

**The Magnus Protocol**

**Episode 7  
"Give and Take"**

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

**04-10-2023  
Draft 3**

**ANNOUNCER**

**This episode is dedicated to Heather  
Nichols.**

**[Intro Theme]**

**ANNOUNCER**

**Rusty Quill Presents: The Magnus  
Protocol.  
Episode Seven – Give and Take**

**[Music]**

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

**ALICE is sat at the computer giving CELIA an introduction to the  
Freddy system.**

**ALICE**

**-so then you just hit the submit  
button over here and...**

**There is the same tinny fanfare as always.**

**ALICE**

**(cont.)**

**...that's your first case.**

**CELIA**

**Cool.**

**ALICE**

**Questions?**

**CELIA**

**Seems straightforward enough.**

**ALICE**

**(thrown)**

**It does?**

**CELIA**

Yeah. I mean, it's an old system, but it could have been worse. It's not like we're wrestling with tape recorders and manila folders.

**ALICE**

And we're not bothered by the whole "my skin turned into butterflies" case?

**CELIA**

Nah. Can't say butterflies really scare me. Besides, I'm guessing all the cases are a bit "off" and that's why we're assessing them.

**ALICE**

...pretty much.

**CELIA**

You mentioned some might get read out by the computer. Is there anything different about those ones?

**ALICE**

Not really. Colin, he's the weird IT guy, he reckons some of the system runs through the sound card so it just spits them out randomly.

**CELIA**

You're sure?

**ALICE**

Well, no. But it kinda makes sense.

**CELIA**

Have you ever checked to see if the spoken cases have anything in common?

**ALICE**

**Never noticed anything obvious. Besides, we can't stop it either way so mostly we just go for a coffee if we get a chatter. Just remember though, you've got to get through your whole caseload so you can't waste too much time on this stuff.**

**CELIA**

**Understood.**

**ALICE**

**Anything else?**

**CELIA**

**Is there any way to look up specific files?**

**ALICE**

**Like what?**

**CELIA**

**Oh I don't know. Every case about being buried alive or meat or... whatever.**

**ALICE**

**Well, there's a search bar, but it doesn't actually do anything. You'd have to dig through them all manually.**

**(suspicious)**

**Why do you ask?**

**CELIA**

**Just figuring it all out. Ah well, I guess I'll need to find Bigfoot on my own time.**

**ALICE**

**(won over)**

**Ha! You joke but there was this one case a couple of years ago...**

**CELIA**

**Let me guess, somebody got killed by a big shoe?**

**Beat.**

**ALICE**

**You'll fit right in here.**

## **2. CYBERSPACE – (COMPUTER)**

**CHESTER**

**From**

**DMargolis@oxfordpeopletrust.org**

**to [HR@oxfordpeopletrust.org](mailto:HR@oxfordpeopletrust.org) RE:**

**Tendering resignation. 3<sup>rd</sup> February 2016**

**To whom it may concern, I am writing to inform you that I am tendering my resignation as manager of the Hilltop Centre branch of Oxford Peoples Trust effective immediately. I will not be working my notice period and unless you wish for this to become a legal matter I advise you to pay me properly for that time.**

**I am aware that you may not have been directly responsible for the events that have taken place at the Hilltop Centre branch over the last six months but you have nonetheless failed to provide**

**adequate support despite my repeated messages requesting your intervention. I am thus left with no other choice than to sever all ties with the company which appears to care so little for my health, goodwill or years of service.**

**You will find a complete account of all that has happened attached and this should be more than sufficient for your records. I shall expect my final paycheck paid promptly and in full.**

**Regards,  
Dianne Margolis BA (hons), JP**

**Attachment reads:  
I, Dianne Margolis BA (Hons), JP am a victim of neglect from the management of Oxford Peoples Trust and I believe that facts stated herein are true to the best of my knowledge.**

**I was appointed to the manager role at the Hilltop Centre branch on the 17th August 2015 after the death of Derek Chambers, the former manager. I had worked as a volunteer under Mr. Chambers for three years, two of which he was frequently absent due to his illness. Upon his death I was offered a full managerial probation from Mr. C Clayton of OPT. I completed this probation and began managing the site proper from the 8<sup>th</sup> November 2015.**

**It soon became apparent that though Mr. C Clayton was my line manager, neither he nor the Human Resources Department would provide any managerial oversight or support and any requests for assistance sourcing a replacement volunteer for my former role would go unanswered.**

**I finally resorted to personally preparing, printing and posting A4 flyers around the Hilltop Centre in the hopes of attracting local volunteers already familiar with the site. (I secured permission from the custodians prior.)**

**It was on 13<sup>th</sup> November 2015 that I received a walk-in application from an individual seeking the position. I understand my inability to recall his name or find it in the relevant paperwork or emails may affect the credibility of my account, but the fact remains he applied. The young man's interview was not exceptional as he had no experience in charity work, no driving license nor any demonstrable experience in retail. He claimed however, to know the Hilltop Centre better than anyone and as he was the only applicant in the role I elected to give him a try.**

**He began his two week probation on 14<sup>th</sup> November 2015. I notified Mr. C. Clayton and HR of the appointment**

**and Mr. C. Clayton replied that I should “chill” and it was “all good”.**

**The new volunteer had a number of issues with his probation and struggled with basic inventory, stocking, till management and cleaning duties however, he was punctual, hardworking and had an extremely positive disposition. He even personally donated a rather large false plant in a somewhat disconcerting ceramic pot modelled on a shouting human face.**

**Towards the end of his probation he told me he was having a good time since it was “all for a good cause” and that he had a friend who also wished to volunteer. I was somewhat dubious as to how helpful an associate of this young man would be but given that the site still needed at least 5 more staff members and Mr. C. Clayton was no longer replying to my messages, I had little choice but to interview them.**

**The young woman (whose name also escapes me at this time) began on 26<sup>th</sup> November 2015 and had a similar level of experience, offset by an equally enthusiastic work ethic and demeanor. I did have to give them an informal warning to stop laughing so much whilst on the main floor but they insisted “it’s all for a good cause” and there were no customers at the time.**



**The second volunteer also made a donation in the form of a large Bearskin rug. I attempted to contact Mr C Clayton to enquire about our policy regarding real fur items, especially ones of such size, but was informed that he was on a “personal development sabbatical” and thus unreachable. I elected to store this in the back room, especially given the sharpness of its teeth.**

**Three days after this second probation began, she told me she also had some friends who also wished to volunteer. As I was still technically understaffed I agreed to meet with them. I normally would not have accepted so many new starters at once but with the Christmas period approaching and still no reply from Mr. C Clayton I feel I made a managerial decision that was clearly within my jurisdiction.**

**The next two volunteers started on the 28<sup>th</sup> November 2015. They also made donations of a large chandelier of dark glass and an oversized gramophone with a collection of records of what I believe to be religious plainsong. I was surprised that young adults would donate such exotic items and explained it was not necessary but they insisted claiming it was “all for a good cause”.**

**The previous volunteers began to onboard the new starters whilst I updated the branches ledgers,**

**documentation and the other paperwork that has since been lost. I attempted to submit standard monthly reports during this time but Mr. C Clayton had not yet returned from his sabbatical which I had by then learned was with full pay in the Seychelles. I'm sure he had a lovely time.**

**On the 30<sup>th</sup> November, I was introduced to four more “volunteers”. It seemed that my instructions had been misconstrued and all of them had already been offered a position. I explained that this was contrary to the Oxford People's Trust's normal hiring policies but I elected to nonetheless offer them a probation in order to fully fill the volunteer roster for the Christmas period.**

**I expressly notified the young man I had hired first however, that he should not imply any further volunteer roles were available.**

**All four of them started the same day and despite me being very clear that it was not necessary they had also brought personal donations in the form of A crudely-carved rocking horse, a grandfather clock that leaked some sort of dark oil, A heavily vandalized set of the Encyclopedia Britannica and an extensive collection of abstract canvas artworks respectively. I told them these were not fit for sale, but**

**my instructions to remove them were disregarded. It was at this point I began to sense that I was starting to lose control of the situation.**

**On the 1<sup>st</sup> of December I arrived to find that the new hires had already opened the shop. To be clear I had not provided any keys and remain unsure how they obtained a set. I intended to pursue the matter immediately but was initially unable to locate them behind all the additional donations they appeared to have accepted.**

**None of the items were fit for sale. I specifically recall two large, soiled Crinoline dresses, a Chaise Longue with cushions filled with some sort of coarse sand, a taxidermied vulture, a rusty antique printing press and a collection of old medical equipment that had seemingly been recently used. There were many, many additional items but I was unable to take a full inventory as the shopfloor was overfull.**

**With great difficulty I found the young man I had originally hired towards the back of the shop laughing with a large group of young adults including the previous volunteers and multiple others I did not recognize. I told them that social gatherings were not permitted during work hours but he insisted they were all volunteers and when I attempted to tell them all to leave the premises**

**they laughed and continued bringing in additional items.**

**It was clear by this time that this situation required intervention from head office and so I began to push my way through to the landline but as I did so I saw yet more people entering the shop with donations: some sort of leather kite, an oddly curved brass telescope, a wheelbarrow full of shifting fossils, an armload of swords, lengths of rope... and they were all laughing and calling out to one another “it’s all for a good cause!”**

**As more and more people arrived, pressing into the shop, the central shelving was toppled and items were being damaged underfoot. A tin bathtub filled with moldy food, a stack of old dental retainers, a brace of half-butchered pheasants, jars of what appeared to be pickled hands; I could no longer see the exits and still more volunteers pushed themselves inwards.**

**The pressure grew unbearable and I was pinned on all sides, my shoulders crushed against an ancient diving suit filled with sawdust, with my neck wrenched under a broken picnic hamper whilst bloodstained china was ground beneath my feet. There wasn’t even enough space to fall now.**

**I tried to scream but could only**

**manage a wheeze as I began to blackout. My limbs were contorted and gouged by unseen edges, my mouth filling with the copper taste of imperial coins pouring down on me from a jar above.**

**That's when the gunshots started. The volunteers didn't stop laughing but I could feel the deadened thud of impacts and I could see spatters of gore through what gaps there were in the items all around me. Again and again there was a rapid thud-thud-thud and the laughing voices began to be drowned out by the growing crackle of flames.**

**Without warning, the pressure lessened and I dropped into a small hollow beneath an upturned bookcase. There was a path ahead of me, jagged with shards of wood and glass were constantly shifting with the press of the crowd. I dragged myself forward over the broken detritus occasionally getting caught but pressing onwards until I tumbled out of the emergency exit and onto the tarmac outside.**

**Dazed, I tried to get to my feet only to be shoved to the ground by a heavysset man in black clothing, who demanded I identify myself while pressing a gun against the back of my head.**

**I screamed, then I wept, great heaving sobs of terror with broken**

**ribs. This somehow seemed to satisfy him and he threw me roughly over his shoulder and walked away from the Hilltop Centre as the charity shop blazed behind us. I swear I could still hear them laughing over the thudding of machine guns and the roar of unchecked fire...**

**It has been made very clear to me that I am not to identify the security firm that took this action, so I shall not do so here. Nor am I aware of which individual or organisation hired them, except in as far as I know for a fact they were not working for the Oxford People's Trust.**

**They have also expressed in no uncertain terms that the fire is to be treated as an accident, with no further investigation by OPT. If you wish to discuss this further with them, I can provide you contact information, but I heavily advise against it. Unless you send Mr. C Clayton, of course. I rather think he deserves to be fully debriefed by them.**

**Do not contact me again unless it is to discuss additional compensation.**

### **3. INT. OIAR OFFICE – NIGHT, CLEAR (COMPUTER)**

**CELIA is breathing heavily. ALICE notices and pulls out her headphones.**

**ALICE**  
Everything all right?

**CELIA**  
No, yeah I'm fine just... the voice  
threw me.

**ALICE**  
Who Chester? He's not so bad.  
Better than Norris, whiny little toad.

**CELIA**  
I'm sorry?

**ALICE**  
There's three voices.

**CELIA**  
And those are their names?

**ALICE**  
Well, that's what I call them, at least.

**CELIA**  
Chester, Norris and...

**ALICE**  
Augustus.

**CELIA**  
Right.

**Beat.**

**ALICE**  
Listen if you need to step out for  
some air-

**CELIA**  
No I'm fine really. Do you know who  
voices "Chester"?

**ALICE**

Uh, no? Why? Looking for an autograph?

**CELIA**

Just thought I recognised it for a moment..

**ALICE**

I mean, the system's was built in the 90s – maybe they got like a radio guy to do it and you heard him as a kid?

**CELIA**

Maybe. Doesn't matter. I'm sure it wasn't anyone important.

#### **4. I.T. "OFFICE" – NIGHT, CLEAR (SAM'S PHONE)**

**SAM** stands in the corridor and knocks on the metallic door to the IT office. There are the distinct sounds of someone typing on a keyboard in the room, it doesn't sound like it's going well.

**SAM**

(hesitant)

Hello?

There is a muffled swear behind the door and then it is yanked open.

**COLIN**

What? Oh it's you.

**SAM**

Yeah, hi.

**COLIN**

What do you want?



**SAM**

Sorry, I don't want to interrupt you  
or-

(he sees the look on  
COLIN's face)

Uh anyway yeah, I was wondering if  
you knew who "John" was?

**COLIN**

John who?

**SAM**

Great question.

**COLIN**

What.

**SAM**

I got a weird email from  
"John" with a random name and an  
address and it looks like it's from an  
internal email so...

**COLIN**

There's no one here called John.

**SAM**

Oh right. You're sure?

**COLIN**

Yes.

**Beat.**

**SAM**

Well is there someone else I could  
ask or...

**COLIN**

Listen mate. If you're going to get  
this worked up over a weird email

**you're going to freak when you see  
the real stuff.**

**SAM**  
**What... real stuff?**

**COLIN**  
**Oh you'll see.**

**SAM**  
**(looking over Colin's  
shoulder)**  
**Is that why you've taped over your  
webcam?**

**COLIN**  
**You finished?**

**SAM**  
**(pulling out his phone)**  
**Well listen, if you see anything from  
this email address-**

**COLIN**  
**Hey! Put that away! Didn't you see  
the sign?**

**SAM**  
**Yeah, "No external electronics", but-**

**COLIN**  
**(growing furious)**  
**But you thought that didn't apply to  
you?**

**SAM**  
**It's just a phone, I didn't think-**

**COLIN**  
**No you didn't. Of all the brainless,  
idiotic stupid- -**

**SAM**

Look, I'm... I'm going to go.

He starts to leave.

**COLIN**

Give me that!

**SAM**

Get off!

**COLIN**

It's already recorded too-

There is a scuffle. The recording is cut off as the phone falls to the floor and breaks.

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

LENA is sat speaking on the phone, we do not hear the man on the other end of the line but it sounds like he is in a restaurant or similar environment.

**LENA**

-of course, but I can assure you that  
there really is no need to-

GWEN enters abruptly.

**LENA**

(cont.)

Worry. Now I do apologize but  
something has just come up so I  
have to go. I will get everything over  
to you as soon as I can. Please  
excuse me.

LENA puts the phone down and the line disconnects but we can still hear.

**LENA**

**(cont.)**

**You're supposed to knock before entering.**

**GWEN**

**I know.**

**LENA**

**Then I trust there is some emergency which justifies this interruption?**

**GWEN**

**(approaching the desk)**

**I thought you'd want to see this.**

**LENA**

**What is it?**

**GWEN**

**It's really quite amusing, actually.**

**LENA**

**(readying for a fight)**

**Gwen what exactly are you- [playing at]**

**GWEN**

**(threatening)**

**Trust me.**

**Beat. Lena takes GWEN's phone and starts a video. The audio quality is very poor.**

**KLAUS**

**(Phone video, begging)**

**Please. Please, you don't have to do this.**

**YOUNGER LENA**

**(Phone video)**

**We both know I do.**

**KLAUS**  
(Phone video)  
I I-could disappear again! They  
would never know!

**YOUNGER LENA**  
(Phone video)  
I'm sorry Klaus.

**Beat.**

**KLAUS**  
(Phone video)  
Well, so am I.

There is a struggle. **YOUNGER LENA** is thrown to the floor and Klaus flees. There is a Gunshot. Klaus cries out but keeps stumbling away.

**YOUNGER LENA**  
(Phone video, coughing)  
Klaus! Klaus! Shit...

**LENA** stops the video.

**Beat.**

**LENA**  
You are aware that most people  
would consider directly confronting  
me like this a rather foolish idea?

**GWEN**  
But that's why it's so funny you see?  
Because not only do I have a video  
of you trying to murder someone,  
even better, I have multiple copies of  
you failing to do so.

**LENA**  
And that is better because?

**GWEN**

**Because I suspect the only thing worse than being convicted for attempted murder is being punished by the people who paid for it.**

**LENA**

**And you believe they don't already know?**

**GWEN**

**According to my source, they believe this man to be quite dead.**

**LENA**

**Source. Singular. Interesting.**

**Beat.**

**LENA CONT'D**

**And who do you imagine my masters to be in this scenario?**

**GWEN**

**Whoever they are, I suspect they have the power to reward me for alerting them to your incompetence. Maybe with your job.**

**Beat. Lena takes a deep breath.**

**LENA**

**You have ambition, Gwen, I will grant you that, but not a lot of imagination. You are blackmailing me personally, correct? For what? I am not a wealthy woman, certainly not compared to your own family. What is it that you want?**

**GWEN**

**I want "in".**

**LENA**

**Really?**

**Beat.**

**LENA**

**(cont.)**

**I would want to know how you  
obtained this information.**

**GWEN**

**Too bad.**

**Beat. LENA chuckles slightly.**

**GWEN**

**(thrown)**

**What?**

**LENA**

**It's simply a bit unexpected. Perhaps  
you have more stomach for this work  
than I gave you credit for. And I have  
been needing someone to step up to  
the real work for quite some time  
now.**

**GWEN**

**Meaning what exactly?**

**LENA**

**(Pulling out paperwork)**

**If you want answers and authority,  
you'll have you chance to earn them.  
I am appointing you as the new  
"Externals Liaison."**

**GWEN**

**A... promotion?**

**LENA**

**Of a sort. I hope you're as ready for it as you think you are. Consider yourself "in".**

**[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 Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer, Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid, Anusia Battersby as Gwen Bouchard, Lowri Ann Davies as Celia Ripley, Ryan Hopevere-Anderson as Colin Becher, Sarah Lambie as Lena Kelley with additional voices from Jonathan Sims. 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 7 – Give and Take**

**CAT2RC3338-03022016-12022024**

**Agglomeration (miscellany) -/- congregation [email]**

**Incident Elements:**

- **Claustrophobia**
- **Agoraphobia**
- **Gun violence**
- **Fire**
- **Mentions of – human remains, rotting food, blood, suffocation**

**Transcripts: <https://shorturl.at/gzF15>**

**This Episode is dedicated to Heather Nichols, thank you for your generous support! You can 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 Editing with Additional Materials 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)**

**Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer**

**Lowri Ann Davies as Celia Ripley**

**Jonathan Sims as Chester**

**Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid**

**Ryan Hopevere-Anderson as Colin Becher**

**Anusia Battersby as Gwendolyn Bouchard**

**Sarah Lambie as Lena Kelley**

**Paul Schmidt as Klaus**

**Dialogue Editor – Nico Vettese  
Sound Designer – Meg McKellar  
Mastering Editor - Catherine Rinella**

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

**SFX from previously credited artists.  
Support us on Patreon at <https://patreon.com/rustyquill>**

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

**Join our community:  
WEBSITE: [rustyquill.com](http://rustyquill.com)  
FACEBOOK: [facebook.com/therustyquill](https://facebook.com/therustyquill)  
TWITTER: [@therustyquill](https://twitter.com/therustyquill)  
REDDIT: [reddit.com/r/RustyQuill](https://reddit.com/r/RustyQuill)  
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.**