

## TRANSCRIPT OF MEETING [LOOSE RECOVERY]

*(Goode enters Graham's office, who is standing facing a wall-mounted cross-section of Site-17.)*

Graham: You need to get her under control.

Goode: SCP-953?

Graham: No, not exactly. Your chief scientist.

Goode: Her? She's a brat. She can hardly even spe—

*(Graham turns around towards Goode.)*

Goode: I have it on my plate.

Graham: I hear that you slapped her.

Goode: No. No, of course not. It was more of a nudge.

Graham: Never put your hands on a co-worker, Elliot. Especially not when there is a crowd watching.

Goode: I really don't see what's the big deal. Did one of those imbeciles lodge a complaint?

Graham: No. No one did.

Goode: Then what's the problem? You said get her under control.

*(Graham looks back at the Site-17 map.)*

Graham: Do you remember when Charles Gears was Site Director?

Goode: Not really.

Graham: Site-17 was quite different back then. It was lively. Everyone did their jobs as requested. We were free to do whatever we wanted. Near bottomless funding and we had the opportunity to study all the magical people we had in confinement. But it was flawed.

Rules and regulations were hardly followed, treated more like guidelines or recommendations. The top brass of the site were brutish, brash, brazen. They set fires to things. Containment breaches occurred because someone was bored. Punishments were hardly ever anything more than a slap on the wrist. It was festooned with nepotism and favouritism.

*(He puts a hand onto the Site-17 map.)*

Graham: Brutes and barbarians... but not anymore. No, we're men and women of science. We're men and women of the *Foundation*. We won't ever have to experience Dr. Clef crashing a helicopter into the Site to kill a child. We won't ever have to experience Dr. Kondraki getting into a fistfight with an intruder in a hallway. We can be much better now.

*(Graham steps back and faces Goode again.)*

Graham: When I was appointed this position by O5-3, he expressly told me that I was to ensure that this facility remained *quiet* and *efficient*. This...

*(He gesticulates his hands towards Goode's direction.)*

Graham: ...is neither of those. Lockjaw... is neither of those.

Goode: That's not really my fault, though, is it? Santos is a whiney know-it-all. She's always the loudest person in the room.

Graham: However, the methods that you apply are not appropriate. It's brutish, barbaric. What you need to do is to make them understand *this*.

*(Graham points at the Site-17 map in its entirety.)*

Graham: That's what this United Front initiative is for. They must feel like they are a part of something greater.

Goode: I'm not a preacher, Director. I can't make people have faith in something like that at the snap of a finger.

Graham: You're conflating faith with solidarity. Everyone in this facility needs to understand that we are all working towards a common goal. *Everyone*, including the SCPs in containment. Your job is to make sure that the Lockjaw team understands that. But not only that, you need to make sure that *it* knows as well.

Goode: That's impossible. That thing has hardly any reason to like us.

Graham: You don't need to like someone to be cooperative with them.

Goode: You can say that again.

*(A pause. Graham remains silent for several seconds.)*

Goode: What I meant was—

*(Graham picks up a marker from his desk and walks towards the Site-17 map. He draws a circle over one of the Site's wings.)*

Graham: This is Lockjaw. This is you.

*(He continues to draw a series of additional circles scattered across several other sections of the map, naming them as he goes.)*

Graham: Black Hedge. Gemini. Foster Front. Juliett. Hex Prism. *Jailbreaker*. Voyager. Do you recognise any of these names?

Goode: No. Am I supposed to?

Graham: Do you have any idea on why these are unrecognisable to you?

Goode: I find this to be very patronising—

Graham: This entire map is my area. This is all the people that I need to manage.

*(He touches a finger to the Lockjaw circle, smaller than the rest.)*

Graham: This is your area.

Goode: I—

Graham: You're an Assistant Director. Start acting like one.