The trans-national MURKOFF CORPORATION tirelessly pushes the frontier of scientific research and development. Partnering with the greatest minds of tomorrow, Murkoff expands the reach of every branch of scientific inquiry, including gene therapy, behavioral psychology, information technology, and medicine.

In the event of mistake or oversight, the MURKOFF INSURANCE MITIGATION DEPARTMENT comes in to minimize economic fallout. Mitigation Officers are damage control. They are not here to save lives or help people, they are here to make sure it doesn’t cost the company any more than it has to.

PAUL MARION & PAULINE GLICK, MURKOFF INSURANCE MITIGATION OFFICERS

THE MURKOFF ACCOUNT Part 2
Story by JT PETTY & Art by THE BLACK FROG
WE NEED TO OPERATE. THE INFECTION IN THAT EYE IS REMARKABLY AGGRESSIVE. IF WE DON’T ADDRESS IT IMMEDIATELY HE COULD LOSE HIS VISION, AND LIKELY SOME BRAIN FUNCTION.

SURE, SURE, I CAN JUST ...

FBI ON-SITE HOSPITAL

HOLD ON ...

HOW LONG WILL I BE UNCONSCIOUS?

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS UNDER FULL SEDATION. PROBABLY ANOTHER THIRTY-SIX OF HEAVY PAIN MEDICATION.

I DON’T MIND LOSING SOME BRAIN FUNCTION IF IT TAKES MEMORIES WITH IT.

BUT FIRST I FINISH MY STORY.
MURKOFF REHABILITATION CENTER

I hope you enjoyed it. We were under the impression you were going to tell us about Waylon Park. How he got to Peacock.

Nothing left but gristle and bone.

Simon Peacock, of course, can I ask—how high is your security clearance?

Pretty high. We’re both Alpha Gray.

What would you say if I said “Skimo Reuben.”

Excuse me?

Ah, never mind.

Waylon Park’s story gets us back to Mount Massive.

Simon Peacock is dead.
I am writing to report security neglect at the Mount Massive Charitable Hospital in Mount Massive, Co. Cost cutting and profit have taken precedence over safety in a manner which endangers staff and patients both. It is hard to imagine conditions continuing in such a state without attention from OSHA. As both physical and digital security measures have been stripped from the facilities, staff has been required to...

AN ANONYMOUS EMPLOYEE AT MOUNT MASSIVE COMPLAINED TO HUMAN RESOURCES ABOUT SAFETY CONDITIONS AT THE HOSPITAL. MARION AND I WERE SENT IN TO FIND ANY POTENTIALLY LITIGIOUS DANGERS.

OR, IF THEY TURNED OUT TO BE FALSE CLAIMS...

OFFICIAL MURKOFF POLICY PROTECTS ANY EMPLOYEE FILING A COMPLAINT.

UNOFFICIAL POLICY IS EXTREME PREJUDICE, SQUEAKY WHEELS GET GREASED.

YOU DON'T MEAN KILLED, DO YOU?

NOT OFTEN, SHAME AND RUINATION USUALLY DO THE TRICK.
Murkoff H.R. forwarded us the email, that talk about OSHA. Potential litigation. I know a veiled threat when I see one.

Paul started looking through the logs, but whoever posted the complaint had covered their tracks.

I'm going to have a look around.

Veiled threats are my whole M.O.

I got curious about what Murkoff was so intent on hiding.

One hundred and twenty-two feet down,
IMPRESSION. AM I RIGHT?

JEREMY BLAIRE, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT OF GLOBAL PROJECT DEVELOPMENT,

AND YOU'RE PAULINE GLICK, INSURANCE MITIGATION DEPARTMENT.

...
YOU ALL HAVE BEEN DOING SOME INTERESTING WORK HERE. WHEN WE DROPPED THIS GUY OFF TWO MONTHS AGO, HE WAS... HUMAN.

YES, "HUMAN," NOT SO PRECISE A TERM AS IT USED TO BE.

WHERE'S YOUR PARTNER?

I TRY TO STAY WELL-INFORMED.

HE DOESN'T HAVE THE CLEARANCE TO BE DOWN HERE.

YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO MAKE SURE HE UNDERSTANDS, THEN, HOW IMPORTANT IT IS WE WEED OUT ANY EMPLOYEES WHO AREN'T, EH...

JUST RELAX BILLY.

...TRUE BELIEVERS.
NORMAL HOSPITAL STUFF.

LET'S HUNT. I SAY WE START WITH I.T.

THANK YOU, WAYLON. I'LL LET YOU KNOW AS SOON AS WE'RE DONE.

THANKS FOR TAKING THE TIME, MS. HAAK. HOW SOON ARE YOU EXPECTING?

IT'S OKAY. I'M SIX MONTHS ALONG.

YOU HAD A QUESTION ABOUT OUR EMAIL SYSTEM?

I'M SURE YOU CAN IMAGINE MURKOFF'S RAGE CONCERNING DATA SECURITY. ANYBODY WITH ACCESS TO DEEPWEB RESOURCES WOULD HAVE TO BE FROM CORPORATE.

THE EMAIL WAS SENT THROUGH AN ONION ROUTER, BOUNCED THROUGH SEVERAL UNINPEERED SERVERS.

WHO RUNS CORPORATE FOR MOUNT MAGNIVEL?

I'D START WITH THE HEAD OF BIZ DEV, RICK TRACER.

JESUS CHRIST, CLICK, YOU NEVER ASK...
Hey, I’m happy to help. I’m a team player and I want you guys on team Rick.

You guys want coffee? Or some kind of fancy hop drink?

I can say that because I’m Italian, on my mother’s side, I’m gonna have a coffee.

Denise! Be a buddy and bring us some coffees!

Thanks, Mr. Trager, but this complaint—I.T. is saying it would have to come from Corporate.

“Corporate,” from the Latin “corpus,” also the root of “corpse,” because a corporation is a body, and any weakness is a wound to that body that must be staunched.

Cauterized, if necessary.

I couldn’t agree more.

Well, you certainly look like you know how to take care of your body.

Let’s stay on topic...
OF COURSE, LET ME ASK YOU THIS: HOW WOULD ANYBODY IN MY DEPARTMENT MAKE MONEY SENDING VAGUELY THREATENING EMAILS ABOUT MY DEPARTMENT PERFORMING POORLY?

HOW MUCH HAVE YOU OUT THE SECURITY BUDGET?

MY JOB IS MINIMIZING EXPENSE. I'M SURE YOU TWO CAN RELATE.

AND NOTHING'S AS EXPENSIVE AS SECURITY, I MEAN DON'T GET ME WRONG, I NEVER 'META DATA' I DIDN'T LIKE...

...HHH...

GROAN

BUT SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA MAKE CUTS, CREATE EFFICIENCIES, THAT MAKES US ALL SAFER,

INTERESTING...

SECURITY CHANGES WITH THE TIMES, MONEY WILL ALWAYS BE MONEY.

SCRIBBLE

THIS GUY'S DIRTY AS HOBOS**
OUR COFFEE! THANK YOU, DEAR.

WHAT? I'M NOT... YOU THINK I'M PREGNANT?

YOU'RE EXPECTING AS WELL?

I'M SORRY! I'M... OH, GOD DAMNIT...

MR. TRAGER, FORGIVE ME FOR BEING FORWARD, BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN TO THIS PART OF COLORADO BEFORE AND I'D LOVE SOMEBODY TO SHOW ME AROUND.

YOU'RE SAYING...?

WILL YOU HAVE DINNER WITH ME TONIGHT?

I PUT UP WITH THAT C**N ASSHOLE FOR THREE COURSES AND A BOTTLE OF WINE...

...AND DADDY SAID, "BUDDY, DON'T GO TO MEDICAL SCHOOL. DOCTORS ARE ON THE WRONG SIDE OF LITIGATION," OF COURSE, HE WAS RIGHT, I'VE GUESSED MORE...

...BEFORE HE FINALLY INVITED ME BACK TO HIS PLACE,
I turn down cocaine, so he offers me scotch.

...is an I.G.L.A.Y., twenty-seven years old, a gift from the head of Murkoff Global H.R.

How many fingers?

You mentioned you have a wine cellar, I wouldn't mind something red?

Finally I bought myself a chance to snoop.

I find his internet passwords, his dirty magazines, his coke stash, and a pamphlet for an abortion clinic.
A CHATEAU GIBEAULT, 1953. OLD RICK DELIVERS EVERY TIME,

CAN I ASK IF YOU HAVE A GIRLFRIEND?

TWENTY MINUTES GO BY AND HE NEVER MAKES A MOVE. I THINK HE HAS GETTING OFF JUST HEARING HIMSELF TALK,

I'M AFRAID NOT. I'M A TEAM OF ONE, AS THEY SAY.

AND THEN I RECOGNIZED THAT BITTER Undertaste,

SON OF A BITCH...

YOU WANT TO FINISH MY DRINK FOR ME, HONEY?
I needed a win.

Now sleep.

Rohypnol? Really?

Drink it or lose your balls, I don’t care.

My partner calling, hold on.

What is it, dad?

Ring! Ring!

I need you to pick me up, he roofied me.

Holy shit, are you okay?

I’m gonna be...
I’m great...

...and that asshole’s sleeping and don’t worry about him I found this abortion clinic pamphlet so let’s go talk to the pregnant lady I’ll tell you all about it in the car!

Ding Dong! Ding Dong! Ding Dong!

You’re the leak, aren’t you?

The baby is Trager’s, he said he’d have me fired if I didn’t get rid of it, and if I tell anybody at Murkoff what he’s doing, I’m breaking my non-disclosure agreement, so I got fired. I don’t have any savings. I can’t afford a baby if I don’t have this job, I needed some way he would get fired, or transferred. I just, I just...
I figured, fire everybody, make it clean, but Marion always was a cream puff.

We worked out a severance package for Michelle, in exchange for her silence.

Her assistant, Waylon Park, temporarily took her position. We all know how that worked out.

She told them everything, Human Resources shredded all records...

Destroyed all her security clearances.

She was done at Murkoff, which I'd count as a blessing, and she still had her baby.

Lying bitches! Both of them!
YOU'RE TOO LATE, RICK! THEY KNOW EVERYTHING!

YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING, YOU CAN'T...

YOU DON'T HAVE PROOF!
I think it's good to find small moments of pleasure in your work...

What about the baby?

Yeah, there's the rub. We got her stabilized and took her to a real hospital...

She's not pregnant. She never was.

Denver Hospital
ONE IN THREE WOMEN IN THE MOUNT MASSIVE FACILITY WAS EXPERIENCING PHANTOM SYMPTOMS OF PREGNANCY, A SIDE EFFECT OF THE EXPERIMENTS IN THE BASEMENT.

IT'S OBVIOUSLY A HUGE LITIGATION RISK, EVERY WOMAN IN THE FACILITY WOULD HAVE GROUNDS FOR A MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR SUIT. WE HAVE TO SHUT IT DOWN, UNTIL...

LET ME INTERRUPT YOU--"ESKIMO REUBEN."

WHAT?

COULD YOU EXCUSE US, MARION? WE HAVE TO DISCUSS SOMETHING ABOVE YOUR CLEARANCE.
Once Paul was gone, Jeremy Blair showed me the projected profits for Project Waldrider.

It was mind-boggling, phenomenal.

All female employees were assigned to other facilities, the experiments continued.

I was the last woman in the building.

There was one last thing I had to see before I left.
IT'S NOT MY FAULT!
DON'T PUT ME IN! YOU CAN'T!
I'M A MURKOFF EXECUTIVE!
I'M ONE OF YOU! PLEASE!
I'M NOT A BAD GUY!
IT'S NOT MY FAULT!

OF COURSE
IT'S NOT YOUR
FAULT, RICK
YOU'RE NOT EVIL,
YOU'RE SICK,
AND...
WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU BETTER.

YOU'RE VERY GOOD AT YOUR JOB.

THANK YOU.

HAVE A DRINK WITH ME TONIGHT.

NO.

I DON'T EAT WHERE I HUNT.
To be continued in Outlast:
The Murkoff Account Part 3