

RED VALLEY

SEASON 1 EPISODE 4

'Memorial Twig'

by
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Character List

Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel
Karen Godby	May Cunningham
Dr. Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks
Emily Godby	Rosie Owen
Shop Assistant	Paul Teeling
Shoppers	Richard Campbell
	Harlano Weekes
	Carol Petridge

EPISODE 4

SCENE 1

ABRUPT TAPE CUT.

AUBREY WOOD: Uh-hmm. Hello. Uh. Aubrey Wood, Specialist, Day 1, April 17th, log number...1. Safe arrival at Red Valley facility, 19.00 hours. Was immediately taken to quarters, in the farm house. Everything seems good. Everything fine. Unpacking. Full itinerary in place for tomorrow, follow up log to be...comprehensive.

CUT.

AUBREY WOOD: Oh, personal. Nothing to add. It's lovely to be here.

CUT.

AUBREY WOOD: - Amoxicillin, flucloxicillin, tetracycline, gentamicin but in bottles not amps, metronidazole bags, vancomycin. I'll have the list of what's missing in tomorrow's report. Personal - nothing to add.

CUT.

AUBREY WOOD: - sunny all day, and I realised the AC unit isn't functioning properly in the sub level. I'm attaching the catalogue number, as I'm unable to locate an inventory, or really any record keeping of any kind on our utilities, please advise. Personal - nothing to add. Thanks.

CUT.

AUBREY WOOD: - Following introductions and initiation on the base, and after a little rest after his journey, I expect to have our first formal strategy meeting in the morning. Looking forward to it.

PAUSE.

AUBREY WOOD: Uh, personal. Dr Thomas seems really nice, he's enthusiastic, he's itching to get started. It's good to see another face. I know it's only been 8 days and I've had no trouble on my own, it's just...good to have someone to talk to. Soon this place will have people everywhere and I'll probably miss the peace and quiet.

CUT.

AUBREY WOOD: Personal. It's been frustrating today, if I'm completely honest. We all had a plan before we left, and to be held up by a courier service is irritating to say the least. It should've been here before the clients even arrived, ideally before I'd even arrived. I'm sure the installation will take ages as well. I know it's not my field but honestly, I don't even know where it's all going to go. I've seen the mobile MRI unit, it's state of the art but it's still enormous, and it's meant to go in house, so I don't see that being easy. Unless they get the clients themselves to carry it in. Honestly, they look like a brick shithouse and a giant haystack had babies. And then those babies went to the gym.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE. A BREEZE BLOWS THROUGH TREES. BIRDS SINGING. LIGHT TRAFFIC IN THE DISTANCE. AFTER A FEW PEACEFUL MOMENTS THERE IS A RUSTLING IN A POCKET, A PAUSE, THEN THE RINGING OF A PHONE, WHICH IS QUICKLY ANSWERED.

KAREN: Warren!

WARREN: Hey.

KAREN: Where the *hell* are you?

WARREN: I'm in Gravesend.

KAREN: *Gravesend?! When did you...? – why? -*

WARREN: Karen, it's fine, I'm alright.

KAREN: And what about me? What if I'm not alright? You must have seen my calls, my messages, how dare you just up and go out of nowhere -

WARREN: I know, I know. You're right. I'm sorry. I can't give you an excuse.

KAREN: I haven't slept, I wanted to call the police -

WARREN: God, you didn't, did you? Call the police?

KAREN: No.

PAUSE.

KAREN: Why have you gone there, Warren?

WARREN: I just needed to go home.

KAREN: Is this because of that guy you were talking to? Graham -

WARREN: Gordon Porlock.

KAREN: He sounds like a herbal remedy.

WARREN: It's nothing to do with anyone. It's just me.

KAREN: Where are you right now?

WARREN: ...I'm at my dad's grave.

KAREN: Jesus, babe.

WARREN: Well, it's not a grave, it's a memorial tree. Well, it's not a memorial tree really, it's more of a memorial twig.

KAREN: Look, I can take the day off, if I leave now, I can be there in, what, 3 / 4 hours -

WARREN: No no, really, I'm fine. I just needed to see it, work some stuff out, I don't mean to be so dramatic, I got tunnel vision or something, I was just driving and before I knew it, I was halfway here.

KAREN: What about work?

WARREN: It's ok, I'm meant to be out of the office today anyway.

KAREN: And your pills, do you have all your pills?

WARREN: Yes, I have them. I keep spares in the glove box. I'll be home tonight. I promise.

FOOTSTEPS OVER GRAVEL
APPROACHING.

WARREN: Babe I need to go, alright?

KAREN: What's going on? Is someone there?

WARREN: It's fine, I'll speak to you soon.

KAREN: Warren? War -

WARREN HANGS UP THE PHONE.

WARREN: Hi.

EMILY: Why are you wearing a suit? Are you going to court?

WARREN: It's what I wear for work.

EMILY: Well it doesn't look right on you.

WARREN: Okay.

EMILY: Don't worry, this isn't a dramatic coincidence. Laura at the hotel told me you were here. Figured this would be why.

WARREN: You're friends with Laura at the hotel?

EMILY: No, I hate her guts. We're friends on Facebook.

WARREN: Right.

EMILY: Why are you back, Warren?

WARREN: Um. I just...uh. I wanted to see...

EMILY: You wanted to make sure he was really dead?
Because I guess you wouldn't really know for sure,
would you?

WARREN: I haven't come to fight with you Emily.

EMILY: It would be a long way to drive to get your arse
kicked Warren. I assume you live a long way
away. Or maybe you just live above the Co-op how
would I know. No, you ran far away, didn't you.
New clothes, new haircut. You don't even sound
like yourself. Who was that on the phone?

WARREN: Karen. She's my wife.

EMILY: Your *wife*? You know what, I don't own this
garden, or this town, but right here, this little
square of grass, I paid for it, and I'm gonna tell you
to fuck right off it. You gave up your right to come
and stare meaningfully at anything in it.

WARREN: Emily. I'm sorry, I'll be going.

EMILY:

You should only do what you can live with, Warren. Dad was fine with what he did. Never said a word about any of it, not after mum, not after you, not even at the end when the whole town knew and there was no one but me. Because I couldn't live with leaving him on his own, in pain. So I stayed. I changed his sheets and got that bastard in and out of the bath while you were off getting fucking *married*. So *I* am the one who gets to come up here and tend to this sad little tree. Because I planted it. You fucked off. So you can *stay* fucked off.

CUT

SCENE 2

ABRUPT TAPE CUT.

AUBREY:

Personal. The novelty has worn off. The valley, the base. Even that farmhouse that I thought was so gorgeous. Once you look even semi-closely at any of it...The farmhouse has one of those low doorframes that is so cute, the first time you see it, the first time you stoop to get under it, it's like, aw, people were so diddy way back when, weren't they. It is so bloody annoying to have to stoop or cock your head to the side every damn time you walk under any doorway in this house. I have neck pain. I have neck pain because of the doors, and the pillows which, I'm sorry, are like prison pillows. I would roll up a towel to put under the pillow but there aren't enough towels because I was given one regulation Overhead towel and assumed there would be more in the farmhouse, and there were, but they were all covered in these...midge or whatever they are, they're the dominant fucking lifeforms out here so I burned the bloody towels and did a dance around them because they were so fucking gross. Anyway, more blood tests tomorrow, yay, goodnight.

CUT.

AUBREY: Personal. I'm really glad Bryony is here. Dr Halbech I mean. She likes formality, and so do I. I didn't properly realise until she got here but I was excited for her to join us not just because she's the leader of the operation but because, and maybe it makes me sound weak or whatever, I was tired of being the only woman up here. I'm tired of the way the subjects look at me. It's intimidating and it freaks me out. I'm tired of looking to Ben for...what? Protection? Reassurance? He couldn't protect me from a malicious bag of crisps. Plus I catch him staring at my arse every other day.

CUT.

A SHOP. A BELL JINGLES AS WARREN
OPENS THE DOOR. MUSIC PLAYS
SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND.

ASSISTANT: Hey.

WARREN: Hey.

A PAUSE AS WARREN PACES THE
SHOP.

ASSISTANT: Anything you're looking for in particular?

WARREN: Um. Not really, I guess. I used to come in here all the time when I was younger, I just wanted to see if it was still here.

ASSISTANT: Oh, sure. It's been 21 years since we opened. You don't live round here anymore?

WARREN: No, I moved away a while ago. I bought my first guitar here. All my CDs, all my games...I wish I still had it all. God, it's almost identical! The sign outside's changed, though. Used to be that big grand old thing said 'Second Time Around.'

ASSISTANT: Yeah, we still have it out the back. My dad decided 2TA was cooler, that people would think it sounded sophisticated. Acronyms were all the rage a little while ago.

WARREN: Yeah, yeah, I understand that.

ASSISTANT: Everyone still calls it Second Time Around though. 2TA sounds weird. Sounds like a French dressmakers or something. *Toutiers*.

WARREN: *Toutiers*! I see what you mean. Wait, so is your dad Phil then?

ASSISTANT: Yeah, that's him. I'm Miles.

WARREN: Warren, nice to meet you. Oh no way!

ASSISTANT: What?

WARREN: That's an original Sega MegaDrive. I had exactly that model. It was like my best friend.

WARREN RIFLES THROUGH A BOX.

WARREN: Wait, do all these games come with it?

ASSISTANT: Uh, yeah. Think so.

WARREN: I have to have it.

WARREN SCOOPS UP THE GAMES
CONSOLE, CABLES AND GAMES AND
LUMPS THEM HAPPILY ON THE
COUNTER.

WARREN: It would've been great to see your dad after all these years. He would never remember me but I never forgot him. He was a wise dude.

ASSISTANT: Do not let him hear you say that, I'd never hear the end of it. Cash or card?

WARREN: Oh, card.

ASSISTANT: Sure, go ahead.

WARREN OPENS HIS WALLET, PICKS A
CARD AND TAPS IT ON THE READER. IT
BEEPS.

ASSISTANT: Oh.

WARREN: What?

ASSISTANT: You're...Warren Godby?

WARREN: Uh. Yeah. You read that off my card, you must
have good eyes.

ASSISTANT: You're William Godby's son?

WARREN: ...Yeah. I am. Can I get a bag for this? -

THE CARD READER IS SNATCHED
AWAY.

WARREN: What's going on?

ASSISTANT: I am going to have to ask you to leave.

WARREN: And why is that?

ASSISTANT: We, uh. We reserve the right to refuse service to,
uh, anyone, uh, that we feel -

WARREN: You've already served me. It's already gone through. Can I just get a bag for all the merchandise I just bought from you? And I'll be on my way.

ASSISTANT: We reserve the right to. Um. Refuse to give a bag to anyone that we feel-

WARREN: Hey, hey. What's going on here?

ASSISTANT: I heard you were back.

WARREN: You what?

ASSISTANT: My friend Toby told me he'd seen you.

WARREN: Who the hell is Toby?

ASSISTANT: He heard it from his brother's girlfriend who works at the Travel Inn.

WARREN: Jesus Christ, do you all have a fucking shared WhatsApp group or something?

ASSISTANT: No.

WARREN: Can I speak to your father, please?

ASSISTANT: He's not here.

WARREN: Then I'll speak to whoever's in charge.

ASSISTANT: I'm in charge.

WARREN: You can't be in charge. You're a small boy.

ASSISTANT: I'm 22.

WARREN: You're not 22, Pugsley.

ASSISTANT: My name is Miles.

WARREN: Your name is Pugsley. From the fucking Addams Family.

ASSISTANT: You're not welcome here. Nor is anyone from your paedo family.

WARREN: What the fuck did you just say to me?

THE DOORBELL GOES. A GROUP OF
YOUNG MEN ENTER.

CUSTOMER: Hey Miles.

ASSISTANT: Oh hey Sam. Jake.

JAKE: Hey.

ASSISTANT: Pauly.

PAULY: Hey.

ASSISTANT: Ian.

IAN: Alright.

ASSISTANT: Pingu.

PINGU: Noot not!

ASSISTANT (CLOSE): You probably want to be leaving now.

WARREN: You're seriously not going to give me a bag are you?

ASSISTANT: No.

WARREN SCOOPS UP HIS PURCHASES
CLUMSILY.

WARREN: Don't worry about the receipt either.

ASSISTANT: I won't.

CUT.

SCENE 3

ABRUPT TAPE CUT.

AUBREY: Personal. Teddy Bear's Picnic is real, it's happening, Dr Thomas and Dr Halbech and I took the evening off to celebrate, and the subjects are having some relaxation time too, in their, uh, in their area. There was champagne, which I didn't know was here, which was very smart of Dr Halbech I suppose because it would've been gone a long time ago. It's been a hard few months. It's been lonely, and cold, and... brittle, that's the word I'm looking for, I've felt brittle. It wasn't what I thought it would be. For better as well as worse, it has been such a privilege to get even this far. I can't wait to see what happens next. The first infusion begins tomorrow, on Yogi bear. I will get used to the stupid names. It's going to be great! I'm going to bed. Which is also great! Goodnight!

**GORDON IS CALLING WARREN. IT
GOES UNANSWERED FOR SOME TIME.**

WARREN: Gordon Porlock, secret warlock!

GORDON: ...Warren?

WARREN: ...Gordon?

GORDON: How's it going?

WARREN: It's going great. If I sound distracted it's because I'm about to complete a level very near the end of Sonic the Hedgehog 2 and it's extremely tense and exciting.

GORDON: Sonic the Hedgehog 2?

WARREN: You know Sonic, right?

GORDON: Yeah of course I do. I loved it when I was little. Wait, which level?

WARREN: Wing Fortress Zone.

GORDON: Oh. Right near the end then. Do you want me to call you back?

WARREN: No, no. Truth be told I had to use the level select cheat to get this far. First time I couldn't even get past...what's the one with all the hills?

GORDON: Hill Top Zone?

WARREN: And then I couldn't get past the one with all the oil.

GORDON: Oil Ocean Zone.

WARREN: You really do know Sonic.

GORDON: All the guys were Sonic in my school.

WARREN: Really, mine were all Mario.

GORDON: So you struck out alone with Sega then?

WARREN: Ah, not quite. I had both.

GORDON: Oh, wow! Fancy.

WARREN: Well, actually that was just one method of poor compensation from my father to validate rampant domestic abuse in the family home, but StarWing was pretty good, I guess.

GORDON: Warren, are you okay?

WARREN: I'm fine. I mean I've obviously been drinking, but it's not what you're imagining, I'm not surrounded by empty whiskey miniatures from the minibar. Honestly, I have to take so much medication at the moment that I get like this on, like, two beers. And that's all I've had. Two beers. With dinner. That's why I can't finish Sonic 2 without a level select.

GORDON: I can call back another time...

WARREN: Prove your credentials to me, Gordon. Tell me the cheat.

GORDON: The what?

WARREN: The level select cheat code for this game. Come on. Dum da da dum dum, dum da da dum dum...

GORDON: Um...

WARREN: Don't you google that shit, I know you're sitting by your fucking computer you big geek, don't do it.

GORDON: No no, no, I was just remembering. It was in the options screen, the sound test option wasn't it, I remember.

WARREN: Ding ding ding! What the hell was a sound test? Why was it even there?

GORDON: I know. Why would we want to test the sound?

WARREN: Numbers, Gordon. What were the sound test numbers.

GORDON: Okay.

WARREN: Don't google it.

GORDON: 19.

WARREN: Ding!

GORDON: Shit... Sixty...sixty something...

WARREN: Don't google it.

GORDON: I'm not. I'm not. Jesus. 65.

WARREN: A ding ding dong!

GORDON: Then it's 9 and 17 or 7 and 19... shit

WARREN: You're on the ropes. You fuck this up and you are dead to me. I'm gonna hang up the phone and I'm gonna piss on it.

GORDON: Shit, it's not 19 again is it, no, we just had that. 9 and 17.

WARREN: Dong dong dong!

GORDON: Man. That was exhausting.

WARREN: You did it! That was amazing! You have my permission to continue with whatever reason you were actually calling me about.

GORDON: Oh right. Yeah.

WARREN: Gordon?

GORDON: Look, Warren umm... I feel I've thrown you into all this too fast. It's a lot to take, and maybe I should -

WARREN: Gordon. You're talking very strangely. I'm literally just this second starting the last level of this game. It's going to be very difficult for you to go serious on me because this level is called...?

GORDON: The Death Egg Zone.

WARREN: The fucking Death Egg! What were they thinking?!
Anyway. Proceed.

GORDON: Well that's it really Warren. I'm just saying. Maybe,
we can step back a little from the whole Red Valley
thing.

WARREN: What? Why?

GORDON: Well you said you were going through some stuff.
That you're on medication, and now you're off
dealing with your family stuff...

WARREN: Who said I was doing that? Have you been talking
to someone about me?

GORDON: No.

WARREN: Gordon?

GORDON: Ok... Clive Schill asked me about you and said
you were going through a lot, and, well I thought-

WARREN: Oh, fuck that guy. Through his trousers. Gordon, I guess I am going through a lot. I am sat in a travel inn with a secondhand retro games console, after having a very upsetting chat with my single remaining blood relative over the grave of my shit father, before getting humiliated in my favourite secondhand games shop by a fat child, my meds mean I can't even drink a decent amount of beer before I collapse in a heap and truth be told, the side effects of that medication mean I am utterly unable to even have sex with my wife, who is understandably exasperated with my behaviour and who could blame her! Oh fuck! Fuck!

GORDON: What?!

WARREN: I did it!

GORDON: Did what?

WARREN: Dr Robotnik! I blew up his stupid little dick robot! I killed that fat fucker!

GORDON: Warren! Talk quieter!

WARREN: I murdered him! I *smote* his fucking *ruin*!

GORDON: Good. That's great, man.

WARREN: The end sequence is starting. Oh, man, I cried the first time I saw this.

GORDON: It's all black and white, isn't it? All the animals are sad cos they think Sonic's dead.

WARREN: Google it. We'll watch it together.

GORDON: Okay.

WARREN: You got it?

GORDON: Wait. Yeah, I have. It's on.

WARREN: The music alone. Didn't Michael Jackson write some music for this?

GORDON: That was Sonic 3. I don't think anything ended up in the finished game.

WARREN: Gordon you are a trivia *monger*. Oh, I listened to all those tapes you gave me.

GORDON: All of them? Really?

WARREN: Yeah. Aubrey Wood. It's sad.

GORDON: Yeah. It is.

WARREN: She seemed so hopeful.

GORDON: Hopeful for putting people in blenders and seeing what came out the other side.

WARREN: She doesn't sound like a monster to me man. She sounds like she had no idea how all that was going to go.

GORDON: Oh, she knew. She wasn't applying to a job she saw in the free ads, she'll have worked her whole career to get to that point.

WARREN: Do you really think all this death and horror is for people who just want to live longer? Or space travel?

GORDON: I don't know. Maybe.

WARREN: That's what I've been thinking about all day. What if it wasn't anything that grand at all? What if it was just like a seed vault? What if it was just about storage?

GORDON: What do you mean?

WARREN: Have you considered penitentiary?

GORDON: Penitentiary?

WARREN: You said you thought all the test subjects, the teddy bears, you said you thought they were military, right?

GORDON: Only because of the military contract history with the base. And the endurance, the fitness tests the subjects had to go through.

WARREN: You know who's got a lot of time to work on their fitness? Prisoners. You know how many contracts Overhead has in the United States penal system alone?

GORDON: I don't.

WARREN: It's a lot. And eastern Europe. And Russia. And more over here all the time.

GORDON: Right...

WARREN: Forget about rich folks wanting to meet their own great grandkids in the future. Forget about anyone wanting to walk on the fourth moon of Neptune. Imagine a prison where you don't need to spend any money on living standards. No food, no clothes, no cells. No security! No one's getting shivved. You put a murderer in cryonic storage, pop him on a shelf, you can forget about him for 20 years.

GORDON: Whoa.

WARREN: I know, right?

GORDON: Like...Sylvester Stallone in...

WARREN: Say it!

GORDON: In... fucking... Demolition Man!

WARREN: Demolition Man, motherfucker!

GORDON: That's a really exciting idea, Warren.

WARREN: I know.

GORDON: I mean, I mean... it's horrible, of course.

WARREN: Oh yeah, it's terrifying. So, we're going to drop in on some guy I know in Derby tomorrow.

GORDON: Wait, what?

WARREN: He's a rep for some of our products that go into prisons. I thought we should meet him.

GORDON: In Derby? Can you not just call him?

WARREN: Well it's a pit stop. On our way to Red Valley.

GORDON: You want to go to Red Valley?

WARREN: *You* want to go to Red Valley, Gordon Porlock. And you've been waiting for someone to give you the shove. That's why you picked me.

GORDON: Warren...we need to think this through...

WARREN: Too late. I already told Doug Holder we're doing it.

GORDON: You what? When?

WARREN: About half an hour ago.

GORDON: Wait, when you were...

WARREN: Tipsy and preoccupied with Sonic the Hedgehog, yeah. It went about as well as you're imagining.

GORDON: Fucking hell.

WARREN: Let's do it. Get in your golden bullet and pick me up. We can meet at a services somewhere, I'll send you the details.

GORDON: Uh, okay -

WARREN: Off you fuck now, I'm gonna play Virtua Racing.

GORDON: Right -

WARREN: £70 when it came out. For a mega drive game. Madness!

GORDON: Yeah. That's what's mad!

WARREN: Har har, fuck you, bye.

HANGS UP.

END.