

RED VALLEY

SEASON 2 EPISODE 1

'Winnie The Pooh Was A Murderer'

by
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Character List

Dr Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks
Dr Ben Thomas	Max Panks
Leader	James Craze
Billy	Mark Ruddick
Blue Sky	Natalie Day
Server	Robin Hellier
GORD	Alan Mandel
Hester Hiyashi	Susan Hingley

EPISODE 1

SCENE 1

2017. RED VALLEY. THE CRYO SUITE.
WE HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

AUBREY: Ben. What are you doing?

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

AUBREY: Where's she gone?

DR THOMAS: She left.

AUBREY: 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.

AUBREY: 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.

AUBREY: Okay. Pass me the scope. Alright.

A CHOKING, WRETCHING NOISE.

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

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

AUBREY: Shut up.

A COUGH, A SPLUTTER, THEN SILENCE.

DR THOMAS: Aubrey -

A SUDDEN CONVULSION, THEN
VIOLENT THRASHING.

AUBREY: Hold him!

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

AUBREY: Suction back - turn him on his side -

A DEEP AGONAL MOAN, THEN MORE
VOMITING.

AUBREY: Ben. Ben! What are you doing?

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

AUBREY: 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-

CUT. AFTER A MOMENT WE RETURN TO
THE SAME SCENE. A SHORT AMOUNT
OF TIME HAS PASSED. THE ROOM IS
SILENT. NO ALARMS, NO MOANS, NO
THRASHING. JUST THE WHIRRING OF
THE VENTILATION. IN THE DISTANCE,
AUBREY HAS JUST FINISHED HER OWN
VOMITING. SHE SPITS INTO A SINK,
RUNS A TAP, DRINKS FROM IT.
EVENTUALLY SHE MAKES HER WAY
BACK OVER TO THE MICROPHONE. SHE
BREATHES SLOWLY AND
DELIBERATELY, COMPOSING HERSELF.

AUBREY: Right.

CUT. THE SAME SCENE, SOME TIME
LATER. THERE IS A COMMOTION -
MULTIPLE HEAVY FOOTSTEPS
ENTERING THE CRYO SUITE AND
SPREADING OUT ACROSS THE ROOM,
MEN MUTTER IN MUFFLED, SPARSE
CONVERSATION, INSPECTING
EVERYTHING, MOVING TROLLEYS,
LIFTING EQUIPMENT, DOCUMENTS.
THEIR LEADER IS A DEEP VOICED MAN
WITH AN AIR OF IMPATIENCE AND NO
TIME FOR ANY SORT OF NONSENSE.

LEADER: Aubrey Wood?

AUBREY: Hello.

LEADER: Could you step away from that please? Whatever it is?

AUBREY: Yes, yes. It's a pod. A cryopod.

HE STEPS CLOSE TO WHERE AUBREY
WAS STOOD - THE POD, CONTAINING
POOH'S LIFELESS BODY. HE SIGHS.

LEADER: And what is that inside your...cryopod?

AUBREY: That's...Winnie the Pooh.

LEADER: I'm sorry?

AUBREY: Well, his name was Robert actually, Robert Masters –

THE LEADER MAKES AN
EXAGGERATED SHUSHING NOISE
THROUGH HIS TEETH.

LEADER: Shh... We're here to take you home Miss Wood. Where's the other one?

AUBREY: The other one? We...we had to take him to the furnace, like the others...

LEADER: No no no. The other one of you. Thomas?

AUBREY: Oh. Ben Thomas? He...he left. He ran.

LEADER: He *ran*?

SNAPS FINGERS TWICE. OTHER MEN
IMMEDIATELY MOVE TO LEAVE.

LEADER: Start up. Spread out. Billy, you're on point.

ANOTHER MAN, BILLY, LEADS THE
OTHERS OUT.

BILLY: Yup. Let's go.

THE OTHER MEN DROP WHAT THEY'RE DOING AND IMMEDIATELY FILE OUT WITH HEAVY, FAST-MOVING FOOTSTEPS. HE TURNS BACK TO AUBREY.

LEADER: Miss Wood, I'm going to need you to pack to leave, we're out in twenty minutes. Can you do that?

AUBREY: Of course. Happy to.

LEADER: What is that?

HE INDICATES THE RECORDING DEVICE, WHICH AUBREY PICKS UP.

AUBREY: This? Oh, Dr Halbech likes everything recorded -

LEADER: Can you turn it off please?

AUBREY: Certainly.

CUT TO:

A HEAVY AND FAST MOVING VEHICLE. A SAT NAV CAN BE HEARD GIVING INSTRUCTIONS. THE SOUND IS MUFFLED - THE MICROPHONE IS BURIED IN A BAG.

SAT NAV: In two hundred metres, turn left.

LEADER (MUFFLED): What are you doing?

AUBREY (MUFFLED): Just getting some paracetamol.

THE AUDIO CLEARS A LITTLE AS
AUBREY REPOSITIONS THE MIC. SHE
POPS SOME PAINKILLERS FROM A
BLISTER PACK.

AUBREY: Been a bit of a full on sort of day.

SAT NAV: Turn left.

SILENCE.

AUBREY: So, what happened to Bryony?

LEADER: Dr Halbech was called away urgently.

AUBREY: Oh right!

LEADER: She sends her apologies.

AUBREY: Of course.

SILENCE IS INTERRUPTED BY THE SAT
NAV, RUN BY BLUE SKY, THE
OVERHEAD VIRTUAL ASSISTANT.

BLUE SKY: At the fork, bear right.

AUBREY: And what will happen to the study?

LEADER: I wouldn't know anything about that.

HE REACHES FOR A WALKIE TALKIE
WHICH CRACKLES TO LIFE.

LEADER: Billy, check in.

AUBREY: Where are we going?

LEADER: I'm taking you home. You're to take a short break,
then back to work.

AUBREY: Wonderful.

LEADER TRIES THE WALKIE AGAIN.

LEADER: Billy?

AUBREY: Very keen to get back to work.

LEADER: Any idea where he went?

AUBREY: Ben? Oh... er... He won't have gotten far. You'll
probably find him face down in a field or shivering
in a phone box trying to call his mother.

LEADER: Not very outdoorsy?

AUBREY: When he first got off the helicopter, he sank his best brogues into the mud and started swearing in Latin.

THE WALKIE CRACKLES INTO LIFE.

BILLY: Got eyes on a red jacket, green bag, heading south.

LEADER: Does he have a red jacket? Was he wearing it?

AUBREY: I don't know...

LEADER: If he has one or if he was wearing one?

AUBREY: I was...I was dealing with...

LEADER PRESSES THE WALKIE.

LEADER: Stay on him.

THE CAR SWERVES SUDDENLY TO
CHANGE DIRECTION.

CUT TO:

THE VEHICLE IS PULLED UP. THE
LEADER IS ALREADY STANDING
OUTSIDE WITH THE DOOR OPEN. THE
BLUE SKY IS COMPLAINING.

BLUE SKY: At the junction, turn around.

LEADER: Stay here.

AUBREY: Do you want me to help look? I could call out for
him... maybe?

LEADER: Stay here.

AUBREY: Sure.

THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT. AS HE WALKS
AWAY THE CAR LOCKS.

AUBREY: Right.

AUBREY IMMEDIATELY TRIES THE
LOCK. NOTHING. SHE POKES AROUND
THE CAR.

AUBREY: Glove box...

BLUE SKY: At the junction, turn around.

THE GLOVE BOX IS LOCKED, NOTHING
OF ANY USE AT ALL. HER BREATHING
IS HEAVY AND FAST.

AUBREY: Fuck it.

SHE ELBOWS THE WINDOW, HARD.
NOTHING HAPPENS.

AUBREY: Ow! Fuck it! Fuck it!

SHE STARTS TO PANIC AS SHE THINKS
FRANTICALLY.

AUBREY: How do you break a window from the inside.

BLUE SKY: At the junction, turn around.

SHE HAS REMEMBERED THE BLUE SKY.

AUBREY: Wait. How do you get off the map - where's the home button -

BLUE SKY: Voice control activated.

AUBREY: How do you break a car window from the inside?

BLUE SKY: I'm sorry. I didn't catch that. / Say, 'Hey, Blue Sky', and then your query to search available options.

AUBREY: / Open internet. Open Google. Whatever.

BLUE SKY: I'm sorry. I didn't catch that -

AUBREY: Hey, Blue Sky. How to break a car window from the inside.

BLUE SKY: I found this online. It is a popular myth that a car headrest can be used to break a car window in an emergency -

AUBREY: Yes! Yes! I've heard that myth!

BLUE SKY: - but does it hold any weight. We found out so you don't have to.

AUBREY FRANTICALLY TURNS ROUND
AND PULLS THE HEADREST OFF HER
SEAT.

AUBREY: How do you get the headrest - where's the prongy bit -

BLUE SKY: It's said that using the prong of the headrest fitting against the base/ of the car window and applying pressure can cause the window to shatter.

AUBREY: What do you do with it? What?

BLUE SKY: Watch the video below to see if it works.

AUBREY: What video? What bloody video?

SQUEAKS AS THE HEADREST
UPHOLSTERY RUBS THE
CONDENSATION ON THE WINDOW AND
THE SOUND OF THE METAL PRONGS
SCRAPING DOWN THE GLASS.

AUBREY: Well did it work? Hey Blue Sky, did it work?

BLUE SKY: I'm sorry, I didn't catch that...

AUBREY: Oh piss off. Stick it in the window bit.
Apply...pressure.

SHE STRIKES THE HEADREST HARD
AND IT NEARLY SLIPS OFF. SHE TRIES
AGAIN. THE WINDOW SUDDENLY
SHATTERS, AND A SCREECHING
ALARM STARTS BLARING.

AUBREY: Oh no! Oh bollocks!

SHE STICKS HER HAND THROUGH TO
OPEN THE DOOR FROM THE OUTSIDE.
NO JOY.

AUBREY: Open you bastard's bastard!

WITH MUCH CURSING AND MUFFLED GRUNTS AND BREAKING OF GLASS, AUBREY PULLS HERSELF THROUGH THE BROKEN WINDOW. MUFFLED SOUND OF HER HITTING THE GROUND OUTSIDE.

AUBREY: Oh bollocks bollocks bollocks -

AT FIRST SHE GOES TO RUN BEFORE REMEMBERING THE BAG - COMMOTION AS THE MIC IS HURLED AROUND.

AUBREY: Bollocks. The bag. Bollocks. The bag.

FINALLY ITS FREE AND THE MIC IS EXPOSED TO THE COLD NIGHT AIR. SHE BREAKS INTO A SPRINT. IN THE DISTANCE THERE IS A SHOUT.

LEADER: Hey! HEY! Stay where you are! STOP!

AUBREY ACCELERATES. SHE CAN BARELY GET THE WORDS OUT THROUGH PANIC.

AUBREY: Oh bollocks. Oh bollocks... Oh bollocks.

CUT.

SCENE 2

2017. MORNING. AUBREY IS SAT AT A TABLE IN A REMOTE ROADSIDE CAFE IN THE SCOTTISH COUNTRYSIDE. SHE IS BEING SERVED BY THE OWNER, A BRUSQUE, THICK-ACCENTED SCOTSMAN, THE ONLY CUSTOMER AND STAFF IN THE CAFE. AUBREY CONSULTS THE MENU. A SONG PLAYS ON THE RADIO. RAIN HAMMERS THE WINDOWS.

AUBREY: Um, do you have Darjeeling?

SERVER: We do have Darjeeling. Very soothing.

AUBREY: Yes. A pot of Darjeeling please. And do you have those teacakes. The chocolate and marshmallow ones?

SERVER: Tunnocks. Aye.

AUBREY: Three of those, please.

SERVER: Warriors breakfast that is.

AUBREY LAUGHS HALF-HEARTEDLY AS THE SERVER HEADS BACK BEHIND THE COUNTER TO PREPARE HER ORDER.

SERVER: We actually sell little tea towels with the teacakes drawn on them if you like. Very twee.

AUBREY: Not for me thanks.

THE KETTLE BOILS AS THE RAIN
CONTINUES TO BEAT THE WINDOWS.

SERVER: Terrible day for a hike.

AUBREY: Yes. I didn't think it through.

SERVER: You can pop your coat on the radiator.

AUBREY: No, I'm okay thanks.

SERVER: You won't get the benefit when you go back out.

AUBREY: I'll be alright.

THE SERVER BRINGS HER ORDER
OVER.

SERVER: Aye... Let that sit for a bit.

AUBREY: Thanks ever so much.

A PAUSE AS AUBREY TEARS THE FOIL
OFF HER FIRST TEACAKE AND TAKES A
LARGE BITE.

SERVER: You alright?

AUBREY (MOUTH FULL): I'm sorry?

SERVER: Are you alright?

AUBREY SWALLOWS AND TAKES A
MOMENT TO CONSIDER THIS.

AUBREY: Have you ever been so sure you were right about something, only to find out you were so wrong about that thing that you literally thought you probably deserved to die because of just how wrong you were?

SERVER: Do you want to tell me what happened?

AUBREY: I can't do that.

SERVER: Aye you can.

AUBREY: I'd like to but I really can't.

SERVER: You're Overhead aren't you.

AUBREY: What?

SERVER: I've been running this place for over twenty years. You think you're the first person to go AWOL from that place in the valley? You're all the same. You're all posh as fuck. No offence. You're all pale as fuck. Not Scottish pale. Like, no daylight pale. And you all walk in with your eyes wide like you shite yourself and you're wondering if anyone sniffed you out. Am I close?

AUBREY GATHERS HER BAG QUICKLY
AND STANDS UP.

AUBREY: I don't know what you're talking about but I can assure you -

SERVER: Ay ay ay. You don't need to panic. In my time I spotted 3 kinds of runners from...whatever it is you do down there. There's your Hannibal Lector types who've clearly gotten restless and waltzed off the reservation. No doubt looking for something else dastardly to turn their attention to. That's when I reach for my breadknife truth be told. There's your buffoon, who probably had no idea what they were doing there in the first place and ran at the first sign of trouble with nothing but the clothes on their back and tell me everything before I get the chance to shush 'em. Poor bastards don't make it far I hear. And then there's the well spoken idealists, who just seem to have had a change of heart for one reason or another. They tend to go for the teacakes.

AUBREY: I can just pay, and I'll be on my way.

SERVER: They're going to come looking for you here. I'm known to them. And I am going to tell them you came by.

AUBREY: Please don't, I can pay, I can pay -

AUBREY SWINGS HER BAG BACK
ROUND AND UNZIPS IT FRANTICALLY.

SERVER: Ay ay ay. You're making me question which type of runner you are. You don't get to twenty years selling teacakes by not playing ball with the likes of them. Now... I could ne give two shits about your creepy, kooky, mysterious and spooky secret base. And frankly I've never appreciated being a piece in all these clandestine games of wanker's chess you people have going on with your employer. But if you have something you can give me, I can stretch the truth about how long ago you left. Or what direction you might've been headed.

AUBREY PRODUCES A WAD OF MONEY
WRAPPED IN A RUBBER BAND.

AUBREY: How much do you want?

SERVER: A significant amount of that, please.

AUBREY PULLS THE BAND OFF AND
STARTS PUTTING NOTES DOWN ON
THE TABLE. A LOT OF NOTES.

SERVER: And... if you've been smart enough to keep a lot more of that with you, I could tell you how to get hold of a vehicle.

AUBREY: That would be very helpful.

MORE NOTES GO DOWN.

SERVER: My pal Curly Chops is only down the way.

AUBREY: Curly...Chops.

SERVER: Aye. Curly Chops. You going to want something you can sleep in. Something you can take into the hills for a bit.

AUBREY SIGHS.

AUBREY: Just have the lot.

SERVER: That's so kind of you. I'll give him a buzz and let him know you're coming. I know he could do you a good deal on a Mazda Bongo Friendee.

AUBREY: A what?

SERVER: A Mazda Bongo Friendee.

AUBREY: I'm sorry I have no idea what you're saying.

SERVER: A Mazda.

AUBREY: A Mazda?

SERVER: Bongo.

AUBREY: Bongo.

SERVER: Friende. Aye, that last bits not actually a word to be fair. Anyway it's a good little van, just what you need.

AUBREY: Great. Point the way.

SERVER: I'll make the call. Finish your breakfast.

HE WALKS BACK TO HIS COUNTER.

AUBREY CALLS BACK TO HIM.

AUBREY: Will that definitely be enough then? To...settle the bill?

SERVER: My dear, for that I'll even throw in a tea towel.

CUT.

SCENE 3

2017. THE INSIDE OF A SMALL CAMPING TENT. THE WIND BLOWS THE CANVAS, WILDLY RUSTLING A LARGE HEDGE AND TREE NEARBY. RAIN POUNDS FROM ABOVE, ON TO THE TENT AS WELL AS A NEARBY ROAD.

AUBREY:

Hello. This is Aubrey Wood. Thought I might address this directly instead of just passively taping everything around me. Bryony always drilled us with the importance of regular log keeping and the benefits of personal reflection spoken aloud rather than written. Thought it was a... a faster route to the truth. So, what's my truth. Right now, my truth is, it's 2am, and I'm in a tent, behind a bush, about 50 metres from the camper van I bought this morning. So, a Mazda Bongo Friendee is a real thing, they really named it that. I recognise the model actually, my old neighbours opposite had one, even the same colour, swamp water green with a raincloud go-faster stripe. It's virtually camouflaged out here. It's perfect. Lovely little conversion on the inside, little sink, little fridge, strange little foldaway loo, it's warm, it's dry, it has little Christmas lights fitted around the roof. What's that?

A CAR APPROACHES. SHE PULLS THE ZIP OF THE TENT OPEN FOR A MOMENT, BUT THE CAR PASSES HARMLESSLY, IF NOISILY. SHE SIGHS IN RELIEF.

AUBREY:

The cafe man sent me to see his friend who, sure enough, introduced himself as 'Curly Chops'. I never found out his real name. He was so kind and straightforward I found him implicitly untrustworthy. He sold me the van for a lot more than it was worth but I was in no position to haggle. He said with a quite unnecessarily theatrical wink, that if I really wanted to get away from it all, I should go north, take the ferry to Harris. Perfect spot to hide from the rest of the world apparently. I thanked him and commended him on a great idea, I'd set off immediately. Went in the opposite direction of course. Drove for a good while. I'm in Glencoe. Went to a mountaineering shop, panic-bought everything in there. Stopped at a little gravel car park for hikers at the foot of some great grey monolith. And so convinced was I that the SAS were going to abseil down the mountain and machine gun my little Bongo while I slept, I took out my new tent and sleeping bag, marched to the other side of the road, set upcamp in the pissing rain, and here I am, talking to myself, spying on my own van. For 3 and a half hours.

SHE PUTS THE RECORDER DOWN,
UNZIPS THE FRONT OF THE TENT. THE
WIND AND THE RAIN INCREASE IN
VOLUME.

AUBREY: Sod it. I'm going to get in the van.

CUT TO AUBREY, INSIDE HER VAN. SHE
IS REMOVING A COUPLE OF LAYERS OF
SOAKED WATERPROOFS AND HER
BOOTS, BUSYING HERSELF
UNFOLDING THE BED, CLEANING HER
TEETH, BANGING AROUND HER TINY
CUPBOARDS. AN ELECTRIC HEATER
HUMS.

AUBREY: On the drive... I found myself trying to remember what Harrison Ford did in The Fugitive. Shaved his beard off of course, not much help. First thing I need to worry about is money. Bryony told both of us, Ben and I, she took us for a Chinese and she said, calm as you like, make sure you have an exit strategy, and told us over prawn toast where we could get a fake passport, why we should store cash and other essentials in a storage unit, even gave us the name of the one she uses apparently, outside Kettering or somewhere. Ben could probably have lifted the table with his boner of excitement. Thought he was Jason Bourne. And I nodded and smiled like I was the coolest person in the world and this was all so obvious, of *course* I'd be getting a fake passport, piece of cake, and I'd hide my spare helicopter under a tarp in my dad's

allotment, and I'd be in the Seychelles before the fuzz even knew my name. Absolutely ridiculous. But I did it. Well... some of it. I took out the inheritance I promised my nan on her deathbed would be going to towards a house deposit, told Bryony I'd used the storage unit she mentioned, but I didn't. Split it four ways, used three different units from Wales, Scotland and England and kept the rest on me the whole time. Maybe you're listening to this Bryony, so if you're wondering where those units are, suck my balls, that's where they are.

FINALLY SHE SWITCHES OFF THE HEATER WHICH FADES OUT WITH A CRACKLE, TURNS THE LIGHTS OFF, AND LIES DOWN IN HER SLEEPING BAG. NOTHING ELSE TO DISTRACT HER BUT THE RAIN ON THE WINDOW.

AUBREY:

Winnie the Pooh was a murderer. I mean, Robert Masters. I interviewed him for the treatment when he was in prison in Yorkshire. I was the one who made him the offer. Transfer out of maximum security. Appeal within 2 years, new legal team provided by us, free in well under 5. He killed 3 security guards in an armed robbery on some warehouse. Had one count downgraded to manslaughter because he reversed the getaway van over one guard's stomach instead of hitting him face on. He laughed when he told me that. I was supposed to be frightened I think, or at least disgusted. But I wasn't. I was thrilled. Not at what

he'd said, what he did, not... not that at all. It was what it meant. It... gave me permission. Just a big green light in my head. I can see his eyes opposite me in that interview, smiling eyes, me smiling back, both of us desperate to sign the pieces of paper in front of us. He thought he was getting out. I knew I could throw him in a cryopod and sleep like a baby.

PAUSE. JUST THE RAIN ON THE WINDOW.

AUBREY:

He didn't take long to die after Ben left. Could've been a hundred things that did it. I spent an hour standing at his pod. His eyes were open. Not smiling anymore. I stood and I waited for someone to tell me what to do.

THE RAIN CARRIES ON.

CUT.

SCENE 4

2064.

AUBREY WOOD IS SAT AT THE DESK IN
THE RECORDS ROOM AT RED VALLEY.

AUBREY: Stop.

THE PREVIOUS SCENE HAS RUN
STRAIGHT INTO THIS ONE - AUBREY
WAS LISTENING TO HER OWN AUDIO
DIARY.

GORD: Would you like me to play the next entry, Aubrey?

AUBREY IS TIRED, RUBBING HER
TEMPLES.

AUBREY: No, thank you Gordon. Don't think I can bear any more of that.

GORD: They must be difficult memories.

AUBREY: Mainly just the sound of my own voice but yes, thank you, good, simulated compassion. What's the time?

GORD: It's coming up to 02:45am. It's 3 degrees outside and sunrise is -

AUBREY: Yep yep, yep, yep, yep, thanks.

A MOMENT OF SILENCE.

GORD: Are you finished with audio playback?

AUBREY: Bloody hell, just a... just a moment with my thoughts please!

GORD: You're due on shift in just under 4 -

AUBREY: I know! I write the shifts!

THE DOOR OPENS. HESTER COMES IN.

HESTER: What are you doing in here?

AUBREY: Don't you start. I don't remember any Blue Sky units nagging as much as this one does.

HESTER: They nag if their owner is constantly doing things they shouldn't, like sitting in the Records Room all night when they need to be asleep.

AUBREY: Hester. Can you just...do that thing where you put your hands on my shoulders and smell my hair please. Without the judgement.

HESTER RESTS HER HANDS ON
AUBREY'S SHOULDERS AND INHALES,
THEN EXHALES.

AUBREY: There was judgement in that breath.

HESTER: That was an exhale. It's part of the breathing.

AUBREY: Convenient.

HESTER: What were you listening to?

AUBREY: Just an old diary.

HESTER: I assume this wasn't the kind of diary where you worry about your GCSEs or when you touched your first boob?

AUBREY: I was thinking about Ben Thomas. My partner when I was first stationed here.

HESTER: The one who ran out on you?

AUBREY: I loathed him for so long for that. But listening back I wonder what most people would've done in that situation. How much more would I have had to see before I turned and ran. He made up for it. He helped me get information in and out of the company. Helped me pass it on. It's so strange, Ben and I were both in contact with Gordon and never knew it. We kept everything online and anonymous. We were his secret sources. We're the reason he ever got involved in all of this.

HESTER: Don't do that. I know you're trying to find a way to make yourself responsible for everything that's ever happened. The world is bigger than that, Aubrey.

AUBREY: I know.

HESTER: Maybe we should call computer Gordon here something else.

AUBREY: You're right.

GORD: How about Gord?

AUBREY: Gord?

GORD: Just think of a small pumpkin.

AUBREY: Works for me. Gord, do you have the records of contact between us all? Gordon, Ben and me?

HESTER: Gord, cancel that. Aubrey, you need to sleep, not open up another box of bad memories.

AUBREY: We're waking Warren up after 44 years. It's been decades for us but it won't feel that way for him. He's going to have a lot of questions about things that happened a lifetime ago for us. I thought it was all clear in my mind but it's incredible how your memory rewrites itself.

HESTER: Then let Gord answer the questions. That's what he's here for.

AUBREY: Alright. How's Warren doing anyway?

HESTER: His temperature's coming up. He's still on inotropes. We did a chest scan an hour ago just to make everyone happy that he didn't aspirate when he moved him from the pod. He's fine. Now we just wait for him to come round. I guess none of us know how long that'll be.

AUBREY: Was this a terrible idea? To take him out now? Into all of this?

HESTER: Some of 'all of this' is actually pretty good you know. Nice people. Peace and quiet.

HESTER: Warren Godby had a crappy life the first time round. Maybe in 2064 he can make a better go of it. You're giving him the chance to make his own choices.

GORD: English author Charles Caleb Colton once wrote, 'The present time has one advantage over every other - it is our own.'

AUBREY: Wow!

HESTER: Wisdom mode engaged, Gord.

AUBREY: What if this is the best I can do though. Making the computer sound like his best friend.

HESTER: He'll need a familiar voice when he wakes up. It was a good idea. I know it's the middle of the night but please try and be optimistic. Everything's working out so far.

AUBREY: You're right.

HESTER: I know... I need to get back upstairs. Will you please get some sleep?

AUBREY: I will.

HESTER: You will?

AUBREY: I will!

HESTER: Gord, play her some pan pipes or something!

GORD STARTS TO PLAY SOME
SOOTHING PAN PIPE MUSIC AS
HESTER LEAVES THE ROOM.

AUBREY: Stop.

THE MUSIC STOPS.

AUBREY: Play the next entry please, little pumpkin.

GORD: Of course.

END.