

# **RED VALLEY**

**SEASON 3: PART 1**

**EPISODE 4**  
**'2040'**

by  
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**Character List**

|                 |                       |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| Blue Sky        | Natalie Day           |
| Clive Schill    | Alexander Broad       |
| Driver          | Ramanjaneyulu Doosari |
| Pamela Jennings | Rachel Fowler         |
| Francesca Jones | Carol Pestrige        |
| Malcolm Landry  | David Charles         |
| Rebecca Landry  | Natalie Day           |
| Gary            | Kit Lessner           |

**SEASON 3: PART 1 – EPISODE 4**

'2040'

BLUE SKY: July 19th. 2040.

**SCENE 1**

A CAR, PART OF A SMALL CONVOY,  
APPROACHES OVERHEAD HQ, LONDON. AS IT  
APPROACHES THE ENTRANCE IT IMMEDIATELY  
MEETS A LARGE CROWD OF ROWDY  
PROTESTORS HELD BACK BY POLICE AND  
BARRIERS, AND THE CONVOY MAKES ITS WAY  
SLOWLY DOWN THE ROAD.

CLIVE: Seriously, is there no other way to get in? It's Overhead HQ, there's more than one door.

DRIVER: Helipad's for emergencies only at the moment, sir.

SOMETHING IS THROWN AT A WINDOW.

PAMELA: This could end up being an emergency.

CLIVE: That's a lot of people, isn't it? Like Princess Diana crowds.

PAMELA: Well, people tend to get upset when they find out the world is ending.

CLIVE: Oh, everyone knew the world was ending. No one put down their cheeseburger or stopped using plastic bags, did they?

OUT OF THE GENERAL CROWD NOISE THE ODD SHOUT CAN BE HEARD - CRIES OF 'TAKE US WITH YOU!' AND 'YOU DON'T GET TO DECIDE!'

PAMELA: Can't we go any faster?

DRIVER: We're going as fast as we can, ma'am.

CLIVE: Those are some good placards. 'Go Hyperfuck Yourself'. 'Overhead Killed The World'. Wow. That's a bit much. Now, that one just says 'Kontinue', I don't get it.

PAMELA: Oh, let me see.

PAM LEANS OVER.

PAMELA: It's Kontinue, but they've swapped the 'o' for a 'u'.

CLIVE: Ah. Very clever.

THEY DRIVE ON IN SILENCE WHILE THE CROWD ROARS. SHOUTS OF ABUSE. SOBBING CAN BE HEARD AT ONE POINT.

PAMELA: I'd like to ask her if it was worth it.

CLIVE: What?

PAMELA: Aubrey Wood. Look what she's created. She wants to hurt people like you and me, fine. But what about all of them? How does doing this make anything better for them?

CLIVE: I guess the truth can set you free... or some bollocks.

PAMELA: These people look free to you? The only thing they are free to do is rip us to bits. Hey, are you sure we're safe in here?

CLIVE: Pam. We're safe! We'll be through in a minute.

PAMELA: She was one of the smartest cryotech specialists in the world. Has she truly no idea how valuable? She should be helping us.

CLIVE: Well, personally I am pretty bloody glad Aubrey Wood won't be joining us in the future. If she wants to burn her lottery ticket, I'll pass her the matches. Anyway, she stuck her head out too far this time, they will find her soon. Hope they chuck her in one of those Amos prison pods. She'll be lucky to last a week.

CLIVE: Bit like Titanic this, isn't it? When Rose's mum is sat on the lifeboat watching everyone, well you know... Watching it all happen.

PAMELA: Watching the boat sink and all the poor people drown?

AWKWARD SILENCE.

CLIVE:

Eleven Oscars. Good movie.

CUT.

**SCENE 2**

OFFICES INSIDE HQ. CLIVE AND PAM APPROACH  
RECEPTION. IT'S EMPTY, QUIET. THEIR SHOES  
ECHO.

CLIVE: Bit quiet.

PAMELA: Clive, I need you to stop pretending that this is just another day at the office. You're freaking me out.

THEY REACH A DESK AND CLIVE RINGS A BELL  
ON IT.

CLIVE: Hello? Hello?

PAMELA: They called you in. I'm sure they know you're here.

CLIVE: Yes.

PAMELA: Of course, they might not know I'm here.

CLIVE: Pam, we're a team. I am sure they are going to take care of both of us.

PAMELA: Then why did they call you and not me?

CLIVE: They must've assumed we'd come in together. Joined at the hip. Clive and Pam.

PAMELA: What if it's not... what if... what if they just want you and not...

PAM IS STARTING TO PANIC. SHE DROPS HER VOICE TO A WHISPER.

PAMELA: I've got friends, Clive. Other cryo tech experts. Maybe... Maybe we can go it alone. Build our own nest. Hunker down, somewhere safe... maybe... maybe we cou-

CLIVE: Pam. We don't need your scuzzy little mates to build us a Blue Peter cryopod out of toilet roll holders and sticky back plastic, right? Come on... come on. Sit down.

THEY WALK OVER TO SOME CHAIRS AND SIT.

CLIVE: Pam, Pam, hey. Lo- look at me. We invented this stuff. Well, you helped invent it and I sold it. But, if it wasn't for you and me, the board of directors would be out there screaming like the rest of them. We've saved them. Them and who knows how many others. Now they're going to save us. This is our ticket, right? No one deserves this more than us.

A DOOR OPENS, AND FRANCESCA JONES APPEARS.

FRANCESCA: Clive.



CLIVE: Fran. Hi.

FRANCESCA: If you could come this way.

CLIVE: Ah, sure. Definitely. Let's go.

FRANCESCA OFFERS NOTHING BUT BASIC  
COURTESY TO PAM. PAM STUMBLES ON HER  
WORDS, HER ANXIETY GETTING THE BETTER OF  
HER.

FRANCESCA: Dr Jennings.

PAMELA: Francesca. Ms Jones.

CLIVE: Pam's with me.

FRANCESCA: If you could just wait there, Pam.

PAMELA: Uh. Sure.

CLIVE: Okay. Right.

TO PAM:

CLIVE: I've got this. Just sit tight.

PAMELA: Okay.

CUT.

**SCENE 3**

THE BOARDROOM. CLIVE AND FRANCESCA  
ENTER, TO FIND MALCOLM AND REBECCA  
LANDRY. THEY BOTH TAKE SEATS.

MALCOLM: Clive, my boy!

CLIVE: Malcolm. So good to see you.

REBECCA: Clive. It's been a while.

CLIVE: Rebecca. Lovely to see father and daughter working side by side. Family. It's so important.

MALCOLM: Indeed. I hope it wasn't too... difficult getting in today.

CLIVE: Not my first mob.

REBECCA: No. Less machine guns than on the Aloha, as I recall.

CLIVE: Yeah. Crazy memories.

MALCOLM: I wish I could've been there.

CLIVE: Do you?

FRANCESCA: Anyway. We don't want to waste your time, Clive.

CLIVE: Waste? Good God, I'm thrilled to be here, I've been waiting for your call.

MALCOLM: I'm sure you have. And with good reason. I hope you don't mind the formality of the setting -

CLIVE: Of course not.

MALCOLM: Because this is, as I'm sure you can imagine, a very formal matter, and nothing that should be dealt with lightly.

CLIVE: We're on the same page.

REBECCA RUSTLES PAPERS - SHE'S READING  
OR PARAPHRASING FROM A PREPARED  
STATEMENT IN FRONT OF HER.

REBECCA: So, for the record then. This week, as you know, the terrorist organisation led by Aubrey Wood leaked the information globally that the leaders of many major countries and corporations have taken measures to place themselves in cryonic preservation, to avoid the now unpreventable ecological collapse of the planet that will render human life unsustainable within decades. The plan being to emerge from suspended animation when the Earth has returned to a point of stability able to support a new human civilisation. A minimum of 1,000 years. Clive, you'll already know that Overhead are one of those corporations that have taken such measures to cryonically preserve certain assets and individuals.

CLIVE IS A LITTLE SURPRISED AT THIS. HIS  
HECKLES ARE UP.

CLIVE: Well, yes.

FRANCESCA: You took the order for the cryopods yourself.

CLIVE: I did.

REBECCA: And you recommended the site for the nest.

CLIVE: Yes. And it's all coming along wonderfully I understand.  
Ahead of schedule.

FRANCESCA: So.

MALCOLM: Clive, we've invited you in today because we want you to be  
involved in this incredibly exciting time for the company.

CLIVE: Excellent.

MALCOLM: You're a man who sees opportunity when no one else does.

CLIVE: Thank you.

MALCOLM: A man who never gives up.

CLIVE: I'm flattered you think so.

MALCOLM: The man to see the company through this coming struggle.

CLIVE: Thank yooooou, what do you mean by that?

REBECCA: We'd like to offer you a promotion, Clive.

CLIVE: A... promotion?

MALCOLM: It's your time, Clive. After all you've given us. Let us give something back.

CLIVE: Well... I - I've got something in mind you could give me actu  
-

REBECCA: CEO, Clive.

CLIVE: CEO?

FRANCESCA: CEO of Overhead Industries.

CLIVE: I'm sorry, I don't understand.

MALCOLM: It's a lot to take in, I know. And a strange day to hear it, I'm sure, not what we wanted. Wolves at the door and so on. But when did wolves ever bother you, eh, Clive?

CLIVE: Sorry guys... are you... are you trying to fuck me?

REBECCA: I beg your pardon?

CLIVE: You're making me CEO?

MALCOLM: Yes!

CLIVE: What about the existing CEO?

REBECCA: Jac is taking a temporary leave of absence.

CLIVE: Temporary.

FRANCESCA: Temporary.

CLIVE: How about the COO?

MALCOLM: Marguerite too is taking a leave of absence.

CLIVE: And the rest of the board? Are they taking a temporary leave of absence? Hailey? Paul? Dev?

REBECCA: Clive...

CLIVE: And would this temporary leave of absence happen to fall around, oh, plucking a number out of the air, one thousand years?

MALCOLM: I know what you're thinking.

CLIVE: I think you might, yeah.

MALCOLM: You think your authority would still be undermined, that you wouldn't have the autonomy a CEO should expect. Well... We've worked out an arrangement that we think is pretty splendid. The trade-off for you being offered the most powerful role in the most significant technology development company of the 21st century without interview or preparation is that there are certain areas of the company that will remain... ringfenced during your tenure, matters with which you need not concern yourself.

CLIVE: Matters like the entire board of directors being cryonically preserved using my tech.

FRANCESCA: That's on the list, yeah.

CLIVE TAKES A MOMENT TO SWALLOW HIS  
GROWING RAGE.

CLIVE: There's more than 300 cryopods in the Overhead nest alone.

REBECCA: Spaces in the nest as you know are fiercely vetted for obvious reasons and have been calculated by the company alongside the highest levels of government. I'm sure you are aware of the strict requirements regarding the manifest as laid out in the Kontinue Nest protocols ...

CLIVE: Rebecca. Do you think I don't know who's on the manifest? Marguerite's au pair is on the manifest. I think you can squeeze in me and Pam.

REBECCA: Clive, the Overhead nest manifest is full.

CLIVE: No, it isn't.

REBECCA: Yes, it is.

CLIVE: No, it isn't. Because I am not on it.

FRANCESCA: The decision is made.

CLIVE: By who? By you? Fuck off, Fran.

FRANCESCA: By the board, Clive.

CLIVE THINKS DESPERATELY.

CLIVE: Mal- Malcolm. Y-You can't be serious.

MALCOLM: This is an opportunity, my boy. Think of what you could accomplish with all of Overhead at your fingertips.

ALL PRETENCE IS GONE. HIS RESOLVE IS  
CRUMBLING.

CLIVE: I- I have a daughter. M- my daughter.

REBECCA: She lives in Sweden, doesn't she? Engaged to a foreign dignitary of some kind. Her mother is still there too, I believe.



CLIVE: They all have their spaces booked. They- They'll be going. Going... going to the future.

REBECCA: And your daughter couldn't secure you a space either?

CLIVE: Who the hell are you, Becky?

REBECCA: As my father says, Clive, you should look at this as an opportunity. We're turning you into the biggest fish in the pond. What you've always wanted.

SHE PRESSES A BUTTON AND A GENTLE BEEP IS HEARD.

REBECCA: Gary?

THE DOOR OPENS AND A DEEP VOICED GUARD ENTERS.

GARY: Ms Landry.

REBECCA: See that Clive and his friend get home safely.

GARY: Yes, ma'am.

FRANCESCA: We'll send someone over to get things drawn up for your succession.

CLIVE: Right.

MALCOLM: Oh... The comfort it brings me to know the company I helped build is in such safe hands. Congratulations, Chief Executive Officer. Clive Bartholomew Schill.

MALCOLM TAKES CLIVE'S HAND AND SHAKES IT WARMLY AND VIGOROUSLY.

CLIVE: Okay.

CLIVE REACHES THE DOOR. MALCOLM CALLS TO HIM, AND CLIVE'S RESPONSE IS MUMBLED.

MALCOLM: Clive, my boy. Don't focus so much on the future at the expense of the moment.

CLIVE: Thanks Qui-Gonn.

MALCOLM: I'm sorry?

CLIVE: Thanks. I'll... I'll be gone.

HE EXITS THE ROOM, AND THE DOOR IS SHUT BEHIND HIM, PAM, IS STILL SITTING OUTSIDE.

GARY: I'll have the car brought round the back, sir.

CLIVE: Thank you, Gary.

GARY LEAVES. CLIVE TAKES A MOMENT TO  
SLUMP HARD INTO THE CHAIR NEXT TO PAM  
AND BREATHE OUT SLOWLY. THIS IS ENOUGH  
FOR HER TO KNOW HOW IT WENT.

PAMELA: Clive.

CLIVE: Pam.

PAMELA: Would you like me to call my scuzzy little mates?

CLIVE: Yes, please.

END.