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## **The Magnus Protocol**

### **Episode 50 "Deep Trouble"**

**Written by Jonathan Sims**

**Edited with additional materials by Alexander Newall**

**[Intro Theme]**

**ANNOUNCER**  
**Rusty Quill Presents: The Magnus**  
**Protocol.**  
**Episode Fifty – Deep Trouble**

**[Music]**

**1. EXT., THE SQUARE MILE, EVENING, CLEAR (TAPE  
RECORDER)**

**Click.**

**WARDEN OLIVIA and WARDEN CALLUM** are moving cautiously  
through the zone. It is more active than normal.

**WARDEN CALLUM**  
**Nothing. Clear?**

**WARDEN OLIVIA** pushes a metal bucket with her foot to look  
beneath it.

**WARDEN OLIVIA**  
**Clear.**

**WARDEN CALLUM**  
**(into radio)**  
**Quadrant bravo, section fourteen,**  
**clear.**

**MELANIE**  
**(from radio)**  
**Copy team three. Proceed to section**  
**thirteen.**

**WARDEN CALLUM**  
**Copy.**

**They keep moving slowly.**

**WARDEN OLIVIA**

**So you hoping to find it or miss it?**

**WARDEN CALLUM**

**What d'you mean?**

**WARDEN OLIVIA**

**Feels good to bag a horror, but this sounds rough. So would you rather get the credit or steer clear?**

**WARDEN CALLUM**

**Depends how it feels about getting shot.**

**WARDEN OLIVIA**

**You might be in luck then. Rumour is this one used to be human.**

**They continue to sweep the area. The ARCHIVIST manifests alongside them.**

**WARDEN CALLUM**

**Rumour is this one used to be a very particular human.**

**WARDEN OLIVIA**

**Ah you heard that too, eh? You believe it?**

**WARDEN CALLUM**

**I dunno. I hope not but they're using the A word, so it's definitely not nothing.**

**WARDEN OLIVIA**

**Mm.**

**WARDEN CALLUM**

**Feel like we'd know if he was back, though. Like it would feel different.**

**WARDEN OLIVIA**  
**Different? Different how?**

**WARDEN CALLUM**  
**Like the world was ending again**

**WARDEN OLIVIA**  
**It doesn't feel like that to you?**

**THE ARCHIVIST engulfs WARDEN CALLUM. WARDEN OLIVIA doesn't notice.**

**WARDEN OLIVIA**  
**(cont.)**  
**I mean, I've never seen the zone this bad. Not since right after Towerfall. Even then you could generally believe what you were seeing. Now... I dunno.**  
**You recognize that door? The one with the peephole? 'Cause I've patrolled this section for years and I don't recognize it. I'm not even going near it because I know if I turn my head this way and back... Yup. It's gone. Just another mirage. So yeah, it does kind of feel...**

**She realizes she's not talking to anyone.**

**WARDEN OLIVIA**  
**(cont.)**  
**Callum?**

**Beat.**

**WARDEN OLIVIA**  
**(cont. into radio)**  
**Callum, sitrep. Do you copy?**

**WARDEN CALLUM**  
(from radio)  
I'm down... Deep down...

**WARDEN OLIVIA**  
(into radio)  
Callum, thank Christ, are you-

**WARDEN CALLUM** continues unthinking and **WARDEN OLIVIA** realises what's happening.

**WARDEN OLIVIA**  
Shit! Callum!

**WARDEN CALLUM**  
(from radio, droning)  
...Down below the waves that crash  
above in roiling icy walls that reach  
for ships to bend and curl and drag  
to the cold black depths-

**WARDEN OLIVIA**  
(into recorder)  
Control this is-

There are three gunshots and then **WARDEN OLIVIA** dies. Bitten by fog with teeth.

**WARDEN CALLUM**  
(from radio, droning)  
-but it is nothing to me, in my iron  
tomb that cruises sleek and deadly  
through the brine-

**2. EXT., THE SQUARE MILE CONT., EVENING, CLEAR (TAPE  
RECORDER)**

**WARDEN CALLUM** speaks. **THE ARCHIVIST** feeds.

**WARDEN CALLUM**  
I am in my cell, my bunk, my bed that  
presses up so hard against the icy

metal of the bulkhead that no more  
than an inch of rust-pocked steel  
stands between the crushing abyss  
and my tiny, shivering body.

And I do shiver as the pressure  
builds and the captain's voice  
drones from the squat speakers in  
the shadowed corners of every  
compartment. It is distorted,  
cracking, but I know he is  
demanding loyalty over and over.

The sound vibrates the tinpot medal  
on my chest, and blood oozes from  
the holes the pins punched into my  
skin when they stuck it there, for my  
dutiful service.

My duty is on the bridge, the  
command deck, the wheelhouse. I  
am to sit at the radio and call for  
help, call for orders, call for anyone  
to hear us through countless  
fathoms of dark water and infinite  
miles of empty air.

The captain will stare at me with his  
empty sockets and when he tears the  
tannoy mouthpiece from his jaw with  
a wet tearing pop, he will swap to  
dictating messages through his  
bloody saliva. Messages that will not  
be received and cannot be replied to.  
Messages that make no sense and  
simply scream of Poseidon, of  
Neptune, of Mazu, of Leviathan, of  
Susanoo, of wet and sightless water  
gods I do not know but which  
tremble through my stomach when I

**am forced to repeat the names into empty radio waves.**

**Test of the crew scuttle and crawl across their stations, doing their duty in the thick red light. Sometimes one of them will approach the periscope. They will put their faces to the hungry eyepiece and then they will begin to scream. You cannot see their eyes behind the metal tube, but you can hear them being taken. Then the skull begins to crack and implode gradually crushing itself into a thin pink paste as it feeds itself into the periscope. Then the torso, shoulders, arms, going all the way down. The order is different each time, but it always ends the same, with the gorged periscope dragging itself contentedly up into the dark, sated for a while.**

**I do not know our mission, although sometimes the missiles whisper to me in my sleep. They want me to come to them, to open them, to take their payloads into my heart. They can help, they say. They can keep me safe. I want to believe them, but my flesh melts when I embrace them, and it sticks to their hulls when I pull myself away.**

**When we reach our destination the mission will begin, and we will do something terrible. Something unforgivable. Something that will scar our souls in ways that will leave**

**us other than human. But unless someone answers my hopeless calls for new orders, the only thing that can stop us is a mine or a depth charge.**

**If that happens, a terrible, wounding vibration will shove through the submarine. The sound deafening inside and echoing through the water outside. Those closest will be killed instantly to the envy of all. The rest of us will flee in this sealed tube crying out for mother's love and salvation as the pressure spikes and water tears and the doors buckle from the icy fist of the deep ocean. Doors that stay just sturdy enough to imprison those who fell behind, who lingered a second too long in morbid fascination of their doom. Not sturdy enough to muffle their cries for help that linger long after they have drowned and frozen and pounded their heads to pulp upon the wheel lock.**

**Where there is not water there is fire filling the rusted oven of warped and twisting metal. It feasts on the sparse oxygen, yanking the very air from your lungs to burn it in front of you.**

**Again if you're lucky you catch fire and die in the brightness, with your own fat burning like candlewax. Otherwise the darkness of the seabed awaits...**



This time I am in my cell, my bunk,  
my bed as the depth charge hits. I  
see the bulkhead metal twist and  
bend but not break, instead pressing  
in.

As WARDEN CALLUM has been speaking the perspective has  
slowly shifted back to Radio

3. .EXT., THE SQUARE MILE CONT., EVENING, CLEAR (TAPE  
RECORDER)

SAM and GEORGIE [PL] enter from distant.

WARDEN CALLUM

(from radio)

Folding and squeezing, its rivets  
popping, my rivets popping, and no  
more air can reach me...

GEORGIE [PL]

Anything?

SAM picks up a gun from the rubble.

SAM

Found a gun?

GEORGIE

Damn it! Where is he?

WARDEN CALLUM

(from radio)

And even as I breathe my last and  
fear floods my soul I know I cannot  
call for help. I spent all my pleas into  
a dead and silent radio.

SAM

Where now?

**GEORGIE**

**I don't know! I don't recognize any of this!**

**WARDEN CALLUM**

**(from radio, dying)**

**It's just life, after all. It's all it can be. It feels like... this... for everyone...**

**Beat.**

**GEORGIE**

**Callum! Callum no!**

**Beat.**

**SAM**

**What do we do?**

**GEORGIE**

**I don't-**

**SAM**

**Georgie I need you.**

**She focuses up.**

**GEORGIE**

**We keep hunting. Callum knew the risks and-**

**She slaps a gun barrel away from her as SAM handles it poorly**

**GEORGIE**

**(cont.)**

**God, have you ever even held a gun before?**

**SAM**

**I did clay pigeon on a stag do once?**

**GEORGIE**

Right, well, rule one. Keep it pointing away from your mates. Rule two, you need to hold it properly.

She adjusts his grip.

**GEORGIE**

(cont.)

Tight to the shoulder otherwise you'll break your arm.

**SAM**

Better?

Beat

**SAM**

(cont.)

Georgie?

**GEORGIE**

This isn't right.

**SAM**

What do you- Georgie, look out!

**GEORGIE**

(spinning)

What?!

**SAM**

Behind y- wait... No, wait, it's gone. I was certain I saw...

**GEORGIE**

That's what's wrong. Everything is getting mixed up. Old passages with new dead ends, new doors in old ruins.

**MELANIE**  
(distant)  
**Georgie!**

**SAM**  
**So is that really Melanie or...?**

**GEORGIE**  
(Calling)  
**Over here!**

**MELANIE and BASIRA approach.**

**GEORGIE**  
**Basira! I told you to watch the perimeter!**

**BASIRA**  
**I'm not one of your Wardens, you don't get to give me orders. Besides, Melanie needed an escort.**

**GEORGIE**  
**And what is Melanie doing out here?**

**MELANIE**  
**We've been trying to get you on the radio, but Callum has been jamming every frequency.**

**GEORGIE**  
**What's happened?**

**MELANIE**  
**It's that girl you brought in, Alice? She's gone.**

**SAM**  
**What do you mean gone?**

**MELANIE**

I mean she's gone. She wasn't a prisoner, so she just walked out while we were distracted.

**GEORGIE**

Christ.

**MELANIE**

It gets worse. I've been trying to correlate the positions people have been reporting...

**GEORGIE**

And?

**MELANIE**

They don't make any sense and no one else seems to realise.

**BASIRA**

Nobody is where they think they are. Melanie is the only one who doesn't seem to be affected. I think it might because... you know...

**MELANIE**

You can say blind, Basira, it's not a rude word. Look, the point is that nobody can trust their eyes in here. I think the Archivist is using them.

**GEORGIE**

Goddamn it. We're not prepped for this amount of bullshit.

(into the radio)

All wardens, mission aborted, fall back. I repeat, all wardens, we are falling back to base. Enemy is using visual manipulation so follow only known routes. And if you see a

female civilian wearing a medical gown call it in but do not approach.

There is a chorus of “copy”s of the radio.

**SAM**

What about us?

**BASIRA**

We follow Melanie.

**MELANIE**

You’re welcome.

They start to move slowly, following the tapping of MELANIE’s cane.

**SAM**

So if the Archivist can control our eyes, does that mean he can see out of them?

**BASIRA**

I really hope not. I’m not doing that Elias shit again.

**SAM**

What?

**GEORGIE**

Ignore her. Things are confused enough as it is.

**MELANIE**

Shut your eyes if you’re worried about it, Sam. It’s not like they’re helping.

They continue, the tapping of the cane leading the way.

There is an ominous cracking sound from below them.

**SAM**

Um. You all felt that, right because I  
have my eyes shut so...

**MELANIE**

Georgie I think we need to-

They cry out as the ground gives way beneath them and they  
fall.

click

**4. INT. ABANDONED TUBE TUNNELS BELOW THE SQUARE  
MILE, EVENING, CLEAR (TAPE RECORDER)**

**SAM** and **MELANIE** lie amongst the rubble of the collapsed roof.  
They both groan.

**SAM**

(pained)

Melanie?

**MELANIE**

Alive.

She moves, but winces.

**MELANIE**

(cont.)

Think my arm's broken, though. Can  
you move?

**SAM** tries. It takes time as he is partially buried and the rocks  
are unsteady.

**SAM**

Yeah. I think I'm alright.

He hisses in pain.

**SAM**

**(cont.)**

**Mostly. What happened?**

**MELANIE**

**We fell. London always had a warren underneath it, and after years without upkeep...**

**SAM**

**You can fall through.**

**MELANIE**

**Especially if the Zone is... agitated.**

**SAM**

**Where are the others?**

**MELANIE**

**Good question.**

**SAM**

**(shouting)**

**Georgie!? Basira!?**

**MELANIE**

**Don't! You don't know what else is listening.**

**BEAT.**

**SAM**

**Sorry.**

**MELANIE**

**Now if you're done trying to get the attention of every monster in the zone I need your help.**

**SAM goes over and examines Melanie.**



**SAM**

(digging)

Okay it doesn't look too bad, but it's going to need a sling. Bear with me.

**MELANIE**

Thanks.

**SAM** fashions a sling for Melanie as he talks.

**SAM**

Do you think you still get us out of the Zone?

**MELANIE**

I don't know. Above ground maybe but down here...

**Beat.** There is an ominous breeze.

**MELANIE**

(cont.)

Do you feel that

**SAM**

Yeah...

**MELANIE**

Can you see anything?

**SAM**

I don't-

**The ARCHIVIST** manifests.

**SAM**

(hushed and afraid)

It's here.

**THE ARCHIVIST** roils forward.

**ARCHIVIST**

Sam...

**SAM**  
**Get away from me!**

**MELANIE**  
**John? John is that you?**

**Beat.**

**ARCHIVIST**  
**(tasting the word)**  
**John... No... Archivist...**

**MELANIE**  
**(bravely)**  
**Archivist, answer me! Are you- Were**  
**you once a man named Jonathan**  
**Sims?**

**ARCHIVIST**  
**(slightly distastefully)**  
**Sims... Sims.**

**Beat.**

**ARCHIVIST CONT.**  
**No. I am not... Sims. But I have his**  
**story.**

**MELANIE**  
**Huh. I guess I owe Georgie a drink.**

**THE ARCHIVIST looms.**

**SAM**  
**So if you're not Jonathan Sims, then**  
**who are you?**

**ARCHIVIST**  
**(almost laughing)**  
**Who am I? I am the one who asks**  
**Sam... Who are you?**

**Sam starts resisting.**

**MELANIE**

**Sam!**

**ARCHIVIST**

**(compelling)**

**Speak.**

**SAM**

**(resisting)**

**When I was five years old... my  
mother took me to a zoo... I don't  
remember the name of it, and  
afterwards she wouldn't tell me. It  
smelt wrong -**

**ALICE [PL] charges in from a nearby tunnel.**

**ALICE [PL]**

**Get away from him!**

**She tackles THE ARCHIVIST hard.**

**SAM is released and he falls panting.**

**SAM**

**Alice! No!**

**ALICE struggles with THE ARCHIVIST ineffectually.**

**BASIRA**

**(distant)**

**This way! I hear something!**

**MELANIE**

**(calling)**

**Here! We're over here!**

**GEORGIE**

**(distant)**

**Melanie!**

**ALICE is held, helpless.**

**ARCHIVIST**  
(To Alice)  
Alice...

**ALICE**  
(overpowered)  
Maybe... Who's asking?

**ARCHIVIST**  
(examining her)  
Your story. It is told and tired.

**ALICE**  
Sorry to disappoint...

**SAM**  
(helpless)  
Alice...

**ALICE**  
Sam. I love-

**THE ARCHIVIST** breaks **ALICE** with disdain killing her instantly and discarding her corpse amidst the detritus of the tunnel.

**SAM**  
No!

**GEORGIE**  
(closer)  
This way, come on!

**THE ARCHIVIST** wheels about, considers then begins to fade.

**ARCHIVIST**  
Lucky Sam... Lucky, lucky, lucky...

The ominous wind blows and with it **THE ARCHIVIST** disappears.

**BASIRA**  
(closer)  
I found them!

**SAM**

**Alice...**

**Click.**

**5. INT. MEDICAL WARD, NIGHT, CLEAR (TAPE RECORDER)**

**Click.**

**MELANIE** cries out as **GEORGIE** fixes her arm.

**GEORGIE**

**And... There we go.**

**MELANIE**

**I hate this medical shit.**

**GEORGIE**

**Most people would kill to have access to all this “medical shit”. You’re lucky it was only dislocated. It could have been a lot worse.**

**SAM**

**(hollow)**

**It was.**

**Pause.**

**BASIRA**

**I’m sorry. If we’d found you earlier...**

**SAM**

**It wouldn’t have made a difference. If Alice hadn’t- Then I’d be the one in the morgue right now.**

**PAUSE.**

**SAM**

**(Cont.)**

I know she wasn't *my* Alice. But she was still Alice. And I- There was nothing- She didn't deserve that.

**BASIRA**

Noone ever does.

**Beat.**

**GEORGIE**

Listen, I know we're hurting. I know we just want to call it a day and lick our wounds but we still need to figure out what we're going to do about the Archivist.

**BASIRA**

Georgie-

**SAM**

No. She's right.

**Beat.**

**GEORGIE**

You're sure it wasn't him, Melanie?

**MELANIE**

Positive. It actively denied it and besides that voice... it's not him.

**GEORGIE**

Right, well, I'll take that as a win for now, but we still don't have a way to track it or kill it and with all these new powers in the zone... we're going to struggle.

**MELANIE**

Yeah.

**BASIRA**

**That's not our only problem.**

**GEORGIE**

**More bad news?**

**BASIRA**

**I noticed something as we were coming out. I didn't trust my eyes, so I had a couple of wardens confirm it later.**

**MELANIE**

**What?**

**BASIRA**

**You know that slight warping effect at the edge of the zone?**

**GEORGIE**

**The shimmer, yeah, what about it?**

**BASIRA**

**It's moved.**

**GEORGIE**

**What do you mean it's moved-**

**BASIRA**

**It's at least a meter beyond the fencing already.**

**Beat. They digest this.**

**SAM**

**It's the Archivist. It has to be.**

**BASIRA**

**Yeah. I think the zone has been growing since it arrived and now...**

**GEORGIE**

**Oh fuck...**

**Click.**

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

**It featured Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid, Sasha Sienna as Georgie Barker, Lydia Nicholas as Melanie King, Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer, with additional voices from Beth Eyre. 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.**

**CATXXXX-XXXXXXXX-XXXXXXXX**  
**ERROR (Unknown Source)**

**Incident Elements:**

- **Graphic Violence**
- **Death**
- **Spatial/visual distortion**
- **Thalassophobia**
- **Claustrophobia**
- **Body Horror**
- **Mentions of: immolation, drowning, crushing, choking**
- **SFX: buzzing, screaming**

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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)**

**Marta de Silva as Warden Olivia**

**George Bunting as Warden Callum**

**Lydia Nicholas as Melanie King**

**Sasha Sienna as Georgie Barker**

**Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid**

**Frank Voss as Basira Hussain**

**Beth Eyre as The Archivist**

**Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer**

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