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**The Magnus Protocol**

**Episode 32  
"Restructuring"**

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

**016-10-2024  
Draft 4**

**ANNOUNCER**

**This episode is dedicated to Dan Carlson. At times you meet people that you know instantly will alter your life. No other group of individuals are as oddly amazing as the High Fives. Thank you for the endless stories, inspiration, and laughs.**

**[Intro Theme]**

**ANNOUNCER**

**Rusty Quill Presents: The Magnus Protocol.  
Episode Thirty-Two – Restructuring**

**[Music]**

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

**ALICE is wearing her headphones and working at the computer, but her rhythm is different. She is focused, exploring something. GWEN approaches from behind then waits to be noticed.**

**ALICE doesn't notice. Why would she?**

**GWEN**

**Alice.**

**ALICE keeps working.**

**GWEN CONT.**

**Alice.**

**ALICE keeps working.**

**GWEN**

**(Louder)**

**Hey!**

**She pokes ALICE in the back of the head.**

**ALICE**  
**Jesus Christ!**

**She rips her headphones out in a panic.**

**GWEN**  
**Now that I have your/ attention-**

**ALICE**  
**(cont.)**  
**/What is your problem! Jesus! I**  
**nearly messed myself-**

**GWEN**  
**Yes all right-**

**ALICE**  
**(cont.)**  
**After everything that's gone on, I'm**  
**all alone in here and you're sneaking**  
**up on people like- !**

**GWEN**  
**-I wasn't sneaking-**

**ALICE**  
**(cont.)**  
**You're lucky I didn't deck you!**

**GWEN**  
**You're lucky I haven't fired you yet!**

**Beat. Alice turns her music off.**

**GWEN CONT.**  
**What are you doing?**

**ALICE**  
**Who's asking?**

**GWEN**  
**Your boss.**

**ALICE**  
Debatable...

**GWEN**  
(warning)  
Alice...

**Beat.**

**ALICE**  
Missing persons. Figured I'd check and see if Sam had turned up in hospital with no memories, ranting about eyeball monsters and overbearing would-be bosses..

**GWEN**  
And?

**ALICE**  
Nothing. Which actually says a lot about the social lives of the people who work here when you think about it.

**GWEN**  
Right. Well. Your caseload's backing up so...

**ALICE**  
I'm sorry?

**GWEN**  
Just don't fall too far behind.

**ALICE**  
Hang on, just to be clear, I think you heard "I'm sorry I'll work harder boss" when what I meant is "I'm sorry, you think I give a flying fart about cases right now."

**GWEN**

**You can't abandon your work just because-**

**ALICE**

**What? Just because our friends are missing? Or worse? Why not? What are you going to do, fire me?**

**GWEN**

**If I have to.**

**ALICE**

**Do it. Good luck with your precious caseload then.**

**GWEN**

**(gritting her teeth.)**

**We've been over this already. If you don't stay on top of things it's going to draw attention.**

**ALICE**

**From who? The Right Honourable Mr Sir Trevor Herbert MP OBE DNR? I doubt he would notice if we burnt the place down.**

**GWEN**

**(forced calm)**

**Alice you know as well as I do that you aren't going to be able to spend any time looking for them if we're trapped in a government inquiry, or worse. So keeping things moving is going to help look for them. In a roundabout sort of way.**

**Beat.**

**ALICE**

**I liked you better when you were a miserable grunt like the rest of us.**

**GWEN**

**No you didn't.**

**Beat.**

**ALICE**

**Fine. But I'm going to keep using the office systems.**

**GWEN**

**Just as long as you do your cases.**

**GWEN leaves. ALICE sets a case going whilst muttering to herself.**

## **2. CYBERSPACE**

**NORRIS**

**Liverpool Integrated Care System –  
Patient Record ID NICS-2015-36584B**

**The following information is confidential and legally protected. Unauthorized access, disclosure, copying, or distribution of this document is strictly prohibited and may result in legal action.**

**Personal Information as follows.**

**Name: Kyla Barber  
Date of Birth: 17/11/1974  
NHS Number: 698-588-3912  
Sex: Female  
Address: 45 Gardener Lane,  
Wavertree, Liverpool, L15 3HA**

**Occupation: Environmental Health Officer**

**Emergency Contact: Violet Weaver (Partner) - 07439 183375**

**Medical History as follows:**

**Primary Care Provider: Dr. Myka Volkova, Sycamore Drive Medical Centre**

**Mental Health Provider: Dr. Allen Cielo, Mersey Care NHS Trust**

**Chronic Conditions: Hypertension, Type 2 Diabetes**

**Allergies: Trimethoprim, Nickel**

**Medications:  
Metformin 500mg  
Lisinopril 10mg  
Sertraline 100mg  
Diazepam 100mg  
Olanzapine 10mg**

**Recent Admissions:  
01/06/2012 - Acute depressive episode**

**Treatment Provided: Cognitive Behavioral Therapy, Medication adjustment**

**15/03/2015 - A10 Detention Under  
Mental Health Act for Admission for  
Assessment.**

**Approved Mental Health  
Professional: Jozef Block**

**Reason for Detention:  
Patient admitted to Clock View  
Hospital under Section 136 police  
detainment.**

**Observations:  
Indicators for Visual and Auditory  
Hallucination, Distress, Paranoia,  
Confusion, Transient Global  
Amnesia/ Dissociative Amnesia**

**Initial Diagnosis:  
Acute Psychosis, Schizophrenia,  
Anxiety, Post Traumatic Stress  
Disorder**

**Recommendations:  
Immediate inpatient admission for  
safety and further assessment due to  
immediate risk to self and others.  
Initial treatment plan to include  
antipsychotic medication and  
psychotherapy.**

**Recent Notes:  
“Assessment delayed due to missing  
patient”**

**Recent Documentation:  
Partial Transcript of Counselling  
Session 18-03-2015**

**Transcript as follows:**

**K: - sand into water, water into stone, stone into wood, wood into cotton, cotton into blood, blood into gold, gold into fire, fire into steel-**

**J: Kyla?**

**K: plastic trees in rings of glass, no wind for wings, no birds... no birds...**

**J: Come back Kyla.**

**Pause.**

**K: I'm, I'm sorry, I don't...**

**J: That's all right Kyla. Why don't we take a moment for a reset?**

**K: reset... yes...**

**Pause.**

**J: My name is...**

**K: My name is Kyla Barber, I am in Clock View Hospital...**

**J: And?**

**K: And uh- and I am safe.**

**J: And now breathe in, hold, and breathe out. And again.**

**Pause.**

**J: Better?**

**K: Yes. Yes sorry.**

**J: No need to be sorry. Are you ready to continue?**

**K: Yes.**

**J: All right. Now Kyla I'd like you to try and tell me what happened at uh- at "The Mann Island Developments."**

**K: I can try, but- I don't, It doesn't make sense...**

**J: That's all right. It doesn't have to make sense. It's about what you experienced, what you felt, not about any 'sense' we might try to make of it right now. Just start at the beginning.**

**K: Yeah... Yeah ok.**

**Pause.**

**K: Sand. Sand silent but for the wind's caress of red dunes. Dry iron dancing beneath a thousand, thousand sunrises and sunsets. Calm. So calm... Until...**

**A drop, a single drop that crashes down, herald to the floods that follow, then a trickle, a torrent, earth's blood and water scattering the dancers then locking them in an embrace of sand and stone as the**

**land roils beneath, bucking and  
heaving untamed and unseen until...**

**One becomes two, two becomes four  
and four becomes innumerable. The  
boiling froth of life smears itself  
across the waters building upon  
itself in ever-more impossible  
designs. Fragments into cells into  
cilia into spores and plants and fins  
and wings and limbs and blood and  
teeth and claws and hair and hands  
and finally, everywhere becomes  
somewhere, becomes here. This  
place distinct in the newly minted  
minds that wander through me and  
around me. I am here.**

**They mark my heart with carven  
stone, frozen dancers now standing  
in six exultations, changing me,  
turning me, once more, into  
somewhere new: I am Home.**

**More minds are born, grown, aged  
and lost in a new and faster dance of  
happiness, tragedy, love and loss.  
They know me and love me for  
sheltering, nourishing and nurturing  
them until...**

**Blood is spilled, fresh water for my  
river, new bones for my earth and  
soon I have a name, not "home" but  
Liuerpol, now enshrined in ink and  
pigskin. Six become seven as those  
long-frozen dancers are regimented  
into the foundation of untold  
footfalls, new veins of prosperity**

**branching from my river's artery  
which now ebbs and flows with trade  
and exploration.**

**The quiet is gone now, replaced by  
shared purpose and disquiet.**

**They try to temper river's run again  
and again, building new havens to  
shackle me which I must wash away  
with wind and rain and sea but they  
are industrious. Blood washes once  
more across my ground, let by steel  
and sulphur, forging me into a city.  
Such a grand name for such a  
grievous wound. More home now to  
stock and cargo than flesh and bone.**

**They are so industrious. Their  
choking trade clogs me with the filth  
of their endeavour and the silt of  
their constant contempt which turns  
to theft as they steal from my river's  
depths until...**

**They fill these wounds with blood  
once more but now it is not their  
own. Instead, a ceaseless torrent of  
tobacco, cotton and chain-bound  
misery pours in, fuelled by stolen  
sweat and stained steel. They are so  
industrious. And I am angry. The  
river stutters, as they drag fresh land  
from the depths and trap me inside,  
severed from myself and lessened  
from a city but to an island made for  
man, and what men they are.**

**Bilge bloated on the bodies of the  
broken, they laugh without mirth,**

**servants of lust and despair with  
regret crawling amongst the soured  
timber of far-off wilds.**

**And still the children of those  
otherwheres are dragged to me.  
Their grief shackled within the walls  
of the gory charnel warehouses  
which reek of desolation and slow  
carnage. Until the last ship vomits its  
wretched hold upon my shores.  
Perhaps this imperial fetish has  
finally been assuaged? But no, the  
gory houses burn too late and return  
too soon and with them come the  
trains. Metal ripped from my earth  
and baptised in death before it,  
bellowing black smoke and  
burrowing into my heart and filling it  
with stolen, rolling lightning. I am  
angry.**

**Another flood of bloodshed, fed by  
skyfire this time and finally there is a  
moment of respite from their  
ceaseless progress. Instead I am a  
home once more. A weary home  
filled with hardship but also  
children's laughter. I had almost  
forgotten how it had felt... but then  
their humble lots are scattered for  
the benefit of trams, buses and more  
besides. I am angry.**

**And now there rises a canker of  
glass and empty luxury, a monument  
of displacement that would deny  
land's past whilst promising  
prosperity. But I will abide you no**

**more.**

**Your foundations of bone, built both  
of mine and those that would have  
called me home, splinter and slip  
beneath the weight of your capital  
arrogance.**

**The metal veins that waste my  
waters for your warped and bloated  
wants, bend and break overflowing  
with the filth of your forebears.**

**The cables that you stitch so cruelly  
in my flesh now snap and spill their  
lightning upon the stolen grandeur  
of your foreign marble floors.**

**The stems of steel that shoulder  
your ambition foul and fail and fall,  
overwhelmed by the weight of your  
derelict intent.**

**The dancers that you look through  
but never see shatter and stab such  
sharp shards into you as cutting  
retort for your blindnesses.**

**Your reliable residences, sold but  
never owned, grow cold and dark,  
unloved unlike the homes of those  
that came before your “site”.**

**The offices you laud so loud, as  
clean and trim and proper, now stain  
and stink with long kept scandal as  
your ledgers wilt and rot.**

**There is no place for you here. There is no place for you here.**

**J: Kyla-**

**K: No. I am not her. I am here.**

**J: Kyla, I asked what happened to you. Not what happened to the place.**

**K: And all who dwell within me will feel the weight of it. Their bones will be my bones. Colonised, as is my right...**

**J: I don't know if this is helping.**

**K: Let me go home. Let me be home.**

**Transcript ends**

### **3. INT. O.I.A.R. OFFICE – NIGHT, CLEAR**

**ALICE groans as CELIA approaches.**

**CELIA**  
**Difficult case?**

**ALICE**  
**Pffft. Hardly. "Building" comma "angry".**

**She types rapidly.**

**ALICE**  
**(cont.)**  
**Done.**

**She submits the case.**

**Beat.**

**CELIA**

**So...**

**ALICE**

**How do we even start with this mess?  
How does someone get shredded by  
a computer?**

**CELIA**

**I don't know. Maybe we focus on the  
"why" for now rather than the "how."**

**ALICE**

**Okay but I'm still at a loss about  
what happened to Sam. Maybe if we  
went back to-**

**CELIA**

**Bad idea. We still don't even know  
what it is or whether it's still a  
danger. How about you focus on  
Colin and I'll focus on Sam. I was the  
one with him when he... left. I'll have  
more to go on.**

**ALICE**

**Will you though? Because you didn't  
exactly remember anything useful  
when I asked you before.**

**Beat.**

**ALICE CONT.**

**Sorry, I know this isn't your fault I'm  
just...**

**CELIA**

**I know. I am too.**

**Pause.**

**GWEN** knocks on the glass of the manager's office.

**ALICE**  
I swear I'm going to-

**CELIA**  
It's okay. I've got it.

**4. INT. O.I.A.R. MANAGER'S OFFICE– NIGHT, CLEAR  
(LANDLINE)**

**GWEN** is quietly distressed. **CELIA** knocks.

**GWEN**  
Come in!

**CELIA**  
(entering)  
What's up? Everything okay?

**GWEN**  
Uh Celia, could you do me a favor  
and look at my PC for a moment?

**CELIA**  
(coming over)  
I really don't think it's a good idea to  
be messing around with it after-

**She stops.**

**Beat.**

**CELIA**  
(cont.)  
Is that... a hand?

**GWEN**  
I think it's probably Colin's.

**Beat.** They both react as the hand is schlorped back into the computer.

The audio is interrupted for a moment.

**CELIA**

Oh. There it goes.

**GWEN**

Yes. It's happened a couple of times now. I just wanted to make sure I wasn't... um...

**Beat.**

**CELIA**

I'm pretty sure I saw some teeth in my keyboard yesterday. It was just for a second and I wasn't sure, so I didn't say anything, but...

**Beat.**

**CELIA CONT'D**

Is there anything else I can do for you or...

**GWEN**

No, no that's fine. I'd better get back to- uh- to... it.

Neither of them moves.

**CELIA**

Listen Gwen, I realize it must be a lot sitting in the big chair while all this is going on-

**GWEN**

Mmmmmm.

**CELIA**

-but if you ever, y'know, need a hand-

(she catches herself too late.)

Ah, um. Just let me know, yeah?

**Beat.** There is a small email ping from the pc.

**GWEN**

No, I don't think that will be necessary Celia. Now as you can see I'm quite busy.

**CELIA**

(unconvinced)

Sure... Just, look after yourself Gwen.

**GWEN**

I assure you I always do.

**CELIA**

(unconvinced)

Okay...

**CELIA** exits. After a moment **GWEN** tries to access her email, poorly.

**GWEN**

For god's sake... how do you even... right.

She reads muttering to herself.

**GWEN**

What?

**5. INT. ALICE'S FLAT – DAWN, CLEAR (ALICE'S PHONE)**

The phone rings then goes to voicemail:

**LUKE**

Hey, leave a message. Or don't.  
Whatevs.

Tone.

**ALICE**

Hey Luke, I'm guessing you're driving or picking some old grannies knickers off your head after a gig or something, so no need to call back, just checking in on you and the tour.

Beat.

**ALICE**

(cont.)

Sounds like it's going well. Just FYI I had to use PayPal this time since you're abroad so let me know if you have any issues. It's not like I'm going anywhere.

Beat.

**ALICE**

(cont.)

Things are a bit weird here. There's a actually lot going on at work and...  
Actually, you know what? *Do* call me back. Or text me, or something. I think I need to talk to a real human person, and you're the next best thing. Anyway, say hi to the lads for me. Later.

She hangs up and sighs. It is very quiet.

**[Music]**

**ANNOUNCER**

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**Thanks for listening.**

**CAT2RC1475-18032015-17052024**

**Building (angry) -/- N/A**

**Incident Elements:**

- **Unreality**
- **Non-consensual mental health  
detainment/misdiagnosis**
- **Disappearance**
- **Psychosis/Possession**
- **Mentions of: depression, hallucinations,  
mental instability, PTSD**
- 

**This episode is dedicated to Dan Carlson. You  
can find a complete list of our Kickstarter  
backers [https://rustyquill.com/the-magnus-  
protocol-supporter-wall/](https://rustyquill.com/the-magnus-<br/>protocol-supporter-wall/)**

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Megan Nice**

**Produced by April Sumner**

**Featuring (in order of appearance)**

**Anusia Battersby as Gwendolyn Bouchard**

**Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer**

**Alexander J Newall as Norris**

**Lowri Ann Davies as Celia Ripley**

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Art by April Sumner**

**SFX from Freesound: Danrules213, rodincoil, straget, zrrion\_the\_insect, khenshom, and previously credited artists**

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