

RED VALLEY

CLIVE & LET DIE

PART 2

by
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Character List

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

CLIVE AND LET DIE

PART 2

SCENE 1

WE RETURN TO WARREN AND GORDON.

WARREN: Right. How long was I asleep for?

GORDON: 16 hours.

WARREN: What? Did I go back in the pod?

GORDON: Oh no, no... No, you've just been asleep. Like asleep asleep.

WARREN: Oh. Weird.

GORDON: How are your feet?

WARREN: Feet?... They...Oh they're... oh yep they're back. Knew they would be.

GORDON: Good, good. You want to keep playing Dead Top Trumps?

WARREN: Oh, yeah, yeah. Sure. You haven't been waiting for me to wake up this whole time, have you?

GORDON: Well, all anyone does here is wait for you to wake up. But no, I walked the tortoise, changed a couple of strip light bulbs in the mess I'd been meaning to get to. Watched the Quantum Leap where Sam leaps into the body of a chimpanzee. Had a nap. You know.

WARREN: Sounds great. Right, let's go.

GORDON: Okay. Samuel Mills. Should win an award for most effort put into inadvertently constructing your own demise. If you thought teleportation was ridiculous, you're going to shit when you hear someone decided to pay this guy to work on time travel.

WARREN: You know stuff like this makes me feel less special. Hypersleep seems positively pedestrian now.

GORDON: Ah. You're very special, Warren.

WARREN: Well, thank you.

GORDON: Predictably enough Samuel Mills didn't invent time travel. But he had a line manager that wanted to see at least some kind of progress with research. So, he hatched a plan. He claimed he had had a partial breakthrough.

WARREN: A partial breakthrough at time travel.

GORDON: Samuel Mills claimed he could successfully travel through time. But not space.

WARREN: When does this idiot die?

GORDON: He claimed he could time travel in as far as he could isolate himself from the passage of time. So, he would stay still while time continued to progress. However, if you follow that line of thought, while he may be still and unaffected by the passage of time, the planet would continue to rotate at a speed of roughly 1000 miles an hour under his feet. So, in fact to the lay observer, once he turned on his, um, 'time machine', he would appear to move.

WARREN: At a thousand miles an hour.

GORDON: Quite.

WARREN: I'm starting to build a picture in my head of how Samuel Mills might die.

GORDON: The next research project down the hall involved an incredibly powerful electro magnet.

WARREN: Yeah. Quite a clear picture.

GORDON: So, he builds and puts on a suit made of high-density metals, his 'time machine', then invites his line manager, a senior R&D exec called Calcifer Russell, to watch a demonstration. He has the magnet turned on and travelled across his empty warehouse at a speed of no more than 80 miles an hour straight into the wall.

WARREN: And kersplats himself.

GORDON: Yup.

WARREN: You're right. That is an extraordinary amount of effort.

GORDON: Yeah.

WARREN: Was Calcifer Russell suitably impressed?

GORDON: Well, Calcifer Russell was wearing a large medallion under their shirt, and after the magnet turned on it kind of choked them to death.

WARREN: Probably not that impressed then.

GORDON: Hmm.

PAUSE.

WARREN: Do people still wear medallions?

GORDON: Right Warren. Your go.

WARREN: My go...Gejlan Eminoski. Invented in real life an exploding neck collar. For maximum security prisons and so on.

GORDON: Like in Battle Royale?

WARREN: Yeah. Ended up ambushed by three chimpanzees at the animal testing stage who attached no less than 14 neck collars to her and detonated all of them, inadvertently killing everything in a 20 metre radius.

GORDON: I'm enjoying the amount of animal revenge that we're seeing here.

WARREN: In all of these scenarios the animals also end up dead.

GORDON: Oh... In that episode of Quantum Leap, Sam Beckett as a chimpanzee does martial arts and swims across a river because, you know, he's actually a human in a chimpanzee's body.

WARREN: Yes, that's incredible. Your turn.

GORDON: Doga Senergin was part of a team working on an actual mech suit for the military, a full on 2 tonne 20 foot high endo skeleton with guns on the arms, flamethrowers, grenade launchers, everything.

WARREN: Big violent death?

GORDON: No, the seat belt broke. Fell 20 feet and broke their neck. However, in line with their final wishes, their casket was thrown into the air by a mech suit worn by their lover, which was then destroyed with targeted rocket launchers, so, you know, that's nice.

WARREN: That's so moving. Like a Jerry Bruckheimer funeral or something. Right. You go again, I've got a little collection here, I think.

GORDON: Oh okay er... So... lethal radiation leak at a prototype macro nuclear reactor plant in a secret Overhead facility in Alaska. Station chief, Elli Miles, locks down the unit as soon as the leak hits, sealing the team inside to a gruesome slow nuclear death, then tries to escape via helicopter at night during a storm with winds over 100 mph, holding up the unwilling pilot at gunpoint. The chopper gets 20 metres into the air before they lose control and crash straight into the power generator, igniting in a deadly fireball and obviously killing them.

WARREN: Wow. Wonderful.

GORDON: The power at the station goes out, unsealing the doors, and the team all run for their lives, despite knowing they're probably all going to melt to death through radiation exposure in the next few hours or days anyway. Delano Bielamowicz, took the last jeep and made it as far as an all-night diner, where they were found stone dead at their booth having enjoyed pancakes with yoghurt and blackcurrant compote, loaded fries, a foot long turkey sub, a chocolate and salted caramel sundae and 3 cherry cokes.

WARREN: Doing it to death. I admire it.

GORDON: Oh, and Farah Lufti doesn't even leave the base. They go straight to the mess room, eat all the m&ms in the vending machine, and spend the rest of their short life knocking everyone else's high score off the Time Crisis 2 arcade unit. *That* is doing it to death.

WARREN: They had a Time Crisis arcade unit!

GORDON: Are you jealous of the Alaskan Overhead facility where everyone died of radiation poisoning?

CUT.

WARREN: So, did you see the ones that actually happened here? Like actual Red Valley deaths over the years?

GORDON: Yes... I didn't dive too deep into those, I must admit...

WARREN: Oh, come on, man. We're in too deep now to get precious. And most of them happened ages ago anyway. Some of these are insane. This is before Overhead even took over this place, why are they even here?

GORDON: Who knows. Previous archivists with even more morbid curiosities than me.

WARREN: Lieutenant Grace Kienzle. Impaled by falling 2 foot icicle dislodged from the radar dish in 1985 while she was outside having a cigarette.

GORDON: Zoikes.

WARREN: Marion Soutar used to live in the farmhouse sometime after World War Two, died after eating one of the pink-footed geese for their dinner and choked on the lead shot from their own gun.

GORDON: Fowl play?

WARREN: HAR HAR. You know not all the test subjects here died through the actual experiments?

GORDON: Yeah, didn't a guy from your cohort beat one of the others to death with a chair?

WARREN: Oh yeah. I can't honestly remember, but that's not what I was referring to anyway. Double death in the first cohort stationed here. Both in the farmhouse. Chap known only as Samuel falls through a rotten floorboard while nosing about in the attic, falls through the floor on to the staircase, rolls down the stairs, lands in the kitchen, bangs his head on the tiles and fractures his skull.

GORDON: Wow.

WARREN: None of that killed him though. He got tetanus from a rusty nail on the floorboard.

GORDON: Oh wait. Didn't you say it was a double death?

WARREN: Oh yeah. Another subject called Sarah H is sat in the living room watching Grange Hill when Samuel falls down the stairs, knocking a commemorative plate marking the Queen's silver jubilee off the wall which lands on her head and fractures *her* skull. And that is what killed Sarah H.

GORDON: Oh. I know that spot on the wall where the paint's faded around it.

WARREN: I mean... This is what you were talking about before wasn't it. Look how far we've come when you could've just been hit on the head by a plate and your whole story's over.

GORDON: Humm... Good point.

WARREN: Is that it? Are we through? I think I'm out.

GORDON: Yeah, I think so. Oh no wait. Uh forgot... Forgot about this one. Michael...Pettite? Pettit. He was stationed on Muckle Flugga.

WARREN: He was what? On what?

GORDON: He was stationed by Overhead on Muckle Flugga, which is almost the most northerly British Isle.

WARREN: How did he die?

GORDON: Well. They forgot him.

WARREN: They forgot him?

GORDON: He was dependent on deliveries for supplies. They overlooked his delivery one time and an error on a spreadsheet meant it got deleted. No one noticed. He starved to death. Someone remembered him a month after he'd died because he owed them money.

WARREN: What? How do you... How do you just - what the fuck? What was he even doing there?

GORDON: No idea. There's nothing written down.

WARREN: Poor bloody... wait- what was his name?

GORDON: Oh. Michael Pettit.

WARREN: Wow. Well. That was bleak.

GORDON: Yeah.

WARREN: What's the lesson then. That maybe death *isn't* fun after all?

GORDON: Yeah... Maybe so.

WARREN: Wait, wait, wait, wait, wait! No! Dini!

GORDON: Who's Dini?

WARREN: Hang on, hang on. Yep. I found Dini in the pile but then I passed out and I dropped her. Dini was an administrator in theoretical physics who claimed she had, in her own time, learned how to transform herself into a being of pure energy. She had in fact just digested an enormous quantity of hallucinogenic mushrooms, and instead of entering her 'matter transformation chamber' where she would become, you know, one with the universe, she trampoline'd into a ceiling fan.

GORDON: Oh wow. I wonder if there's video.

WARREN: Ah. Yeah, yeah. That one... That one feels much better. Dead colleagues = definitely funny, we're both going to Hell. Who wins?

GORDON: Oh, do you know what? I have no idea. Waffles can decide.

WARREN: How can Waffles decide? She is a tortoise.

GORDON: Hmm. Don't know.

WARREN: Can't we...you know just umm...put her on her back and...

GORDON: What? Spin her?

WARREN: Is that bad?

GORDON: You want to *spin the tortoise*?

CUT.

SCENE 2

WE RETURN TO CLIVE, WHO HAS DUTIFULLY LISTENED TO ALL OF THIS. MAYBE. A SHOOTY VIDEO GAME CAN BE HEARD IN THE BACKGROUND, CONTROLLER BUTTONS BEING HAMMERED.

BLUE SKY: Would you like me to play the next recording?

NO RESPONSE.

BLUE SKY: Clive?

CLIVE: Yeah?

BLUE SKY: Would you like me to play the next recording?

CLIVE: I would like the 200 years of my life back that I just lost listening to these idiots. If those plonkers spent as much time doing their jobs properly as they did talking shit and playing spin the bottle with their pets, maybe they'd still be alive. I guess they both lost Dead Top Trumps. Rest in pieces, dickheads.

BLUE SKY: Would you like me to play the next recording?

CLIVE: I'd rather shoot myself in the knees again. Can you just mark all these as read or something?

BLUE SKY: You'd like me to make it appear the files have been checked when actually they hav -

CLIVE: I'm on a killstreak, byeeeeee. Oh, add cherry coke to the shopping list.

END.