

©Rusty Quill 2024

**The Magnus Protocol**  
**“Dependents”**  
**Written by Alexander J Newall**

**20-02-2025**  
**Draft 04**

[1]

**[Intro Theme]**

**ANNOUNCER**  
**Rusty Quill Presents: The Magnus**  
**Protocol.**  
**Episode Thirty-Nine – Dependents**

**[Music]**

**1. PL, ALICE'S HOUSE EXT. – AFTERNOON, CLEAR (TAPE DECK)**

**SAM and GEORGIE approach PL Alice's house.**

**It is quieter here than Melanie and Georgie's house, with greater dilapidation. It is not miserable, but it is more isolated.**

**GEORGIE**  
**Nice place.**

**SAM**  
**Huh.**

**GEORGIE**  
**What?**

**SAM**  
**I thought I recognized the address.**  
**This is Alice's parent's house, I'm**  
**sure of it.**

**GEORGIE**  
**That a problem?**

**SAM**  
**No it's just... I helped her move their**  
**stuff out after they... huh...**

**GEORGIE**  
**What?**

**SAM**

It just occurred to me, they could still be alive here...

**GEORGIE**

Not likely.

**SAM**

Why not?

**GEORGIE**

Just playing the odds. Older relatives, less likely to make it through everything. Plenty did, but if they're dead in your universe, hard to believe they had better luck in this one.

**Beat.**

**SAM**

Makes sense I suppose.

**SAM** and **GEORGIE** open a rusty gate and head through the slightly overgrown garden to the front door. **GEORGIE** pulls away some leaves then yanks on an old bellpull which breaks in her hand. There is a distant bell ring in the house then silence.

**Beat.**

**SAM**

Maybe she's not in.

**GEORGIE**

Then she won't mind us having a look around.

**GEORGIE** tries the door it's open.

**SAM**

You can't just go in!

**GEORGIE**

**Why not?**

**SAM**

**(realizing)**

**What if someone calls the...**

**GEORGIE**

**Yeah. Stay here and let me scope it out first. Trust me.**

**SAM**

**(concerned)**

**Yeah okay...**

**The floorboards creak as GEORGIE enters the house. The door swings closed behind her as she sets off towards, then up, the stairs.**

**SAM fidgets nervously and begins to hum.**

**Pause.**

**There is a disturbance upstairs, a thud, moving furniture then silence.**

**SAM**

**(concerned)**

**Georgie?**

**Beat. There is a short, muffled conversation upstairs.**

**SAM**

**(nervous)**

**Georgie?**

**Another disturbance upstairs.**

**GEORGIE**

**(muffled & Distant)**

**No, wait!**

**Movement, footsteps clattering down the stairs and heading to the front door.**

**SAM**  
**(afraid)**  
**Georgie?**

**The door flies open revealing PL ALICE**

***(editor note: "PL ALICE" will just be 'ALICE' for the remaining transcript).***

**ALICE**  
**(hushed)**  
**Sam?**

**Beat.**

**SAM**  
**Uh... hey Alice...**

**Beat.**

**ALICE throws herself on Sam and begins weeping.**

**SAM**  
**(cont. awkwardly)**  
**Yeah so um...**

**ALICE**  
**(simultaneous)**  
**How? How are you here!? I don't-  
god I missed you!**

**ALICE begins to kiss SAM. He resists, but not as much as he probably should. GEORGIE approaches from inside the house unnoticed.**

**GEORGIE**  
**Let me know when you're finished.**

**ALICE**  
(ignoring)  
I didn't believe them- I couldn't and I was right! You're here and- and-

**SAM**  
Uh yeah. So um... this is going to sound a bit... weird...

[click]

**2. PL ALICE'S KITCHEN INT. – AFTERNOON, CLEAR (TAPE DECK)**

Later, **ALICE**, **GEORGIE** and **SAM** are sat around the Kitchen table.

**ALICE**  
(a little heartbroken)  
So you really aren't my Sam?

**SAM**  
I'm afraid not.

Beat.

**ALICE**  
(trying to muster herself)  
Then I'm sorry that I...

**SAM**  
Don't worry about it. It's not the first time an Alice has flung herself at me.

**ALICE**  
Oh so, we're together where you come from?

**SAM**  
Uh well... no.

**ALICE**

Oh, I'm so sorry.

**SAM**

Don't be. It was mutual. We actually still work together and it's... it's fine.

**ALICE**

(confused)

Oh, right.

**Beat.**

**ALICE**

(cont.)

I can't imagine working next to y- my Sam and not being together, y'know?

**SAM**

(awkward)

It's basically just morbid jokes and gossip.

**ALICE**

Of course.

**GEORGIE**

So you and Sam...?

**ALICE**

(genuine)

We got married a month before the Incursion but then....

**Long pause.**

**SAM**

What happened to him?

**Beat.**

**ALICE**

Appendicitis. We managed to get you to a hospital in time but... It wasn't long after Towerfall. There were hardly any doctors, no supplies... They did what they could, but sepsis set in and then...  
(welling up again)  
I'm sorry Sam. I'm sorry I couldn't...

**SAM**

(awkward)  
Um. It's okay, I'm sure he didn't blame you.

**ALICE**

You're lucky it didn't happen to you too.

**Beat.**

**SAM**

It did. Few years ago, I guess around the same time. I went to hospital and it was pretty straightforward. Look.

**SAM** lifts his shirt and shows them his appendectomy scar.

**SAM**

(cont. quiet)  
Alice visited me in the Hospital...  
(with a quiet smile)  
She hid a fetish mag under my pillow so the nurses would find it.

**ALICE** chuckles slightly, wiping away a tear. **SAM** is clearly shaken. **ALICE** hesitates then takes his hand.

**ALICE**

I hope she knows how lucky she is to still have you...

**Beat. SAM pulls away. ALICE is hurt but hides it.**

**ALICE**

**We shared a domain, during the Incursion. You learn a lot about someone when you've shared your fear with them.**

**SAM**

**I'm not sure I understand...**

**GEORGIE**

**Couples often share fears, so a fair few ended up trapped together during the incursion.**

**SAM**

**That... makes sense I guess...**

**GEORGIE**

**Is that why you Dream?**

**SAM**

**What?**

**ALICE**

**(on guard)**

**Who told you that?**

**GEORGIE**

**No-one. I spotted the Nitrazepam on your shelf. It's more common than people think. It never ends well.**

**SAM**

**Sorry am I missing something?**

**ALICE**

**After Towerfall, everyone had nightmares, we all revisited our domains in our sleep and... well... it**

turns out people in the same domain ended up... connected.

**SAM**  
Connected how?

**ALICE**  
...We used to share our Dreams, Sam.

**SAM**  
Woah...

**GEORGIE**  
Sam, you should know, these weren't happy daydreams. This was dark, awful stuff. Not as bad as the domains themselves but still. Most people moved on and the dreams faded, but the people who are still playing around with it-

**SAM**  
What did we dream?

**GEORGIE** is concerned but stays quiet.

As **ALICE** speaks she slowly closes her eyes and falls into a dreamlike, almost meditative state. The world fades behind to be replaced by her nightmare as she gently pulls us in with her.

**ALICE**  
I'm at work. Someone is yelling at me, trying to return something. I keep telling her we can't accept it but she doesn't want to hear it. Finally, I just tell her I'll go check with a manager and duck in the back to waste her time instead.

I move to push my way through the faux-velvet curtains behind the

counter and instead manage to tangle myself. I'm so furious that I've made a fool of myself in front of her so I double down and keep trying to force my way through the veils of thick cloth but they just press in closer, wrapping me and smothering me. I start to struggle, first in anger and then in panic as I grow hotter and hotter and feel myself begin to suffocate. My thrashing only makes it worse and soon I slump down into the seemingly endless folds beneath my feet. I open my mouth to yell but can only manage a tight, muffled cry.

The cloth is heavy, heavier than it should be. I strain with all my strength and it yields only to press in closer. I can't breathe any more and it's so warm and... wet. The cloth is sodden and warm and heavy. I strain one last time, arching my back, hooking my fingernails into the material, trying to drag it from my face, my toes clenched with the heaving effort... the cloth yields slightly, but then so do I, my strength finally failing me and I am left, unable to even pant beneath the sweltering damp mass.

I lie there, still and quiet for a moment, only to realise I am not still, not really, I am rocking. The cloth is moving, rocking me back and forth, back and forth. It could almost be comforting... if it weren't for the sound.

**There is a deep, low roar all around me, rumbling and rushing in all directions; incessant and overwhelming. Soon I can't tell the difference between the noise around me and the rushing of my own blood in my ears. They are one and the same... swelling and ebbing in time together.**

**[Buh-boom... Buh-boom...]**

**I want to put my hands over my ears, block out the sound that is so loud that I can feel it through my body but my arms are trapped, held fast by my sides and so I can't do anything but listen to the pulsing rhythm from the close darkness all around me...**

**[Buh-boom... Buh-boom...]**

**The thunderous heartbeat terrifies me because I recognise it. I've heard it my entire life, and with that, I recognise what is wrapped around me, what is shrouding me and smothering me and will not let me free: Living, sweating flesh. Folds and creases and swathes of it pressing in on all sides trapping me, crushing me to the point I can't tell where I end and it begins.**

**Then I can feel it, not just the pressure that threatens to crush me with its embrace but the gripe of something within me that does not belong, a speck of grit around which a pearl of pain and fear is amassing.**

**What is that?**

**[Buh-boom... Buh-boom...]**

**I reach for it but it's burrowed too deep into me. I just want to grab it and rip it out, tear out whatever is inside me, throw the festering mass as far from me as I can. I manage to reach a hand up and begin to grope at the pain and as I do I feel the immense weight all around me press in even harder and as I grasp the lump, the thrumming meat all around me tightens till I cannot bear it. Finally, I am forced to release my hand and when I do, that pressure eases with it. But I am not comforted, I am terrified.**

**I can feel the lump in my body, can feel it writhing even when I struggle myself and I realise, it is me. It is me and I am it and I am trapped within myself and no matter what I do I will never escape this living tomb.**

**I surrender myself to my flesh then. What use trying to fight myself? I let my body twist and bend and break without resistance pulverising me into something unrecognisable as my joints creak and my bones snap then suddenly**

**You are there and we are together again**

**There is no speech, no contact beyond the crushing embrace of skin**

**and bone to which we belong but I  
can feel you within myself and feel  
myself within you. And while I lie  
foetal and squirming in this bloody  
rushing meat you stand cracked and  
sharp, enshrined in bone but we are  
together... together...**

**[Buh boom... Buh boom... Buh-]**

**The rhythm of our malignant  
embrace finally stutters once, twice,  
then fails. That deep roar of vitality  
all around us slows then stills and  
for the first time there is true silence.**

**Then it begins to cool, the  
overbearing heat slowly giving way  
to a pallid chill as the once pliant  
muscle stiffens like cured leather  
around and between us. We can feel  
the liquid pooling beneath then  
slowly rising, tepid and viscous as  
the skin wilts and sags upon us,  
dragging us down into bubbling  
putrescence below.**

**The body, our body, rots, warping  
and wilting and bulging and melting,  
around us and within us, sloughing  
off and away leaving us, only us,  
naked and withered and bleeding  
and starving and shitting and  
dying... but together. Always  
together.**

**And even now, you are there, waiting  
to suffer with me once more...**

**3. PL ALICE'S HOUSE EXT. – EARLY EVENING, CLEAR (TAPE DECK)**

**GEORGIE and SAM are leaving whilst ALICE is lingering still holding onto SAM.**

**ALICE**  
It's not long till Sundown. You should stay.

**SAM**  
I, uh...

**GEORGIE**  
I'm afraid we need to head off.

**ALICE**  
(slightly desperate)  
It's no bother, there's loads of space and I've still got some food left. I don't each much, so I'd be happy to share!

**GEORGIE**  
We really need to get back. Warden business.

**ALICE**  
(intimately desperate)  
Don't go.

**Beat.**

**SAM**  
I'm sorry, Alice, I really am but I can't stay. I'm not- I don't think it would be a good idea.

**Beat. ALICE finally releases Sam's arm crestfallen.**

**ALICE**

I understand.

But, please come back when you can. I'm sure I know stuff that could help. About our domain, our dream...

**SAM**

(unnerved)

I'll uh, I'll come by if I can.

**ALICE**

I'm always around so you can drop in -

**GEORGIE**

(firmly)

Goodbye Alice.

**GEORGIE** walks off, dragging **SAM** behind her.

**GEORGIE**

(cont. quietly)

Don't look back. Just keep walking.

Pause. They walk through the garden, out the gate and start down the street.

**ALICE** sighs in the distance, watching them leave before eventually closing her front door.

**SAM**

(quietly)

That was messed up...

**GEORGIE**

I should have warned you when I spotted the sleeping pills. Most dreamers, they're broken. Something snapped and now they'd rather linger in a nightmare they think they belong in than face an uncertain reality.

**SAM**

It's so sad.

**GEORGIE**

Yeah, it is. And dangerous. Life's difficult these days, and we can't afford for people to just quit on everything.

**SAM**

I just can't wrap my head around it.

**GEORGIE**

Don't try. You were never in a domain so you'll never really be able to understand -

**SAM**

No I mean, I just can't really imagine loving someone so much that I would do that to myself.

**GEORGIE**

That wasn't love, Sam. That was grief.

**SAM**

But once someone's gone... what's the difference?

**Beat.**

**GEORGIE**

Well either way this has been a complete bust. No hints on the Archivist, no useful connections to your other self and we've wasted a whole day finding out exactly nothing.

**SAM**

I'm sorry, all right? It's not like we had any other leads.

**GEORGIE**

Let's just get back. We've got a fair distance to go and not much daylight left.

Pause. They walk on in silence. Eventually:

**SAM**

(concerned)

Georgie?

**GEORGIE**

(a bit sharply)

What?

**SAM**

Was it just me or was Alice a lot more... articulate than expected?

Georgie stops dead.

**GEORGIE**

Yeah. She was.

**SAM**

You think the Archivist...?

**SAM**

Maybe.

**GEORGIE**

Better safe than sorry. I'll call it in, see if I can get a patrol to come do a sweep.

**GEORGIE** takes off her backpack and as she opens it she notices the tape recorder.

**GEORGIE**

**Oh... Idiot!**

**SAM**

**What!? What did I do?**

**GEORGIE**

**No, me! I checked every inch of that bloody house for tape recorders but I never bothered to check my own bag. Shit!**

**SAM**

**So that means...**

**It is quiet, there is a gentle wind through the trees almost like someone taking a deep breath...**

**GEORGIE**

**Back to the house. Move!**

**They start to run leaving the Tape recorder behind just as the Archivist begins to form itself.**

**[click]**

**[Music]**

**ANNOUNCER**

**The Magnus Protocol is a podcast distributed by Rusty Quill and licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution Non-Commercial Share-alike 4.0 International License. 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, and Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer. 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.**

**To subscribe, view associated materials, or join our Patreon, visit [rustyquill.com](http://rustyquill.com). Rate and review us online, tweet us [@therustyquill](https://twitter.com/therustyquill), visit us on facebook or email us at [mail@rustyquill.com](mailto:mail@rustyquill.com)  
Thanks for listening.**

## **The Magnus Protocol 39 – Dependents**

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

### **Incident Elements:**

- PTSD
- Helplessness/Co-dependence
- Grief and Loss
- Abandonment
- Claustrophobia
- Dysmorphia
- Body Modification

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

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

Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer

Dialogue Editor – Nico Vettese

Sound Designer – Meg McKellar

Mastering Editor - Catherine Rinella

©Rusty Quill 2024

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

**SFX from Soundly and Freesound: Rotteveel, RutgerMuller, stebbi30000gmailcom, felixblume, Yuval, DeVern, NearTheAtmosphere, laft2k, chris\_dagorn, edgardomoreno, as well as previously credited artists.**

**Check out our merchandise available at  
<https://www.redbubble.com/people/RustyQuill/shop> and  
<https://www.teepublic.com/stores/rusty-quill>**

**Support Rusty Quill by purchasing from our Affiliates;  
DriveThruRPG – [DriveThruRPG.com](https://www.drivethrurpg.com)**

**Join our community:**

**WEBSITE: [rustyquill.com](https://rustyquill.com)**

**FACEBOOK: [facebook.com/therustyquill](https://facebook.com/therustyquill)**

**X: [@therustyquill](https://twitter.com/therustyquill)**

**EMAIL: [mail@rustyquill.com](mailto:mail@rustyquill.com)**

**The Magnus Protocol is a derivative product of the Magnus Archives, created by Rusty Quill Ltd. and licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution Non-Commercial Share alike 4.0 International Licence.**