

RED VALLEY

SEASON 2 EPISODE 5

'A Thousand Tonnes of Rock'

by

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Character List

Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel
Dr Degracious (Grace) Melé	Daon Broni
Dr Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks
GORD	Alan Mandel
Hester Hiyashi	Susan Hingley

EPIISODE 5

SCENE 1

2020. GORDON AND WARREN ARE IN THE DISUSED MEDICAL BAY ON THE GROUND FLOOR, PLAYING REBOUNDS WITH A TENNIS BALL. THROUGHOUT THE SCENE THERE IS A CHANGE TO WARREN'S VOICE THAT HE'S TRYING TO HIDE - A FRAILTY. HE IS OCCASIONALLY SHORT OF BREATH AND HAS A PERSISTENT COUGH.

WARREN: So, the Pus Crank Christmas medley was called Beth-mayhem?

GORDON: O Little Town of Bethmayhem. We did several actually.

WARREN: Oh yeah, what were they called?

GORDON: God Rest Ye Metal Gentlemen.

WARREN: Good.

GORDON: The First No-Hell.

WARREN: That's very good!

GORDON: Good King Wencesthrash.

WARREN: Wencestrash?

GORDON: Yeah, I mean... It's harder than you think.

WARREN TAKES A MOMENT TO THINK.

WARREN: We Wish You A Metal Christmas.

GORDON: Um, no... Too easy.

WARREN MISHITS THE BALL.

GORDON: Oh, are you alright?

WARREN: Yeah, Yeah, I'm fine.

GORDON: Two shoots to me for that!

WARREN: I know.

GORDON HITS THE BALL, WARREN
TAKES HIS TURN ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

WARREN: While Shepherds Rocked Their Socks By Night!

GORDON: Um, yeah that one's better!

WARREN: The 12 Days of Crustmas.

GORDON: Yes!

CUT. WARREN AND GORDON PLAYING
GOLDENEYE.

WARREN: Would you rather...do a tiny shit every hour on the hour, or spend one week a year doing all your shits in one go?

GORDON: Is this during sleeping hours as well?

WARREN: For which? The every hour one?

GORDON: Yeah, yeah. No. Wait. No, both of them. I mean... you couldn't shit for a full week 24/7 without sleep.

WARREN: You get to sleep as normal.

GORDON: Okay umm... Would the week be exempt from annual leave or sick pay entitlements? Does this impact the whole human race or just me personally? I'd hate to lose a week of holiday just because I - Oh! Ha ha ha ha!

WARREN: Oh my God! Fuck sake.

GORDON: That is why you don't play as Baron Samedi on Goldeneye.

WARREN: He's the coolest one.

GORDON: Yeah, but his tophat still counts as his head so he has like 3 times the surface area for me to get a headshot.

WARREN: Well, yeah fine, let me be Mishkin then.

GORDON: No, I'm always Mishkin. You have everyone else to can be.

WARREN: But I would like to be Mishkin.

GORDON: No, you only want to be Mishkin cos you can't have him. I like the shape of his head.

WARREN: His head is square. They all have square heads.

GORDON: Come on!

WARREN: Oh oh look look, she's waddling, Gordon, she's waddling.

GORDON: Waffles! Hey!

WARREN: To be fair, I did think tortoises came bigger than that.

GORDON: She's only wee. She came out of an egg remember. She'll get bigger. Like shoebox kind of big.

WARREN: Do you like her?

GORDON: She's my daughter now. Aren't you Waffles? Aren't yah! Ow! She pinched me! Didn't you! I can't believe they actually gave us a tortoise.

WARREN: Well, that is the almighty power I wield.

THE COMM CRACKLES.

GRACE: Warren, can we see you in the lab in 5 minutes, please? Over.

WARREN: That's a ten four. Over.

GORDON: A-ok.

WARREN: Roger Roger.

GRACE: What?

WARREN: Yep. Give me 5 minutes.

GRACE: That's what I said.

WARREN: I mean 10 minutes.

GORDON: Is that...is it time to -

WARREN: No, it's just more scans, I think.

THE COMMS GO AGAIN.

GRACE: Gordon, I need you to help Pamela with the saline. We need to top up the supply, there's not enough down here for another freeze and Bryony wants him in before 7 o'clock.

THEY PAUSE.

WARREN: Yeah er... We'll be there now.

GORDON: Warren, you've been out less than a week.

WARREN: Yeah well, they must be stepping it up.

GORDON: Look you know you don't have to actually -

WARREN: I know I know. I don't have to do anything.

AWKWARD SILENCE.

GORDON: Warren. Do you...do you like going into hypersleep?

WARREN: Well... I like being good at something.

GORDON: You're good at GoldenEye. And you don't have to risk your life every time you play it.

WARREN: You're gonna be here, when I get out?

GORDON: Always am.

WARREN: Well, if you're not, I get to be Mishkin. In perpetuity.

CUT.

SCENE 2

AUBREY, IN HER VAN, HIDDEN NOT FAR FROM THE STATION. IT'S COLD AND RAINING BUT SHE'S STOOD WITH THE DOOR TO THE VAN OPEN. HER LITTLE KETTLE HAS BOILED. SHE POURS A CUP AND BLOWS ON IT IMPATIENTLY. EVENTUALLY A LITTLE ALARM GOES OFF. SHE PICKS UP THE COMM SHE GOT FROM WARREN AND TURNS IT ON. SHE CLICKS IT SIX TIMES. CLICK, STATIC. CLICK, STATIC. ONCE SHE'S AT CHANNEL SIX SHE STOPS, AND WAITS. EVENTUALLY THE COMM CRACKLES TO LIFE.

GORDON: Hello?

AUBREY: Hi Gordon.

GORDON: Aubrey?

AUBREY: Yes, it's still me. How are you?

GORDON: I am freezing.

AUBREY: I'm sure there's plenty of places you could go inside where they wouldn't walk in on you.

GORDON: I don't trust anywhere inside. I don't really trust being outside. I don't know how long I can get away with this Aubrey. I can only pretend to inspect the guttering so many times.

AUBREY: To be honest you shouldn't be pretending. The icicles that build up on those gutters are lethal. They're like stalactites. I remember one broke off when Ben was carrying some equipment and bumped into a wall, I swear it would've gone straight through his head if it had hit him.

GORDON: Maybe I shouldn't stand beneath them then.

A PAUSE.

GORDON: Aubrey?

AUBREY: I'm sorry. I just...I just can't believe he's dead. Ben. I mean I can, of course I can. It's why we were so careful all this time. We knew what they would do to us if they found us. I mean, I had to assume when he went quiet on me that they'd got to him. I just... I just can't believe he's been down there in one of those bloody pods. For Bryony to play with like he's a...

GORDON: Teddy bear?

AUBREY: Alright Gordon.

GORDON: At least you know it's equal opportunities butchery round here. Anyone's head can be sawn off.

AUBREY: Ben Thomas was a lot of things but don't forget he helped you get all the information you were searching for on Red Valley, just like me.

GORDON: You're right. I'm sorry. And I'm sorry about Ben Thomas. He was your friend.

AUBREY: Well, let's not carried away, he was a twat. How's Warren?

GORDON: He went back in tonight.

AUBREY: Again? But it's only been -

GORDON: Five days. He's only been out of the lab for 3. This is the 5th time he's been in.

AUBREY: Why's she doing that?

GORDON: It's madness, isn't it? Clive Schill is right. If Warren's what you said he was, when he was in your van, you said he was the most valuable commodity Overhead could ever have. Why is she putting him at such risk if he's the golden egg?

AUBREY: Gordon, I need to know what she's doing in there.

GORDON: I don't know what she's doing. Not the important stuff, I could never understand it.

AUBREY: But you're archiving for her as she goes, right? So you have access to the data?

GORDON: Yeah, she makes me catalogue everything.

AUBREY: Gordon, I need you to get as much of that as possible on to a storage device and take it into the tunnel.

GORDON: What?

AUBREY: You can do it. Say you're...exploring. For your archiving or whatever. Head down the tunnel, go all the way to the reactor housing, leave it somewhere conspicuous.

GORDON: And what's going to happen to it in there?

AUBREY: There's another way into the tunnel. From the other side of the Ballbag.

GORDON: There's...other mines that were supposed to be connected to it -

AUBREY: So, you've seen the plans then?

GORDON: Yes, but...how do you know they're even built, or safe?

AUBREY: I've been poking around one of them. It went really far.

GORDON: How far?

AUBREY: I don't know, I got scared and came back out again.

GORDON: I don't know about this Aubrey.

AUBREY: Look it's risky enough me even being this close so we can talk over the comm. The weather won't always be able to hide me so well. You can't come out and meet me. And frankly, if we're seriously talking about getting both of you out of there one day, we need to know whether that tunnel is a viable way in and out of the station. I thought you'd jump at the chance.

GORDON: To go down the terrifying tunnel built from an ancient granite mine into the middle of a mountain? Yeah... Sounds thrilling.

AUBREY: Gordon, it's not a dungeon. Your end is fine, it's totally safe. It's wired in, there's lights, it's fine. It's a fascinating concept actually.

GORDON: Well, send Grand Designs down there then.

AUBREY: Will you do it?

GORDON: I'm not going down there on my own. I'll take Warren when he next comes out.

AUBREY: But we don't know how long that could be. It could be weeks for all we know.

GORDON: I doubt it. Look, I'm not confronting a genuine phobia of being crushed by a thousand tonnes of rock by myself. Have you ever seen The Descent?

AUBREY: No.

GORDON: Neither have I. For that exact reason.

AUBREY: Very few people get the opportunity to face a phobia as specific as that. It could be a real breakthrough for you.

GORDON: I don't know if I like you, Aubrey.

AUBREY: Or you'll go down in history as the first man crushed to death by a ballbag.

CUT.

SCENE 3

SOME TIME HAS PASSED. WARREN
AND GORDON ARE AT THE ENTRANCE
OF THE TUNNEL INTO THE MOUNTAIN.

GORDON: And you've got more batteries for your torch?

WARREN: Er... Yes.

GORDON: Did you bring snacks?

WARREN: Snacks?

GORDON: Yeah.

WARREN: How long do you think this tunnel is?

GORDON: It runs all the way into the mountain. Who knows.

WARREN: What's in your bag? I thought it was, like, recording equipment.

GORDON: It's just stuff -

WARREN: Is that a sleeping mat?

GORDON: I'm anxious about it, Warren.

WARREN: This was your idea. We don't have to go in. Who cares what's in there? I'll get the door.

WARREN OPENS THE DOOR TO THE TUNNEL. IT'S MASSIVE AND HEAVY.

WARREN: Oh my God, it's heavy.

GRUNTS WITH THE EFFORT.

WARREN: Oh my God, do you have to speak Parseltongue to open this?

GORDON: Let me help.

WARREN: I've got it.

GORDON: Look I can help -

WARREN: I said I've got it.

IT FINALLY GIVES AND WARREN DRAGS IT'S HEAVY WEIGHT SO ITS FULLY OPEN. WARREN IS EXHAUSTED AT THE EFFORT.

GORDON: Warren. You've only been out of the lab a day, this is probably really stupid.

WARREN: We don't do these things because they're easy, but because they're hard.

GORDON: Was that JFK?

WARREN: Well yeah... that's my best impression. This is this is very cool and scary, isn't it?

GORDON: Are you sure you're okay?

WARREN: I'm fine. Are *you* okay?

GORDON: Prop the door with that bin would you.

CUT. THEY ARE A LITTLE WHILE INTO
THE TUNNEL.

GORDON: Did the lights just flicker?

WARREN: No, it was me, just messing about with the torch. Be cool.

GORDON: I am cool.

WARREN: So. There *isn't* a prototype small micro -

GORDON: Small modular reactor.

WARREN: Yeah, right. So, there isn't one.

GORDON: No, no, it was just like the seed vault. They built everything for it but never saw it through.

WARREN: Or maybe it was another smoke screen to hide something else.

GORDON: I don't think we'd be able to get in so easily if that was the case. Overhead wouldn't just leave the door unlocked if they had a cloned Triceratops down here or something.

WARREN: But how else would it feed, Gordon. It needs to feed. And it only eats...archivists.

GORDON: Shut up.

THEY WALK ON SILENTLY FOR A
MOMENT.

WARREN: So, have you heard any more from, Aubrey?

GORDON: Yeah, I spoke to her the other night. While you were hypersleeping.

WARREN: You know you don't have to whisper down here.

GORDON: Considering how we got in this predicament you're very laissez-faire about being overheard.

WARREN: What did she say?

GORDON: Not a lot. She mainly wants to hear about you of course.

WARREN: Well, I am kind of a big deal.

GORDON: I'll be honest with you, Warren. We're going down here because I'm leaving a data stick for Aubrey to pick up. She wants to see all of Bryony's work on you.

WARREN: What? That is wild!

GORDON: She wants to know what is happening with you so she can help. Are you angry?

WARREN: Why would I be angry? That's some covert shit. I thought it was a bit mad to be coming down here for a day out when you're clearly bricking it.

GORDON: I just thought. I mean it's your confidential information, you know.

WARREN: I think we're a bit past that, aren't we? How is she collecting it?

GORDON: Well, she says there is another exit. It must be one of the disused mining tunnels from the other side of the mountain. It's much further from her end but she's confident she can make it.

WARREN: Wow. All of this going on while I'm in hypersleep. What else do you guys get up to?

GORDON: Nothing really. When you're frozen and everyone else is gone it's a bit...

WARREN: What?

GORDON: It's... just nice to talk to someone.

WARREN: Right. I mean... I hoped the tortoise would be good for you but, I appreciate she probably doesn't talk very much.

GORDON: Hey, look I trust Waffles. I still don't know if we can trust Aubrey. We don't know her. Not really. I just think we have to take the risk.

WARREN: Sure. Why not. I don't think anyone knows anyone to be honest.

THEY WALK ON A LITTLE LONGER.

WARREN: Would you rather have the head of a dolphin, or the tail of a dolphin?

CUT. THEY'VE REACHED THE END OF THE TUNNEL. A FAIRLY LARGE HOLLOWED OUT SPACE. THEIR VOICES ECHO A BIT.

WARREN: I think, this is it.

GORDON: Yeah. Great isn't it.

WARREN: I guess. It's got a kind of Batcave feel to it.

A RUSTLE OF BISCUIT WRAPPERS.

GORDON: Custard cream?

WARREN TAKES ONE.

WARREN: So, it doesn't...do anything else. It's just this empty space.

GORDON: Well, I mean... it's not empty. Look, this is where the reactor was going to go. You could deliver it on a couple of trucks, trolley it down here, assemble on site. It could run the station easily, the plan was it could actually run a whole community. That's what the pamphlet said anyway. Maybe it was all made up.

WARREN: Yeah right, So, umm... where are you going to leave all my deepest, darkest secrets?

GORDON: Oh yeah.

GORDON PULLS OUT A BAKED BEAN
TIN.

GORDON: In one conspicuous tin of baked beans.

GORDON PULLS OUT ONE MORE
SMALL PACKAGE.

WARREN: Wait, is that one of our Bakewell tarts?

GORDON: You said she liked Bakewell tart.

WARREN: I said she gave *me* Bakewell tart.

GORDON: Do you want me to take it back?

WARREN: No. Can we go? I'm cold.

GORDON: Sure.

CUT. THEY'RE WALKING BACK.
WARREN STOPS WITH A COUGHING
FIT.

GORDON: Are you okay?

WARREN: Yep. Just hang on.

GORDON HAS SHONE HIS TORCH
DIRECTLY AT WARREN.

WARREN: Hey, just get your torch out of my eyes.

GORDON: You're coughing blood.

WARREN: Oh. It's just a little blood.

GORDON: Warren.

WARREN: Look let's get back.

GORDON: Warren, we need to talk about this. While we're able to.

WARREN: What do you mean?

GORDON: I don't know when we'll get a chance to talk without Bryony on your shoulder while you're... well, while you're in a good mood.

WARREN: In a good mood?

GORDON: You know what I mean.

WARREN: I don't want to do this.

GORDON: *You* don't want to do this? How do you think I feel?

WARREN: Yeah, you seem like you're having a really bad time.

GORDON: What?

WARREN: Don't pretend this whole set up isn't your dream job, Gordon.

WARREN BEGINS TO WALK AWAY.

GORDON: Hey! I've spent the last few weeks scared out of my mind. For both of us. And all of the time I've been trying to...manage you. You're happy as Larry one minute, furious or upset the next. I've heard you scream in the night, I've heard you crying in the mornings. Do you think this is fun for me?

WARREN: Plenty of material for your archive, Gordon.

GORDON: I watched you run a scalpel through your own hand! And you barely flinched. I watch you over and over, you walk off to go back into that pod not knowing if you're going to come back out again and there's almost a spring in your step. It's obviously affecting you. Look... you've lost weight, you're pale as milk, you're coughing up blood. Bryony treats you worse than a lab rat. I... I just don't understand. Do you want...do you want to not make it out? Is that it?

WARREN: How's your memoir coming along?

GORDON: What?

WARREN: Your memoir, the one I found in the car on the way here. Do you remember? What was it called?

GORDON: Why do you want to talk about that?

WARREN: What was it called?

GORDON: Warren-

WARREN: It was called 'You Can't Freeze a Soul - My Journey Into The Cryonic Void'. Would you care to elaborate on that choice of title?

GORDON: Warren, look, I never thought successful cryonic preservation could exist, I thought it was a joke science -

WARREN: I would love to hear your ruminations on the nature of my soul, Gordon. Or do you just think I don't have one. Like every other nameless convict thrown on Overhead's conveyor belt of horrors. Don't tell me you don't lean in when Bryony starts using those long words. Don't tell me, that if the chips hadn't fallen a little bit differently, I wouldn't be just another tape for you to play to a different schmuck from Accounts in that fucking car park in the rain. If there is a spring in my step when I go into the cryosuite, it's because when I get in that pod I go nowhere. I think of nothing. I simply am not. And every time I go in, I have that sliver of hope that if I do come out, the world might be a different place, and I might be a different person. It hasn't happened yet, so yeah, sometimes, I am pretty disappointed when I come round. I'm sorry if that's bummed you out a couple of times on the way for your morning slash.

SILENCE.

WARREN: Yeah, I'm done, do you want to storm off or shall I?

GORDON: You can go.

WARREN: No, no, you don't like being down here on your own. You go.

GORDON: Okay.

CUT.

SCENE 4

AUBREY IS MAKING HER WAY OUT OF
HER END OF THE TUNNEL. SHE IS
EXHAUSTED AND ELATED.

AUBREY: Oh thank God! Daylight! Sweet overcast freezing
daylight! Right, right, so -

SHE PULLS OUT HER PHONE TO LOOK
AT HER MEASUREMENTS.

AUBREY: - that was 2 hours to get in, 1 hour 40 to get back,
17,464 steps. Jesus.

SHE DRAGS HERSELF BACK TO THE
VAN, PARKED AT THE MOUTH OF THE
TUNNEL. SHE GETS IN, REMOVING HER
JACKET AND HAT, COLLAPSING INTO A
SEAT.

AUBREY: Bloody hell. Right. It's 15:30. I have the data. I'll
look at it now.

SHE PAUSES.

AUBREY: Actually, I'm going to have a nap. And then I'll look
at it.

CUT. HOURS HAVE PASSED. QUIET IN THE VAN. IT'S NIGHT. SUDDENLY THE COMM BURSTS TO LIFE, WAKING AUBREY WITH A START.

GORDON: Aubrey? Aubrey?

AUBREY: Christ, what time is it...

SHE LURCHES TO TURN ON A LIGHT, KNOCKING A WATER BOTTLE OVER WITH A CLATTER.

AUBREY: Shit. Hello? Gordon?

GORDON: You're there.

AUBREY: Yes, I'm here. Sorry, I fell asleep. What time is it?

GORDON: It's a little after midnight.

AUBREY: Midnight?! How the hell is it...bloody hell, I was more tired than I thought. Gordon, Gordon, I did it. I've got it. I've got the data.

GORDON: That's brilliant Aubrey.

AUBREY: I haven't looked yet. But I'm all over it. I've had my nights sleep already apparently. But the tunnel is almost completely safe, it's a bit twisty and turny, and a bit dark and spooky, but it's there, it runs straight into the reactor room. Or cave, or whatever it is. And there was your bloody baked bean tin! I sat and ate half that Bakewell tart on the spot. Thank you, Gordon. It must've been hard.

GORDON: Yeah.

AUBREY: Gordon, wha... what's wrong?

GORDON: She put him back in again.

AUBREY: Oh, God.

GORDON: We got out of the tunnel. We'd had a falling out. I'm just trying to look out for him, Aubrey, he was coughing up blood. I should never have taken him down there, it was just because I was too bloody frightened to do it on my own...

AUBREY: What happened?

GORDON: She was waiting for us. At the entrance. Told us off like we were kids staying out too late. I tried to protest but they acted like I wasn't even there, trying to stare each other out. And off they went. He's already in the pod.

AUBREY: We're going to do this, Gordon. We're going to save him. Alright?

GORDON: Alright.

AUBREY: We can do this. You and me.

GORDON: Alright.

AUBREY: I mean, mainly me. But you can help.

GORDON: Thanks.

AUBREY: Well, I'm up now. You want to play cards or something?

CUT.

SCENE 5

2064. AUBREY IS IN THE QUARANTINE SUITE.

AUBREY: Stop.

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

A LONG PAUSE BEFORE AUBREY ANSWERS.

GORD: Would you like me to play the ne -

AUBREY: No.

GORD: Would you like to talk about your feelings?

AUBREY: No.

ANOTHER PAUSE.

GORD: There's a patch coming through from Hester.

AUBREY: Sure.

HESTER: Hey. How you doing?

AUBREY: It's after 3, why are you awake?

HESTER: Do either of us really sleep any more?

AUBREY: Your shift's at 7 though.

HESTER: How is he?

AUBREY: Warren Godby has been out for the count for the last 4 hours. I have been watching him snore for a very long time. Thank God the quarantine glass is so thick.

HESTER: How'd the evening go?

AUBREY: The same. Still confused. I thought it wouldn't take this long for him to come round.

HESTER: Hey, don't start that big brain going. We knew it was going to be a different emergence to any other. He'll be fine. It's just taking longer.

AUBREY: I know. I want you to sleep, okay?

HESTER: Okay.

AUBREY: See you in a bit.

HESTER: Goodnight.

HESTER PATCHES OFF.

AUBREY: Alright, Warren. Visiting time is over. Time for cards with Gordon.

AUBREY GETS UP FROM HER CHAIR WITH SOME EFFORT AND WALKS TO THE DOOR. SHE PULLS IT OPEN AND WALKS A SHORT DISTANCE DOWN AN ECHOEY CORRIDOR TO ANOTHER ROOM. THE CRYOSUITE. SHE HAS TO USE A FINGERPRINT READER TO ENTER. SHE PLACES HER FINGER ON A PAD AND IT BEEPS. GORD'S VOICE IS ECHOEY IN THE CORRIDOR.

GORD: Fingerprint verified. Wood, Aubrey Jane. Cryosuite.

THE DOOR OPENS WITH A HEAVY CLUNK.

AUBREY: Feels a bit much.

GORD: You're responsible for setting up security, not me.

AUBREY: Good point.

SHE STEPS FURTHER INTO THE ROOM. LITTLE BEEP BOOPS IN THE BACKGROUND.

AUBREY: This is weird.

GORD: Which part?

AUBREY: I haven't been in here since I changed your voice. I'm looking at Gordon in his cryopod and talking to him at the same time.

GORD: You're talking to a vir -

AUBREY: Yes, I know. But you understand how that might be weird.

GORD: I appreciate the dichotomy.

AUBREY SIGHS IRRITABLY AND WALKS
AROUND THE POD TO ASSESS IT.

AUBREY: How are his readouts doing?

GORD: The self-diagnostics on Gordon's cryopod repeat every 12 hours. Nothing has been outside of acceptable parameters.

AUBREY: And the generator, how's the backup?

GORD: Grace carried out the monthly backup generator service on the 30th with no issues. This was in last week's report.

AUBREY: Yes. Thank you.

PAUSE. AUBREY SPEAKS A LITTLE QUIETER, DIRECTLY AT THE CRYOPOD IN FRONT OF HER.

AUBREY: I know all the fuss is going on in Quarantine next door. I just don't want you to think we've forgotten about you, Gordon.

SHE PULLS A DECK OF PLAYING CARDS FROM HER POCKET.

AUBREY: Right. We're going to play Bastard.

GORD'S VOICE HAS REMAINED NEAR THE DOOR RATHER THAN COME CLOSER. HE RAISES HIS VOICE A LITTLE TO REACH HER.

GORD: Did you know that card game is also called Shithead?

AUBREY: Did you know that *you* are also called Shithead?

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

AUBREY: You know me too well.

SHE DEALS.

END.