

RED VALLEY

CLIVE & LET DIE

PART 1

by
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Character List

Blue Sky	Natalie Day
Clive Schill	Alexander Broad
Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel

CLIVE AND LET DIE

PART 1

SCENE 1

CLIVE SCHILL'S HOME. CLIVE IS STRUGGLING IN THE KITCHEN AS A MICROWAVE MEAL PINGS. IT IS DIFFICULT FOR HIM TO WALK SINCE SURGERY ON HIS LEGS AND HE'S TRYING TO DO TOO MUCH. HE GETS THE MEAL OUT OF THE MICROWAVE, CURSES AT IT BEING TOO HOT, STRUGGLES TO GET IT ON TO A PLATE. THROUGHOUT, HE IS HAVING A CONVERSATION WITH HIS BLUE SKY UNIT.

CLIVE: Blue Sky, add lasagnes to the shopping list.

BLUE SKY: I've added 'lasagne sheets' to your shopping list.

CLIVE: No, lasagnes. Microwave lasagnes.

BLUE SKY: No lasagnes.

CLIVE IS GETTING EXASPERATED AT HIS TASK GETTING THE HOT FOOD ON THE PLATE, AS WELL AS HIS CONVERSATION. HE TAKES A BREATH.

CLIVE: For fuck's sake. Hey Blue, add microwave lasagnes to the shopping list. Please.

BLUE SKY: Would you like me to add microwave lasagnes?

CLIVE: Yes.

BLUE SKY: How many microwave lasagnes?

CLIVE: Five. I don't know. Seven.

HE GOES TO THE FRIDGE AND GETS A BEER,
OPENS IT.

BLUE SKY: Will do.

CLIVE: Thanks.

BLUE SKY: Would you like an update on your work communications?

CLIVE: What? No.

BLUE SKY: You have 23 new emails today in your Overhead account.

CLIVE: What is the point of an out of office if people just send the same shit every fucking day -

BLUE SKY: You have 418 unread messages in your inbox.

CLIVE: Hey Blue, can I change my out of office message to 'Hey guys, just to let you know, when *you* get shot in the fucking legs, I'm going to send a carrier pigeon to your home every day of your recovery to shit on your plaster casts and eat out of your recycling bins.' Stupid twats.

BLUE SKY: I didn't catch that.

CLIVE: Don't worry about it.

CLIVE HAS HEAPED HIMSELF ON TO THE SOFA.
SPORT IS ON THE TV.

BLUE SKY: You have a new voice note.

CLIVE'S MOUTH IS FULL AND HIS REPLY IS TOO
GARBLED FOR BLUE TO MAKE OUT.

CLIVE: I jsuffj whanttj to eaassrt my dfjnner -

BLUE SKY: Voice note received today at 16:42 hours from Francesca Jones.

CLIVE GULPS THE FOOD DOWN.

FRANCESCA: Hi Clive. It's Francesca. Haven't heard from you since the hospital. I assume your legs haven't fallen off.

FRANCESCA: Anyway, enough with the pleasantries. Time to turn off Sky Sports News and get back in the game. The recon team managed to get something off the drives at Red Valley that weren't stolen by Bryony Halbech or buried by Aubrey Wood's explosives, or destroyed by the bloody sprinkler system. The problem is, you hired a weird man baby as your archivist, who seems to have recorded everything he did, including soliloquies about the local bird life while sat on the toilet. So most of the files that we've managed to salvage appear to be comprised of total bollocks. Either that or it's some kind of ingenious coded language. Maybe somewhere amongst the endless Top Trump card games and Nintendo all-nighters, Gordon Porlock and Warren Godby reveal the secret of hypersleep.

FRANCESCA: So, we thought, who do we know who has the mind of a 12 year old and is sat around with nothing to do? I've sent everything we've got so far to your Blue Sky account. Get through it and let me know what you find. And I mean listen to everything.

CLIVE HAS PICKED UP HIS LAPTOP AND OPENED IT UP. HE'S LOOKING AT THE NEW FILES APPEARING IN HIS ACCOUNT.

CLIVE: What the fuck is this -

FRANCESCA: Clive. You and Pamela Jennings are all that's left of the Kontinue project. And between you and me, I don't think Pam has got a lot to offer us. She'll be moving on soon. Which leaves you. Find me something useful, or no one's going to be Kontinuing at all. On your feet, soldier.

A PAUSE. CLIVE ASSUMES SHE'S FINISHED.

CLIVE: Oh shove this up your arse. I'm going to call Malcolm. Hey Blue, call Mal -

FRANCESCA: Oh, and before you go running to mummy, Malcolm Landry's already signed off on this. And cos I know you're a slippery little shit, I went to see the Board today, along with the principal trustees. They were all so impressed to hear that despite your injuries and the challenging rehab and the trauma of everything you've been through, you're desperate to get back to work and show them all what you're made of. They can't wait to hear what you come up with. They even sent you a get well soon card. Don't let us down, Golden Boy.

BLUE SKY: End of voice note.

CLIVE: She's a piece of work. I don't remember receiving a card.

BLUE SKY: It's a digital card sent through the Blue Sky courtesy app. I'd be delighted to read it to you.

CLIVE: Yeah... Well, I'm still downloading this enormous file of Gordon Porlock debating which Ninja Turtle he's gonna fuck marry kill, so, go ahead.

BLUE SKY: Dear Clive.

PAUSE.

BLUE SKY: Get well soon.

PAUSE.

CLIVE: Wait, that's... that's it?

BLUE SKY: Signed by the Overhead Board of Directors -

CLIVE: That's my card?!

BLUE SKY: Jac Rhys.

CLIVE: Oh, fuck that spooky eyed little shit.

BLUE SKY: Marguerite Kenner.

CLIVE: Same to Marguerite. A fart in the bath.

BLUE SKY: Dev Patel.

CLIVE: That dopey fucking sump.

BLUE SKY: Paul James.

CLIVE: All you can eat turd buffet.

BLUE SKY: And Hailey Daniel.

CLIVE: Bottomless shit.

PAUSE.

CLIVE: I feel better getting that out of that system actu -

BLUE SKY: And co-signed by the Principal Trustees.

CLIVE: Yeah, you don't have to read them out too. I know them all, they're all little dicksplashes.

BLUE SKY: You don't want me to read the names of principal trustees who signed your digital get well soon card via the Blue Sky courtesy app?

CLIVE: No!

PAUSE.

CLIVE: Actually yeah, do it.

BLUE SKY: Mel Webber.

CLIVE: Fucking tinned meat.

BLUE SKY: Robin.

CLIVE: Absolute cocking lardon.

BLUE SKY: Kieran McGraw.

CLIVE: Oh, Big Billy Ballbag.

BLUE SKY: Phillip Degenres.

CLIVE: Little Sammy Scrotum.

BLUE SKY: Connor M.

CLIVE: Commodore Buttcheeks.

BLUE SKY: Burn Burnillya.

CLIVE: A boiled potato with no fucking butter.

BLUE SKY: Lauren Szlosek.

CLIVE: Eleven pints of piss.

BLUE SKY: Lucy.

CLIVE: Continental fucking breakfast.

BLUE SKY: Kevin Cope.

CLIVE: The Great British Fuck Off.

BLUE SKY: Evelyn.

CLIVE: The little speck of shit on my toilet brush.

BLUE SKY: Sophie.

CLIVE: The little puddle when I put my toilet brush back.

BLUE SKY: Pete Woods.

CLIVE: Just my actual toilet brush. That I use to poke my own arse
shit.

BLUE SKY: And Ben Day.

CLIVE: Wankerchief.

PAUSE.

BLUE SKY: Thanks for using the Overhead courtesy app. We hope you'll
use the service again.

CLIVE: Has all this Red Valley rubbish downloaded or what?

BLUE SKY: I've set up a folder for you.

CLIVE: Thankssssssss, oh Jesus wept, look at all this. I can't... I can't listen to all this... paid people to listen to Warren bugs and Gordon's ramblings before, where have they all gone?

BLUE SKY: Are you asking me, or -

CLIVE: No, look. Fine, I'll just... look. I'll tell Baz and Cockbot I can't play Fortnite today.

BLUE SKY: Do you want to start at the beginning?

CLIVE: Nope, you're not going to find anything useful until you're way into the Godby's hypersleep cycles. I don't know...when did Bryony put him back in after th...yeah let's start there. After we bought that fucking tortoise.

BLUE SKY: Playing.

CUT.

SCENE 2

A RECORDING BEGINS. WARREN IS RELAXING IN
BED IN THE INTENSIVE CARE UNIT IN THE RED
VALLEY LAB, AFTER BEING BROUGHT OUT OF
HYPER_SLEEP. THE COMM BY HIS BED
CRACKLES.

GORDON: Warren?

WARREN: Hey Gordon! How's it going?

GORDON: Oh... I'm fine. I just had lunch. How are you?

WARREN: I am good. Emerging from hypersleep can be quite relaxing, I'm learning. I'm enjoying your little care package very much thank you.

GORDON: No worries.

WARREN: So, they actually got you some penguin bars. Nice.

GORDON: Oh yeah... I know we got them for me, but I thought you'd probably appreciate one.

WARREN: I did. Good joke on this one. Very on brand. Why do penguins always stay in pairs?

GORDON: Umm... Why?

WARREN: Cos freezer crowd.

GORDON: Very good. How much longer are they keeping you in the med bay?

WARREN: Grace says a couple more days. I can't feel my feet at the moment which they seem mildly flustered by.

GORDON: Wait and you're not bothered about feeling your feet?

WARREN: Nah. They'll be along. I mean, if one of them snaps off or something, that is an inconvenience. Anywho! Some real finds in the care package, Gordon!

GORDON: Oh! You've gone through it all?

WARREN: Yeah. Desperate times with the book choice. Where did you find the novelisation of the Sylvester Stallone Judge Dredd movie?

GORDON: Well, that's mine.

WARREN: Yours? You own this?

GORDON: Well, yeah. You want to go on a tangent about wild film novelisations?

WARREN: I really don't.

GORDON: I could tell you about the novelisation of the movie Jurassic Park based on the novel Jurassic Park.

WARREN: You could, but you should not. Let's get to the main event.

GORDON: Okay. So, you've read the materials?

WARREN: I have. A very breezy and normal read.

GORDON: And you're ready to play?

WARREN: Yep... I just want to take a moment to say that this is the most Gordon Porlock thing that has ever happened.

GORDON: Is it too macabre?

WARREN: Too macabre? You've sent me a pile of documents from the Overhead archive detailing the weirdest, most gruesome deaths that have befallen Overhead employees throughout its dark and decidedly chequered history. And you want to call this...

GORDON: Overhead Industries Presents: Dead Top Trumps.

WARREN: Yes, it's too macabre.

GORDON: Warren, while you've been having an apparently nice relaxing time dipping in and out of your cryopod I've been up to my nipples in these archives. Even by my own bloodthirsty standards it is shocking how many people have died in this company over the decades. And it doesn't look like we're finishing up here anytime soon, so I just thought hey, let's make it fun.

WARREN: Yeah. Because death *can* be fun.

GORDON: It really can! And in a sense, isn't it slightly reassuring? These guys are dead. And we're not!

WARREN: I can't even begin to unpack that statement. Uh, Right. Dead Top Trumps. I'm gonna go first.

GORDON: Shoot.

WARREN: Ellias Antony Becker. Door Engineer in the Pathogen Development Department.

GORDON: Mmm... Cool.

WARREN: Right. Pathogen department. Either studying or making or just containing lethal germs and viruses. Bad news all round. Extremely Overhead. So Ellias is the guy who makes the doors.

GORDON: The doors.

WARREN: The hardcore doors in the lab, so God forbid anything breaks or gets airborne or could escape containment, these are the fastest closing doors known to man. Like the doors on the Death Star.

GORDON: Oh... I think I know how this ends.

WARREN: Ellias is testing his door, changing the speed, doesn't realise he's put a decimal point in the wrong place and set the door at 0.2 seconds closing instead of 2 seconds, doesn't get out of the way in time and the door bisects his head in two in perfect alignment with his centre parting. Splits him like a banana down to the rib cage. Dead as fuck.

GORDON: Strong start.

WARREN: Thank you. We are maniacs for doing this.

GORDON: Ok. My go. Jennifer Hunt. Department of Organic Teleportation.

WARREN: Oh shut up.

GORDON: What, World's First Cryonically Preserved Human Being has a problem with someone trying to create a teleporter.

WARREN: Yes. It's ridiculous.

GORDON: It's only ridiculous if it works. And that obviously isn't going to happen, hence this top trump. Jennifer Hunt is clearly insane but she does seem at least a little more honourable than any cryo tech scientists you could care to mention, as she only tests her teleportation prototype on herself.

WARREN: Please don't tell me a fly got in there with her.

GORDON: Oh no, no, no. Nothing weird like that. It just detonated every molecule in her body like a bomb and bolognesed her all over her laboratory.

WARREN: Ah how wonderful.

GORDON: Overhead chalked it down as a win though, as the technology was then funnelled into weapons development for what they hoped would basically be a disintegration beam.

WARREN: Aha! Well maybe that explains what happened to Robin Hellier then. Got himself ED-209'd by a prototype Overhead defence drone that inexplicably misheard his lunch request for a coronation chicken sandwich as a threat of gross intimidation against the state, and got everything above his waist blown off with what was apparently called a Matter Displacement Charge. Subsequent diagnostics proved that the Overhead defence operating system has got a real problem with Scottish accents.

GORDON: Excellent. Right... oh no, you go again.

WARREN: Why me again?

GORDON: I'm building up to a thing.

WARREN: Whatever, I'm getting into it now. Megan Nice. Assistant in the Chemical Nursery. Spilled a vat of something with a name I can't pronounce. The fumes of this compound induce an irresistible sense of vertigo, which made her fall over on to her workstation, where a Bunsen burner brained her through the eyeball.

GORDON: Haha! One more from you.

WARREN: You're starting to disconcert me now.

GORDON: Oh no, trust me it's fair.

WARREN: I'm going to win if you keep going on like this.

GORDON: I'm glad you feel that way.

WARREN: Ok. Kris Kaiyala, Animal Testing Division. Classic case of experimental steroid treatment made to boost the strength of military personnel having inconvenient side effects such as lust for human blood. He's testing it on pigs.

GORDON: He was eaten by pigs?

WARREN: Yeah, but very, very muscular pigs.

GORDON: Pigs eat people anyway, don't they?

WARREN: Do they?

GORDON: I'm just saying it's not quite the wild sci-fi death you're making it out to be.

WARREN: Well, if you'd let me finish. I would've told you it also happened onboard an orbiting satellite used for testing the molecular density of certain medications in zero gravity.

GORDON: Oh.

WARREN: Eaten by pigs floating in space.

GORDON: That is good.

WARREN: Your turn. You've really built this up.

GORDON: Emi Camusso was kicked in the head by a horse.

WARREN: Oh. Well. That's...tragic.

GORDON: A cloned horse.

WARREN: Okay. That's more interesting.

GORDON: Emi Camusso is minding their own business when they get kicked in the head by a cloned horse, whose original host DNA horse also killed another Overhead employee.

WARREN: What?

GORDON: This original horse killed someone in the early stages of the Equine Replication Project.

WARREN: A horse killed someone.

GORDON: Yes. Sarah.

WARREN: The horse killed Sarah.

GORDON: No.

WARREN: What?

GORDON: Sarah is the horse.

WARREN: Right. Okay. Sarah is the horse.

GORDON: Sarah kills Jessie Calvello, a lab tech in the horse cloning team.

WARREN: And how did Sarah the horse happen to kill Jessie Calvello?

GORDON: Jesse was treating an injury to Sarah's leg in a hyperbaric chamber.

WARREN: What's a hyperbaric chamber?

GORDON: Umm... it's a big room full of oxygen that can be used to accelerate the healing process. You can't really have metal in a hyperbaric chamber because if for any reason you were able to create a spark in a high oxygen environment you'd have a major fire risk. Anyway, they thought this chamber was really well lined with protective panelling, so they didn't bother taking Sarah's horseshoes off. And they're obviously made of metal.

WARREN: What did she do, clap her hands together?

GORDON: No, Sarah was just quite a kicky horse, and she ended up kicking the panelling so hard it came loose and exposed the metal sheeting underneath, so one more kick, and...

WARREN: Goodbye hyperbaric chamber.

GORDON: The explosion took out half the department. Jessie Calvello was in there with her. Never knew what hit her.

WARREN: Yikes. That was pretty good dude, multiple deaths and everythi...

GORDON: Oh no, that's just the beginning. So, they cloned Sarah the horse, remember? Sarah's clone is called Lora. And it's Lora that kicks Emi Camusso in the head and kills them before they even hit the floor. And that's when The Theory is born.

WARREN: What theory?

GORDON: That you can clone homicidal tendencies.

WARREN: In horses?

GORDON: The theory posited wider possibilities but for the sake of this anecdote, yes. Homicidal tendencies in horses.

WARREN: My brain is starting to hurt, Gordon.

GORDON: So, Sarah the horse murders Jessie Calvello... Lora the horse murders Emi Camusso...

WARREN: I mean... I think there's some conclusions being jumped to here re: the word murder.

GORDON: Every theory starts somewhere. Anyway, Lora is shot in the head -

WARREN: Why is Lora shot in the head?

GORDON: She kicked Emi Camusso to death. They were just minding their business playing Pokemon Go and Lora kicked them so hard one of their eyeballs fell out.

WARREN: She was a horse!

GORDON: Anyway, the next horse clone, whose name is Storm Marriott, is sold in suspicious circumstances as an anonymous thoroughbred to a local breeder called Ben Day, who has no hint of her dark past.

WARREN: Her dark past. Poor bloody horse. I suppose this one is also summarily executed for doing something innocent and profoundly horselike.

GORDON: Storm Marriott tramples Ben Day to death within 24 hours of arriving at his stable.

WARREN: Oh.

GORDON: After chewing his arm off when he reportedly refused to give her a second sugar cube.

WARREN: Uh huh.

GORDON: In the commotion following Ben Day's cold-blooded murder by horse, Storm Marriott escapes to roam wild in the Yorkshire Dales.

WARREN: Right... so she er... So, she lives on.

GORDON: Oh no, no. Clone horses have a genetic metabolic disorder that requires medication like in Jurassic Park so without her meds she's definitely dead. But...

WARREN: But what?

GORDON: Within the last decade, wild horse deaths in Yorkshire are up 300%.

WARREN: Uhuh. From zero to 3, I expect.

GORDON: Just why did Overhead send Storm out into the world knowing the likelihood that she would follow her clone progenitors? Just how many murderous horse babies could she have reared in the Yorkshire countryside? And when will the killings end?

WARREN: I feel insane. And you should know, I pressed the button for more morphine a minute ago so I'm probably about to fall asleep. To be continued.

GORDON: Oh. Does that mean I win?

WARREN: Send more snacks, please.

GORDON: Warren? Warren!

WARREN SNORES.

GORDON:

Rude.

END.