

RED VALLEY

SEASON 3: PART 1

EPISODE 1
'2024'

by
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Character List

Blue Sky	Natalie Day
Pamela Jennings	Rachel Fowler
Clive Schill	Alexander Broad
Harvey	Alasdair Stuart
Cabbie	Kit Lessner
Front of House	Phoebe Taiano
Francesca Jones	Carol Pestrige
Rebecca Landry	Natalie Day

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BLUE SKY: February 12th. 2024.

SCENE 1

CLIVE SCHILL IS IN A TAXI TRAVELLING
THROUGH CENTRAL LONDON, CALLING PAM
JENNINGS. THE PHONE IS RINGING.

PAMELA: Clive?

CLIVE: Pam. How's it going?

PAMELA: Clive, you can't keep doing this.

CLIVE: Doing what? I like to know you're okay.

PAMELA: No, you don't. Clive, it's stressing me out and in any case -

CLIVE: Pam, look. I'm in a taxi, I'm on my way to meet Fran Jones right now. She summoned me.

PAMELA: She summoned you?

CLIVE: Yeah, to a tapas restaurant. Pam, I want to make my pitch, I need something concrete from you and your guys -

PAMELA: Clive listen to me, you need to be careful -

A BEEP SHOWS THAT CLIVE HAS A CALL
WAITING.

CLIVE: What? Why?

PAMELA: Clive -

BEEP.

CLIVE: Hang on. Stay on the line.

A DIFFERENT BEEP AS HE TAKES THE OTHER
CALL.

CLIVE: Harvey?

HARVEY: Clive, hi.

CLIVE: How's it going Harvey?

HARVEY: Have you got a minute?

CLIVE: Always got the time for my man at The Times.

HARVEY: Hahaha, Listen... I've got this story I've been asked to follow up on. We've had some striking material sent to us regarding some astonishing work going on at Amos Tech in China.

CLIVE IS IMMEDIATELY ON THE BACKFOOT.

CLIVE: Riiight.

HARVEY: It's in a pretty strange field of research. Cryonic preservation.

CLIVE: Cryonic...preservation?

HARVEY: The freezing of human bodies. In the hopes of one day resurrecting them.

CLIVE: Okay, so, why would I know anything about that?

HARVEY: Well, the intel that has been leaked depicts some extremely concerning treatment of human test subjects at Amos.

CLIVE: Yeah, I don't see what this has to do with me Harvey, you want a quote about how shoddy we think Amos Tech are, then you can go to the spokespeople, I can give you their number -

HARVEY: Well, the thing is, the source for the intel links this research to studies carried out by Overhead Industries -

CLIVE: Harvey, what is this?

HARVEY: I'm just looking for a little clarifica -

CLIVE: I don't know the first thing about cryogenics or -

HARVEY: Cryonics. And you do, there's the record of a patent for a liquid nitrogen storage pod for cadavers that your department acquired a few years ago, and the domain name doyouwanttokontinue.com with a k by the way, which your department bought in 2019 -

CLIVE: You're barking up the wrong tree here, mate.

HARVEY: What can you tell me about a Dr Bryony Halbech?

CLIVE: Fucking hell Harvey! We're supposed to be friends! I introduced you to your mistress!

HARVEY: Clive, it's just a story man. I'm doing my job.

CLIVE TAPS ON THE GLASS TO GET THE CAB
DRIVER'S ATTENTION.

CLIVE: Just here mate.

CABBIE: You said Shaftesbury Avenue-

CLIVE: Here is fine!

THE CAB PULLS UP, CLIVE THROWS MONEY AT
THE DRIVER.

CLIVE: Keep the change.

HE MAKES A BIT OF A PALAVA OF GETTING OUT OF THE CAR WITH THE CANE HE NEEDS TO WALK, STILL HOLDING HIS PHONE. HARVEY CARRIES ON.

HARVEY: So, you're not denying Overhead have been working on human cryonic preservation? Under the project name Kontinue? Using techniques that violate many of the-

CLIVE: You know the paywall bit of your website, when the text of your articles fades into nothingness? That is going to be the literal reality of your career, Harvey. You're going to disappear like that photo of Marty McFuckingFly. Write your garbage thinkpiece about cryotech, I'm sure it'll cook up a storm on reddit.com/nobodygivesashit. Say hello to your mistress for me.

HARVEY: Charlotte and I are getting married actually.

CLIVE LAUGHS AT THIS.

CLIVE: Hoo boy, why don't you ask Charlotte how me and her met in the first place you plum.

HARVEY: What's that supposed to –

CLIVE HANGS UP, WALKING QUICKLY DOWN THE BUSY LONDON STREET, HIS CANE CLACKING ON THE PAVEMENT. HE MAKES ANOTHER CALL. IT

RINGS FOR SOME TIME. EVENTUALLY A WEARY-
SOUNDING PAM ANSWERS.

CLIVE: Fuck sake.

PAMELA: Clive, I'm at work.

CLIVE: Was that what I had to be careful about?

PAMELA: Was what?

CLIVE: I just had a call from that gobshite at The Times poking around some leak from Amos Tech, did he call you?

PAMELA: Yes, he did, but he left a voicemail, I didn't speak to him!
Clive, please God tell me you didn't tell him anything.

CLIVE: Why the hell would I do that? Okay, look, you leave rubbish like that to me, you concentrate on being the best bloody cryo tech genius you can be.

PAMELA: You talk like we're a team. We're not a team. I have my own team now. I'm finally back doing something I love.

CLIVE: Yeah, you're building diamond-powered batteries that could let a cryopod run completely independently for a thousand years!

PAMELA: The research has a few more applications than a bloody cryopod, Clive -

CLIVE: Do you realise how cool that sounds though? Let me use it in my pitch. Help me, help you! I could get you some funding, we'll get you out of that little lab in Bristol -

PAMELA: I like my little lab! Clive, I don't want you bringing up me or my work -

CLIVE HAS STOPPED.

CLIVE: Oh, there she is. She looks terrible in blue.

PAMELA: What?

CLIVE: Francesca Jones. Sat there like she owns the place. Drinking her fizzy fucking water.

PAMELA: Where are you?

CLIVE: I can see her through the window. Where's Malcolm? I can't see him.

PAMELA: You're watching her through the window of the restaurant?

CLIVE: He's meant to be here, I need him to - oh. She's seen me.

PAMELA: Clive...

CLIVE: I'm waving.

PAMELA: Do you realise how much this sounds like an Alan Partridge bit?

CLIVE: I'm not Alan Partridge. I'm Jerry Maguire.

PAMELA: Don't bring my name up. Don't even think about it.

SHE HANGS UP. CUT.

SCENE 2

CLIVE HAS ENTERED THE RESTAURANT, WHICH IS NOISY AND BUSTLING. HIS CANE CLACKS ON THE FLOOR. A FRONT OF HOUSE STAFF MEMBER ADDRESSES HIM.

FRONT OF HOUSE: Hello sir, do you have a booking?

CLIVE: Yep, I'm right over there with the electric blue power suit and boring drinks choices.

HE CLACKS STRAIGHT PAST BEFORE CALLING BACK.

CLIVE: Actually, could you bring over an old fashioned?

FRONT OF HOUSE: Um, of course.

HE REACHES THE TABLE.

CLIVE: Francesca. How are you?

FRANCESCA: Clive. I'm fine, how are you? Um, you found us alright.

CLIVE: Us? Is umm... Malcolm here then?

FRANCESCA: Malcolm couldn't be here.

CLIVE CANNOT HIDE HIS DISAPPOINTMENT AND IRRITATION.

CLIVE: W-Why not?

SOMEONE ELSE HAS REACHED THE TABLE. A WOMAN IN HER LATE THIRTIES. LIKE FRANCESCA, SHE IS SERIOUS, WELL SPOKEN, AND NO NONSENSE. REBECCA LANDRY.

REBECCA: I'm afraid my father has been unwell, as I'm sure you've heard. He's asked me to help out for a while. Rebecca Landry, how do you do?

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

CLIVE: Oh. Er... Lovely to meet you. Have we - have we not met before?

REBECCA: I don't think so, no. I haven't been involved with the company until now.

THEY SIT.

CLIVE: Oh right. Okay. But you're um... you're up to speed with everything.

REBECCA: Absolutely.

FRANCESCA: Clive, now Rebecca's here we really should get started -

CLIVE: You're sure we haven't met before?

REBECCA: Quite sure.

FRANCESCA: Clive, we've asked you on a matter of some urgency -

CLIVE SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

CLIVE: Bloody hell, she's the voice of Blue Sky!

REBECCA: Yes. Yes, I am.

CLIVE: Malcolm got his own daughter to be the voice of the Overhead virtual assistant. I did not know that.

REBECCA: Now you do.

CLIVE: That must be so weird for you.

HE SCRAMBLES FOR HIS PHONE.

REBECCA: It's...oh, you're going to, oh, okay -

CLIVE: Hey Blue Sky, what's the time?

HIS PHONE REPLIES IN A TINNY VOICE THAT IS UNMISTAKABLY REBECCA LANDRY'S.

BLUE SKY: The time in London is 3:27pm.

REBECCA: It's definitely not annoying at all when people do that.

CLIVE: It's like meeting a celebrity.

FRANCESCA: Clive. Amos Tech have a functioning hypersleep prototype and it's going to be on the Chinese market before the end of the year.

A SILENCE, INTERRUPTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF CLIVE'S DRINK.

FRONT OF HOUSE: Your old fashioned, sir.

THE ICE TINKLES AS THE DRINK IS PLACED ON THE TABLE. HE TAKES A SIP.

CLIVE: How are they pushing it?

FRANCESCA: It's over Clive. Amos got there first.

CLIVE: How are they pushing it?

REBECCA: Why does that matter?

CLIVE: Just because they got there first, doesn't mean they got there right.

FRANCESCA: Overhead's slogan is literally 'The Future, First.' It's printed on your business card.

REBECCA: They're using it in the penal system.

CLIVE: Well, there you go. I've been saying this all along. It's not a utility or a punishment, it's a lifestyle choice -

FRANCESCA: Clive -

CLIVE: You use it on convicts, and you've made it dirty tech, the big money will go nowhere near it. You don't want to read that Billy Bugnuts who murdered his wife with a meat tenderiser is getting 10 years in hypersleep, you want to see it on a Kardashian's Instagram, you want to see it on a SpaceX rocket going to Saturn -

REBECCA: That's not actually what we're here to discuss.

CLIVE: You've got to let me talk to you about the Aloha Eternity.

REBECCA: The what?

FRANCESCA: Rebecca, don't get him started -

CLIVE: The Aloha Eternity, it's a patent I secured a year ago. A cruise ship for cryonics. First developed by Sebastian Bedford, philanthropist, big thinker, terrible public speaker. The rich and the dying spend the end of their days seeing the world on a top of the range cruise liner, right. Ticking all their bucket lists in the most beautiful locations in the world, with a team on hand to freeze them the moment they shuffle off their mortal coil, safe in the knowledge that with Kontinue, Overhead have taken the pioneering step in cryonic preservation technology -

FRANCESCA: Except we haven't. Amos Tech have.

CLIVE: They don't even realise what they've got.

FRANCESCA: Clive -

CLIVE: Just let me show you my presentation.

FRANCESCA: Clive! I don't appreciate having to raise my voice in public!

CLIVE: Then why are we meeting in a fucking tapas restaurant! I don't even have a menu!

REBECCA: Mr Schill, we asked to meet because we want to talk to you about something that's been brought to our attention.

REBECCA PRODUCES A FILE AND PLACES IT IN
FRONT OF CLIVE.

CLIVE: Um hmm.

REBECCA: If you could look at the file.

HE LEAFS THROUGH IT UNENTHUSIASTICALLY.

CLIVE: This is... this is inside Amos.

REBECCA: Yes.

CLIVE: What am I looking at?

REBECCA: Someone took these pictures inside the cryo development lab at Amos.

CLIVE: Who?

REBECCA: We don't know who took them, but we know who sent them, because she attached and signed a covering letter.

CLIVE: She?

FRANCESCA: Aubrey Wood.

CLIVE: Bloody hell, she's stepping up her game, isn't she? I take it we're no closer to finding her?

REBECCA: In her letter, she states that the men and women in these pictures are undergoing some kind of neurological treatment that rapidly enlarges the subject's amygdala while shrinking their hippocampus at the same rate.

CLIVE SQUINTS AS HE LOOKS THROUGH THE PICTURES.

CLIVE: Then she can see a lot more than I can.

REBECCA: This creates a neurological state that appears to tolerate the cryonic preservative infusion that allows for successful resuscitation from prolonged hypersleep.

CLIVE: Well, hooray for Amos Tech!

FRANCESCA: This neurological state is an artificial recreation of what would commonly be recognised as PTSD.

REBECCA: Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

CLIVE: I know what PTSD is.

FRANCESCA: It's being given to otherwise fit and healthy individuals. Probably against their will. It's a human rights atrocity. Does that ring any bells, Clive?

CLIVE: Are you sure you guys wouldn't rather discuss this back at your office?

FRANCESCA: Because it reminds me very much of the last conversation I had with Bryony Halbech, do you remember it?

CLIVE: Do I remember the day Bryony shot my kneecaps off?

HE TAPS HIS CANE AGAINST THE TABLE.

CLIVE: Hmm... Let me think.

FRANCESCA: I think, that it's safe to assume that Bryony Halbech is behind this research at Amos.

CLIVE: One should never assume, Fran.

REBECCA: Mr Schill, I'm not sure you fully appreciate the gravity of the situation in which you find yourself. The scope of your failure is wider than you think.

CLIVE: Oh right. Do elaborate.

REBECCA: After the destruction of the cryonics laboratory at Red Valley in which valuable assets in your care were stolen or destroyed -

CLIVE: Such as my kneecaps.

REBECCA: - you assured Francesca and my father that you could locate Bryony Halbech within 2 weeks.

CLIVE: I was in a hospital bed when I said that. Following surgery. Do I have to say the word kneecaps again?

REBECCA: That was 2 years ago. You still haven't found her.

CLIVE: I'm... I'm Clive Schill by the way, I work in research and development. You still seem to have me confused with The Mandalorian.

REBECCA: During this period, it would appear that Dr Halbech has perfected her research into human cryonic preservation by taking it to our biggest competitor.

CLIVE: I feel like you're building up to a third thing.

REBECCA: Now, that research has been leaked and shared by an ex-Overhead employee who seems hellbent on stopping the development of human cryo tech in any form. This file hasn't just gone to us. We have reason to believe it's reached the press.

CLIVE: I got a phone call from a newspaper about this just before I walked in here, that's a strange coincidence.

REBECCA: I'm not sure quite what you're implying, Mr Schill.

CLIVE: I don't see Bryony Halbech in any of these pictures, do you? Actually, is there any hard evidence she's at Amos? Or that she's even alive for that matter?

FRANCESCA: They've done exactly what she asked us to do 2 years ago, Clive.

CLIVE: What she asked you to do in the function room of a pub before going on an attempted killing spree. Now, forgive me if I don't take the words of a homicidal maniac that seriously. And sorry, but I'm struggling to see how Aubrey Wood leaking human rights abuses from our biggest rival is actually a bad thing. Now, if you'd like me to take responsibility for the PR shitshow that's about to head Amos' way, I'm happy to do it.

REBECCA: Clive -

CLIVE: You think I don't know what this is? I see an Overhead board of directors that's lost its fucking nerve. Why do you think Amos, Jinx, Chapter, every new tech on the block, why do you think they're beating us? And they are beating us, aren't they? So, Amos got there first in cryo. It's not what any of us wanted. But your first reaction is to take everything we've done, everything we've achieved, tie it to a brick with my name on it and throw it in the sea? Because you're scared of a little poking from a nobody at The Times and a nuisance ex-employee with a grudge? Does Malcolm even know you're meeting with me today?

REBECCA: As I've said, my father is unwell -

CLIVE: Your father would look at this file and laugh until he broke a tooth. His mind would open like a motherfucking flower to the possibilities it presented, it wouldn't shrink in fear and doubt.

FRANCESCA: Well, you've made a jolly spectacle of yourself as usual Clive, so I suppose we're done here.

CLIVE: You suppose correctly. You want to walk away from Kontinue, fine. But if you think you can leave all the trouble at my feet, you'll find I dotted my i's and crossed my t's with some pretty wild fucking penmanship. Enjoy your £30 calamari rings or whatever the fuck.

THE SCRAPE OF CLIVE'S CHAIR AND THE TAP
OF HIS CANE ON THE GROUND AS HE STANDS.

REBECCA: It was a pleasure to meet you, Mr Schill.

CLIVE: You too Rebecca. I look forward to being served by you in five years at the Overhead all night pharmacy or whatever is left of this company when you're finished with it. That's your future. But hey, at least you'll have got there first.

HE DEPARTS THE RESTAURANT, HIS CANE
CLACKING ON THE FLOOR. HE MUTTERS TO
HIMSELF ON HIS WAY OUT.

CLIVE: That was some Jerry Maguire shit right there.

END.