

FIND US ALIVE EPISODE 40: SURGERY

*Quiet background static fades in and out.*

LANCASTER

Research log number [STATIC].  
Overseen by Dr. [STATIC]  
Masterson. Subjects:  
SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash Three,  
instances A and B.

The following testing is designed to concretely determine the anomalous status of Instance B. Site-107 Research hopes to use the differences in behavior between Instances A and B to ascertain a possible cure for the anomaly's Dash Three effect, and to define a boundary between anomalous and non-anomalous in this case.

As behavior analysis of the subjects has yielded inconclusive results, Upper Management has greenlit the use of more invasive methods of testing under Acting Site Director Alves.

*Click.*

*Communications office ambience, equipment hums.*

*Harley's chair squeaks.*

HARLEY

Approximately three hours ago, Dr. Gravett and the Medical Department began a procedure on Agent Nari Love. They will be using a catheter and a few different medical scanning devices to extract the blood from around Love's brain, and hopefully close the rupture. It is speculated that this process will take several more hours. While it may not technically qualify as important Foundation business, it has had a noticeable impact on morale.

Soon after Agent Love's surgery began, I'm sure you'll be much more interested to hear, Research started invasive testing on Lancaster.

Shit, sorry, I mean "Instance 3B."

Lancaster. And D-1. You know who I'm talking about.

*Harley's chair creaks as he leans back in it.*

HARLEY

Uuuuuuugh, they're going to make me read it all out once it's over..

(throat clear)

Apologies. I'm straying from my professionalism. Forgive me. I will report further details as things develop.

*Harley clicks off his recording equipment and sighs again.*

HARLEY

(heavy sigh)

*Walkie clicks.*

HARLEY

How are you doing over there?

*No response.*

HARLEY

Did you turn your walkie off again?

*No response again.*

HARLEY

(to himself)

Okay. Let's try something else.

*Mechanical keyboard clicking.*

HARLEY

How... are... you... doing?

*Harley clicks the Enter key.*

*Pause.*

*Quiet computer BEEP.*

*Harley types.*

HARLEY

Can... you... turn... your... walkie... on?

*Pause.*

*Another BEEP.*

*Walkie clicks.*

HARLEY

Thank you. I speak faster than I type.

*Pause.*

HARLEY

I think it's good that you're doing this. Maybe it'll help the time pass a little faster.

*BEEP.*

HARLEY

Is anybody up there with you right now?

*Beep.*

HARLEY

You don't *have* to, you know. If you get lonely or bored in there you can always-

*Beep.*

*Another beep.*

HARLEY

Come up there? Right now?

*Beep.*

HARLEY

Okay! Alright. I'll be right up. Give me a moment to- do a- Who am

I kidding? I'm not doing anything important anyway. I'll be there soon.

*Harley's chair squeaks as he gets out of it, clothes rustle as he gets ready to leave.*

*Click.*

#### LANCASTER

Site-107 Research has noticed a significant discrepancy between Instance 3A's behavior and that of Instance 3B. Due to the difference in the anomalous development of both subjects, staff originally attributed these variations to alternate strategies informed by the subjects' human personalities. Instance 3A, formerly D-1, was originally derived from an inmate charged with a multitude of violent crimes, including a triple-homicide. Instance 3B, by contrast, has no record of violent behavior. Research suspected that 3B's apparent mundane behavior while in custody may be a strategy to lure Containment personnel into a false sense of security as a means of escape. But recent events have brought this hypothesis under scrutiny.

Previous testing of the instances included providing both with access to tools they could use to create an instance of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash One, including sand, chalk, and dyed water. Instance 3A took to these items immediately until restrained by Security personnel. Contrarily, Instance 3B, provided with the same array of tools, did not so much as touch a single one, even when left alone in the testing chamber.

An additional test introduced an instance of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash Two into the same testing

chamber as Instances 3A and B.  
Although para-naturally formed  
Dash Two instances have been  
observed hostile to non-anomalous  
humans, they did not display  
hostility toward either Instance  
3A or B.

*Click.*

*Surveillance equipment humming.*

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

HARLEY

Raddagher? Are you still in there?

*Chair creaks, Raddagher crosses the room.*

*Door opens, Raddagher sits back down.*

HARLEY

Can I come in?

*Rustling. The chair rolls back.*

HARLEY

Thanks.

*Harley sits down, chair squeaks.*

*Long pause.*

HARLEY

Why are some of the screens off?

*Objects shift for a moment, Raddagher types  
on a keyboard.*

HARLEY

(quiet)

Oh. Yes. I... wouldn't want to watch  
it either.

*Pause.*

HARLEY

(muttering)

I'll have to read the test log  
anyway, though...

*Raddagher types.*

HARLEY

Yeah, I think he'll be alright. I hope he will. I'm surprised you asked. I thought you still hated him at the moment.

*Typing. Pause as Harley reads.*

HARLEY

Oh. I hope you'll forgive the assumption, then.

*Pause. Raddagher types.*

HARLEY

You mean "what is she doing" with the testing? She's... not, as far as I'm aware. I was under the impression she opted out of overseeing it.

*Typing while he's talking.*

HARLEY

(intrigued, a little excited)  
Oh! She is? Really? That's- It's real? Where? Where is it happening?

*Typing.*

HARLEY

How can you *not* know? You know where *everything* is, you're a wizard at it.

*Typing.*

HARLEY

They cover the cameras? And you haven't told anybody?

*Typing.*

HARLEY

Oh. I suppose it isn't my business either.

*Pause.*

HARLEY

Can you uncover them, though? I really want to see what goes on in there. Does Klein...  
(hushed, secretive, a little excited)  
Does she- you know, participate?

*Typing.*

HARLEY

Ah. Well. I'll ask her later, then.

*Click.*

LANCASTER

Instances of SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash Three have been created by two observed avenues - direct physical contact with the anomaly, and by the formation of an injury into a Dash One instance. It is noted that human blood, like other fluids, acts as a conduit for the anomaly's self-replicating ability. As Site-107's capacity for human experimentation is still extremely limited, further investigation into this as a possible source of Dash Three instances is pending.

Test one. D-2 chosen as control subject. All subjects restrained. Local anesthesia applied to the forearm. Small incisions made into the inner wrists of each subject. Medical personnel on standby. Blood from all wounds collected and observed by Research personnel for one hour. Blood from subjects 3A and 3B showed no anomalous behavior. Blood collected from subject D-2 began formation of a Dash One instance after sixteen minutes. Incomplete Dash One instance dispelled by staff.

The inflicted injuries were likewise observed for one hour. Control subject D-2, although

numbed by local anesthesia, reported a slight sensation at the location of the injury. Staff observed anomalous expansion and branching of the incision, which was promptly halted by cauterization.

No anomalous movement detected in the injuries of subjects 3A and 3B.

*Static fades in and out.*

KLEIN

Personal log, Beatrix Klein.

Shouldn't have let that thing stick around this long. But ya can't exactly blame us, right? It's not like we've got- a TON of free time to handle it, have we?

If anybody had reminded Alves, it would have been Raddagher. But she wasn't gonna do that. Kinda woulda thought she'd go destroy it herself, but maybe that would remind her too much about Love...

Anyway, the anamorphic Dash One in Lancaster's office. The one Lanc managed to put up without any of us noticing. The one that flooded the site a while back. Feels kinda stupid that none of us knew he was doing it. He was real cagey and everything, but God. Maybe I shoulda just forced him to talk. If I had known.

Hindsight's 20-whatever.

I'm gonna go take care of it. I gotta find something to do right now or I'm gonna go crazy.

*Click.*

*Surveillance office ambience.*

*Long pause.*



HARLEY

So here we sit. Bathed in the blue-gray light of the surveillance monitors, accompanied by the orchestra of the technology around us. The breath of man's progress. Our conquest over science. I look at my phone in my hand, and I wonder to myself, what happens to people's phone bills when they die? What is going to happen to *mine*, if they ever find out I'm not really dead? Outside of here, we have access to nearly all our species' knowledge, right at our fingertips.

And what do we do with it? I miss the internet, but I don't. I yearn for the ease, the connection, but *moreso*, I yearn for the sun.

*Raddagher starts typing as he's talking.*

HARLEY

The sky. Air cleaned by the green on the earth, not by a machine. I think of the-

Yes, Raddagher, I *am* very weird. None will deny this simple fact of the universe.

*Pause.*

HARLEY

Sorry about that. I think so much and most of the time it barely seems useful at all.

*Silence for a moment.*

HARLEY

And I'm sorry. About all of this.

*Long pause, before brief typing.*

HARLEY

(sad chuckle)

I'm tired, too. It feels like we've been going nonstop since the last reset. I'm exhausted.

*Typing.*

HARLEY

(sigh)  
Neither do I. But I trust Gravett. Er- I want to. God knows she still terrifies me. But she knows what she's doing. So we don't have to talk about that yet. It can wait until we know for certain.

*Typing.*

HARLEY

I miss her, too. I miss all of them.

*Click.*

*Lancaster's clock ticks. Air conditioning whirs.*

*Klein signs.*

KLEIN

You're lucky we've all been so preoccupied.

*Large Dash One buzzes in the background.*

KLEIN

Don't look at me like that. You knew I'd have to kill you eventually. Fuck, I forgot how BIG you were...

*Pause.*

KLEIN

(muttering)

God, Lanc, you sure made a mess when you lost it...

*Pause.*

*Backpack unzips.*

KLEIN

Well, time to go, Dash One. Adios.  
Let's see if I can do this without  
setting anything on fire-

*Blow torch fires, buzzing stops.*

KLEIN

Boom. Like it was never there.

*Pause.*

KLEIN

And you, Mr. Blowtorch, are going  
back to the lab. I have a previous  
engagement, and I don't think  
you'll be welcome around that much  
violence and alcohol.

*Click.*

LANCASTER

Subject 3B has remained largely  
cooperative throughout the  
duration of the tests.

Site-107 Research personnel face  
an understandable level of  
trepidation in regards to  
experimentation on Subject 3B, due  
to its former status as a member  
of Foundation staff. In ordinary  
circumstances, a team without this  
level of familiarity and personal  
connection would be chosen to  
conduct the experiments. But as  
with most things, Site-107 does  
not have staff to spare.

Throughout initial invasive  
testing, Subject 3B spoke very  
little, occasionally asking  
Research personnel the purpose of  
each test. Various members of  
Research made a few attempts at  
general conversation with Subject  
3B, but the subject seemed overall  
unreceptive. Subject 3B's attitude  
changed significantly when the  
topic of conversation turned to  
the status of Agent Nari Love's  
current medical condition.

*Static fades in and out.*

*Silence in the surveillance office.*

HARLEY

If I were you I might be worried about missing Dash Ones in all those rooms where the cameras are off.

*Pause for a while before-*

*Typing.*

HARLEY

No. I'm technically off hours, first of all. But I don't have anything to report anyway. I'm not even reporting at all, really. Nobody's listening. I know that. And I think even if they were, nobody cares enough about this site to try getting us out.

*Pause. Typing.*

HARLEY

(sad chuckle)

Yeah. Fuck them.

*Silence for a while.*

*Typing.*

HARLEY

(quiet, uncomfortable)

I'll be honest, I'm trying not to think about it.

*Typing.*

HARLEY

Well, Klein said they were going to "torture" him. I don't know what that entails. Can we talk about something else?

*Typing.*

*Pause.*

HARLEY

(upbeat, optimistic)  
...Let's go get him, then.

*Pause.*

*Typing.*

HARLEY  
(chuckling)  
Not *Lancaster*, Dumptruck! You said yourself, he's not being actively guarded. They probably don't even have his security level set that high, it's not like he can escape. **Alves** is distracted with the testing, so is Research. Klein is- going to the fight club, half of the cameras are out. I'm sure we could sneak him out of there, even if it was only for a few hours.

*Typing.*

HARLEY  
Raddagher, you ARE Security. I think most of them will be on your side. Did you give Halldi's card back yet?

*Rustling, Raddagher shakes her head.*

HARLEY  
So it won't be a problem to get in! Besides, Dumptruck is harmless. The worst they can do is put him back in containment.

*Pause.*

HARLEY  
(quieter, gentler)  
And I'm sure he'll be happy to see Love when she's out of surgery, too.

*Another pause.*

*Chair squeaks, Raddagher grabs a key ring off the table.*

HARLEY

That's what I'm talking about.

*Click.*

LANCASTER

(experiment log)

Following the testing on blood and injury sites, Subjects 3A and D-2 were released back to their normal accommodations after being cleared by Medical staff. Because 3A's urges to create Dash One instances are seemingly constant, participation in the final test was deemed redundant. Subject 3B was the only participant.

*Behind Lancaster's test log, we hear Harley and Raddagher's footsteps echoing in the hall. They're quieter, as though in the background.*

HARLEY

(hushed, slightly out of breath)

Christ, Raddagher, slow down! How do you walk that fast? Your legs are so long-

LANCASTER

Subject 3B was restrained to a chair in the testing chamber. Due to the unpredictability and potential danger of the situation, all Research staff watched the procedure from the observation booth. The test was conducted by Acting Head of Security Officer Haldi, accompanied by Officers Rojas and Nguyen.

HARLEY

(stage-whisper)

Nobody's looking, the coast is clear! Hey, how'd you get Haldi's card in the first place?

RADDAGHER

SSSHHHH!

HARLEY

(quieter)

Sorry!

LANCASTER

The goal of the final test was to induce enough physical stress to force a reaction consistent with the Dash Three behavior of Subject 3A, or else prove a lack of such behaviors entirely.

HARLEY

Hey, do you know which chamber they're doing Lancaster's test in?

LANCASTER

Of all possible methods, Research, together with the Medical and Psychology departments, decided on use of Security's standard issue tasers for the test, due to the comparatively lower risk of long term physical and psychological damage to the subject.

HARLEY

(dreadful, "uh oh")

It was one of the sound-proof ones, wasn't it?

LANCASTER

Subject 3B was fully cooperative with staff during this process.

*Click.*

*Silence in the Surveillance office.*

*It lasts a long time.*

HARLEY

(barely audible, harrowed)

We should have gone earlier.

*Harley takes a drink.*

*Dumptruck's feet stick to the floor.*

HARLEY

(haggard sigh)

Jesus Christ. I'm never going to be able to un-hear that scream.

*Typing.*

HARLEY

Yeah. I hope so, too.

*Pause.*

HARLEY

Klein told me he's doing it so he can visit Love, when she gets out of surgery...

*Raddagher picks up Dumptruck.*

HARLEY

I think people are wrong, when they say humans are selfish by nature. Maybe we are a little. But it must balance out, otherwise we wouldn't do things like this.

*No response.*

HARLEY

Then again, I can't think of a time I've ever done something like that for someone I love.

*Pause.*

HARLEY

Look at you. You slept in the hall, waiting for her door to open. Lancaster volunteered to be tortured to see her. And I- I've just been avoiding it entirely. That must say something about me, I'm sure.

Maybe I'm a coward.

Lancaster would fight through anything. And I'm here, drinking and pretending I don't see any of it.

I never had any grandparents when I was growing up. One of them died before I was born, two of them when I was too young to really remember. My mothers didn't speak to the last one. I don't know if



saying this is perverse, somehow,  
but maybe if they had lived longer  
I wouldn't be so afraid of death.

But I don't know. I don't know if  
I'm afraid of dying, anymore.  
Maybe I'm more afraid of being  
left behind.

RADDAGHER  
My mom died.

*Long pause.*

HARLEY  
(walking on eggshells)  
I'm sorry.

RADDAGHER  
I was seventeen.

HARLEY  
So you just had her and-

RADDAGHER  
No dad. Never knew him.  
It was just us.

*Fabric rustling. Raddagher takes her mask  
off.*

HARLEY  
(cautious)  
What happened?

RADDAGHER  
Sepsis.

*Long pause.*

HARLEY  
I'm so sorry.

RADDAGHER  
Mm.

HARLEY  
Why are you telling me this?

*Pause. Fabric rustles as Raddagher shrugs.*

RADDAGHER

You're not a coward.

*Long pause.*

*Notification from Harley's phone.*

*Harley's chair shifts.*

HARLEY

They're done.

RADDAGHER

Which?

HARLEY

Both.

*Brief pause, before both scramble with their stuff. The door swings open.*

*Static fades in and slowly fades out.*

*Medical equipment hums.*

HARLEY

(hushed)

Are you okay?

*Raddagher makes a muffled noise.*

HARLEY

Do you want us to leave you alone?

RADDAGHER

No.

HARLEY

Okay. I'll stay right here.  
They'll bring her out soon.

*Fabric rustles.*

HARLEY

What happened to you?

KLEIN

(hushed)

Somebody threw a bottle.

HARLEY

Where? Why?

KLEIN  
("I don't know" sound)

RADDAGHER  
When?

HARLEY  
In a minute. They're just  
finishing up.

*Pause.*

HARLEY  
You okay?

KLEIN  
I'm alright-

*Door opens. Footsteps shuffle.*

*Silence as the door closes again.*

LANCASTER  
...Is she alive?

HARLEY  
(surprised)  
Uh- yeah! Yeah, they said it was  
as successful as it could have  
been.

KLEIN  
She's still in a coma.

HARLEY  
Yeah, she's not- er, awake.

*Quiet as Lancaster crosses the room and  
drops into a chair.*

HARLEY  
Is that it, then? You're out?

LANCASTER  
I'm out.

HARLEY  
...Did they-

LANCASTER  
I don't want to talk about it.

*Silence for a long time.*

END EPISODE