

# **RED VALLEY**

**SEASON 3: PART 1**

**EPISODE 3**  
**'2035'**

by  
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**Character List**

Blue Sky	Natalie Day
Clive Schill	Alexander Broad
Pamela Jennings	Rachel Fowler
Tomas (Bellboy)	Zenon Kruszelnicki
Rebecca Landry	Natalie Day
Sophia	Sophia Hannides
Sebastian Bedford (Bedford Bot)	Richard Orpheus Campbell
Olds	Rita and Kev McCarthy
	Barbara and Paul Campbell
Captain	James Trujillo
Crew member	Kit Lessner
Pilot	Aiham AlSubaihi
Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks

**SEASON 3: PART 1 – EPISODE 3**

'2035'

BLUE SKY: May 5th. 2035.

**SCENE 1**

A WALKWAY ABOARD THE ALOHA ETERNITY,  
ONE OF THE BIGGEST OCEAN LINERS IN THE  
WORLD. CLIVE SCHILL WALKS HURRIEDLY, HIS  
CANE CLACKING ON THE CORRIDOR FLOOR.  
WITH HIS FREE HAND HE CLICKS HIS COMM.

CLIVE: Pam? Pam. Pam!

NO ANSWER. CLIVE RESORTS TO A FAKE  
EMERGENCY.

CLIVE: Dr Jennings! Cardiac arrest on the retail deck!

A MOMENT LATER A RESPONSE. A THROAT IS  
CLEARED, GENERAL KERFUFFLE.

PAMELA: What! Where? I'm here, I'm here!

CLIVE: And where is here?

PAMELA: Clive. Oh... Fuck.

CLIVE: Where are you?

PAMELA: I'm... actually, I don't know. Lots of sand. Some plastic guy in a lot of eyeliner is looking at me like I owe him money. Is there actually a cardiac arrest going on?

CLIVE: No. And that's the Pharoah. You're in The Mighty Sphinx. That's the other side of the ship, Pam! She's already landing, you're supposed to be here.

PAMELA: I think it's best for everyone, if I skip the meet and greet.

CLIVE: I told you I wanted you to be there, Pam. You're the chief cryonicist. You're technically the most important person on the vessel.

PAMELA: Ah! I'd like that in writing.

CLIVE: Pam it's 11am. Right. I don't care if you have a drinking problem, can you just make it less visible?

PAMELA: You have a visible drinking problem.

CLIVE: I'm allowed to have a visible drinking problem. I don't have to vitrify anyone's corporeal remains.

PAMELA: I'm gonna go. Say hi to the boss from me.

CLIVE: We'll find you later.

PAMELA: It's a big ship. Goodnight.

CLIVE: It's 11am!

CLIVE REACHES THE DOOR TO THE HELIPAD.  
TOMAS, THE BELLBOY, IS WAITING.

TOMAS: Good morning, sir.

CLIVE: Tomas!

TOMAS: Your guest has landed, sir. The rotors on the helicopter are just slowing. You may want to wait a moment.

CLIVE: Nope.

TOMAS: Very good, sir.

CLIVE: You looking forward to Rio, Tomas?

TOMAS: Absolutely, sir.

CLIVE: Beautiful girls.

TOMAS: Yes, sir.

TOMAS OPENS THE DOOR. THE ROAR OF A  
HELICOPTER'S CUT ENGINE FADING.

**SCENE 2**

THE HELIPAD ABOARD THE ALOHA ETERNITY. REBECCA LANDRY IS STRIDING FROM HER HELICOPTER AS THE ENGINE FADES. THE SOUND OF THE OCEAN IN THE DISTANCE. CLIVE APPROACHES EAGERLY, HIS CANE ON THE CONCRETE.

CLIVE: Rebecca! Welcome aboard the Aloha Eternity.

REBECCA: I didn't expect you to greet me, Clive, I assume your head is needed to anchor the ship.

REBECCA DOESN'T BREAK HER STRIDE.

CLIVE: How was your journey?

REBECCA: Less luxurious than yours but a good deal more tasteful, I expect. The all in white is a little much, isn't it? With the hat and the cane? Just work on the little beard and you'll be Richard Attenborough in Jurassic Park.

CLIVE: Can't pretend that's not what I'm going for. And trust me you'll see some dinosaurs by the end of the day. Speaking of which, where's Malcolm?

REBECCA: It took more effort than I care to share to convince my father not to come.

CLIVE: Then why wouldn't you let him? This is everything he ever he wanted -

REBECCA: If I left you two together for 20 minutes, he'd sign the company away, blow his estate on one of your lap dancers until his heart exploded and he'd be in one of your second rate cryopods by morning.

CLIVE: But he would've had a hell of a night. Right. In we go.

THEY REACH THE DOOR AND HEAD INSIDE. AS THE DOOR CLOSSES A TANNYOY KICKS IN. THE HANDSOME VOICE OF THE FOUNDER OF THE ALOHA ETERNITY, SEBASTIAN BEDFORD.

BEDFORD: Welcome aboard the Aloha Eternity. Getting a few extra stops in before life's ultimate destination.

REBECCA: Jesus. Tell me you didn't have that playing just for me.

CLIVE: That's Sebastian Bedford himself, the founder of this great enterprise. Invented the idea while on a cruise with his family exploring the fjords of Norway in the noughties. He voices all the robots on the ship.

REBECCA: How quaint. Is he dead yet?

CLIVE: Nah. We're picking him up in Cuba in a couple of weeks.

REBECCA: Good chance he is then. I hear the insurgents there are -

CLIVE: Ay yay yay. Leave reality where it belongs, outside. On that topic, I hope you brought something more fun to wear, the fatigues are a bit too real world, you know. The clientele pay us to escape exactly that.

REBECCA: So sorry.

CLIVE SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

CLIVE: Tomas!

TOMAS: Yes, sir.

CLIVE: Tomas here will take you to your cabin. Get yourself settled in and I'll meet you in the Thirsty Burger for cocktails, right. Deck 7.

REBECCA: We have important things to discuss, Clive.

CLIVE: Ergo, cocktails. Aloha!

CLIVE DEPARTS.

REBECCA: Tosser.

TOMAS: It's *Tomas*, Madam.



**SCENE 3**

THE THIRSTY BURGER BAR, ON THE 7TH FLOOR. A SOMEWHAT SEEDY ESTABLISHMENT, A CHEESY HOUSE BAND PLAY WHILE ELDERLY DRINKERS CHATTER AND GUFFAW. THE FORCED LAUGHTER OF YOUNG NUBILE WAITRESSES AND TABLE DANCERS ENDURING ANOTHER DAY AT THE OFFICE. CLIVE AND REBECCA REACH THE BAR. CLIVE IS EBULLIENT.

CLIVE: I like to sit at the bar, do you mind if we sit at the bar?

REBECCA: The bar is fine.

CLIVE BANGS A HAND DOWN.

CLIVE: The bar is fine! Sophia! My love!

THE BARMAID APPROACHES, IN THE GOOD MOOD THAT ALL STAFF ABOARD THE ALOHA MUST APPEAR TO BE IN. SHE DOESN'T APPEAR OVERLY FAKE OR INSINCERE, JUST A GOOD TIME GIRL. SHE HAS AN EASTERN EUROPEAN ACCENT.

SOPHIA: Good afternoon, Mr Schill.

CLIVE: Old Fashioneds?

REBECCA: I'll have a gin and tonic, thank you.

CLIVE: Two Old Fashioneds.

REBECCA: I said a gin and fucking tonic!

CLIVE: I know! The Old Fashioneds are for me.

REBECCA: Oh.

SOPHIA: I'll have your drinks sent over in a moment.

REBECCA: Sorry.

SOPHIA: No worries.

SOPHIA DEPARTS. CLIVE REACHES INTO HIS  
POCKET AND PULLS OUT A LITTLE CONTAINER  
AND FIDDLES WITH IT.

CLIVE: Rebecca, you seem stressed.

REBECCA: The world's on fire, Clive, everyone is stressed. What are those?

CLIVE: I mean... that's just objectively not true. Sophia, you stressed?

A FEW METRES AWAY:

SOPHIA: Too blessed to be stressed, boss!

REBECCA: What are you taking? Are those Eterniteze?

CLIVE: Yeah.

REBECCA: Clive, for God's sake. You take them recreationally?

CLIVE: Eterniteze is great for many things. Wiring your brain for hypersleep, reducing anxiety, and just taking the edge off this crummy world. Everyone here takes it. Look around you, you see stress in these people?

REBECCA: I see... Jesus, is that a table dancer? It's the middle of the day.

CLIVE: She's normally dancing on the bar, I asked her to move for you.

REBECCA: That's so sweet. Clive, can we please get on with -

CLIVE: You came all this way. Can we just... Hakuna Matata for 5 minutes, right? Olives? Here's a Bedford Bot.

REBECCA: What is a Bedford Bo - ah!

SHE RECOILS AS THE WHIRR OF A DRONE  
REACHES THEM AT THE BAR. IT SPEAKS WITH  
THE TINNY VOICE OF SEBASTIAN BEDFORD.

BEDFORD BOT: Aloha! Would anyone like olives?

WITH A HURRIED CLINK OF HER HAND ON  
GLASS REBECCA TAKES SOME OLIVES.

REBECCA: Yes. Fine. Olives. Make it go away.

CLIVE: Thank you, Bedford Bot.

BEDFORD BOT: You're so welcome! Aloha!

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO THE DRONE LEAVES  
AND FLIES TO ANOTHER CUSTOMER. ABOVE  
THE HUBBUB CAN BE HEARD ANOTHER  
IDENTICAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF 'ALOHA!'

CLIVE: Like I was saying, look around you. All of these people were staring down the barrel of death. They chose to spend the time they had left having fun. They eat, drink, dance, gamble, say something inadvertently/openly racist every now and then, hump each other to sleep, then do it all again the next day -

REBECCA: Hump?

CLIVE: You know what the biggest stress of my life is? Chlamydia.  
The sexual health nurses are the busiest people on the ship.

REBECCA: Jesus wept.

CLIVE: Their names are Chloe and Lydia as well, you couldn't make it up.

REBECCA: So, how does all this work?

CLIVE: Ah well, you've joined us on one of the most highly sought after legs of the cruise, the South American coast. 183 guests at present. All with various ailments. Back third of the ship is entirely medical wing. We give them whatever they need to keep the party going as long as they want, along with the Eterniteze drug that makes them neurologically... pliant, ahead of the Kontinue process. When the fat lady sings, Pamela Jennings and her cryo team jump in and do the business.

REBECCA: How many guests do you have in cryonic storage right now?

CLIVE: Just four. They'll be collected and flown to the storage site in Miami when we hit five. Two of them agreed to be on public exhibition in the Bedford Hall of Eternity on Deck 4. We can go see them if you like.

REBECCA: I do not like. Where's that drink?

CLIVE: Now, that is the spirit!

ANOTHER DRONE WHIRRS IN WITH THE DRINKS.

BEDFORD BOT: Aloha! I'm bringing drinks!

REBECCA: Jesus.

THEY TAKE THEIR DRINKS OFF THE FLOATING TRAY WHICH THEN WHIZZES OFF.

REBECCA: Dancing girls, flying robots serving drinks, weird looking house band... Forget Jurassic Park, this is Jabba the Hutt's sailing barge.

CLIVE: And I suppose I'm Jabba.

REBECCA: No... there's a distressingly plump and clammy old man in the corner staring at me and licking his lips that I'm thinking about strangling with a chain actually.

CLIVE LOOKS ROUND.

CLIVE: Oh, oh tha - that's Melvyn. He's lovely.

REBECCA: I'm sure.

PAUSE.

CLIVE: Umm... Actually Rebecca... I don't... I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I'm not convinced that's a look of lust.

REBECCA: What do you -

HE ADDRESSES SOPHIA.

CLIVE: Sophia, hey, hey. You might want to get near the big red button.

SOPHIA: I've already called the cryo team, Mr Schill.

CLIVE: Course you have. Bloody pros the lot of you.

REBECCA: What's going on?

CLIVE: Fantastic timing. Couldn't be better.

THERE IS A HUBBUB AROUND THE BAR AS  
PEOPLE START TO NOTICE WHAT'S GOING ON.

OLD 1: Ooh look, it must be Melvyn's time.

OLD 2: I thought there was something. Go on Melvyn!

REBECCA: Christ, he's not -

CLIVE: He's having a heart attack, yeah. Everyone's got a little wristband on. If their vitals get in the red it alerts the cryo team - oh Sophia, I think... I think he's going to slump -

SOPHIA RUNS OVER TO MELVYN.

SOPHIA: It's ok, it's ok, I got it, I got it.

OLD 3: Go on Melvyn!

REBECCA: We need to help the poor man!

CLIVE: You wanted to strangle him 30 seconds ago. Drink your drink.

THE DOORS OPEN WITH A BANG AS A GROUP OF PEOPLE ENTER WITH A VARIETY OF EQUIPMENT, TROLLEYS ETC. OVER THE NEXT 30 SECONDS, GLASSES ARE PUMPED, FEET BEGIN TO STAMP, A CHANT OF MELVYN'S NAME STARTS TO BUILD.

CLIVE: Here they are. In the corner!

PAMELA: Thanks Clive!

REBECCA: Is that Pam?



CLIVE: The one and only.

REBECCA: Why's she wearing sunglasses indoors?

CLIVE: Slave to fashion.

OLDS: Mel-vyn! Mel-vyn! Mel-vyn!

REBECCA: What the hell is happening?

CLIVE: I wanted you to see this, I'm so glad it's happened. Icing on the cake. How we doing Dr Jennings?

PAMELA: Two thumbs up!

OLDS: Mel-vyn! Mel-vyn! Mel-vyn!

CLIVE CALLS TO SOPHIA WHO'S STILL BY  
MELVYN AND PAM.

CLIVE: Sophia, I'm hitting the button!

SOPHIA: Go ahead!

CLIVE: It's normally your job, are you sure?

SOPHIA: Take it away, boss!

OLDS: Mel-vyn! Mel-vyn! Mel-vyn!

HE TURNS BACK TO REBECCA.

CLIVE: What am I thinking, Rebecca do you want to hit the button?  
It's just on the other side of the bar there.

REBECCA: What's the big red button do?

CLIVE: Time for the fat lady to sing.

REBECCA: What?

CLIVE: You snooze you lose!

WITH SOME EFFORT CLIVE REACHES OVER THE  
BAR AND SMACKS THE BIG RED BUTTON. OVER  
THE TANNOY A TINNY DRUM ROLL, THEN HAPPY  
DEATH DAY, SUNG BY SEBASTIAN BEDFORD,  
PLAYS. THE WHOLE ROOM SINGS ALONG, CLIVE  
LEADING. EVERYONE CHEERS AND JOINS IN  
THE HIP HIP HOORAYS.

HAPPY DEATH DAY SONG

ALL: Happy death day to you. Happy death day to you. Happy death day dear Melvin. Happy death day to you.

LAUGHTER. CLIVE SITS BACK DOWN AS THE ROOM BEGINS TO SETTLE AGAIN.

CLIVE: Ah Melvyn. He'll be gutted he missed out on Rio.

REBECCA: I'll take that other Old Fashioned please.

CUT.

**SCENE 4**

EVENING. THE ART GALLERY ABOARD THE ALOHA. REBECCA HAS DRUNK AWAY SOME OF HER WORRIES. THE DOOR TO THE GALLERY OPENS, HER HEELS ECHOING ON THE MARBLE FLOOR. A MOMENT LATER CLIVE'S FOOTSTEPS AND CANE FOLLOW.

REBECCA: Holy shit, Clive. You said you had a gallery, I didn't think...

CLIVE: I told you, it's not all fall -of-the-Roman-Empire orgies and vomitoriums.

REBECCA: This is incredible.

CLIVE: Although there is a toga party in the bingo hall last Friday of the month that goes downhill pretty fast.

REBECCA: Are these originals?

CLIVE: In the morning, it smells like a farmer's market, I can't even go on that deck...

REBECCA: Clive!

CLIVE: Yes, yes. It's Bedford's private collection. He wanted to share it with the world. By which I presume he means, obscenely wealthy old white people. There's supposed to be music, now... where's the music?

CLIVE GOES TO A WALL AND PRESSES  
BUTTONS. CLASSICAL MUSIC PLAYS. THEY  
WALK THE HALL SILENTLY FOR A MOMENT.

REBECCA: Clive, I'm here to congratulate you on securing the Kontinue investment made by the Venezuelan government, things are looking very encouraging with the Argentinians and Columbians, and to wish you every success ahead of tomorrow's meeting with President Macedo in Rio.

CLIVE: All of which you could've done via passive aggressive email. So, why are you really here, Becky?

REBECCA: I've had reports that Wilkins is interested in sitting down with us.

CLIVE: Shit, really?

REBECCA: Which has led to whispers that Bernard might be considering as well. Even heard rumblings from the Germans.

CLIVE: This is incredible!

REBECCA: Yes. Very incredible.

CLIVE: So, why are you miserable?

REBECCA: Clive, I want you to consider slowing down.

CLIVE: Slowing down? It's taken years to get anyone in Europe to sit down with us. We crack the UK, France and Germany and everything's on the table.

REBECCA: It's taken years because they were spending their money trying to turn things around. To try and stop what's happening, what's happening everywhere.

CLIVE: Yeah, they're real heroes.

REBECCA: If it's just the odd paranoid dictator wanting the latest perk for his panic room, then all well and good. But once every major government in the Western world buys a bulk pack of cryopods and starts digging a bunker it sends a message, don't you think?

CLIVE: Becky, I think you sound a little alarmist and frankly a little ungrateful. Kontinue has turned things around for Overhead -

REBECCA: I know.

CLIVE: The company your father helped build, the company you stand to run not long from now.

REBECCA: Clive, there isn't going to be a 'not long from now', and the people are starting to figure it out.

CLIVE SCOFFS.

CLIVE: The people? Your personal pilot landed your personal helicopter on the most expensive ocean liner on the seven seas that you part own, you want to talk about 'the people'?

REBECCA: I wasn't joking about Cuba. There are activists, terrorist groups. They... they know the high and mighty are planning on locking themselves away and going to sleep while the planet tears itself to bits. The raid on the Kontinue plant in Michigan last month -

CLIVE: You said that was handled.

REBECCA: It was handled. But not without significant disruption to production. They blew up a lab. People died, Clive. Our people. They should never have got as far as they did.

CLIVE: What-what are you saying? That it was an inside thing?

REBECCA: I'm... I'm saying... once this knowledge is out there, you can't put it back in the bottle. We've identified cells in at least 15 countries, environmentalist groups who are specifically targeting cryotech. I'm scared. And you should be too. Right now, we're floating on the biggest billboard in the world for the cryonics industry. You couldn't paint a bigger bullseye on your face. And from what I've heard Macedo has made no secret of his interest in your offer. I don't know what we're sailing into tomorrow.

CLIVE: We're sailing into Rio de Janeiro, where our guests will have a jolly old time in the sunshine and get some nice souvenirs of that big statue of Jesus, while I add a few more zeroes to our net gain this year. Do I need to remind you that we were still playing catch up 18 months ago, Amos did it ugly but they did it first, the lengths I've had to go to -

REBECCA: Yes yes! We all know you're the man who saved Overhead, good God! I assume all the life rafts on this boat are filled with the hot air that comes out of your mouth!

PAUSE.

REBECCA: It's late. I've drunk too much. I'm going to bed. We can talk more tomorrow.

CLIVE: Tomorrow you can fly your helicopter over Sugarplum Mountain and watch the sun go down over one of the most beautiful cities in the world. All courtesy of Kontinue.

REBECCA: It's Sugarloaf Mountain. Enjoy your paintings.

CUT.



**SCENE 5**

THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. CLIVE IS ASLEEP IN HIS CABIN. IN THE DISTANCE AN ALARM IS WAILING. HIS COMM CRACKLES TO LIFE.

CAPTAIN: Mr Schill? Mr Schill.

CLIVE AWAKENS DROWSILY, HUNGOVER.

CLIVE: What? What time is it?

CAPTAIN: 03:00, sir.

CLIVE: What's going on?

CAPTAIN: Sir, I think you better come to the bridge.

CLIVE: What is it?

CAPTAIN: We'll see you on the bridge, sir.

CUT. THE ALARM WAILS AS CLIVE MAKES HIS WAY DOWN A CORRIDOR, OTHER PASSENGERS BUSTLING PAST HIM. HE ARRIVES ON THE BRIDGE.

CLIVE: What is going on? Half the ship is up.

REBECCA: Look out the window.

CLIVE MOVES TO THE WINDOW.

CLIVE: What the hell is that?

CAPTAIN: That's the port, sir. Some kind of explosion.

CLIVE: Captain, how close are we to the port?

CAPTAIN: A kilometre.

CLIVE: Please stop the ship.

CAPTAIN: I called all stop 10 minutes ago, sir.

CLIVE: Oh. yeah... er. What does the radio say?

REBECCA: The radio is jammed.

CLIVE: Jammed?

CAPTAIN: Jammed, sir.

CLIVE: Who's jamming the radio?

REBECCA: We don't know. There's smoke coming from the city too.

CAPTAIN: We thought it was festivities of some kind, but now we think there may have been some kind of... incident.

CLIVE: Some kind of incident. Thank you so much, Russell.

A CREW MEMBER IN THE BACKGROUND.

CREW: TV's working!

CLIVE: Okay. Hey, oi, get those people indoors. I want them off the deck.

CREW: Yes, sir.

THEY GATHER ROUND A TELEVISION ON THE BRIDGE. A BRAZILIAN NEWS REPORT PLAYS - A NEWSCASTER FRANTICALLY TRIES TO EXPLAIN A CHAOTIC SITUATION. SOUNDS OF A RIOT - CAR ALARMS, SHOUTING, BREAKING GLASS, FIRE.

REBECCA: What's happening?

CAPTAIN: Turn it up.

CLIVE: What are they saying?

THE CAPTAIN IS LISTENING CLOSELY AND TRANSLATES FROM THE PORTUGUESE. ON THE TELEVISION, AMONGST THE CHAOS, MUSIC CAN BE HEARD BLASTING FROM SPEAKERS IN THE STREETS.

CAPTAIN: They're saying... Protests on the street from yesterday turned violent in the evening... then separate explosions around the city including government buildings...

REBECCA: Wha... What's that noise?

CLIVE: It's music... metal.

REBECCA: Metal?

CLIVE: I know that song.

REBECCA: That's a song?

CLIVE: How do I know that song?

THE CAPTAIN ADDRESSES SOMEONE ELSE.

CAPTAIN: Hey you! What are you doing on the bridge?

CLIVE: Sophia?

SOPHIA: The song is called Morior Invictus.

CLIVE: What?

SOPHIA: It means Death Before Defeat.

CLIVE: What y... What are you talking about?

SOPHIA: The first detonation will be in the cargo hold. You should all have time to reach a life raft. The rest will be on the deck. For all to see.

CLIVE: What are you holding -

CAPTAIN: It's a trigger -

SOPHIA: Kalinikta, boss!

THE RUMBLE OF AN EXPLOSION ELSEWHERE  
ON THE SHIP. ABRUPTLY CUTS TO STATIC. CUT  
TO FRENZIED ACTIVITY. MORE ALARMS  
BLARING, FIRE, SPRINKLERS, SHOUTING,  
RUNNING.

REBECCA: Can't you move any quicker?

CLIVE: The cane isn't for show! And... I'm bleeding! Where am I bleeding?

REBECCA: Which way?

CLIVE: Left! No, oth-other left!

CUT TO:

CLIVE: Pam! Pamela!

PAM ANSWERS HER COMM.

PAMELA: What the fuck is happening?

CLIVE: Get to the helipad, we're leaving!

PAMELA: What?

CLIVE: They're blowing up the ship. Just go!

PAMELA: Who's blowing up the shi -

CUT.

CLIVE: This way. This way. Oh Tomas! Tomas!

TOMAS, FROM THE OTHER END OF A  
CORRIDOR:

TOMAS: Morior Invictus!

CLIVE: For fuck's sake, not you as well -

REBECCA: Oh God -

GUNFIRE AGAINST METAL. CLIVE AND REBECCA RUSH THROUGH A HEAVY DOOR THAT THEY SLAM SHUT AND LOCK BY TURNING THE LOCKING WHEEL. BULLETS HIT THE DOOR WITH LOUD THUDS.

CLIVE: For crying out loud. The tips I gave you! I probably paid for that gun, you fuck!

CUT. THE HELIPAD. CLIVE AND REBECCA ARE ABOARD, WITH THE DOOR STILL OPEN. THE HELICOPTER ENGINE AND SYSTEMS ARE COMING TO LIFE.

PAMELA: Clive!

CLIVE: Pam! Pam! Get inside!

PAM JUMPS IN.

PAMELA: Oh my God. Oh my God! They nearly got me.

CLIVE: You're okay now.

REBECCA: Can we get the hell out of here?

REBECCA BANGS THE GLASS TO THE COCKPIT.

REBECCA: Let's go!

CLIVE: Ere, ere... How do you know your pilot's good?

REBECCA: Good?

CLIVE: He could be one of them!

REBECCA: He's good!

CLIVE: Oi... You... you one of these Maria Victoria pricks?

PILOT: Only Latin I know is carpe the fucking diem, sir.

PAMELA: Then let's go!

PILOT: Copy that!

CUT. THEY ARE IN THE AIR, JUST OUT OF  
HARMS WAY.

PAMELA: Fucking hell. The passengers. We've just left them.

CLIVE: The captain's looking after them. They're on the life rafts,  
look.

PAMELA: What the hell do these people want from us?



REBECCA: They want to sink the ship.

THE HELICOPTER RADIO SCREECHES FOR A  
MOMENT. AN UNEXPECTED VOICE ON THE  
OTHER END, THICK WITH FEEDBACK, FOR  
EVERYONE TO HEAR.

AUBREY WOOD: We want to watch it burn, Rebecca.

REBECCA: W-Who is that?

AUBREY WOOD: We want everyone to watch it burn.

CLIVE: Aubrey? Aubrey Wood?

PAMELA: How is she doing this – wher... where is she?

AUBREY: Far enough away to have a good view. Sorry about your boat, Clive. It was very pretty.

CLIVE: You... better... find... You better find somewhere good to hide you little shit, I swear to God -

AUBREY: You've had every chance to walk away from this. You all have. Are you sure you want to continue?

THE RADIO SCREECHES AGAIN AND SHE IS  
GONE.

CLIVE: Wood? Wood! Aubrey!

THE ROTORS GET LOUDER, TO A DEAFENING  
ROAR.

END.