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The Magnus Protocol

**Episode 38
"Circling Back"**

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Draft 5**

[Intro Theme]

ANNOUNCER
Rusty Quill Presents: The Magnus
Protocol.
Episode Thirty-Eight – Circling Back

[Music]

1. INT. COLIN'S FLAT – NIGHT, CLEAR (CELIA'S PHONE)

CELIA stands before the door to Colin's old flat. There is movement from inside and the door is ajar with a broken lock. Celia gingerly pushes it open.

CELIA
Hello?

ALICE
(distant)
In here! It's open.

CELIA
(heading inside muttering)
Yeah I can see that...

CELIA
Decided to get a head start did you?

ALICE
I wanted to make sure I checked the place out before the landlord tossed everything.

CELIA
Well, if he wasn't going to before, I'm sure he will after he sees what you did to the door...

ALICE

It's fine, Colin was always moaning about him as a rent-hiking, deposit robbing asshole.

CELIA

And you're sure no-one noticed you breaking in?

ALICE

Pretty sure. But hey, more reason for you to help me bag this stuff up quickly.

CELIA

(looking around)

Uh, I doubt a few bags are going to be enough to carry all this...

ALICE

Nah, forget the computers. Colin was paranoid enough that there's no way we're getting anything past his security. Besides he didn't exactly trust technology by the end.

CELIA

(picking some up)

Hence all the paper?

ALICE

Yup.

CELIA

Where do we even start?

ALICE

Notebooks first, then any loose sheets that looks like they might be to do with portals, dimensions, stuff like that.

CELIA

Alice...

ALICE

Don't start.

CELIA

I just don't think that whatever is going on with Freddie has anything to do with what happened to Sam.

ALICE

Freddy is evil. It killed Colin. Hilltop is evil. It took Sam. They're connected.

CELIA

Not necessarily. You can't just assume that everything bad is connected to the portal-

ALICE

Watch me.

Beat.

ALICE CONT'D

Look, I know I'm jumping to conclusions all right? But until we can decode all this gibberish, it's all we have to go on and it's the only way I can make any of this make sense so you can either get with the program or...

Beat.

ALICE

(slightly broken)

I've already lost two friends to this thing, I don't want to lose another.

Beat. The silence stretches.

CELIA
(picking up a paper)
Lot of alchemical stuff in this one.
Formulas, symbols, equations...

ALICE
(loosening)
Anything you recognize?

CELIA
Uh Symbols for Lead, Zinc, Sulphur,
I think this one is phosphorous...
Don't really see what they could
mean here though.

ALICE
We'll figure it out.

CELIA
(doubtful but willing)
Of course we will.

2. INT. OIAR OFFICE – NIGHT, CLEAR (COMPUTER)

ALICE is pouring over Colin's paperwork. **GWEN** steps out from her office and comes over.

GWEN
I assume this is why your casework
has stalled?

ALICE
(ignoring)
Hm?

GWEN
Your cases? Your job? According to
the system you haven't even opened
one tonight.

ALICE
(absently)
Piss off.

GWEN
Excuse me?

ALICE
Sorry, you're right. Piss off, boss.

GWEN
(restrained)
I assume these are Colin's...
documents.

ALICE
(still reading)
Mmhm.

Beat.

GWEN
And... Have you found anything?

ALICE
Well, it looks like Freddie was
originally made in Berlin, back in the
late 80s, maybe early 90s. There're a
lot of references to someone called
"Friedrich", who I think might have
been the original programmer.

GWEN
Is that... useful?

ALICE
Colin was certainly thought so. He
was trying to find out more from a
contact over there, some guy called
"Heinrich Unheimlich".

GWEN

I'm sorry, "Heinrich Unheimlich"?

ALICE

Yeah. What?

GWEN

Alice, do you speak any German?

ALICE

No, not as such. Why?

GWEN

Unheimlich. It means... Creepy, weird. I don't think it's a real name.

ALICE

Well, it's what Colin called him so...

GWEN

I see. Well, keep me updated, I guess.

ALICE

Mhm.

Beat.

Gwen gives up and leaves. Alice continues pouring over the notebooks.

Suddenly there is a beep.

CHESTER

Dear Diary –

ALICE

Goddammit what now?

CHESTER

- Mummy and Daddy still aren't back from their stupid trip.

ALICE

Really?

3. CYBERSPACE – N/A, N/A

CHESTER

Friday, 13th March 1992

Dear Diary,

Berlin is rubbish. There's NOTHING here but old, sad buildings and old sad people. My feet hurt from all the walking and standing around in boring train stations waiting for boring trains to take us to boring walks and I'm BORED.

Saturday, 14th March 1992

Dear Diary

Okay so maybe Berlin isn't THAT bad, actually. Today Mum took me to the Musical Instrument Museum near the park, the Tiergarten, which I think means 'Animal Garden'. Mum told me it used to be a hunting ground for the important people in the city. I kept looking for animals when we were in there, but I think they're all gone, and that made me sad. Mum promised to take me to the zoo later.

The Musical Instrument Museum, the Musikinstrumenten-Museum, is so

cool! There's so many old instruments and they look so weird. We weren't allowed to play any of them which doesn't make sense, but I can't play any instruments anyway, so I guess it's not so bad.

Right as we were about to leave, someone came up to Mum holding a box. They had really big eyes that looked like a cat, and they kept touching the box, like it was going to run away or something.

They started talking to Mum, but I couldn't understand what they were saying. I really, really want to speak German like Mum. I keep asking her to teach me but she doesn't want to. She thinks I'll get bored like when I asked her to teach me to play guitar, which made my fingers hurt. But this is different. Speaking German won't make my fingers hurt, although I didn't think playing guitar would hurt my fingers either. It doesn't look like it hurts.

I like watching Mum speaking German, all those cool sounds, it's so cool. It's like a superpower, people are nicer to us, we get free stuff all the time, maybe this was what this person was doing, giving us free stuff because my Mum speaks German.

They were talking super quickly, but Mr. Cat Eyes was smiling. Mum looked a bit weirded out but then

also started smiling. Cat Eyes looked at me, and I felt... weird. They kept talking in German, and I looked at Mum, but I could still feel the Mr. Cat Eyes looking at me with his big cat eyes. He moved the box towards Mum, and she shook her head. I think Mr. Cat Eyes wanted Mum to take the box.

Mr. Cat Eyes said something and opened the box. It was a small toy carousel, it looked old. I think it was made of wood. It had a green and white big top, with white and pink pigs instead of horses which I thought was funny. Mum looked at it, and she looked all weird, like when she sees something really nice in a shop window only this time it was different. It was like she was almost a different person for a second. She spoke to me, telling me how pretty it was. Mum said that she thought it was an old toy, maybe from East Berlin. I guess maybe it's because East Berlin was also old.

She nodded at Mr. Cat Eyes, took the box from him, and Mr. Cat Eyes walked away.

Mum gave the box to me and said it was a present 'from the nice German man'. I called out 'Danke', but he'd already gone. Mum said I said it wrong, but I think I said it okay.

As we were walking past the Brandenburg Gate, which is smaller

than in the pictures, I thought I saw an animal in the bushes but it was Mr. Cat Eyes. He was watching me, hidden in the big green bushes of the Tiergarten.

Mum took me to a street market afterwards and we ate chips, which were really good.

*

Monday 16th March 1992

Dear Diary

We are back home from Berlin. It feels really, really good to be back home, in my own room, in my own bed, and I can see all my friends again.

Mum put the pig carousel Mr. Cat Eyes gave us in Berlin on the table in the kitchen. Mum thought it was pretty, but she also said it was a strange thing to give to someone. It didn't make any sound or light up or anything. The pigs don't even spin around.

Then, we put it on the windowsill in my room. Mum said I should be careful with it and not to play with it. What's the point of a toy you can't play with?

The pigs look different. When I looked at them in Berlin they were pink and white but now they're

different colours. They're red and black, like they've been in a fire.

That's weird right? Is it because we went on a plane? Do planes make pigs change colours? Is it because they're German pigs and we're not in Germany any more?

I tried asking Mum but she just looked at me and said I needed to eat less sugar.

So now I'm not allowed anything I like.

Tuesday 17th March 1992

Dear Diary

Something weird happened last night. I heard a noise which woke me up. It sounded like an old music box. I looked up and saw that the carousel had lit up, and was spinning. As it span, the pigs began oinking, getting louder and louder. They didn't sound like normal pigs though, like when we went to visit that farm, it was sad and angry. It wasn't fun to listen to. Maybe they were oinking in German?

I sat up and watched it wondering if Mum could hear it. I got up, went over to the windowsill and picked it up but as soon as I picked it up, the noises stopped, and all the lights

went out so I put it back down on the windowsill and tip-toed back to bed.

I asked Mum in the morning if she had heard anything. She said she didn't. Probably because she was snoring.

The carousel didn't make any noise during the day. I picked it up, shook it, looked it all over and I couldn't find any lights or anything that made a noise.

Mum told me to stop playing with it and leave it alone. She says it's delicate. I asked Mum if we could move it to her room, and she said she needed to move some of the other old boring dusty Aunt Ick stuff out of her room first, whatever that means.

*

Wednesday 18th March 1992

Dear Diary

It happened again last night. The carousel lit up while I was asleep and started playing music and the pigs started oinking. I tried to just ignore it but it was too loud. I can't believe Mum can't hear it.

I went over to the carousel, and the pigs mouths had changed, they were more open than before, and they had teeth now? Do pigs have teeth? I don't remember the pigs at the farm

having teeth. The pigs' teeth were a bright white with red dripping down them. I looked closer and saw the centre of the carousel had little pictures of really sad people. It was scary. The pigs kept oinking, and spinning, with their red and white teeth, and the sad people in the carousel looked at me.

I had an idea and went over to my bookshelf to find one of Mum's old phrase books. I couldn't find anything that meant 'is anyone there?' The closest I could find was 'who are you?' - 'Wie heißen Sie?' as best I could, then I asked about where it came from: 'Kommst du aus Deutschland?' but maybe I was saying it wrong because nothing seemed to happen for a while, but then it changed.

The carousel kept spinning and the music kept playing, but the pigs stopped oinking. They started saying something in German; it sounded like a nursery rhyme.

I asked 'Sprechen Sie Englisch?' the way Mum taught me in case I ever got lost in Berlin: But I don't think it heard me so instead I went and got my notebook and rainbow pen and wrote down what it was singing:

'Heinrich Unheimlich, wirst du mit mir spielen?
Heinrich Unheimlich, bist du in den dielen?

**Heinrich Unheimlich, oh, bist du in
sicht?**

**Heinrich Unheimlich, iss meine
Eltern nicht. '.**

**The carousel started shaking and the
frills at the top started to twist. Then
the centre of the carousel started
turning red, like it was filling from
the bottom, and the sad faces
looked scared with their hands
reaching for the top. Dark red stuff
started leaking out of the pigs'
mouths onto the windowsill and
dripping down onto the floor.**

**I picked it up before it made too
much mess and then it stopped.**

**In the morning, the pigs were back to
normal and the sad people were
back.**

**I went to Mum to tell her what had
happened but she was speaking
German on the phone. She asked me
to wait until she was done but I kept
saying it was urgent. Finally she
sighed and put the phone down and I
told her what had happened.**

**She didn't believe me and said I was
dreaming. I told her about the voices
but Mum said it couldn't have been
German, because I don't speak
German so I said I would show her
what I wrote down.**

**I dragged Mum into my room, and
showed her the mess and she was**

so cross. She said I had to tell her what I'd done to it but I kept telling her I hadn't done anything and it had just happened. She picked it up and looked it over to see if it was broken or sticky but it wasn't..

I got my notebook, I opened it to the right page and then gave it to Mum.

She sat down on my bed and started reading. She was very quiet for a long time then she looked at me and I didn't really know what to do, so I just stood there watching her. I'd never seen Mum not know what to say, she always knew what to say.

She asked if I wanted to get rid of the carousel. I nodded. She said she would take it to where she sells all the old dusty stuff and I thought that sounded like a good idea. Then she asked if I wanted German lessons. I said I yes but only if she came with me. She said that was fair.

I also asked if I could get piano lessons but she didn't seem to like that idea so much.

Mum helped me clean up the mess and now it's all shiny and clean and smells of flowers. She put the carousel back in the box and went out to sell it. She said she wouldn't be long and I could call her on the phone if I got scared.

She's been gone a long time.

I got hungry so I made myself a ham sandwich but I think I did it wrong because it tasted wrong.

I hope Mum comes back soon.

Pause. ALICE considers what she has just heard.

ALICE

Right.

4. INT. OIAR BREAKROOM – NIGHT, CLEAR (CCTV)

ALICE, GWEN and CELIA are deep in conversation.

ALICE

-so I wanted to have a chat in here, away from any nosy PCs.

CELIA

You're saying Freddie responded to the name Heinrich Unheimlich?

ALICE

Mm-hm. Which tells me it is definitely something I want to investigate-

CELIA

-And definitely something to discuss a bit more... privately.

ALICE

Exactly.

GWEN

You have Colin's notes spread all over your workstation.

ALICE

Webcam's taped but I forgot about the mics since we've never used them.

CELIA

So do we just rip them out?

ALICE

Not unless you want to be reformatted like Colin...

GWEN

Allegedly. After Colin attacked the system.

ALICE

Whatever, look, the point is I need to go to Berlin.

CELIA

Uh...

GWEN

What? Why?

ALICE

Heinrich, is Colin's contact. They were scheduled to meet in person.

CELIA

When?

ALICE

Five days from now. I reckon Colin got impatient and went after Freddie too soon.

GWEN

That does sound like Colin.

CELIA

And this “Heinrich” has agreed to meet with you instead?

ALICE

Not yet.

GWEN

You haven’t even checked.

ALICE

Look, if there are any contact details for him in the Library of Paranoidria there, I haven’t found them yet.

CELIA

This is a long shot.

ALICE

Celia-

GWEN

I agree with Alice.

ALICE

(surprised)

Of course you- You do? You do. Right. yes.

GWEN

I certainly think its worth a look. But there’s something else isn’t there? You’re keeping something back, I can tell.

ALICE

Oh, well I think, uh... I think “Heinrich Unheimlich” might be... an External.

GWEN

And there it is.

CELIA

What sort?

ALICE

I don't know, the spooky German sort? It sounds like he mostly scares children. And, if automatic translations of sketchy creepy pasta are to be believed, he maybe eats parents.

CELIA

Maybe?

ALICE

I mean, it wasn't entirely clear but since I'm not a child or a parent I figured it might be chill.

Beat.

GWEN

No. Too dangerous.

ALICE

Oh come on – you meet with Externals all the time!

GWEN

Meaning I know the risks! Besides, those are properly vetted externals who have signed an agreement with the British Government to-

ALICE

Don't be monster racist.

Beat.

ALICE

(earnest)

Please, Gwen, this is a good lead.

Beat.

GWEN

Fine.

ALICE

(genuinely grateful)

Thank you.

GWEN

But I'm arranging some security.

ALICE

That's fair.

CELIA

This feels risky.

ALICE

**I'm not the one staying here with the
man-eating snoop-bot 5000.**

GWEN

For the last time, Freddy didn't-

ALICE

I was talking about you.

Beat.

GWEN

I'm capping your expenses.

ALICE

Dammit.

5. INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE – NIGHT, CLEAR (LANDLINE)

GWEN is deep in thought.

Eventually she takes a deep breath, braces herself, and dials a number.

The phone rings.

RECEPTIONIST

(on phone)

Starkwall Services Group, how can I direct your call?

GWEN

Yes, hello. This is Gwendolyn Bouchard at the Office of Incident Assessment and Response. I'd like to speak to Mr. Brett Larz, please?

RECEPTIONIST

(on phone)

Of course, Ms. Bouchard. May I ask what this is regarding?

GWEN

Tell him... Tell him we're ready to give you a trail run.

[Music]

ANNOUNCER

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It featured Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer,
Anusia Battersby as Gwen Bouchard
Lowri Ann Davies as Celia Ripley,
with additional voices from
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Thanks for listening.**

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carousel (toy) -/- disappearance (parent)

Incident Elements:

- Child Neglect
- Sinister Toys

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Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer

Anusia Battersby as Gwendolyn Bouchard

Jonathan Sims as Chester

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