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**The Magnus Protocol**  
**“Scrutiny”**

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**Draft 04**

**ANNOUNCER**

**This episode is dedicated to Riley and Alexys, from Court- thank you for your friendship, and introducing me to TMA, which along with you has gotten me through the darkest times. I love you both so much.**

**[Intro Theme]**

**ANNOUNCER**

**Rusty Quill Presents: The Magnus Protocol.  
Episode Thirty-Seven – Scrutiny**

**[Music]**

**1. PL, WARDEN'S OFFICE INT. – MORNING, CLEAR (TAPE DECK)**

**SAM is sat in bed reading a book. Distant sounds of organized human activity from the open window but no traffic or electronics, mostly it's birdsong and quiet. It feels more like a remote military outpost than anywhere near London. It is peaceful, almost boring.**

**Pause. It's nice.**

**GEORGIE approaches from the corridor. There is a murmured conversation outside then the door is unlocked and GEORGIE enters. The door is locked behind her.**

**GEORGIE**

**Good morning Sam.**

**SAM**

**(Much healthier)**

**Morning.**

**GEORGIE puts her stuff down and pulls a chair over to the bed.**

**GEORGIE**  
How're you feeling?

**SAM**  
Better. Not great, but definitely better.

**GEORGIE**  
Good.

Georgie checks some charts.

**GEORGIE**  
Certainly looks like you're on the mend.

**SAM**  
So they tell me.

**GEORGIE**  
You could pass for human soon.

**SAM**  
Gee thanks. I have to say your doctor's pretty great even if her equipment is... uh...

**GEORGIE**  
Outdated?

**SAM**  
Only by a hundred years or so.

**GEORGIE**  
We're still mostly off grid here and we can't resupply often, so we have to improvise a bit. You know how it is.

**SAM**  
Do I? I don't even know if I'm still arrested.

**GEORGIE**

Oh well, I can answer that one at least. You're free to go.

**SAM**

What? Just like that?

**GEORGIE**

Just like that. We're pretty sure you're harmless at this point.

**SAM**

Um Thanks?

**GEORGIE**

You'll have to remain nearby for a bit longer but it's not like you'd have been able to find a ride anyway. I don't suppose you have somewhere you can stay?

**SAM**

I mean, not really given the whole "trapped-in-an-alternate-dimension" thing? Not unless I can go back through the portal or-

**GEORGIE**

Zone's on lockdown until we've hunted down your Archivist and eliminated it, so your trip back will have to wait. Assuming it's as easy as you think it is.

**SAM**

Not sure weeks of medical treatment counts as 'easy', but sure. So where does that leave me? It's not like I have cash to pay for a hostel or anything.

**GEORGIE**

You can stay with me. At least for the time being.

**Beat.**

**SAM**

Oh er, thanks that's kind of you but I wouldn't want to intrude-

**GEORGIE**

Bit late for that, so you may as well do it where I can see you.

**SAM**

Okay, but I am free to go?

**GEORGIE**

Absolutely. As long as you're with an escort at all times. At least until that Archivist situation is resolved.

**SAM**

(sighing)

Right. Thanks.

**Beat.**

**GEORGIE**

You're welcome.

**SAM**

Am I though?

**GEORGIE**

Yeah, maybe welcome isn't quite the right word.

Anyway, hurry up and get dressed, Melanie will kill me if we're late.

**SAM**

Who's Melanie?

**GEORGIE**

**My better half. Now come on, you don't want to get off on the wrong foot - she's not a people person like I am.**

**2. PL, DERELICT OFFICE INT. – MORNING, CLEAR (TAPE DECK)**

**It is dank, derelict and ruined. The Archivist flows through like mustard gas, exploring and formless.**

**There is a tiny disturbance, a fractional shift of rusted metal amongst the detritus.**

**The Archivist suddenly coagulates, coalescing into a specter we recognize.**

**ARCHIVIST**

**I. SEE. YOU.**

**ASHE steps gingerly out of hiding before the Archivist.**

**The Archivist poises to strike and ASHE drops to her knees.**

**ASHE**

**(fervently praying)**

**Forgive me, see me, oh see me  
please, please... Let me be known  
again, let my name be on your lips,  
let my fear shine for you...**

**The Archivist hesitates. It takes a shallow breath.**

**ARCHIVIST**

**(tasting the words)**

**ASHE... PINES...**

**ASHE**

(rapturous)

Yes... oh yes watcher, see me, see my fear! Take it, take it all, it is yours! I give it to you, I give myself to you judge me, deride me, abjure me just please see me.

**ARCHIVIST**

(almost confused)

I... SEE... YOU...

**ASHE**

I felt you in my dreaming, felt you twisting it about yourself again... I was so afraid of being noticed, being known, being seen and judged but then, then the dream ended and I- I've been alone, so alone, unknown and fading... Send me back! Send me back to my fear, back to the place where I could never hide. Please, please, I need to go back, I need to be seen again!

**Beat.** The Archivist considers their willing victim a moment then takes a breath.

**ARCHIVIST**

(gently)

Speak...

**ASHE**

(finally released)

Oh my god, did you see what she was wearing- no makeup again - can't believe how fat she's gotten - why is her hair so greasy -what's with her glasses- she's so spotty - she's so short -so ugly -so quiet -so weird -so stupid- so lazy- so poor-

**clumsy -creepy broken...**

**I can hear my parents downstairs as I wake up. They're talking about me again. They're always talking about me, watching me, but that's what parents do right? That's how you know they care, they keep an eye on you.**

**I get up, turn on TV and start to get dressed. On the morning news they're discussing how stupid I looked in PE yesterday, how I shouldn't be allowed to wear the kit, how ugly I looked but also how inappropriate it was that I was distracting the boys. They've got the PE teacher in for an interview and he says it's time the government to take action. I sit on the end of my bed and take notes.**

**I stumble downstairs for a quick breakfast. The bread's moldy but I'm late now so I just pick it off and put it in the toaster anyway. Mum gives me the look that tells me she saw me do it, so I pop the toaster and throw the cold bread away. She's right, I shouldn't be eating carbs anyway.**

**Missed the bus again so I have to walk it. That's probably for the best, I need the exercise. I try to hurry but end up tripping over the broken flagstone again. Everyone points and laughs like always. I should look where I'm going. It's just so tricky when I am trying to stop slouching.**

**They don't stop laughing.**

**I look up and see the billboards have changed. It used to be cosmetic surgery ads with my face as the "before" picture, now it's a fast-food ad, with me stuffing my face. There's a couple of kids hanging out underneath. One of them sees me then points to the billboard. They all start making pig noises so I try to join in.**

**Get into school late and the teachers ignore me. That hurts. I guess they've already given up on me. Makes sense, I'm a no-one. Invisible. Why would they notice me? God I wish they would notice me.**

**I slip into my chair at the front and try to listen as Mr. Dumfries goes over evolution. I prepare for him to ignore me like the others, Why wouldn't he? I don't deserve his attention, but then he's saying my name! I make sure to laugh with everyone when he gets me to stand up as an example of a "primitive hominid". I don't want people to think I'm stuck up. They all point and laugh and I start to cry and to laugh, I'm seen again and it's... overwhelming.**

**Science is next. I forgot it was a dissection today. Miles starts poking me with the scalpel. Mum says it's how boys show they like you. Mrs. Winslow shouts at me for distracting**

him and so I apologize and try to focus on the work.

Seeing the frog splayed out like that though, I can't help but think it looks like me and before I know what I am doing I take the blade and stab it deeply into the body, too deeply. I slice it open, lay it out and start to rip off the bad bits. There's mess everywhere so now I have to stay late to clean up everyone's desks.

I miss lunch but I get to French early, so I take my seat at the front. It takes a moment for me to realize that I don't recognize any of the kids coming in. They recognize me though, whispering and pointing. It's only once Mr. Andrews comes in and starts to shout that I realize I'm in the wrong room. I rush off to 5b before I miss too much of the lesson.

By the time the home bell rings I'm exhausted. I really should walk home, I'll never save money if I keep wasting it like this but it's cold and I'm missing a shoe. The Hiskin sisters chucked it over the fence. It's my fault really, it wouldn't happen if I didn't leave my stuff lying around.

The bus home is packed, everyone on their phones. There's a new video of me falling down the stairs doing the rounds. I laugh along with them. It's important that people know you can laugh at yourself.

**I get home and mum and dad are out, that's when I remember its Parent's night again and they need to discuss what's wrong with me. I decide to skip dinner and try and catch up on my homework but I end up putting the TV on. I don't know why I find it so hard to concentrate on stuff, it's no wonder I keep getting in trouble.**

**It's one of those funniest home video shows, this one is "top ten most painful injuries" and they're showing that time I broke my leg playing tennis. I'm not surprised the audience find it so funny, who manages to break a leg playing Tennis?**

**Eventually I head upstairs, shrug off my clothes and lie there in bed staring up at the ceiling. I really should have a shower, clean my teeth, get some sleep, I've got a test tomorrow. But I can't stop listening to the party down the street. I think it's that concert where I dropped the cymbal, and everyone stopped playing to watch me pick it up. That one's pretty popular at the moment. I remember being so afraid that people would see me mess up such an obvious part, so ashamed I'd ruined it all. But to think that I am now so important, that everyone knows my name...**

**I start to drift off then, my eyelids slowly closing on me as I lie back and think about the day... about how**

**lucky I am... that so many people care so much about me... I used to be so afraid of the spotlight... but now... I don't know if I could give it up... I just want to be seen...**

**She lapses into unintelligible muttering as The Archivist takes a last, deep breath.**

**ARCHIVIST**

**Dream.**

**ASHE expires leaving the Archivist considering her. Eventually the Archivist slowly dissolves back into the wind and moves on leaving the corpse in the embrace of a tape recorder which then ends with a**

**[click]**

**3. PL, MELANIE'S KITCHEN INT. – AFTERNOON, CLEAR (TAPE DECK)**

**MELANIE is making SAM a cup of tea. Again, it's oddly quiet just the quiet murmur of a neighboring family getting on with life without electronics.**

**SAM**

**Would you like a hand?**

**MELANIE**

**In my own kitchen?**

**SAM**

**Right. Sorry.**

**MELANIE**

**It's fine. But remember I've got a special, heavier cane for smartarses.**

**SAM**

**Noted.**

**MELANIE**

**Tea?**

**SAM**

**Uhh...**

**MELANIE**

**Do you have tea in your world?.**

**SAM**

**Yes, we have tea.**

**Beat.**

**MELANIE**

**So would you like some?**

**SAM**

**Oh, yes. Milk, one sugar please.**

**MELANIE**

**Try again. We've got cold or hot.**

**SAM**

**Oh er... hot. Please.**

**MELANIE puts the kettle on the Aga then sits.**

**MELANIE**

**So. Alternate dimension, eh?**

**SAM**

**Seems so.**

**Beat. The Kettle begins to heat.**

**MELANIE**

**(CONT.)**

**Is it nice there?**

**SAM**

It's all right. I'd say it's pretty normal,  
but I don't really have anything to  
compare it to yet.

**Beat.** The kettle heats some more.

**MELANIE**

I suppose that's fair. So go on then.  
Any idea what the big difference is  
yet?

**SAM**

Sorry?

**MELANIE**

You're from another world so  
presumably there's some big weird  
difference that completely changes  
stuff.

**SAM**

Like what?

**MELANIE**

I don't know, like you never  
discovered antibiotics or World War  
One never happened, unicorns are  
real, that kind of stuff.

**SAM**

Oh er... it's kind of hard to be sure.  
My London's less of a... disaster  
zone. And has a lot more people.  
And electricity.

**MELANIE**

That makes sense. Not many people  
left around here, so they haven't  
gotten around to fixing the grid.  
We've got a portable generator for

**essentials, but that doesn't include a kettle, apparently.**

**SAM**

**And like, I don't know if this is a thing but I haven't seen anyone on their mobile?**

**MELANIE**

**Hmmm? Oh, right, yeah... the cell network is still down here. I heard Germany is having better luck on that but who's to say?**

**SAM**

**Right.**

**Beat. The kettle is whistling now.**

**MELANIE**

**So, your supernatural still based on the Fears?**

**SAM**

**Sorry I don't uh-**

**MELANIE**

**"Corruption", "Vast", creepy avatars and all that lot?**

**SAM**

**Uh, we've got monsters if that's what you mean?**

**MELANIE**

**Close enough.**

**The kettle starts to whistle, MELANIE sighs, stands and pours tea for them both before sitting back down with Sam. Who takes the cup and sips slowly.**

**SAM**

So um. I don't mean to be rude but um, I've got to ask... What happened here? Why is everything so...

**MELANIE**

Fucked?

**SAM**

Yeah...

**Beat.** Melanie sips assembling her thoughts.

**MELANIE**

From the sound of things, your London is pretty standard right? Internet dating, crowded tubes, extortionate rent, all that?

**SAM**

Yeah...

**MELANIE**

Well don't take it for granted. If you've got monsters, then it could easily happen to you too.

**Beat.**

**SAM**

What could happen?

**MELANIE** sighs.

**MELANIE**

Big old supernatural apocalypse. You know? The world ended. Then it un-ended. Mostly.

**SAM**

Ended... how?

**MELANIE**

**So, there's this... ritual that happens. October 2018. Supernatural forces that feed on fears are unleashed and transform the world into hell on earth, like a factory farm of terror with humanity in the cages. London was the centre, where it started, at a place called The Magnus Institute, and that became a massive tower of- Now what?**

**SAM**

**Sorry! I just, your Magnus Institute ended the world?**

**MELANIE**

**It did.**

**SAM**

**Ha! I knew it! I knew it!**

**MELANIE**

**So you have one in your world too then?**

**SAM**

**Had one, yeah. Is that why they wanted all the gifted kids? For some kind of alchemy doomsday ritual?**

**MELANIE**

**(completely lost)**

**What?**

**SAM**

**Sorry carry on, I just, yeah. Sorry.**

**Beat.**

**MELANIE**

Right so, these days they call it the “London Incursion” right, but it happened everywhere. The sky turned into just this massive eye that’s watching it all as everyone wakes up in their own personal hell and it is... it is not nice.

**SAM**

Christ... What was your hell?

**MELANIE**

Ok, firstly, just so you know, that’s considered a pretty personal question these days. And secondly, it was different for Georgie and I. We were... special. Long story. But for everyone else, some people are getting tortured and others are doing the torturing and it all feels like it’s going on forever and then just as suddenly it stops.

**SAM**

Why?

**MELANIE**

Well that’s the thing. Most people have no idea. You happen to have stumbled across two of the only people who actually know what happened.

**SAM**

Which is?

**Beat.**

**MELANIE (CONT.)**

**Short version? We undid the ritual, blew up the tower and kicked all the supernatural forces to the curb. And lost some friends in the process.**

**So that's it, everything's all over, all the personal hells just sort of turn off. Only then shit really hits the fan because everyone comes to where they disappeared.**

**SAM**

**I'd have thought that was a good thing...**

**MELANIE**

**Oh really? So what about if you were on a plane when you disappeared, or a boat or in the middle of surgery?**

**SAM**

**So it was all real? People like properly disappeared it wasn't all in their heads or anything?**

**MELANIE**

**It was real all right. Best anyone can tell everyone disappeared for about a week of real-time but it felt like a lot more. Especially if you were in some bullshit time domain or whatever.**

**SAM**

**But hang on wouldn't that mean they came back where the earth was when they disappeared meaning they would just appear in space and-**

**MELANIE**

**Gonna stop you right there. Don't know, do not care. I was never very good at following this "Dream Logic" bullshit, but people stayed on the planet, at least.**

**SAM**

**(unsatisfied)**

**Sure.**

**MELANIE**

**Now, what do you think happens when everyone in the world disappears for a week and then either dies or comes back horribly traumatised?**

**SAM**

**I assume you're going to tell me?**

**MELANIE**

**Chaos. Absolute chaos. Some people tried to help out but for the first few weeks it almost felt like we were back in the domains.**

**SAM**

**The government didn't do anything?**

**MELANIE**

**The government had just been through the exact same thing as everyone else. Most major cities were either flooded or collapsed or both. Hell, huge chunks of Asia and the Southern US were massive infernos thanks to all the refineries that just ended up exploding because no one was there to stop them.**

**SAM**

Jesus...

**MELANIE**

We caught a break with the nuclear stuff because it turns out the reactors just sort of turn themselves off if they're left alone but that's about it.

It was a pretty rough time. Most of the emergency generators had already run out of fuel, that means no water, no power, no infrastructure at all, all the hospitals and that immediately overwhelmed... Anyway, it's after that, that the reckoning started.

**Beat.**

**MELANIE**

(pressing on)

So basically all the hells split people into victims who suffered, and jailors who tormented them. And it's not like people forgot who was who. Once everyone came back there were some scores to settle.

**SAM**

But weren't people, like, magically made to do it?

**MELANIE**

You didn't get an actual choice, sure, but let's just say that it's a certain type of person that ends up being a jailor.

**SAM**

**Sadists?**

**MELANIE**

**Less than you'd think. It was more managers, politicians, cops, CEOs... the kind of people who were used to living with authority. In the end they declared an amnesty for all the revenge killings, and now... people think twice before chasing power.**

**SAM**

**I'm gonna be honest, that bit doesn't sound totally awful...**

**MELANIE**

**In principle? Sure. But in practice, a lot of the jailors were the people who controlled the resources that kept everything running. That meant organising any sort of wide-scale crisis response was basically impossible, and so when winter set in there were a lot more cold and hungry people going in than came out the other side. Depends who you ask, but most people think the aftermath killed far more people than the actual incursion.**

**SAM**

**Was there any international response at all?**

**MELANIE**

**They were dealing with their own shit. Besides, don't ask me about the physics of it, but apparently everyone in the world had seen the Panopticon and was left with the**

impression that it was all the fault of  
...a British guy with a posh accent.  
No-one was exactly rushing to help  
us out.

The world's more or less back on its  
feet now, but for most of the years  
since Towerfall Britain's been  
scraping by on the relief supplies we  
get by selling off city scrap.

**Beat.**

**MELANIE**

(cont.)

I can actually hear your mind  
blowing. Where did I lose you?

**SAM**

No I'm good, just a lot to take in.

**MELANIE**

I suppose it is when you clump it all  
together like that.

**SAM**

I do still have a couple of questions  
though?

**MELANIE**

Go for it. Georgie won't be back from  
the Wardens for another hour at  
least.

**SAM**

Yeah so uh Wardens? I am guessing  
those are police?

**MELANIE**

Ha! I'll tell Georgie you said that! No,  
capital "p" Police are very much not  
a thing anymore, not since the

reckoning. The Wardens are more like a militia, I guess. They volunteer to guard the Zones and they help out counties with general labour. Sandbags, trench digging, that kind of thing. They don't have any official authority or anything, but most people trust them enough to accept their help.

**SAM**

And the Zones, they're what's left of the uh "Fears"?

**MELANIE**

That's not a bad way of thinking of it. It's more like they're locations that got polluted by too much fear in one place and ended up permanently weird. Georgie won't admit it, but we still don't really know much about them.

**SAM**

Okay... So like who's in charge?

**MELANIE**

Of the Wardens?

**SAM**

No, of everyone. There's no government, no police, no army, how is anything getting done?

**MELANIE**

I mean, most people will do stuff even if they aren't forced to. They'd rather farm than go hungry, they'd rather clean up than live in filth. For big stuff things are mostly sorted on a county-by-county level. It's not

**perfect but it works. Taxes make a lot more sense now.**

**SAM**  
**(struggling)**  
**Right.**

**MELANIE**  
**Anything else or are we done on remedial Apocalypse lessons for today?**

**SAM**  
**Uh no, no I'm good I think.**

**MELANIE**  
**Great. In that case you can make yourself useful. You got any training?**

**SAM**  
**I mean I work for the government in data entry and before that I worked in law?**

**Beat.**

**MELANIE**  
**Sounds like we should get you started on potatoes. They're pretty easy. And maybe don't mention the lawyer thing to anyone else yeah?**

**SAM**  
**I mean technically I wasn't a lawyer-**

**MELANIE**  
**That's the spirit.**

**4. PL, MELANIE'S KITCHEN INT. – EVENING, CLEAR (TAPE DECK)**

**SAM and MELANIE are preparing food. SAM is peeling potatoes badly whilst Melanie does all the real cooking.**

**SAM**

**So what? They just listened to weird horror stories and that was it? No Alchemy at all?**

**MELANIE**

**If there was it didn't happen while I was around. Mostly we were just sat in that manky old archive reading paperwork and feeling sorry for ourselves.**

**SAM**

**Huh.**

**GEORGIE enters, frustrated.**

**MELANIE**

**Speak of the devil. How was work dear?**

**GEORGIE**

**(unloading her gear and slumping into a chair.)**

**Don't. Not tonight.**

**MELANIE**

**(sensing the mood)**

**Something happen?**

**GEORGIE**

**Found another body. Civilian. They reckon it was his Archivist again.**

**SAM**

**It's not my Archivist...**

**MELANIE**  
(ignoring)  
Anything new to go on?

**GEORGIE**  
Nothing.

**MELANIE**  
So it could still be him?

**GEORGIE**  
If it is he's gone properly off the deep end. If not, then we are dealing with a completely unknown Avatar. Either way it's bad.

**MELANIE**  
And still no clue what it's looking for?

**GEORGIE**  
Oh no, I have a definite hunch on that.

**Beat.** They both turn and look at Sam.

**SAM**  
I keep telling you, the only thing special about me is how bad my luck is.

**MELANIE**  
Oh really?

**SAM**  
And not in a weird magic monkey's paw way either. Just normal, run-of-the-mill, life-hates-me kind of luck.

**MELANIE**  
(unconvinced)  
Hmmm.

**GEORGIE**

You're still alive, aren't you? Sounds pretty lucky after everything you've told me. Anyway, special or not, you're my only lead.

**SAM**

Not necessarily.

**MELANIE**

Oh yeah?

**SAM**

Well, there's a Magnus Institute in both universes, and according to Melanie, you have other versions of people I've met, like Basira and Gertrude. So... stands to reason there'd be another version of me here somewhere right? So, if you think the Archivist is interested in me, it would go after other me too right? So if we find him, uh, me, then maybe we find The Archivist.

**MELANIE**

(seemingly intrigued)

That's not a bad idea...

**SAM**

(enthused)

Really?

**MELANIE**

(sarcastic)

Yeah! That's why it's the first thing we checked up on once we had your name.

**SAM**

(deflated)

Oh.

**GEORGIE**

I couldn't find anything on our LAN  
but that's no surprise since our  
records are patchy at best. I sent for  
some records from other nets but no  
idea how long that will take.

**SAM**

Did you try Alice?

**GEORGIE**

Who?

**MELANIE**

His better half from the sound of it-

**SAM**

We're not actually together-

**MELANIE**

But you were close?

**SAM**

Close enough that our doubles might  
know each other too.

**GEORGIE**

Worth a shot. Not like we've got  
much else to work with.

**SAM**

Great!

**MELANIE**

(suddenly suspicious)

Hmm...

**Beat.**

**SAM**

Cool so in that case-

**MELANIE**

**Shut up.**

**SAM**

**Excuse me?**

**GEORGIE**

**Shut up.**

**Beat.**

**GEORGIE**

**(cont.)**

**What is it?**

**MELANIE is casting about searching for the source of a sound. She is slowly homing in on the tape recorder we are listening through.**

**MELANIE**

**Something I never wanted to hear again...**

**MELANIE uncovers the Tape Recorder. SAM and GEORGIE react.**

**MELANIE**

**(cont.)**

**Got you, you little shi-**

**MELANIE smashes the tape recorder with her cane and it stops recording.**

**[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 Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid, Sasha Sienna as Georgie Barker, 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.**

## **The Magnus Protocol 37 – Scrutiny**

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

### **Incident Elements:**

- **Bullying**
- **Domestic Abuse**
- **Child Neglect**
- **Fatphobia/Eating Disorders**
- **Dysmorphia**

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

This episode is dedicated to Riley and Alexys. 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](#)**

**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)**

**Sasha Sienna as Georgie Barker**

**Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid**

**Beth Eyre as Archivist**

**Jennifer Austen as Ashe Pines**

**[REDACTED UNTIL PUBLIC] :)**

**Dialogue Editor – Nico Vettese**

**Sound Designer – Meg McKellar**

**Mastering Editor - Catherine Rinella**

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

**SFX from Soundly and Freesound: ondrosik,  
deleted\_user\_7146007, lezaarth, Yuval, SpliceSound,  
panchtitoooh, ahriik, kyles, as well as previously credited artists.**

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