

# **RED VALLEY**

**SEASON 3: PART 1**

**EPISODE 2**  
**'2027'**

by  
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**Character List**

Blue Sky	Natalie Day
Clive Schill	Alexander Broad
Pamela Jennings	Rachel Fowler
Francesca Jones	Carol Pestrige

**SEASON 3: PART 1 – EPISODE 2**

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BLUE SKY: September 4th. 2027.

**SCENE 1**

A WAITING ROOM OUTSIDE A CONFERENCE ROOM, MANY FLOORS UP AT OVERHEAD HQ. CLIVE IS WAITING SOMEWHAT ANXIOUSLY. PAM ARRIVES.

CLIVE: Hey. You're here. You're nearly late.

PAMELA: Hey. Clive, this is not a location for lunch. I've never even been to this floor of the building before.

CLIVE: I told you to dress smart.

PAMELA: Excuse me?

CLIVE: It's fine. It's fine. We can do a She's All That. Right, take the glasses off at the right moment, shake your hair out. But don't make it *look* like you're shaking your hair out, we don't want to be too obvious.

PAMELA: Clive. I just came up a lot of stairs to get up here, keep talking like that and I will take that ostentatious cane you walk with and break it over your goddamn skull -

CLIVE: Okay, okay, okay.

PAMELA: What is that on the top?

CLIVE: Top of what?

PAMELA: The cane. Is that meant to be an ice cube?

CLIVE: Yeah.

PAMELA: Clive tell me what is going on.

CLIVE: Legal have finally cleared the patent for Overhead's hypersleep technology. Kontinue will officially be in development.

PAMELA: I heard. That... must be hard for you. Kontinue was your baby. It must be hard watching them take it forward without you.

CLIVE: Sure. They wanted to punish me. But who cares, right? All they've got is a rip off of the Amos Tech model. And we know that's crap tech. Fucks with people's brains, even using it in their penal system is a human rights outrage. So, no point making a song and dance about us having it.

PAMELA: Right

CLIVE: Unless, of course, Overhead had a fringe pharma department developing a wonder drug, like some incredibly potent half-opioid half-tricyclic antidepressant, perfectly balanced to specifically target the areas of the brain affected by the hypersleep infusion.

PAMELA IS A LITTLE SHEEPISH.

PAMELA: Clive, I don't know how you know about that, but I couldn't tell you, I wasn't at liberty to discuss an ongoing proj -

CLIVE: Pam, it's fine. I'm not mad. I'm delighted.

PAMELA: Okay. Great. I mean, I'm still not able to talk about it -

CLIVE: I know, I know. I don't need you to, okay. That's not why I asked you to be here. I asked you here to back me up in a meeting.

PAMELA: A meeting with who?

CLIVE: With the board.

PAMELA: The board of what?

CLIVE: Directors.

PAMELA: What?

CLIVE: The board of directors.

PAMELA: When?

CLIVE: About four minutes.

PAMELA: What?!

CLIVE: I did say be on time.

PAMELA: Hah! I thought we had a reservation for another liquid lunch, not a meeting with the directors of Overhead Industries!

CLIVE: It'll be fine. Like I said you're just back up. Look pretty and agree with me.

PAMELA: What is this meeting about? Oh, tell me it's not the Aloha Eternity.

CLIVE: It's the Aloha Eternity.

PAMELA: Clive, oh my God, you have to let this shit go -

CLIVE: Why would I let it go, now is the time to -

PAMELA: Now is the time?! You're asking Overhead to build a luxury cruise liner at a time of unparalleled social, economical, and environmental uncertainty and inequality. Once you've done that, your gimmick -

CLIVE: It's not a gimmick.

PAMELA: Your *gimmick* will be dependent on that rip-off cryo tech you just disparaged. Our work is barely off formula, we have years to go -

CLIVE: Pam. Don't you see, once they're sold on Aloha, then Kontinue, and your wonder drug - do you have a trade name for it yet?

PAMELA: What part of barely off formula do you not understand -

CLIVE: I like 'Eterniteze'. With an E-Z-E at the end. Fits right in. We give them out when you get your ticket for the cruise, I'll be like Willy fucking Wonka.

PAMELA: We'll take it under consideration.

CLIVE: You will?

PAMELA: No!

CLIVE: Well, anyway. What I'm saying is, Aloha Eternity brings the whole thing under one roof. Kontinue. Eterniteze with an E-Z-E. Those beautiful nuclear diamond batteries you helped develop before you got stonewalled again. All under the same umbrella. An umbrella held by me. All I'm asking is that you come in out of the rain and stand with me, Pam. Let me keep you dry.

PAMELA: Clive, I know you've been hanging on to this patent like it's a bag of magic beans but you're crazy.

CLIVE: You're beaten down, Pam, I get it. You were happy working at Red Valley, and it fell apart. You were happy with the little nuclear diamond battery project, and it fell apart. Okay, you had to move out of your nice flat. Your fella broke up with you. You couldn't go home cos America is politically and in the case of your home state literally on fire. And yes, your wonder drug is years away from being ready and you've only got 6 months of funding left.

PAMELA: How... do you know all that? -

CLIVE: It's my job to know that.

PAMELA: It literally isn't!

CLIVE: Pam I know you're skeptical. You're a scientist, right, it's only natural. But this is real. Right here, right now. A real shot at something amazing!



PAMELA: This is not a 'real shot' at anything. You're going to get your ass handed to you in there. And a cruise ship with a stack of cryopods stuffed in the trunk is not amazing. Even if they built the ship, even if Kontinue comes together, even if our drug does what we need it to do, even if we managed to get the diamond batteries to work and build more cryopods - For all this to succeed, you're still relying on a *lot* of rich people wanting to tick, 'abandon my life to go on holiday until I literally drop dead, and then please throw my body in a metal tube of liquid nitrogen' off their bucket list. And let's not forget you want all of this to happen while groups of cryo-terrorists are in the news right now going into China trying to destroy all hypersleep tech!

CLIVE: Cryo-terrori - Oh give it a rest. Aubrey Wood is just a crazy person who wants attention. She'll be locked up in no time. They'll probably put her in one of their dodgy hypersleep cells and then she'll catch some horrible stasis virus, and it will be ironic and funny and you'll never hear from that little group again. We've got two minutes.

PAMELA: Clive I'm out of here.

CLIVE: Listen to me. You need this. Sun, sea, sky, /

PAMELA: You're living in a dream world.

CLIVE: / money, purpose, influence, /

PAMELA: Your pupils look weird.

CLIVE: / progress, science, money again!

PAMELA: Clive, this isn't how you're going to talk to them, is it?

CLIVE: Also, casinos! Cocktail bars! Water slides, come on!

PAMELA LOWERS HER VOICE.

PAMELA: Clive are you high right now? For real?

CLIVE: Despite your valiant attempts to drag me back to the desert of the real, yes of course I am. Well, I was, I should top up before we start actually.

CLIVE PULLS A SMALL BOTTLE OUT OF HIS BAG.

PAMELA: Clive, what the hell? What even is that?

CLIVE: Poppers.

PAMELA: Poppers! Jesus, the 90s called, they want their soft drugs back.

CLIVE: Just a sec.

CLIVE TAKES A LOUD SNIFF FROM THE BOTTLE.

PAMELA: Clive! This isn't the goddamn Hacienda! This is the board of directors!

CLIVE: Look who's on their high horse now. You ran up the stairs when you thought we were having a boozy lunch. Before we start throwing stones, your glass house smells suspiciously of vodka by the way. And by glass house, I mean your breath.

A PAUSE. PAM SNATCHES UP HER BAG AND JACKET TO LEAVE.

PAMELA: You know what. Fuck this. Fuck you. Fuck your party boat. Aloha.

CLIVE: Pam Pam Pam. Hang on. Wait! Wait wait wait wait wait. Sit down, sit down, sit down. Okay, now you're the one making the scene, come on. Please, for me.

PAM TAKES A SEAT.

CLIVE: Okay, we probably shouldn't be throwing our dependency issues at each other before the biggest pitch meeting of our careers.

PAMELA: Of your career maybe. I'm just your glamorous assistant.

CLIVE: I'm sorry, right. I'm sorry I'm like this. I'm insufferable, okay. My therapist says so. I'm lonely. I miss my little girl. I even miss my wife. Things are a mess.

PAMELA: Do you want me to feel sorry for you?

CLIVE: No. Well, yes. But... what I'm saying is, we've both hit the skids recently and, I don't know. That night at Red Valley. I thought... I thought I was going to die that night, Pam. Alone in the dark. And then you were there. And, you held my hand.

PAMELA: Are you gonna cry? Cos, I don't know how to deal with that.

CLIVE: Look. Becky Landry, Fran Jones and the rest of them, they think we're both done for. Exhausted resources. But we're not. Overhead aren't in the position they used to be. Losing the race to create hypersleep was just the tip of the iceberg. Things are going far worse than most people know. Becky's losing the board. They need something big, something bold. We're not about to walk in there and say 'oh, we've got this fairly workable hypersleep rip off, I don't know, let's put it in prisons or something yah?' Fuck that. Let's go in there and ask for half a billion dollars to build *the* definitive luxury travel slash end of life care slash hypersleep experience for rich old white people who expect to rule the world forever. Because you know what that room behind us is full of?

PAMELA: Rich old white people who expect to rule the world forever.

CLIVE: Bingo.

PAMELA: Screw it. Let's do it.

CLIVE: Clive and Pam.

PAMELA: Clive and Pam.

A DOOR OPENS. FRANCESCA JONES LEANS  
OUT.

FRANCESCA: Clive.

CLIVE: Fran.

FRANCESCA: Oh, is Dr Jennings going to be joining us?

CLIVE: Is she?

PAMELA: She is.

FRANCESCA: This way then, please.

FRAN STEPS BACK IN.

CLIVE: You ready?

PAMELA: Let me shake my hair out.

CLIVE: Ah no, do it inside. They'll be putty in your hands.

PAMELA:                   Dinosaurs. Okay, let's go.

PAMELA TAKES A MOMENT TO ADJUST  
HERSELF. CLIVE WHISPERS TO PAM.

CLIVE:                    Tits and teeth, Dr Jennings.

PAMELA:                 Same to you, asshole.

CUT.

**SCENE 2**

HOURS LATER, THE PUB. PAM IS RETURNING TO  
THEIR TABLE WITH A LOADED TRAY. CLIVE'S  
PHONE VIBRATES. HE LOOKS AT IT.

CLIVE: Nah.

HE REJECTS THE CALL.

CLIVE: Huh! Jesus Pam, no! No!

PAMELA: Come on!

CLIVE: Pam, there's only two of us!

PAMELA: It's a drink for every ship they're gonna build for us!

CLIVE: Oh, it's a fleet now, is it?

PAMELA: Why the hell not?

PAM SITS AND HANDS HIM A SHOT.

CLIVE: Why the hell not! To the Aloha Eternity!

PAMELA: And all who perish in her!

THEY TOAST. IT IS GROSS.

PAMELA: We're gonna build ships together! Great big ships!

CLIVE: That's... that's... Pretty Woman!

PAMELA: Pretty fucking Woman!

CLIVE: Oh Pam. Why picklebacks again? They repeat on me.

PAMELA: I ordered fries. They'll take the edge off. Picklebacks are like the ultimate shot for this occasion!

CLIVE: Right, come on. Tell me your pickleback story.

PAMELA: What makes a pickleback. Brine and bourbon. What do you think of when you hear the word brine?

CLIVE: Tins of tuna.

PAMELA: Right. Tuna fish. Pickles! It's a preservative. It's gonna protect what you throw inside it. Not sexy. Not showy. Not a million miles from a certain cryo-infusion I could tell you about, yes?

CLIVE: Aha!

PAMELA: But come on, it's salty fish water. Gross. But wait, what's this? It's Mr Bourbon! Uhm! It's vital, it's alive, it's sexy, it's fun, it's -



CLIVE: It's a goddamn cruise ship!

PAMELA: It's a goddamn cruise ship. You poured the bourbon on top of the brine. You son of a bitch, you made cryonic preservation fun.

CLIVE: You should've brought some of these along to the presentation.

PAMELA: I didn't have a lot of prep time, asshole.

CLIVE: Look at you.

PAMELA: What?

CLIVE: You've come to life. You're a natural at this stuff.

PAMELA: You forget, before my spirit was crushed under the wheels of misfortune and the inherent misogyny of the tech industry, I was pretty hot shit.

PAUSE.

CLIVE: You're welcome, by the way.

PAM IS DERISIVE.

PAMELA: What?

CLIVE: Come on, I dragged you in there sure, but I was right to, I've been telling everyone, no one's been listening, you are t-

PAMELA: Yeah yeah, thank you sir. I bought the drinks, God!

CLIVE: And here we are. On the outside no more. We're doing it. We're gonna take this idea and run it to the fucking moon. You and me.

PAMELA: I can't believe this is happening. I can't believe they said yes. I have to hand it to you, you really are the golden boy.

CLIVE: Damn right.

THEY ARE BOTH COMFORTABLE. CLIVE'S  
PHONE VIBRATES AGAIN.

PAMELA: You ever gonna answer that?

CLIVE: I can argue with my wife any time I like. Today is a good day.

PAMELA: Sure.

CLIVE: I can picture it all, you know. The Aloha Eternity. Beyond a brochure, beyond a fluffy pitch speech. I can see it. The roar of the waves. The sunset over the ocean. Gaudy cocktails, too much fake tan, bingo nights maybe. I dunno, dancing girls?

PAMELA: God, it sounds awful.

CLIVE: I love all that stuff. But underneath all that... something deeper, something more.

PAM THINKS ABOUT THIS.

PAMELA: Why are you here, Clive? Overhead I mean. People like you and me never should've met. Why aren't you in... Vegas. Or, like, Blackpool Pier.

CLIVE: Everyone thinks my eye is only on the money. You think I don't ruminate on the human condition? You think cryonics doesn't speak to me like it speaks to you?

PAMELA: Cryonic preservation... speaks to you?

CLIVE: I didn't buy the Aloha Eternity patent cos I wanted to make money off someone else's idea. I bought it because I believed I had the power to make it real.

PAMELA: You want to take death on holiday.

CLIVE: It's not so crazy, right? All our lives we turn away from it, we run from it, we pretend it isn't coming for us and the people we care about. But, it is. Death is with us all the time. You, me, everyone in that board room today. My little girl. So, stop dragging it round like a bowling ball in a sock, yeh. Take it to a show. Take it to the beach. Put death *on* your bucket list. And then, maybe you can genuinely rest in peace. For real. True, earned rest. And wait for better minds than ours to bring you back.

PAMELA: And then party all over again.

CLIVE: Amen to that.

PAMELA: Spoken like a true believer. Next!

SHE LINES UP THE NEXT DRINKS.

CLIVE: Right, last picklebacks. Then something less salty, yeah?

PAMELA: You're the boss.

CLIVE: So, right. the brine is cryotech, the whiskey is the cruise ship. What does that make this baby gherkin here?

PAMELA: This tiny baby gherkin can be...

PAM TAKES THE GHERKIN AND TOSSES IT IN  
THE NEXT SHOT WITH A SPLASH.

PAMELA: Any old bastard stupid enough to give us their money!

CLIVE: Woohoo!

THEY CLINK AND DOWN THE DRINKS. STILL  
GROSS.

PAMELA: Right. I'm getting beers.

CLIVE: And chase up the fries.

PAMELA: Gotcha.

PAM LEAVES THE TABLE, CLIVE SITS ALONE  
FOR A MOMENT BEFORE HIS PHONE VIBRATES.  
IN ANNOYANCE HE TAKES THE CALL.

CLIVE: Oh Christ... Babe, I told you, I am working. Can we please discuss this la -

IT'S NOT CLIVE'S WIFE.

FRANCESCA: Alright babe. You're never off the clock are you, Clive.

CLIVE: Oh Fran. Hey.

FRANCESCA: Rebecca wanted me to congratulate you on your pitch today Looks like we really are betting the farm on this.

CLIVE: It's a good bet, Fran. I know this isn't the future you might've had in mind for R&D -

FRANCESCA: Nothing that's ever come out of your mouth is what I have in mind for this company. But it's not my company, is it? I just want you to know. This time, no matter how wild your penmanship, your name is written all over this in permanent marker. You're going to live or die on the Aloha Eternity, Clive.

CLIVE: In many ways that is kind of the point. You know I might borrow that actually, Fran.

FRANCESCA: I hope for your sake you're right about all this, Clive. If not, I'll be taking a front row seat to watch the golden boy take a golden shower.

SHE HANGS UP. PAM RETURNS.

PAMELA: I thought you weren't going to speak to her.

CLIVE: That... that was Francesca.

PAMELA: The hell does she want?

CLIVE: She wants to sit very close to me while I get showered in piss.

PAMELA: Say that again?

CLIVE: Don't worry about it.

PAMELA: Hey.

CLIVE: Hey what?

PAMELA: I am grateful you know.

CLIVE: I know.

PAMELA: Why are you smiling like that?

CLIVE: Just thinking about the future.

PAMELA:

I'll drink to that.

CLINK.

END.