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**The Magnus Protocol**

**Episode 29  
"Locked In"**

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

**08-02-2023  
Draft 3**

**ANNOUNCER**

**This episode is dedicated from  
Skylar Ceros to Aeron: You are so  
incredibly important to us and  
worthy of genuine and gentle love  
and affection. We hope at some point  
you'll be able to see this too. We'll  
always be there for you, no matter  
what. Sincerely, Skylar**

**[Intro Theme]**

**ANNOUNCER**

**Rusty Quill Presents: The Magnus  
Protocol.  
Episode Twenty-Nine – Keyed-In**

**[Music]**

**1. EXT. O.I.A.R. MAIN ENTRANCE – NIGHT,  
THUNDERSTORM (SAM'S PHONE)**

**Rain is hammering down on the exterior paving. It is muffled by  
Sam's body which is partially shielding his phone.**

**CELIA opens the main door and steps outside.**

**CELIA**

**(muffled)**

**Sam? You still out here?**

**CELIA almost trips over SAM and notices him.**

**CELIA**

**(cont. muffled)**

**Oh shit! Sam!? Sam are you okay?**

**CELIA kneels next to him and rolls him over uncovering the  
phone in the process.**

**CELIA**

(cont.)

**Sam! Can you hear me? Oh Christ**

**Sam no, no, no, no no-**

**CELIA checks his breathing etc. SAM stirs.**

**SAM**

(shivering)

**Urgh.**

**CELIA**

**Sam! Oh thank god!**

**SAM**

(shivering)

**Wh- where-**

**CELIA**

**Shh, let's get you inside.**

**2. INT. O.I.A.R. BREAKROOM – NIGHT, THUNDERSTORM  
(CCTV)**

**SAM is shivering and drinking a hot coffee. CELIA is watching him warily.**

**CELIA**

**You're sure you don't want me to get  
the others?**

**SAM**

(still shivering)

**No. Lena will just want me to sign  
some kind of waiver, Gwen wouldn't  
care and Alice...**

**Beat.**

**SAM**

I just can't face one of her I-told-you-so's right now.

**CELIA**

(unsure)

All right.

She sits next to him.

**CELIA**

(cont.)

What happened?

**SAM**

I went outside to- to see the car.. It was a Bentley. I watched it leave and then, it was just... there.

**CELIA**

You're sure it was the same thing?

**SAM**

I'm sure.

**CELIA**

But everyone else it attacked ended up... well...

She catches herself.

Beat.

**SAM**

Dead?

**CELIA**

Yeah.

**SAM**

I don't know. It didn't feel like it wanted to kill me or eat me or whatever. It felt – It felt more like it was searching for something, in my head. Random memories kept popping up and then suddenly I was talking and couldn't stop. It was like that bit was just an accident.

**CELIA**

Do you know what it wanted? What it was looking for?

**SAM**

It kept going after anything it could on The Magnus institute. Then my mind went to the Hilltop Centre and...

**CELIA**

And?

**SAM**

I think we need to go there, now, or something terrible is going to happen.

**CELIA**

Sam, I just found you lying unconscious in the rain, you can't stop shaking, you're going to be lucky not to catch pneumonia, I don't think-

**SAM**

I'm telling you. Something important is about to go down and I need to get there.

**CELIA**

No.

**SAM**  
You can't stop me.

**CELIA**  
Wanna bet?

**SAM**  
Celia please.

**Beat.**

**CELIA**  
Fine but we're going together. Call Alice and let her know what's happening, just in case. I'll ask Georgie if she can look after Jack this morning.

**SAM**  
Thank you.

**CELIA**  
Don't thank me. This is a really, really bad idea.

### **3. INT. OIAR OFFICE – NIGHT, THUNDERSTORM (COMPUTER)**

**LENA** approaches whilst Gwen sullenly plugs away at her keyboard.

**LENA**  
I'm heading off for the night Gwen. Make sure you lock up when you're done.

**GWEN**  
Are you sure I can handle such an important responsibility?

**LENA**

**There's no need for that, Gwen. I actually thought you did rather well with the minister, all things considered. Let's not end things on a sour note.**

**Beat. GWEN is loudly silent.**

**LENA**

**(smiling)**

**Well, I'm afraid, I do have to run. I presume I can trust you to close up?**

**GWEN**

**(returning to work)**

**If you like.**

**LENA**

**(leaving)**

**Excellent. Please don't call me unless it's an emergency.**

**LENA exits. Beat. GWEN stops typing, stretches and takes a deep steadying breath. The office is too quiet. Without warning CHESTER begins speaking, GWEN did not set it going.**

#### **4. CYBERSPACE – N/A, N/A(COMPUTER).**

**CHESTER**

**Cheshire Police Constabulary/**

**GWEN**

**/The hell?**

**CHESTER**

**Case: Homicide**

**Date: 30-01-2020 (00:35)**

**Collection: Cheshire East CID  
Repository**

**Item:  
1x 2019/2020 Travel Diary, Pink with  
flowers, significant blood damage,  
UPC 2956723676**

**Case: 3692/20**

**Serial#: 95283674**

**Collector: David Collins (SOCO-  
98549)**

**Routing to: North-West Long-Term  
Evidence Storage**

**Scanned information reads:**

**Travel Diary of: Mrs. Viola Locke  
If found please return to:  
151 Lacey Grn, Wilmslow, England  
SK9 4BY  
Or call:  
07873 52 [ text obscured by blood  
stain]  
and get a lovely smile as a reward!**

**Tuesday 19<sup>th</sup> November 2019**

**14:30(ish)**

**Stanley has really outdone himself  
this time! Woke up 7:45am expecting  
a short walk around the green before  
aerobics and instead he throws a  
new travel diary in my lap (that's  
you!) and tells me to pack a bag for**

**somewhere cold this afternoon!**

**Spent first half of the morning packing then second half, running around like a headless chicken looking for my passport (thank goodness I'd renewed it!). Nearly missed the taxi after Stan had to rush back inside for the fourth time to check the oven was off and even then he still managed to forget his stick.**

**I'll let him off this time though. Feels a little ungrateful to get on his case when he's gone to all this trouble! Besides, I'm fairly certain I left the immersion heater on... (must remember to turn it off when we get back before he sees it or he'll pitch a fit!) Apologies for handwriting, diary, in back of the taxi on way to Airport.**

**15:15**

**Prague! The sly devil, I knew he was doing something up in the loft! Probably digging through the old travel box, the soft old thing. Pardon the crumbs, I'm just having a spot of tea and cake before the plane. (Note: call, Sandra when we land, get her to turn off the immersion.)**

**7:30pm**

**He's only gone and booked the Archibald, even the same room! And, you'll never guess, that dashing Tomas who was serving the drinks with his funny little jokes? He's the manager now. I feel oddly proud of**

**that! I'll have to leave it there,  
absolutely shattered and we've got a  
big day tomorrow.**

**(Note: must call Sandra first thing)**

**Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> November 2019  
08:00pm**

**This is the first chance I've had to  
write all day! Breakfast by the river,  
then up onto Charles Bridge  
(gorgeous as ever but cold!) Across  
to old town past that wonderfully  
gothic tower and fancy clock.  
Stopped for food, Stan ordered an  
early beer but I let him off as he's  
been on grand form. Stumbled on  
this hilarious sex museum on the  
way back. Stan, was all blushing and  
averted eyes but I insisted we went  
in. Then it was back to the hotel to  
freshen up for a lovely sea-food  
dinner in Kampa.**

**He's definitely keeping us away from  
Lover's Bridge. Probably wants to  
reenact his proposal. I doubt he even  
could with his hip but I suppose I'm  
happy to play along. He may be a  
grumpy old fart, but he does love  
me...**

**I hope our lock is still there. Could  
you imagine? 50 years locked  
together... Goodness knows it  
stands a better chance than most.  
That must have been the biggest  
padlock they sold, it barely fit around**

**the rails!**

**Right. Off to nod. I always get mawkish when I'm tired.**

**(Note: Must, must, must call Sandra in the morning.)**

**Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> November 2019  
Odemknout své srdce**

**Thursday 24<sup>th</sup> December 2020**

**I miss him. I'm alone on Christmas and it's my fault.**

**Friday 01<sup>st</sup> January 2021  
Happy new year Stan..**

**Friday 29<sup>th</sup> January 2021**

**I never told you what happened, did I, diary? I just agreed with whatever they said had happened. But I suppose I should write it down before I use the key.**

**It was raining when we went to Na Kampě. It was cold, wet and honestly, if Stan wasn't so set on going I would have skipped it, anniversary or not.**

**It turns out they'd cut all the locks off the bridge years ago, so there was no sign we'd ever been there. I could tell Stan was disappointed but he still dropped to one knee. Silly git.**

**And just as I expected, he got stuck.**

**His hip always played up in the damp. Thankfully a local lad stepped in but I could tell Stan was really upset. This was supposed to be his grand gesture and instead he was filthy, I was shivering and the Café wasn't even open yet. But you know Stan, when he gets a bee in his bonnet, there's no stopping him.**

**So he marches over to see when the Café opens and starts faffing around, checking the doors even though he can see the closed sign. A moment later he's calling me over. He points down some narrow stone stairs that lead to the canal and at the bottom there's a little sign with a picture of a lock surrounded by the words "Zamčené muzeum". My Czech isn't what it was, but according to Stan it meant "The Lock Museum."**

**Stan got all excited at this, said he was going to go buy another lock for the bridge "come hell or high water!" I tried to talk him out of it, but he was on a mission.**

**It was only when we reached the bottom of the stairs that we noticed the squat man outside. He was soaking, worse even than us and he didn't even seem to care. Instead he sat on the museum step playing some game with a manky-looking deck of cards and somehow smoking a pipe despite the downpour. Scruffy doesn't begin to describe it, his clothes were patched**

**all over and the shapeless floppy hat he wore barely covered his lank hair.**

**Stan was hesitant, we were out of sight of the road after all, but he put a brave face on and pointed with his stick before speaking loudly and clearly:**

**“Open?”**

**The man blinked slowly, then gave a lazy nod.**

**I wanted to get back to the road but off Stan went, ducking underneath the heavy wooden lintel. And I followed him.**

**It was dark and damp-smelling inside. Unsurprising really, given it was so close to the canal and the weak bulbs shed just enough light to see the tunnel led to a spiral staircase leading downwards.**

**I told Stan he was going to break his neck, but he just limped on down them without a backwards glance.**

**At the base of the staircase was a colossal wooden door. There was a thick white key in place of a knocker that had four spikey arrows pointing inwards at the handle end. I was rather proud of myself for recognizing the symbol of the Knights of Malta who supposedly built the canal.**

**Stan tried the door, and it seemed locked tight. He turned to me then, so crestfallen by this latest defeat that I couldn't help but take pity on him. He clearly hadn't seen the key, so I reached out and grabbed it myself.**

**It was clearly made from some sort of ivory, smooth and cold to the touch, colder even than the stone of the tunnel itself. I half worried it might be frozen in place, but it came away from the knocker easily, and I swear, when I slid that key into the keyhole, I heard the lock grind open before I'd even turned it.**

**Stan hurried inside with a satisfied grin, and I followed. The room beyond was large, with damp stone walls interlaced with thick oak beams and a large millstone in the centre.**

**Lined around the walls were incongruously pristine dark and glossy wooden plinths, each with a little pillow displaying a different lock. There were some simple, modern looking, padlocks near the entrance but walking around the millstone they grew older and stranger. Some were elaborate and delicate with golden filigree, others were oversized gothic affairs of worked iron with screaming faces and keyhole mouths. As I kept circling the room though they grew simpler until finally at the far end, was a simple wooden bolt with what**

**looked like a spiked wooden paddle beside it, stained with something old and dark.**

**I turned to point this out to Stan only to find him still by the entrance, staring at one of the more modern locks. I couldn't see how this had caught his eye given all the other beautiful and grotesque exhibits but as I drew nearer, I understood.**

**It was our lock. I don't know how it got there but I was certain. A closed padlock of thick steel with an engraving: "For the love of a Locke" That was Stanley's little joke I'd always teased him about his surname, even after it was mine as well.**

**I gently picked it up. It was ours after all, and it felt like the most natural thing in the world.**

**That was when everything changed. First the main door slammed shut with an echoing boom. I cried out in surprise and Stan gave an angry yell. He rushed over and started tugging pointlessly at the iron ring handle, but it was locked again and there was no keyhole on this side.**

**Instead there was writing carved deep into the back of the door. "Odemknout své srdce". I wrote it down at the time, and have since looked it up. It means: "Unlock your heart."**

**The door didn't shift despite Stan carrying on. It was only when he finally stopped for breath that I noticed a sound in the previously silent room: rushing water.**

**That was when I really got frightened. Sounds silly I know but up to then I was still assuming it would all work out. It would turn out the wind caught the door and we'd be let out, that somehow it was all a mistake. But the water, that scared me.**

**Filthy water was already pouring in under the door and even as I watched it crept up the edges on each side, spurts of the same fetid liquid rapidly gushing in with terrible force. It was even seeping between the wooden boards of the door itself which began to groan under the strain.**

**We hurriedly backed away, our feet splashing though the already rising water, searching for a way out. Looking around I saw more pouring in from between the stones on all sides, trickles thickening into gouts and it wasn't long before it was lapping at our knees.**

**Stan was yelling again, screaming for help but there was no one to hear besides me and whatever had locked us inside.**

**As I was splashing around, my foot caught on something heavy protruding from the floor, a bolt, heavy iron against the floor covering what looked like some sort of trapdoor.**

**In a blind panic I scrabbled with my arms for the bolt, straining my neck to keep my chin above the surface. My searching fingers finally found it and without thinking slid it open.**

**Suddenly the walls and floor were rushing up and away from me as I fell, utterly terrified, certain I was going to drown down there, alone in the dark. Instead, I landed hard, only a few feet down, with the stinking water rushing past me in a torrent, down and away through a tunnel.**

**I forced myself up till my shoulders just cleared the trapdoor. The water level had lowered as it drained away down my tunnel but it wouldn't be long before it climbed again as ever more water streamed in even from the darkness above now.**

**I looked over at Stan. He had seen what happened, and for a moment, he smiled, moving towards me. I try to remember that smile, the look on his face when he thought everything was going to be ok. Then his foot slipped, his hip gave way, and he fell, hard. I heard his skull crack on**

**the wet millstone even over the roar of the water..**

**I still like to tell myself that was when he died, that I couldn't possibly have heard him begging me for help.**

**But the water was so strong, too strong. Every second I hesitated more was rushing through the trapdoor, threatening to wash me away with it. Soon I wouldn't even be able to close it.**

**So I braced the trapdoor against my back and then heaved it back upwards, thrusting with my legs. I've no idea how my back held up under the strain, but I managed to force it closed except, the bolt on the underside was weaker than the one on top. I knew it wouldn't hold on its own. Not unless... unless I locked it. So, I did. Using our lock.**

**Water was still pouring down through all four sides of the trapdoor, but it was holding. I didn't know how long for though, so then... I ran. Forcing myself along the tunnel through the icy water with numb legs before it rose too high.**

**I know I couldn't have heard him calling for me. Even if he was still alive, which he wasn't, I couldn't have heard it over all that rushing water and through the sturdy wood of the trapdoor. He wasn't calling for me. But I heard him as I escaped down the tunnel. I still hear him.**

**I don't remember much of the rescue, I was unconscious for most of it but apparently, I was still screaming as they bundled me off to the Na Františku hospital. It turns out that the lad who helped Stan up earlier heard my screams coming up through a drain and called for help. I'm still in contact with him. He's called Andrej and has a beautiful little girl.**

**Stan washed up two days later on the bank of the Vltava. They wanted me to identify the body, but I didn't recognize him.**

**We made the news, you know. Two stupid British tourists mistake flood relief tunnels for a tourist attraction. But I know it was real. I've still got the key.**

**I wanted to throw it away so many times but I just couldn't bring myself to. Horrible or not, I traded Stanley's life for it. And it is so very beautiful.**

**Even better, it works. I haven't found a lock yet that it doesn't open. Doors, safes, lockboxes. I even tried it on a crack in the wall once, just to see what happened. It can open anything.**

**I've been thinking about using it on myself. I could push it into my chest, give it the smallest turn and open up**

**my heart. Just reach in and pull out  
all the grief.**

**Perhaps I will. After all, what have I  
got to lose?**

**Either way, I won't be missing you  
soon Stanley.**

**5. INT. THE PUB – NIGHT, THUNDERSTORM (ALICE'S  
PHONE)**

**It's quiet in the Pub. TEDDY and ALICE are drinking together, it's  
friendly but not convivial.**

**ALICE**  
**So. How's sunlight treating you?**

**TEDDY**  
**Oh you know, can't complain.**

**ALICE**  
**News to me.**

**TEDDY**  
**Ha!**

**TEDDY drinks**

**TEDDY**  
**(cont.)**  
**If I'm honest though, I actually am  
struggling to get back on days. I  
keep catching myself online at 2am.**

**ALICE**  
**Yeah, I noticed.**

**TEDDY**  
**What can I say? Insomnia's a bitch  
and it's not like anyone else is up  
then.**

**ALICE**

**Nonsense – the night is full of creeps  
and weirdoes!**

**TEDDY**

**You'd think I would fit right in.**

**ALICE**

**Your words, not mine.**

**Beat. They both drink to fill the silence.**

**TEDDY**

**(cont.)**

**So how's things your end? Sam still  
getting on okay?**

**ALICE**

**(cold)**

**He's doing fine.**

**TEDDY**

**Wow. I thought you two were close?**

**ALICE**

**So did I.**

**TEDDY**

**Ah.**

**Beat.**

**TEDDY**

**(cont.)**

**Listen, Alice, while you're here, I've  
been meaning to talk to you about  
something... serious?**

**ALICE**

**Yeah, I know what you're going to  
ask and... no, salmon pink really**

isn't working for you. You need something in rich puce.

**TEDDY**  
(smiling weakly)  
Alice, we've got to talk. It's important.

Alice's phone buzzes.

**ALICE**  
(checking her phone)  
Okay...

**TEDDY**  
(nervous)  
So- um. The thing is, the new job it's... it's not exactly-

**ALICE**  
Damn, I'm *really* sorry but I think I need to check this, hold on for two minutes?

**TEDDY**  
(put out)  
Oh er yeah. Sure.

ALICE stands and steps aside checking her voicemail.

**VOICEMAIL**  
To listen to your messages press-

ALICE presses "1"

**VOICEMAIL**  
(cont.)  
You have one new message:

**SAM**  
(on phone, manic)  
Alice, it's Sam. I thought you should know. Celia and I are on our way to

**Paddington right now. We're catching a train to Oxford, I think we need to stop the Archivist thing from doing... whatever it's going to do at the Hilltop Centre. I know you won't want us to go, you'll just be like "it's stupid, it's reckless, you're an idiot" but-**

**ALICE hangs up.**

**TEDDY**

**Alice?**

**ALICE**

**Listen Teddy I'm really sorry but I have a train to catch.**

**TEDDY**

**(deflated)**

**A... train? Right.**

**ALICE**

**(prepping to leave)**

**No, honestly, Ted, I'm so sorry. It's really important. I mean, I wouldn't rush off like this if-**

**TEDDY**

**Sure. I get it.**

**ALICE**

**Drop me a line later yeah? We can pick up where we left off.**

**TEDDY**

**Of course.**

**ALICE**  
(rushing, not paying  
attention)  
Great! Cheers Teddy, look after  
yourself!

Alice leaves. TEDDY takes a deep steadying breath than drinks his pint.

**6. PADDINGTON STATION – NIGHT, THUNDERSTORM  
(ALICE’S PHONE)**

ALICE is stood in the main lobby checking the departure board whilst calling SAM on the phone.

**ALICE**  
(muttering)  
For god’s sake Sam pickup. Pickup,  
pickup, pickup, pickup you useless  
sack of-

**SAM**  
(on phone)  
Hey-

**ALICE**  
(loudly)  
What the hell do you think you’re  
doing?

**SAM**  
(on phone)  
Ok. Alice, listen-

**ALICE**

(loudly)

**No. You listen. You're going to get off that train right now otherwise I will come in there and drag you off. Do you hear me?**

**TICKET OFFICER**

**Ticket.**

**ALICE**

(to officer)

**No I don't need a ticket I'm just/ grabbing my mate**

**TICKET OFFICER**

**/I can't let you past without a ticket. You can buy one over/ at the ticket desk.**

**ALICE**

**For god's sake!**

**SAM**

(on phone)

**Doors are closing Alice, I'll call you once we're in our seats or something.**

**ALICE**

(to SAM)

**No Sam wait! Sam!**

**He hung up.**

**ALICE**

(cont.)

**Dammit!**

**TICKET OFFICER**

**Miss, I'm going to have to ask you to step aside.**

**ALICE**  
(angry)  
Listen mate I just...

**TICKET OFFICER**  
Miss-

**ALICE**  
(Afraid)  
Wait- Do you see that? Who-

**TICKET OFFICER**  
Seriously?

**ALICE**  
What? No, look, *look!* On the train,  
there's--

**TICKET OFFICER**  
(irritated)  
Right that's it. Sarah can you show  
this woman out please?

**ALICE**  
(being led away)  
No, no wait listen I-

She shrugs off the escort.

**ALICE**  
Fine, fine! I get it!

She calls Sam again.

**ALICE**  
(cont.)  
Pick up, Sam. Pick up. It's on the  
train, It's on the train...

[Music]

## **ANNOUNCER**

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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 Nico Vettese, soundscaping by Meg McKellar, 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, Sarah Lambie as Lena Kelley, Kazeem Tosin Amore as Teddy Vaughn with additional voices from Jonathan Sims.**

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

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**Thanks for listening.**

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The Magnus Protocol 29 – Keyed In  
CAT2RB4254-30012020-13052024  
Drowning (subterranean) -/- key (metaphor)

Incident Elements:

- Captivity
- Drowning
- Claustrophobia
- Grief

Transcripts available at <https://rustyquill.com/transcripts/the-magnus-protocol/>

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

Created by Jonathan Sims and [Alexander J Newall](#)

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Written by [Alexander J Newall](#)

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

Produced by April Sumner

Featuring (in order of appearance)

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Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid

Sarah Lambie as Lena Kelley

Anusia Battersby as Gwendolyn Bouchard

Jonathan Sims as Chester

Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer

Kazeem Tosin Amore as Teddy Vaughn

Kai Partenie as Ticket Officer

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Art by April Sumner

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