

**RED VALLEY**  
**SEASON 2 EPISODE 2**  
**'Premium Dead Forever'**

by

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**Character List**

Dr Bryony Halbech	May Cunningham
Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel
Blue Sky	Natalie Day
Dr Pamela Jennings	Rachel Fowler
Dr Degracious (Grace) Melé	Daon Broni
Dr Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks
GORD	Alan Mandel
Hester Hiyashi	Susan Hingley

**EPISODE 2**

**SCENE 1**

2020. BRYONY AND GORDON PACE  
THROUGH RED VALLEY - FROM  
OUTSIDE, THROUGH THE BASE, TO THE  
FIRE DOOR TO THE FACILITY.

BRYONY: - Are you recording this as well?

GORDON: Oh, um, yeah, if that's okay -

BRYONY: Yes, it's fine. Can you carry this?

GORDON: Oh, sure, sure. Bryony, is it just you?

BRYONY: Yes.

GORDON: Oh right, I just thought – well, maybe it was time -

BRYONY: It is time. Grace and Pamela are following on tomorrow.

GORDON: Oh, ah, great! So, we... I mean y... - you're going to - to wake him up -

BRYONY: If he's still in one solid piece, yes, that's the plan.

GORDON: Great.

BRYONY: Is my room made up?

GORDON: The quarters in the base, yes, unless you'd like the farmhouse -

BRYONY: Are you still staying in the farmhouse?

GORDON: Um, yes -

BRYONY: My quarters will be fine.

THEY WALK IN SILENCE FOR A TIME.

BRYONY: So. How have you been?

GORDON: Um. Fine. Had a lot to learn, and a lot of time to thi  
-

BRYONY: Everything's up and running I assume.

GORDON: Yes, yes, yes, I have a rota I made, making sure I go through each area systematically every other day.

BRYONY: And the archiving? How is that going?

GORDON: It's a mammoth task, there's so much and it's so disorganised, every time I think I've found a starting point something else terrifying and horrible pops up! I mean, fascinating. Fascinating and ve -

BRYONY: I'm sure a lot of it is terrifying and horrible to the uninitiated, Gordon. However, you are initiated, aren't you?

GORDON: I suppose I am.

BRYONY: So, you're not having any problems with it? The suffering and the viscera and the blood and so on?

GORDON: No. No.

BRYONY COMES TO A STOP.

BRYONY: Excellent. Look, you've been working hard and I've had a long trip so I thought we might do something fun tonight.

GORDON: I'm sorry?

BRYONY: Fun. Something I think you'll enjoy.

GORDON: Oh, umm. Sure?

BRYONY: Great. I'm going to unpack and get changed and I'll see you in the cryosuite at 7, shall I?

GORDON: The cryosuite?

BRYONY WALKS AWAY. SHE CALLS  
BACK TO HIM.

BRYONY:                   Wear something comfortable.

GORDON:                   Oh.

CUT.

**SCENE 2**

2020. BRYONY AND GORDON ARE IN  
THE CRYO SUITE, AT THE VERY END OF  
THE FACILITY.

BRYONY: - and then just leave it there, you'll need your  
hands.

GORDON: Okay, yep.

BRYONY: Blue Sky, are you recording this?

THE TINKLE OF THE BLUE SKY IDENT.

BLUE SKY: Recording.

BRYONY: Good. Help me with this. It'll need a bit of welly.

SOME SHUFFLING AND THE CLANGING  
OF METAL LATCHES BEING RELEASED.

BRYONY: Right. I think we're ready.

GORDON: Sorry, I... erm... what's...what are we doing?

BRYONY: Do you know the name Lord Conrad Havershire?  
Of course you don't. He was the founder of the  
Havershire dairy empire in Devon and Cornwall.  
Mainly famed for yoghurt. The Yoghurt Lord of the  
south west.

GORDON: Right.

BRYONY: Anyway, in his later years he cultivated a  
handsome tumour the size of a cherry in his  
temporal lobe and promptly made arrangements  
with an American cryonics company called Cold  
State, a ghastly name, no wonder it didn't last.  
Cold State was hoovered up by Wheelhouse, and  
was absorbed into Overhead in 1998. And so  
Overhead took responsibility for Cold State's  
remaining residents, including the Yoghurt Lord.

GORDON: And he's in here.

BRYONY: Shrewdly observed.

GORDON: But we can't just...open him up... surely we have  
to...there must be processes, you need your  
team...

BRYONY: We're not waking him up, Gordon.

GORDON: We're not?

BRYONY: He's very dead.

GORDON: But you'll be exposing him to the elements, you'll compromise his cryostatic field...

A CREAK AND SNAPPING OF CRUSTED  
ICE AS BRYONY LIFTS THE LID ON THE  
POD.

GORDON: Or not, that's fine I suppose.

BRYONY: You'll not have heard of the Havershire dairy empire in recent years because Conrad Havershire was simultaneously one of the world's leading optimists and narcissistic bastards. So convinced was he that medical breakthroughs that could return him to health and prosperity were just around the corner, he had his mind and body cryonically frozen after his demise and refused to name an heir to his company and fortune. Obviously, that sat rather poorly with both his shareholders and customers, and the company duly tanked. I believe they still make rocket lollies.

GORDON: Okay.

BRYONY: Jeremy Havershire is the long-suffering eldest son of Lord Conrad and as you might imagine has grown somewhat... impatient for his father's resurrection. He approached us recently after his lawyers spotted a little addendum to Conrad's contract with Cold State - that every 15 years the company was obliged to carry out a checkup. To make sure the body was still perfectly preserved and that nothing had gone wrong with the storage process. The date of that 15-year checkup is?

GORDON: Today.

BRYONY: Correct.

GORDON: But... I've read how you would survey a cryonic patient's body, they would need to be constantly immersed in liquid nitrogen/

BRYONY: /Yes, yes, yes.

GORDON: /while you exposed parts of the body for the absolute minimum time necessary, we've just exposed his whole body, we've increased the risk of crystallisation on the re-freeze by an unacceptable amount -

BRYONY: Gordon, your study is admirable but your concern is quite misplaced. His son has paid my department a considerable amount to ensure the results of this analysis are...decisive.

GORDON: You're killing him?

BRYONY: Gordon.

GORDON: No, I know, he's dead, but... any chance in the future that...

BRYONY: Let's disabuse ourselves of some notions regarding cryonic preservation, and far more relevantly, death. Here's the thing about death. It's death. You can read every clickbait fluff piece from New Scientist about the incremental stages of it, cell death, brain death, and how we might slow those down; theories of how you could one day stop them altogether. Some of them might even make some sense. But not to the Yoghurt Lord. He had a grade 4 inoperable hand grenade go off in his head the same year *Last of the Mohicans* came out and the process he paid so much for... left quite a bit to be desired. Look at his eyes. Go on.

GORDON: Oh, they're...not even closed...

BRYONY: You can see the buildup of ice on his corneas. They're done. Look at his skin.

GORDON: Oh! Crumbs.

BRYONY: Crumbs, flakes, chips, lumps. Uh... He's a mess. But go back to the tumour. The mind-and-body destroying cancer. We have to keep him

immaculately preserved, bring him back to life, cure cancer, and then? Rebuild his rotten brain? His spine, his nervous system, everything else that turned black and killed him? You might as well try to rebuild a tree after you've lit a bonfire from its branches. It's farce. I can't see the future. But I can tell you this - every person that has so far been cryonically preserved is never, ever, *ever* coming back in any form whatsoever. They're just a higher class of dead. Premium dead, if you will. And they'll be premium dead forever.

GORDON: Except for Warren.

BRYONY: Except for Warren. Would you like to cut his head off?

GORDON: I'm sorry?

BRYONY TURNS AROUND AND  
PRODUCES A CIRCULAR SAW, A BONE  
SAW. WITH A SWITCH IT WHIRRS TO  
LOUD, VIOLENT LIFE FOR A SHORT  
MOMENT.

BRYONY: Well, not his whole head. I never like to waste an opportunity to look at someone's brain and Jeremy Haverhshire seems to harbour a medieval resentment for old Conrad so he made a request for a little piece of evidence. Not his whole head of course, just the brain. So, would you like to help me scalp him? Trepan him, maybe. Let's see what bad spirits come out, shall we?

GORDON: Um...

BRYONY: You can't hurt him, Gordon. He was dead before Tom Hanks won his first Oscar. And by all accounts an utter prick. The saw is fun.

GORDON: O-kay.

BRYONY: Just...there.

THE SAW REVS TO LIFE.

CUT TO: TIME HAS PASSED. THE SAW IS OFF. THE SOUND OF METAL INSTRUMENTS ON A METAL COUNTER AND SOME SQUISHY SOUNDS OF THOSE INSTRUMENTS ON TISSUE.

BRYONY: And there's an ice crystal.

GORDON: Oh yeah.

BRYONY: You can reach it with those forceps. There.

GORDON: Ack. Oop

BRYONY: Slippery, aren't they?

GORDON: Oop.

BRYONY: Automatic lock in. You won't make it to the crystal dome.

GORDON: Aha!

BRYONY: Success!

GORDON: Yeah. Oh... A bit of a puddle forming now isn't there.

BRYONY: Yes. It thaws quicker than you might expect.

A PAUSE AS SHE CONSIDERS GORDON  
CONSIDERING THE BRAIN.

BRYONY: Not everyone can look at a real human brain, much less dissect one. It's why we're out here in the middle of nowhere. Why so many great discoveries are made in rooms without windows. Because of everyone else's 'boundaries.'

SHE DISCARDS HER GLOVES AND  
MOVES AWAY TO A NEARBY SINK TO  
WASH HER HANDS.

BRYONY: It's why Clive and I differ so much on how to use the technology once I've perfected it. He would wrap it in a bow and present it to the elites, sell it as a luxury, the ultimate lifestyle choice.

GORDON: Do You Want To Continue.

BRYONY: But people won't buy it. Because people can't take it. If they could we wouldn't be sent to the edge of the world, we'd be at Overhead New York in a glistening research resort designed by Norman Foster.

SHE PACES THE ROOM.

BRYONY: You have to be gentle. That's why I want it introduced through the penal system. Revolutionise the incarceration process. Save an industry billions, and the tech is proven as economically viable. That viability is crucial of course but not where the true value lies. It's acceptance that we need. Start at the bottom of the societal ladder and you'll catch everyone on the way up. Once the technology is commonplace it'll take on a life of its own, everyone will want their piece. Clive will get his luxury hypersleep cryopod range with tinted glass and go faster stripes and can take all the glory he wants, I don't care.

GORDON: You don't want the glory?

BRYONY: People like us will be the only the place we're welcome. Back in the basement.

SILENCE.

BRYONY: Ah. You still object to the 'us', don't you?

GORDON: You...and Clive and whoever else...you're killing people...

BRYONY: Speak up, Gordon.

GORDON: People are dying in this place.

BRYONY: No, you said 'you're killing people'. And you're right, yes I am. I'm killing people. Everyone who has died in this facility on my watch has had the situation and the risks explained to them in explicit detail. And they consented.

GORDON: I know, I've listened to the tapes, that's because they were criminals carrying out enormous sentences and you offered them things you surely couldn't deliver, pardons, appeals, early release, if the experiments were successful. You went to the hopeless and the desperate -

BRYONY: And the evil, and the sadistic and malicious -

GORDON: And the mentally unwell or incapacitated or disadvantaged. You knew the likely outcome -

BRYONY: And the homicidal, and the deviant, and the disgusting and despicable.

GORDON: And where was Warren? On that list?

BRYONY: You've seen his record, you must've seen everything we have on him. What do you think?

PAUSE.

BRYONY: You haven't, have you?

GORDON: I didn't think it was right to look when he doesn't seem to know himself.

BRYONY: Or because you were scared of what you might see? What you might learn about your friend?

GORDON STANDS UP, MOVES HIS  
CHAIR BACK.

GORDON: What do you want me to do with this guy's brain?

BRYONY: What's that Godby family motto that's been floating around these tapes? 'You should only do what you know you can live with'. What a bizarre concept. How on Earth would anyone find out what they're capable of if they only did what made them comfortable?

GORDON: It's about living to a code.

BRYONY: You just cut a man's head in two with a buzzsaw and spooned out his mind, if you'd known that this morning how would that have sat with your code?

GORDON: I...I don't know...

BRYONY: You just did something extraordinary. Something you never would've done of your own volition. All you needed was the push. Yes, we're in an ugly place doing ugly work but we're creating something. Something real, something worthwhile. I think you know that and all I'm trying to tell you is that that's okay. That there is a place for the Gordon Porlocks of this world. And you managed to find it.

PAUSE.

GORDON: There's a pretty big difference between performing an autopsy on a cadaver and the things you've done. You must see that.

BRYONY: Is that what you believe or what you've been told to believe?

GORDON: I don't even know what that means. So, I should only listen to you?

BRYONY: No, Gordon. The worst thing about Red Valley is also the best. Here, the only person you have to listen to is yourself. There's nobody else around.

GORDON: You should do a TED talk. Did this work on Grace and Pamela? And Aubrey Wood, and Ben Thomas?

BRYONY'S TONE CHANGES. SHE  
HASN'T WON HIM OVER THE WAY SHE  
USUALLY DOES WITH SUBORDINATES.

BRYONY: For the most part. Well then. Let's do another,  
shall we?

BRYONY STEPS A FEW PACES ACROSS  
THE ROOM TO ANOTHER CAPSULE.

GORDON: I think I'm done for the night.

BRYONY: I insist.

HISSING AND THE SOUND OF METAL  
ON METAL AND SHE BEGINS  
REMOVING THE CLAMPS AND SEALS  
ON THIS POD.

GORDON: No really, I -

BRYONY: Just a peek, then.

WITH A WRENCH AND A GRUNT OF  
EFFORT SHE LIFTS THE LID OFF  
HERSELF. GORDON STEPS BACK IN  
HORROR AND CLATTERS INTO THE  
INSTRUMENT TROLLEY.

GORDON: Oh... Jesus Christ.

BRYONY: Yes, funny you should mention Ben Thomas. You may remember him from such incidents as 'it's on the floor oh God it's in my shoes', general lechery and ultimately the misguided breaking of certain contractual agreements. Did you ever meet him face to face?

GORDON: Did - I?

BRYONY: In your years of skullduggery around the basements of Overhead. Ben must have been one of your greatest sources.

GORDON: I... I never met - anyone – I... I found everything myself -

BRYONY: In places where they were left to be found, Gordon. I just wondered if either of them ever reached out personally.

GORDON: Either of them?

A COUPLE OF FOOTSTEPS, THE CLUNK OF SOMETHING HEAVY BEING LIFTED. THE ROAR OF THE BUZZSAW, FOR JUST A MOMENT.

BRYONY: Where is Aubrey Wood?

GORDON: I... I don't know!

BRYONY: Calm down, you knew we would ask where you got all your information at some point. It wasn't *all* from a BuzzFeed article I assume.

THE SAW AGAIN.

GORDON: I've never met her, or him, I only know what they look like cos I saw CCTV footage, everything was anonymous, we used aliases, it was all online or things left for me in storage units -

THE SAW DIES OFF.

BRYONY: Yes, I thought as much. You see, the board of directors live in cheerful ignorance of what happens at Red Valley, and they go to great measures to make sure the rest of the world is just as blissfully unaware. Given the chance I would've liked to ask Ben here what he did with all our information, what his intentions were, but it was Clive who found him in the end. It was a short exchange I hear. He thought I could make some use of him though. What do you think Porlock? Has he been useful?

GORDON: Yes.

BRYONY: Oh good. I cannot abide waste.

A PAUSE.

BRYONY: Blue Sky, what's the time?

BLUE SKY: The time is 12.17, am.

BRYONY: It is late I suppose. Off you go.

GORDON: Thank you.

GORDON QUICKLY WALKS AWAY,  
COLLECTING HIS RECORDER AS HE  
GOES. AS HE REACHES THE DOOR,  
BRYONY CALLS BACK TO HIM.

BRYONY: No one is useless Gordon. They just need to find their place.

IN THE DISTANCE, BRYONY PICKS UP  
THE SAW, ACTIVATES IT AND BEGINS  
TO WORK ON BEN THOMAS' FROZEN  
SKULL.

CUT.

**SCENE 3**

2020. THE CRYOSUITE. GORDON  
TURNS ON HIS RECORDER AS GRACE  
AND PAMELA CARRY OUT SOME FINAL  
TESTS ON WARREN'S POD. GORDON IS  
A LITTLE DISTANCE BACK FROM THE  
OTHERS.

GORDON: Hi Pam -

PAMELA: Gordon - stand behind the door, unless you want your sperm to be vaporised.

GRACE: Doubt there's much to risk there.

PAMELA: Screening.

A SMALL WOMP AS A SCAN PASSES  
THROUGH THE POD. A HEAVY PIECE  
OF MACHINERY IS WHEELED  
BACKWARDS AWAY FROM IT.

PAMELA: Okay, I'm saving that. Dumping the rest. You can come in now.

GORDON: Oh... Sorry. Morning. I made teas and coffees. There's biscuits too, I know it's early but, big day and everyth -

HE SETS DOWN A TRAY NEARBY.  
GRACE CALLS FROM ACROSS THE  
ROOM, HAVING NOT HEARD A WORD.

GRACE: There's a dirty filter light flashing on the wall over there. Is everything okay with the ventilation in here?

GORDON: Oh... Um... I... I think so.

GRACE: Then why is it flashing?

GORDON: Oh no, I'm not - that's not my -

GRACE: Well, go and look.

PAMELA: It's not his job Grace, he wouldn't know what he was looking at.

GRACE: He's a caretaker. He is supposed to take care.

PAMELA: Thank you for the coffee, Gordon.

GRACE: Is it fresh or instant?

GORDON: It's instant.

GRACE: I brought fresh with me, it's on the counter in the kitchen, go and make some up, please.

PAMELA: He's not your bloody manservant!

GRACE: He's like Igor from the Frankenstein book. I bet he swings an oil lamp around these corridors at night talking to himself.

GORDON: Igor isn't in the book.

GRACE: What did you say to me?

GORDON: Igor. He was invented for the film adaptations, he wasn't in the novel.

GRACE: Are you stupid? Why don't you spend less time talking shit about monster books and more time making my fucking coffee? Igor?

PAMELA: You know he's recording this right?

GRACE IS ALARMED AT THIS.

GRACE: You're not, are you?

GORDON PICKS UP HIS DICTAPHONE  
TO SHOW HIM.

GORDON: Yeah!

GRACE: Why didn't you tell me?

PAMELA: That's literally his job? Bryony asked him to do it!

GRACE: But I didn't think he would be recording already!

PAMELA: We're in the middle of Emergence Prep, if anything he's late! If you're worried about sounding like an idiot on record, there's an easy way to solve it isn't there!

GRACE: It's like working under the bloody Stasi.

PAMELA: Well now that's on the tape as well isn't it!

BRYONY APPEARS AT THE DOORWAY,  
NEXT TO GORDON.

BRYONY: Morning everyone.

PAMELA AND GRACE IMMEDIATELY  
REVERT TO A PROFESSIONAL AND  
SLIGHTLY FEARFUL MANNER.

GRACE & PAMELA: Morning Dr Halbech.

BRYONY: Ah you made drinks. How kind of you.

SHE POURS HERSELF A DRINK AND  
FIDDLES WITH MILK AND SUGAR.

GORDON: Have you been to bed?

BRYONY: No, there's always too much to do before an emergence. Particularly one that might actually work. Aubrey Wood said something in one of her incredibly earnest diaries, didn't she - how can you sleep when all you're thinking about is waking someone up? Pam, where's the Echo?

PAMELA: Echo or ECMO?

BRYONY: Echo. The T.O.E. The ECMO is right in front of me. It's 4 feet long and nearly as big as the suitcase you brought with you this morning, it would be disturbing if I couldn't see that, wouldn't it?

PAMELA: I didn't think we needed it now...

BRYONY: I want it checked and set up now.

PAMELA: Yes, Dr Halbech.

BRYONY: Thank you Dr Jennings. Grace.

GRACE: Ah... Yes?

BRYONY: Do you have the readout? From the particle generator?

GRACE: Oh, I thought you were happy with the last results -

BRYONY: I was. I'd like to maintain that happiness with a current readout.

GRACE: Uh - yes. I can - yes.

PAMELA IS WHEELING IN THE ECHO  
MACHINE.

BRYONY: We're working on the first successfully revived subject of cryonic preservation, I'm not the head chef at the local carvery and grill.

GRACE & PAMELA: Yes, Dr Halbech.

BRYONY: Yes, chef.

BRYONY SIPS HER DRINK.

BRYONY: I can feel your questions radiating through your cardigan.

GORDON: What's a particle generator do?

BRYONY: We have to infuse each of Warren's IV lines with nano particles. It's what I spent most of the night doing actually.

GORDON: What on earth do nano particles do?

BRYONY: Once we activate the particle generator a magnetic field will be created within the cryopod and the particles will start to warm up. And eventually we'll have a nice warm human marinating in a fine cryonic jus.

GORDON: Does it get boring putting 'cryo' in front of everything you invent?

BRYONY: Like you wouldn't cryobelieve.

GORDON: What's an ECMO do?

BRYONY: Reoxygenate the body.

GORDON: What's a T.O.E.?

BRYONY: A probe that goes down the oesophagus to map the heart.

GORDON: What's that in the corner?

BRYONY: That's a dehumidifier, there's damp on the ceiling. Are we going to go round the room pointing at everything you don't understand?

GORDON: Oh no... That's probably fine for now. Thanks.

BRYONY: What do you think of them? Grace and Pam?

GORDON: Oh, Um. They seem very...slick.

BRYONY: Not my choice. Either of them. Clive picked them, with his vast knowledge of cryonic biology and emergency medicine. Rather more...aesthetic choices, both of them.

GORDON: Aesthetic?

BRYONY: Degracious Melé has a name like a finishing move in Street Fighter, he's very tall, he's very young, he looks like an Abercrombie and Fitch model. Pamela Jennings has two PhDs and looks like Buffy the Vampire Slayer. They are adequate in their fields but not exceptional. Clive believes the hard work is over and he wants the right faces to get on the front of Time magazine.

SHE ADDRESSES THE ROOM.

BRYONY: And how do I feel about Time magazine, everyone?

THEY ANSWER SIMULTANEOUSLY.

GRACE: You do not care for it.

PAMELA: Print media is basically dead anyway.

BRYONY: Yes chef, yes chef.

SHE PUTS DOWN HER DRINK.

BRYONY: This is making you uncomfortable isn't it, Gordon.

GORDON: Everything here makes me uncomfortable.

BRYONY: Keep telling yourself that, champ.

BRYONY STEPS FORWARD TO  
ADDRESS THE ROOM AGAIN.

BRYONY: Right, everyone. It's the day you've all been waiting for. Before we push the big red button, I'd like to thank you all for your hard work so far. You're all committed, and whatever else might be said about any of you, commitment is the attribute I require the most. You may think due to our previous success that our subject's survival is somehow more of a sure thing. Let's remind ourselves of the mortality rate up until this point. It's 100%. Do we know for certain exactly why Warren Godby is the only survivor of our treatment? We do not. So, whatever we scoop out of that pod, alive or dead, the work is just beginning. That said, there is champagne in the fridge, and we will be drinking it tonight whatever happens, I'm not a monster.

NERVOUS LAUGHTER.

BRYONY: Alright beautiful people. And you Gordon. Get to your places, final checks. Particle generator?

GRACE: Check.

BRYONY: ECMO?

PAMELA: Check.

BRYONY: Resus?

PAMELA: Check.

BRYONY: Transfer?

GRACE: Check.

BRYONY: Okay.

BRYONY PACES ROUND TO THE CONTROL PANEL OF THE PARTICLE GENERATOR. SHE FLICKS ONE BIG SWITCH. A BEEP, AND A DEEP MECHANICAL CHUGGING AS THE MACHINE COMES TO LIFE.

BRYONY: Hot... dog.

SHE FLICKS A SECOND SWITCH. A DIFFERENT BEEP, AND A LOW HUM SOUNDS, SLOWLY BUILDING IN PITCH AND VOLUME. THE CHUGGING BEGINS TO ACCELERATE.

BRYONY: Jumping frog.

A FINAL SWITCH. A SUPER GOOD SCI FI NOISE ADDS TO THE MIX.

BRYONY: Albuquerque.

CUT.

**SCENE 4**

2064. AUBREY AND GORD IN THE  
RECORDS ROOM.

AUBREY: Stop.

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

AUBREY PAUSES FOR A MOMENT,  
DEEP IN THOUGHT.

AUBREY: I remember that. She would say that a lot, the Albuquerque line. It was probably the most human thing I ever witnessed her doing.

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

AUBREY: It's surprising. To get that on record, her facade coming down like that, even... even just a little. I only saw it once or twice. And never for long. But she just couldn't help herself. Under all the cloaks and daggers and bluster and putdowns, she couldn't hide her excitement about the work. It was magnetic. I wanted to be like her.

GORD: Well, you are also waking Warren Godby from hypersleep.

AUBREY: Yeah, thank you Gord. We'll stop drawing comparisons there, shall we?

GORD: Her reasons for waking him could not be further from your intentions. You want to help him.

AUBREY: Well, that's...that's a kind thing for you to say.

GORD: It's nice to be nice.

AUBREY: What's everyone done today. Is it still today? Or is it tomorrow?

GORD: You'd like a progress report?

AUBREY: Yes.

GORD: Vig and Robyn have completed and logged the supply inventory. Hester worked beyond the end of her shift on the ward due to Jacob having a disagreement with Malcolm. Malcolm required sedation.

AUBREY: Shit, really?

GORD: And Jade has been putting together a playlist for her party.

AUBREY: She's really going through with it.

GORD: Grace has been carrying on with -

A TONE FROM HIS UNIT.

GORD: Incoming from the Quarantine Suite. Patching.

HESTER IS CALLING THROUGH THE  
BLUE SKY SYSTEM. THERE IS SOME  
COMMOTION IN THE BACKGROUND.

HESTER: Hey, are you still up?

AUBREY: I'm here, Hester.

HESTER: Of course, you are. Well, if you insist on living nocturnally, could you at least come down here and help me. Warren's pulled out his drip again.

AUBREY: Put another one in.

HESTER: I had actually thought of that *sir*, he hasn't got any bloody veins left. No, don't, Stevie watch out, he's going to pull out - yep. Well, that's what happens. Put some gloves on next time.

WARREN GRUNTS IN PAIN WHILE  
ANOTHER MAN MISERABLY CURSES  
GETTING COVERED IN URINE.

AUBREY: He pulled out his catheter again didn't he.

HESTER: You're going to be able to kick a football down his urethra if he carries on like this.

AUBREY: I'll be there in a sec.

THE TONE SIGNALS THE END OF THE  
CONVERSATION.

AUBREY: Gord, you're meant to be in all places at all times, why didn't you tell me they were struggling down there?

GORD: You were having a valuable moment of reflection.

AUBREY: I swear to God, people only ever pull out their own IV lines cos they see people do it in movies. It's so annoying.

GORD: Is that why he pulls out his catheter?

AUBREY: Shut up.

GORD: I can find no motion pictures that feature the forced removal of catheters?

AUBREY: Shut up!

END.