

RED VALLEY

SEASON 2 EPISODE 8

'Minor Heroics'

by

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Character List

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

EPISODE 8

SCENE 1

GORDON IS IN THE RECORDS ROOM.

HIS COMM IS OPEN TO AUBREY.

GORDON: Aubrey this is dumb, this is dumb, this is so dumb -

AUBREY: You said yourself we needed a plan. It's just happening now. It was never going to be as simple as walking out the front door. We're going out the tunnel. It'll be like the Shawshank Redemption.

GORDON: The guy in The Shawshank Redemption planned his escape for like 30 years! We've cobbled this together in 30 minutes!

AUBREY: I can assure you I've been thinking about returning to Red Valley for a lot longer than that. Where are you?

GORDON: I'm in the Records Room. Bryony wanted me archiving the project so far. Where are you?

AUBREY: I'm still in my van. I'm just finishing up.

GORDON: What are you finishing up?

THERE IS THE BANGING OF ITEMS ON
AUBREY'S END.

AUBREY: Just... just some essentials.

A PING IN THE BACKGROUND, LIKE A
MICROWAVE.

GORDON: Are you... are you baking?

AUBREY: In a way.

GORDON: Well, when you've finished your creme diplomat do you fancy getting a move on? I don't know how much longer they're going to be. They could be back any moment.

AUBREY: Okay. Tunnel door, midnight. You and Warren, don't worry about anything else. I'll take care of it.

GORDON: Except Waffles.

AUBREY: Well of course worry about Waffles. Just put her in a Tupperware or something.

CUT TO CREDITS.

CLIVE: Bryony, come on. This is an occupational hazard. The axe could've swung just as easily towards me. I mean, who knows how the great minds of Overhead truly work.

BRYONY: Yes. Who could have ever dreamed it would work out like this.

CLIVE: You'll be fine. I'm sure Currys PC World always need a new refrigerator technician.

SILENCE.

CLIVE: Bloody hell, Bryony, I'm joking. I'm joking. Someone of your talents? Got Amos Tech, Jinx Industries, you'll be able to walk straight through the door. Or down the hatch, or through the airlock, or whatever weird little cellar you end up in. You just don't get to take Warren with you. It's not like you were terribly fond of him anyway, was it. You hear that, Warren? I'm your wife now.

BRYONY: I'm sure you'll be very happy together.

CLIVE: To us.

CLIVE TAKES A BIG DRINK. ANOTHER
AWKWARD PAUSE.

CLIVE: Pretty wild that they played that recording from the station. Where did they get that from?

BRYONY: The recording of Warren losing his mind that cost me my job but seemed to secure yours?

CLIVE: Yeah. Warren? Got any ideas, mate?

WARREN: Bryony's the one who likes everything recorded.

CLIVE: Bloody hell, savage observations from Mr Godby.

BRYONY: Yes. How poetic. I wonder how it could have happened.

CLIVE: I mean it really wasn't smart of you Bryony. The Board know all my big talk is exactly that. It's talk. But you start making shit up, you threatening to get a gun from your safe and shoot him like you're a Peaky Blinder...It don't work coming from the likes of you.

BRYONY: I guess I got carried away.

CLIVE: We'll get to the bottom of it. I'll wave a fire extinguisher around a bit later, pull some vintage Clivisms out of the closet, we'll get the truth out. Maybe the glamorous assistants aren't so sweet and innocent after all. Maybe time for some changes in the lineup round here.

BRYONY: You're probably right. Always good to have some new blood.

WARREN SNIFFS LOUDLY.

CLIVE: Oh Warren, watch out mate, your nose is going off again. Head back, watch the shirt. You look like you've been in a fight. Here's a tissue.

WARREN: Sorry. Sorry Clive.

CLIVE DABS AT WARREN'S NOSE LIKE A FATHER TO A CHILD.

CLIVE: Fucking mad isn't it. All the bodies we burned through to get to this point and this plum ended up being the Jellicle Choice.

CUT.

THE HELIPAD, OUTSIDE THE STATION.
THE HELICOPTER HAS LANDED, THE
ENGINE WINDING DOWN. THEIR
VOICES ARE RAISED AS THEY WALK
AWAY FROM THE NOISE, LOWERING TO
NORMAL AS THEY REACH THE
STATION.

WARREN: Are we going down to the lab now?

CLIVE: One track mind, haven't you? Blimey. Straight to hyperbed with this one.

THEY REACH THE STATION DOOR AND
CLIVE PULLS IT OPEN. THEY STEP
INSIDE AND BEGIN STRIDING DOWN
THE CORRIDOR.

CLIVE: So how do you want to do this? The Decommission Team will be a couple of hours, I guess.

BRYONY: I suppose you want me to assemble all my work and hand it over to you.

CLIVE: Hey, I don't make the rules. I just threaten people until they follow them.

BRYONY TURNS ON HER COMM.

BRYONY: Grace? Pamela, where are you?

GRACE: Hello, hello. We're here. We're all ready.

BRYONY: What do you mean?

GRACE: We're all set up. For Warren.

BRYONY: You've taken the Hartshorn out of containment?

GRACE: Yes, yes, yes. It's all ready.

BRYONY: I didn't ask you to do that, did I?

GRACE: Um... No, I thought you'd want -

BRYONY: It's fine. I'll be along shortly. Grace, I need you to collect all the hard copies of any data you and Pamela have produced since Warren emerged -

CLIVE: Kontinued.

BRYONY: So sorry. Since Warren 'Kontinued'. Be a good boy now.

GRACE: Uh, right now? There's a lot I need to be prepari -

BRYONY: Just fucking get on with it.

CLIVE: Are you okay Dr Halbech? Not bottling anything up, are we?

BRYONY: Clive there's a selection of files you're going to want in the office up here. I need to get Warren down to the lab so the minions can start to put him under before he drops dead in front of us. So, can you make a start gathering the paperwork? That isn't too much of an ask, I hope?

CLIVE: No, happy to help. Hot to trot. Bryony, genuinely...no hard feelings, yeah?

BRYONY: Clive, you can rest easy knowing after tonight I will never think about you again. Come along Warren.

WARREN: Sure. Bye Clive.

CLIVE: Sweet dreams, cockchops.

CUT. GORDON, IN THE RECORDS
ROOM. GORDON NERVOUSLY
MUTTERS TO WAFFLES.

GORDON: Hey Waffles. We're just going to keep you in here for a bit so you're ready to go. Look, there's kitchen roll and lettuce, all your favourites. This was an ice cream tub. I haven't got any ice cream for you but, what's this? It's a Top Trump card. From the Lord of the Rings. It's a... wait who's that...Gamling. Who the hell was Gamling? Mad beard. You can eat this one. There you go.

THE COMM CRACKLES.

GRACE: Why does she want this data now?

PAMELA: How should I know?

GORDON PICKS UP HIS COMM.

GORDON: Oo... Um, she asked me to assemble the data in the archive too.

GRACE: Something has happened. Something is going on.

GORDON: Oh, no, no, I'm sure it's nothing. Just showing the big bosses all the great work you're doing.

PAMELA: When did you go Team Overhead?

GORDON: Oh, I'm not. It's just nothing to worry about, I'm sure.

A PAUSE AS GRACE MAKES HIS WAY
DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

GRACE: Why are the lights out down here?

PAMELA: Where?

GRACE: The door to the tunnel is open.

PAMELA: What?

GRACE: The tunnel door. Why would it be open?

GORDON: Oh, a yeah um, that would've been me. Sorry. Warren and I went for an explore not long ago.

GRACE: Where does it go?

PAMELA: It's empty, doesn't go anywhere. Stop screwing around, get the stuff she wanted and get back here, I'm doing this all by myself.

IN THE BACKGROUND A THREATENING
ELECTRIC TONE BUILDING UP OVER A
COUPLE OF SECONDS, THEN THE
BANG OF A COMM HITTING THE FLOOR
AND THEN STATIC.

PAMELA: Grace? Grace?

STATIC.

PAMELA: Gordon, what is going on?

GORDON: Some of the comms have been glitching. I think it's the charging unit, they don't all sync up properly, look leave it with me. He'll be back in a minute, I'll get him a new one.

PAMELA: Whatever.

GORDON FRANTICALLY SWITCHES TO
AUBREY'S CHANNEL.

GORDON: Aubrey? Aubrey! What the fuck is going on? Are you here?

CUT. INCIDENTAL MUSIC.

SCENE 3

GRACE HAS BACKED INTO THE WALL OF THE TUNNEL AND SLID DOWN IT A LITTLE AFTER BEING HIT WITH A LOW-STRENGTH ELECTRIC SHOCK. HE FLAILS IN THE DARKNESS, PANICKING.

GRACE: What the fuck was that? Who's there? What the fuck is this?

AUBREY, IN THE DARKNESS, RIGHT BESIDE HIM.

AUBREY: This, Dr Melé, is a defibrillator.

THE HUM OF THE DEFIBRILLATOR CHARGE AGAIN AND THE BANG OF IMPACT AS SHE PUTS THE PADDLES ON EITHER SIDE OF GRACE'S ARMS. HE YELPS AND DROPS TO THE FLOOR OUT OF SHOCK AND FEAR MORE THAN ANY REAL INJURY.

AUBREY: Calm down, you big baby. That was barely enough to kill a salmon.

GRACE: Oh my God, Jesus what have you done to me. You've put me into an arrhythmia. I need a... a 12 lead ECG to check for, for myocardial damage...who are you?

THE SOUND OF A ZIPPO LIGHTER
BEING STRUCK. GRACE YELPS AGAIN.

AUBREY: I'm Aubrey Wood. I used to work here. How do you do?

GRACE: Aubrey Wood... W... why are you...

AUBREY: Why am I illuminating the space between us with a zippo lighter? Well, if you look closer, you'll see I've duct-taped it to a can of my favourite anti-perspirant. If you don't do exactly what I tell you I'm going to spray it, which will burn your face off. On the plus side you'll be protected from excess sweat and body odour for up to 48 hours.

GRACE TRIES TO SCRAMBLE TO HIS
FEET. AUBREY SIGHS, AND HITS THE
SPRAY CAN. A MASSIVE LICK OF FLAME
SHOOTS OUT. AUBREY PUSHES HIM
BACK AGAINST THE WALL. GRACE
CRIES OUT IN FEAR.

AUBREY: That is what a homemade flamethrower looks like. Next time you move, it's going in your eyeballs.

GRACE: Oh my God, Jesus. Okay! Okay! Okay! Okay.

AUBREY: Okay. Now reach out your hand.

GRACE: Why?

AUBREY: Have you seen Terminator 2?

GRACE: Um... Yes.

HE SWALLOWS HIS QUESTION. AUBREY
RUFFLES THROUGH A BAG WITH HER
SPARE HAND.

AUBREY: Do you remember the bit at the offices of the big bad tech company that made the Terminator?

GRACE: Yes...

AUBREY: Right, hold this.

GRACE: Okay.

GRACE TAKES IT WITHOUT THINKING.

AUBREY: Well done. Now, do you remember the bit where they give poor old Miles Dyson a trigger bomb, and when he lets go, the whole place explodes?

GRACE: What?

SHE REACHES OUT, PRESSES A
BUTTON ON THE DEVICE SHE GAVE
GRACE. IT BEEPS LOUDLY AND GRACE
YELPS.

AUBREY: Don't let go.

AUBREY GOES BACK INTO HER BAG.

GRACE: You've...you've got to be kidding...what is this connected to...

AUBREY: That trigger is connected to a bomb I made. I watched a video and found some very questionable chatrooms and now I've gotten quite good at them. They use up an extraordinary amount of sugar, oddly enough. Stay still.

GRACE: What are you doing now?

AUBREY: Tying your legs up.

GRACE MAKES A PATHETIC LITTLE
WHINE OF FEAR AS AUBREY TIES HIS
LEGS TOGETHER.

AUBREY: You remind me of someone you know. My old partner, Ben Thomas. He was a lot like you. Smart in all the wrong places. Wrists please. Careful, don't drop the bomb.

GRACE: Ben Thomas was your partner?

AUBREY: Yes, did you know him? Ended up in one of Bryony's refrigerators. I have it on good authority she cut his skull open with a buzzsaw just the other week.

GRACE: I... she made me throw his body in the furnace. I'd barely gotten out of the helicopter... she said she was spring cleaning...

AUBREY: Bosses are just the worst, aren't they?

AUBREY FINISHES TYING GRACE'S
WRISTS AND GETS UP TO LEAVE.

AUBREY: Okay. Sit tight.

GRACE: Hey! Where are you going?

AUBREY: Got some minor heroics to take care of.

GRACE: Oh God! Jesus!

SHE WALKS OFF UP THE TUNNEL
TOWARDS THE STATION, LEAVING
GRACE BEHIND. AFTER A FEW
MOMENTS SHE TURNS AROUND.

AUBREY: Hey, it's Grace, isn't it?

GRACE: Yes!

AUBREY: How many subjects have died on your watch?

GRACE: What?

AUBREY: Since you got here. How many people have you had to help Bryony kill?

GRACE: None. I'm not here to kill anyone.

AUBREY: Well, maybe there's hope for you yet, Grace. Think about a career change before I get back.

CUT.

SCENE 4

BRYONY AND WARREN HAVE REACHED
THE HEAVY FIRE DOOR TO THE
STAIRCASE. THEY ARE NOW ON THE
STAIRS.

BRYONY: You can unclench your teeth now, Warren. It's over. You're going back to sleep, and you'll probably never see me again.

WARREN: Yeah. Okay.

BRYONY: Okay? Nothing else to say? After everything we've been through?

WARREN: You guys all talk so much, I don't really have much to contribute at this point.

BRYONY: Fucking hell, Warren! All the shit you and I have crawled through together and that's all you've got to say? 'I don't have much to contribute?' You and I have contributed more to this company, more to...to...*science*, than...fuck!

WARREN: You alright?

BRYONY: An old man who looks like a human set of bagpipes, and a frumpy little cow who sounds like she born under a pool table, and they expect me to hear everything I've done described as an egg sandwich! An egg fucking sandwich!

SHE THROWS SOMETHING THAT
CLATTERS ACROSS THE STAIRS.

WARREN: I'm sure you'll just get another job. Like Clive said.

BRYONY: You may have noticed that there's a recurrent theme linking the ex-staff of Red Valley, my love. You don't find many of us at the fucking Job Centre.

WARREN: I never saw you get this angry when we were together.

BRYONY LAUGHS HOLLOWLY, AND
TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

BRYONY: No. No, you didn't.

A BEAT.

WARREN: Was any of that ever real? You and me?

BRYONY: No.

WARREN: Right.

BRYONY: Well, let's get it over with. Ah, the Records Room. Bear with me a moment, I just have to get something from the safe.

BRYONY CROSSES THE CORRIDOR
AND OPENS THE DOOR TO THE
RECORDS ROOM.

GORDON: Bryony! Jesus, you scared me. Warren?

WARREN: Hey.

BRYONY: Evening Gordon. How's that data coming along I asked you to collect?

GORDON: Oh, yeah, it's all here.

GORDON PUSHES SOME HARD DRIVES
ACROSS HIS DESK.

BRYONY: Wonderful.

BRYONY WALKS TO THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE ROOM, TO THE SAFE.

GORDON: How was the meeting?

WARREN: It was fine. What are you doing?

GORDON: Oh nothing, I've finished up here, if you want to we
cou-

WARREN: We're just heading to the cryopod.

IN THE BACKGROUND, BRYONY
PRESSES BUTTONS ON THE SAFE
KEYPAD AND IT OPENS WITH A CLUNK.

GORDON: Oh, umm... do you think we could... hang out a bit,
first?

WARREN: I don't know man, it's late. It's been a long day.

A CLICK.

GORDON: Come on, I haven't been out in ages. Let me live
vicariously through you. Where did you go?

WARREN: We went to a pub in Glasgow.

GORDON: A pub?

WARREN: Yeah. It was quite nice actually. It was called
the...what was it called?

BRYONY: The Boat and Bridger. Oh Gordon, before I forget.
Do you remember the night we cut open the skull
of Ben Thomas, the poor old sod who used to work
here, then ran away and betrayed us?

WARREN: Sorry, wh... what are we talking about?

BRYONY: I told you Clive found him and killed him. Do you remember that, Gordon?

GORDON: I, what?

BRYONY: I lied. Clive meant what he said up there, Warren. He's all talk, and no action.

A GUN BEING COCKED, AND THE
IMMEDIATE AND LOUD CRACK OF A
SINGLE GUNSHOT. THE HEAVY SLUMP
OF A BODY HITTING THE FLOOR.

SCENE 5

CUT. STATIC. TWO COMM UNITS.

CLIVE: What was that? Hello?

PAMELA: Clive?

CLIVE: Pamela, what was that?

PAMELA: I don't know, I'm in the cryosuite. Grace?

CLIVE: Bryony?

STATIC.

CLIVE: Bryony?

STATIC

CLIVE: Fuck sake. Where is Gordon bloody Porlock?

CUT. AUBREY, FRESHLY EMERGED
FROM THE TUNNEL, CREEPING DOWN
THE CORRIDOR. SHE HISSES INTO HER
COMM.

AUBREY: Gordon? Gordon, what the hell was that? Gordon,
I'm right by -

AT THE OTHER END OF THE
CORRIDOR, THE FAMILIAR CLICK OF
HEELS WALKING AWAY. AUBREY PUTS
THE COMM DOWN. A SHARP INTAKE OF
BREATH, THEN A SHOUT IN ANGER.

AUBREY: Bryony!

BRYONY TURNS ON THE SPOT IN
SURPRISE. THEY TALK FROM
OPPOSING ENDS OF THE CORRIDOR,
THE RECORDS ROOM BETWEEN THEM.

BRYONY: My God. Aubrey Wood? Is that a bobble hat you're wearing? Good lord, you haven't been living down here all along, have you? Like that Parasite movie?

AUBREY: Where's Gordon?

BRYONY: Ohhh... I see what's happened. I have you to thank for my new professional freedom, do I? Should've known Mr Porlock wasn't capable of a dastardly plot like that all by himself. Well, it seems we'll both be freelancers then. We can do LinkedIn or something.

AUBREY PULLS SOMETHING FROM HER
BAG.

AUBREY: Bryony, where is Gordon?

BRYONY: What... what is that you're holding?

AUBREY: It's a pipe bomb.

BRYONY: Ah. Is it real?

AUBREY: Very much so. I gave the fake one to your handsome assistant to hold on to.

BRYONY: Well, as impressive as your commitment to grassroots terrorism is, it's not very effective in this situation, I'm afraid. You need something much more focused, like this.

BRYONY PULLS HER GUN AND IMMEDIATELY FIRES IT AT AUBREY.

AUBREY: Shit!

AUBREY DUCKS BEHIND A WALL AS THE SHOT HITS IT WITH A METALLIC CLANG, FOLLOWED BY TWO MORE SHOTS WITH THE SAME EFFECT. AFTER A MOMENT OF SILENCE, THE SOUND OF THE DOOR TO THE STAIRWELL OPENING AND SLAMMING, FOOTSTEPS RUNNING AWAY. AUBREY, BREATHING HARD, POKES HER HEAD ROUND THE WALL.

SHE GOES TO HER COMM
FRANTICALLY AS SHE RUSHES DOWN
THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS THE
RECORDS ROOM.

AUBREY: Gordon? Warren? Are either of you... Are either of you -

SHE OPENS THE DOOR WITH A CREAK.
WARREN IS ON THE FLOOR, HUNCHED
OVER THE BODY OF GORDON.

WARREN: Help me. Help me. Please. Help me.

AUBREY: Oh my God.

SCENE 6

2064. AUBREY, IN THE CRYO SUITE,
SAT AT GORDON'S POD.

GORD: Are you sure you would like me to continue
playback, Aubrey?

AUBREY: Yes. Carry on, Gord.

GORD IS PLAYING HER THE
RECORDINGS. THEY ECHO AROUND
THE CHAMBER. SNATCHED SEGMENTS
OF THE CHAOS FOLLOWING GORDON'S
SHOOTING IN THE PRESENT.

AUBREY (PAST): Keep the pressure on him. Warren. Warren, look
at me. Keep the pressure on his stomach.

WARREN: I don't - I don't know how -

AUBREY (PAST): Where's the crash trolley? Warren, I need you to
tell me where -

AUBREY: Skip.

GORD SKIPS.

CUT. PAMELA, IN THE CORRIDORS IN
THE LAB, ON HER COMM.

PAMELA: Grace? Gordon? Why the fuck is no one answering?

CLIVE: Pamela?

PAMELA: Clive!

CLIVE: Pamela, can you please tell me what the sweet shit is going on down there?

PAMELA: I heard shots...like, gunshots.

CLIVE: Yes, I heard that too. Anything else would be useful.

PAMELA: I can't find anyone. No one's answering.

CLIVE: Just get up here.

PAMELA: I'm on my way. I'll be right there.

TO HERSELF:

PAMELA: Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

ON THE END OF THE COMM, THE
HEAVY DOOR TO THE STAIRWELL
OPENING.

CLIVE: That was... faaaaauuucking hell, now Bryony, I want you to think very carefully about -

A GUNSHOT. THE COMM CUTS OFF.

PAMELA: Clive? Clive?!

NOTHING. PAMELA KEEPS MOVING,
UNABLE TO STOP.

PAMELA: Oh, fuck me, fuck me -

SHE'S RUN RIGHT PAST THE RECORDS
ROOM.

AUBREY: Hey! Hey!

PAMELA NEARLY JUMPS OUT OF HER
SKIN IN FRIGHT.

PAMELA: Who the fuck are you? -

AUBREY: Hey, it's Pamela, right? The American? I need the crash trolley and I need a gurney, right now.

PAMELA: What are you -

SHE STEPS INTO THE DOORWAY AND
SEES THE SCENE.

PAMELA: Fuck! Warren, what happened to Gordon -

AUBREY: Gordon's been shot. He's breathing but we can't help him like this. I need the emergency drugs box, I need the airway kit, we need to move him, and we're going to need blood. Grace is in the tunnel, about 30 yards down, he's tied up and he's holding a bomb but it's a fake, okay, you need to untie him, and get what we need. I need all hands on deck, alright?

PAMELA: What are you talking about?

WARREN: Will you... Will you just fucking do it, Pam. Please.

PAMELA: Fuck!

AUBREY (FUTURE): Skip.

CUT. PAM AND GRACE, NOW UNTIED,
RUNNING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

PAMELA: I can't believe you thought that was a real bomb, you fucking moron. It looked like a Pez dispenser.

GRACE: It was dark, and she had just electrocuted me!
Okay!

PAMELA: Whatever. Let's just get - wait, wait, where are you going?

GRACE: The blood fridge. Where are *you* going?

PAMELA: I'm getting the hell out of here. *We're* getting the hell out of here.

GRACE: You said Gordon was shot. In the stomach.

PAMELA: Yeah, and I don't plan on ending up the same way. You just said that woman attacked you with a jerry-rigged defibrillator strapped to her back! She's insane!

GRACE: Pam... he'll die.

THE COMM CRACKLES.

CLIVE: Pam... where the fuck are you...

PAMELA: Clive, Jesus Christ, Clive are you alright?

CLIVE: Do I sound...alright?

PAMELA: Where are you?

CLIVE: She shot me. The bitch shot me in the fucking...knees...she's taken the helicopter...why aren't you here?

PAMELA: I'm sorry, I got a bit... tied up.

CLIVE: Tied up. Oh, right. Well, if you wouldn't mind, I'd be grateful if you popped up here and helped me not bleed to death, you bloody idiot!

HE CLICKS OFF. A BEAT.

PAMELA: Grace, I'm going.

GRACE: I... I'm going to stay.

PAMELA: Whatever.

AUBREY (FUTURE): Skip.

THE RECORDING SKIPS.

AUBREY (PAST): The breathing bag. Like a rugby ball with a mask attached to it. Look at me. One hand here, one on the mask, like this. Warren you can do th -

AUBREY (FUTURE): Skip.

THE RECORDING SKIPS.

AUBREY (PAST): Okay. Mask off. Grace, bit of pressure on the neck. To the right. Damn it.

GRACE: Can you see? Don't you want to use the video assist?

AUBREY (PAST): I think I've got it. Tube.

AUBREY (FUTURE): Skip.

GORD STOPS PLAYBACK.

GORD: Would you like me to stop playing these recordings Aubrey? I imagine they may be upsetting to you.

AUBREY (FUTURE): No. And you don't have the capacity to imagine. Skip.

GORD CONTINUES.

AUBREY (PAST): More blood.

GRACE: There's no point putting more blood up. That's it, we don't have any more than this. Hello?

AUBREY (PAST): I'm thinking!

GRACE: What?

AUBREY (PAST): We can put him in the cryopod.

GRACE: The pod?

AUBREY (PAST): How long does it take to set up?

GRACE: It's... it's fully set up, we were going to put Warren in tonight. The Hartshorn is ready to go.

AUBREY IS THINKING HARD.

AUBREY (PAST): Halbech was working on the haemostatic properties of the infusion, right, so it could be used in emergency medicine. Wasn't she?

GRACE: How do you know that?

AUBREY (PAST): Gordon told me. Fuck it. Freezing someone is the easy part. We'll worry about the rest later. Come on, Warren. We need to move him. Warren?

WARREN: I can't do this. Aubrey, I can't...

A CLATTER AS WARREN DROPS TO THE FLOOR.

AUBREY (PAST): Warren!

WARREN: I...

GRACE: Warren, your nose is bleeding. Oh... shit, he's bleeding from his ear as well.

AUBREY (PAST): Warren. Warren. Warren, hey! Look at me!

GRACE: Oh God! What's happening to him?

AUBREY: He's in shock.

WARREN: I can't... put me back... please just put me back...
put me back... put me back...

HESTER: Gord, stop it.

THE RECORDING CUTS ABRUPTLY.
HESTER HAS ENTERED THE
CRYOSUITE. SHE PULLS UP A CHAIR BY
AUBREY.

AUBREY: Hester.

HESTER: What are you doing?

AUBREY: Reliving the good times.

HESTER STEPS IN AND JOINS AUBREY.

HESTER: I brought the tortoise down. Thought she could
visit Gordon, he is her dad after all.

AUBREY: Hey Waffles. Big girl.

HESTER: She likes it on top of the pod, I think. I mean, as
much as she likes anything. She just stands there.

SHE PUTS WAFFLES DOWN ON
GORDON'S POD. THEY SIT FOR A
MOMENT.

HESTER: You want to talk about it?

AUBREY: Bryony had cleared out the remaining Hartshorn on her way out and left in the helicopter. God knows where she went. But there was an infusion left over. It had been meant for Warren before he was taken to Glasgow. The night you saw him in The Boat and Bridger. It should've been wasted, Grace or Pam should've thrown it in the furnace because it had been out of containment too long, it would've been degraded, too risky to use. But with everything that was going on, they hadn't gotten round to it yet, and we didn't have a choice. Warren was going into shock and starting to haemorrhage, the first signs his body was finally giving up on the treatment. Gordon... well, the bullet had gone straight through, we didn't have any more blood to give, he was going to bleed out in a matter of minutes. So, I used the good infusion on Warren, and the degraded one on Gordon. Warren was the best hope for a successful emergence.

HESTER: You had to make the call. You were still trying to save them both.

AUBREY: It was messy. Really... messy. We got them both into their own pod. We spent an hour or so moving them into the tunnel. To... right here, where we're sitting now. Then Grace and I blew up the tunnel entrances at both ends. Sealed them in the mountain. Our first bombing.

HESTER: I made you stop the recording before you started blowing things up with homemade bombs?

AUBREY: It was hardly -

HESTER: Gord... Gord, please tell me there's a tape of that.

GORD: It's a fractured recording but of course.

A RECORDING BEGINS. AUBREY AND GRACE ARE IN THE TUNNEL. IN THE DISTANCE A FIRE ALARM BLARES.

AUBREY: Is that it? Is that everything? Where's the anaesthetic vapour? That'll go up like nobody's business.

GRACE: Well, no it's not everything, but I also don't want to be buried alive.

AUBREY: You've got everything you want to take?

GRACE: Yes. Yes, You?

AUBREY: Anything I thought was useful. And one tortoise in a Tupperware.

GRACE: Right.

AUBREY: Right. This is crazy. Are you sure those pods are going to hold out?

GRACE: Oh no, they're built to endure. The whole idea is if the rest of the world goes to pieces around it, the cryopod still survives. They'll be as safe as they can be. Unless you can fit them in your van.

AUBREY: With any luck Overhead won't even know Warren and Gordon are in here. I'll come back for them soon enough. I'll come back. Somehow.

GRACE'S COMM CRACKLES. THERE IS THE WAIL OF A HELICOPTER ROTOR GOING IN THE BACKGROUND.

PAMELA: Grace? Grace!

BEAT.

AUBREY: You going to answer that?

GRACE: Hi Pam.

PAMELA: The Decom Team is here! We're leaving!

BEAT.

AUBREY: You're not my hostage, Dr Melé. You do what you have to do.

GRACE: There's no walking away from this, is there?

AUBREY: I'm the only person I know who walked away from this place. And look how far I got. It's not an easy life, Grace.

PAMELA: Grace? Gra -

GRACE TURNS OFF THE COMM, AND
SMASHES IT ON THE FLOOR.

GRACE: Alright then.

AUBREY: Alright. Well, here we go. Here's the... bomb.

GRACE: So, this one is real.

AUBREY: Oh definitely. Look it has a timer on it and everything. I got it from John Lewis. The timer I mean. It's like the one they use on Bake Off.

GRACE: Okay then.

AUBREY: Okay.

WITH A BEEP THE TIMER IS ACTIVATED.
AUBREY PUTS IT DOWN.

GRACE: Time to run, is it?

AUBREY: Ah... yeah.

THEY START TO RUN. AUBREY
REMEMBERS.

AUBREY: Shit, the tortoise! I've left the tortoise!

SHE SCRAMBLES BACK, GRABS THE
TUPPERWARE WITH WAFFLES INSIDE.

AUBREY: Got it! Right, let's go!

THEY RUN AWAY. EVENTUALLY AN
EXPLOSION BEHIND THEM AND THE
SOUND OF ROCKS FALLING.

GRACE: Fuuuuuuuuuck!

AUBREY: Oh Nelly! Oh dear!

GRACE: Fuck fuck fuck!

CUT.

HESTER: Wow. That was like Blue Peter meets Die Hard.

AUBREY: Ha, yes. We, uh. We got more proficient over the years.

HESTER: Hey Waffles! Did you know you were in an action film? That was awesome, wasn't it?

WAFFLES DOES BUGGER ALL.

HESTER: I don't know why you never wanted to talk about all this. You saved Warren and Gordon's lives. Grace as well probably.

AUBREY: That's a kind thing to say.

HESTER STANDS UP, AND PICKS UP
WAFFLES.

HESTER: Come on. We've got rounds to do upstairs. And then you're going to see Warren. He's awake.

HESTER HUGS AUBREY WITH HER
FREE HAND AND KISSES HER ON THE
TOP OF THE HEAD.

AUBREY: Yes sir.

CUT.

EPILOGUE

WARREN AWAKES WITH A START. HE IS
IN BED, IN A SMALL SEALED ROOM, THE
ONLY SOUND, THE GENTLE BEEP OF A
MONITOR, A SUBTLE WHIRR OF
VENTILATION. PEACEFUL MUSIC PLAYS
SOFTLY IN THE BACKGROUND,
AMBIENT SOUND EFFECTS - A
BABBLING BROOK, BIRDS FLAPPING
BY.

WARREN: Gordon? Gordon!

GORD: I'm here.

WARREN: Oh, oh, thank God. Wait h.. how are you here?
H... How did you -

GORD: You've been in hypersleep.

WARREN: Well yeah. I can't see anything.

GORD: The lights are very low.

WARREN: No, I mean I can't see anything. My eyes are open
and its black, what's going on?

GORD PUTS ON THE VOICE OF
BOUSHH FROM RETURN OF THE JEDI.

GORD: Your eyesight will return.

WARREN: What?

GORD: You have hibernation sickness.

WARREN: What?

GORD: That's from Return of the Jedi, my favourite Star Wars movie.

WARREN: Why are you talking like that?

GORD: Did you know Return of the Jedi was the biggest box office hit of 1983 ahead of Tootsie and Flashdance?

WARREN: What... what the hell have you – I... I'm blind – Y... you're sounding like Norman Bates - are you even in the room – wh... where are you -

AN INTERCOM TURNS ON WITH A SQUEAL. A HARRIED AND OUT OF BREATH AUBREY WOOD.

AUBREY: Sorry sorry sorry, I'm here, I'm here. It's crazy upstairs.

GORD: He's awake.

WARREN: Aubrey?

AUBREY: Oh, okay okay. Hi Warren.

WARREN: Aubrey, Aubrey, wh... what is going on, I can't see, are my legs - are my legs working? Why does Gordon sound like the murder bot from 2001 -

GORD: That's HAL9000, performed by -

WARREN: Shut up.

AUBREY: The idea was that he'd keep you calm as you emerged. A familiar voice. He's actually the station computer, a Blue Sky unit. A bit more advanced than the one you probably remember. Good for telling you the weather and reading Wikipedia entries, that was about it back then, wasn't it?

WARREN: Literally none of that made sense. I'm contemplating having a panic attack, wh... what do you think?

AUBREY: Gord, give him something.

WARREN: Gord?

GORD: It'll make him sleepy again.

WARREN: Look no, I don't want to go back to sleep -

AUBREY: It's been 3 days, he'll be alright.

WARREN: So that's not even Gordon, it's a fucking Blue Sky unit -

GORD: We don't know how long it may take for Warren's cognitive -

AUBREY: Just give him the thing!

THE HISS OF AN INFUSION PUMP NEXT TO WARREN. WARREN MAKES AN IRRITATED WHINE OF RESIGNATION AS THE RELAXANT HITS HIM. HE PUTS HIS HEAD BACK ON THE PILLOW.

AUBREY: Is that better?

WARREN'S ANXIOUS TONE HAS DROPPED TO SOMETHING APPROACHING RELAXED.

WARREN: Now I'm just dizzy. Which seems unfair when I can't even see. Can you please turn that pan pipe shit off?

GORD: Certainly.

THE MUSIC AND SOUND EFFECTS CUT.

GORD: Would you like some Amazon rainfall sounds instead?

WARREN: No!

AUBREY: That's enough, Gord.

GORD: Only trying to help.

AUBREY: Yes. Thank you.

WARREN: Where am I? Where are you?

AUBREY: You're in quarantine. Will be for quite a while I'm afraid. For your own good, of course. I'm just through the glass.

WARREN: What did you mean 3 days? I must have been asleep more than 3 days.

AUBREY: It's been 3 days since you Kontinued. Since you woke up. Your short-term memory hasn't quite caught up yet. We've had this conversation a dozen times.

GORD: 13 times.

AUBREY: A baker's dozen times.

WARREN: What?

AUBREY: You go off the handle, we have to knock you out, you forget everything, we go again. I've been awake for 30 hours.

WARREN: Aubrey, you sound terrible.

AUBREY: I know, I've been awake for 30 hours -

WARREN: No, you sound different all low and slowed down like your batteries are running out. Gordon's a robot, my body is not working, can you please just tell me what's going on.

AUBREY: You've been in hypersleep for 44 years. It's 2064.

WARREN: Of course, it is.

AUBREY: Well, that's a better reaction than usual.

WARREN: Really? How else do you react to something as ridiculous as that?

AUBREY: I have 12 very recent examples. You rip out your IV, or you try and break your monitor. A couple of times you tried to get out of bed, banging your head on the floor and ripping out your catheter. That's umm... why your arms are covered in gauze and sticky tape, why you have that unsightly bump on your head and why I expect your penis is incredibly sore right now.

WARREN: I was going to ask.

AUBREY: No one's ever Continued after this long. Frankly it's a miracle you're even alive. But then you've been told that before, haven't you? I don't why any of us should feel surprised.

WARREN: And Gordon? Actual Gordon?

AUBREY: He's right where we left him. He's in hypersleep.

WARREN: So, where are we?

AUBREY: Red Valley.

WARREN: Back here again?

AUBREY: You never left. Neither of you did.

WARREN: 44 years. But that... that would make you -

AUBREY: Ah ah ah, that's another story. If you remember any of this the next time you wake up, Gord -

GORD: Hello!

AUBREY: Yes, hello. Gord can start filling in some blanks.

A SCRAPE OF A CHAIR. AUBREY IS
GETTING UP TO LEAVE.

WARREN: Some blanks? Aubrey, hey, wait, come on. What about-

AUBREY: This is good. You sound much better. I need to sleep, and you'll be out cold in a few minutes. Your eyes should be fine. No reason you shouldn't bounce back, you always do.

WARREN: But why now. Wh... Why leave it so long, wh...
what's happening?

AUBREY: You've missed a lot, Warren. But I thought one
way or another you'd want to see the end.

WARREN: The end of what?

AUBREY: The end of Red Valley. Goodnight Warren.

END.