

FIND US ALIVE EPISODE 07: INCIDENT B

[Static]

[Click]

[Harley pours something into a glass, takes a drink (noisily) and heaves a prolonged sigh (exhaustedly)]

HARLEY

Hey. So I cannot emphasize this enough.

[sounds of Harley chugging his drink]

It's been a long day.

Let's try this again.

Come in, Overwatch Command, this is Site-107, over.

My broken mug is back. No scorch marks on the floor in my office, nor in the hall outside. No giant dead spider monster, no giant dead plant monster. All the fire extinguishers are back where they are meant to be, clean and unused.

There's no evidence of the fire at all, because for all intents and purposes... it never actually happened.

The Blackout, the monsters, and the fire, all things that only may-or-may-not have been real, are now being classified as "Incident SixtyThreeTwenty Dash B."

And shortly following Incident B, I blinked, and went from standing in the middle of a blazing inferno to sitting at my desk, wearing different clothes, my equipment in my hands... so fast I couldn't even see it happen. Time completely rewinding, or something like it.

And we're calling *that* "The
Reset."

[Alarm blaring, deep earth rumbling]

HARLEY

Klein! Come in! What just
happened, where are you?! What's
going on?!

[Static]

[Alarms continue, muffled]

LANCASTER

Dammit, not again!

[noises of exertion as Lancaster tries to
force the door open]

LANCASTER

No no no, *dammit!*

[Lancaster pounds on the door]

LANCASTER

Hey! Somebody's in here, help!

[static]

[Muffled alarm, server humming]

[walkie beeps]

RADDAGHER

Harley-

[Loud rubble crashing nearby]

[Morse Code: ... --- ...]

[Static]

[Alarms blare loudly through the hall]

LOVE

You! Hey, you! Have you seen...
shit- the radio guy and the
shrink? HEY! I WAS TALKING TO YOU!
WHY WON'T ANYONE TELL ME WHAT'S
HAPPENING?!

[Static]

[walkie beeps]

KLEIN
(strained)
I- I need Medical-

[Click]

HARLEY
Dr. Edmund Harley, Head o- oh.
Communications Officer. Level 2.

Post-incident psychological
report.

The last time I did one of these
was... almost exactly a month ago.
Thirty-two, er, thirty three days.

Wow. It feels soooooo much *longer*
than that.

Anyway, I'm doing alright, Miss
Rivera, who is listening to this.
You know me, I'm always great! My
job is essentially worthless at
this point, but that's what I get
for getting a doctorate in
Cryptology, right?

(wry laugh)
Anyway, yeah, I kinda just stayed
under my desk until the shaking
stopped like I did for the last
one. I was scared there would be
another collapse, and my desk is...
at least a *little bit* sturdy.

...then again, I bet that's what
some of the people in the BC-2
offices thought the FIRST time it
collapsed, too...

[Pause]

Also I feel weird, saying it out
loud? It's... I'm not a coward. I
just think I would have hindered
more than helped. I did try to go
and help dig some people back out

after the tremors stopped, but... I don't exactly have the skill set to handle...

(forced, uncomfortable laugh)
Well, to handle anything, really!

All my records got erased back to day 1, so I guess I'm just talking to an uncaring void now! Which is cool! Happy to be the Foundation's dead weight!

I'm joking, of course. I can promise you I'm fine.

So I have no recordings, I have no notes, I have no spider in my office. I've got a lot of blank tape, so I can-

...so I can go fuck myself-

I can... start over.

Other things worth mentioning, uh-h- oh! Not getting withdrawal headaches anymore, courtesy of all our alcohol stock rewinding. That's good!

And... that's that. I'm doing fine, don't put me too high on the priority list. I can always just talk my feelings out into the empty vacuum of nonexistence like I do every day. That's the main thing I'm good at after all, right?

(another awkward laugh)

Okay, I'm done. End log, enjoy my rambling.

[Static, Click]

[Clock Ticking]

LANCASTER

Dr. Orion Lancaster, Head of Psychology, Clearance Level 2. Log submitted for Post-Incident psychological evaluation.

Gotta be- gotta lead by example,
you know?

Things were, um, things were going
okay. Prior to Incident B, I mean.
I lost all my notes since the
shift, so, that sucks, but- I can
redo them. It'll be okay.

I think I'm-

(changes subject)

Research and Records are getting
the worst of this. Records
especially, I'm already- I'm
starting to prepare for the, uh,
the inevitable mental breakdowns
that are gonna happen over there.
They do NOT like- their systems
getting messed with.

Botany had to repot some stuff,
but the- they didn't actually lose
any of their progress, so, good
news there.

Um, Engineering is adaptive, so
they're fine, Maintenance too. I
have a couple folks from Security
as my patients, and you can- you
know how that's gonna go. Lots of,
uh... yeah.

I'm kind of worried about...

[Pause]

Upper Management handled it kinda
well though, after the fact. They
had- they got everyone together
and on the same page, Klein is
doing a pretty good job.

They did veto my morale-boosting
idea, but I- I'll do some more
work on it, I'll get there.

Because God, we really need that.
We really need to- we need
something more to help everyone.
Team bonding.

I just wish I could-

[Pause]

I have a few ideas for new things-
some new ways to help out some of
my patients. Nothing uh, nothing
cemented yet, but I have a few
things written down-

(realizes)

Oh, no I don't, actually. That's
okay, I can remember it.

And we're all going to have to
get- to do some pretty heavy
lifting for those of us who were
reset under the rubble, that's
gonna be... that's gonna be
something to deal with. BC-2
collapsed again like it did during
the FIRST shift...

(chuckling)

And hell, there's gonna be some
stuff to work through, especially
considering how long it took them
to dig ME back out...

[Long pause]

Sorry, um...

Yeah. Um, new ideas for patients,
maybe for department-specific
issues. I also might try seeing-
might try getting some more of the
field agents to come in. Because I
dunno, we all need some extra
help, we're all- we're all in this
together.

We should meet about my morale
idea, though. Just Psych, I mean,
just the five of us. I want to
know what you guys think.

And- I kinda want to-

Uh, nevermind. Unrelated. That's
it! End log.

[Click]

[Servers humming]

[Raddagher takes a breath]

RADDAGHER

Surveillance Officer Raddagher,
Level 2.

Psych eval.

[Deep inhale]

I don't want to talk. I don't want
to do this.

You've heard. Monsters, fire,
missing finger. Time restarting.

Still just me. Watched the whole
thing again. Camera BC-2 North
West never went offline.

People won't leave me alone. I
want people to leave me alone.

[Pause]

Why- why won't you leave me alone?

I don't want to talk to you. I
don't want to talk. You already
know what happened. I don't-

[Pause]

[Raddagher growls and starts typing on a
keyboard]

[Typing gets increasingly angrier until
she's practically hammering the keys]

[Raddagher pounds her hand on the table and
sweeps the keyboard aside, knocking over
several items]

[She groans angrily, muffled into her
clothes]

LOVE

uuuuuuuuugh WHATEVER.

Hi, Doctor Whoever the fuck, or non-doctor, some of us only get a fucking INTERN- don't show this to your leader. I forgot his name, he hangs out with the radio guy. He's already talked to me and he's annoying.

And these are MANDATORY so I GUESS I have to DO IT. AGAIN. Even though I ALREADY DID ONE LAST MONTH.

Nari Love, Level 2, field agent or something. Whatever job they want to say I'm doing. They're trying to see if any of us have gone crazy. Breaking news, shrinks, we're all crazy or none of us would be here.

I did FINE, by the way. I handled the blackout like a champ like I always do. I was out on the frontline fighting that flaming tree monster, so you're welcome. At least *some of us* were actually doing something for once.

Yeah, I actually did something about it. Which is more than a lot of you can say. I went out of my way to actually help with things. Because I'm a decent person.

Oh yeah, and Medical was zip-tying people to chairs?! Why are they all so fast?! Why are they all so good at hand combat?! If the blackout had gone on any longer I bet Gravett would have had them kill-

She wouldn't hear these, right? Are Psychology and Medical connected? If they are, please don't show-

Actually no, I changed my mind. I don't care. You can tell her if you want. She already hates

everyone, what difference could it make?

I'm fine, okay? I don't need a shrink. I didn't need one then, and I don't need one now. I'm doing PERFECTLY FINE on my own.

I barely had any stuff to get "reset" anyway. There's nothing here I care about. It didn't affect me. Sucks for everybody else, but not for me. I'm fucking self-sufficient. I don't need any of you. I'll work out my own shit just like everybody in the world who ISN'T trapped in a box with a bunch of nosy dweebs.

Everybody here sucks.

[Beat]

...I hate it in here. I miss my neighbor's dogs. And the sky.

And fresh air.

But fuck it, I don't need your help. And I'm not going to therapy.

[Click]

[Fluorescent lights humming]

KLEIN
(clinical)
Acting Site Director Beatrix
Klein, Clearance Level
SixtyThreeTwenty Dash 4.

Submitted for post-incident
psychological evaluation.

As of today, we have not yet
learned what caused the blackout.
Or the monst- the instances of
SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty Dash Two. Or
what caused the "Reset."

I take responsibility for my loss of control of the site. I am fairly certain the fault can be attributed to my own lack of proper oversight of what was going on in my site. I don't really know what-

I am still adjusting as well.

(lapse in clinical)

And hell, Shao is letting me keep my job, so...

(back to clinical)

Ahem. Sorry.

I am well aware that I will eventually run out of second chances. I am determined to find the source of the events and, if we can't stop them, find a way to keep them from hurting anyone.

And I didn't lose anybody.

This time I didn't lose anybody. That has to count for something, right? I didn't COMPLETELY screw the pooch.

Excuse me, I keep slipping. Sorry about that.

(clears throat)

We held another All-Call following Incident B, and the staff were much less resistant to calling a truce than I expected. It seems everyone agrees that the Blackout was... God, there isn't a word for this- it was a huge clusterfuck that nobody wants to repeat.

The compromise that Upper Management would not punish anyone if all personnel could agree to absolutely not do anything like that again. Which worked, surprisingly.

I am going to put better parameters in place to keep control of my staff and the

D-Class. Another streak of anarchy like that one could break us. I was put in charge, and now I have to prove myself worthy of this position. It's what the new site leadership deserves. I want to be dependable. I want to be worth this.

[Pause]

And now, Chappel, I am invoking my doctor-patient confidentiality for the remainder of this recording.

(completely dropping the tone)

Because I need to admit to at least SOMEBODY that I totally fucking blew it so hard and I have no idea what I'm doing and I'm very scared.

[Click, Harley's broadcast]

HARLEY

Overwatch Command, it appears Site-107 has not kicked it quite yet. Despite SCP-SixtyThreeTwenty's best attempts to... digest us.

Nobody died, but some people did get injured, either in scuffles during the blackout, or by being teleported back to where they were when the shift happened. Which in some cases was... underneath the BC-2 collapse.

It could have been a lot worse. With the power back on when we reset, Klein got to the all-site comm and enlisted us all to help dig people out. Chaotic, sure. But everybody lived.

KLEIN

I would be lying if I tried to take any credit for the fact that we didn't lose anybody.

I need to figure out a way to keep my records from disappearing.

KLEIN

Okay. Alright. No. I'm... I'm gonna do better this time.

They're all going to be okay this time. I'm going to... I dunno. I'm gonna do something. It won't happen again.

HARLEY

Maybe it's pointless for me to keep doing this.

(under his breath)

Maybe it's pointless for me to do anything?

I think it's just... routine at this point? Something comforting.

Normal.

(chuckle)

Normal.

"Normal" is essentially meaningless. Everything is weird. Even the "outside world" is weird.

LOVE

But this all just means that I'm just as much of a freak as every other loser in here, huh?

I'm nothing but another idiot who got duped into working for the world's shittiest human experimentation company.

I'm not even supposed to be here. I'm barely qualified to be doing any of this shit yet. I'm not even DONE with my-

[Harley's broadcast]

HARLEY

Everything feels... suspended. Like as much as everything has changed, we're right on the edge of it all

being... completely different all
over again.

[Switching between all the character's logs]

LANCASTER

O-okay. I just- I only need to get
my thoughts in order. I should- I
need to prioritize who I need to
help first. I need to make a list-
well, we're out of paper. WAIT NO
WE'RE NOT OUT OF PAPER-

HARLEY

I'm going to have to invent an
entire meaning for myself.

(musing)

...What if the Reset had erased my
entire past? I could be a new
person entirely. Anybody I wanted.

Not like anybody in here cares
about anything like that. So maybe
I can just do it anyway...

LOVE

You know what? Fuck this place.
Fuck this place, fuck the
Foundation. I'm clawing my way out
of here with my bare hands and I'm
going to see my neighbor's dogs.

Put me on a mobile task force with
dogs. That's the only way they'll
keep me here.

[Raddagher takes several deep breaths,
composing herself]

HARLEY

...yeah. I think we're... gonna
power through.

Up to us to find a new way to
define "normal."

Could be kinda fun, if you're
optimistic. Will certainly be an
adventure, at least. Even if it's
the last one we get.

And as for you, oh Vast
Neverending Void, Overwatch
Command, or possibly nobody at
all, we could still use a hand.
Updates to follow in the very near
future. Updates on our findings,
our feuds, and our failures. Stay
tuned, everyone and no-one. Keep
an ear out for Site-107.

And if possible, find us alive.