

## MAG 177 — Wonderland

### Content Warnings

- Arguments
- Relationship conflict
- Second-person Point-Of-View statement
- Hospitals / Mental institutions
- Mental illness
- Gaslighting
- Mental health abuse
- Medical / Therapeutic malpractice
- Victim blaming
- Diminution / belittling language
- Name invalidation
- Involuntary commitment
- Medication (including involuntary medication)
- Suicidal ideation (implied)
- Psychosis / unreality
- Paranoia
- Explicit language
- Threats
- Body horror
- Avoidance of facts
- Mentions of: death, police brutality, gore
- SFX: screaming, high pitched tones, discordant music, medication, violence

**[The Magnus Archives Theme – Intro]**

**JONATHAN SIMS**

Rusty Quill presents... *The Magnus Archives*. Episode one hundred and seventy-seven: "Wonderland."

**[Theme finishes]**

**[Tape clicks on]**

**[Footsteps echo in a linoleum corridor; a tannoy mumbles words indistinctly; tinny upbeat muzak plays on constant repeat; in the middle distance comes the sporadic sound of trolleys rolling, reception phones and elevator bells ringing, and swing-doors in use]**

**MARTIN**

Look, this is ridiculous Basira. Can we please just talk?

**BASIRA**

No.

**MARTIN**

Why not?

**ARCHIVIST**

Martin...

**MARTIN**

**(Exasperated)** No, John. Enough is enough. It has been *hours* and not a bloody word! We have been slogging our way through literal *nightmares* to find you, Basira. There's been p-plagues and wars and monsters and I— we've been worried sick. It has been *awful* and the least that—

**BASIRA**

Can't have been that bad.

**MARTIN**

I— what?

**BASIRA**

You look *fine* to me.

**MARTIN**

**(Indignant)** Excuse me?

**BASIRA**

Whole and healthy with a shoulder to lean on every step of the way.

**MARTIN**

Basira...

**ARCHIVIST**

**(Softly)** Martin leave it.

Trust me. She's been through a lot more than we have.

**MARTIN**

I-It's not a competition! Christ! I just wanted to *talk*. That's all.

**BASIRA**

So talk.

**MARTIN**

I mean stop and talk.

[They stop walking]

**BASIRA**

I'd love that Martin. I really would. Unfortunately, you two cost me my only lead on Daisy. And I need to find her before she moves on. So unless you have something *useful* to say...

**ARCHIVIST**

Daisy's not here. She's *already* moved on.

**BASIRA**

What?

**MARTIN**

See, this is exactly the kind of thing that comes up when we *talk*—

**BASIRA**

Martin!

**ARCHIVIST**

I told you, I know everything now, more or less. I can see her. With my, uh...

**BASIRA**

...Magic horror-vision?

**ARCHIVIST**

Sure.

**MARTIN**

It's actually been amazingly useful so far.

**BASIRA**

So you can control it now?

**ARCHIVIST**

Yes.

**BASIRA**

Hmm.

(Beat)

**MARTIN**

So...

We know she's not here, and John can find her wherever she goes... it sounds to me like we actually *do* have a moment to talk. Hm?

(Beat)

You might not care but it *is* good to see you Basira. It has been a long time since we saw a friendly face.

**BASIRA**

Friendly wasn't what I was going for.

**MARTIN**

All I'm saying is, it's nice to find someone we can trust again. Ever since everything went to hell, it's just been—

**BASIRA**

Yeah, about that.

(Turning to the Archivist) You caused this didn't you?

(The Archivist gives a heavy breath)

Don't give me that look, you *know* what I mean. **Did** you mess up the world?

Yes or no.

(Beat)

**ARCHIVIST**

Yes.

**BASIRA**

Goddamn it! I knew it was you! I *knew* it!

**MARTIN**

Basira...

**ARCHIVIST**

I didn't mean to. Elias was...

We were all playing out this big ritual for him. With me as the lynchpin, the gate.

**BASIRA**

Oh you didn't *mean* to! Oh that's all right then. Christ! I should've known... I... I should've just let Daisy take you out at the start.

**MARTIN**

You don't mean that.

**BASIRA**

No?

(Exhales) I don't know. Maybe. If I had... it would have stopped all this, wouldn't it?

**ARCHIVIST**

Perhaps.

Perhaps not.

**BASIRA**

(Sarcastically) I thought you knew everything?

**MARTIN**

He can't do hypotheticals.

**BASIRA**

And if I killed you now?

**MARTIN**

What did I just say?

**ARCHIVIST**

You couldn't. And even if you could, it wouldn't be enough to undo what's happened to the world.

**BASIRA**

So... what? You're the immortal god of this messed up little hellscape now?

**ARCHIVIST**

'God' might be stretching it. (**deep breath**) But I am more powerful now, yes.

**BASIRA**

Brilliant.

**(Beat)**

**MARTIN**

Okay, well since we're talking, I-I was wondering... I don't know if, if I missed it, or if you both just assumed that I knew, since you knew it already, but, well...

**BASIRA**

Spit it out.

**MARTIN**

What was the deal with Trevor? Why was he... I mean, I'm not really sure what happened back there?

**BASIRA**

Seriously? You brought him here, and you didn't brief him, Mr All-Seeing-Eye?

**MARTIN**

Oh, he just keeps being vague and ominous.

**BASIRA**

Well, some things don't change then.

**ARCHIVIST**

It was a *courtesy*. I wasn't sure what you'd be comfortable with me sharing.

**BASIRA**

Oh how generous.

**MARTIN**

Basira...

We *want* to help you.

**(Long beat)**

**BASIRA**

So, when everything went sideways at the institute, I lost track of Daisy and Julia Montauk. I know Daisy managed to kill her, but I don't know the details. Didn't find any sign of them in the Archives, at least.

**ARCHIVIST**

It was about a week later. They'd been stalking each other through the tunnels beneath the city. Daisy managed to corner her in an old subway access, and tore out her throat. Trevor found the body three hours later.

**BASIRA**

**(Irritated)** Do you want to tell it?

**ARCHIVIST**

Sorry. I thought you'd want me to fill in on the missing details.

**BASIRA**

I don't.

Anyway, seems like since then Trevor was tracking Daisy. Wanted revenge, you heard him. I was still in the Institute when everything went to hell outside, so I guess that protected me from the first wave. Once I saw what had happened... that we'd lost...

Didn't feel like there was anything left worth doing, except keeping my promise to Daisy. So I went looking. Found Trevor's trail eventually and started tailing him. Hoped I could follow him as he tracked Daisy, but... then *you* had to blunder your way in as always, and I had to step in.

**MARTIN**

Sorry.

**BASIRA**

It's his fault. He used you to bait Trevor, to bait me.

**MARTIN**

(Turning to the Archivist) Wait, I'm, I'm sorry, you used me as *bait*?

**ARCHIVIST**

I used *us* as bait. I didn't know which one he'd go for.

**MARTIN**

Yeah, sure, but... only one of us was *aware* of the plan.

**ARCHIVIST**

I'm, I'm sorry. I was going to tell you, but then I-I got distracted and... then we were within earshot of him, and I couldn't say anything and... I-I mean, you would have agreed, right?

**MARTIN**

That's not the point, John.

**ARCHIVIST**

I'm sorry.

**MARTIN**

(Sighs)...It's okay. I understand.

**[Fabric rustles as they embrace]**

**BASIRA**

You done?

**ARCHIVIST**

Can we not have a moment?

**BASIRA**

No, John, we can't. This is a chase, remember? Time is a factor.

**ARCHIVIST**

Less than you might think.

So what happens next?

**BASIRA**

What do you think? You just cost me my only lead to Daisy. All I have now is you, and you owe me.

**ARCHIVIST**

So I guide you to Daisy.

**BASIRA**

Is she close?

**ARCHIVIST**

When did I become everybody's satnav?

**BASIRA/MARTIN**

John.

**ARCHIVIST**

Yeah, alright.

**[Faint hissing static rises and fades]**

No, not really. She *was* here, but the corridors of this place are... Rushing isn't going to close the distance faster. It's more about *how* we choose to move through these domains rather than our speed.

**BASIRA**

What does *that* mean?

**MARTIN**

I've been with him the whole way and I still don't know.

**ARCHIVIST**

It means we'll reach her quicker if you stop tearing off, and let me concentrate on finding a proper path through this place.

**MARTIN**

Yeah, speaking of, where actually are we, anyway? I mean, I'm happy to be out of the woods, but—

**ARCHIVIST**

Wonderland House. A, uh... mental 'health' facility.

**MARTIN**

Oh. Oh dear.

**ARCHIVIST**

Mm-hmm.

Right. Daisy. Give me moment.

**[Hissing static starts]**

**BASIRA**

So... Did you actually walk all the way down here from Scotland?

**MARTIN**

Kind of. Scotland's not really a thing anymore.

**[Indistinct tannoy announcement]**

**BASIRA**

Huh. London's still there. Sort of.

**MARTIN**

Yeah, that's where we're heading. Eventually.

He's been destroying other avatars on the way.

**BASIRA**

Oh. That's... good, I guess.

How's he doing it?

**MARTIN**

He's getting the Eye to, like... like, look at them? H-He just kind of drinks up all their fear and they, uh, they just sort of... implode?

**BASIRA**

Sounds satisfying.

**MARTIN**

Yeah. Not sure how much good it does, though. And one of them was a kid.

**BASIRA**

**(Strong)** John killed a kid?

**MARTIN**

What? No. No! No, I just mean, one of the avatars we saw was, like, thirteen or so.

**BASIRA**

That's messed up.

**MARTIN**

Yeah. We had to let him go, 'cause... well, I mean...

**BASIRA**

Yeah.

**MARTIN**

Yeah.

(Beat)

**BASIRA**

What's it like? Being with someone who can see the inside of your head?

**MARTIN**

Hm? Oh. Oh no, he doesn't. I told him not to, and so he tries to... look away.

**BASIRA**

And you trust him to do that.

**MARTIN**

(Certain) Yes. I do.

(Beat)

**BASIRA**

So what's your plan?

**MARTIN**

Long term? Elias. He's up in that... Panopticon tower thing.

**BASIRA**

Figured as much. What's he up to?

**MARTIN**

John doesn't know. He says it's a 'blind spot'.

**BASIRA**

A blind spot.

**MARTIN**

A-Apparently.

**BASIRA**

Convenient. What about Melanie?

**MARTIN**

He's... not sure about her either. He can't see her or Georgie.

**BASIRA**

Dead, then.

**[Hissing static ends]**

**ARCHIVIST**

No. Not dead. Just hidden somehow.

**BASIRA**

Back with us, then?

**ARCHIVIST**

I know the route.

**[Bag zipper jangles as the Archivist repositions it]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Come on.

**[Footsteps start again]**

It... will take us past Daisy's victim, though.

**MARTIN**

Victim?

**BASIRA**

She's been killing.

**MARTIN**

What? No, no, that can't be right. I thought people weren't even allowed to die any more.

**ARCHIVIST**

Not permanently, but... Ah.

**[They abruptly stop walking]**

**BASIRA**

What is it?

**MARTIN**

Really? Now?

**ARCHIVIST**

I'll try to be quick.

**BASIRA**

What's going on?

**MARTIN**

It's, it... he needs to make a statement.

**BASIRA**

Is that like a euphemism or...?

**MARTIN**

Ew, no! It's... um, he sort of describes the place he's in to the recorder and...  
Look it's, it's magic Eye stuff. He can't help it. He needs to do it and if he  
doesn't...

**BASIRA**

He gets constipated?

**ARCHIVIST**

Hardly!

**MARTIN**

Actually, yeah, basically.

**BASIRA**

Right.

**ARCHIVIST**

**(Annoyed)** Look if you can both just give me some space, I'd appreciate it.

**MARTIN**

Fine. I'll keep lookout.

**[Martin moves away]**

**BASIRA**

No. If it's information about this domain, I think I'd better hear it.

**ARCHIVIST**

**(Sighingly)** If you say so...

**[Hissing static starts]**

**[The hospital sounds subtly change; a room door opens and footsteps approach then stop; a nearby reception phone becomes muffled as the door closes]**

**[A clock ticks quietly]**

**[Hissing static ends]**

**ARCHIVIST**

Hi. How are we doing? You can call me Doctor David. I'll be here to help you out for the duration of your stay with us.

**[Pen click]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Do you have a name?

**[Paper noises]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Hm. Hm. Well, I'm afraid I'll have to disagree with you there. That's not your name at all.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Now don't get agitated, I'm sure we'll get there. Names are... tricky. You know how long it took me to realise I was Doctor David? I mean, neither do I, to be perfectly honest, but the point is names can take a while. And we'll be here to support you every step of the way.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Hm? Oh, didn't they tell you when you were signed in? Not to worry, these things slip my mind as well sometimes. You're in Wonderland House. We're a small residential mental health facility here to help people like *you* come to their senses. And to protect the world from all your self-indulgent nonsense in the meantime.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

I can, I assure you. I'm your doctor. Doctor David. I'm here to help you, to treat you, to make it so you're less of a... burden to everyone. And until I'm satisfied that we've reached that point, well, there's plenty here to keep you comfortable. Because obviously, it wouldn't be responsible of us to let you out into general society. Not in your *current* state.

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Hm? No, of course it's not just them. We're here to help you. *You're* the biggest victim of... whatever little game you're playing here. And we know just how to help you.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Please do try not to get so agitated. I understand, it's a distressing time, but there's really nothing to be gained from... acting out.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

There are no windows to escape through, all the—

**[Wood furniture movement]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Yes, as I was saying, all the furniture is very firmly bolted down, and honestly you're only going to hurt yourself—

**[A clipboard and pen hits the ground]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Hm. I see. Violence, then, is it? Oh, I assure you there is no way to hurt me. Nothing you could say or do could cause me even a moment's inconvenience. Your anger is... pointless. Meaningless.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Look, see? The only thing you've managed to hurt is your own hand. Now, are we finally in a position to listen to Doctor David, you... meaningless little brat? Good.

Now, I believe it's time for your medication.

**[Pills rattle]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Oh, no, that stuff you were on before? Mm, garbage. No, I've torn up your prescription for that. It was... poison, I assure you, warping your mind. No, I think we have something far better here.

**[Pills rattle and one is put on a surface]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Go on, take it.

**[Pill bottle is placed down]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Take it.

Or do I have to get some orderlies to help you?

**[Liquid swallowing; cup is placed down]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

There you go. Down the hatch. I wonder what it was? Certainly it looked a pretty appealing colour in the medicine cabinet, but you never can tell with these things. Oh, there you go.

[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]

[The phone ringing distorts in the background]

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Well, sweet dreams, I suppose.

[Footsteps as the doctor leaves]

[Door opens, and the hospital noises are louder]

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Do try to wake up sane.

(Creepy laugh)

[Door closes and all SFX stop for a beat]

[The door opens and closes — heavier-sounding perhaps; the hospital can be heard behind it as previously]

[A clock ticks quietly]

[The doctor approaches]

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Ah, awake at last, are we? Excellent. Allow me to introduce myself. Call me Doctor David. And you might be?

[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

No, I just like to greet all our new arrivals in person and I would like your name, if possible.

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Okay, well, I don't think that's how it's pronounced, but... if that's what you'd like me to call you, then I suppose I can do you that favour.

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Hm? No, I'm pretty sure I would remember.

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

No, I'm the only Doctor David on staff at Wonderland House. Goodness can you imagine the coincidence if there were two of us. Hah! Hardly bears thinking about. But no, I'm the only one here. Fact of the matter is, I'm the only doctor on staff. Most days it's just me and the orderlies. No-one else around for miles.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

You're sure? Well, that is *very* strange. Would you mind describing this 'other' Doctor David.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Mmhmm? Mmhmm? Oh, did he now? Well isn't that fascinating.

Right, well, I think I'm starting to see what might be going on here and, let me assure you, it isn't going to work.

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Oh, I know, I know, I know. It's just that we have no patience here for your ridiculous lies. Seeing things? Phantom doctors? You really think I'm that much of an idiot? You concoct some half-baked little hallucination, and suddenly I'm stamping 'crazy' on your forehead? I'm dreadfully sorry to disappoint you, but that's not how things work here.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Oh, other doctors did, did they? Mm. Well, that sounds reasonable, let me just have a look at your case file here, a gander at the old medical history.

**[Sounds of a hospital clipboard being picked up and pages flicked through]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Medication, diagnosis, medication, oooh, hospitalisation. Hm.

**[Clipboard placed down]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Trouble is it's all lies, isn't it? Because I'm your doctor now, Doctor David, and I say these people, these 'professionals', had no idea what they're talking about because, well, I understand what they simply didn't.

You made it all up, didn't you?

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

What was it? A plea for attention, trying so desperately to make the world notice you? Some *childish* attempt to feel special? Or were you just looking for an excuse for the fact that you're a lazy, unlikeable waste of air?

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

'Paranoia', hm, it's big word, isn't it? A *big* excuse. Because here's the interesting thing: you are completely sane and rational. Everyone legitimately *does* hate you.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

It's not your brain making up lies, don't be stupid. No, you're just a horribly unpleasant person to be around. You make people uncomfortable. You never say the right thing. You somehow always manage to smell bad.

No wonder people talk about you behind your back. Even I hate you, and I'm responsible for your treatment. Isn't that funny?

**(Mirthless chuckle)**

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Hm? Oh, I'm sure you would like some medication. Yes, I'm sure you would. That chemical safety blanket whispering to you 'Oh don't worry you're just mad. You don't need to take responsibility for anything.' You'll get none of that nonsense here. No. We'll teach you to stand on your own two feet. And we have all the time in the world to do so.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**[The doctor walks to the door and opens it; the hospital sounds seem distorted and there is a distant screaming multitude]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Good night.

**[Door closes and all SFX stop for a beat]**

**[The door opens and closes with a heavy latch sound of a church door; the hospital and screaming multitude are heard again]**

**[A clock ticks louder]**

**[Footsteps as the doctor arrives]**

**[After the door closes, the distant sound of screams can still be heard alongside a clownish laugh]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Ah, good morning. How are we feeling today?

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Hm? Oh, no it's just me. Call me Doctor David.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

No, I'm pretty sure I've always had this face.

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Oh, I see, another of your lies, is it, as though I haven't heard enough of them in the, what, five years I've been treating you now. No matter.

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Yes, five years, can we please not start that again?

Did you sleep well? Hm?

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Well, that makes sense I suppose. Nightmares are to be expected from a mind like yours.

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Ooh, monsters, you say? You must have gotten a look at Brian the orderly.

**(Long chuckling that is mirthless with a touch of manic)**

I joke, of course. You seem fine, though, so I'm sure whatever that silly little imagination of yours concocted, it can't have been all *that* bad.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Oh, yes? More 'hallucinations'? Hm, well, you can describe them to me if you like, I'm certain they're quite horrible. But on other hand, they didn't happen, you're lying, and everyone wishes you'd just stop making a fuss. You remember your mother, what you made her do because you just couldn't be bothered to pull yourself together?

**[Short creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Yes, of course it was your fault, we've been over this quite extensively in our earlier sessions. Or are you still pretending not to remember?

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**[Screams and clownish laugh increasing in volume]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

I really wish you'd stop saying that. We don't really like the word 'mad' in Wonderland House. Because you're not. You never have been.

**[Creak and fabric movements from a bed]**

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

You just need to... Oh do calm down you hysterical little creep. Throwing another tantrum will get you nowhere here.

[Sounds of movement, something fall to the floor]

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Oh violence, is it? Very original. Just do be careful not to—

[Sounds of motion, a scuffle, then flesh peeling]

[Dripping noises, then something wet drops to the floor]

(Beat)

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Well, I hope you're happy.

[Panicked footsteps and motion]

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Well, what did you expect to be under my face?

[A wooden bang]

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

You really should stop screaming, you're only upsetting yourself.

[Fabric movement]

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Of course it's real, it's absolutely real. I've told you, you're quite sane. You just need to admit it, and then we can get on with things.

No rush, though, like I say. We have all the time in the world.

[Hissing static starts]

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

And good old Doctor David isn't going anywhere.

[**Sounds of the hospital corridors return**]

[**Hissing static ends**]

(**Deep exhalation from the Archivist**)

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

Satisfied?

**BASIRA**

Fuck.

[**Tape clicks off**]

[**Tape clicks on**]

[**Footsteps echo in one of hospital's corridors, the same repeating  
tinny muzak plays and background sounds continue**]

**BASIRA**

No, I get that bit, it's just... So the guy *was* mad, or...?

**ARCHIVIST**

No it-it... I mean, yes. It's sort of, like... gaslighting, but in reverse. This place, it's built on the fear that your mental health problems aren't actually real.

**BASIRA**

Wouldn't that be a good thing?

**ARCHIVIST**

N-No... I'm not explaining it very well. Uh, it's... It's the worry that everything is, is awful, and it's actually your fault. Th-That you made it up? That um... that you're...

**BASIRA**

What?

**ARCHIVIST**

**(Exhales)** Bad therapists. Let's just say it's the fear of bad therapists, filtered through The Spiral.

**BASIRA**

That's... a lot more nuanced than I've gotten used to since everything went wrong.

**ARCHIVIST**

Yes, well, The Spiral is nothing if not insidious.

**MARTIN**

**(Nervously)** Uh... Is that door meant to be open? And... dripping blood.

**ARCHIVIST**

We're here.

**[The stop walking; the door creaks as it is pushed further open]**

**MARTIN**

Oh, Jesus.

**ARCHIVIST**

Yes. Horrible way to go.

**BASIRA**

You're sure this is Daisy's handiwork?

**ARCHIVIST**

Positive.

[Hissing static starts]

**ARCHIVIST (CONT'D)**

She'd been prowling around for a long time, waiting for a gap in the 'treatments.' And when she got one, she carved through the door like it was paper. He tried to run, but she was so fast. She took his legs first, slicing through the tendons so that he could—

**BASIRA**

Enough. We get it.

[Hissing static ends]

(Beat)

(Turning) Let's go, then.

**MARTIN**

Wait, what? That's it?

**BASIRA**

What else is there?

**MARTIN**

Seriously? I mean, who *is* this guy? Daisy slaughters someone, and you don't even want to know why? You... What, you don't care?

**BASIRA**

(Uncomfortably) We don't have time.

**ARCHIVIST**

...I could tell you.

**BASIRA**

Don't bother. I know who he is.

**MARTIN**

What?

**BASIRA**

(Sigh) Noah Thomson. He's a, nasty piece of work. Crossed him a few times when we weren't doing sectioned work. Last I heard he'd dodged a GBH charge Daisy brought him in on. Blinded a guy during a robbery. I guess she didn't forget.

**MARTIN**

Wait, wait... so... so, she's hunting down criminals? People who she thinks got away with stuff?

**BASIRA**

...Sure.

**ARCHIVIST**

Really? As simple as that?

**BASIRA**

What's your point?

**ARCHIVIST**

What, you think he ended up in Wonderland House at random? We're just going to ignore it, and write him off as a 'nasty piece of work'?

**BASIRA**

We don't have *time* for this.

**ARCHIVIST**

Then we should make time. You want to hear how he ended up blinding that man? Because it wasn't a robbery. He was running away from Daisy, lashing out in a panic. The court believed it. But *you* believed *her*...

**BASIRA**

(Angry) I told you not to look in my head!

**ARCHIVIST**

I didn't. And I won't. But you can't hunt a monster that you refuse to see.

(Beat)

[A sudden 'bing' of an elevator arriving; the doors open]

[A high-pitched tone starts]

(Sounds of fearful surprise from Martin)

**HELEN**

Not interrupting anything, am I?

**[Footsteps as Helen exits the lift]**

**MARTIN**

Christ, Helen, you scared the life out of me.

**HELEN**

**(Insincere)** Sorry darling.

**[Elevator doors close]**

**ARCHIVIST**

Not now, Helen.

**HELEN**

I'm sorry to butt in, but I was paying a visit to dear old Doctor David. You know, this place goes through nurses at an *alarming* rate, and I couldn't help but overhear your little problem.

**BASIRA**

Really don't need your opinion on this.

**HELEN**

Good to see you too, Basira. You're looking well. And don't worry, I've no interest in your little ethical wobbles. No, I mean your issue with a certain feral runaway. I can help you, if you'd like.

**ARCHIVIST**

No, thank you.

**BASIRA**

What sort of help?

**ARCHIVIST**

You can't be serious...

**HELEN**

See, John, this is what I like to see! A proactive attitude, keen to work together. Someone really living their best apocalypse.

**BASIRA**

I asked you a question.

**HELEN**

You did, didn't you? I can offer a shortcut. Take you right to that murder machine you call a partner.

**MARTIN**

Basira, John can't go through Helen's doors. We couldn't come with you.

**HELEN**

Basira is a strong, independent woman. She doesn't need you two holding her hand. Anyway, it'll be dead quick. Two minutes, door-to-door, quick shot to the back of Daisy's head, and we'll be home before you know it.

(Beat)

**ARCHIVIST**

You just heard what The Spiral does to people — you can't trust her.

**HELEN**

Nonsense! Martin can vouch for me. You and... what's-his-name went through Michael's door, right? And he was *rubbish* compared to me.

**MARTIN**

We were in there for two weeks.

**HELEN**

Exactly! And you're just fine! Better than fine! Flourishing!

**MARTIN**

You really don't care, do you?

**HELEN**

Alright, be like that. Under new management, anyway. So what's it going to be Basira darling? Quick and easy?

Or are you looking to take the long way round as the third wheel?

**(Beat)**

**BASIRA**

I'll stick with the guys, thanks.

**(Helen makes a disappointed noise)**

**HELEN**

Such a shame. And here I thought *you* were actually going to follow through.  
Ah well, good luck. And do give my best to Daisy. If you ever *do* find her.

**BASIRA**

You done?

**HELEN**

Oh, John? Not to sound like a squeaky hinge—

**(Annoyed sigh from the Archivist)**

—but do try to lighten up. Don’t get me wrong, the brooding thing’s a good look on you, but it is starting to get a bit tired. Especially now you’ve got someone else to do the intense, driven thing. I think you might need to get a new schtick.

**ARCHIVIST**

**(Sarcastic)** Thank you for the feedback. I’ll try to bear it in mind.

**HELEN**

It’s all I ask! Anyway, I should be off. Don’t want to be late for rounds. Ciao!

**[Footsteps head off]**

**[The high-pitched tone ends]**

**MARTIN**

**(Sighs)** Is it me or is she getting worse? I think I preferred it when she wasn’t quite so... I don’t know... Chummy?

**ARCHIVIST**

What? You thought the end of the world would bring out the best in her?

**MARTIN**

Hmm.

**[Basira takes some initial footsteps]**

**BASIRA**

*Now, can we just go?*

**ARCHIVIST**

Sure. This way.

**[Tape clicks off]**

**[The Magnus Archives Theme – Outro]**

**JONATHAN SIMS**

*The Magnus Archives* is a podcast distributed by Rusty Quill and licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution Non-Commercial ShareAlike 4.0 International licence. Today's episode was written by Jonathan Sims, produced by Lowri Ann Davies, and directed by Alexander J Newall. It featured: Jonathan Sims as The Archivist, Alexander J Newall as Martin Blackwood, Frank Voss as Basira Hussain, and Imogen Harris as Helen. To subscribe, buy merchandise, or join our Patreon, visit [rustyquill.com](http://rustyquill.com). Rate and review us online, tweet us at TheRustyQuill, visit us on Facebook, or email us via [mail@rustyquill.com](mailto:mail@rustyquill.com). Join our community on the Discord via the website, or on Reddit, at [r/TheMagnusArchives](https://www.reddit.com/r/TheMagnusArchives). Thanks for listening.