

RED VALLEY

SEASON 2 EPISODE 3

'Fresh Air'

by

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Character List

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

EPISODE 3

SCENE 1

2020. THE INTERVIEW ROOM, WHERE WARREN BROKE CLIVE'S NOSE. THE DOOR OPENS, AND WARREN ENTERS. HE IS ALONE IN THE ROOM, SPOKEN TO BY VOICES THROUGH THE GLASS. WARREN SOUNDS A LITTLE WEAK AND FATIGUED.

WARREN: Do I just sit right here?

GRACE: Yes please, Warren.

WARREN SITS DOWN. AN AWKWARD PAUSE.

WARREN: Umm... Is there something you'd like me to do?

GRACE: No, no. Just er... getting things - there. Okay. Can we start the tape?

GORDON: Oh... I've already started the tape.

GRACE: Of course you have.

WARREN: Gordon? Is that you?

GORDON: Hi Warren!

WARREN: Will I actually be able to see you now after this?
Like are they going to let me out?

GORDON: Oh, yeah, I think so -

GRACE: Your quarantine period is up, this is just an
important part of study that we -

WARREN: Yes, yeah of course, whatever you need. I'm just
really eager for some fresh air.

GRACE: Of course, of course. So. March 14th, 2020. This is
just a short memory test. The treatment for your
first period of hypersleep resulted in significant
disruption of your short-term memory, as you
might recall. Or not. As the case may be.

WARREN: Okay, yeah.

GRACE: Through adjustments to your treatment for this
second period of hypersleep, we hope to have
avoided this damage to your memory going
forward. Initial observations in the 72 hours since
your emergence -

WARREN: Sorry, Dr Melé?

GRACE: Yes?

WARREN: Sorry,. It's just, it is really cold in here, could I get a blanket or something?

PAMELA: There's one just behind the chair actually, Warren.

WARREN: Oh, hi Dr Jennings.

PAMELA: Please, call me Pamela. Or Pam.

GRACE: If we could stay focused -

PAMELA: He's cold. The air con is right over his head.

WARREN: Where is it - oh.

GRACE: In the 72 hours since your emergence -

WARREN: Ooh, it's er... it's really scratchy. Like in a nice way, but yeah scratchy. Um... I am allergic to wool. This is... oh this is wool, isn't it?

GORDON: Wait is that a problem? Do we need to get him out of there?

GRACE: In the 72 hours since your emergence! The results have been very encouraging. You've displayed recognition, recall, neuro obs all strong, seemingly fully compos mentis. We're just here today to keep an eye on things, a few simple questions.

WARREN: Brilliant, thanks.

GRACE: Could you tell me your full name, please?

WARREN: I can, it's Warren William Godby.

GRACE: And your date of birth?

WARREN: That is September the 25th.

GRACE: Can you tell me where you are right now?

WARREN: I'm in your interrogation room?

GRACE: It's actually an interview room, but I meant where in general.

GORDON: Wasn't much of an interview last time he was in there.

GRACE: Excuse me?

GORDON: It wasn't much of an interview. Clive was very mean to Warren and he threatened to kill me a couple of times.

PAMELA: And then Warren broke his nose.

WARREN: So sorry about that, by the way.

GRACE: Gordon you don't have to be here actually.

GORDON: I'm archiving like Bryony wanted me to.

GRACE: Well, maybe we need to speak to Dr Halbech about the exact nature of -

PAMELA: We just want to know where you think you are in general, Warren.

GRACE: Pam, I'm quite capable of conducting this inter-

WARREN: The Red Valley Seed Vault! Er, that's it. Or just Red Valley, whatever it is that you call it now.

GRACE: And er... where is that?

WARREN: Scotland um... Quite high up. Sorry I don't, don't actually know how far. Off the A9 somewhere.

A LITTLE MOMENT OF SILENCE.

WARREN: Oh! Ballbag!

GRACE: I'm sorry?

WARREN: We're in the shadow of the mighty Ballbag. That's what you call the mountain isn't it? I don't actually remember what it's really called.

GRACE: The mountain is Beinn Bagg.

WARREN: Yes, yes that's it! That's not because I've got amnesia or anything. I just literally forgot that. Like anyone would.

GRACE: Can you tell me the last thing you remember before commencing this period of hypersleep?

WARREN: Uhuh, Gordon and I were on a road trip to find Red Valley, erm... for my work, and we found it, clearly. And then we came downstairs and Clive Schill was there and he was all like, ooh, surprise, and there was cheesecake or something...and then I met both of you, and you were all 'this way Mr Godby' and off we went... and then I was in here again, like you were just discussing, with the headbutting and, uh, my life... that's all made up, um. Then I went to sleep. Hyper...magic sleep. And now I'm back.

NOTHING.

WARREN: I Continued! That's, that's what you want to call it isn't it? Continue but with a special K, was that it?

GRACE: Yes and how do you feel about that?

WARREN: I mean it's catchy, I think it would go down quite well. The K is a bit much. mean unless you've already decided? In which case, I love it.

GRACE: No, no, no I mean how do you feel? About your situation?

WARREN: Oh. Well, fine, more or less. I mean a bit of a hangover but that's probably to be expected after 3 months of being clinically dead, I guess? Nothing a few Beroccas wouldn't fix I'm sure.

GRACE: I meant emotionally though, Warren. How do you feel?

PAMELA: Why are you ask -

SHE IS CUT OFF. WARREN WAITS A MOMENT.

WARREN: Hello?

THE SPEAKER COMES BACK TO LIFE SUDDENLY. THERE IS A SLIGHT PAUSE BEFORE ANYONE SPEAKS.

GRACE: Why did you keep your name, Warren?

GORDON: What the f -

CUTS OUT. PAUSE.

WARREN: My name, sorry?

MUFFLED VOICES.

GRACE: - for me to decide.

PAMELA: No it isn't.

GORDON: Let's get Bryony.

GRACE: Don't even think about it -

GORDON: You suggested it first, I'm just agreeing -

WARREN: Everything okay in there guys?

MUFFLED VOICES CONTINUE.

WARREN: Guys?

A PAUSE, AND A LITTLE SQUEAL AS
THE SPEAKER COMES BACK ON
SUDDENLY.

GRACE: Your name. Why did you keep it?

WARREN: Is this still a memory test?

GRACE: Yes.

WARREN: I... I don't understand the question.

GRACE: You left your home town after your mother's death never to return. Your father William Godby was a sex offender and domestic abuser. You wanted to start over again yet you still carried his name. Warren William Godby. Did you not think to change it?

PAM: Dr Melé, outside now!

IN THE DISTANCE A DOOR SLAMS.
HURRIED FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE
CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE INTERVIEW
ROOM. MUFFLED VOICES - PAMELA
AND GORDON'S.

WARREN: Everything alright out there?

NO ANSWER.

WARREN: Er... Okay. Well, my father, he already had a criminal record for petty crimes when he met my Mum. When they married they took her last name for a chance at a new start, I suppose. She chose the name Warren herself after her umm... favourite uncle. My Dad wasn't present at the birth anyway.

STILL NO REPLY.

WARREN: You know I think I am actually properly allergic to this blanket. I... I have a rash.

SILENCE FROM GRACE. THE MUFFLED
DISCUSSION IN THE CORRIDOR
CONTINUES.

GRACE: That's great Warren, that'll be all for now.

WARREN: Okay. Can I go now?

NOTHING. EVENTUALLY THE DOOR
OPENS.

GORDON: Warren.

WARREN: Gordon bloody Porlock.

GORDON: How about some fresh air?

CUT.

SCENE 2

2020. THE CORRIDOR, GROUND LEVEL.
WARREN AND GORDON WALKING
TOWARDS THE EXIT.

GORDON: It's bloody cold outside. Kind of a blizzard actually.

WARREN: Aw, is it snowing?

GORDON: Oh yeah, yeah, been this way for weeks. It's fun at first but a bit much after a while.

WARREN: That's cos you've had no one to play with.

THE DOOR OPENS AT THE OTHER END
OF THE CORRIDOR. CLIVE SCHILL
ENTERS.

GORDON: Oh man.

WARREN: Yeesh.

CLIVE: Stop all the clocks! Prevent the dog from barking with a big juicy bone!

WARREN: This is disconcerting.

CLIVE: Warren fucking Godby! The man, the myth, the bellend!

WARREN: Hi Clive.

CLIVE CLAPS HIS ARM ON WARREN'S
SHOULDER, MAKING HIM ALMOST
STUMBLE.

CLIVE: You look great. Alright Games Workshop, here
take this would you.

CLIVE DUMPS A HEAVY RUCKSACK ON
GORDON.

GORDON: ...Sure.

CLIVE: How do you feel?

WARREN: Is this another test?

CLIVE: How do you mean?

WARREN: How do I feel, like, physically or emotionally?

CLIVE: Uh. I don't know. Small talk. Most people just say
fine, how are you?

WARREN: I'm fine then.

CLIVE: Yeah, seriously though, how are you? Everything
working? You all there?

HE CLICKS HIS FINGERS IN WARREN'S
FACE AS THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN.
BRYONY STEPS IN AND CALLS DOWN
THE CORRIDOR AS SHE WALKS
TOWARDS THEM.

BRYONY: Give him some space, Clive.

CLIVE: He looks good. A bit pasty. Does he get Vitamin D
when he's down there?

GORDON: We were just on our way outside actually.

BRYONY: Very good.

CLIVE: Why do you want to go outside? It's a blizzard.

WARREN & GORDON: Just want some fresh air.

BRYONY: Let them go outside Clive.

WARREN: Thanks.

BRYONY: Not at all.

WARREN AND GORDON STRIDE PAST
BRYONY AND CLIVE AND GET TO THE
DOOR. THEY START PULLING ON
COATS. BRYONY AND CLIVE ARE
HAVING A BUSY, UNINTELLIGIBLE
CONVERSATION IN THE DISTANCE.

WARREN: Clive seems a little...stressed.

GORDON: Wait till we're outside.

CUT. WARREN AND GORDON ARE
STANDING JUST OUTSIDE THE
STATION. THE WIND BLOWS BUT IT'S
TRANQUIL COMPARED TO THE
CONSTANT BEEPS AND BOOPS
INDOORS. WARREN TAKES A DEEP
BREATH.

GORDON: So, I was going to ask how you feel but I think you've probably had enough of that for today.

WARREN: Maybe yeah. Look at this snow though. It's gorgeous.

HE CRUNCHES HIS BOOTS UP AND
DOWN IN THE SNOW.

WARREN: So, three months. Kept yourself busy?

GORDON: Oh... Yeah. The archiving is really fascinating, you know, if you're into elaborate human rights abuses in the name of theoretical science, which apparently I am.

WARREN: Yeah, I bet you are.

GORDON: The caretaking stuff though, I have no idea. I think they assumed I might be handy, like, be able to actually look after the place or something. I thought I'd just wing it with YouTube videos, that's what I did in my flat. This isn't really like putting up a widescreen tv bracket or building a gaming PC though. And this weather.

WARREN: What's the place like? I barely made it through the front door before it went all Eastenders drum roll cliffhanger ending last time so I didn't really take much note of any of it.

GORDON: Oh it's fun. There's the farmhouse, where you stayed the last time you were here, you remember that?

WARREN: No.

GORDON: There's the mess room, they've got a pool table and a juke box, like an old working men's club kind of feel, you remember that?

WARREN: No.

GORDON: They've got all these disused military bits and bobs from the Cold War, when it was a missile tracking station, like a situation room with these big world maps on perspex screens where you can move all this stuff around it's very cool. And they've got those clocks all in a row that tell the time in different countries. You must remember that.

WARREN: I'm just going to nip this in the bud and assure you I don't remember any part of ever being here.

GORDON: Oh. Sorry. I guess I'm not really sure where your brain is at.

WARREN: Well, my mind eggs don't seem to be any more poached than they were before, but whatever was missing though, I don't think is coming back.

GORDON: Oh well. It could be a lot worse.

WARREN: I can see you are busting to tell me more about this place, aren't you?

GORDON: There are these old plans and blueprints from when they first built this place, they built it over some ancient granite mine, there are tunnels you can still go into, well, I mean one tunnel specifically, going right into the mountain to all these disused mineshafts, and Overhead were going to try out putting some kind of miniature reactor down there, like a nuclear reactor, as a test to see if they could power remote outposts all over...Look I'm sorry. I'm blabbering. I haven't had anyone to talk to about any of this.

WARREN: It's alright, it's alright. Gordon, are you okay?

GORDON: Oh yeah I'm fine. I'm fine. It's just been a bit solitary. But I wasn't exactly in the after work 5-a-side football team before I got here, was I?

WARREN: Umm... So how is...everyone else then? Are they treating you, ok?

GORDON: Well Pam is nice. For a conscience-free cryonic scientist. And Grace is umm...

WARREN: A wanker?

GORDON: Yeah. Keeps his nose so far up Bryony's...well. Oh er... Apparently things aren't going so well for Clive. I think he thought the first time you woke up everything was going to take off and he'd make his millions. Think he made some promises he couldn't keep to the directors. His eyes bulge a bit these days. And Bryony... well, Bryony is without doubt the scariest person I have ever met.

WARREN: Yeah, right.

THEY STAND IN SILENCE FOR A
MOMENT.

WARREN: Relieved is how I felt, by the way.

GORDON: Sorry?

WARREN: They wanted to know how I felt. After the freaking out and the headbutting way back when. When I was laid up in the bed and you were there. I felt... relief. Do you think that's weird?

GORDON: I know what you mean.

WARREN: You do?

GORDON: I was scared of everything. I was scared of people. Talking to people on the phone. Or in person. Or anywhere. The idea of calling a customer service line because my wifi had gone down, or to haggle over upgrading my phone, that would make me sweat. And then I was here and it was all gone. I don't have to worry about well, any of that. You know when you're on a train, and it's held up, and you're just stuck in the middle of a field while they get leaves off the line or whatever, and you're going to be hopelessly late, there might be awful consequences to get stressed about but...there's literally nothing you can do about it. It's not your fault. Hopefully you've got a book or something. You're just sitting on the train.

WARREN: You know that is exactly it.

GORDON: Only with live-in cryonic scientists studying you in your home pretending to be your spouse, and prison sentences you can't remember and stuff like that.

WARREN: Well. Yeah.

GORDON: I don't know what you did, you know.

WARREN: They haven't told you?

GORDON: I mean, the files are here. I just didn't look.

WARREN: Why not?

GORDON: I mean, it wasn't my place.

WARREN: So, everyone else here knows.

GORDON: Yeah.

WARREN: Is it weird that we're the only ones who don't?

GORDON: Look it's your call. I mean, you can look, or I can look, or neither of us can look, or whatever you like.

WARREN: You're a really good friend, Gordon. I'm really sorry you're caught up in all of this.

GORDON: Shall we go back inside?

WARREN: Do you think it's alright if I just have a minute to myself? My head's kind of banging a bit.

GORDON: Uh, er, yeah, yeah, sure. Here. Take my comm, I'll grab another one. Everyone uses channel 2 on the station. Why don't we use channel...6, just to talk to each other?

WARREN: That is a great idea.

GORDON: Erm... See you in a minute.

GORDON STEPS BACK TO THE DOOR,
GOES INSIDE.

INSIDE THE STATION. CLIVE AND
BRYONY ARE STILL IN THE CORRIDOR.

CLIVE: Where's he gone?

GORDON: He's just having a minute.

CLIVE: To do what?

GORDON: To have a minute. It's his first time outside in 3 months.

CLIVE: Get him back in.

BRYONY: Clive, let him be.

CLIVE: Since when did you get so protective over him?

BRYONY: I was about to say the same thing to you.

CLIVE: How do you know he isn't running for the hills right now?

GORDON: He's not going to run -

CLIVE: Get him in please. It's cold out there.

GORDON: He's not a puppy.

BRYONY: Fine, let's get him indoors.

GORDON GOES TO THE DOOR.

GORDON: I think everyone's over-reacting.

OPENS IT. STANDS THERE. FOR A
MINUTE.

CLIVE: Porlock.

GORDON: Well. Don't I feel silly.

CUT.

SCENE 3

2020. THE WIND HOWLS, BLOWING A
BLIZZARD AROUND WARREN AS HE
WANDERS FORWARD IN THE SNOW.
HIS BREATHING IS HEAVY BUT HE IS
ENTIRELY RELAXED. HIS COMM HISSES
WITH STATIC.

GORDON (VO): Warren! Warren are you there!

HE FINALLY STOPS, FUMBLES WITH
THE COMM.

WARREN: Echo 3 to Echo 7, Han old buddy, do you read me?

GORDON: Warren?

WARREN: That's not the line, but whatever.

GORDON: Where did you go! Clive's throwing a shit fit.

WARREN: I just went for a walk. I love snow. And it's been three months, I wanted to stretch my legs.

GORDON: When are you coming back? Everyone's worried.

WARREN: I'm sure no one is 'worried'.

GORDON: Well, I'm worried.

WARREN: Well, thank you, Gordon.

GORDON: For myself! Clive smashed an office chair into the wall and now he's staring at the fire extinguisher like it insulted his mother.

NO ANSWER.

GORDON: Warren are you still there?

WARREN: What is that?

GORDON: What's what?

WARREN: Looks like headlights.

GORDON: Headlights?

WARREN: Yeah, but up in the hill.

GORDON: Warren what are you talking about, what lights?

WARREN: That's a minivan.

GORDON: A minivan?

WARREN: That's a Mazda Bongo Friendee.

GORDON: A wait what?...say that again?

WARREN: A Mazda Bongo Friendee.

GORDON: I think you're slurring Warren, are you feeling alright?

WARREN: A Mazda.

GORDON: A Mazda? Like a little sports car?

WARREN: Bongo.

GORDON: Bungle?

WARREN: Friendee.

GORDON: Is your tongue swelling up? Is this what happened last time you were defrosted?

WARREN: Oh... someone's getting out. I'm going to say hello.

GORDON: No, no, no Warren, turn around and come back!
Come back!

NO ANSWER.

GORDON: Motherfu -

CUT.

SCENE 4

2064, AUBREY AND GORD.

AUBREY: Stop.

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

AUBREY: I guess it's reassuring that Warren was just as big a pain in the arse when he woke up 40 years ago as he is right now.

GORD: It is fortunate we have greater care options now than were available at that time.

AUBREY: Doesn't help Gordon though, does it? Now or then. Poor Gordon. I never gave him the credit he deserved for what he had to go through.

GORD: The nature of your relationship did not lend itself to sentiment.

AUBREY: It was a strange relationship, if you can even call it that. I met him in a subreddit on cryonic preservation. What was his username? From the movie, what was it?

GORD: His username was John Spartan. The Sylvester Stallone character from Demolition Man.

AUBREY: Yes, so I chose Simon Phoenix, the Wesley Snipes character, so we could get talking. All the while wikipediaing Demolition Man. Still haven't seen it.

GORD: The reviews were resoundingly average.

AUBREY: Two years of passing the strangest information over the internet with no idea whether he could be trusted or if he was just some loser stringing me along. I didn't even know if he was truly Overhead like he claimed, but he was someone who took me seriously, this insane story of hypersleep and dead test subjects in a ridiculous secret research facility in the Highlands. He promised me he would 'blow this shit wide open'. It petered out. Ben Thomas found other contacts for us to focus on. None of them came to anything. We couldn't get close enough to anyone to convince them we were telling the truth without revealing ourselves. It was impossible then. Overhead were everywhere. I didn't give Gordon any more thought.

GORD: But then you met in real life. Here at Red Valley.

AUBREY: I never even made eye contact with him, Gord. By the time we were in the same room together he...well you know what happened. I don't even know why I'm telling you any of this, you know it better than I do, better than anyone. Unclouded by guilt, or shame, or 40 years of twisting memories around until they're nothing like what really happened.

GORD: That's why we're doing this. To remember what really happened. And if the plan is successful you will be able to meet Gordon face-to-fa -

AUBREY: One thing at a time Gord. Bryony's already testing her theory though. Or is she? Is it just Grace trying to score points? Pushing a theory he doesn't even understand yet. None of them do. Warren's barely been out for five minutes, he must've been drugged up to his eyeballs. I'm surprised he could talk. But then he is surprising isn't he.

SHE SIGHS AND PUSHES HER CHAIR
BACK, STANDING UP AND STRETCHING.

AUBREY: Wee break.

GORD: We can commence the next entry when you return.

AUBREY: No, let it run, I'll only be a minute.

GORD: What if you miss something?

AUBREY: I won't. I remember the next part just fine.

END.