't it?

You can admit it, it's alright.
It's been rough on everybody. I
figured this whole thing might
present different challenges for
you than for- other people.

So why didn't you call Dr.
Chappel?

Are you alright?

You know, you can tell me if
something's wrong. Lots of us are
having a really hard time, you
don't have to try and-

...oh. That's... I think that's
normal, considering everything.
Can you describe it a little?

Alright. When you start feeling
like that, I want you to write it
down for me, if you can. If it's
still happening next week, we can
look at it a little closer.

Yeah, you've said that. But I've
noticed you've been quieter than
usual.

Of course. You're not the only one
who's felt different. Weird mental
health hiccups all over the site.
It's my job, I've been watching
everyone.

You and I both then, I guess.

[Static.]

HARLEY

Additional testing to SCP-6320.
Begin log.

Test subject: D-8379834.
Supervising researcher: Dr.
Masterson, Head of Research.

D-class instructed to approach SCP-6320 Dash B, the smaller replication created by the previous test. Subject expressed significant reluctance to comply. Subject eventually complied under threat of decreased rations by Dr. Masterson.

Director Klein expressed in an earlier statement that D-Class testing will largely decrease under the present circumstances. "We no longer have a virtually unlimited supply of them," Klein says, "If touching it still does the same thing it did on the outside, we'll need to have as few people touching it as we can. In case we need them later."

Dr. Alves, Head of Containment, made a statement following this. Said Dr. Alves, "Dr. Klein has always shown reluctance toward D-Class testing. We must use all the tools we have at our disposal in this emergency. We should not be trapped here for long enough to have a 'later.'"

Dr. Alves has shown some degree of animosity toward Dr. Klein in the wake of Upper Management's

decision to appoint the latter as
Acting Director.

D-Class testing continues as
follows:

D-class approached SCP-6320-B. Dr.
Masterson instructed him to place
his hand on the object. After some
complaints, subject placed his
hand on the object. All previous
testing involving direct contact
with SCP-6320 yielded the same
results; the complete
disappearance of the test subject.
However, upon making contact with
SCP-6320-B, subject-

[Static.]

[Over TV-adjacent static]

RADDAGHER
(slightly muffled)
Level BH-9. Containment wing.
Camera BH-9-5-North-East. Three
o'clock by standard positioning.
Approximately 1.46 meters. 2 East
of Door BH-9-7. Time: 7 minutes 48
seconds.

[Click]

HARLEY
Overwatch Command, this is Dr.
Harley at Site-107. Come in,
Overwatch Command. Over.

[Pause]

You know what's strange about
working here?

Or living here, as is the present
case...

I had a couple friends I used to drink with on the outside. They weren't "friends," really, they were more like "drinking buddies." These two that were regulars at the bar under my apartment building. Sometimes I'd drink with them after work.

One of them thought their house was haunted. She talked about it all the time. She said she felt like she was being watched.

And you know what I realized?

I literally am being watched. All the time. I'm not high up at all, I'm not an important researcher or anything, but the radio booth still has a camera in it. The Foundation has cameras everywhere.

And it's weird for the first couple years after you really get into it. I don't think there are cameras in our dormitories, but honestly? I wouldn't put it past the people that run this place. I've heard about some of the ways they locate prospective anomalies and can't help but think about where they must have stuck a camera in order to see it.

Eventually you get used to it. There's probably some poor bastard at Site-19 who has seen me wipe my ass. Who knows? And who cares? I'm never gonna meet them, it doesn't matter one way or the other.

The real watchers aren't ghosts. Or "the government." It's the

Foundation. We're the real Big Brother, if you think about it.

[Pause, paper shuffles]

I shall now begin my newest segment: Things We Are Running Out Of: with Dr. Harley.

[Dr. Harley clears his throat]

Part One. Food, obviously. Paper and pens. Any and all medication. We've run dreadfully short on common cold medicine after the Security Department all contracted the *same* minor bug, because it turns out that for the past several days they've all been sharing the site's only known 2-liter bottle of Dr. Pepper. Passing it among themselves in secret like prohibition liquor.

Also prescription drugs. We've had to start rationing everything out among individuals. This has been especially difficult for the people still recovering from injuries sustained in the initial shift, when most of the BC2 wing collapsed. Not a lot of morphine around anymore.

Let's see, what else? Oh yeah, SOAP. Shampoo, laundry detergent, disinfectant, glass cleaner, deodorant, toilet paper...

...condoms...

Lots of things. Ran out of alcohol a LONG time ago. We're going to have to get real creative in the

next couple weeks. We've been in here nearly a month, now.

Dr. Lancaster has taken to passing his guitar around during lunch. Don't know how much it's helping, but some people seem to enjoy it. Psychology's last report indicates a pretty substantial spike in suicide ideation among personnel-

[click, static]

RADDAGHER

Something's wrong.

[click]

HARLEY

-not surprising, speaking generally. I've even found my own brain going to some dark places sometimes. It isn't very-

[Another blast of static]

RADDAGHER

Approximately 1.48 meters. 2 East of Door BH-9-7. Time: 16 minutes 15 seconds-

[Click]

[Back to tape-recorder audio of the test]

HARLEY

Upon physical contact with SCP-6320-B, D-class did not vanish as was expected by the Research Department. Instead, when he put his hand on the small replication, D-class reported a sharp pain and a tingling sensation and pulled his hand back.

Dr. Masterson instructed the subject to keep his hand on the object. Subject refused, saying something about how the object had "shocked" him. Dr. Masterson allowed D-class to report to Medical alongside 2 guards. Head of Medical, Dr. Gravett, found no evidence of injury on the subject, save for a darkened mark on the palm of his hand, seemingly under the skin, no scar tissue to speak of. The mark was amorphous with no recognizable shape.

D-class complained of-

[Click]

[Static, keyboard typing, quiet muffled breathing]

[click]

HARLEY

(back to broadcast)

-Botany has a substantial lead on a renewable food source, albeit a small one. With Upper Management's permission, they've collected anything that has the capacity to grow from scraps; potatoes, romaine heads, anything organic where the seeds aren't compromised. It'll be some time before any of that is able to feed a hundred people, but it's better than nothing. Somehow we're missing a good deal of the dry grains from storage. Nobody knows where it's gone. Maintenance is looking into pest control.

If it really comes down to it, having mice or rats around might

not be the worst thing, should we
run out of food completely.

[Pause]

[Clears his throat]

I think Botany is stealing the
grains. I don't have a reason, but
I know it's them. They're sneaky.

If I finally get let into the
Department Head meetings I'll talk
to Dr. Klein about-

[Walkie beeps]

KLEIN

Harley, do you have access to
Maintenance's comm? Over.

HARLEY

Affirmative. Over.

KLEIN

Could you call down and tell them
to check out the hall next to Door
BH-9-7? The one that goes into the
main containment chamber.
Surveillance reported some water
damage. Over.

HARLEY

Water damage? Over.

KLEIN

That's what Haldi said
Surveillance told her. Over.

HARLEY

...Okay, yeah, I'll let them know.
Over.

KLEIN

'Ppreciate it. Over and out.

[Pause for a moment]

HARLEY

Huh. That's weird.

[Comm clicks]

Message for Mr. Hodges, Head of Maintenance. Apparently Surveillance found some water damage next to Door BH-9-7, Klein wanted one of you guys to check it out at your earliest convenience.

[Comm clicks off]

I'm slowly becoming an old-timey switchboard operator, aren't I?

God, I miss Wi-fi.

Engineering is actually working on jerry-rigging our site intranet back up. It certainly would make things a thousand times easier for Research and Records with the testing and everything.

We might even get access to an old backup of the Foundation Database. Research and Containment are keen on that idea, because there's a strong possibility that what we've learned from other dimensional anomalies might give us some insight on how to deal with this one. Dr. Shao from the Ethics Committee has Level 4 clearance, so they might be able to get us into some of the more secured information.

Hell, if we do get access, I might even read it. I'm Level 2, so I

wouldn't have access to most of the entries, but I'm starting to get a little bored and I'm sure it's better than nothing. I've already read most of my own books a couple times.

There's talk about pooling entertainment sources. It's mostly Lancaster's idea, of course. He wants to get a library set up so we can share books and things like DVDs and records. Right now it looks like 90% of the TV content we have is Klein's extensive anime collection. Not really my taste, but better than nothing, I suppose. I'm accepting that I'll soon have encyclopedic knowledge of several pieces of media, including Dragonball Z.

[Click]

RADDAGHER

1.93 meters. 2 East of Door
BH-9-7. Time: 26 minutes 37
seconds. Looks like- looks like-

[Raddagher groans in frustration]

Not like that not like that not
like that not like that. Look at
me. It's wrong.

27 minutes. 3 seconds.

Shit shit shit.

[click]

[Back to Harley's broadcast]

HARLEY

-don't think it's a terribly bad idea, honestly. From what I've seen from Foundation engineers, there's nothing they CAN'T do when several of them put their heads together. The main problem is finding a big enough room. This damn building makes no sense.

[Walkie clicks, static]

[Pause]

HARLEY

Hmm?

This is Security's channel.

[Walkie beeps]

[Walkie beeps again, from Harley's end]

Security, this is Dr. Harley from Communications, I'm getting blips from your channel, I think you're running out of batteries or something? Over.

[Walkie clicks off]

[Walkie clicks, static]

[walkie beeps off]

[Pause]

Huh. Odd.

Oh. Hang on.

Uh... the surveillance office has just put a camera feed on my computer.

[walkie clicks]

Surveillance, my computer has eyes on... a door downstairs, I think? Is this a mistake? Is something going on over there?

[static from the other channel]

(frustrated, under his breath)
God, why don't they ever just talk to me?

Surveillance, this is Harley in Communications, you've remoted one of the security camera feeds to my monitor, please clarify?

...the camera just zoomed in a little. On... what is that, a water stain? Is that the water damage Klein was talking about?

Surveillance, I really don't know what's going on.

[Morse code beeps: .-- .- - -.-. / -
.... . / .-- .- - . -.-. / -.. .- -- .- --.
.]

[Pause]

[Pen clicks. Paper shuffles]

Please repeat, over.

[The morse code repeats. Scratching of Harley writing]

[Pause]

"Watch the water damage?"

[Morse code: -.-.]

That's a confirmation. Okay.

(under his breath)
...How are we getting water
damage? Where's it coming from?

[Silence]

Oh. ...OH.

[Click]

HARLEY
Incident report.

Dr. Harley attempts to reach Acting Site Director Dr. Klein multiple times. Dr. Klein's walkie is unresponsive, later shown to have run out of battery power. Dr. Harley is heard in one-sided communication with the site surveillance office in an attempt to locate Dr. Klein. Eventually, Dr. Harley contacts Dr. Masterson, who alerts Dr. Klein of the situation.

Via the Research Department intercom, Dr. Harley informs Dr. Klein of the possible formation of an instance of SCP-6320 Dash 1 occurring within a water damage stain located approximately 2 meters from Door BH-9-7, the entrance to the main containment chamber of SCP-6320. Dr. Klein confirms the formation to be an instance of SCP-6320 Dash 1 before exiting the hallway.

It is of note that the instance in question began formation approximately twelve meters

outside the object's previously established area of effect.

The Communication office receives the following message:

...-- ----- / -- .. -. /
-..... / -.-.

Translation: "28 min 56 sec."

Security footage shows Dr. Klein entering her quarters for approximately 1 minute before exiting and returning to Containment Wing BH-9. She is holding an unknown object underneath her lab coat.

Dr. Alves' containment team arrives on scene at the request of Dr. Masterson. Containment team begins establishing a perimeter around the affected wall. Research Department personnel are evacuated from the containment chamber and moved beyond the perimeter.

The Communications office receives the following message:

...-- .----- / -- .. -. / ...--
----. / -.-.

Translation: "31 min 39 sec."

Dr. Klein is seen entering hallway BH-9 and approaching the affected wall. Dr. Alves attempts to stop her.

Dr. Klein withdraws her hand from her lab coat and fires at the formation with a flare gun.

[Click, silence]

[Fluorescent light buzzing]

KLEIN

Dr. Beatrix Klein, Acting Site
Director, Clearance Level 6320
Dash 4.

Yes.

Yes.

That is correct.

Dr. Harley from Communications
called me and told me there was a
possible Dash 1 forming in the
hall outside the containment
chamber.

-with a flare gun, yes.

I don't really know, it was sorta
the first thing that came to mind?
I didn't think my regular gun
would quite do it.

I admit, it was rash. But it
worked, didn't it?

Yeah, yeah, "secure, contain,
protect, not destroy destroy
destroy," sure, all that shit,
but-

But I *wasn't* destroying the scip.
I was destroying an *effect* of the
scip. We do that all the time. We
incinerate all kinds of Dash 1's.

No, I don't think that. Last time
we let a Dash 1 complete itself,
it shook the entire building.

Sure, but I'd rather not risk it if it *is* the case. I'm gonna keep my people safe, that's my first priority.

Hey.

[She snaps her fingers a couple times]

Obviously I'm loyal to the Foundation. But the rules are different now. I'm going to break protocol a little bit when I need to. I appreciate the rigid adherence to your job description but my number one focus is *survival*. I'm going to break the rules if it means getting everybody out alive. You want to go back on your decision to put me in charge? Be my guest.

Yeah. I didn't think so.

[Tape recorder clicks off]

HARLEY

Overwatch Command, we learn something new every day. About ourselves, about the inner workings of our organization, about the dimensional rift under our feet.

For example, today we learned that 6320 isn't planning on staying where it's supposed to.

The Dash 1 beside Door BH-9-7 was halted. But it also occurred roughly 25 meters *outside* the radius it isn't supposed to leave. We don't know if this means it could happen anywhere, but at Klein's direction we are now

acting on the assumption that it *could* happen anywhere.

As I'm broadcasting this, the Research Department is currently conducting two more particulate tests inside the containment chamber. Thirty grams of loose sand in two separate arrangements. Three meters from the rift. A couple seconds apart. Dr. Klein has sent out a warning to the site in case we experience another minor tremor, which is expected at this point.

I am holding my coffee mug. I will not lose another one.

Containment is going to have to revise their methods rather severely after this. I have a nagging worry that things are about to get way more stringent around here, especially knowing Dr. Alves. Bit of a hardass, that one. Good at her job, though.

Following this broadcast, I will be meeting with both her and Dr. Kl-

[Deep rumbling. A couple objects rattle on Harley's desk]

...there goes the first one.

How's that quote go? "Once is happenstance, twice is coincidence, three is enemy action?" Who said that?

Ian Fleming.

The third tremor should be happening shortly. I'll give it a minute.

[Pause]

Any second now.

Any-

[Crackling flickering noise as the lights wink out for a moment]

...the lights are out.

[More crackling]

Nope, they're back on. Alright, then. A little different than the tremors. We'll see what Research makes of this.

And with that, I think I'll end this broadcast. For the time being, Site-107 is on high alert. Cracks in spacetime weave themselves together behind our backs. So for now, we watch. We stay focused, stay vigilant. We look out for ourselves, and for each other. The Foundation excels at watching.

This has been Dr. Harley at Site-107. Over and out.

And to anyone listening, find us alive.

END EPISODE

