

RED VALLEY

SEASON 2 EPISODE 6

'Once More Unto The Breach'

by

Jonathan Williams

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Character List

Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel
Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
Dr Pamela Jennings	Rachel Fowler
Dr Bryony Halbech	May Cunningham
Dr Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks
Dr Degracious (Grace) Melé	Daon Broni
Pension	Oliver James Parkins
Broadband	Sam Cartwright
Gym	Elin Eaton
Occupational Health	Kelsey Griffin
Doug Holder	John Lynch
Emily Godby	Rosie Owen
Clive Schill	Alexander Broad

EPISODE 6

SCENE 1

STATIC. GORDON, AT THE CRACKLY
END OF A COMM. A LONG SIGH.

GORDON: Aubrey. Things have...escalated.

CUT TO GORDON AND PAMELA
STANDING OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE.
WARREN IS ON THE ROOF,
ENTHUSIASTICALLY SMASHING TILES
WITH A GOLF CLUB AND SCREAM
SINGING MORIOR INVICTUS.

GORDON: Warren? Warren!

WARREN: LET'S ALL GO TO BED. FOR AT DAWN WE
RISE DA DA DA DA DA.

PAMELA: How did he get on the roof?

GORDON: I don't know.

PAMELA: Where did he even find a golf club?

GORDON: I don't know.

PAMELA: What's he talking about?

GORDON: It's a song my old band used to play. He's not really doing it justice.

WARREN: TO FIGHT, TO STRIKE, TO FIGHT, TO STRIKE AND YIIIIIEEELD -

GORDON: Those aren't the right words. He was agitated but then it just went...I don't even know what this is.

WARREN CARRIES ON AS GORDON
GOES TO HIS COMM.

GORDON: Bryony! Come in Bryony!

WARREN: EAT SHIT. EAT SHIIIIIIIIIT. EAT SHIT-

PAMELA: What did you do? Why does he want you to eat shit?

GORDON: He's not shouting at me. He was talking about Bryony first, then Clive, and then his family, I couldn't keep up -

WARREN: IN VICTORY WE'LL RISE AGAAAAIN-

GORDON: Fucking hell, watch out, he's got a tile loose.

A ROOF TILE PLUMMETS FROM THE FARMHOUSE AND SHATTERS ON THE GROUND. THEY BOTH JUMP BACK AND YELP.

GORDON: Bryony! Look for God's sake, are we going to do something about this?

BRYONY: Gordon, I'm busy. I'm sure you can handle it.

GORDON: Does it sound like I'm able to handle it?

HE HOLDS THE COMM UP FOR BRYONY TO HEAR THE RACKET AS ANOTHER TILE HITS THE GROUND.

WARREN: ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH!

PAMELA: Why's he pointing at us?

WARREN: ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH!

GORDON: Oh God, he's pointing at me, he wants me to -

WARREN: ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREEEEEEACH!

GORDON HALFHEARTEDLY DOES THE CALLBACK.

GORDON: Dear Friend!

WARREN: EAT SHIT!

GORDON: Well, I tried.

PAMELA: Your heart wasn't really in it.

GORDON: You're welcome to do the next one. Bryony!

BRYONY CRACKLES BACK.

BRYONY: You're the caretaker, Gordon. Take care.

SHE CLICKS OFF.

GORDON: Brilliant. Someone should go up there.

PAMELA: And who's that going to be?

GORDON: Who do you think can eat the most shit?

PAMELA: I'll call Grace.

WARREN: VICTORIOUS AND GLORIOUS AND -

GORDON: Oh God he's going for the high note.

WARREN: TRIUMPHAAAAAAAAAAA -

CUT. TO CREDITS.

SCENE 2

GORDON AGAIN. HIS END OF THE
COMM CHAT - HE'S IN THE RECORDS
ROOM. HE RELEASES THE COMM TALK
BUTTON.

AUBREY: Where's Warren now?

GORDON: He was starting to calm down. He climbed back in through his bedroom window so he could eat the fondant fancies I'd got for him. Somehow we got talking about his memory, it was stupid of me.

AUBREY: What happened?

GORDON: He wanted to show off how good his memory was, so he put Trading Places on and started screaming all of Dan Ackroyd's dialogue at me. The synchronicity was very impressive but after the first half hour it started to get uncomfortable, so I said I was going to the toilet and I never went back. He'll cool off. He'll probably be fine tomorrow. It's like whiplash. He'll go from one extreme to the other. And I'm just...well, I do nothing.

A PAUSE.

AUBREY: What's Bryony doing?

GORDON: Bryony? Who knows what she's doing? Giant levers, lightning bolts, mad scientist shit.

AUBREY: I mean her behaviour. Towards Warren.

GORDON: Why does that matter?

AUBREY: I wouldn't ask if it wasn't important -

GORDON: I hope you remember you're supposed to be working out a way of getting us all out of this, not settling your score with Bryony Halbech. You've had nearly two weeks with that data. You're the one with all the knowledge, the only other person I have to talk to about this is Waffles, and she's a tortoise, and all she wants to do is sleep and eat my playing cards -

AUBREY: Gordon. Calm down.

GORDON: She ate the seven of clubs the other day. Now what?

AUBREY: Just indulge me. The other day you were describing a... passive aggressive thing going on, a tension between Bryony and Warren, but Warren was still going along with everything she wants him to do...I'm just trying to understand.

GORDON: Well, it's gotten so much worse. She demeans him, she talks about him in the third person, about intimate details of his life, when he's in the room, when he's right there, making jokes at his expense. She's keeping Grace and Pam away from him more and more, limits the time I can spend with him on our own. It sounds ridiculous when I tell you like this, but every day is full of these micro aggressions and he's being put through this insane physical ordeal over and over again - he's been in and out of hypersleep, what, like seven times now? But Warren can't let her win the fight, so he never refuses her, like he never wants to show weakness. As if he's almost daring Bryony to go further. It's crazy.

AUBREY: And she's happy to do that. To go further.

GORDON: I heard her arguing with Pam about wanting to rupture Warren's femoral artery and then plugging the wound before putting him back in. And he's sat in the lab with them and he's like yeah, do it, I don't give a shit. So, she's like great, it's decided. As if she wants him to fail, to... well, I don't know die, even? And Warren...well, Warren doesn't think he deserves any better.

AUBREY: You care about him a lot don't you.

GORDON: Yes, I care about him. I know it might seem this way because we're alone out here, but we're the only person the other one has.

AUBREY: I understand.

PAUSE.

GORDON: I just don't know why she's trying so hard to damage him if he's meant to be the key to making all of this work.

AUBREY: Well, forget hypersleep for a moment and think how useful that technology could be in...a war zone, in an emergency room. Someone is brought in with a stab or gunshot wound. Those wounds are often perfectly treatable in and of themselves, there's just not enough time to do it. They bleed out. If you could slow down a patient's circulation, you could give the gift of time. It could change the face of emergency medicine.

GORDON: You might want to check your levels of enthusiasm there, Dr Wood.

AUBREY: Just because I'm not prepared to pay the price doesn't mean I don't still covet the benefits of the program. Bryony's hedging her bets. She's trying to get as much out of Warren while she still has the chance.

GORDON: I still don't understand what that has to do with her being so bloody cruel about it. And what do you mean while she still has the chance?

AUBREY: I'm just thinking aloud...give me some more time.

GORDON: I don't know how much longer I can manage this, Aubrey. I need your help.

AUBREY: I know. Trust me there's nothing else in my schedule. We're going to figure this out.

GORDON: I never felt like I had any control in this, not since the night we got here. But at least I had a fairly good idea of who wore the good hats and who wore the bad hats. I don't even know which hat I'm wearing any more. I don't even own a hat.

AUBREY: You're not a villain Gordon. You're the only person at Red Valley who didn't walk in voluntarily. You're as much of a prisoner as Warren is.

GORDON: But I help them. I do what they ask me to. Because... Bryony was right. It did fascinate me. Hypersleep. Cryonics. The more I learned the more I wanted and now I'm getting what I deserve.

AUBREY: Oh well... If you want to play Self-Pity Top Trumps: Cryonics Edition, I'll have you beat in every category.

GORDON: I know, I'm sorry.

AUBREY: So, instead we're going to play...

GORDON: Hang on a minute.

GORDON RIFLES THROUGH A BOX.

GORDON: How about Top Trumps: The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers Edition?

AUBREY: Have we not done that already?

GORDON: Oh no no no. There was a general Lord of the Rings pack that encompassed the whole trilogy but this one just focuses on The Two Towers.

AUBREY: Right.

GORDON: There's more orcs to make up the numbers. Like the one that puts meat back on the menu.

AUBREY: Okay.

GORDON: We can go back to the naval battleships pack. Or we can finally get started on Magic: The Gathering.

AUBREY: No, The Two Towers is fine. Waffles is adjudicating, I hope?

GORDON: Waffles is...Oh shit, Waffles is eating The Eye of Sauron.

AUBREY: That's one of the best cards in the deck!

GORDON: I know. I didn't think tortoises could be so sneaky.

CUT.

SCENE 3

NIGHT. GORDON'S ROOM. ON
HEADPHONES IS THE TINNY SOUND OF
PUS CRANK. THE DOOR KNOCKS.
GORDON REMOVES HIS HEADPHONES.

GORDON: Hello?

WARREN: Hey. You awake?

GORDON: Yeah

WARREN: I, uh. I can't sleep.

GORDON: Alright.

WARREN: Could I... could I take the floor in here.

GORDON: Sure. Here you can have a pillow.

WARREN: Thank you.

GORDON: My sleeping mat is just by my bag, if you want...

WARREN: Oh. Yeah. Thanks.

WARREN WALKS INTO THE BAG AND
FALLS OVER.

WARREN: Shit!

GORDON: Whoa!

WARREN: It's fine! It's fine. It's just dark. I umm... yeah I got it.

WARREN FUSSES WITH THE BEDDING
FOR A MOMENT THEN THEY LIE
QUIETLY.

WARREN: Umm... Sorry we had a fight.

GORDON: That's okay.

PAUSE.

GORDON: I do think you have a soul you know. In as much as I think anyone has one. It's an abstract concept.

WARREN: Thanks.

PAUSE.

WARREN: I'm sorry I said those things about you when we were in the tunnel. If it wasn't for you and your interest in all of this, I'd be here on my own. And I don't know how I'd manage that.

GORDON: Well, you weren't wrong. It is kind of my ideal job. Not because of the cryonics stuff though. I just...I just want to do something useful. And if helping you is useful, then, well.

WARREN: You're extremely...useful, Gordon.

GORDON: Thank you.

WARREN: Do you really think Aubrey Wood can help us?

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

WARREN: I don't think I'm alright, Gordon.

GORDON: I know.

WARREN: I don't think I want to do this anymore. I want to get out. I want us both to get out.

GORDON: Okay then.

WARREN: Okay then.

PAUSE.

WARREN: Would you rather have arms as long as your pubes, or pubes as long as your arms?

CUT.

SCENE 4

THE KITCHEN. GORDON AND WARREN
ARE HAVING BREAKFAST.

WARREN: Umm... Irish?

GORDON: No.

WARREN: Am I warm?

GORDON: Not even close.

WARREN: Sweden?

GORDON: Nope.

WARREN: It's a Scandi country though, isn't it. You have a certain Scandi look about you.

GORDON: Do I?

WARREN: Well... Chunky cardigans sit on you well.

GORDON: Nowhere near.

WARREN: Polish.

GORDON: Uh uh... Wrong hemisphere.

WARREN: Come on. You're paler than I am.

GORDON: No, I'm not.

WARREN: South African?

GORDON: Breakfast is served.

GORDON PUTS TWO PLATES DOWN.

WARREN: I really messed up when I made my list of demands, didn't I?

GORDON: Well... I think by taking you literally they made a passive aggressive move to reassert their authority in the situation. It's an act of immense pettiness on their part.

WARREN: I'm sorry. I really should've thought about breakfast.

GORDON: Ah come on... Microwave lasagna is fine any time of day. And Clive gets gourmet pizza when he helicopters over. 3 day old gourmet pizza is still good pizza.

WARREN: You know you're quite an optimist for one of the most cynical humans I've ever met.

GORDON: You know I could grate some Battenberg over the top if you like.

THEY BEGIN TO EAT.

WARREN: Costa Rican?

GORDON: You're saying that like it's a silly suggestion but that's actually the closest you've been.

WARREN: What?!

GORDON: It's the right continent.

WARREN: You're killing me. Come on.

GORDON: Brazilian.

WARREN: You're Brazilian?

GORDON: On my mother's side.

WARREN: Bollocks.

GORDON: I grew up in Rio.

WARREN: De Janeiro?

GORDON: No, Ferdinand. Yes, de Janeiro.

WARREN: Never happened.

GORDON: Cidade maravilhosa, coração do meu Brasil.

WARREN: I mean, that sounds impressive, but you forget I'm a philistine. That could be Elvish for all I know. It's more likely to be Elvish.

GORDON: It's Portuguese.

WARREN: How does that prove you're Brazilian?

GORDON: You *are* a philistine.

GRACE ENTERS THE ROOM.

GRACE: Warren -

WARREN: Did you know Gordon is half Brazilian? Isn't that crazy?

GRACE: Unhinged. We need you to do some life admin, Warren.

WARREN: I'm sorry?

GRACE STARTS LEAFING THROUGH A
PILE OF LETTERS.

GRACE: We've been able to cover for you so far but frankly none of us gets paid to deal with your...pension plan, your phone contract, your change of tax code...

WARREN: And what would you like me to do about it?

GRACE: We need you to call these people up and sort all of this out. They need to speak to you, not us. Your absence is starting to bring attention, and we need to keep that under control.

HE DROPS THE LETTERS ON THE
TABLE NEXT TO WARREN, WHO POKES
THROUGH THEM.

WARREN: I guess I kind of assumed when my whole life was revealed to be an elaborate facade, this kind of thing would be taken care of. I mean it's one of the few silver linings isn't it, when you're plucked out of society and dropped into a top-secret science experiment, maybe you don't have to deal with... hold on, why have I got to call the broadband provider?

BRYONY HAS ENTERED THE ROOM.

BRYONY: You're right, all the other bills were in my name and taken care of by Overhead, but if you remember we had a small argument because you felt emasculated that your wife was taking care of all the bills. So, I let you upgrade the broadband.

WARREN: I only said that because I wanted to get the movie package.

BRYONY: Very noble. We have rather more pressing matters to be getting on with so if you could deal with these I would appreciate it.

GORDON: I think Warren's probably pulling his weight right now with the whole World's First Cryonic Person thing -

BRYONY: Gordon, I need you to collect all the data we have so far on Warren. Clive is coming to get me for another thrilling meeting with the Board of Directors in a few hours. Warren - I don't like having to nag you to do your share of the chores, darling. Brings back a lot of bad memories.

WARREN: Yeah, I'm sorry guys but Gordon's right, you can take a flying fuck into the sun if you think I'm going to spend my day ringing up -

CUT. WARREN IS BOUNCING A TENNIS BALL OFF A WALL IN THE COMMS ROOM.

PENSION: We sent letters to your home and your department but haven't been able to get hold of you.

WARREN: Yeah, sorry about that. I'm on secondment, apparently.

PENSION: Oh. Has that resulted in a salary change at all?

WARREN: I... I doubt that very much.

PENSION: Right. Well, we weren't able to increase your pension contribution as you requested.

WARREN: Right.

PENSION: Because we didn't get final confirmation from you.

WARREN: Yup.

PENSION: So, would you like to confirm now?

WARREN: Uh, I don't know how important it is now.

PENSION: Your pension's very important sir.

WARREN: Yeah. Okay.

PENSION: So... what would you like to do?

WARREN IS RETRIEVING THE BALL
AFTER LOSING IT.

PENSION: Mr Godby?

WARREN: You know what? Fuck it. 50%? 60%?

PENSION: That's a very high amount.

GRACE: It would help if you did not draw undue attention to yourself.

WARREN: 80%.

TO GRACE.

WARREN: You know Grace, you don't have to be here.

GRACE: Apparently, I have nothing better to do.

PENSION: 80% of your salary?

WARREN: Yeah, I'm a kept man. Let's keep it aside for the future. Who knows how things will turn out?

PENSION: Sure!

WARREN: I'm glad I made you happy today.

CUT.

BROADBAND: Do you mind if I ask why you'd want to lose the Movies Movies Movies package?

WARREN: I'm going with a different provider.

BROADBAND: Do you mind if I ask who that is?

WARREN: I don't like movies anymore.

BROADBAND: So, you'd like to cancel.

WARREN: I would.

BROADBAND: There will be the charge for the remaining months on your contract.

WARREN: I don't care.

BROADBAND: And we will have to schedule the removal of the high speed cable from your property.

WARREN: What, why?

BROADBAND: Is that a problem?

WARREN: I'm not there.

BROADBAND: We could speak to one of your neighbours? If I could take the numbers of the other people in your building -

WARREN: You want the phone numbers of my neighbours?

BROADBAND: If that's okay.

WARREN: I don't have them.

BROADBAND: You don't have your neighbours' phone numbers?

WARREN: No.

BROADBAND: Are you not friends with your neighbours' phone numbers?

CUT.

GYM: The thing about the gym, sir, is that locker space is at an absolute premium and it does clearly say on the changing room door that if you leave belongings in your locker for upwards of 24 hours there will incur a small fine -

WARREN: That's fine. I don't care. Keep the locker. Burn the belongings. I don't need my speedos anymore.

GYM: But the fine accumulates sir, and despite our best efforts to contact you, you haven't been in touch with the gym for some time -

WARREN: I don't care. Tell me the number. I assure you, no gym membership locker fine can scare me at this time in my life.

GYM: The fine is £600.

WARREN: SIX HUNDRED POU -

CUT.

OCC HEALTH: Well to be honest I'd like to book another appointment in with you as soon as possible. Or your nearest Overhead occupational health resource, you're seconded to Scotland you say? Into Research & Development?

WARREN: It's fine, really. If you just leave me the number or an email, I'll try very hard to rearrange an appointment.

OCC HEALTH: Well as long as you do. What's Clive Schill like as a line manager? They really say he's the man of the hour -

WARREN: Man of the hour in R&D, Jesus, is that in his email signature or something?

OCC HEALTH: I'm sorry?

WARREN: Don't worry about it, it's fine. I'll be on my way.

OCC HEALTH: Uh, yes, that's - oh wait!

WARREN: Yes?

OCC HEALTH: I was meant to put you through to your old line manager Doug Holder, he still has some transfer paperwork for you to sign -

WARREN: Nope. Nope. We're done. Grace?

GRACE: I'm just the babysitter.

WARREN: Grace I don't want to speak to Doug Holder-

THE TRANSFER HAS GONE THROUGH
WHILE WARREN IS DISTRACTED.

DOUG: Warren!

WARREN: ...Doug?

DOUG: How's it going!

WARREN: Um...fine?

DOUG: Everything treating you alright wherever the hell you ended up?

WARREN: Yep, yep. How are you?

DOUG: Well, I've been busy Warren, I've been busy sticking your job up my shitpipe, just like you requested.

WARREN: Yeah of course.

DOUG: A lot of things have gone up the shitpipe for me, Warren. I could go through them all if you have some time. Do you have some time? I've got all the time in the world. Because I was demoted, Warren, did you know that?

WARREN: No, I didn't know that.

DOUG: Well, if you're sitting comfortably, I can tell you all about it. Because I'm pretty sure it's all your fault.

WARREN: Okay. Go ahead.

DOUG: Well it all began with the aforementioned cramming of your job up my anal pas -

CUT.

SCENE 5

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.

AUBREY: Gordon?... Come on.

GORDON: You're supposed to wait for me to contact you!

AUBREY: You're late.

GORDON: I'm...30 seconds late. It isn't always that easy to get outside inconspicuously.

AUBREY: Well, I get worried.

GORDON: It's been a long day, please don't give me a hard time, Aubrey.

AUBREY: Sorry dearest, I forgot I was your Wife In The Fifties. And it's barely lunchtime.

GORDON: I think things might be getting better, Aubrey.

AUBREY: Better? What do you mean?

GORDON: Well... Warren and I, you know we'd had a row recently...but we sorted things out, and I think he's turning a corner, he said he doesn't want to do this anymore.

AUBREY: And how did Bryony take that news?

GORDON: Well, nothing like that's happened yet, and I know she won't take it well, but I just mean in terms of his own attitude, his own mental health -

AUBREY: Right... what's happening right now?

GORDON: They needed him to make some calls to deal with normal life stuff, to stop people asking questions. Just calling his old work and things like that, I think. Wait Aubrey, what's wrong?

CUT.

THE COMMS ROOM. WARREN SITS,
EXHAUSTED. GRACE GETS UP TO
LEAVE.

GRACE: Well, I'm sure that was a fun way to spend a couple of hours.

WARREN: Yeah, thanks for the opportunity, Grace.

GRACE: Believe me it wasn't my idea. The only thing less enjoyable than making calls to internet service providers is being forced to watch someone else do it.

THE DOOR OPENS. BRYONY ENTERS.

BRYONY: Ah, you're done. Excellent. One more call to make.

GRACE: Could we have a shift change maybe -

BRYONY: It's your sister.

WARREN: What?

BRYONY: Emily. Well at first it was her husband Peter, he tried to call you several times over the last few months to give you a piece of his mind after you turned up out of nowhere to upset his wife.

WARREN: That - that wasn't - she didn't want to see me -

BRYONY: No, I expect she didn't, but then there you were at William Godby's pathetic memorial tree. And then Emily's husband and now Emily herself are trying to locate you.

WARREN: Why?

BRYONY: I don't care. But it would be better if it were not the case, wouldn't it? Then Overhead wouldn't be getting random calls from an irritating couple in Gravesend, and consequently Clive Schill wouldn't be 'having his cornflakes pissed on' whatever that means, and I wouldn't be having to think about piss, cornflakes or Emily sodding Godby while I'm a little preoccupied trying to ensure her brother's brain doesn't crystallise and shatter like a ming vase made of offal. Deal with it.

WARREN: You want me to call her?

BRYONY: That's why I'm holding out the phone.

CUT.

AUBREY AND GORDON.

GORDON: Aubrey, what's going on?

AUBREY: Gordon, do you know how PTSD affects the human brain?

GORDON: Do I what?

AUBREY: Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder.

GORDON: Yeah, I know what it is. But no, I don't know how it works, why are you asking?

AUBREY: The amygdala is the part of the brain that processes your emotions. When you feel fear, it's your amygdala that goes into action, sending out fight, flight or freeze signals to the rest of your brain. It's the job of the other parts of your brain to manage those signals with higher thinking, introducing reason and context. The ventromedial prefrontal cortex regulates your emotions, and the hippocampus assimilates memory and experience. So, let's say you're on a rollercoaster. Your amygdala is freaking out, like, holy shit I'm going a thousand miles an hour upside down, I'm going to die. Your prefrontal cortex is like, hey, this is a rollercoaster, it's not going to kill you, you're strapped in, you're at Pleasurewood Hills, this is fun. And your hippocampus says yeah, you've been on this rollercoaster before, you love Pleasurewood Hills, we come here every summer, remember? Together, they rationalise your fear.

CUT.

BRYONY AND WARREN.

WARREN: Fine. I'll... I'll do it -

BRYONY: You'll do it now.

WARREN: Fine.

BRYONY: The number's here.

WARREN SNATCHES IT AND ENTERS
THE NUMBER.

WARREN: Fine. Fine, fine, fine...

IT'S STARTS RINGING.

BRYONY: I'm glad it's fine.

EMILY PICKS UP.

EMILY: Hello?

WARREN CHOKES.

EMILY: Hello?

WARREN: Emily?

EMILY: Who is this?

WARREN: Warren. It's Warren.

EMILY: Warren.

WARREN: Yeah.

EMILY: And what do you want, Warren?

WARREN: Um. You were trying to get hold of me. You and Pete.

EMILY: You turned up out of nowhere, managed to piss off half the town and then disappeared in a puff of smoke.

WARREN: It wasn't half the town, it was the dickhead behind the till at '2TA'.

EMILY: Dad wanted you to be co-executor of his Will.

WARREN: His what?

EMILY: He didn't have much left at the end, but he wanted us to sort it out together. I don't know if it was a final act of spite or genuine good intention.

WARREN: Um... Yeah, I'm not going to be around, um. I've... I've been relocated -

EMILY: Of course you have. Well, you don't need to be here. We can do things by email or just through a solicitor.

WARREN: I don't want anything, I don't need any of his -

EMILY: I did everything while he was alive, do you think you could just pull your finger out a bit now that he's dead?

WARREN STAMMERS FOR A SECOND.

EMILY: I need your help, Warren. Could you just do a decent thing and help me?

WARREN: Yeah, um. Maybe, maybe you could send something on to-

BRYONY SNATCHES THE PHONE.

BRYONY: Hi, is that Emily?

EMILY: Who is this -

BRYONY: This is Karen, I'm Warren's wife. I'm sorry we haven't had a chance to meet but I think it's important to say that Warren was a real fucking mess when we met, and the more I learn about his family the happier I am that he's left you far behind. I'm afraid neither of us give a shit about splitting up the contents of William Godby's garage. Feel free to keep Warren's half of the lawnmower, the Austin Metro and the hard drive collection of underage girl pictures. If I remember this right, the last thing you said to him was that he could 'stay fucked off', and that's the advice he's delighted to have taken on board. Take a flying fuck into the sun.

SHE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

BRYONY: You're welcome. Come on, it's time to go back in the pod.

CUT.

AUBREY AND GORDON.

AUBREY: With someone who has PTSD, the amygdala increases in size while those other parts of the brain shrink. So, while your fear is now in overdrive, the pre-frontal cortex and the hippocampus are far less able to help process it.

GORDON: Aubrey you're talking really fast and using a lot of long words -

AUBREY: Warren has PTSD. Doesn't he. He went through enormous trauma in his childhood. He's going through enormous trauma now. His memory problems. His mood swings, outbursts of aggression, his self-harming, actively pursuing the most dangerous thing he could possibly do by going back into that cryopod. His flight responses - you told me his reaction to hearing the Teddy's Bear's Picnic was to leave and drive for hundreds of miles. Think of his memory - his hippocampus is compromised so of course his short term and his long-term memories are being distorted -

GORDON: Aubrey! He lost like 2 years of his memory, that's not through PTSD surely, that's what Bryony did to him with her treatment -

AUBREY: That's what I'm saying, Gordon.

CUT. BRYONY AND WARREN.

WARREN: I... I don't think I want to go to sleep.

BRYONY: I beg your pardon?

WARREN: No. You... You come in here, you throw Emily at me like that out of nowhere, and then you speak to her like...you can treat everyone else here like shit but that's my... that's my sister -

BRYONY: Oh good lord, are you trying to be a protective older brother? Those clothes don't fit you terribly well, Warren.

WARREN: Gordon's right, I don't have to do this, I don't... I don't have to do anything. I'm the reason the lights are on in this place -

BRYONY: Oh very well. What would you like from the Mr Kipling collection this time? Have you seen they do a giant fondant fancy now? You'll need something sharp to illustrate your point, hold on, I have a fountain pen in my pocket, I think. There, want to poke that through your jugular? Prove your mighty worth?

WARREN: No... You control me by getting these rises out of me, you... you stop me thinking clearly, I need to stop... I need to gather myself -

BRYONY: Oh, do go on, do tell what you would achieve once you've 'gathered' yourself. The only course of action you've ever seen fit to take is run and hide. 'Gather yourself'. This isn't a silent retreat in the Cotswolds. What on earth do you think there is to gather of Warren William Godby? The man who ran from his family, leaving his only sister to deal with a deviant father. The man who wept in court after his conviction not from guilt or fear but from relief, no longer having to sit at the wheel of his own life. That's what you confided to Aubrey Wood when she first evaluated you. The relief of having the burden of responsibility taken away. Don't you remember? Of course not. Because you knew exactly what you were walking into at Red Valley. You saw an even greater way to give up any responsibility for your own life, give it to us, give it to Overhead. You couldn't sign those papers fast enough. We explained the risks. The chance of memory damage or loss. But that was the main draw, wasn't it? And still you didn't make the cut. Like the fat kid picked last in PE. Your mind was as riddled as the shitty genepool you were spawned from. We only came back to you out of sheer desperation.

CUT.

AUBREY AND GORDON.

AUBREY: One of the main reasons Warren never made the selection for Teddy Bear's Picnic was his psych evaluations. The impact of the trauma in his life made him seem far too unstable for such mental and physical endurance. But all this time, that's what's been keeping him alive. And what killed all the others.

GORDON: You're saying his trauma is the reason he's survived the treatment?

AUBREY: The other subjects. Their minds were in perfect health, that's what we were looking for. The healthiest specimens we could find. Yes, they were individuals capable of horrendous things, rape and murder and other terrible crimes, but *anatomically* they were perfect. Warren was nowhere near. I've gone through everything you gave me. The scans show exactly what's happening to his brain. An enlarged amygdala, a dramatically reduced cortex and hippocampus. And it's getting worse the more treatments he has. I'll bet anything that when Bryony brought him in to the program it was because she had no other choice. Just another body for her to work on. She had no idea what she'd discovered. But she does now.

CUT.

WARREN AND BRYONY.

WARREN: But I'm... I'm the one... The one that made it work.

BRYONY: The reason I'm putting you in that pod over and over again is not because you're The One. And it's not because you're invulnerable. It's because you're a time sensitive resource. I'm afraid you won't be on the cover of Time Magazine with the beautiful people. You're not the next big thing. You've been a profoundly useful cog in the machine. But your time is almost up. Around 15% of your mind has turned to sponge over the last 6 months. I intend to get as much from you as possible before the day that pod cracks open and I look into your eyes and see nothing but a lobotomised ape. And then I'll pull your mind and body apart like I'm picking the last morsels off a roast chicken for the dog and that's what will be presented to the powers that be. The best of you will fit comfortably inside a petri dish. You're not the answer. You're only the seed. And no one will miss Warren Godby.

WARREN GETS UP, FORCIBLY KICKING HIS CHAIR BACK, AND MOVES EYEBALL TO EYEBALL WITH BRYONY.

BRYONY: There he is. There's Warren Godby. The only power he ever had. A wide-eyed stare and that intimidating breathing. You don't frighten me, Warren. You've never frightened anyone. Not even the man you killed.

WARREN IS BLINDSIDED. HE
RETREATS, COLLAPSING INTO A CHAIR.
BRYONY CLICKS HER COMM.

BRYONY: Pam, Grace. Prep the cryopod. Reservation for one.

CUT.

GORDON AND AUBREY.

AUBREY: The treatment affects the anatomy of the brain. In line with the changes experienced by someone with severe post-traumatic stress. Warren survives because his brain has already undergone those changes, so doesn't reject the Hartshorn infusion the way everyone else has. So, Bryony is activating his triggers over and over again to help her treatment work. It's keeping him alive. In a constant traumatised state.

GORDON: Jesus Christ.

AUBREY: His mind and body won't be able to take this for much longer, Gordon. One way or another it will kill him.

IN THE DISTANCE ON GORDON'S END,
A DOOR SLAMS OPEN. PAM'S VOICE
CALLS OUT.

PAMELA: Gordon! Hey! Gordon!

GORDON: Shit.

PAMELA: What are you doing? Why isn't your comm turned on?

GORDON: Oh - Oh I'm sorry, I'm sorry! It's not charged!

PAMELA: We're putting him back in. Get your hypershit together.

GORDON: Okay.

THE DOOR SLAMS.

AUBREY: What's happening?

GORDON: They're putting him back in hypersleep.

A SOUND IN THE DISTANCE. WACKA
WACKA WACKA.

AUBREY: Can you hear that at your end?

GORDON: What?

AUBREY: Helicopter.

GORDON: Oh God, it's Clive.

CUT.

THE CRYO CHAMBER. WARREN IS
ALREADY ON THE TABLE.

BRYONY: What are you waiting for?

PAMELA: It's just...he's not even starved, are you sure you want to proceed? If we waited -

BRYONY: Do I need to talk or is my expression an ample response at this point?

PAMELA: Grace, get the sux from the fridge. Warren, you're going to feel a little pressure on your neck as you go off to slee -

BRYONY: I think he knows the drill by now.

PAMELA: Okay. Pass me the facema -

A DOOR BURSTS OPEN, AND CLIVE
SCHILL ENTERS.

CLIVE: No! No! No! No! Shut it down! Shut it down!

BRYONY: Calm down. You're early. I need a couple of hours and then we can go.

CLIVE: Put that bloody syringe down henchperson, do not touch him.

BRYONY: What do you mean?

CLIVE: Tonight's show and tell, remember?

BRYONY: I have all the data you asked for.

CLIVE: Stick your data up your arse. We're taking the golden egg.

END.