

**RED VALLEY**  
**SEASON 2 EPISODE 4**  
**'Idiots In The Snow'**

by

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**Character List**

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

**EPISODE 4**

**SCENE 1**

2020. INSIDE AUBREY'S CAMPER VAN. IT IS CRAMPED AND THE RECORDING IS TINNY AS A RESULT. ITS OWNER, AND WARREN, ARE BUSTLING IN FROM THE COLD, WHICH IS STILL BLOWING A LOUD GALE. WARRENS VOICE IS MUFFLED AS HE PULLS AT THE SCARF COVERING HIS FACE. THE VAN DOOR SLIDES SHUT. THE WIND DROPS TO A LOW RUMBLE OUTSIDE.

WARREN: Well, you seem very trusting, whoever you are.

AUBREY: I'm pointing pepper spray at your face.

WARREN: Oh excellent.

THE SOUND OF ZIPS AND RUSTLING AS WARREN REMOVES HIS HAT AND SCARF, UNZIPS HIS JACKET.

AUBREY: Good lord.

WARREN: Yes.

AUBREY: Warren Godby!

WARREN: Yes! Yes, it's me. Everyone says my name like that now. Makes me feel like Harry Potter.

AUBREY: I'm sorry, I didn't recognise you with the hat and the scarf...Do you...do you remember me?

WARREN: I don't but don't be offended. It doesn't reflect on the quality of impression you may have made on me, more my own mental hygiene which is questionable at best.

AUBREY: It's Dr Aubrey. Dr Wood. Aubrey. Wood. Let me boil the kettle.

SHE FUSSES FOR A MOMENT WITH A SMALL CAMPING KETTLE AND A PAIR OF TIN MUGS.

WARREN: Ah well, that makes sense.

AUBREY: Why does that make sense?

WARREN: Well Dr Aubrey Dr Wood Aubrey Wood. It seems a lot of the real things that have happened to me I don't remember, and a lot of the things I remember have turned out to not actually be real. So here I am taking a walk in a snowstorm, and out of nowhere is a Mazda Bongo Friendee, and inside that Mazda Bongo Friendee is Aubrey Wood. I think there's at least a passing chance that none of this is real and I'm out here to have, I don't know an epiphany of some kind, and you're like my...Obi Wan Kenobi.

THE KETTLE IS BOILING, THEIR VOICES  
RAISE.

AUBREY: Obi Wan Kenobi?

WARREN: Yeah. Maybe I've passed out in the snow like Luke Skywalker, maybe I'm just screaming into the wind who knows. And here you are to tell me to go to the Dagobah system /, learn from Yoda, the Jedi Master who-/ yes, yes, you know it, of course.

AUBREY: / Oh, the Empire Strikes Back? Shall we wait on the kettle for a moment?

WARREN: Yeah sure, why not?

THE KETTLE IS BUBBLING. IT CLICKS  
OFF.

AUBREY: Sorry...Warren. Can we start again?

WARREN: Yeah, of course.

AUBREY: I'm not your Jedi spirit guide / but if I was, why would it be me, Aubrey, if you don't remember meeting me? /

WARREN: /Spirit guide. I like that./ Well I know you from all your tapes.

AUBREY: My *tapes*?

WARREN: The ones you gave Gordon Porlock. Well I assume you gave them to him. /

AUBREY: /You know Gordon Porlock?

WARREN: I never asked how he got them actually. Yes yes, of course. Gordon's back at the station. He's the caretaker.

AUBREY: Gordon Porlock is at Red Valley, with you, right now?

WARREN: Well, right now I'm with my Jedi spirit guide.

AUBREY: Okay. I need to go back to the start, please.

WARREN: Absolutely, So, Luke is lost on the ice planet Hoth -

AUBREY: No, no, no, the start. Of this.

WARREN: Oh right. Well, that all started when Doug Holder, my manager, sent me to chase a budget review case for Accounts, which I now think was a deliberate breadcrumb trail for me to find my way back to Red Valley, and on the way I met Gordon, who I thought for a while might be in on the whole conspiracy but it seems to have just been a fortuitous coincidence -

AUBREY: Stop, stop stop stop. What is this the start of?

WARREN: Well... My adventures in hypersleep. Oh. Oh I see, you want to go back to the *start* start. I understand, I've had counselling before, this is good, get me to open up. Facilitate the epiphany. I was born in Gravesend, in Kent, in 1982. I have a sister called Emily and I'm here because...well, poor decision mak-

AUBREY: No no no no. Stop.

WARREN: I don't have any more starts.

AUBREY: Let me think for a minute. I'll pour the tea.

WARREN: Sure.

AUBREY: Actually, there's a Bakewell tart behind you. By the, on the shelf there. In the carrier bag.

WARREN: Ooh! I bloody love Bakewell tart.

THE RUSTLE OF A PLASTIC BAG, THE  
CRINKLE OF CELLOPHANE BEING  
REMOVED, THE TART BEING TAKEN  
FROM THE BOX, THE POURING OF TEA.

AUBREY PASSES THE TEA.

AUBREY: Okay. Warren. You and I met in a penal facility in Norfolk a few years ago.

WARREN: Yes, yes! I think I know that. You were screening for candidates for the Teddy Bear's Picnic.

AUBREY: How do you know tha-

WARREN: I didn't make it on to the programme for whatever reason, then once that was over apparently they came back for me, and some of the others, and we were in the next programme. I don't know if that had a silly name too.

AUBREY: Yes. And I have been trying to work out exactly what they've been doing since...since I left the company.

AUBREY GOES TO A BAG AND PULLS  
OUT A STACK OF FILES.

WARREN: Since all those people died and Bryony Halbech abandoned you.

AUBREY: Yes. After Teddy Bear's Picnic I didn't know where they would go next but I still knew all the rejected candidates we had interviewed, so I checked on them occasionally and sure enough, they just went back and hoovered up all the people who didn't make it first time around. They must've been desperate. No offence.

WARREN: None taken, spirit guide.

AUBREY: I'm not your spirit guide, Warren. I mean, the reason we chose who we chose for the Teddy Bear's Picnic was because of their physical condition, not just their health but their family's...no history of Alzheimer's or any form of dementia or brain cancers or neurological disease of any kind, a completely clean bill of physical and mental health. You...everyone else had red flags...

SHE RIFLES THROUGH FILES. SHE FINDS HIS.

AUBREY: Your, uh, your mother, she had...

WARREN: A... An aneurysm. You have a file?

AUBREY: Yes, that was it, an aneurysm. And there were multiple cancers and so on in your family weren't there...

WARREN: You probably know more about that than I do.

SUDDENLY SHE SHUTS THE FILE.

AUBREY: Wait, wait.

WARREN: What now? We were just getting into it.

AUBREY: I'm doing this all backwards. I...I wasn't expecting this at all. Warren Godby to appear out of a blizzard.

WARREN: Sorry.

AUBREY: Are you on your own? Why were you out there?

WARREN: I just needed some air. Felt like I hadn't had fresh air for months. Which is true of course, I guess I haven't had any air for months, fresh or otherwise.

AUBREY: What does that mean?

WARREN: Since I Kontinued.

AUBREY: Since you *what*?

WARREN: Since they woke me up. Are we going to cut this tart, or just stare at it?

AUBREY: Fuck the tart. What did you just say?

WARREN: Well, I was in hypersleep. For 3 months.

AUBREY: You...you've already done it. You've been in hypersleep? For 3 months?

WARREN: Three months this time. One month the first time. And that first time that's the one that really fucked with me. That's why I don't remember meeting you. I certainly don't remember being in prison. Or how I got there. So that must be like 2 years I lost.

AUBREY: Jesus Christ.

WARREN: Could you pass the knife?

SHE PASSES THE KNIFE.

WARREN: Thank you.

WARREN CUTS TWO SLICES AND  
IMMEDIATELY DIGS INTO HIS.

WARREN: This is very good technique. You're freaking out, which is making me calm down. There's tea, there's tart, this van is adorable, whether it's real or not.

AUBREY: Who's there? At the station right now, I've been watching people come and go for weeks but too far away to identify anyone.

WARREN: Well, there's me, Gordon...

AUBREY: Why is Gordon there?

WARREN: We came together and they kind of strong-armed him into taking a Jack Torrance in The Shining type caretaker job. Unless...

AUBREY: Unless what?

WARREN: Well, maybe this is another part of Grace's stupid memory test. Maybe Gordon's a fucking set up as well, who knows. I mean I thought Bryony Halbech was my wife for like a year, so -

AUBREY: Bryony Halbech? Bryony's there now?

WARREN: I mean, yes? I guess? She could've turned into smoke or beamed back to her home planet by now.

AUBREY: We definitely know the same Bryony Halbech.

WARREN: That was good cheap cake. Thank you. Spirit guide or not. I should probably be getting back though, are you going to impart some wisdom or something?

AUBREY: I don't know what to say.

WARREN: Then why are you here?

AUBREY: Look, I'm not your bloody spirit guide. I'm Aubrey Wood. I live in this van, I haven't spoken to anyone apart from please and thank yous in weeks, I live on supernoodles and cakes, I haven't had a proper bath in 18 months. I'm at least partially responsible for everything that's happened to you. And I'm directly responsible for the deaths of every subject in that stupid terrible *picnic*, and now I'm sat here night after night freezing to death, poetically enough, and it's all happening down the damn road right now, everything I wanted and now everything I want to stop, it's happening right now -

WARREN: Hey, hey, hey. Aubrey. Come on, it's okay.

SHE GATHERS HERSELF.

AUBREY: I'm only saying. If you're looking for wisdom, you've come to the wrong minivan. I'm just another idiot in the snow.

WARREN: I told you I listened to your tapes. I don't think you're a bad person.

AUBREY: You don't think I'm a real person.

WARREN: Well, on the off chance that you are. We're more than just a list of all the bad things we've done.

AUBREY: That almost sounded wise. Maybe you got your epiphany after all.

WARREN: My mum would say it. When she would defend my dad. But everything's context I suppose.

THEY SIT IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT,  
SIPPING TEA, EATING TART.

AUBREY: Well. Stealing this file was one of my first acts of espionage. I don't know if anything in it is useful, but it belongs to you.

WARREN: Oh.

AUBREY: If you want it, of course.

WARREN: No... yeah...the tea and cake was a lovely surprise, let's not spoil it. And hey, I've listened to your tapes, you've read my file, we know all this stuff about each other, it's a bit like...

AUBREY: Like we're friends.

WARREN: I was going to say massively invading each other's privacy.

AUBREY: Right. Well, that's a bit like friends.

WARREN: I mean I really wouldn't know.

AUBREY: Me either.

AN AWKWARD SILENCE.

AUBREY: I'm sorry. I'm just... I'm wondering what to do next. I wanted to stop anyone else getting hurt at Red Valley, and here you are...We should drive away, shouldn't we? Or I should come back with you and I don't know...do a Rambo?

WARREN: No, no, look, I'm just sat on the train. There's leaves on the line, hopefully I've got a book, I'm just gonna lean back and go with it.

AUBREY: I don't know what any of that means.

WARREN: And Clive Schill would probably brain you with a fire extinguisher by the sound of it.

AUBREY: Clive Schill is there! Oh, that man is such a bell end!

WARREN: He called me a bell end today! He's so mean. Speaking of which he is probably out here looking for me.

HE REACHES INTO HIS COAT AND  
PULLS OUT HIS COMM.

AUBREY: You have a comm with you.

WARREN: Yeah, Gordon gave me his. We talk on sneaky channel 6 but everyone else...

AUBREY: Is on channel 2!

WARREN: Bingo.

HE SWITCHES IT ON AND TURNS TO  
CHANNEL 2.

CLIVE SCHILL: Grace! Have you got eyes on this prick yet? If your answer is no I've got a fire extinguisher I want you to meet. Gonna bash your fucking hea-

WARREN CLICKS IT OFF.

WARREN: I mean really you could set your watch by him, couldn't you. If you want to stay a secret squirrel, I'd better be off.

WARREN STANDS AND BEGINS TO  
LAYER UP.

AUBREY: Warren...could I - could I have that?

WARREN: The comm? Yeah sure, there's loads.

WARREN PASSES IT OVER. AUBREY IS  
AWARE WHAT AN IMPORTANT GIFT  
THIS IS.

AUBREY: Thank you.

WARREN: Thank you. This has been really nice. And if I am just talking to myself in the snow, it's been a really pleasant way of losing my mind.

AUBREY: Oh, wait, wait!

WARREN: What?

AUBREY: I can prove I'm real. I record everything.

SHE GRABS A LAPTOP AND STARTS  
TAPPING.

WARREN: You...record everything.

AUBREY: Yes, all of this, I can put it on a stick and you can listen again later when you're...when you're in the mood. And you'll know it's all real. Here you go.

SHE FINISHES TAPPING, EJECTS THE STICK AND GIVES IT TO WARREN.

WARREN: You people and your recording. You can take the girl out of Overhead...

AUBREY: Truer than you know.

WARREN: Right. Well, see you later then.

HE OPENS THE DOOR TO LEAVE. THE WIND HOWLS IN.

AUBREY: Oh, oh. Was Gordon here over Christmas?

WARREN: Er... yeah, I think they left him in charge.

AUBREY: Ah. Could you apologise to him for me? I think I drove the van a little too close on Christmas Eve. Scared the shit out of some guy with eyes like a mole and a screechy voice.

WARREN: That sounds like Gordon. Will do. Toodle pip.

AUBREY: And Warren. I want you to remember. If you've really been through hypersleep twice and survived, you might be the most valuable commodity Overhead have ever had. Don't let them forget it.

CUT.

**SCENE 2**

2020. THE TEAM, IN THE STATION  
OFFICE, GROUND LEVEL. GRACE TAPS  
THE WINDOW.

GRACE: That's him. That's him, that's him.

CLIVE: Fucking let me see. That plate of shit, I'm going to fucking kill that guy.

GRACE: He looks fine.

GORDON: Let me go out and speak to him.

CLIVE: You want to go and speak to him?

GRACE: He looks totally fine.

GORDON: I can make sure he's okay.

BRYONY: Maybe let him go.

CLIVE: Maybe let him go? Let him go? Who's in charge here? This guy? This piss-drinking motherfucker?

GORDON: I've never done that.

CLIVE: Oh you floridly drink piss.

PAMELA: He's nearly at the door.

GRACE: I'll go.

PAMELA: *You're going to go?*

BRYONY: Grace. Just, back off. Go and make things ready downstairs.

GRACE: We made a connection. He trusts me.

PAMELA: Oh my God. You are ridiculous.

CLIVE: Fucking amateur hour here.

BRYONY: You picked these guys, not me.

CLIVE: I didn't pick Uncle Fucknut the piss fiend.

GORDON: Bryony. This is why I'm here isn't it? To help him.

CLIVE: You were the prick who let him go in the first place!

BRYONY: That is true.

GORDON: I'm sorry about that. He's clearly having trouble, I think that's to be expected -

PAMELA: Grace, where are you going?

GRACE: I'm going to see him.

PAMELA: Why -

BRYONY: What did I just tell you to do?

CLIVE: Degracious Melé, don't you go anywhere near that door -

THE DOOR OPENS LOUDLY IN THE  
CORRIDOR. WARREN STEPS IN AND  
STARTS TO TAKE OFF HIS HEAVY  
COAT, HAT AND GLOVES.

WARREN: Hello everyone!

GORDON: Hi Warren!

CLIVE: You stupid arsehole.

WARREN: Clive, it's fine, I just went for a walk.

GRACE: Warren, it's me, Doctor Melé.

PAMELA: *Doctor Melé?!*

CLIVE: You could've slipped over on the ice and broke your fucking head, you could've got hypothermia and fucking died -

PAMELA: That's literally not possible.

BRYONY: He has cryoprotectant for blood, Clive.

WARREN: That's sweet of you, Clive.

CLIVE: I don't give a shit about you, you dozy prick, I'll eat your fucking teeth -

WARREN: That's more like it.

BRYONY: Downstairs. Everyone. Walk.

EVERYONE STARTS HERDING  
TOWARDS THE STAIRCASE.

GRACE: Warren, I understand this must be a trying time, now tell me, how do you feel at this mome-

WARREN: Could you take my coat? Gordon -

GORDON: I'm here, do you need to take my arm?

WARREN: I'm good, can you just hold on to my gloves -

GORDON: Yeah, where's your comm -

WARREN: Oh, I lost that somewhere.

CLIVE: He lost it.

WARREN: Could you make sure they go on a radiator? I don't want them getting damp.

GORDON: Uh, yeah...

WARREN: Seriously, they'll smell otherwise.

GORDON: Okay.

CLIVE: Bryony, you really think you've got this shit under control?

BRYONY: Oddly enough, it only got like this after you arrived.

CLIVE: Oh this is me, is it?

BRYONY: He's here, he's fine.

CLIVE: You need more people here.

BRYONY: I need the right people here!

GRACE: I'm doing my best.

PAMELA: You're doing too much.

GRACE: You can never do too much. You see this is why you'll never be on top.

PAMELA: Oh shut up. You're not the Wolf of Wall Street.

GORDON: Warren, where did you go?

WARREN: Nowhere, nowhere. Just... just look after those gloves, they look expensive.

GORDON: Okay, okay.

THEY EMERGE IN THE LOWER LEVEL.

GORDON: What are we even doing back down here? He needs to rest.

BRYONY: Grace, I told you to get things set up. Do I have to ask you again?

GRACE: Set up set up?

GORDON: Wait what are we -

WARREN: I'm fine with it, I'd just like to talk to you all -

PAMELA: Dr Halbech are we - do you want him back in hypersleep?

BRYONY: I thought that was obvious.

CLIVE: Wh... What?

BRYONY: Is it not obvious?

CLIVE: Look, I want to punish the little piss drinker as much as you -

WARREN: Piss drinker?

GORDON: I thought that was me?

WARREN: You what?

GORDON: Clive's getting tired.

GRACE: Do you actually drink urine?

PAMELA: No one drinks urine.

CLIVE: They both drink urine and they love it! Halbech, we need this guy in one piece -

BRYONY: He's fine, the work continues -

GRACE: I do love it when she talks like that.

PAMELA: Grace, you suck.

THEY HAVE REACHED THE CRYOSUITE.

WARREN: Can I talk to you all?

BRYONY: Pam he needs a new line, sit him down.

WARREN: I can sit myself down, that's fine.

GRACE: The kit's here.

PAMELA: She asked me. And that's the tracheostomy tray.

GRACE: There's lines in the top drawer.

CLIVE: This guy is the golden fucking egg, Bryony, you keep that golden egg polished and nice, in a special box with some soft padding in it -

BRYONY: We have the most special box on Earth. His box costs more than your house.

CLIVE: You're supposed to dip that egg in glitter, you don't roll it in shit right before you...take it to market!

BRYONY: That was a smorgasbord of mixed metaphors.

GRACE: A meta..phorgasbord.

PAMELA: ...what?

WARREN: Okay guys.

WARREN PICKS UP SOMETHING FROM  
THE TRAY.

GORDON: Warren, what are you doing?

CLIVE: This was always your plan? Put him straight back in?

BRYONY: Yes.

PAMELA: Warren, that's the scalpel, you can put that down.

WARREN: Guys, uh...

CLIVE: I don't believe you.

BRYONY: I'm heartbroken by that news.

WARREN: Guys, this uh, I don't know how to say it, it's silly.

GORDON: Warren?

PAMELA: Everyone be quiet.

GRACE: The machine's warming up.

BRYONY: Well, let's get going.

WARREN BANGS THE TROLLEY  
LOUDLY.

WARREN: Everyone. I'm sorry. I just need to talk to you.

CLIVE: What the fuck is he doin -

GRACE: Back up, back up he's got a knife.

GORDON: Warren, I think you need to relax -

WARREN: I'm totally relaxed, that's the point. I'm Darmok and Jalad at Tinagre.

GRACE: What?

PAMELA: Is that a Star Trek reference?

GORDON: That's a Next Generation reference, yeah.

CLIVE: You fucking people. If you love the fucking 90s so much I'll get Chesney Hawkes to marry you both. You can do the fucking Bartman together while I drown you in Sunny Delight.

WARREN: I'm trying to say... it sounds ridiculous. This is a hostage situation.

CLIVE: A what?

GRACE: How are you going to hold us hostage?

WARREN: Oh no. I mean. I'm holding myself hostage. Look like this.

WITHOUT WARNING WARREN PLUNGES  
THE SCALPEL STRAIGHT THROUGH HIS  
OWN HAND. EVERYONE SCREAMS AND  
REACTS, EXCEPT BRYONY.

CLIVE: Jesus fucking Chri-

PAMELA: Oh my god!

GRACE: Argh! Fuck!

GORDON: Warren, what are you doing!

PAMELA: Oh my gosh!

CLIVE: This is what I'm talking about.

BRYONY: I wouldn't worry about it.

CLIVE: Who's worried? He's just put a scalpel through his bloody hand. Godby I swear to the god of fuck, if you don't pull your shit together –

WARREN: I know I know I know. You'll grind my brains into caviar, you'll drape your iron balls around my neck and bang them against my skull like a Newton's cradle until my teeth fall out. It's all very intimidating. But it's unnecessary. What I'm saying is, I'm happy to do it. I'm... I'm happy to go back in the special box, I don't mind.

GRACE HAS MADE A MOVEMENT  
TOWARDS WARREN.

GRACE: Warren, listen it's me -

WARREN: Whoa whoa whoa Dr Melé, back up or I'll push this right through my fucking neck. I'm not fussed. I'm really not fussed. I'm just saying, I'm happy to help, but frankly, at this stage, it kind of seems like you need me more than I need you. Without me you're all just idiots in the snow. So, I have some requests. Is that cool?

BRYONY: Go ahead.

WARREN: Thank - thank you. Right! Stop being so mean to Gordon. He's here to help you. Even though you basically kidnapped him. You just don't have to be so mean to him. Alright?

BRYONY: Alright.

WARREN: Okay. So, so. What else do we want? Gordon, er... what else do we want?

GORDON: Wait... what do we wa -

WARREN: Teabags. I don't know what bulk discount you got on whatever the one you have is, but yeah that's false economy, really -

GRACE: The tea is bad.

WARREN: Yes. So, decent tea. And food. Decent food. Not just this vanilla vitamin dust that we have to drink, some actual good food. I mean ready meals are fine. Let's be reasonable. But we need some treats. Er... Bakewell tarts, yeah a bunch of that stuff actually, cherry Bakewells, fondant fancies, Battenbergs -

GORDON: Oh I... I hate Battenbergs.

WARREN: You hate – I mean do you think I could have some cakes that I want? For for being cryonically frozen, is that okay?

GORDON: Yeah yeah yeah no of course.

WARREN: I mean, I'm negotiating here. I mean... What do you want?

GORDON: I like penguins.

WARREN: Penguins?

GRACE: You're shooting for the moon a bit there mate.

GORDON: No, the chocolate. Penguin bars.

PAMELA: With the jokes on the back.

GORDON: Yes.

WARREN: Penguins. Fine. And when you guys come up to visit in your fancy helicopter, I don't think it's too much to ask that you bring pizzas. I mean so, it's a treat.

BRYONY: Right.

WARREN: Okay.

CLIVE: You finished?

WARREN: And a tortoise. For Gordon. A real fucking tortoise, and all the stuff you need to look after one, the, uh, well, I mean it's not an aquarium is it -

BRYONY: Vivarium.

WARREN: Yeah that, Vivarium. And the hot lamp thing, whatever it is they eat. A good one. From a reputable tortoise tradesperson.

BRYONY: Fine.

WARREN: Fine.

GORDON: Thanks Warren.

WARREN: Yeah... Don't worry about it. Good. Good. So er... yeah I mean... I'll just -

COMMOTION.

PAMELA: Don't pull it out!

GRACE: Fuck it!

WARREN: Oh. Can we - uh -

PAMELA: Put pressure on it. Grace we'll need to ultrasound it, Gordon there's iodine over there -

BRYONY: No, lets bandage it and take him down.

PAMELA: We have to close the wound -

BRYONY: We'll do that when he next emerges.

GORDON: What?

CLIVE: What are you doing Halbech?

BRYONY: The treatment could be revolutionary for emergency medical techniques. Extreme hypothermic treatment could drastically increase the time for clinicians to treat life-threatening injuries. It's a good chance to test it.

CLIVE: Are you out of your mind?

BRYONY: Unless you'd like him shot? We do have a gun in the safe.

GORDON: You have a *gun in the safe*?

CLIVE: Right, put him to bed. Then we need to talk.

BRYONY: Of course. Grace, do the safe to fly list on the pod. Pamela, get the saline ready. Gordon, can you dress that wound for now? Warren.

WARREN: Bryony.

BRYONY: You know the way.

CUT.

**SCENE 3**

**2064. THE RECORDS ROOM.**

AUBREY: Stop.

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

AUBREY: No, I wouldn't.

HESTER: Jesus, Aubrey.

AUBREY: Hester, bloody hell. How long have you been standing there?

HESTER: Long enough to hear Warren put a knife through his hand.

AUBREY: I told you what he'd been through. What Halbech was doing to him.

HESTER: I know. I just...hadn't heard it in so long. I'd forgotten how upsetting it is.

AUBREY: I know.

**A BEAT AS HESTER REALISES  
SOMETHING.**

HESTER: Fucking hell.

AUBREY: What?

HESTER: His hand...when I was helping put his IV back in, I saw it...the wound on his hand. It hasn't even scarred over yet.

AUBREY: You get why I'm listening to all this now. It was just a few weeks ago for him.

HESTER DROPS INTO A CHAIR.

HESTER: I'd forgotten what this felt like. The utter mind fuck of hypersleep.

AUBREY: We've all been there.

HESTER: Not like this.

AUBREY: He's not the first person to arrive who's been through trauma.

HESTER: Only he didn't arrive, did he. We did. He's been here all this time buried in a mountainside. And this is what's fresh in his mind.

AUBREY MOVES FROM HER DESK TO  
HESTER'S CHAIR, CROUCHING DOWN  
AND TAKING HER HAND.

AUBREY: This is going to work. Just the Kontinue treatment alone will be having a therapeutic effect on his brain chemistry. For better or worse, this is what Halbech's treatment does.

HESTER: Beyond the science bullshit though. Can we give him what he actually needs? Which is a safe space, a support network, friends...

AUBREY: I don't know. You're the one who's supposed to walk in here and give me the reassurance. You're the brick, and I'm the balloon tied to it, that's what you used to say.

HESTER: Even bricks get to freak out occasionally, my love.

AUBREY: It's going to be okay.

HESTER MAKES A SKEPTICAL NOISE.

AUBREY: It's *probably* going to be okay. We're going to leave this place, we're going to move on, like we've done before, and we'll build something new. And Warren can decide for himself whether he wants to be a part of it.

HESTER: You really think we're going, don't you?

AUBREY: I do.

HESTER: You are a bloody balloon.

AUBREY: Then thank goodness I'm tied to you.

CUT.

**SCENE 4**

2020. THE RECORDS ROOM. GORDON  
SITS AT HIS DESK.

GORDON: It's really late. I'm sat in the Records room because I'm currently listening to the contents of the USB stick that was tucked into Warren's glove.

AN EXCERPT OF WARREN'S MEETING  
WITH AUBREY PLAYS.

GORDON: Warren's been put back into hypersleep. No bedside chat to reassure each other this time. But I don't think he needed it. He looked totally calm. Bleeding with a hole in his hand, that he did to himself. I looked over at Clive and for the first and surely only time ever we both had the exact same expression, which is perhaps the scariest thing that's happened to me since I first got here. Then Bryony kicked us both out. Clive ordered his helicopter and was gone in an hour. So, I'm alone again.

THE EXCERPT OF WARREN'S MEETING  
WITH AUBREY CONTINUES.

GORDON: Oh my God, the comm!

HE TAKES OUT HIS COMM AND PLACES  
IT ON THE TABLE. HE TURNS IT ON. IT  
CRACKLES WITH STATIC. HE WAITS  
FOR A MOMENT, THEN PUSHES THE  
BUTTON TO TALK.

GORDON: Aubrey?

A LONG MOMENT OF STATIC.

GORDON: Aubrey?

AUBREY: Gordon?

END.