



SCP-4601: "THE REDD MENACE:

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### **Content Warnings**

Vehicle accidents, fire, comedic references to harm to loved ones.

**NOTES:**

Suggested by Skipper on Spotify.

This one's very silly and very fun. Feel free to camp it up.

Tweaks to the original-

Narration of video logs has been cut down in favor of adding more dialogue and sound design.

Some of the characters have been combined for brevity.

## SC.1 INTRODUCTION

## NARRATOR

**Item number:** SCP-4601

**Object Class:** Euclid

**Special Containment Procedures:**

Containment efforts are focused on limiting knowledge of SCP-4601's existence from the general public.

Current objectives of containment are to guide SCP-4601 away from densely populated areas with controlled fires in designated locations secluded from public view.

Any witnesses to SCP-4601's anomalous behavior are to be administered amnestics appropriate to degree of exposure.

**Note:** These Procedures are scheduled to be updated, pending full assessment of the results of Operation B. See Addendum 4601-3.

**Description:** SCP-4601 is an American-manufactured quint fire engine.

Barring minor cosmetic damage deep gouges in paint, minor dents and scrapes on front and rear bumpers, a pronounced scratch on the surface of the left windshield, etcetera SCP-4601 is in good operating condition and bears no significant physical differences from similar firefighting vehicles.

SCP-4601 displays sapient behavior. It is capable of complete autonomous operation, both vehicular and of attached firefighting apparatus. It is also able to speak, which it does in a gruff masculine tone. Primary behavior consists of driving circuitously around the streets of New York until it locates an actively burning fire.

(MORE)

## NARRATOR (cont'd)

Upon locating any instance of an open flame, SCP-4601 will aggressively douse the source of the fire with water from an inbuilt deluge gun. 1. SCP-4601 makes no distinction between controlled burning or legitimate fire emergencies.

SC 2. GORDON RAMSAY EAT YOUR HEART OUT

NARRATOR

Addendum 4601-1: Initial Discovery

SCP-4601 came to the Foundation's attention on the evening of October 24, 2009; following an incident which took place on the set of **REDACTED SHOW**, a competitive cooking-based television program. During the taping of an episode, SCP-4601 appeared and caused a public disturbance along with major property damage. Camera footage recovered from the set recorded the entire incident.

Video Log: October 24 2009. 12PM.

Begin Log.

SFX- Gordon Ramsay type cooking show, flurries of activity.

HOST

Thirty minutes left on the clock and Team Blue is already on dessert! Have you lost your bearings; are you new!?

RED CHEF B

No, boss!

HOST

Then get your ass in gear! I want those pork chops out on the double!

RED CHEF B

Yes, boss!

HOST

What's going on over here?  
Chef! Several of these chops look undercooked.

RED CHEF A

Sorry, boss! I'm trying my best, boss!

HOST  
Stop with the pity and ... wait a sec

SFX- Meat squish as the host examines the meat again, touching every piece with his hands. The host frowns and turns to Chef A.

HOST (cont'd)  
(yelling)  
They're raw! All of these are fucking raw!

RED CHEF A  
I'm terribly sorry, boss! I'm trying to get these dishes up on time but there's too-

HOST  
I don't want excuses! I want results! What is going on, chef? Have you suddenly forgot how to cook or have-

SFX- One of the other chef's oven's catches fire

HOST (cont'd)  
For fucks sake. Someone put that out, this meal is bad enough without being charred into ash-

SFX- SCP-4601 suddenly crashes through the studio wall towards the rear of the set. Cast and crew members flee from the area.

RED CHEF A  
Whuh?

RED CHEF B  
Oh shit!

SCP-4601  
Looks like this joint just got drive-thru service! Damn, that's gonna leave a mark.

HOST

Where the hell did that come from!?  
This ain't part of the show! Is that  
a fire truck?

BLUE CHEF

Look, it's moving!

SFX- SCP-4601 turns its wheels and maneuvers itself in the rubble. The truck's hose waves in the air.

SCP-4601

You folks just stay out of the way;  
it'll all be over soon enough. I've  
got unfinished business with this  
hot-headed bastard here!

SFX- SCP-4601 points the nozzle of the hose toward the stovetop of a cooking station. Flames are coming from the burner.

SCP-4601 (cont'd)

I don't blame ya for cowering, but we  
both know that I can't just let you  
go.

HOST

Everyone! Leave the building!  
Somebody call 911!

RED CHEF B

Hello, emergency services? This is-  
AH!

(Shouts as he's  
knocked over)

NARRATOR

Red Chef B attempts to use his  
cellphone. SCP-4601 directs a stream  
of water from the hose at him; the  
civilian is knocked over and drops  
the phone.

SCP-4601

Ah-ah-ah! Nobody likes a tattletale.  
(MORE)

SCP-4601 (cont'd)  
(SCP-4601 returns its  
attention to the  
stove.)

You've got one chance here, and I  
don't ask twice. So give it up  
Where is Mr. Burns? How do I find  
him!

SFX- The fire crackles

BLUE CHEF  
What the fuck?

Sfx- fire continues to crackle.

SCP-4601  
Alright, have it your way. I'm done  
with grilling you for answers ... and  
you're just plain done grilling.

NARRATOR  
SCP-4601 sprays pressurized water on  
all the stoves. The rest of the  
civilians flee from the set.  
Splashing water knocks over the  
camera recording the footage;  
transmission ends.

SFX- VIDEO ENDS

NARRATOR (cont'd)  
End Log.

Agents from Mobile Task Force Pi-1  
"City Slickers" responded to the  
incident; however, SCP-4601 had  
already left the scene and could not  
be located in the area. All witnesses  
were amnesticised and a cover story  
involving a drunk driver was  
fabricated to account for structural  
damages.



## SC 3. IT'S TRUCKIN TIME

**Addendum 2- Follow-up Investigations**

NARRATOR

A number of 911 Emergency Dispatch calls over the following hours were resolved under irregular circumstances. Firefighting crews attending active fire calls reported that, upon arriving on-scene, the fires were already extinguished. No other firehouses were found to have dispatched any response to the calls in question.

Analysing the locations of these incidents, MTF Pi-1 was able to establish an approximate boundary for the ongoing SCP-4601 activity. A plan was enacted to draw SCP-4601 into contact. A trashfire was set in a discreet alleyway near the central point of SCP-4601 activity. Agent Rodney was designated to interact with SCP-4601 and attempt to elicit as much information as possible.

Operation Log A- October 26th 2009,  
6PM.

Begin Log.

SFX- Video begins. An alleyway with a trash fire. A firetruck's siren whoops erratically. SCP-4601 approaches the fire.

AGENT RODNEY

(Over the radio,  
quiet)

Command, it's approaching. Going to  
stay concealed.

SCP-4601

Well well, at least this blaze knows  
its place- in the damn trash! Scum.

SFX- SCP-4601 maneuvers its hose toward the trash can.

SCP-4601 (cont'd)  
I've been tracking down so many  
fires, and yet the trail's getting  
colder than ever. Well listen up,  
candle-jackass, this is your one  
chance. Give up the rest of the  
Inferno Gang, and I just might take  
it easy on you.

Sfx- flame crackles

SCP-4601 (cont'd)  
Yeah, well you aren't the first one  
to try that line on me. If I don't  
hear a lead on Big Burns in the next  
ten seconds, I'm gonna put you out of  
your stinking misery.

AGENT RODNEY  
I have an idea.

COMMAND  
What?

AGENT RODNEY  
Just trust me.

SFX- He leaps from an alcove with a fire extinguisher.

AGENT RODNEY (cont'd)  
Gotcha!

SCP-4601  
Huh? Citizen, what are you-

SFX- Agent Rodney sprays the fire extinguisher into the  
trashcan until the flames are put out. Agent Rodney places  
the fire extinguisher on the ground and turns to face SCP-  
4601.

AGENT RODNEY  
The only good fire is a dead fire.

SCP-4601  
I had that under control, citizen;  
but I needed them to talk. How am I  
going to get my shot at the Infernals  
at this rate?

AGENT RODNEY  
You're talking to these fires? To  
find out about 'The Infernals'?

SCP-4601  
What do you know about the Inferno  
Gang?

AGENT RODNEY  
(Knows absolutely  
jack)  
Um... Well, I'm uh... I'm not sure if  
it's the same guys you're talking  
about. I don't even know who you are.

SCP-4601  
I am...  
(dramatic pause,  
really drawing out  
the letters)  
The Redd Mennace!

NARRATOR  
SCP-4601 Beams its lights and revs  
its engine.

SFX- SCP-4601 revs its engine.

AGENT RODNEY  
'The Red Menace'?

SCP-4601  
Yeah, but it's spelled different. Or  
just call me Bigg Redd!

SFX- SCP-4601 revs its engine again

AGENT RODNEY  
Alright. And you can call me... Mr. R!

NARRATOR  
Agent Rodney flexes his bicep.

Silence.

SCP-4601  
 (Awkwardly pushing  
 past this)  
 You said you knew something about the  
 Infernals.

AGENT RODNEY  
 Well hang on, I said I'm not sure.  
 Can you describe these ones you're  
 after?

SCP-4601  
 If what you just showed me was  
 sincere, then you must know without a  
 doubt. These ones I'm talking about  
 are the monsters who have been  
 putting the Big Apple on a roast,  
 and she can't take anymore! People's  
 property, their homes, their very  
 lives - all swallowed up without  
 mercy or remorse, thanks to that  
 damned Mr. Burns. But on that one  
 night... it became personal. Lines were  
 crossed!

AGENT RODNEY  
 Um, huh?

SCP-4601  
 Oh, I'll tell you about it... First  
 there was the time before, when  
 things were good. Me and my brothers  
 would go out into the streets,  
 everyone always wanted to see us.  
 Sometimes there was dangerous stuff  
 happening, but they were always  
 relieved when we showed up, we made  
 them feel better.

AGENT RODNEY  
 Do you mean... were your family members  
 fire trucks?

SCP-4601  
 What the hell kind of question is  
 that? Pipe down and let me talk.  
 (MORE)

SCP-4601 (cont'd)

They were people, some of the best I've ever known. Now all of them... all of that is in the past.

(Dramatic sniffle)

NARRATOR

A single bead of wiper fluid trickles down the windshield of SCP-4601

AGENT RODNEY

Please, can you tell me what happened?

SCP-4601

It was an ambush by the Inferno Gang. Me and my brothers were just coming home to a delicious meal everyone was all looking forward to. But they got to us - Mr. Burns himself, right where we lived! And there was nothing I could do about it... I was helpless at that time.

AGENT RODNEY

But, were they okay?

SCP-4601

They died! All of them, gone! That's why I have to work alone now. Perhaps something changed in me that night... But now I must carry on our struggle for them. I have to make sure Mr. Burns won't hurt anyone else like this.

AGENT RODNEY

Well hey, I could help! The organization I'm with, they're powerful. You'd just need to come back with me to-

SCP-4601

Oh, no no no. Look, I don't want to come back to your boy scout clubhouse and meet your super cool pals, okay? This is dangerous stuff I'm doing out here. Others need to just stay out of my way.

AGENT RODNEY

It's not like that. We really need you to come along to our base here, and it'd be a good thing for you too.

SCP-4601

I'm not interested in 'good'! This is something I have to do, and I am going to do it. On my own!

AGENT RODNEY

You don't get it, I've got to take you back. Like, this has to happen. So don't make things hard and nobody has to get hurt-

NARRATOR

Members of MTF Pi-1 move to box in SCP-4601 in the alleyway. SCP-4601 blares its airhorn and drives away, forcing itself through two Foundation cars and injuring three Field Agents in the process.

SCP-4601

SO LONG SUCKAS!

SFX- Video ends

NARRATOR

Pursuit of SCP-4601 from the scene was a failure.

Subsequent investigation of this information led a Field Agent to the quarters of FDNY Squad **REDACTED**. It was revealed that an accidental grease fire had previously occurred in the kitchen of the firehouse, but it was extinguished without any serious injuries. While the firefighters were distracted by that situation, however, one of their firetrucks had apparently been stolen from the garage and was still missing.

Notably, these events would have taken place in the hours just prior to the first documented appearance of SCP-4601.

## SC 3. HOW TO CATCH A TRUCK

NARRATOR

**Addendum 3- Establishing  
Comprehensive Containment**

The relevant Foundation authorities concluded that immediately achieving complete physical containment of SCP-4601 was the most appropriate course of action.

Operation Log B- October 26th, 2009  
11PM.

Foreword: By modifying a pair of Foundation pickup trucks to create mobile platforms for bonfires, Agents of MTF Pi-1 enacted a plan to draw SCP-4601 into contact and establish comprehensive containment.  
Begin Log.

SFX- Video starts. Car 2 driving, radio chatter from the other cars. Fire crackles in the back.

COMMAND

Roger that, everyone's reading loud and clear. Okay, Car-1 and Car-2, stick together for now. Once you get that thing on your tails try and draw it up out onto the parkway - we have our best shot at taking it out there.

AGENT VASQUEZ

10-4, sir!

COMMAND

Spotter Units, keep a roaming box on the situation - one block in all directions - we aren't giving any chances for it to shake us this time.

AGENT RODNEY

Spot-6 here. We're on point, eyes wide open.

AGENT CROSS

Hey mind those turns S-4, yeesh!

AGENT TRAN

C'mon; that's why you're harnessed  
and clipped in, C-2. Just keep the  
fire stoked back there.

AGENT CROSS

I'm sayin' we're gonna be droppin'  
embers all over the roads here if you  
don't mind your drivin'!

AGENT POLK

Ayyy, A-2 to C-2, gedda' loada' dis'  
guy, eh?

AGENT CROSS

(Laughing)

Oh, yous' a wise guy A-2? Gedda' load  
a' deez guys; ayyy.

COMMAND

Cut the chatter, guys.

AGENT POLK

Roger.

AGENT RODNEY

Guys, this is Spot-6. I think we may  
have something here - gonna be coming  
westbound on 83rd... Standby one.

SFX- FIRETRUCK SIRENS

SCP-4601

(Exhilarated laughter)

AGENT RODNEY

Spot-5, confirming eyes on target!  
Hey 1 and 2, you better make ready to  
zig left once it crosses you, over.



SCP-4601  
(Yelling in the  
distance)  
That smoke in the air is like blood  
in the water... I can smell it. I'm  
like a shark.

AGENT VASQUEZ  
Car-2, we have contact! Skip is on  
our six now.

SFX- SCP-4601 IS GETTING CLOSER

SCP-4601  
(shouting)  
You Infernals can run? Well, you got  
nowhere to hide!

COMMAND  
Copy that Car-2. Try and keep your  
heading until you've passed the park,  
then swing back east.

SFX- SCP-4601 clips a car crossing an intersection, the  
civilian vehicle careens sideways and over the curb.

COMMAND (cont'd)  
Spot-6, what's happening?

AGENT RODNEY  
Shit. Skip Just clipped a van  
crossing an intersection. Looks like  
everyone's okay.

SCP-4601  
Was it too hard to see the big red  
truck with flashing lights all over?  
Or the towering flames he's trying to  
hunt and kill? C'mon people, respect  
the Redd Mennace!

SFX-SCP-4601 begins blasting water ahead of its path. Unit  
Car-2 accelerates to avoid the spray.

AGENT POLK

Hey, move it here! We got it riding our asses; gotta put some clearance between us first, to make that turn on the throughway.

AGENT TRAN

Hey this is Spot-4 here, we're gonna end up merging before the park ahead. We can try and make that space for you.

COMMAND

Negative, Spot-4 - do not attempt to block this thing.

AGENT TRAN

Got it. In pursuit.

Unit Spot-4 enters the intersection seconds after SCP-4601 passes and proceeds in same direction of travel.

SCP-4601

Bystanders need to back off. Go home and watch the fireplace channel, rubberneckers!

SFX- A sudden traffic obstruction forces Units Car-1 and Car-2 to pass in single file. SCP-4601 blasts more water, Unit Car-1 is unable to evade the stream.

SCP-4601

Here's one up your splashhole, Infernal!

AGENT POLK

Command, it's spraying us! Careful not to skid!

AGENT TRAN

Damn, damn, damn-

SFX- Unit Spot-4 hydroplanes on wet streets and loses control, skidding into a column of parked cars.

AGENT VASQUEZ

Shit! Guys, Four is out - repeat  
Spot-4 is out.

AGENT CROSS

This is no good. Everything's soaked  
and done for in here, Car-1 is  
doused.

COMMAND

Car-2 stay on the parkway there!  
You're all we got to lead this thing  
on now.

AGENT VASQUEZ

Ah crap. Hey Polk, hang on back  
there! This is gonna get a bit crazy.

SFX Unit Car-2 weaves through the next intersection into the  
opposite lanes. In pursuing, SCP-4601 is unable to complete  
the maneuver and collides with the central median.

AGENT RODNEY

Whoa! It just crashed right there!  
Spot-6 is closing, standby all.

SFX- SCP-4601 has become high-centred on the concrete  
barrier. Its wheels spin without gaining traction on the  
ground. The engine can be heard revving loudly.

SCP-4601

(Pained noises)

AGENT RODNEY

Yeah, it's hung up on the divider  
between lanes; definitely stuck  
there. Everybody, wait one before  
approaching.

Agent Rodney exits his car and approaches SCP-4601 on foot.

SCP-4601

(pained)

Ungh... Mr. R? So, you were in league  
with the Inferno all along.

AGENT RODNEY

Look, this doesn't have anything to do with fires.

SCP-4601

Why then? Why this backstabbing trap; why did you do this to me, when I thought you felt the same about fires as I do?

AGENT RODNEY

No, it's not like that. There's... there's more to this than you understand.

SCP-4601

So, I let my brothers down. I failed...

AGENT RODNEY

(frustrated)

But they were never eve- um..

(backtracking)

No. No, they would be proud of you. Listen, me and my colleagues have been keeping track of everything you've been doing.

SCP-4601

So what?

AGENT RODNEY

So we've talked to the people. They spoke of the good you did. That you were right there when they needed your help. That you... you made things better for them.

SCP-4601

Maybe... maybe I never was going to stop Mr. Burns after all. I guess me and my brothers never did before either; we didn't think about all that then. We just handled everything that came our way.

(MORE)

SCP-4601 (cont'd)  
Maybe that's all there is to it,  
really... Maybe that's just the best  
that anyone can do.

SFX-

The engine of SCP-4601 begins to splutter

SCP-4601 (cont'd)  
(dying breath)  
I've been driving around for so long  
now... So many fires... I'm exhausted.

NARRATOR  
SCP-4601's engine stalls out. SCP-  
4601 ceases all movement and  
activity. Agents confirm that it has  
run out of fuel.

SFX- VIDEO ENDS

Log Ends.

SCP-4601 was transported by MTF  
Alpha-27 "MTF Who Demands Tows" to  
Site-14, where further disablement  
measures were taken.

Afterword: SCP-4601 is currently  
contained, with battery disconnected  
and driveshaft disengaged, in Vehicle  
Containment Bay number 7 at Site-19.  
Researchers will investigate other  
documented accounts of sentient  
vehicles mimicking living entities,  
for any parallels or potential  
insight on the origins of this case.  
Following repairs to structural and  
mechanical damage sustained in the  
course of containment, attempts to  
reactivate SCP-4601's anomalous state  
await further consideration. Updating  
containment class to decommissioned  
pending approval.