

**RED VALLEY**  
**SEASON 1 EPISODE 3**  
**'The Picnic'**

by  
Jonathan Williams

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**Character List**

Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel
Karen Godby	May Cunningham
Dr. Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks
Clive Schill	Alexander Broad
Dr. Ben Thomas	Max Panks
Dr. Bryony Halbech	May Cunningham
Hotel Operator	Heather Wilson
Voicemail	Nima Cas Hunt

**EPISODE 3**

**SCENE 1**

GORDON'S CAR. RAIN SOFTLY FALLS ON THE WINDOWS, ON THE ROOF. FROM THE STEREO, A RECORDING PLAYS. THE SOUND IS DISTANT AND NOT EASY TO DISCERN AT FIRST. THIS IS A RECORDING FROM A ROOM. FOOTSTEPS CLICK ACROSS A METALLIC FLOOR. MACHINES BEEP AND VENTILATORS HISS. INTERMITTENT CONVERSATION, ONLY SHORT BURTS AND SHORTER ANSWERS.

WARREN: This isn't a log recording, what is this?

GORDON: This is the audio from the video feed inside the cryo suite at Red Valley. I have the video too, but like I said, I'm trying to break you in gently. This is where it all happens. So, let's set the scene. You've got your six candidates for the Teddy Bears Picnic. 6 guys full of synthetic blood about to be put in induced comas and cryonically frozen. Yogi is dead after having a massive reaction to the infusion they're giving him just days before. That leaves five. Just like you heard Wood say, the picnic was due to start the coming Monday. And it did. The other five, uh, Brown, Black, Grizzly, Polar and Pooh, they all go into the, uh, capsules, the...cryo pods. They're hooked up to every bit of monitoring going, like a super intensive care unit, they're fully anaesthetised, tubes in their mouths, in their arms, in their cocks, the lot.

WARREN: Wait, wait, wait.

GORDON: What?

WARREN: Aren't I supposed to be listening to the tape, aren't I missing what's happening?

GORDON: Uh, no. No, not yet, nothing's happening yet. I'm setting the scene. So, tubes in their cocks -

WARREN: So, why have this on the tape at all?

GORDON: What are you talking about?

WARREN: Well you could set the scene just by talking. And then play me the tape.

GORDON: No but this is the atmosphere. I'm trying to show you tha -

WARREN: So, you're literally playing this as, like, a backing track, while you make this speech, setting your scene.

GORDON: Well that makes it sound cynical.

WARREN: No, it's just...

GORDON: What?

A LOUD AND ABRUPT CUT OF ONE  
RECORDING TO ANOTHER.

AUBREY WOOD: We're really doing this.../

WARREN: /Whoa whoa, what's this?/

AUBREY WOOD: /It's 06.00am and I haven't slept. Not for a minute.

GORDON: Oh, for fuck's sake.

GORDON TURNS THE STEREO OFF.

GORDON: This is Wood's log. I was intending to have you all brought up to speed, but I didn't think you were going to ask so many fucking questions and now my timing's off.

WARREN: This is more than one recording?

GORDON: Yeah. I've got the audio from the cryo suite and I've got Wood's logs and I've cut them together.

WARREN: Why would you do that?

GORDON: To make it more dramatic.

A PAUSE. THE RAIN CONTINUES.

GORDON: To draw you in, get you to invest. Like a sizzle reel. Why are you looking at me like that?

WARREN: Nothing. It's just...not what I was expecting.

GORDON: No shit, Warren. Look, now I've lost my place.

GORDON REWINDS THE TAPE. PLAYS A BURST. GOES BACK A BIT MORE. THE CRYO SUITE AGAIN. IT PLAYS FOR A FEW SECONDS WHILE GORDON MUTTERS PIECES OF HIS EARLIER SPEECH BACK TO HIMSELF SOFTLY.

GORDON: Tubes in cocks. Tubes everywhere. All the monitoring is going, they've been studying them the whole time, recording all the data. The course lasts two weeks.

WARREN: Two weeks? Those bears have been frozen for two weeks?

GORDON: This isn't the first time they've done this. The company, I mean. They've been building up slowly. A day, a long weekend. All our teddy bears are first timers of course, and Wood too, she's new. We rejoin the story at the end of the course. We're down to 3 teddy bears.

WARREN: What happened to the others?

GORDON: Well Brown and Polar didn't make it more than a day. One of them didn't survive the rapid cooling process before the big freeze, the other one held out for a few hours after, then their heart just gave up. I forget which was which... Here we go.

PAUSE. THE TAPE KEEPS PLAYING.

GORDON: *Now here we go.*

ANOTHER CLUMSY TAPE-TO-TAPE CUT.

WOOD: We're really doing this. It's 06.00am and I haven't slept. Not for a minute. I was sick earlier. I don't know if I'm excited or the most terrified I've ever been in my life. Dr Halbech oversaw the Hartshorn infusions at midnight, the 8 hour activation period is nearly up. She sent Dr Thomas and me to bed, for whatever use that could be. How are we supposed to sleep when all we can think about is waking someone up?

CUT BACK TO THE CRYO SUITE, THERE IS LOW-LEVEL CONVERSATION, UNINTELLIGIBLE.

WARREN: I can't hear what's going on.

GORDON: You will.

WARREN: What did she say? What's Hartshorn?

GORDON: I had to google it myself. It was a type of smelling salt or something. For people who fainted in ye olde times. It has literally nothing to do with what's in that infusion, I think they just liked the sound of it.

FROM THE TAPE, AN ALARM SUDDENLY RINGS LOUDLY. THERE IS A HUBBUB OF RAISED VOICES. THE VOICES GROW LOUDER AS THEY COME CLOSER TO THE RECORDING DEVICE.

DR THOMAS: The Hartshorn has failed.

DR HALBECH: We don't know that.

WOOD: Monitoring is going off. Art line, sats...ECG is flat...

DR THOMAS: If it's flat, just check the lead, it's probably loose.

WOOD: It's not the bloody lead, there's no trace on any of it.

DR HALBECH: Right, open it up.

WOOD: You want to open it up now?

DR HALBECH: If we don't know if his heart's beating there's no point pissing about is there.

CUT.

WOOD: I thought she was right...all I could think is that I had to get him out to find out if he was alive, because I didn't have anything else to go off...I realised we were entirely in the dark...

CUT. MULTIPLE ALARMS RINGING IN  
THE CRYO SUITE.

DR THOMAS: Okay. Seal's released.

WOOD: Open it.

PAUSE.

DR THOMAS: Oh, I can't lift it.

DR HALBECH: For god's sake.

A PAUSE, THEN A LOUD CRACK, THEN  
A RUSH OF FLUID HITTING THE METAL  
FLOOR, LIKE A BATH CRACKED IN TWO.

WOOD: Jesus -

DR THOMAS: Oh, fuck me!

WOOD: Jesus Christ, Jesus fucking Christ -

DR THOMAS: It's on my feet, it's in my fucking shoes -

DR HALBECH: Right. Clean it up. We reconvene in 2 hours.

FOOTSTEPS SPLASH INTO THE  
DISTANCE. CUT.

WOOD: There was no readings because there was nothing to read...It was like jam...no, no, like jelly that hasn't set because you've put the wrong fruit in it...It's Grizzly up next.

SHE LAUGHS INVOLUNTARILY.

WOOD: And then we break for lunch.

CUT. INSTANT ALARM BELLS AGAIN.  
THE SOUND OF THRASHING IN WATER.

DR THOMAS: Christ, watch yourself -

WOOD: I know what I'm doing. I need you to keep him still.

DR THOMAS: How the hell is he even conscious enough to do this -

WOOD: We pulled him out too soon.

DR HALBECH: He is awakening exactly as we planned.

WOOD: Yep, this is just what I had planned -

DR HALBECH: Doctor Wood -

WOOD: Ben lift his arm, I think it's trapped -

DR THOMAS: Sure -

WOOD: Bryony could you mute those alarms please.

DR THOMAS: It's stuck... it's like he's sitting on it.

THE ALARMS SUDDENLY GO SILENT.

WOOD: Thank you. Ben, his arm, he's straining -

DR THOMAS: Got it.

A SICKENING CRACK.

WOOD: What the fuck did you do?

DR THOMAS: It's...It's...

A SQUEAK AS THE ARM LEAVES HIS  
GRIP, AND A SHATTER LIKE GLASS ON  
THE FLOOR. CUT.

WOOD: His arm just came off. In Ben's hand. The shock killed Grizzly in less than a minute. We're done, it's all over. I told Halbech to go fuck herself and I'm locked in my bathroom with half a packed bag and my coat on like I'm a bloody teenager. There isn't anywhere to go. Next delivery is three days. No way out on foot. I'll work something out with Ben. Anything is better than -

IN THE DISTANCE ALARM BELLS RING.

WOOD: No no no -

CUT. THE CRYO SUITE.

WOOD: Ben. What are you doing?

DR THOMAS: Halbech had already put the Hartshorn in and muted the notifications. We have to do it.

WOOD: Where's she gone?

DR THOMAS: She left.

WOOD: She what?

DR THOMAS: She's gone. It's just us and Winnie the fucking Pooh. Are you going to help me or not?

THE CRACKLE OF A WALKIE TALKIE.

WOOD: Halbech? Dr Halbech? Bryony, answer your fucking comm!

DR THOMAS: She's gone, you're in charge of this fucker's airway. Come on.

CUT. MINUTES LATER. MORE  
THRASHING IN THE WATER.

WOOD: Okay. Pass me the scope. Alright.

A CHOKING, WRETCHING NOISE.

WOOD: Down with the cuff. Down. Fucking rip it then.  
Suction. Come on!

DR THOMAS: You're doing it. We're doing it!

WOOD: Shut up.

A COUGH, A SPLUTTER, THEN SILENCE.

DR THOMAS: Aubrey -

A SUDDEN CONVULSION, THEN  
VIOLENT THRASHING.

WOOD: Hold him!

AN AWFUL, GUTTURAL VOMITING  
NOISE, IMPACT ON THE FLOOR.

WOOD: Suction back - turn him on his side -

A DEEP AGONAL MOAN, THEN MORE  
VOMITING.

WOOD: Ben. Ben! What are you doing?

DR THOMAS: I can't. I can't do another.

WOOD: Ben! He's fucking dying on me! Ben! Where the fuck are you going? BEN! Ben, please don't leave me with him. Ben! Be -

THE TAPE IS EJECTED FROM THE  
PLAYER. THERE IS A LONG MOMENT OF  
SILENCE, PUNCTUATED ONLY BY THE  
RAIN ON THE WINDSCREEN.

GORDON: It kind of winds down from there.

WARREN GETS OUT OF HIS SEAT AND  
LEAVES THE CAR, SLAMMING THE  
DOOR BEHIND HIM.

**SCENE 2**

WARREN WALKS AWAY IN THE RAIN.  
AFTER A MOMENT GORDON GETS OUT  
OF THE CAR TO FOLLOW HIM.

GORDON: Hey. Hey!

WARREN: I don't want to hear any more of this, okay? If this is just some sick joke you people play on the new guy then fuck you, alright? If it's real, then *fuck you*, why would you show that to me? Why come to someone in Accounts with this?

GORDON: It isn't a joke. And you came to me.

WARREN: To do an audit on old account, not to listen to...no one should hear that. Why are you smiling?

GORDON: I don't know, I smile when things get awkward.

WARREN: Gordon, why are you sharing this stuff with me? Who is your line manager, who should actually be dealing with this? Jesus, the fucking police should be dealing with this!

GORDON: What planet are you on, man? This is Twilight Zone level stuff, they're clearly not worried about breaking a few eggs while they make their creepy dystopian murder omelettes. They're not going to think twice about getting rid of someone like me. I have been following this as closely as I can for years, alright? I have been waiting to be able to share it with someone so we can...expose it, so we can end it. They must be working on something right now and someone's dropped the ball bad enough that Accounts have picked up the trail. And they've sent you.

WARREN: I'm not the man for this, alright, this is too big, I'm not Clive Schill...

GORDON: Clive Schill? The golden boy?

WARREN: Yeah, you want a result, go to him -

GORDON: I don't trust Clive fucking Schill! How many men below the age of 40 are called Clive?

WARREN: I'm not your guy -

GORDON: Warren, a guy like me asks a guy like you to meet him in a car park in the dark, there's got to be a chance I was going to stab you or at least ask you to toss me off or something -

WARREN: What?

GORDON: But you came anyway, didn't you? Because you're good at this, I can tell. You care. I'm taking a huge gamble trusting you.

WARREN: I suck at my job, alright?

GORDON: What?

WARREN: I didn't even know what this job was, okay? My wife got it for me.

GORDON: Oh. Right.

WARREN: Look, I've been out of work for a while, okay. I... wasn't well. I... I wasn't well. My wife had to look after me and she's old friends with Doug Holder. They got me this job so I could start fresh, okay? I can't get involved in something like this.

GORDON: So why did you even seek me out in the first place? Why are you here now?

WARREN: I don't know.

GORDON: Because you care. So, my sizzle reel was too much, I'm sorry, that's probably my issue, I care very much about presentation, I'm sorry. But I could see it in your eyes, this stuff speaks to you. You give a shit.

WARREN: A long time ago, maybe...Not now.

GORDON: A long time ago? You're not Gandalf the fucking Grey. Look, so I don't know you, and you don't know me. Fine. I'm the one with everything to lose here. You've got the power. To make something happen. Look... will you just take these -

GORDON OPENS A CAR DOOR AND GRABS A BAG.

WARREN: I don't want to know what's in that bag, Gordon -

GORDON: Take the fucking bag! There's more in there that I need you to hear. Just - sleep on it, okay? Just, think about it for a little while. People are losing their lives in this company.

WARREN: Fine. Just don't call me, alright?

GORDON: Alright. I leave it to you.

WARREN: I'm going home.

CUT.

**SCENE 3**

**WARREN'S VOICEMAIL.**

VOICEMAIL: (D) New message received today at 18.38 hours.

KAREN: (D) Hey babe. Just wondering when you'll be done. Nothing in the fridge so I think it'll be a kids meal spectacular, fish fingers, chips and beans. Everything orange.

VOICEMAIL: (D) New message received today at 19.24 hours.

KAREN: (D) Hey, it's me. You didn't say you'd be late tonight, can you call me when you get this. I've text you twice already. Bye.

VOICEMAIL: (D) New message received today at 20.41 hours.

KAREN: (D) Babe, where the fuck are you? You know I worry. You must have like 10 missed calls from me. We don't do this, alright?

**CUT.**

**WARREN IS DRIVING.**

WARREN: Just a standard double please.

VOICE: That's £69 or we've got a twin for £49.

WARREN: Oh, the twin will be fine actually.

VOICE: Okay, so if I could just take your name, please?

WARREN: Yeah, it's Warren Godby.

VOICE: Warren Godby?

WARREN: Yeah?

VOICE: Wow, shit... it's Laura. Laura Hambling. Well, Laura Jones now but Hambling at school. We were at St Luke's together.

WARREN: Oh, yeah. Of course. Laura. Hi.

VOICE: Hi!

WARREN: ...How are you?

VOICE: I'm fine. Do you remember you throw up at Ian Howard's mum's house, in his mum's bed?

WARREN: Oh...yeah. Right.

VOICE: You offered to get off with me if I didn't tell Ian.

WARREN: Hmm.

VOICE: Which was a pretty strange deal to make.

WARREN: I agree.

VOICE: I didn't get off with you.

WARREN: No... So do you want the long number across the middle of my card, or...

CUT. GORDON'S FLAT. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE HALL. GORDON UNLOCKS THE DOOR.

CLIVE: Evening Gordon.

GORDON: Clive Schill?

CLIVE: Gordon, I think it's time you and I had a talk about Warren Godby. And you can turn off the tape recorder for this one.

END.