

RED VALLEY
SEASON 2 EPISODE 7
'The Boat and Bridger'

by

Jonathan Williams

Written by Jonathan Williams
redvalleypod@gmail.com

Character List

Clive Schill	Alexander Broad
Dr Bryony Halbech	May Cunningham
Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel
Dr Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks
Malcolm Landry	David Charles
Hester Hiyashi	Susan Hingley
Francesca Jones	Carol Petridge
Waiter	Chloe Gaffney

EPISODE 7

SCENE 1

CLIVE'S HELICOPTER. CLIVE IS ON THE PHONE.

CLIVE: Yes, I did. I spoke to someone. A girl. I don't know...Becky? Or Vicky? I don't know, it ended in cky! No, you know what it's coming right back to me, it was Go Fucky Yourself, you know her, yeah? Make it happen or I'll eat your teeth.

HE HANGS UP.

CLIVE: Fuck!

BRYONY: Do you recycle your threats?

CLIVE: Do I what?

BRYONY: You told Warren you'd eat his teeth a few weeks back. I always found your profanity at the very least inventive and presumably spontaneous. Feel like I'm seeing behind the curtain a bit here. Very disappointing.

CLIVE: I do my best with what I have Bryony, but the ratio of time versus volume of cunts I'm surrounded by means I'm reluctantly forced to return to the well every now and then. We've got a little time now though, I'll see what I can cook up between here and Glasgow.

BRYONY: Why so angry, Clive?

CLIVE: Why so angry? Look at this guy. He's the Chosen One and he looks like roadkill.

BRYONY: We were literally about to induce him for anaesthesia. The Hartshorn was taken out of containment for transfusion by the way. It can't go back in, do you understand that? It'll be too degraded. So, it'll go in the bin. Do you understand the time and money involved in every element of this operation? I thought that was all you cared about.

CLIVE: Then maybe you shouldn't be dropping him in and out of hypersleep like it's a spa treatment!

BRYONY: There is a window in which we can gain crucial data from Warren's response to the treatment. It's not a big window. If you want to show your boss what we've found here in the best light possible, you'll turn this helicopter around and let me utilise this time as best I can.

CLIVE: The board need more than papers, or blood results, or tapes or footage. To make this fly you need a tactile approach. They need to see him. They need to shake his hand. They need to speak to him. Oh Jesus, he *can* speak, can't he?

BRYONY: Warren, show him you can speak.

A PAUSE. CLIVE CLICKS HIS FINGERS ANXIOUSLY. WARREN MUMBLES.

WARREN: This helicopter is really loud.

CLIVE: I'm sorry?

WARREN RAISES HIS VOICE AWKWARDLY.

WARREN: This helicopter. It's really loud.

CLIVE: Well, he'll be useful if we need to land in a disabled parking space. Is this pre-med going to wear off? Is he actually going to be able to do this?

BRYONY: The pre-med? That wore off ages ago. And no, I don't think he's going to be able to 'do this'.

CLIVE: What do you mean ages ago? I thought he'd gone sponsored silence because you gave him a benzo?

BRYONY: No, I expect he's in shock because he just found out he's a murderer.

CLIVE: Because he what?

BRYONY: He still didn't know what he was in prison for. I thought he and Gordon would've had some... you know tedious heart to heart about it by now but apparently they've both procrastinated in favour of playing GoldenEye. So, I told him.

CLIVE: When?

BRYONY: About 45 minutes ago.

CLIVE: Why...why would you do that?

BRYONY: It came up in conversation. He was about to sleep it off.

CLIVE: Why didn't you tell me this before we took off?

BRYONY: You were in a hurry. You said they stopped doing food at half past 8.

CLIVE: And... and he didn't know this before. This is brand new information to him. All this time, and he hasn't remembered.

BRYONY: It's not like a movie, Clive. He doesn't catch himself in the bathroom mirror and have a desaturated flashback in a low frame rate. We blew those memories out of his head with extremely powerful drugs.

CLIVE: Well can you do that now? What have you got in your bag?

BRYONY: I've got tampons and contact lenses in my bag. Clive you're sweating.

CLIVE: You seem to think this is hilarious.

BRYONY: Am I laughing?

CLIVE: This is as close to laughing as I've ever seen you get.

BRYONY: What have you been telling the board all this time, Clive?

CLIVE: That Kontinue works! That hypersleep is real! That cryonic preservation is not an idiotic fairytale but a real tangible hope for our future! They want to see Sigourney Weaver waking up with grace and dignity in a white vest top -

BRYONY: So, why are you bringing them Warren? I've seen him in skimpy underwear, Clive. He is not Sigourney Weaver.

CLIVE: They just need proof of viability! Clearly it doesn't need to be Sigourney Weaver. I'll take a Tom Skerritt.

WARREN: Tom Skerrit died.

CLIVE: Ian Holm.

BRYONY: *He* died. And he was a robot!

CLIVE: John fucking Hurt then!

BRYONY: Have you actually *seen* Alien?

CUT.

SCENE 2

**GORDON IS OUTSIDE, AND
FRANTICALLY CALLING AUBREY ON HIS
COMM.**

GORDON: Aubrey? Aubrey!

AUBREY: What's going on? The helicopter left so quickly.

GORDON: They took him!

AUBREY: What?

GORDON: They took him. Clive and Bryony. He's gone with them.

AUBREY: I thought they were putting him in the pod!

GORDON: They were! They were literally about to knock him out. But Clive insisted, he said there was an urgent meeting called in Glasgow, and Warren needed to be there. That it was make or break.

AUBREY: Well, fuck.

GORDON: What does it mean? Are they going to bring him back? He's a mess, Aubrey, I don't know what happened when we weren't together earlier, but he doesn't look right. Like... like, even more than usual. He wouldn't say anything when he went. He couldn't even look me in the eye.

AUBREY: Gordon, I feel like this is my fault.

GORDON: What? Why?

AUBREY: I reached out to a friend of mine in the company. Well, she's my ex. Hester. I sent her the recordings you gave me of what Bryony's been doing. If she can get that in front of the right people they won't stand for it, if it went public it could destroy the company. I trust her, Gordon. This meeting must be about that. That... that's why they want to see Warren.

GORDON: You sent top secret recordings to your ex-girlfriend?

AUBREY: She's a good person.

GORDON: So good you broke with up her?

AUBREY: She broke up with me. That's beside the point.

GORDON: Whatever. She's Overhead!

AUBREY: So are you! So was I!

GORDON: You didn't think to tell me this earlier?

AUBREY: I was waiting, I thought she might...I don't know...

GORDON: Aubrey, those recordings came from me. If that gets back to Bryony and Clive, how do you think they are going to react?

AUBREY: Then it's time to get you out, Gordon.

GORDON: Out?

AUBREY: I'll come and get you. Through the tunnel.

GORDON: And do what? Go on the run in the Mazda Bongo Friendee? What about Warren?

AUBREY: We'll get him out. We'll figure it out.

GORDON: Aubrey, I'm not leaving him. No fucking way.

PAUSE. THE WIND HOWLS.

AUBREY: Then there's only one thing for it isn't there.

GORDON: What?

AUBREY: It's time to do a Rambo.

CUT.

SCENE 3

A STREET IN GLASGOW. NIGHT,
DRIZZLY, COLD. BUSY - IT'S A FRIDAY
NIGHT.

CLIVE: Right, we're here. How you doing, Warren? You with me?

BRYONY: Best friends all of a sudden, are we?

WARREN: What's here?

CLIVE: This is the meeting.

BRYONY: You were imagining some steel and glass tower overlooking the city, weren't you? Not for the likes of us. We meet in the function room above the Boat and Bridger on Argyll Street.

CLIVE: Look at the state of you, is your nose bleeding?

WARREN: No, no. I mean it was when we landed. I think it's stopped now.

CLIVE: What size shirt is he?

BRYONY: What?

CLIVE: Warren, take off your coat.

BRYONY: You're giving him your shirt?

CLIVE REMOVES HIS JACKET AND
STARTS TAKING OFF HIS SHIRT.

CLIVE: It'll be too big for him but at least it'll look like he made an effort. Warren, put the shirt on.

WARREN: Yeah, sure.

BRYONY: And you're just going to t-shirt and blazer like you're Tony Stark.

CLIVE IS OCCUPIED BUTTONING UP
WARREN'S SHIRT FOR HIM.

CLIVE: My t-shirt cost more than your outfit. Ok there. That's better than nothing. Pull your shoulders back. Okay. Warren, I need you to... look, we're going to forget about the murder thing for a while, yeah? We're all murderers here. Bryony, you, me. That door man probably, guy on the corner there with the neck tattoo, I bet he's killed someone. But you're special, alright? I've never told you this, but...I've got a lot of respect for you, Warren.

BRYONY: Uh... I need a drink.

BRYONY WALKS THROUGH THEM AND
OPENS THE PUB DOOR. THE SOUND OF
THE PUB ENVELOPS THEM, LOUD AND
HARSH, THE MOST PEOPLE WARREN'S
BEEN AROUND IN MONTHS. THEY
BUSTLE THROUGH THE CROWDED
ROOM. CLIVE IS AHEAD OF THE REST,
GETTING THE ATTENTION OF SOME
FRONT OF HOUSE STAFF. BRYONY AND
WARREN ARE A LITTLE BEHIND.

CLIVE: Hi. It's Vicky, right? Becky! You know I knew it was wrong the moment it came out of my mouth!

HE CARRIES ON TALKING TO BECKY AS
THEY WALK OFF TOGETHER. BRYONY
CALLS TO WARREN FROM THE BAR.

BRYONY: What do you want to drink?

THE NOISE IS GETTING LOUDER.

WARREN: Um. Gu... Guinness.

BRYONY: What?

THE NOISE REACHES A CRESCENDO.
SUDDEN CUT. THE FUNCTION ROOM AT
THE BOAT & BRIDGER. SILENCE,
EXCEPT FOR A CLOCK TICKING AND
CLIVE NERVOUSLY DRUMMING HIS
FINGERS.

BRYONY: You see Warren. No expense spared here. There's a dartboard and everything.

CLIVE: Don't listen to her, Warren. How many of the world's greatest ideas were hashed out on the back of a beer mat, right?

BRYONY: This one says, 'Blowy for a tenner, email World's Best Blowy @AOL.com.'

CLIVE: Oh... Fuck *off*, Bryony.

THE DOOR OPENS. THREE PEOPLE
WALK IN - AN ELDERLY MAN AND HIS
PA, A YOUNG WOMAN, AND AN OLDER
WOMAN. CLIVE STANDS UP TO GREET
THEM. THEY TAKE SEATS THE OTHER
SIDE OF THEIR LARGE TABLE.

CLIVE: Malcolm. Francesca.

FRANCESCA: Hello, everyone!

MALCOLM: Clive! My boy! And Bridget!

BRYONY: Bryony.

MALCOLM SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

MALCOLM: Bryony. Of course. There's just so many of you.

BRYONY: Yes, everyone says that, far too many women in science.

FRANCESCA: Clive. Bryony. This is Hester, Malcolm's PA. You don't mind if she sits in?

HESTER: Hello.

CLIVE: Of course not.

MALCOLM: First things first. Have you all ordered? You know they close the kitchen at half past 8 now?

CLIVE: Yes, we've ordered.

TO BRYONY AND WARREN

CLIVE: I went steaks all round. Medium rare? Peppercorn sauce? Hope that's cool.

FRANCESCA: Of course you did. So Clive, are you going to introduce us, or...?

MALCOLM: Oh straight down to business, eh!

CLIVE: I would expect nothing less. Warren, this is Malcolm Landry, Senior Vice-Chairman of Overhead Industries, and Francesca Jones, Acting Director of Research and Development.

AN AWKWARD PAUSE.

WARREN: Hello.

CLIVE: Malcolm, Francesca. This is Warren Godby. The first successfully revived client of the Kontinue program.

MALCOLM: Ahh... lovely... good evening Mr Godby. And... and thank you for joining us.

FRANCESCA: I want you to tell me everything about this man.

CLIVE: Warren is the key, that opens the door, that lets us walk the path of human longev -

FRANCESCA: Dr Halbech. I want to hear everything. From you.

BRYONY: I don't know about the key that opens the magic door to the garden of whatever, but yes, Warren is the first subject to have emerged from cryonic preservation. Or hypersleep. He has Kontinued, if that's what we're all going with.

FRANCESCA: Okay. So, how many before him failed to...Kontinue, exactly?

BRYONY: I was allocated assets, I used those assets. Was I meant to be keeping count?

FRANCESCA: Since you've been in charge there have been five cohorts. That's 30, 40 subjects and you're telling me Warren here is the only one left?

CLIVE: The... the first to succeed. He's the breakthrough. He's everything.

BRYONY: Let's not get carried away.

CLIVE: We could get carried away a bit. They haven't even brought out the breadsticks yet.

MALCOLM: Does... it... work? On a rating of 1-10?

CLIVE: If we'd brought our Strictly scorecards, we'd all be holding up a pretty resounding -

BRYONY: One.

FRANCESCA: One?

BRYONY: One. Everyone else is dead, or in the wind. Subjects *and* staff. Apart from the department store mannequins we've left babysitting this evening. So, I consider that a zero. But yes, I guess we have Warren. So, one out of ten.

CLIVE: Dr Halbech makes self-deprecation an art form, Malcolm -

FRANCESCA: Mr Godby? You can add your two cents if you like.

WARREN: Me?

FRANCESCA: Yup.

WARREN: Could I get another Guinness, please?

MALCOLM: Haha! I like him already. Certainly young man, now certainly! Clive, you... you wouldn't mind, would you?

CLIVE: I - you want me to - get drinks?

MALCOLM: Scotch for me. Fran?

FRANCESCA: I'm fine thanks.

MALCOLM: Doctor?

BRYONY: Shiraz please Clive. Just a small.

MALCOLM: Nonsense! A bottle of the shiraz and some more glasses, it'll be good with the meat.

CLIVE: Right. I guess I'll...order drinks.

MALCOLM: Yes.

CLIVE QUICKLY DEPARTS.

FRANCESCA: Ok so, what's the secret? Why's he alive and everyone else not?

BRYONY: Warren has an altered brain chemistry from most other people.

FRANCESCA: Altered how?

BRYONY: Warren's experiences have led him to an untreated form of post-traumatic stress disorder. This has led quite unexpectedly to a tolerance of the treatment I've developed.

MALCOLM: The Hartshorn infusion.

BRYONY: Yes.

MALCOLM: Yes, well I... I always liked that name. It's got a classical twang to it.

BRYONY: Thank you.

FRANCESCA: He survives the treatment because he's got PTSD?

BRYONY: I think so.

FRANCESCA: You think so?

BRYONY: In all honesty I don't know. Saying it out loud sounds ridiculous. I have no explanation as to why an enlarged amygdala would make ice crystals less likely to split your blood vessels apart. But it's the theory I've been working with since his first successful emergence from hypersleep.

FRANCESCA: But you've no idea how it works?

BRYONY: You know we don't know how anaesthesia actually works? We know that when we turn it on you go to sleep, and when we turn it off you wake up. We know how much to give you. And how long for. The rest might as well be magic.

FRANCESCA: We don't deal with magic, Dr Halbech.

BRYONY: I entirely agree. This meeting wasn't my idea.

FRANCESCA: So, how have you been working on this theory exactly?

BRYONY: I've been exacerbating his condition over the last few months with a combination of medication and behavioural triggers. The process of going into hypersleep is at this stage relatively traumatic in and of itself, so that's been fortunate.

FRANCESCA: Fortunate.

BRYONY: Yes, in as much as one out of ten is better than zero.

CLIVE RE-ENTERS THE ROOM WITH A TRAY OF DRINKS.

CLIVE: Here we are.

MALCOLM: Ah! Oh, yes. Wonderful.

CLIVE: Ah, where are we up to?

FRANCESCA: I'll tell you where we're up to. Hester?

HESTER: ...Yes?

FRANCESCA: Could you play everybody that recording that you showed me and Malcolm earlier?

HESTER: I don't think...that wasn't meant to -

FRANCESCA: Come on. Don't be shy.

HESTER: Excuse me... yes umm... yeah. Okay.

WITH MUMBLED APOLOGIES, HESTER RELUCTANTLY PRODUCES A BLUE SKY SPEAKER WHICH TINKLES TO LIFE. VARIOUS NOISES FROM A TABLET - UNLOCKING, THE CLICKS OF OPENING AN APP. SHE HITS PLAY AND A RECORDING BEGINS. IT'S WARREN, ABOUT TO HOLD HIMSELF HOSTAGE AT RED VALLEY.

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 –*

OVER THE TOP.

HESTER: Francesca, it wasn't my intention when I brought this to you -

FRANCESCA: Shh. I like this bit from Warren. Vivid imagery.

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 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.*

MALCOLM: A Newton's cradle made of testicles. Umm... I love it.

WARREN: Tha... Thank you.

THE RECORDING.

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.*

THE RECORDING ENDS. AN AWKWARD
PAUSE. BRYONY ADDRESSES HESTER.

BRYONY: Where did you find that I wonder? Er... Hester, wasn't it?

HESTER: Yes. No, I - I didn't -

CLIVE: Francesca. Malcolm. A role like mine is like a many-sided die, there are facets, multiple facets that must be employed to maintain -

FRANCESCA: So, correct me if I'm wrong, you've tortured this man physically and mentally for months, whilst encouraging destructive patterns that have led to self-harm and violence while repeatedly putting his life in danger -

BRYONY: Good lord. You were right, Malcolm, the bottle was a good idea.

BRYONY POURS HERSELF A LARGE
GLASS OF WINE.

BRYONY: I'm no stranger to using ten words when two will do but for the sake of brevity let's cut the shit shall we. Miss Jones. This is not Law & Order. You don't need to play me any more recordings. I was there. That any part of my work is considered clandestine is your decision, not mine. This is the function room of the Boat & Bridger, not the end of A Few Good Men. Let's tell each other what we actually want.

CLIVE: Oh right, I want -

BRYONY: Clive wants his name, face and penis attached to the next great breakthrough in tech. He wants all the power and glory that Kontinue would provide, because he is a small man with a small mind. He's the kind of man who orders a woman's food for her. What more must be said.

MALCOLM: Actually, Clive my boy, could you chase up the food, I... I'm famished.

CLIVE: Sorry, do you all think I'm someone else?

THE DOOR OPENS, AND TWO WAITING
STAFF ENTER WITH FOOD. THE
CLATTER OF PLATES.

MALCOLM: Ah! Not to worry! Marvellous.

WAITER: Duck l'orange?

MALCOLM: Yes, that's me! Go on, go on my dear. Don't mind the help. If they repeat anything they've heard in here... we'll just have them shot, won't we!

THE SERVING STAFF LAUGH
NERVOUSLY AND UNDERNEATH
BRYONY'S VOICE QUIETLY DELIVERS
THE REST OF THE FOOD, LEAVING
WHEN FINISHED.

BRYONY: Malcolm Landry. You want to live forever.

WAITER: Steak, madam?

BRYONY: Yes, thank you. To many, your ability to disregard human suffering in the name of your own self-interest would be horrifying, however, I think you carry it off with aplomb, with a grace and humour I begrudgingly find quite endearing.

MALCOLM: Thank you, my dear.

BRYONY: Warren, what do you want?

WARREN HAS IMMEDIATELY TUCKED
INTO HIS STEAK.

WARREN: (MOUTH FULL) What do I want?

BRYONY: Yes, you. And speak up for the recording that Hester here is undoubtedly making.

WARREN: I... I just want to go back into the pod.

BRYONY: Ah... one more time for the cheap seats.

WARREN: I'd like to... go... go back into the pod, please.

BRYONY: Thank you. My turn. I want ten times the budget. I want 20 times the man and womanpower. I want my next cohort to be made up of PTSD sufferers. Military to begin with. Civilian to follow. I want this project finally given the resources the full force of Overhead are able to provide, I'd appreciate it if I wasn't dragged across the Highlands by helicopter to be stared at like I'm shit off the Acting Director's shoe and I want my steak cooked medium fucking well.

SHE TOSSES HER FORK ON TO HER PLATE.

FRANCESCA: Are you done, Doctor Halbech?

BRYONY: Yes. It's clear everyone in this room, albeit for very different reasons, wants the same thing. Except for you. So, Francesca Jones, what do you want?

BEAT.

FRANCESCA: You know, I'm well aware of Overhead's darker corners. This company is full of people making ethical compromises to get things done. There is a limit though, to what we as a company are willing to endorse. To what I, as Acting Director, am willing to... overlook. You've been allowed to proceed unchecked for far too long, Bryony. I *want* to give Kontinue the full force of Overhead's resources. I *want* to give it ten times the budget, and twenty times the people. But if this project is to flourish as we all believe it should, it needs to come out of the shadows. And we can't afford to have the likes of you in the spotlight.

BRYONY: I think I see where this is going.

MALCOLM: Now my dear, I want you to imagine the Kontinue project as an egg sandwich.

BRYONY: Okay, I take that back.

MALCOLM: What makes an egg sandwich a success? What makes it really *sing*?

BRYONY: I - hmm -

MALCOLM: Come on... come on... It's cress! Cress!

BRYONY: Francesca, how many drinks ahead of us is he?

MALCOLM: Now I don't know how you learned about photosynthesis at school -

FRANCESCA: Please. You're not the only person in the world working on hypersleep. You're not even the only person in this company working on hypersleep. You are however the only person with at least 24 dead bodies lying on top of their CV. And frankly, I'm fed up to the back teeth with you.

BEAT. FRANCESCA TURNS TO
ADDRESS CLIVE.

FRANCESCA: Clive, you're a boy dressed up in his dad's suit, but you've brought things this far. So, you have the full backing of this board to take Kontinue to the next stage, but you're in house now. Which means I'm on to you. So, no more of your bullshit.

CLIVE: I... yes. Whatever you want. Thank you. Ma'am.

FRANCESCA: Shut up. I'd like you to escort Dr Halbech and Mr Godby back to Red Valley, if the safest thing to do is to put him back into hypersleep, so be it. Have your people assemble all the relevant data, and return it to central. The decommissioning team will be 2 or 3 hours behind you.

CLIVE: Of course. Yes. Thank you.

FRANCESCA: Mr Godby. It's been a pleasure to meet you. Please accept my personal apologies for the hardships you've faced working with us. I hope to see more of you in the future.

WARREN: Sure.

FRANCESCA: And what I need you to do, Bryony, is go back to your hole, give us everything we need to continue our work, then put your things in a box and get your skinny arse out of this company. And if you don't cooperate, Clive, here has my permission to throw you out of a helicopter. And if you'd prefer that in two words rather than ten - piss off.

A LONG PAUSE.

MALCOLM: Humm, yes, but feel free to eat up first. Clive, the table's too long, pass the salt.

END.