

RED VALLEY

SEASON 3: PART 1

EPISODE 5
'2043'

by
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Character List

Blue Sky	Natalie Day
Pamela Jennings	Francesca Jones
Clive Schill	Alexander Broad
Bill	Rachid Sabitri
Shelley	Jess Hrabowsky
Josh	Robert Wisden
Rebecca Landry	Natalie Day
Francesca Jones	Carol Pestrige

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BLUE SKY: October 3rd, 2043.

SCENE 1

WILLIMANTIC, A SMALL TOWN IN CONNECTICUT.
A QUIET SUBURB. A VAN PULLS UP. PEOPLE
GET OUT. THE SLIDE DOOR OPENS.

PAMELA: Clive. Clive, wake up.

CLIVE, ASLEEP IN HIS SEAT AFTER A LONG
DRIVE, WAKES UP, CRUMPLED AND OUT OF
SORTS.

CLIVE: What? Wh- What's happening?

PAMELA: We're here.

CLIVE: We are?

PAMELA: This is it.

CLIVE LOOKS AROUND.

CLIVE: Wait. This is it?

PAMELA: This is it.

CLIVE: This is... This is a house.

PAMELA: I know you thought your money would buy you a cryopod tucked up George Washington's nose on Mount Rushmore, this is the best we can do.

CLIVE GETS OUT OF THE VAN AND STRETCHES.

CLIVE: Where the hell are we?

HE IS ANSWERED BY ANOTHER MEMBER OF
THE TEAM, BILL.

BILL: Last place anyone will look.

CLIVE: Doesn't look like a very secure place to hang out for the next thousand years.

ANOTHER GROUP MEMBER, SHELLEY.

SHELLEY: You're forgetting, you're in America now, Mr Schill. Home of the doomsday prepper.

CLIVE: Very reassuring, Shelley.

PAMELA: You want to go downstairs?

CLIVE: Jesus. 20 million dollars for a bungalow in... where even are we?

PAMELA: Willimantic.

CLIVE: Willy... what?

SHELLEY: Willimantic. Connecticut.

CLIVE: Willy Mantic?

BILL: Home of the Windham Frog Fight.

CLIVE: What?

SHELLEY: The Battle of the Frogs.

CLIVE: Am I... Am I still asleep?

THE DOOR TO THE HOUSE OPENS UP AND A
MAN STEPS OUT.

JOSH: Hey. You made it.

PAMELA: Hey Josh. We all good up here?

JOSH: Head on down, Pam. Security's tight up here. Assuming Mr Schill hasn't been tracked on his way over here.

CLIVE: I wasn't tracked, Josh. Nice to meet you by the way.

JOSH: Rumour has it the Overhead nest got busted. Are you sure your old pals aren't on the lookout for a new place to get their heads down? Or Aubrey Wood isn't roaming around Connecticut trying to ruin someone else's day?

PAMELA: We don't know if that's even true. And security is your job, Josh. You want to keep talking on the street, or what?

JOSH: Nah. Everyone else is downstairs. You're good.

THE GROUP FILE PAST JOSH.

CLIVE: You know for all the money I've spent on this you could've bought a bigger gun. *Josh.*

CUT.

SCENE 2

CLIVE, PAM AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE GROUP WALK DOWNSTAIRS TO THE BASEMENT OF THE HOUSE. THEY FIND A LARGE BASEMENT THAT HAS BECOME A JERRY-RIGGED, HOMEMADE CRYOPOD NEST. OTHER ENGINEERS QUIETLY GET ON WITH THEIR WORK - A TOTAL OF LESS THAN TEN PEOPLE.

PAMELA: Hey guys. This is Clive Schill.

CLIVE IS SUBDUED, MEEK EVEN.

CLIVE: Hi guys. Don't mind me, carry on, carry on.

THEY PAY HIM VERY LITTLE MIND, A COUPLE OF LOOK UPS AND SHORT GREETINGS. CLIVE TALKS QUIETLY TO PAM.

CLIVE: Seriously, Pam. This is going to keep us safe for 10 centuries? A basement in someone's house?

PAMELA: Clive do you have any idea how hard it's been these last few years to gather the materials needed to build this place?

CLIVE: There isn't a Home Depot nearby?

PAMELA: It doesn't look like much, but this basement is tight as a drum. Everything we need for survival. No matter what happens outside. Extra MBV cells for the pods -

CLIVE: I don't know what that is.

PAMELA: The batteries, dumbass. The batteries that power the pods independently for hundreds of years, we're also using them to power everything else. Complete energy independence. The pods don't all look so pretty, no. We've had to Frankenstein most of them together. Far less suspicion getting individual parts than trying to source a complete pod on its own. Not an easy feat of engineering.

SHE IS IMMENSELY PROUD OF WHAT SHE'S
MANAGED TO BUILD HERE. CLIVE MOVES OVER
TO SOME WORKSTATIONS.

CLIVE: And you've got all the... stuff. You know... The Hartshorn.

PAMELA: You make it sound like crystal meth. Yes, we have the Hartshorn. We're taking it out of containment very soon.

CLIVE: And we've got the right people to like deal with that...

PAMELA: Yes, we've got the right people. Clive, I know what I'm doing.

CLIVE: Okay so like, do you need me to study anything, like... do I have to know anything before...

PAMELA: What do you want to know?

CLIVE: I don't know like, the stewardess always has important information before a flight.

PAMELA: If I were you, I wouldn't describe anyone in this room as a stewardess. You can't learn about oxidative DNA repair on the back of a cereal box, Clive. Bit late to worry about any of that now. Look. You funded this. At considerable personal risk. Everyone in this room knows it. You've done your job, you can let us do ours. We did it.

CLIVE: We did it.

PAMELA: We're going to sleep tonight.

CLIVE: It's a bit like umm... like the old days, all this. You know underground. Exposed brickwork. Cables everywhere. Distinct body odour. Feels like Red Valley.

PAMELA: Well. Hopefully not too much like -

SUDDENLY THE CLEAR SOUND OF A GUNSHOT
FROM ABOVE, OUTSIDE. THE ROOM
IMMEDIATELY IS TAKEN OVER BY PANIC.

PAMELA: Everyone quiet! Sh...sh... Shit!

TWO MORE QUICK SHOTS. THE ROOM REACTS.
CLIVE IS TERRIFIED.

CLIVE: Pam, what the hell!

PAMELA: Shut up!

CLIVE: Jesus, the last place anyone would look!

A TEAM MEMBER TURNS ON PAM.

BILL: You were followed!

PAMELA: No, we weren't!

BILL: Of course you were!

CLIVE: Where are your guns?

PAMELA: We don't have guns. Josh is the only one who's armed.

CLIVE: You don't have guns! 20 million dollars and you couldn't find the change for a few spare -

THE BASEMENT DOOR OPENS. THE GROUP IS INSTANTLY SILENT. TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS DOWN THE STAIRS.

CLIVE: Fuck's sake.

IT'S REBECCA LANDRY, AND FRANCESCA JONES.

REBECCA: Hello everyone.

CLIVE: Becky? Francesca? How the hell did y-

FRANCESCA: Quiet. And don't call her Becky, she doesn't like that.

REBECCA: I really don't.

PAMELA: Is Josh dead?

FRANCESCA: The guy outside? Yeah.

CLIVE: Uh... Guess the Overhead nest didn't work out so well.

FRANCESCA: No, it did not. Aubrey Wood's army of twats destroyed it all, and every fucking cryopod in England for all we know. And everyone who's ever made one has gone to ground. So, er... room at the inn for two more? You've got at least one spot open now I've blown Josh's head off. So, one more and we're all good to go. Tick tock tick tock tick tock tick t-.

CLIVE: Wh- Why don't we put the guns down for a minute and have a civilised conversation -

PAMELA: There's - there's no more pods. Everyone in this group has a specific role in making this work, it's the minimum amount of people you need to run a cryopod nest, barely. For a hypersleep period of this length, we don't even know if it's enough.

FRANCESCA: I thought you'd say something like that. Pretty obvious where the weak link is then. Thanks for everything Clive.

FRAN FIRES A SHOT, BUT ITS WILDLY MISAIMED.
CLIVE DIVES BEHIND SOME EQUIPMENT. GASPS
AND SCREAMS FROM THE GROUP.

CLIVE: Fuck it! You really could've hurt someone then, Fran!

PAMELA: Whoa! Whoa! Wait!

FRAN IS WILD-EYED AND LOSING HER COOL.
SHE STEPS AROUND THE ROOM TO GET A
CLEAR SHOT AND ADDRESSES THE ROOM AT
THE SAME TIME.

FRANCESCA: You can't hide from me, Clive! Anything he's promised you, it's probably bollocks. We can give you all anything you want. Now we're awake again, Rebecca is actually CEO of Overhead, so all this really belongs to us anyway.

CLIVE CALLS OUT FROM HIS COVER.

CLIVE: Oh... oh... Got that in writing, have you?

FRANCESCA: Step out from behind that box, you bloody child.

PAMELA: It's not a box, it's the ECMO machine and if you put a bullet through that or anything else in here all of this is going to be a moot point!

FRANCESCA: Just hand him over then. He was your money man. And now it's us.

PAMELA: You can't shoot Clive.

FRANCESCA: I bloody can.

PAMELA: I told you, we're the skeleton team of engineers needed to make this work. There's only one of each of us! So, we have to be alternates for each other. Not the specialist but skilled enough to manage if we lose somebody. I'm the alternate for Bill, Bill is the alternate for Shelley, and so on.

REBECCA: And who's Clive the alternate for?

PAMELA: The guy who's head you just blew off. So now Clive is in sole charge of Hartshorn transfusion.

FRANCESCA: Oh, bollocks he is.

PAMELA: You want to wake up with blood toxicity in 8 weeks instead of a thousand years and find out?

FRANCESCA: You can bloody teach us then.

PAMELA: That's not... it's taken months to get him up to speed, you can't just... you can't just -

CLIVE: You can't just learn about oxidative DNA repair on the back of a cereal box, *Fran!*

FRAN IS UNSURE WHAT TO BELIEVE AND IS GETTING INCREASINGLY PANICKED.

FRANCESCA: Okay. Okay. Well... well smart people, let's brainstorm, er... how are we going to manage this? How are we going to manage this?

REBECCA: I know what to do.

A PAUSE.

FRANCESCA: Rebec -

A GUNSHOT. FRAN FALLS TO THE FLOOR, HER GUN CLATTERING TO THE GROUND. AGAIN THE ROOM REACTS WITH SHRIEKS AND WHIMPERS.

CLIVE: Fuck.

REBECCA: She was losing the plot anyway. Poor Fran.

CLIVE: Th- Thank you, Rebecca.

REBECCA: That was all rubbish, wasn't it? Clive can barely transfuse piss into an open toilet.

PAMELA: Yeah. Yeah, it was.

CLIVE: So, why did you say it?

PAMELA: I don't know. For your daughter. I guess.

CLIVE: Oh... Thanks.

BILL: Are we all done with the murdering now?

REBECCA: Yeah.

SHE ADDRESSES THE GROUP.

REBECCA: I really am sorry for all the fuss, everyone. The last thing I want to do is throw a spanner in the works. I can assure you that no one else knows the location of this site or what exactly you're doing here. You can believe me because all I want is the same thing as all of you. I want to survive. But not just that. I want to wake up in a future where we can build a better world. And please don't take this the wrong way, but no matter how good your homemade hypersleep nest is, in a thousand years when you poke your heads out of this little basement, if you don't have some help you won't last a week. So, my gifts to you, in return for a place to get my head down for the next millennium, are the resources that were put in place to protect and sustain the Overhead board of directors once they woke up. They won't be needing them now, so they are yours. Do we have a deal?

AWKWARD PAUSE.

PAMELA: Sure. Can the gun go away now?

REBECCA: Of course. Awesome. Well then. Don't mind me, as you were.

PAMELA: Right. Well. Josh was in charge of security and supplies, so... Shelley, can you and Remi take a look at the inventory?

NO ONE MOVES FOR A MOMENT. PAM CLAPS
HER HANDS.

PAMELA: Come on, this isn't the first dead body any of us have seen.
Let's go.

THE TEAM COME BACK TO LIFE, QUIETLY.

PAMELA: You think you might do something about... uh...

REBECCA: Oh yes, me and Clive will do that. Sorry again, Pam about
the mess. Grab her feet Clive.

CLIVE: Er, er... I walk with a cane, Rebecca, I don't know if I can
manage carrying a dead body -

REBECCA: Just do it.

CLIVE: Fuck sake.

CUT.

SCENE 3

OUT ON THE STREET OF THE SUBURB.
REBECCA AND CLIVE ARE HAULING
FRANCESCA'S BODY INTO THE BOOT OF A CAR
THEY'VE FOUND. THEY ARE STRUGGLING A
LITTLE.

REBECCA: Watch her head.

CLIVE: I've got it.

REBECCA: Don't bang her head.

CLIVE: Oh, will I make it worse?

REBECCA HEAVES FRAN'S LEGS IN AND
THEY'RE DONE. THEY ARE EXHAUSTED WITH
THE EFFORT.

REBECCA: There.

CLIVE: Okay. You sure this is umm...

REBECCA: It's fine. And the animals can't get to her at least.

CLIVE: It's what she would've wanted, I'm sure.

CLIVE TAKES THE MOMENT TO STRETCH.
REBECCA TAKES A MOMENT. SHE IS NOT UPSET
OR GRIEVING, BUT NOT COLD AND ROBOTIC.
SHE APPRECIATES THE COST OF WHAT SHE'S
HAD TO DO, BUT DIDN'T BLINK WHEN SHE HAD
TO DO IT.

REBECCA: Francesca. May you find the peace that so eluded you in life in the boot of this Toyota Prius.

SHE PUTS A HAND ON THE BOOT LID.

REBECCA: Too bad you couldn't cut it... Come on let's get back.

SHE SLAMS THE BOOT CLOSED. THEY BEGIN TO
WALK AWAY DOWN THE ABANDONED STREET.

CLIVE: Beautiful words Becky. Do you have any friends or colleagues you haven't murdered, betrayed or left for dead?

REBECCA: 'Left for dead.' We made you CEO.

CLIVE: You know it's actually much less fun being captain of the Titanic in the second half of the movie.

REBECCA: I could've shot you instead of Fran. It could be you taking a dirt nap in the back of a mid-range family saloon.

CLIVE: Oh, thanks so much for not shooting me in the face, Becky!
Why didn't you anyway?

REBECCA: Fran didn't take very well to being woken up early. She was getting unpredictable.

CLIVE: Whereas I...

REBECCA: You're an open book, Clive.

CLIVE: And I managed to put together my own cryopod nest.

REBECCA: You managed to pay other people with Overhead's money to put together a cryopod nest. But yes, clearly our interests are aligned so, here I am. In - where are we again?

CLIVE: Willy - Willymans -

REBECCA: Willimantic. That's it. Where is everyone? And what's with all the frogs?

CLIVE: Everyone's going on about frogs. I don't know. I slept the whole way here.

REBECCA: You didn't see the bridge? Giant frog statues. Like 10 feet tall statues of frogs.

CLIVE: I don't know! We're in Frogworld Connecticut cos its abandoned and they found a big deep doomsday basement to use. I pay them to worry about things, so I don't have to.

REBECCA: Do you trust them?

CLIVE: I'm about to have a sleepover at their house for a thousand years, yes, I trust them. Can they trust you? I'm afraid I can't really vouch for you.

REBECCA: We all want the same thing. We need each other now and we'll need each other at the other end. For what it's worth I meant it, we'll have Overhead's resources that were put aside.

CLIVE: What happened? To the Overhead nest?

REBECCA: Would you like to gloat?

CLIVE: Yeah... I'd love to.

REBECCA: I remember smoke, fire, coughing, lying on the freezing ground next to my pod unable to move or hear or speak. And there she was, just standing over me.

CLIVE: Aubrey Wood?

REBECCA: Yeah.

CLIVE: What did she say?

REBECCA: She didn't say anything. Or maybe she did, like I said I couldn't hear anything. By the time I could stand up, she was gone, the nest was beyond repair, and 300 of Overhead's nearest and dearest just stood about in ridiculous Lycra bodysuits getting cold.

CLIVE: What did you all do?

REBECCA: What everyone at Overhead does. They looked to my father for help. But he wasn't there.

CLIVE: He wasn't there?

REBECCA: She took him.

CLIVE: What? Aubrey took him? She kidnapped Malcolm?

REBECCA: Yes.

CLIVE: What for? Where's she goi -

REBECCA: I don't know. No ransom, no great gesture. They'd gone. Maybe she ate him.

CLIVE: Wow. Becky, I'm... I always...

REBECCA: Don't worry about saying anything nice. He tried to screw you over just like I did. You've only got one Landry to deal with now at least.

THEY APPROACH THE HOUSE. PAM IS WAITING
OUTSIDE.

PAMELA: There you are. It's getting dark, I thought you'd gotten lost.

REBECCA: Just taking a last turn around the block. Pam, you've got to tell me about these frogs. I can't sleep for a thousand years not knowing.

PAMELA: The frogs? Oh. It's local history. A bunch of townspeople in the 18th century wake up in the night to this terrible sound, this awful roaring noise all around them. They're convinced they're under some sort of attack. So, they arm themselves, panic in the streets, people firing guns in the dark. When the sun comes up, they find out what they actually heard. A millpond nearby was drying out and the local bullfrog population made a great big noise fighting each other to the death over the last of the standing water. No soldiers, no armies. Just a bunch of dead frogs.

REBECCA: That's... so bizarre. What a weird thing to memorialise.

PAMELA: At least they owned it. There's probably a poignant analogy in there somewhere. Why don't you head inside and mull it over. We've got a week's worth of bio assessments to get done for you in a couple hours.

REBECCA: Yes, boss. See you downstairs then. Don't catch cold you two.

REBECCA ENTERS THE HOUSE.

CLIVE: You okay?

PAMELA: Should've known something would come along and fuck up our shit today. Happens to us every damn time.

CLIVE: Yeah well... It could've been worse. At least it wasn't Aubrey Wood who found us.

PAMELA: Right.

IN THE DISTANCE A FAINT BUT DISTINCTIVE
NOISE CAN BE HEARD. LIKE CRICKETS, BUT
DEEPER AND RUMBLING.

CLIVE: Take a look around Dr Jennings. You're not going to see the sky again for a long time.

PAMELA: Maybe. Maybe not.

CLIVE: Oh... Have some faith, it's exhausting having to be optimistic for the both of us all the time. What is that noise?

PAMELA: It's frogs. Easier to hear them with no one else around.

CLIVE: I thought they all killed each other.

PAMELA: Guess they figured something out.

CLIVE: Want to ask them how they did it?

PAMELA: Don't speak frog.

THE NOISE INCREASES, MORPHING INTO A
ROAR OF STATIC.

CUT.

A MOMENT OF SILENCE, AND THEN:

BLUE SKY: February 12th. 2064.

SCENE 4

THE CRYONEST. FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF CLIVE'S CRYOPOD, CHAOS. MULTIPLE ALARMS BLARE. AUTOMATED VOICES (NONE OF THEM BLUE SKY) ANNOUNCE WARNINGS - ECMO LEAK, CRYOPROTECTANT TOXICITY AT THRESHOLD, FIRE DETECTED, ACTION REQUIRED. NEARBY, MUFFLED THRASHING NOISES FROM A POD THAT HASN'T OPENED. SOME WRETCHING, CHOKING NOISES FROM SOMEONE HALF AWAKE, CHOKING ON THEIR BREATHING TUBE. THE SOUND OF A FIRE, SPARKS. THE SPLASH OF FOOTSTEPS IN PUDDLES. PAM'S VOICE NEARBY, URGENT, DESPERATE.

PAMELA: Come on. Shelley! Shelley! Wake up! I need the AED! The defib! Shelley, you're going to be okay - I need - is anyone else fucking awake! Help me!

CLIVE IS GROGGY, BUT AWAKE.

CLIVE: Pam... Pam... Wh- Why are you shouting?... pipe down...

SUDDENLY REBECCA IS AT HIS SIDE.

REBECCA: Clive. Clive! Time to get up.

CLIVE: Becky? W- Why is everyone having a go? What's going on?

PAMELA: Landry! Landry! Get over here, I need you!

REBECCA CALLS OVER, CALM BUT FIRM.

REBECCA: Pam, Shelley's gone. We need to get out of here, right now!

PAM IS GETTING HYSTERICAL.

PAMELA: This isn't your fucking show, Landry! These people are my friends! Get over here and help me!

REBECCA: Pam. Look at... look at... look at me. You're not thinking straight. She's dead. And we're going to be dead too, unless we get out of here.

SHE TURNS BACK TO CLIVE.

REBECCA: Clive. Hey, dipshit!

SHE SLAPS HIM ROUND THE FACE.

REBECCA: I need you to walk, alright? I can't carry you. Here's your stupid stick with the ice cube on it. Now come on!

SHE HELPS HIM TO HIS FEET.

CLIVE: What's the date?

REBECCA: I don't know.

CLIVE: The date. What year?

MASSIVE ELECTRICAL SPARKS GO OFF VERY
CLOSE TO THEM.

REBECCA: Jesus... Pam! I mean it! Let's go!

PAMELA: The others...

REBECCA: We're *leaving!*

PAMELA: Okay... okay... okay...

CLIVE: Wh- What's the hurry? Why are we leaving?

REBECCA: Cos I am not going to die in fucking Connecticut!

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE. REBECCA HAS HELPED
DRAG CLIVE ON TO THE LAWN. THE SOUND OF
THE CHAOS BELOW CAN STILL BE HEARD.

REBECCA: Clive, move!

CLIVE: Oh God it's cold. Oh - fuck -

CLIVE LURCHES OVER AND VOMITS. REBECCA
SHOUTS BACK INTO THE BLAZE.

REBECCA: Pam! I'm not coming back for you! What are you doing?

THE AIR AND THE SICK HAS BROUGHT CLIVE TO HIS SENSES.

CLIVE: Becky, wha- what happened?

REBECCA: The fuck should I know!

CLIVE: How long... how long did we sleep?...

REBECCA: I don't know!

SHE TAKES A MOMENT TO LOOK AROUND.

REBECCA: This street look a thousand years older to you? Pam!

CLIVE: Pam!

AFTER A MOMENT PAM EMERGES, COUGHING, BEREFT. SHE DROPS TO HER KNEES, BARELY ABLE TO SPEAK.

PAMELA: Had to check the computer before... had to know...

REBECCA: How long was it, Pam?

PAMELA: 20 years... 4 months... 9 days...

CLIVE: What?!

PAMELA: It's 2064.

REBECCA: Fffffffuck!

CLIVE: That's a long way off a thousand years, Pam!

PAMELA: I know... I'm sorry...

CLIVE: Wel- Well maybe... maybe... maybe we can go back in...

PAMELA: No one's going back in there.

CLIVE: No, no, no, let's just wait and see, I'm sure it's just a hiccu -

UNDERNEATH THEIR FEET, A MUFFLED BUT CLEARLY SIGNIFICANT BOOM, THEN A ROLLING RUMBLE, THEN AN EXPLOSION THAT FIRES OUT OF THE BASEMENT ENTRANCE INTO THE NIGHT AIR, RIGHT IN FRONT OF THEM. THE THREE OF THEM STAND FOR A MOMENT IN SILENCE AS FIRE ROARS IN FRONT OF THEM, EVENTUALLY DYING DOWN ENOUGH FOR CLIVE TO SPEAK.

CLIVE: Alright. Alright. Okay. Let's, umm. Let's get out our little black books. Who's going to have a few spare cryopods in 2064?

END.

WE RETURN TO RED VALLEY IN 'WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLEEPING 3'.