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The Magnus Protocol

**Episode 12
"Getting Off"**

**Written by Alexander J Newall
Edited by Jonathan Sims**

**20-10-2023
Draft 1.4**

ANNOUNCER

This episode is dedicated from
Thomas Cardona to Amanda -
Thanks for showing me the
wonderfully eldritch horror that is
TMA, I can't wait to go down the
rabbit hole even further when we
terrorize our friends with it too.

[Intro Theme]

ANNOUNCER

Rusty Quill Presents: The Magnus
Protocol.
Episode Twelve – Getting Off

[Music]

1. INT. O.I.A.R. BREAKROOM– NIGHT, CLEAR(CCTV)

CELIA is searching cupboards in the breakroom without much
luck, she is clearly very tired.

SAM enters.

SAM

The secret tunnel is actually hidden
behind the fridge so...

CELA

Oh cheers, I'd have been here all
night.

CELIA yawns. **SAM** snorts.

CELIA CONT.

Tea. Need tea.

SAM

Oh er... middle cupboard on the left,
isn't it?.

CELIA

Empty.

SAM

Ah, well if it's not there I'm afraid we
might just be out.

CELIA

Eurgh.

SAM

Tell you what, give me moment.

SAM rushes off.

CELIA closes the cabinets then stands waiting.

SAM reenters slightly out of breath.

SAM

(hiding his breathlessness)

Here you go.

He hands her a tea bag.

CELIA

You stunner! Where did you find it?

SAM

I've learned that keeping my fancy
Assam in breakroom cupboards is a
quick way to lose it.

CELIA

What? Oh, no you don't have to-

SAM

It's all good, really.

CELIA

But-

SAM

Celia, take the tea bag. I have more.

Beat. Celia yawns despite herself.

CELIA

(sighing)

Thanks, I owe you.

SAM

No, it's- Uh...

Pause. Sam fidgets while Celia makes tea.

SAM

(too casual)

Hey, would you maybe want to go out and grab a cup with me some time? Of tea. Or coffee. Breakfast?

Beat.

Celia hesitates.

SAM CONT.

Or not. I mean you don't have to, obviously. Just a thought. Not, like, in exchange for the teabag or anything I just meant that-

CELIA

No, I'd love to, its just...

SAM

(deflated)

You're busy.

CELIA

No! Well, actually yes, sort of, but it's not like that. It's just... complicated. I

would need to sort some stuff out first.

SAM

Water your dog, walk your pot plant, that kind of thing?

CELIA

Something like that.

SAM

Well, hey, no worries, I totally understand. You let me know if you you maybe manage to get some time and-

CELIA

Saturday, 6? under the clock at Leicester Square. That work? We'll go for dinner- well, breakfast- you know what I mean.

SAM

(surprised)

Oh er, yeah, yeah that works!

CELIA

Cool.

SAM

Cool!

CELIA finished prepping her tea and starts to head out.

CELIA

See you later.

SAM

Yeah! See you!

CELIA exits as ALICE enters, almost bumping into her.

CELIA
(To Alice)
Oh, sorry Alice, didn't see you there.

**2. CONT. SCENE - INT. O.I.A.R. BREAKROOM – NIGHT,
CLEAR(CCTV)**

Alice sidles over to the counter to make herself some coffee.

Pause.

SAM
What.

ALICE
What?

SAM
Just get it over with.

ALICE
**I'm sure I don't know what you're
talking about.**

SAM
Mmhmm, Fine.

Beat.

ALICE
I was just wondering though...
(mocking)
**That is to say oh, um, ever so sorry
to be a bother but what if you and I,
uh, were to perhaps, if it's not too
much trouble, maybe, go to
purchase a cup of liquid**

SAM
You know it's rude to eavesdrop?

ALICE

(normal again)

You know it's rude to have absolutely no game? Christ, all these years and you still ask people out like a baby foal learning to tap-dance.

SAM

Look it worked didn't it?

ALICE

Maybe. Then again, maybe she's in the office right now packing her bags, burning off her fingerprints and booking a one-way flight to Costa Rica. Hard to tell.

SAM

(smiling)

You're just jealous.

ALICE

(gesturing)

Oh yeah. Can't believe I'm missing out on all of "this." Devastating.

Beat. They both clock it's a touch awkward.

SAM

Listen, Alice-

ALICE

Hmmm?

SAM

Thanks.

ALICE

For what?

SAM

For coming with me to the institute,
even though you knew it was going
to be a waste of time.

ALICE

And money.

SAM

And money yeah.

ALICE

Well don't worry about it. It wasn't
that bad.

SAM

Really?

ALICE

No it was awful I'm just lying to you
because I'm considerate like that.

SAM

(smirking)

Well either way, I've been thinking on
it since we came back and I reckon
you were right. I think I'm done with
Magnus stuff.

ALICE

(dubious)

Oh yeah?

SAM

Yeah why?

ALICE

So you're telling me that if I had a
case full of emails with the title
"Magnus Institute re: Samama Khalid
– Massive Conspiracy" you wouldn't
be tempted?

SAM

Nope.

ALICE

Cool.

Beat.

SAM

You don't, though. Do you? That was just, like, a joke. Right?

Alice sighs.

ALICE

Come on, for now let's just focus on getting you as jaded and apathetic as possible.

SAM

I'm sure Celia will love that.

ALICE

Yeah well, we don't always get what we want, do we?

3. CYBERSPACE – NORRIS (COMPUTER)

Claim Review: EL-56920

Policy Holder: Soho Jack's Ltd.

Policy Number: 548651-656

Policy Type: Employers' Liability

**Site Address: Soho Jack's, 9
Carlisle St, London W1D 3BK**

**Affected Employee: Ms. Jordan
Bennett**

Date of Incident: 9 March 2024

Incident Location: On site.

**Documentation:
Crime Report – Submitted**

**Medical Practitioner Report –
Submitted**

Incident Book Entry – Submitted

First Aider's Report – Submitted

**Supervisor's incident Report -
Submitted**

HSE communications - Submitted

**Health-And-Safety policies -
Submitted**

Employment Contract - Submitted

Claim Valuation: £1,560,000

**Assessment Conclusion: Claim
Denied**

**Reason: Fraudulent claim (see
incident description and police
report)**

Incident Description as Follows:

**I've been advised by my lawyer that I
should cooperate with your
insurance claim, even if I am suing
your asses to kingdom-come.**

Something about “acting in good faith”. So here is my account of what happened, for all the good it’ll do. I could apologize for the handwriting but since it’s your damn fault I won’t bother.

I started working at Jack’s in the spring of ‘21 after finishing The Flair Academy six months earlier. I hadn’t found a job the whole time and was just about to call-it, go back to flipping burgers when Jack’s replied. Got an interview straight away, bossed the demo and somehow found myself tending at *the* Soho Gentleman’s club.

Jack’s has dances on the bottom two floors with VIP suites for hire above with a dedicated bouncer keeping them separate. Really, it’s just a quieter box with a private bar, some comfy chairs and the option of private dancers.

It’s always booked up with swank dickheads trying to show off, but Stags are the worst: they’re cheap, they’re loud, they drink too much, tip too little and only ever hire one dance for the groom. Plus there’s always some “nice guy” that won’t shut up about exploitation without even bothering to stop staring .

This lot weren’t the worst. Just a bunch of heavysset, middle-aged lads with names like Ozzer, or Rozzer or whatever. My guess was they used

to be a school rugby team or something. The groom was fine, acted embarrassed even though he was obviously keen and they were easily pleased.

They mostly just ordered lager so I did a couple of Helicopters and a Flash with some empties just for show and then left them to it and got ahead with restocking while they all swore they'd come back every year! (Noone ever does).

They started giving the groom gifts. Same old tat as always, cufflinks, poo gags, all the standard stuff. Then the groom spotted the last one on the table, this cheap yellow and purple kids lunch box. It looked old and shoddy and no one admitted to bringing it but the groom just squealed with glee and carefully opened it before pulling out a bunch old souvenir merch. Pencils, postcards, keyrings, all sorts of crap, all the same yellow and purple and last of all a cracked CD case. When they saw it the whole bunch gave this big laughing cheer.

I could see which way the wind was turning and sure enough the best-man came over and asked if he could play it. The cover had this awful comic sans title: "Mr. Bonzo's On His Way" and I wasn't exactly thrilled by this.

Mr. Bonzo was way before my time

and from what I had seen online he had always looked pretty messed up. But hey, it was their night, if they wanted to spend it on some cringy nostalgia trip, who was I to say no?

This kind of thing happened often enough that we kept a battered old CD Player in the back that we could patch into the room's speakers, just in case. So, I ducked back there, put it on, turned the volume down as low as I could get away with, and prayed it wasn't too obnoxious.

Immediately the cheering children's voices blared out the speakers accompanied by bouncy tubas loud enough to drown out the rest of the club's music. It was awful but I could hear the lads stamping the floor in rhythm and as the kids started singing the men were singing along: "Mr. Bonzo's on his way, he wants to stay, he wants to play! Mr. Bonzo's on his way, he wants to stay, he wants to play!"

I gave them a minute since I didn't want to be a total killjoy but finally, I reached over and turned off the CD player before Derek came down from the office to "have a word." but instead of stopping it just grew louder, rattling the glassware in the bar: "Mr. Bonzo's on his way, he wants to stay, he wants to play!" I even yanked the cables from the speakers, but it just kept getting louder.

I was just reaching for my walkie to call for a techie when I heard this massive crash from the room followed by this cheer from the party. I rushed back in ready to give them a bollocking but then hesitated behind the door when I saw it.

It was hunched in the doorway, a bulbous figure with a purple hat that cast crazed shadows in all directions thanks to the club's lighting effects. Then it doffed it's hat and pushed itself into the room, foam catching on the doorframe with a squeak that set my teeth on edge. It massive bulbous google-eyes seemed to roam all over the room before settling on the groom and it was almost as if the huge toothy grin grew wider when it saw him.

The rugby boys were tripping over themselves to get in and hug it, laughing and pushing the groom to the front and so I figured at that point it was a prank. Again, none of them took credit for it and there was a moment of genuine hesitation, until one of them yelled out "It's ya lapdance, Baz!" and they all fell about laughing.

I know you'll think I should have seen the funny side of it, after all they weren't a bad bunch, but I was pissed. Not at them, they didn't know any better but at Joey the doorman. Derek had already ripped him a new

one after he ducked out for a smoke and left me alone with punters, if he'd done it again and this time accidentally let this kind of thing happen... I was ready to kill him myself.

I began to stride over, readying for the inevitable complaints then hesitated as I saw something far more unnerving than the ugly costume that was capering with the groom in the middle of the group. There was a pair of heavy boots on their side, poking just inside the still open doorway. Joey's boots, and they weren't moving. Just then the goggly eyes looked turned to me, and a puffy finger raised cheekily to it's mouth.

By this time the men had all started chanting "Bonzo! Bonzo! Bonzo", stamping their feet and banging the tables in a circle around the pair in the center as the music grew deafening, distortions creeping into the music as the speakers strained.

I grabbed for my walkie to call for help but as I raised it to my face I could hear that same godawful tune blaring from the tinny little speaker: "Mr. Bonzo's on his way, he wants to stay, he wants to play!"

I started to yell at them, telling them to stop, to get out before we called the police but none of them heard. They were still focused on the thing

as it took the groom by the arms and began to spin him around, faster and faster.

The watching men, were falling over one another in their hysterics as it drew itself up to its full height, a full head taller than the largest of them, and, still spinning, suddenly ripped the groom's arms from their sockets with the gristly snap of bone, tendon and muscle.

I remember, they were still laughing as the Groom began to scream, blood flooding out of his shoulders in gouts. It was only when I screamed with him that they realised what was happening.

They began screaming themselves as Mr. Bonzo plunged its oversized hand into the groom's mouth, his teeth unable to penetrate its sweaty hide. The other hand closed over his face, stubby fingers pressing into his eyes and smothering his nose. Then the two hands jerked apart unfolding the groom's head with another flowering explosion of blood.

The men began to roar, some in rage, most in terror. A few of the bigger guys picked up chairs or bottles and began to beat and slash at the thing. It didn't seem to notice, its bulbous, bloodshot, eyes staying fixed on the groom's body as it raised it overhead.

**One slash from a broken bottle burst
one of the spots on its body
releasing a stream of thick viscous
liquid sloughing out from inside:
some vile mixture of putrid water,
rotten foam and rancid meat.**

**The Bonzo thing didn't seem to
notice as it raised the body and
slammed it back into the floor over
and over and over, each blow
pulverizing the flesh and showering
us in gore until all that was left was a
dripping sack of shattered bones
that it shoveled into its gaping gap-
toothed mouth with satisfaction.**

**For a split second, all was still but
the music just pounded on, barely
recognizable now over the distortion
from the smoking speakers as those
voices, no longer childlike, still
chanted the words "He's here to
stay... He wants to play..."**

**Then Mr. Bonzo turned towards us
with its head bowed almost
reverentially and everybody went
silent. Slowly, awfully slowly, it
raised its head, titling it coquettishly
to one side. Then the seams across
its face split revealing it's gaping
maw filled with even larger, sharper
teeth. And it boomed playfully
"Bonzo? Bonzo Bonzo?"**

**I don't remember much of what
followed but... I dream about it most
nights. In the dream it digs through
all those men to get to me, grabbing**

fistfuls of them and throwing them to smash against the wall. The strobe fires as it's hands plunge into the pile of us and each flash shows a little less flesh between me and it, between me and all those teeth... finally everyone else is gone. I raise my arm to protect myself and it gently but inexorably lifts it into its mouth, smiles and bites...

None of us was left whole but I was the luckiest. All I lost was a hand, it wasn't even my dominant one. I've told the investigators everything I know, doctors too. I don't know why nobody outside the room heard or saw anything, why the cameras weren't working, why it let me live. But I do know why they weren't any bodies.

All I actually want is my hand back so I can tend bar but that isn't going to happen is it? So I'll have to settle for the next best thing and sue you for everything I can get, because I don't know what happened that night but it was in your venue and no one came to help. Not Derek, not another doorman, no one. So yeah, you'd better have one hell of a settlement waiting for me, or I'll see you in court.

4. O.I.A.R. OFFICE INT.– NIGHT, CLEAR(COMPUTER)

GWEN is sat at her desk, stunned by what she has just heard.

ALICE enters

GWEN

Jesus Christ...

ALICE

I go by Alice now, actually.

Beat.

ALICE CONT.

Gwen? Hello?

GWEN

(dazed)

What?

ALICE

**Okay enough is enough. How am I
meant to wind you up if you're
already at the end of your rope?**

GWEN

(still distracted)

Don't.

ALICE

Wow. Are you, like, actually ok?

GWEN

**Yeah. Yeah, I just- I had to meet one
of these externals...**

ALICE

**Oh. I get it. Yeah, I've worked in civil
service long enough to meet plenty
of entitled little dipshit consultants.
You shouldn't let it get to you.**

Gwen lets out a small, bitter laugh.

GWEN

What do you think we're actually doing, here at the O.I.A.R.?

ALICE

Apart from mortgaging our mental health for a wage packet?

GWEN

We've both been here long enough to know this place. We're not doing good. We're not just sifting random data. There's something wrong here.

ALICE

What are you getting at?

GWEN

You never wonder what the point is? Who benefits from all this awfulness?

ALICE

I don't wonder. I know.

GWEN

(sitting up)

What? Really?

ALICE

(portentous)

Oh yeah. I've known for a while. What we're doing here, it's all part of a grand plan to satisfy one of the most unspeakable evils known to mankind...

Gwen's on the edge of her seat.

ALICE

(almost a whisper)

...the UK government.

Beat. GWEN sighs.

GWEN

**Thanks, Alice. Utterly useless as
always.**

ALICE CONT.

Anytime.

[Music]

ANNOUNCER

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distributed by Rusty Quill and
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**The series is created by Jonathan
Sims and Alexander J Newall, and
directed by Alexander J Newall.**

**This episode was written by
Alexander J Newall and edited with
additional materials by Jonathan
Sims, with vocal edits by Lowri Ann
Davies, soundscaping by Tessa
Vroom, and mastering by Catherine
Rinella with music by Sam Jones.**

**It featured Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer,
Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid,
Anusia Battersby as Gwen
Bouchard, Lowri Ann Davies as Celia
Ripley, with additional voices from
Alexander J Newall.**

**The Magnus Protocol is produced by
April Sumner, with executive
producers Alexander J Newall, Dani
McDonough, Linn Ci, and Samantha
F.G. Hamilton, and Associate
Producers Jordan L. Hawk, Taylor**

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**Michaels, Nicole Perlman, Cetus
d'Raven, and Megan Nice.**

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Thanks for listening.**

The Magnus Protocol 12 – Getting Off

CAT1RB4728-09032024-13032024

Mascot (kids) -/- frenzy [insurance claim]

Incident Elements:

- Mascots
- Bonzo
- Graphic Violence
- Mentions of: blood, dismemberment

Transcripts: <https://shorturl.at/gzF15>

This episode is dedicated from Thomas Cardona to Amanda, thank you for your generous support! You can a complete list of our Kickstarter backers <https://rustyquill.com/the-magnus-protocol-supporter-wall/>

Created by Jonathan Sims and Alexander J Newall

Directed by Alexander J Newall

Written by Alexander J Newall

Script Edited with additional material by Jonathan Sims

Executive Producers April Sumner, Alexander J Newall, Jonathan Sims, Dani McDonough, Linn Ci, and Samantha F.G. Hamilton

Associate Producers Jordan L. Hawk, Taylor Michaels, Nicole Perlman, Cetius d’Raven, and Megan Nice

Produced by April Sumner

Featuring (in order of appearance)

Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid

Lowri Ann Davies as Celia Ripley

Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer

Anusia Battersby as Gwendolyn Bouchard

Alexander J Newall as Norris

Dialogue Editor – Lowri Ann Davies

Sound Designer – Tessa Vroom

Mastering Editor - Catherine Rinella

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**Music by Sam Jones (orchestral mix by Jake Jackson)
Art by April Sumner**

**SFX from Soundly, Freesound (CCO): vladnegrila, and
previously credited artists**

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