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The Magnus Protocol

**Episode 10
"Saturday Night"**

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

**27-06-2023
Draft 1.1**

ANNOUNCER

This episode is dedicated to Talia Lindner - This is dedicated to my friends and family for listening to me talk about the Magnus Archives for far longer than could be considered reasonable. I apologize in advance for what Magnus Protocol will do to me. You are the real heroes.

[Intro Theme]

ANNOUNCER

**Rusty Quill Presents: The Magnus Protocol.
Episode Ten – Saturday Night**

[Music]

1. INT. MORNING PROGRAM TV STUDIO- DAY, CLEAR (CASE FILE – TV INTERVIEW)

The strains of “Mr. Bonzo’s on his Way” fade away as the host GERALDINE HARDY can be heard laughing.

GERALDINE

Now, I’m sure I don’t need to tell anyone what that little blast of 90s nostalgia was. “Mr. Bonzo’s On His Way” which topped charts for over eleven weeks-

NIGEL

**(jokingly)
Twelve.**

GERALDINE

Twelve weeks, smashing the record for TV tie-in music and launching a merchandise empire. Well, Today I'm here with the creator of Mr. Bonzo and former host of "Saturday on Six", Nigel Dickerson.

NIGEL

It's an absolute pleasure to be here Geraldine. Nice to be on TV again.

GERALDINE

It has been a while, hasn't it?

NIGEL

I've kept busy.

GERALDINE

So, twenty-five years since Mr. Bonzo's debut. Why don't you tell us a little bit about how it all started?

NIGEL

(with odd energy)

I mean, it started as a joke...

Beat.

NIGEL

Channel Six approached me in ninety-four to be the host and frontman of their Saturday night variety show. It was a risky move back then of course – Channel Six had only existed for a year and I wasn't exactly a household name. I mean, I was part of the BBC's family programming, but I was hardly top of anyone's list.

Still, “Nigel Dickerson presents Saturdays on Six” or “Nigel’s SOS” as they started calling it, really took off. I mean, at the end of the day it was still the same sort of variety show that BBC and ITV were running on Saturday primetime: skits, music, interviews, some on-location features. What marked us out though was that we didn’t take ourselves nearly as seriously as them. The whole conceit was that the set was built like an enormous comedy dungeon, and I’d been imprisoned by “Mr. Six.”

GERALDINE

Mr. Six?

NIGEL

Oh, he was our fictional head of Channel Six and I had to do a good show so I’d be released.

GERALDINE

(laughing, playing along)

Oh of course.

NIGEL

We had a lot of fun with it. At the top of each show I’d get a phone call from Mr. Six, who was always very angry, and he’d say he’d gotten a complaint from some busybody writing in with a name like Mrs. Sourpucker or Mr. Smallprick, and then I’d be told I had to do the whole show without... I don’t know, using the words “up next” or standing on one leg or something and people loved it. They really loved it.

GERALDINE

And where did Mr. Bonzo come into it?

NIGEL

(slight energy change)

Yes. Mr. Bonzo. Of course. Well, one of our big things was pranks. We had a whole section called “You Got Berried!” where we’d invite on some serious public figure and make them look a bit silly, like, uh, get a famous footballer to do a bunch of kick-ups but we’d weighted the ball, and at the end I’d come out, say “You Got Berried!” and give them this big golden raspberry trophy. It was all in fun, of course. No guests were hurt.

So, one day, my producer, Rich, had this fantastic idea. We do the whole schtick of inviting a famous person on, someone really serious, and we tell them we’re going to have them do a segment with a popular children’s entertainer. Now, obviously these folks won’t have any idea about what kids are actually watching, so we could come up with the most horrendous thing, claim kids loved it and see how long it took for the guest to realize that they were the joke. That they’d been “berried”. So I came up with this awful clown character – this big bulbous, splotchy suit, running around, screaming his own name and generally being a nightmare.

GERALDINE

Who came up with the name “Mr. Bonzo”?

NIGEL

You know, I honestly don’t remember. I know it wasn’t me or Rich, but at some point someone said it and the name just stuck. I don’t really know what else to say about it. His name *is* Mr. Bonzo.

I remember the first show we used him. We’d invited Gotard Rimbaeu – the chef. He was very big at the time. Lots of TV appearances, a cooking column in The Times. But I think he was looking to soften his public image after the Mirror ran a story on him, I don’t quite remember...

GERALDINE

“BRITAIN’S SNOOTIEST CHEF”

NIGEL

That was it. Yeah, after that he agreed to do a segment on our show teaching children how to cook. He’s obviously never seen the show and was completely oblivious to kids’ culture. He was absolutely perfect.

When Mr Bonzo emerged out of the pantry, the effect was... incredible. Rimbeau’s face went white and he looked like he was about to scream. I’ll be honest, I’d seen the suit already, but I hadn’t seen it moving, and it was even freaking me out a bit. Rimbeau tried to keep it together, as

far as he knew all the kids *did* love Mr. Bonzo, but when that big rubbery clown started knocking over pans and smashing eggs all over the studio kitchen, “the snooty chef” actually tried to hide behind a shelving unit. And finally, when Mr Bonzo went in for a cuddle, Rimbeau genuinely attacked him with a frying pan. He actually broke the arm of the guy wearing him, which I took as my cue to enter with the Golden Berry. This was on live TV don’t forget.

GERALDINE

Sounds like a disaster!

NIGEL

I thought so too. But according to our audience it was the best thing we’d ever done. Over the next week we got literally hundreds of letters demanding more Mr. Bonzo.

GERALDINE

Even with a broken arm?

NIGEL

Well, there was a different man in the suit, of course. There were a few of them over the years. It was very physically demanding and that wasn’t the only injury we had with it. It actually became a sort of ritual: the newest member of the production crew wore Mr. Bonzo until someone else joined.

GERALDINE

Or until they got hit by a pan!

She laughs. Nigel doesn't.

NIGEL

Ha. Yes. Of course, the joke couldn't last. The problem with a surprise prank is that doing it on Saturday night primetime means pretty soon everyone knows about it, and the guests knew it was coming. A couple even requested it. So the prank part of it sort of died, and he just became an SOS mascot. One of my many tormentors in the dungeon. By the end we'd even retired Mr. Six, and it was all Bonzo.

GERALDINE

Clearly it was the right decision.

NIGEL

The kids certainly liked him. It turned out they really did think he was hilarious. Well, the ones who didn't wet themselves, anyway.

Gerladine laughs

NIGEL

(cont.)

There was a pretty stark dividing line between the two. Soon it was Bonzomania: merch sales were through the roof; "underserving number one hit single" actually did become a number one hit single and we even started construction on a small Bonzoland theme park at one point. It was... It was a good time.

GERALDINE

(tonal shift)

And then-

NIGEL

And then we all know what happened. People... stopped liking Mr. Bonzo.

GERALDINE

If you don't feel comfortable discussing Terrance Menki, we could move on to-

NIGEL

No, it's fine. You know it was only the last one, right? The one where he was caught? The police said there were eleven bodies in total and his wardrobe was full of all sorts of homemade costumes. Who knows what he wore for the rest? But no, because he was caught dressed as Mr. Bonzo, that's all people remember, the, uh, the-

GERALDINE

The "Bonzo Butcher".

NIGEL

The Bonzo Butcher! Ridiculous tabloid garbage. It didn't even look like him! He got the colors backwards! But they still splashed the image all over the front page. Complete overreaction.

GERALDINE

An overreaction?

NIGEL

No, I mean, uh, it was inappropriate.
To show to the public I mean.

GERALDINE

It certainly had a profound effect on
the Mr. Bonzo brand.

NIGEL

Bonzoland halted construction
shortly afterwards and the suits
decided it was best to “temporarily”
halt production on SOS.

GERALDINE

And how about you personally?

NIGEL

Well of course I got death threats.
We had nothing to do with it
obviously, but people can be very
stupid about this sort of thing.
Anyway, that was that – in the minds
of the public, Mr. Bonzo had been
completely changed.

Beat.

NIGEL

(cont.)

I’m given to understand he’s still got
some fans. In the, uh, edgier parts of
the internet. As a “meme”.

GERALDINE

Yes, I was going to ask –Mr. Bonzo
merchandise is still on sale via your
own website. Do you feel at all
uneasy about that?

NIGEL

About what? The fact that a few sales might be from people trying to be edgy? A man's got to make a living, Geraldine, and it's not like I can tell if someone's buying a t-shirt ironically. Besides, people think of Nigel Dickerson and Mr. Bonzo is never far behind so it's not like its changing my reputation. In a lot of ways I'm more his prisoner now than I ever was on my show.

GERALDINE

And how do you respond to the more recent rumours?

NIGEL

(on guard)

Excuse me?

GERALDINE

The witness statements from three murders over the last five years-

NIGEL

(speaking over her)

I told your producer this wasn't going to be discussed.

GERALDINE

-that claim a person in a Mr. Bonzo costume was at the scene? Do you think there could be a copycat?

NIGEL

(Getting up)

This interview is over. Don't contact us again.

GERALDINE

Us?

NIGEL

(losing it)

It was a joke alright!? Mr. Bonzo was meant to be funny, make people laugh! Is that so wrong? Why am I still trapped dealing with all this- this- Why won't he let me go?! Why-

The recording abruptly cuts out.

2. INT. OIAR OFFICES - NIGHT, CLEAR (COMPUTER).

CELIA finishes listening to the Case. She types it up and files it with a double click and 8-bit fanfare. She sighs, then gets up from her chair and walks over to the breakroom. The empty office is noticeably silent.

Silence.

The office door opens and COLIN enters. He looks around for a second.

COLIN

Hello?

CELIA

(from the breakroom)

Colin?

She comes back into the room.

COLIN

Sorry, don't let me interrupt.

CELIA

It's fine, just stuck the kettle on. You want a cup?

COLIN

No thanks. I'm cutting back on caffeine...

CELIA

Celia.

COLIN

Celia. Right. Sorry.

CELIA

No problem – I’m still new.

COLIN

Where is everyone?

CELIA

Gwen’s on “assignment”, whatever that means. Alice and Sam are, uh, following up something from a case.

COLIN

(distracted)

Right. Shame. Wanted Alice’s thoughts on something. You know anything about computers?

CELIA

Not really. Weren’t you on leave?

COLIN

For my brain, yeah. Didn’t work. Talked to three therapists. None of them even knew what a logic gate is. What the hell use is that going to be?

CELIA

I don’t know

COLIN

None. I was just sat their twiddling my thumbs. Best thing for me is figuring this out.

CELIA
(unconvinced)
Right.

COLIN
So the other's are all gone out right?

CELIA
Yeah, but-

COLIN
Great. That'll make things easier.

He sits at a desk and starts booting it up.

COLIN
(cont.)
Maybe don't tell them I've been on
their terminals. They'll only get the
wrong idea.

CELIA
Uh, sure.

Colin starts typing on the PC a little breathless.

Beat.

CELIA
Cool. Well, I think that was the kettle,
so I'll probably leave you to it.

COLIN
Yeah. Oh, and, uh, Celia?

CELIA
Mm?

COLIN
If Lena asks, I wasn't here.

He starts to pull open the active computer, muttering to himself
while Celia walks off to the breakroom.

CELIA

...sure.

3. EXT. THE MAGNUS INSTITUTE RUINS – NIGHT, STARTING TO RAIN (SAM’S PHONE)

SAM and ALICE pick their way gingerly through the burned and collapsed skeleton of the Magnus Institute. ALICE is under an umbrella. Her foot almost goes through a rotten floorboard and SAM grabs her.

SAM

Careful.

ALICE

Yeah, well, that’d be easier if I wasn’t digging through a crumbling, rotten ruin in the rain.

SAM

And it’d be even easier if you stopped moaning and got on with actually looking around you.

ALICE

Touché. Although I’ll point out I still don’t haven’t any idea what we’re even looking for. Is it bad vibes? Because I think I have found them.

She lifts up some rotten planking.

ALICE

Oh, no. False alarm. Just a dead rat. Lovely.

She drops the plank.

SAM

I’ll know it when I see it.

ALICE

Will you? Because that sounds very suspiciously, like the kind of line someone says when they don't know what they're looking for. I honestly don't know what you expect. It's a ruin. Burned wood, collapsed rooms, rubble. It's not exactly a treasure trove.

SAM

If you're that bothered you can head home. Don't let me keep you.

ALICE

Sam, there is honestly nowhere I'd rather be than here with you. And to be clear, I mean that in a profoundly depressing way. Like, it's Saturday night and I'm choosing to hang out in a hole with you. A wet hole. And not the good kind either.

SAM

Well, thanks then I guess.

ALICE

Well, you're welcome then I guess-

SAM

Hang on, what was that?

ALICE

(suddenly interested despite herself)

What-

SAM

**Turn back, shine your light over...
Yes!**

He clambers over some broken furniture and starts wrestling with a rusty old filing cabinet.

ALICE

Wait are you serious? We're getting excited over *that*. It'll be empty. And even if it isn't its rusted shut-

SAM

(straining pathetically)

Which means I should be able to break the lock...

ALICE

And find a peer-reviewed paper on all the tetanus you're going to get. Your gonna cut yourself up for mulch -

The filing cabinet opens slightly with a grinding sound.

SAM

Got it!

He looks inside.

ALICE

So? Any life changing revelations? Or...

SAM

(disappointed)

Mulch-

ALICE

(enjoying herself)

Mulch, that's right.

SAM

Dammit!

He kicks the filing cabinet. It clearly hurts.

ALICE
You all right?

SAM
I'm fine!

Beat

SAM
(con.t)
Ow.

ALICE
Look, Sam, you asked me to come and I came. I'm sorry that this isn't the closure or whatever it was you were searching for but I think you're wasting your time. We're just lucky this place hasn't already collapsed on us.

SAM
I don't feel lucky.

ALICE
That makes two of us. Look I get it, okay? It has some weird bits I'll grant you. That carved floor in the big atrium – I don't know what's going on with that. But whatever ghosts you're hoping to bust? I don't think they're here.

Beat.

ALICE
Sam.

SAM
Fine! Fine let's...

He starts rummaging in the filing cabinet.

ALICE

Seriously? I literally just talked you into leaving, please don't now tell me you've actually found something that-

SAM

(Yanking his hand out)

Aha!

ALICE

(wearily)

It's a key.

SAM

Oh yeah. And you know what that means?

ALICE

Someone's gym bag is getting really grim trapped in a locker somewhere?

SAM

(beseechingly)

Alice.

ALICE

(Wearily good natured)

Eurgh. Fine. 10 more minutes. And I'm keeping the umbrella.

4. INT. NIGEL DICKERSON'S MANSION. NIGHT, RAINING (TV)

The TV flicks on. There is a beat, then the doorbell rings. NIGEL shuffles down the stairs as the doorbell rings again.

NIGEL

(to himself)

Alright, I'm coming...

He unbolts the door. There's a lot of them. Then he opens the heavy wooden doors to find GWEN stood in the porch.

NIGEL

What?

GWEN

(checking papers)

Uh- Nigel Dickerson?

NIGEL

Do you know what time it is?

GWEN

I'm here on behalf of the Office of Incident Assessment and Response.

NIGEL

Oh?

A realization dawns on him.

GWEN

I have a message for you. I was told to deliver it personally. Here.

She tries to hand him the envelope. He does not take it.

NIGEL

I can't.

GWEN

My instructions were very clear. Go to the home of Nigel Dickerson and hand over this envelope.

NIGEL

It's not for me.

Beat. A Sigh.

Come in. And wipe your feet.

GWEN does so, closing the door behind her. **NIGEL** sighs then walks over and turns on an old hi-fi. “Mr Bonzo’s on his Way” starts playing

NIGEL
I’m sorry about this

GWEN
Uhh...what?

NIGEL turns the music up.

There is a wet, lumbering step on the staircase. Something is dragging itself down the stairs to meet them.

GWEN
What is- Who...?

NIGEL
Try not to stare. He doesn’t like it when people stare.

MR BONZO drags himself into view.

GWEN
(horrified)
Oh my god!

MR BONZO
B-B-B-Bonzo Bonzo Bonzo!

NIGEL
Mr Bonzo meet... I didn’t actually get your name. Probably for the best.

MR BONZO
BONZO BONZO BONZO!!!

NIGEL
(urgently)
I said don't stare!

Gwen does not reply. It is clear she is trying not to hyperventilate.

NIGEL
(To Bonzo, wearily)
Looks like they've got another one for you.
(To Gwen)
Give it to him.

MR BONZO
BONZO!

GWEN
I... what?

Mr Bonzo is becoming agitated.

MR BONZO
BONZO! BONZO!

NIGEL
The name, the address – tell him where to go.

GWEN
What? I don't- No one told me anything. Who's in there?

MR BONZO
(growing angry)
BOONZOOO!

NIGEL
(starting to panic)
What are you talking about? The envelope, just give him the envelope!

GWEN
C-can he read?

NIGEL
Just do it!

Gwen holds out the envelope and Mr Bonzo snatches it into his mouth, audibly chewing it. His teeth are not soft.

MR BONZO
BONZO!! BONZO BONZO BONZO!

Mr. Bonzo excitedly lumbers away, violently throwing open the door and lumbering off into the night.

NIGEL
(panting with relief)
Oh thank god. That nearly went very badly.

GWEN
I... I don't-

NIGEL
Tell the people who sent you "you're welcome. Again."

GWEN
Ah- okay?

NIGEL

Now get out of his house.

**5. EXT. THE MAGNUS INSTITUTE RUINS – NIGHT,
THUNDERSTORM (TAPE RECORDER)**

Somewhere in a dark abandoned office a tape recorder clicks on. The sounds of a thunderstorm, muffled by several walls, is punctuated by a close trickle and distant drips. The door to the office rattles, as someone tries to open it. SAM and ALICE can be heard through the rotten wood.

SAM

(muffled)

You literally just saw me try.

ALICE

(muffled)

**I believed you couldn't open it.
That's not the same as being locked.**

SAM

(muffled, wearisome)

**Here we go again with the ickle, baby
shrimp Sam routine.**

ALICE

(muffled)

**A) I have never called you a baby
shrimp but thanks for the idea.
B) Shut up and try the key.**

SAM tries the key in the lock. It does not turn.

ALICE

(muffled. Cont.)

Well, we tried. Come on.

SAM
(muffled)
Hang on, the wood here's pretty rotten. I think...

With a wet crack, the wood around the lock breaks and it collapses inwards with SAM tangled in it.

SAM
Ha! Suck it!

ALICE
That really hurt didn't it?

Beat. SAM shifts in the sharp woodpile.

SAM
Maybe.

ALICE
C'mere.

She helps him up and they pick rotten wood off him.

ALICE
(cont.)
So much for your key.

SAM
We're here aren't we?

ALICE
And where is here exactly?

SAM
Someone's office, I guess? Looks like it held up better than the rest...

ALICE
(picking something up)
Who do you reckon Archie was?

SAM

Huh?

ALICE

I found one of those old timey name block things.

SAM

Uh... Archipelago?

ALICE

I'm sorry what?

SAM

What?

ALICE

You're just going to skip straight to "Archipelago"? Not, I don't know, architect? Archive?

SAM

I mean, there are books I suppose...

He picks one up and it disintegrates in his hands.

SAM

(cont'd)

There *were* books, anyway.

ALICE

Nice chair. I could look real ominous swiveling in that thing.

SAM

I wouldn't risk it. Not unless you want woodworms up your butt.

ALICE

Ew. That explains the pattern on the floor.

SAM

Oh yeah... What is that?

ALICE

Worm tracks. Or y'know symbols of ancient otherworldly power. One or the other.

SAM

Look, you can be creeped out or sarcastic but not both.

ALICE

Watch me.

SAM moves closer and the wooden floor creaks ominously.

ALICE

(cont.)

Careful...

SAM

(turning)

Oh thank goodness you said that otherwise I would've jumped up and down the dangerous-

The floor breaks.

SAM

(falling)

Oh shi-!

ALICE catches him and pulls him back but not before he drops his key with a distant splash. **SAM** gasps in relief.

SAM

I dropped the key!

ALICE

What was that? Because it sounded a lot like, "I'm sorry Alice you were right. We should head back now

before I get myself killed falling into a soggy pit. Gosh you're sexy, here's a twenty for your trouble."

SAM

We can't! This is the first clue we've found!

ALICE

Clue? What clue!? It's a hole Sam. It's a dark and manky hole in a dark and manky office in a dark and manky building riddled with bugs and god knows what else. I'm sorry but enough. This isn't some grand clue to your childhood. It's a hole. Time to go Sam.

Beat. Sam lets out a long, defeated breath.

ALICE

(cont'd)

I am sorry. I know you got your hopes up.

SAM

No, you're right. I don't know what I'm looking for. I have... I have memories of weird stuff I saw here, but no context. I want to know what was happening, why they chose us... why they didn't choose me. Maybe find the bit where everything started to go wrong. But... it's too late. And now... I'm the only one left who cares.

ALICE

I care.

Beat.

ALICE

**Not a lot mind, don't flatter yourself.
But the truth is, closure's for movies,
mate. All we get is manky holes.**

Beat.

SAM

You know there's a cream for that.

ALICE

(warmly)

There's my baby shrimp.

SAM

(sighing)

**Come on, let's get out of here before
we fall into what I'm starting to think
might be a cesspit.**

ALICE

**Oh I thought that was you! I figured
you'd messed yourself when you fell.**

SAM

Charming.

They start walking away from the tape recorder.

ALICE

**I calls it as I smells it. Now, as fun as
it is being moments away from
getting our own creepy case, I could
really do with a drink. You think that
pub we passed is still open?**

SAM

**It's Manchester, so yeah, probably.
Whether they'll serve us when we
smell like a dead fox is another
matter...**

The voices finally disappear, lost to the distance and the rain. There is a long silence as the tape keeps running. The water is gently disturbed below. Then there is a thud on the hidden wooden trapdoor and the rattle of a padlock.

There is the distinct sound of a key being dragged across wood then being blindly fumbled in a lock which finally clicks.

The trap door opens, the lock falling away and [ERROR] emerges and takes a shuddering breath..

Click.

[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 Jonathan Sims and edited with additional material by Alexander J Newall, with vocal edits by Lowri Ann Davies, soundscaping by Tessa Vroom, and masting 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, Ryan Hopevere-Anderson as Colin Becher, Lowri Ann Davies as Celia Ripley.

The Magnus Protocol is produced by April Sumner, with executive

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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 10 –Saturday Night

A reminder that the Magnus Protocol will go on a short hiatus until 11 April 2024 (9 April 2024 for early access Patreons and Kickstarter Backers)

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Mascot (kids) -/- murder [TV interview]

Incident Elements:

- Psychological torment
- Clowns
- SFX – creepy music (yes, seriously), distorted voices
- Mentions of – murder, serial killers

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

This Episode is dedicated to Talia Lindner, 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 Jonathan Sims

Script Edited with additional material by Alexander J Newall

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)

Catherine Luff as Geraldine Hardy

Steve Newman as Nigel Dickerson

Lowri Ann Davies as Celia Ripley

Ryan Hopevere-Anderson as Colin Becher

Shahan Hamza as Samama Khalid

Billie Hindle as Alice Dyer

Anusia Battersby as Gwendolyn Bouchard

Uncredited as Mr. Bonzo

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Introducing Beth Eyre as [Error]

**Dialogue Editor – Lowri Ann Davies
Sound Designer – Tessa Vroom
Mastering Editor - Catherine Rinella**

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

**SFX from previously credited artists.
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