

# **RED VALLEY**

**SEASON 4**

**EPISODE 2**

**'Exactly How I Want It To Be'**

by

Jonathan Williams



**Character List**

Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
Dr Degracious (Grace) Melé	Daon Broni
Jade Turner	Sarah Shelton
GORD	Alan Mandel
Malcolm Landry	David Charles
Hester Hiyashi	Susan Hingley
Dr Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks
Clive Schill	Alexander Broad
Dr Pamela Jennings	Rachel Fowler

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'EXACTLY HOW I WANT IT TO BE.'

**SCENE 1**

THE PARTY, IN THE MESS ROOM. A  
BEAUTIFUL ACAPELLA CHORAL RENDITION  
OF MORIOR INVICTUS. THE HUSHED VOICES  
OF WARREN AND GRACE AT THE BACK.

WARREN: I hope you're paying Gordon residuals for all this.

GRACE: I think he'd be very moved to learn how his music has affected people so many years later. Are you going to carry that tortoise everywhere?

WARREN: Yes Grace, yes I am. So, no one requests Stairway to Heaven or My Way?

GRACE: We don't have a lot of music here that we don't make ourselves.

WARREN: Why not?

GRACE: Rights reasons.

WARREN: Rights reasons?

GRACE: All copyright media went behind enormous paywalls years ago. And then the Bastion banned it all anyway.

WARREN: What's the Bastion?

GRACE: They are in charge. A fanatical religious militia.

WARREN: Well, the Bastion sounds fun. Who let that happen?

GRACE: In desperate times people turn to desperate solutions.

WARREN: Like a euthanasia clinic in the Highlands.

GRACE: You think we are a crazy death cult, don't you?

WARREN: I wouldn't say that.

THE RECITAL HAS ENDED. A VOICE IN THE  
CONGREGATION SHOUTS:

VOICE: MORIOR INVICTUS!

AND THE CONGREGATION SHOUTS IN  
RETURN:

CONGREGATION: DEATH BEFORE DEFEAT!

GRACE: I suppose I can understand where you might get that idea.

WARREN: You said it, not me.

JADE TURNER HAS STOOD TO ADDRESS THE CROWD. A FEW WHISTLES, CALLS OF 'SPEECH!' AND 'GO ON JADE!' THE CROWD IS EBULLIENT.

JADE: Thank you, thank you. I won't keep you all long. I just wanted to say...well, thank you. To all of you. I came here 6 weeks ago, so afraid, so angry. So alone. I didn't believe I'd find anything. I'd have to haul myself to the top of Ballbag and jump off. I know for some visitors that has been suggested as a form of Completion and to those I say good luck, but do you really want to spend your last hours on Earth being shat on a hundred times by pink-footed geese?

LAUGHTER.

JADE: Red Valley has been a fortress for me at the end of my life. On my good days you've been a source of joy. On the bad days you've kept me in one piece. I'm afraid I... I don't have much for you in the way of wisdom. Aubrey - where are you? - Aubrey.

COMMUNITY: She's over there.

JADE: You try and hide on days like this, don't you? You and I talked about legacy not long ago. You told me legacy is nothing more than asking others to worship at the altar of your own ego. No graves, no monuments. We return to dust and you put that dust to use. It's a strange idea, legacy. Particularly in these times. I feel, uh...

SHE TAKES A SECOND.

JADE:

I feel like... for the first thirty years of my life, everyone told me to stop worrying what other people thought of me. Could never quite do that of course. Then... I don't know. Something must have sunk in, because for the next thirty years of my life, I really didn't give two shits what anyone thought. I had too much to do, apparently. Then I got old. Then I got this disease. That makes me forget where I am. That makes me call one of you by the name of my son, then become furious when you kindly correct me. That makes me forget the suit my husband wore on our wedding day. This rotten illness takes the ground out from under your feet. And I said to people, I said, what's the point of all this, if I end up losing it all, if I'm Jade Turner in nothing more than name? They would commiserate with me at first. Then they'd say: But you live on, Jade. You live on in all those you leave behind, in the changes you made to their lives. Oh shit, I thought. Maybe it really does matter what people think of you.

A RIPPLE OF LAUGHTER.

JADE:

No. No, I think I got it right. Aubrey, even if your ashes join mine gritting the path up to this station, with all that you've built here, all that you've done, you might not be able to escape your legacy. This place will live on long after me and, I hope, long after you. Those who follow will know your name. And the world is a smidgen brighter for it. But for me...fuck it. Fuck legacy!

THE CROWD WHOOPS AND CALLS IT BACK TO HER, A SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE. JADE CARRIES ON WITH THANK YOUS FOR A LITTLE WHILE UNDERNEATH WARREN AND GRACE'S CONVERSATION.

JADE: I could write a thank you list that would touch the floor but I'll find each and every one of you over the course of the evening. But I do just want to thank the beautiful musicians and singers here who make these Completion days feel so special. Right, I won't take up the stage any longer.

GRACE: Ah, that Jade!

WARREN: What did she mean about her ashes gritting the path?

GRACE: Exactly that. Everyone who completes is cremated. Their ashes are used to grit the path. You know how slippery it can get.

WARREN: How practical.

GRACE: There's a certain poetry to it as well, I think.

JADE IS FINISHING UP.

JADE: Well then. I wish you all an extremely fond farewell. My husband is waiting for me, and I'm keen to get back to him. So, without further ado, Morior Invictus, which I'm fairly certain translates to...LET'S GET FUCKED UP!



THE CROWD GOES WILD. MUSIC BLARES.  
STREAMERS ARE POPPED.

CUT.

**SCENE 2**

THE PARTY CONTINUES. GENERAL HUBBUB.  
WARREN IS STOOD IN THE CORNER WITH  
GORD FLOATING NEARBY.

WARREN: I'm as bad at parties in the future as I was in the past.

GORD: What do you mean?

WARREN: No one's really talking to me. Is it Waffles? Do people not like her?

GORD: Everyone likes Waffles.

WARREN: So, it's me. Do I... do I smell, can you smell me?

GORD: I can't smell you. Aubrey's asked everyone to give you some space. She doesn't want you overstimulated.

WARREN: Well maybe a death day party after telling me the Earth is doomed wasn't the best plan for day 1 out of quarantine.

GORD: It's been very hard for Aubrey deciding what course of action would be best in regards to your reintegration. In the end, she felt you might have FOMO if you found out there'd been a party going on while you were stuck downstairs.

WARREN: People don't still say FOMO in the future, do they?

GORD: No, but I've been trying to utilise parlance relative to your time period. Safe, fam. Holibobs.

WARREN: Oh my God, stop... stop that. Immediately.

GORD: Weird flex but okay. I cannot even.

WARREN: I'm immediately going to have a cringe stroke and die. Shut up.

GORD: Stay mad.

WARREN: You're the reason no one's talking to me.

GORD: Shagadelic.

WARREN: Grace! Grace!

GRACE COMES OVER WITH A COUPLE OF DRINKS.

GRACE: Warren. Are you enjoying yourself?

WARREN: Is that future alcohol?

GRACE: Yes. It's not very different from past alcohol -

WARREN: Hold the tortoise.

WARREN DRINKS, AND COUGHS HIS GUTS  
UP.

GRACE: Past alcohol that was made in a shed. Malcolm's been making this out of berries and bad intentions for years.

WARREN: Dad Jokes Robocop is embarrassing me. People are... People are looking.

GORD: Wassuuuuuuuuuu -

WARREN: Cease. Cease. I'm begging you.

GRACE: Of course, people are looking. You are from the distant past and you're carrying a tortoise around at a party. And you just choked on your first drink in 40 years. There's a lot to look at.

WARREN: Did Aubrey really tell people to give me space?

GRACE: Of course. You need time after you Kontinue. We all do, no matter how long we're in the box. What am I saying, who knows that better than you?

WARREN: We? Have you...have you been in hypersleep?

GRACE: Five year sentence. 2031 to 36.

WARREN: Damn... Like a prison sentence?

GRACE: Oh yes. My experience at Red Valley made me have a change of heart about what I had helped create, if I even did that much. I followed Aubrey in her attempts to get rid of the Kontinue technology - it had spread so fast, it was in every major prison in the world within years, and then coveted by every major government, every corporation. We tried to do it nicely and kind-of legally at first. That did not work. We got a lot done before they caught us. Some of us anyway. Aubrey led the other cells across the world for a few more years but they got her too in the end. The irony of punishing us with the very thing we were trying to destroy...was not lost.

WARREN: How long was Aubrey in hypersleep for?

GRACE: Nearly twenty years before we broke her out. You may have wondered why she looks so young when she should be nearly 90. A lot of us here have Kontinued at one point or another. The Bastion's laws are as strict as they come and they're committed to wiping out any cryotech they find, but that's only in Britain. In other parts of the world, it's still used as a punishment. That guy over there got 6 months in cryo for throwing a frozen pizza during a protest in Budapest a few years back. Are you alright? The moonshine was not that bad, was it?

WARREN: No, the future just feels like a Matrix sequel made by Monty Python. The more I hear the more absurd all of this is. I feel like you're daring me to laugh.

GRACE: There is no easy way to tell it. If you want a more straightforward version of events maybe, ask Gord.

GORD: Yolo!

WARREN: Uh... Jesus, I didn't know he was still there.

AN AWKWARD PAUSE.

GRACE: Warren...I owe you more than an apology. It has been many many years for me, but it must still seem very recent for you. My behaviour...I was young and ambitious back then, but that does not excuse the choices I made. I hope you can believe I've spent my life trying to make up for those choices.

WARREN: Honestly Grace, at the risk of sounding rude, I didn't pay you or anyone else that much attention. I kind of saw all Overhead people as just extensions of Bryony.

GRACE: Bryony, of course.

WARREN: You know, that's the first time I've said her name since I woke up.

GRACE: I don't suppose Aubrey has -

SOMEONE HAS COME TO JOIN THEM. IT'S  
JADE.

JADE: Degracious.

GRACE: Jade! Jade. How do you like your party?

JADE: It's wonderful!

GRACE: What can I do for you, Jade?

JADE: It's time, Grace.

GRACE: Are you sure? The party is still in full swing.

JADE: That's exactly how I want it to be.

GRACE: Of course. Gord, can you call Aubrey, we'll meet her in the house. You'll excuse me, Warren?

WARREN: Uh, yeah... yeah, sure.

JADE: Thanks for coming, Warren.

WARREN: No problem. Morior...Invictus.

JADE: Addaboy.

GRACE: Here take my hand.

MUSICIAN: Thank you. Thank you. We are Daughters of the Tortoise. We are gonna be playing for you all night. So, let's keep the party going.

GRACE AND JADE DEPART.

WARREN: Gord, I'd like to go and visit Gordon please.

GORD: Okay. Let's go.

SOMEONE ELSE HAS APPROACHED.

MALCOLM: If you know what's good for you, you'll stay down there with your friend.

WARREN: Oh, hi. Err... Yeah, I will leave you to enjoy the party.

MALCOLM: With any luck the mountain will bury you both again.

WARREN: Wow... I'm...I'm sorry, look I do not know what I've done to -

MALCOLM: What you've done? You don't know what you've *done*?

GORD: Malcolm, perhaps it's best we called for one of the oth-

MALCOLM: You're the bloody start of it all! Without you it might never have come to this!

GORD: Malcolm, why don't I call-

MALCOLM: Fuck off, with your voice changed! Change it back! Fuck off!

MALCOLM BANGS THE FLOATING DRONE  
WITH HIS HAND. THE PROPELLERS BUZZ AS  
IT CORRECTS ITSELF.

WARREN: Hey, I'm sorry. Please don't get upset. I'm going. I'll go.



MALCOLM: You're a golem! Brought to life to do what, eh? To stagger around, mindless, you're clay, you're just fucking *clay*!

HESTER ARRIVES.

HESTER: Hey hey, Malcolm, what's wrong?

MALCOLM: Oh, leave me alone! I'm speaking my mind, I thought we were all free to speak our minds.

HESTER: We are. But this is Jade's night, and we all agreed there are no cross words on a Complete night.

MALCOLM: You fill everyone's minds with your free love liberal decaf dogshit but you and her, you run this place like a goddamn gulag! Don't forget where you came from Hester!

HESTER: Malcolm -

MALCOLM: Oh, jog on, the lot of you. I'm going to get more moonshine.

HESTER: Are you sure that's -

MALCOLM: I bloody made it Hester! I'll do what I like! Pass me a glass! You! Get me a glass. Oh, that's dirty...

HE LEAVES.

HESTER: And...he's gone.

WARREN: Thank you for that.

HESTER: No worries. Bit less charming than the last time you met, isn't he?

WARREN: Well, not really, he called me a fucko.

HESTER: Not this afternoon. Last time. 2020.

WARREN: What... What do you mean...Bloody hell. M... Malcolm...

HESTER: Landry. Former vice chairman of Overhead Industries. He bought you a steak dinner 44 years ago.

WARREN: The pub. Th...The Boat and Bridger, on Argyll Street...

HESTER: What's really going to fry your mind is that you only pooped that steak dinner out a few days ago.

WARREN: Uh...Right.

GORD: It's now been composted and will be used to grow potatoes.

WARREN: That's... That's actually a weirder and much worse thing to know.

HESTER: Yeah Gord. You made it weird.

GORD: Just trying to be in the conversation.

WARREN: Holy crap. Hester.

HESTER: Yes?

WARREN: You...you were there. In... in the pub. You were... you were... Malcolm's...assistant!

HESTER: I was. A very long time ago.

WARREN: Except it wasn't. It was... it was only the other day.

HESTER: Yes, it was also only the other day.

WARREN: Shit.

HESTER'S COMM CRACKLES. IT'S AUBREY.

AUBREY: Hester. It's time.

HESTER: Okay.

WARREN: I think I'm going to go and be somewhere quiet for a bit.

HESTER: Warren, are you sure you're okay?

WARREN: I'm good, I've... I've got Waffles and I'll take my Gord. I think I just need to be away for a bit.

HESTER: Of course. Of course. Just ask Gord for anything you need, he can take care of it.

WARREN: Right. Err... thanks...thanks again.

HESTER: Good night, Warren.

HESTER DEPARTS.

GORD: Where would you like to go?

WARREN: Let's go and see Gordon.

CUT.

**SCENE 3**

A ROOM IN THE FARMHOUSE. THE MUSIC FROM THE PARTY CAN STILL BE HEARD IN THE DISTANCE THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW.

GRACE: Shall I close the window, Jade? Is the draught too much?

JADE: No, no, I like it. The air, the music. Everyone getting on. How are we doing?

A COUPLE OF BEEPS FROM A MACHINE.

AUBREY: We're all set. Just need to pop a drip in the back of your hand.

JADE: Oh yes. Hand squeezy, hand squeezy, get those veins up.

AUBREY: You have excellent veins Jade, did anyone tell you that?

JADE: Oh yes, the boys often remarked on the size of my...veins.

AUBREY CHUCKLES.

AUBREY: Sharp scratch.

JADE DOESN'T FLINCH. AUBREY CONNECTS  
AN IV LINE TO JADE'S CANNULA.

AUBREY: That's it. So, when you're ready. You just press this button here. That'll start the medicine.

JADE TAKES A DEEP BREATH.

JADE: How long does it take? I know you've told me more than once, I just like to hear you say it.

GRACE: A minute or two.

JADE: Oh, I'm scared, Aubrey.

AUBREY: You know you don't have to go through with it, Jade. Not now, not ever if you decide.

JADE: No, not that scared.

JADE LEANS FORWARD WITHOUT WARNING  
AND PRESSES THE BUTTON. THE CLUNK OF  
THE INFUSION STARTING. A SLOW EXHALE.

JADE: More...wedding day scared. It's a big day.

AUBREY: It is.

JADE: What shall we do now?

GRACE: Tell us a happy memory, Jade.

JADE: A happy memory...You see this scar, on my chin?

AUBREY: I do.

JADE: My family and I, we were in the Isle of Wight. Went there a few times. I loved it. We would go crabbing each day, collect all these greedy little crabs in a bucket then pour them back into the sea. My parents took us once, just, just down the way from the cottage we'd rented, down to the jetty. There were these huge concrete steps that the boats would slide down into the sea. Oh, this must've been 19...86, 87. The tide was halfway in, good chance for crabs. And before we could even get started, I slipped on the seaweed and tumbled down two or three of these great big steps, landing on my chin, and I opened up this scar, you see it?

AUBREY: I can see it.

JADE LIES BACK ON HER BED.

JADE: So, there I was, chin covered in blood, but not crying, just a bit stunned. And my mother looked at me in surprise, not at the blood but at my reaction, I think. No histrionics, no drama. She took my hand, and we walked quietly back to the cottage...we went to the bathroom, she pulled out a chair for me to stand on. Ah we... we looked at each other in the bathroom mirror, now the same height, this little girl with a blood-stained shirt and seaweed in her hair, and her mother, waiting to clean her up. We looked at each other for a long time. That's it, that's the memory.

AUBREY: Thank you, Jade.

JADE HAS LAID BACK. HER EYES ARE  
CLOSED, HER BREATHING SLOWING.

JADE: Thank you for this. Thank you.

SHE CONTINUES TO BREATHE SLOWLY. THE  
INFUSION PUMP CONTINUES. THE CREAK OF  
A FLOORBOARD, THE FLUTTER OF BIRDS  
PASSING OVER, THE MUSIC IN THE  
DISTANCE.

CUT.



**SCENE 4**

FOOTSTEPS CLUNK DOWN THE ECHOEY STAIRCASE OF AN OFFICE BUILDING, THEN CONTINUE DOWN A CORRIDOR. EVENTUALLY THEY COME TO A STOP AT A DOOR, WHERE A ROOM IS GUARDED. CLIVE SCHILL IS WEARY, AND PERMANENTLY STRESSED. THIS IS NOT THE WORLD HE WANTED TO FIND HIMSELF IN. HE ADDRESSES THE GUARD WITH A MINIMUM OF COURTESY THAT BECOMES CONFRONTATIONAL IN AN INSTANT.

CLIVE:                    Alright.

GUARD:                   Hello.

CLIVE EXPECTED INSTANT ACCESS TO THIS ROOM.

CLIVE:                    May I pass please?

GUARD:                   Do you have clearance to see the prisoner?

CLIVE:                    Excuse me?

GUARD:                   Clearance. It means permission. Can you show me your identification?

CLIVE PULLS AN ID OUT OF A POCKET WHICH  
MAKES A BEEP TONE AS ITS CHECKED BY  
THE GUARD.

CLIVE: Is that clearance enough for you?

THE GUARD ISN'T QUITE AS HUMBLLED AS  
CLIVE WOULD'VE LIKED.

GUARD: Oh... my apologies. Please proceed. Sir.

CLIVE: Why don't you jog on down to the Greggs on Tottenham Court Road and get me a sausage roll?

GUARD: What is 'The Greggs'?

CLIVE: Oh, don't tell me I've outlived Greggs, is nothing sacred...

GUARD: I'm sorry?

CLIVE: Forget it!

CLIVE OPENS THE DOOR INTO WHAT IS  
NOTHING MORE THAN A SMALL STORE  
ROOM. THE GUARD FOLLOWS HIM IN.

CLIVE: You can go now, Lurch.

GUARD: No one is to be left alone with the prisoner, sir.

CLIVE: Do you want me to bring Rebecca Landry down here and try this conversation again?

AT THE MENTION OF THIS NAME, THE GUARD BACKS OFF.

GUARD: Oh... I - I will have to note this change of protocol in the log - sir -

CLIVE: You do that.

THE GUARD LEAVES THE ROOM. CLIVE IS AWKWARD. HE TRIES WEAKLY TO MAKE A JOKE.

CLIVE: I guess there's got to be some advantages to having an increasingly psychotic boss.

A RUSTLE AS ANOTHER OCCUPANT OF THE ROOM SITS UP FROM HER POSITION LYING DOWN ON SOME OFFICE CHAIRS. SHE IS GROGGY, JUST WOKEN UP.

PAMELA: For you, maybe.

CLIVE IS MEEK. PAM IS BITTER AND SARCASTIC.

CLIVE: Umm... I'll speak to the guards. I don't want anyone calling you - you're not a prisoner -

PAMELA: Oh! Oh. Good to know.

AWKWARD PAUSE.

CLIVE: How are you, Pam? Are you - are they -

PAMELA: I'm peachy. Thanks for making the time.

CLIVE: Yeah... of course. I... I want to make sure you're okay. Is there anything I can do for you? Is there anything I can...

HE TAILS OFF.

PAMELA: Is there anything you can do? Is there anything you *can* do for me?

CLIVE: Alright, alright.

PAMELA: How much longer am I gonna be kept in here, Clive?

CLIVE: I don't - hopefully -

PAMELA: I am imprisoned in a stationery storeroom. I sleep on three office chairs lashed together with zip ties. Men I don't know walk me to the bathroom. Hopefully isn't goddamn good enough!

CLIVE: Pam, you know how dangerous it is out there for someone like you right now. For anyone with cryo tech history. You're too valuable to be walking the streets -

PAMELA: Of course, you're protecting me! That's why I only have one change of clothes and live in solitary confinement!

PAM HAS STOOD UP AND IS STALKING HER  
TINY LIVING SPACE.

CLIVE: Pam, you know what the Bastion is like -

PAMELA: Oh the Bastion, the Bastion! Actually, I don't know what the Bastion is like cos I live in a windowless box, for all I know you and Becky made them up!

CLIVE: Pam, I mean it. Right... these people, they will kill you in the street. For once I am not exaggerating -

PAMELA: Do I have cryo tech scientist tattooed on my goddamn face?

CLIVE: Pam...

PAMELA: We're Overhead! For God's sake! And we're running scared of these little freaks!

CLIVE: They are in charge. They are the police, they are what passes for a government, they are the church, they are everywhere -

PAMELA: What's that got to do with me? Why the fuck aren't you locked in here?

CLIVE: They blame hypersleep for everything. Everything that's wrong, it's all because the boss of this or the king of that ran off and hid in a cryopod and abandoned them. The only reason we're even back in this building is because we've managed to convince them, for now, that we want to help them destroy anything to do with Kontinue. Which wasn't very fucking easy when we're the actual people who created it! We don't know how smart they are, is it so hard to think they might be able to work out who you are and what you've done?

PAMELA: This is bullshit. Becky Landry promised us her resources. Everything Overhead could provide. Well shit, what have I got here...whiteboard markers, I've got toner, they still need hole punchers in the year twenty sixty whatever the fuck!

SHE THROWS THE HOLE PUNCH IN RAGE  
AND IT CLATTERS OFF A WALL.

CLIVE: Pam - do you think this is what I want?! The both of us marooned in this shitty time, in this shitty place? After everything we did, after all the work we did. This is not what I want - it's not what any of us *want*, is it?

PAMELA: No. You just want to go back to sleep, don't you?

CLIVE: Of course I do. And so do you. And so does Rebecca. Look, if she's behaving a little more scary, it's because we're in a scary place. Right, we need her.

PAMELA: While you're out there and I'm in here, there is no 'we'.

CLIVE: Pam, I've heard there's new intel, I haven't been briefed yet, but it might be something real, something big, something we can work with -

PAMELA: Clive. You fucking infant. We did the best we could, everything we could think of, and it still fell apart. We managed to sleep for barely 20 years. Out of a thousand! If you think letting her lock me in a closet as punishment until you stumble on enough spare parts for me to magic you up another cryopod, that we're just going to dig a hole in the ground and sleep for a millennium...if that's how you think this is going to end, you are truly as crazy as Becky Landry is.

CLIVE CANNOT CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION. HE HAS NOTHING MORE TO OFFER.

CLIVE: Look I'm... I'm going to go. I'll see you tomorrow.

HE MOVES TO THE DOOR.

PAMELA: Run back to the boss. Tell her I said hi. Did she let you keep the CEO penthouse? Or you gotta find your own digs these days? What's the rent like in 2064? Huh? You little bitch.

CLIVE: She'll come round. This won't last forever. I'm sorry.

PAMELA: Everything you have is cos of me! Kontinue. The Aloha. Connecticut. You only got *this* far because of *me!*

CLIVE STOPS SHORT OF LEAVING.

CLIVE: That works both ways, Pam.

PAM GIVES A JOYLESS LAUGH UNDER HER  
BREATH.

PAMELA: Clive and Pam.

CLIVE: Clive and Pam.

CLIVE KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. IT OPENS,  
AND HE STEPS OUT.

END.