

# **RED VALLEY**

**SEASON 4**

**EPIISODE 1**  
**'The Brigadoon'**

by  
Jonathan Williams

Written by Jonathan Williams  
[redvalleypod@gmail.com](mailto:redvalleypod@gmail.com)

**Character List**

Hester Hiyashi	Susan Hingley
Dr Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks
GORD	Alan Mandel
Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
Marmite	Blair Anderson
Jade Turner	Sarah Shelton
Dr Degracious (Grace) Melé	Daon Broni
Stevie	Kelsie Griffin
Malcolm	David Charles
Waffles	Carol Pestridge

**SEASON 4 – EPISODE 1**

**'THE BRIGADOON.'**

**SCENE 1**

THE CREAK OF FAMILIAR FARMHOUSE STAIRS. THERE IS AN INSTRUMENT BEING PLAYED SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE HOUSE, THE TINKLE OF SOMEONE LEARNING ON A SLIGHTLY OUT OF TUNE PIANO, A CONVERSATION ELSEWHERE AS WELL, LAUGHTER. AUBREY WOOD DESCENDS THE STAIRCASE. SHE GOES STRAIGHT TO THE FRONT DOOR. HESTER, HER WIFE, IS IN THE KITCHEN.

HESTER: Morning Aubrey, I made coffee. Well, you know. Whatever the brown stuff is this month.

AUBREY: Oh. Thank you.

HESTER: Someone said they reckon we're getting some real beans in the next drop off.

AUBREY: I'll believe it when I drink it.

AUBREY PAUSES A MOMENT TO LISTEN AS THE PIANO LEARNER CONTINUES.

AUBREY: Who's learning now?

HESTER: One of the young ones.

AUBREY: We really need to move the piano. One day a storm is goin-

HESTER FINISHES HER SENTENCE.

HESTER: A storm's going to blow this rickety old farmhouse down, yes. Why do you take your naps in here then? And why am I making you coffee in here?

AUBREY: Because it's the only place I can get some peace. Even with the piano.

HESTER: You on your way down to see him?

AUBREY: No, I've got to check in on Jade first.

HESTER: Jade's been up for hours.

AUBREY: Well, I need to see what she's making everyone do for her then.

HESTER: You're putting it off.

AUBREY: I'm not putting anything off.

HESTER: The results were fine. He's ready.

AUBREY PULLS HER SHOES ON BY THE FRONT DOOR. HESTER'S WORDS ARE FIRM BUT SHE DELIVERS THEM GENTLY. THEY COULD BE SQUABBLING OVER THEIR TEENAGE SON.

AUBREY: I... I know.

HESTER: Then stop putting it off.

AUBREY: Hester, I'm not putting it off -

HESTER: You've barely spoken to him since he woke up. You send other people to sort his meds and his food. He doesn't need them, he needs you. He's ready.

AUBREY: Hester. Please. I've been awake for 10 minutes.

HESTER: Yes sir. Sorry sir.

AUBREY COMES BACK IN TO GET HER DRINK.

AUBREY: You think you're being playful but you're actually very annoying.

HESTER: Take your not-coffee.

AUBREY: No, you take your...not-coffee... Alright then I'll be off. See you in a bit.

THEY SHARE A QUICK KISS. AUBREY LEAVES THE KITCHEN, OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS OUT INTO THE VALLEY. A BRISK WIND IS BLOWING. THE VALLEY FLOOR IS WIDE AND OPEN, WITH A DISTANCE BETWEEN THE HOUSE AND THE BASE. THE VALLEY IS A HUB OF ACTIVITY - WORK AND PLAY, DOZENS OF PEOPLE.

IN REAL TIME AUBREY MAKES HER WAY ACROSS THE VALLEY FLOOR. THE SOUND OF TOOLS, SAWS AND DRILLS, ROARING FIRES, SINGING, THE ODD MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, THERE ARE MULTIPLE CALLS TO AUBREY, WISHING HER A GOOD MORNING, OFFERS OF ASSISTANCE OR ATTEMPTS TO GET HERS. SHE AWKWARDLY RESPONDS AS KINDLY AS SHE CAN - SHE'S NOT COMFORTABLE IN THE CROWD.

COMMUNITY 1: Morning Aubrey!

AUBREY: Morning.

COMMUNITY 2: Morning Aubrey!

AUBREY: Morning!

COMMUNITY 3: Hey Aubrey!

AUBREY: Yep. Hey.

COMMUNITY 4: Morning!

AUBREY: Hiya!

COMMUNITY 5: Morning Aubrey!

AUBREY: Hi, yeah!

COMMUNITY 6: Hey Aubrey! You alright?

AUBREY: Yeah... yeah, all good.

COMMUNITY 7: Morning Aubrey!

AUBREY: Hiya!

COMMUNITY 8: Aubrey, I need that-

AUBREY: Yeah, great!.... I've got to hummm...

COMMUNITY 9: Aubrey

AUBREY: Yep. Hey.

COMMUNITY 9: Aubrey, any chance I could grab you -

AUBREY: Got to get to my rounds, I'll... I'll catch up with you later.

COMMUNITY 9: Sure! Sure. No worries.

AUBREY: Fucking h...

SOON ENOUGH A BLUE SKY DRONE WHIZZES  
OVER TO HER. SHE SHARES A  
CONVERSATION WITH GORD AS SHE MAKES  
THE DISTANCE TO THE STATION.

GORD: Good morning, Aubrey.

AUBREY: Morning Gord. Could you just... Could you just hover further away?

GORD: It's nearly time for Warren's alarm.

AUBREY: You're as bad as Hester!

GORD: I'm sorry?

AUBREY: I'll get there when I get there.

GORD: Alright.

AUBREY: You answer back more now.

GORD: Analysis revealed Gordon Porlock liked to have the last word.

AUBREY: Fascinating.

GORD: Indeed.

AUBREY: Alright then.



A BEAT AS SHE WALKS.

GORD: Okay then.

AUBREY: I can demote you in a heartbeat. You'll be running the Bluetooth connection on the white goods.

SHE REACHES THE STATION AND PULLS THE HEAVY DOOR OPEN.

GORD: Fine.

AUBREY SIGHS AND ENTERS THE STATION.

CUT.

**SCENE 2**

**WARREN GODBY, IN HIS QUARANTINE ROOM  
WITH GORD. AN ALARM CLOCK RINGS, THE  
SOUND OF LIGHTS FLICKERING ON.**

GORD: Good morning, Warren. It's 7.30 a.m. Would you like to wake up now, or have a little longer?

WARREN: Umm... I'll have a little longer, please. Could you put the lights back out?

GORD: Sure. I'll try again in half an hour.

WARREN: An hour.

GORD: Sure.

**WARREN LIES IN SILENCE.**

WARREN: Gord, I know Aubrey asked you not to tell me much about the future for...reasons. Can I at least ask you a sports question?

**THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON.**

GORD: Depends on the question I suppose.

WARREN: How are Arsenal doing? In the Premier League?

GORD: Arsenal ended the last Premier League season in 16th place with a total of 52 points and a goal difference of -2. I didn't know you supported Arsenal.

WARREN: I don't support anyone, they were my dad's team.

GORD: I'll remember that.

WARREN: There's no need. Hang on. When you said last Premier League season, did you mean the last season just gone or The Last Premier League Season?

GORD: You're trying to catch me out here aren't you, Warren?

WARREN: Gord, who is currently top of the Premier League?

GORD: At the end of the last Premier League season, Norwich City -

WARREN: No, no, this season, right now.

GORD: How do you know there's even a season in play right now?

WARREN: This is you trying to squabble isn't it. Distraction by squabble.

GORD: This is *you* imagining it's the end of the world outside and trying to trick *me* into giving you information about it. Just because there may or not be a Premier League anymore doesn't mean a nuclear holocaust wiped out the Football Association.

WARREN: You know the more I talk to you the more you remind me of actual Gordon.

GORD: I'll take that as a compliment.

WARREN: You shouldn't. Now, turn the bloody lights off.

GORD: Sure.

SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

WARREN: Is Aubrey coming today?

THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON.

WARREN: You don't have to keep turning the lights on every time I speak -

THE LIGHTS GO OFF.

GORD: Sorry. Off they go.

WARREN REACHES FOR A GLASS OF WATER  
AND KNOCKS IT TO THE FLOOR.

WARREN: Where's the... Where's the water? Huh... Oh. My God.

THE LIGHTS COME UP.

WARREN: I didn't ask for the lights.

GORD: You spilled your water.

WARREN: I feel like I'm going to have an epileptic fit.

GORD: You don't have epilepsy.

WARREN: Can you just dim the lights and leave it at that?

THE LIGHTS GO DOWN TO LOW POWER.

GORD: Lights at 20%. This isn't me trying to distract you by the way.

WARREN: No this is just *you*, isn't it? Where is Aubrey?

GORD: Aubrey is currently occupied with her duties in the base -

WARREN: You say that every time. It's been days since I've heard from her. When can I leave? When can I get some normal-looking food? When can I use a toilet that's not 3 feet from my bed? I'm not enjoying that.

GORD: Would you like it moved closer?

WARREN: No!

GORD: The chief concern for Aubrey is your health, both physical and mental. It's very important that we keep you calm and comfortable as you come off your mood stabilisers -

WARREN: You say that every time too. When you repeat stuff, I get nervous. When I get nervous, I start to panic. And when I start to panic I-

GORD: You open your bowels.

WARREN: I - what?

GORD: Each time you enter a state of anxiety, your heart rate increases to the mid 90s, your respiratory rate rises to the mid 20s and you move to the toilet to evacuate your bowels within the subsequent 15 minutes.

WARREN: Anxiety poo is a thing that I do. It's why I don't go to music festivals.

GORD: Opening your bowels stimulates your vagus nerve which reduces your blood pressure. That might explain why you feel a little less panicked after you use the toilet.

WARREN: No one's ever told me that.

GORD: The same stimulation is the cause of many deaths while on the toilet due to cardiac arrest.

WARREN: This is the worst morning so far.

GORD: Your heart rate *has* started to increase a little.

WARREN: Awesome. I hope there's enough loo roll.

GORD: Would you like some Amazon rainfall sounds to relax you?

WARREN: Why not.

GORD: I'll turn the lights off too.

WARREN: Great.

THE LIGHTS GO OFF. RAINFALL SOUNDS BEGIN. A MOMENT OF TRANQUILITY. SUDDENLY THE RAINFALL CUTS AND THE LIGHTS COME ABRUPTLY ON. THE INTERCOM SQUEALS.

AUBREY: Morning! How are you, Warren?

WARREN: I'm... Aubrey - what answer do I have to give to get out of here?

AUBREY: Any answer you like, Warren. Today's the day.

KEYPAD TONES. WITH A HISS, THE DOOR OPENS. AUBREY STEPS INSIDE.

WARREN: Au...Aubrey.

AUBREY: Warren. You look like you're about to shit yourself, I know I look a bit older these days but er -

WARREN: No. I was... I was actually just literally about to er... the toilet-

AUBREY: Oh! I'll umm... just - I'll be outside.

WARREN: Great. I'll just be err... -

AUBREY: Take your time.

WARREN: Thank you. Thank you.

AUBREY BACKS OUT OF THE DOOR AND IT  
CLOSES AGAIN WITH ANOTHER HISS. A  
PAUSE.

GORD: Shall I play the rain noise again?

WARREN & AUBREY (FROM BEHIND THE DOOR): Yes!

RAINFALL.

CUT.



**SCENE 3**

WARREN'S ROOM. AUBREY IS DOING A LAST  
CHECK ON WARREN'S READOUTS.

WARREN: I'm fine, we can go.

AUBREY: You've been in hypersleep decades longer than anyone has ever been before. Indulge me. Take this.

WARREN: I don't want any more mood stabilisers.

AUBREY: Good, we don't have many left. It's a bloody multivitamin. Go on.

WARREN TAKES THE PILL WITH A SIP OF  
WATER.

WARREN: How long do I have to be on medication for?

AUBREY: Well, the drug is more than just a mood stabiliser. It keeps your mind right after the hypersleep process tries to rewire it. The longer you sleep, the more you need. The trade name is Eterniteze.

WARREN: Ugh.

AUBREY: Overhead made it, what do you expect. Truth is, the drug is ultimately based on the brain chemistry of the first successful hypersleep patient. Which is you. So, I've no idea how much to give you or how long for. I guess we'll work it out.

WARREN: Great. Can we go now?

AUBREY: The machine just takes a couple of minutes.

GORD: Just a couple of minutes.

AUBREY: Yes Gord, that's what I said.

WARREN: Why did you make it sound like him?

AUBREY: I thought a familiar face would help you acclimatise.

GORD: I don't have a face.

AUBREY: It's a figure of speech, Gord!

WARREN: Are we done after this?

AUBREY: No, I'm just doing a last round of obs and waiting on a blood gas before I let you run off into the future. Err... Look into this.

WARREN: Ow.

AUBREY: Pupils are fine. You're still pretty sensitive to light.

WARREN: Yeah. Because I've been down here for so long.

AUBREY: Well, you're still in Scotland, I wouldn't worry about the sunshine.

WARREN: Are you going to tell me about this future before I go running off into it?

AUBREY PAUSES A MOMENT TO THINK.

AUBREY: I wasn't joking about the mood stabilisers. Medicines are very hard to come by and Eterniteze are rare in particular. Considering the patient load we have here and the sporadic nature of our deliveries I can't dish them out lightly.

WARREN: I never asked for them. And every time you give me another little crumb of information like that, I get more anxious. What patient load, what are you talking about?

AUBREY: I'm only saying...you remember how things were the last time you went into that pod. With...you. I need to be as sure as I can that you're going to be safe. I'm not going to put you back inside that thing.

WARREN: If you really are going to let me out of this room today then you have to let me know what I'm going into. At least a little.

AUBREY TAKES A MOMENT, THEN RELENTS.

AUBREY: Alright. Let's assume you can guess everything that went wrong. It was pretty much an A-Z of dystopian clichés. Depends where you are in the world obviously, but if I was explaining it in a general sense, I'd say it went a bit like...Children of Men for quite a while, then a little bit Blade Runner without the sexy robots, then I guess...Robin Hood Prince of Thieves.

WARREN: Prince of Thieves?

AUBREY: Well, yeah. Outside the cities things are quite like the 12<sup>th</sup> century now. Everyone's poor, some people live in the woods, the church is basically in charge, a lot of the accents are inexplicable and yet there are still some very progressive hairstyles.

A LITTLE PING.

AUBREY: Ah. We're done.

SHE TEARS OFF THE READOUT.

WARREN: All good?

AUBREY: Mmmhmmm...Today you're going to...live.

WARREN: Great. So, that's everything I need to know about 2064?

AUBREY: You want to sit in here and talk about it or shall we go?

AUBREY OPENS THE DOOR AND SHE AND  
WARREN STEP INTO THE LOWER LEVEL  
CORRIDOR. AUBREY'S BLUE SKY DRONE IS  
WAITING.

WARREN: Oh. Hey. What is that?

AUBREY: That's my Blue Sky unit. Follows me around.

GORD: I'm in here now.

WARREN: Well...That's...futurey.

AUBREY: He's everywhere. He's taking observations upstairs, he's patrolling the perimeter, he's annoying us down here. You get used to him.

GORD: I'll just pop myself down over here.

WARREN: Where...where in the station is this?

GORD: Technically we're not in the station right now.

WARREN: This...this is the tunnel, isn't it? Into the mountain?

AUBREY: One of the tunnels, but yes, we are currently inside the Ballbag.

WARREN: You've kitted it out a bit nicer than the last time I was here.

AUBREY: It was too good an opportunity not to take advantage of. The whole place runs off a micro reactor we installed down here when we arrived, it's where the Blue Sky hub lives, and it's where you and Gordon have remained the whole time.

THEY STOP FOR A MOMENT.

WARREN: G...Gordon's down here?

AUBREY: He's just next door. Always has been.

WARREN: Can I... Can I see him?

AUBREY: Of course you can see him.

THEY WALK THE SHORT DISTANCE TO  
GORDON'S ROOM. AUBREY USES THE VOICE  
ID REQUIRED.

AUBREY: Wood. Aubrey Jane.

THE DOOR OPENS. THEY DON'T ENTER.

AUBREY: Don't you want to go in?

WARREN: That's him. In the pod?

AUBREY: Yes. Not a lot to see.

WARREN: No.

AUBREY: We have plenty of time to talk about Gordon. And I promise some of it is good. Let's go outside for a bit though, shall we? You need some breeze on your face.

WARREN: He's...He's... okay? Down here?

AUBREY: Has been for the last 40 years. Tough bastard, like you.

WARREN: That's the first time anyone has said that about either of us.

AUBREY: Maybe. Maybe not. Come on.

WARREN, AUBREY AND GORD WALKING  
DOWN THE TUNNEL.

WARREN: Yeah.Yeah, Yeah... alright let's go.

GORD: Off we go!

AUBREY: Oh, some of the community have got a nickname for you.

WARREN: Oh God, what is it?

GORD: The Brigadoon.

WARREN: The what?

AUBREY: The Brigadoon. From the musical.

WARREN: I've never seen it.

GORD: Brigadoon is a Scottish village that magically appears out of the mist for one day every hundred years.

WARREN: Wow. Where's that to?

AUBREY: It's not real, Warren.

WARREN: I don't know. It's the future.

AUBREY: It's from the 40s. The 1940s.

GORD: Gene Kelly was in it.

WARREN: Oh. Right.

AUBREY: It's an apt little nickname for a man who pops in and out of time.

WARREN: Aubrey, people aren't going to be weird with me, are they?

AUBREY: The Cult of the Brigadoon is only a small fanatical sect of this community, I wouldn't worry about it.

WARREN: Aubrey, I don't know you well enough to tell if you're joking.

THEY REACH A LIFT. SHE PRESSES THE  
BUTTON TO GO UP. THE DOORS OPEN.



WARREN: You're really not going to tell me anything else before we go up there?

AUBREY: I'll be sure to let you know if I think of anything particularly relevant. Just get in the lift.

THEY STEP INSIDE AND AUBREY PRESSES  
THE BUTTON TO GO UP. THERE IS A SHORT  
PAUSE.

LIFT: Doors closing. Lift going up.

AUBREY: Oh. The plural of toothbrush is now toothbreesh. Don't look at me like that, I don't make the rules.

LIFT: Ground floor.

THE LIFT DOORS OPEN.

CUT.

**SCENE 4**

THE DOORS OPEN TO THE UPPER LEVEL. THEY ARE IN THE MESS ROOM. A RUSH OF SOUND - AT LEAST TWENTY PEOPLE TALKING, MOVING AROUND, THE CLATTER OF PLATES AND GLASSES BEING CARRIED. IN THE DISTANCE A GROUP OF VOICES PRACTICING A CHORAL RECITAL. ALL UPBEAT, HAPPILY BUSY.

WARREN: Aubrey what is –

AUBREY: Come on.

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE ROOM. A COUPLE OF VOICES CALL TO AUBREY. FROM SOMEWHERE SOMEONE CALLS OUT 'NEW GUY!' A YOUNG MAN INTERRUPTS THEM.

MARMITE: Aubrey, Aubrey, look look... I know you're busy –

AUBREY: Never too busy for you Marmite. This is Warren -

MARMITE: Thanks! Ehm... So – the bunting –

AUBREY: The bunting?

MARMITE: Yeah. The bunting. Ehm... Do you want it diagonal across the room, or width ways, like it could go along the wall –

AN ELDERLY FEMALE VOICE PIPES UP.

JADE: Good gravy, boy, I want the bunting diagonal, and the festoon lights go width ways, that's much nicer.

AUBREY: Jade, you're decorating your own party?

JADE: What else am I supposed to do?

AUBREY: Marmite, listen to Jade. She's the boss.

MARMITE: Sure. Nice to meet you Warren. Morior Invictus.

WARREN: Same to...you?

THEY MOVE OFF. AUBREY CALLS BACK.

AUBREY: Jade, try and get some rest, alright?

JADE: I can rest as much as I like tomorrow.

AUBREY: Fair enough.

WARREN: Aubrey, what the hell is going on?

THEY REACH THE RECITAL PRACTICE.

WARREN: Aubrey, why did that guy just say -

WARREN SUDDENLY REALISES HE  
RECOGNISES THE PIECE THEY'RE  
REHEARSING - IT'S THE CHORUS OF MORIOR  
INVICTUS. THE CHOIR LEADER CUTS THEM  
OFF. IT'S GRACE - A MUCH OLDER  
DEGRACIOUS MÉLE.

GRACE: And hold it there. Thank you. Good. Much better but remember to watch each other for your entries, eh? I won't be conducting tonight. And Stevie, I do not know what you are worried about. That was right on the money.

STEVIE: Thanks Grace.

WARREN: Grace?

GRACE: Hey... Warren Godby! You are up!

GRACE TAKES WARREN'S HAND AND SHAKES  
IT HARD, AND CLAPS ANOTHER HAND ON  
WARREN'S SHOULDER.

GRACE: You look great.

WARREN: So do you. How have you got better looking?

GRACE: You're far too kind, Warren. Stay with Aubrey, yeah.

WARREN: Yeah umm...

GRACE But... we need to talk later. There are things that must be said.

WARREN GOES TO MOVE OFF BUT  
IMMEDIATELY DOUBLES BACK ON HIMSELF.

WARREN: Umm... I'm... Sorry Grace. But were you all just singing Morior Invictus by Pus Crank?

AUBREY IS ACROSS THE ROOM.

AUBREY: Warren!

GRACE: Don't keep her waiting, Warren.

WARREN: Sure... Sure...

GRACE: Okay, so Robin, I believe you wanted to have a go at the chorus eh... Let's go from C just the tenors... 3 and 4...

AUBREY HAS KEPT WALKING AND REACHED  
THE END OF THE ROOM. HE JOINS HER AS  
SHE HEADS TO A FIRE EXIT.

AUBREY: Looks, brains, and a sublime baritone as well. I think Grace won the genetic lottery even more than you. Come on.

THEY PASS AN OPEN DOOR TO ANOTHER  
ROOM. AN ELDERLY MALE VOICE CALLS OUT.

MALCOLM: Hey... He shouldn't be here, Aubrey.

AUBREY: Thank you, Malcolm, I see you've perked up.

WARREN: Er... Who's that?

AUBREY: Don't worry, let's get outside.

THEY HAVE KEPT WALKING, BUT MALCOLM, A  
VERY ELDERLY MAN, HAS COME TO THE  
EDGE OF THE DOORWAY INTO THE  
CORRIDOR AND CALLS AFTER THEM.

MALCOLM: I... I don't want to see him!

AUBREY: Then don't look at him!

WARREN: Er... Nice to meet you.

MALCOLM: Go to hell, fucko!

CUT.

**SCENE 5**

AUBREY AND WARREN MAKE IT OUTSIDE THE STATION. IT'S A BRIGHT DAY - STILL COLD, BUT GULLS ARE MAKING NOISE AND THE WIND ISNT TOO HARSH.

WARREN: You going to tell me what that was all about?

AUBREY: The weather's quite mild at the moment but it can turn quickly, let me know if you're too cold.

WARREN: Do you ignore everyone in the future or just me?

AUBREY: Are you okay to walk?

WARREN: I'll walk up Ballbag if you start answering me.

THEY START TO WALK.

AUBREY: So, while the world is going down the toilet, there's one company and one asset in particular that's suddenly doing rather well, can you guess what it is?

WARREN: Kontinue.

AUBREY:

You might remember that there were various approaches when it came to actually using hypersleep. One method was to introduce it through the prison system. Another was to sell it to the elites as a way to cheat death. In the end both were successful. The two polar ends of society made use of it while 98% of the population never laid their eyes on a cryopod. So, to begin with, what with the world falling apart through climate, disease, poverty and so on, people barely noticed what was happening. But slowly, incrementally, the great and the good, the wealthy and the powerful, they're disappearing. When people start to put it together, it seems at best like madness and at worst gross cowardice - whole governments, monarchies, corporate leaders, you know they're building bunkers, they're hollowing out mountains, locking themselves away and going into hypersleep. For what? It's supposed to be the end of the world, what do they expect to wake up to?

THEY CONTINUE TO WALK.

AUBREY:

And then, it was around 2040, we found out what they knew that the rest of us didn't. The world could come back from the brink. If left alone for long enough, if we weren't all here to continue ruining it, the planet could stabilise a little. Some of it anyway. Enough to build a new society for a lucky few. But not in the lifespan of anyone currently living on it. Or their children, or their children. So, these great leaders of industry and infrastructure, they shut down everything that had made them their fortunes and set the world on fire, turned the lights off, and off they went. They left behind desperate people in a desperate situation.



AUBREY: Long story short, a few cities remain with the lion's share of resources under an unpleasant and clichéd authoritarian rule, and if that's not your cup of tea you make do in the wilderness like us. Classic dystopia really. Could've written it on the back of an airport novel.

WARREN: I mean, none of that explains what I just saw in there.

AUBREY: I just told you the research we were both part of nearly half a century ago played a pivotal role in the dissolution of civilised society as we know it, and you want to talk about the Pus Crank choir?

WARREN: The Pus Crank choir!

AUBREY: Have you ever heard about not sweating the small stuff?

WARREN: Yeah, I'm not into it. It's the small stuff that'll kill you. The end of the world, what are you going to do?

AUBREY: I think I stabilised your mood a little too much.

WARREN: Aubrey, why is there a choir singing that bloody song 44 years into the future!?

AUBREY: Alright! Over the years, I've been a lot of places and worked with a lot of people. On the jobs we would do together, there would invariably be a lot of travel or downtime, and we would talk about our lives and the things that had brought us together. More often than not I would talk about Red Valley, and I'd get to you and Gordon. And I ended up with that tape of Gordon's old band, so I would play them Morior Invictus, it was a fun icebreaker. And somehow it ended up being our getting-pumped-up song before we...went to work.

At first it was just a fun song and that was it. Then people started thinking about the words. All death before defeat and dying unvanquished. And you know, quite without any effort from me, the song took on a life of its own. Once we got here it became even more...fitting. People need things to hold on to in a place like this, to bring them together. And these little rituals started popping up. A greeting, a recital. And there you go.

WARREN: Aubrey I'm not following. What do you mean fitting? What is this place now?

AUBREY: In 2064 the kind of liberties you and I would've taken for granted no longer exist. You can't save for a 2 up 2 down in an area with nice schools, there isn't a career ladder to climb, you don't holiday in the Algarve. You don't get to choose how you live. You either survive or you don't. But if you can find your way to Red Valley, safely, quietly, you can still choose how you die.

WARREN LOOKS BACK UP TO THE STATION.

WARREN: That's... That's not a birthday party back there, is it?

AUBREY: Jade Turner is 83 and has dementia that cannot be treated. It robs her of her memory and her dignity. While she still has the faculties to make the decision, she has decided to end her life here with us, in safety and in peace. Something she couldn't do out there. Tonight is her living wake. She'll celebrate her life with our community. And by the next morning she will, as we've come to call it, complete. We don't spell it with a K.

WARREN: You euthanise people.

AUBREY: If they choose it.

WARREN: I don't know what answer I was expecting but that was not it.

THEY STAND IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

AUBREY: Does it all look the same?

WARREN: Does what look the same?

AUBREY: All this. The mountain, the sky, the dirt. The farmhouse.

WARREN: Yeah. Bloody hell!

AUBREY: What?

WARREN: Those tiles are still missing.

AUBREY: What tiles?

WARREN: On the house. Those two near the gutter.

AUBREY: They were missing last time you were here?

WARREN: I was the one who knocked them off. With a golf club. I was... I was singing Morior Invictus.

AUBREY: Oh, everyone will love that! I'm glad it's still familiar. I was hoping you'd find it comforting the same way I do. We have no power to change anything in this landscape. Every day I look at that mountain we nicknamed after a scrotum and I think, Ballbag doesn't care what we do. The rest of the world is at war with itself. The people, the land and the seas, all trying to rip each other apart. But I... I look at that huge rock and its utter indifference to everything we've done in its shadow and it's the closest to peace I've found in 40 years. How are you feeling?

WARREN: Shattered, actually.

AUBREY: Not surprising. You'll probably need to sleep a long time these first few days. Nothing to worry about. You've got a long term quarters set up in the sub level like everyone else, but have a nap in the farmhouse, it's nice and quiet. I got you a roommate so you're not lonely.

WARREN: Oh. Who would that be?

AUBREY: She's waiting inside.

WARREN: What?

AUBREY OPENS THE DOOR TO THE FARMHOUSE.

AUBREY: Go on.

WARREN STEPS THROUGH TO THE KITCHEN DINER OF THE FARMHOUSE, WHERE A TORTOISE IS SITTING ON THE DINING TABLE.

WARREN: No way! That's not really her!

AUBREY: It's really her.

WARREN: Waffles! Bloody hell! This can't be her.

AUBREY: The pet trade has dried up considerably in recent years. Sourcing a replacement tortoise would've been even harder than keeping this one alive.

WARREN: How could she... She's big. Like Gordon said she would be. She's... she's got - what's this, she's got like a groove... a groove on her shell -

AUBREY: Waffles has been with us through some considerable hardship. That damage to her shell occurred during a somewhat rushed and problematic change of habitat.

WARREN: Shit! Baby girl!

AUBREY: She didn't seem fussed though. She's, uh. Wafflely versatile.

WARREN: Haha! Little potato waffle!

AUBREY: Oh good, everyone here's too young to get my references.

WARREN: Thank you... Thank you for looking after her, It's good to - ow! Damn it! She still nips doesn't she. Fuck!

AUBREY: Oh yeah, she'll draw blood with minimum effort, watch out for that.

WARREN: Oh man...

GORD DRONES IN BY THE DOORWAY.

GORD: Sorry to interrupt. Aubrey, they need you back in the mess.

AUBREY: Of course they do. Uh... Warren, I recommend you have a lie down for a bit. You're upstairs, first on the left.

WARREN: Aubrey, come on I... I've got so much to -

AUBREY: I know, I know. There'll be time for that. Tonight, we party!

WARREN: Okay.... Okay I'll...I'll... I'll see you in a bit.

AUBREY STEPS OUTSIDE. SHE TURNS BACK  
AND CALLS TO HIM.

AUBREY: Oh! Er... Warren!

WARREN: Yeah?

AUBREY: I thought we might try and save Gordon's life, what do you think?

WARREN: Oh. Umm... yeah... Yeah. Sure!

AUBREY: We'll wake you in a bit. Make sure you pop her in the vivarium before you fall asleep. Morior Invictus!

AUBREY HAS STARTED TO WALK AWAY.  
WARREN MUTTERS UNDER HIS BREATH.

WARREN: Baby girl! That's going to get really annoying.

END.