

RED VALLEY

SEASON 4

EPISODE 3
'The Glorious Now'

by
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Character List

Clive Schill	Alexander Broad
Rebecca Landry	Natalie Day
Holy Colonel John Break Fast	Michael Jibson
Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
GORD / Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel
Stevie	Kelsey Griffin
Marmite	Blair Anderson
Malcolm Landry	David Charles
Dr Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks
Dr Pamela Jennings	Rachel Fowler

CLIVE: Sounds interesting.

REBECCA: It was not. But I was very good at making people think it was. Plus I would always stop by a shop on the way to a hospital and buy doughnuts or something. It was easier to sell people something if you were holding out a doughnut at the same time.

CLIVE: Sure.

REBECCA RUBS HER TEMPLES, EXHAUSTED
ALREADY.

REBECCA: This morning I've already spoken to three different divisions of the Bastion or whoever these bloody people are who run everything these days. I've used every trick I've got to charm and bullshit them. And I'm realising that maybe I depended more on those doughnuts than I thought.

CLIVE: How many of these Bastion gits are there?

REBECCA LOOKS AT A CHAOTIC PILE OF
PAPERS IN FRONT OF HER.

REBECCA: Who knows? There's no discernible central leadership, everyone seems to think they're in charge, and I swear to God I haven't met a single one who's over 25. They've all got the most absurd names. I just got off a call with a guy called Total Bishop Kingsley Lordbox.

CLIVE: What?

REBECCA: He looks like he should be waiting tables at a Harvester. Instead, he commands a militia of 500 men all dedicated to hunting down anyone associated with cryotech. They're called the Assembly of Absolute Ascent. They're based in Brentford and they have a tank.

CLIVE: Fucking hell!

REBECCA: And just like the others, they want to know what the hell the ex-CEOs of the company that invented Kontinue are suddenly doing back in town, and whether or not they should pop over with that tank and pay us a visit.

CLIVE: This sounds like a stressful morning. I mean...I could try and find doughnuts. Did you know that Greggs doesn't exist anymore?

REBECCA: You know it would be nice if we could share the load actually when it comes to dealing with these tools, but they literally won't talk to you because of your swearing.

CLIVE: Sanctimonious little shits.

REBECCA: Clive.

CLIVE: Dickless little pricks. I'm sorry.

REBECCA: You do swear too much, Clive.

CLIVE: I'm trying. I'm fucking trying.

REBECCA RUBS HER TEMPLES, AGAIN.

REBECCA: I... I just...I don't know how to navigate this world. It doesn't matter how much research I'm brought, how many lessons in geo-politics 2040 to 2060 I'm made to sit through. There's no logic to any of it. Everyone's just a bullfrog ribbiting over the last of the standing water. It's deafening.

CLIVE: You said there was new intel.

REBECCA: Yeah. There is.

CLIVE: Okay. Is it...legit?

REBECCA: I don't know. I've already put some more people in the field to follow it up but seriously Clive, the Bastion might look like packs of insane little children running around with scissors but they're not messing about. Aubrey Wood ran a terrorist group. Yes, they were very bloody good at what they did, and don't we know it, but they were underground, extremists. The Bastion are the police, the church, the government. Any sniff that we're looking for cryo tech or... or cryo people...

CLIVE: Right... We just... we just keep to the same line, alright? That we're trying to help them apprehend cryo scientists, not take them for ourselves.

REBECCA: If the intel is right then it doesn't get much bigger than this. We have to be careful.

CLIVE: And I'm just saying, some things are worth the risk. And you know if this is what we think it is, then maybe...maybe we could go easier on...

REBECCA: Clive. I don't want to talk about Pamela.

CLIVE IS NOT CONFIDENT IN HIS APPROACH
BUT HE TRIES ANYWAY.

CLIVE: Becky, it's not right, keeping her locked up like that...

REBECCA: I'm not going through this again. As you can see I've got a lot on-

CLIVE: Pam is one of us. We owe her more than locking her up like a dog. She could at least have the run of the building, she doesn't even have a bed -

BECKY GOES STRAIGHT TO A TEN. HER HAND
SMACKS THE TABLE HARD AND LOUD.

REBECCA: Clive! I am spending all day every day trying to run what is left of this company. I am trying to find a way out of this horrible place. I am trying to get us back into hypersleep with no cryonests, no cryopods and no Red Valley. And I am doing it under the intense glare of an apparently never-ending line of fascist fun police who literally hang, draw and quarter anyone involved in cryo tech. I am saving Pamela's life.

CLIVE: You're punishing her. We only got as far as 2064 because of Pam.

REBECCA: Losing 20 years in the process where we might've found a cryonest that wasn't built by an alcoholic with some toilet roll holders and a Pritt Stick!

CLIVE: You remember you weren't actually invited to that house party, right? And it only existed because you wouldn't spare a couple of pods for us in the first place?

REBECCA: Clive, what the hell is happening to you? I thought you wanted to get out of here. To get to the future, to see your daughter again -

CLIVE: Yes... yes, of course I want to get out of here -

REBECCA: Then get your mind right. Stop complaining that Pam Jennings doesn't have an ensuite and find us a way out of this. I don't need Ghandi as my right-hand man. I need the fucking T1000.

CLIVE: Yes ma'am.

REBECCA: Have you found any more recruits?

CLIVE: Plenty. There's a biker gang based in Woolwich that was easy to win over, got no love for the Bastion, always up for a ruckus by the sounds of it.

REBECCA: Another biker gang.

CLIVE: Well, I'm trying to find some fighting Uruk-hai, but they don't use social media. What are you expecting?

REBECCA: Clive, we need a better class of goon. How about tech?

CLIVE: We've got 40 reconnaissance drones but they're old, a few of them have got tasers at least. Oh, and someone managed to find a lock up in the basement level that had 5 of those robotic dog things with machine guns on their heads.

REBECCA: For God's sake, robotic dog things -

CLIVE: I know, I know -

REBECCA'S PHONE BLEEPS. SHE TAKES A BREATH AND ANSWERS IT CALMLY.

REBECCA: Yes.

AN ASSISTANT ANSWERS.

ASSISTANT: Hi Rebecca, I've got the leader of the Righteous Enforcement of Absolute Longevity Movement on the line.

REBECCA: The...what? Haven't we talked to this one already?

ASSISTANT: No, no, this is a different one. North London. He's very insistent.

REBECCA: Right. What's this one called?

ASSISTANT: Holy Colonel John Breakfast.

CLIVE: What?

REBECCA: What? Breakfast?

ASSISTANT: John Breakfast. I'll put him through.

REBECCA: No wait, that can't be his actual -

HOLY COLONEL JOHN BREAKFAST COMES
ON THE LINE.

BREAKFAST: Ms Landry.

REBECCA: Hello. Uh, I apologise, I didn't know we had an appointment, uh, Colonel...Breakfast...

BREAKFAST: It's Break Fast. I am commonly addressed as Holy Colonel.

CLIVE WHISPERS.

CLIVE: Break Fast?

REBECCA SHUSHES HIM AS SUBTLY AS
POSSIBLE.

REBECCA: Of course, of course. Holy Colonel. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

CLIVE: Is it two separate words then?

BREAKFAST: It is not for pleasure that I get in touch, Ms Landry. I'm sure you're aware your company, such as it is, is under quite some scrutiny since you returned to the executive's chair.

REBECCA: Well... It's been wonderful to get to know everyone in this...brave new world.

CLIVE CONTINUES HIS HISSED
COMMENTARY.

CLIVE: Smooth.

BREAKFAST: I hope this isn't an inconvenient time, Rebecca?

REBECCA: You caught me during a briefing Holy Colonel but not to worry, it's all finished now. My colleague was just leaving.

BREAKFAST: Clive Schill, I presume. The heathen. He insulted the mother of one of my men and implied that he was born in a whorehouse.

CLIVE: Oh, I did do that. Yeah, got in a scuffle where the HMV used to be on Oxford Street.

BREAKFAST: Some of the company you keep has raised eyebrows, Rebecca. Questions have been asked about your and your company's intentions.

REBECCA: Holy Colonel, I assure you my intentions are clear. Under my father's rule this company was dedicated to the foul and unnatural science of life extension at the cost of the, the...

CLIVE: The living moment?

REBECCA: The living moment.

BREAKFAST: The glorious now. A gift. That is why they call it the present.

CLIVE: That's a line from fucking Kung Fu Panda!

REBECCA: Absolutely. I want to be clear on this Holy Colonel. Myself and my colleagues were forced into hypersleep against our will and we barely escaped with our lives.

BREAKFAST: How did you escape, if you don't mind me asking?

REBECCA: The nest we were imprisoned in was found by mercenaries looking to use it for themselves. Half of our group died in the incident.

BREAKFAST: And did they use it for themselves? These...mercenaries?

REBECCA: We lost more than 20 years in that basement, Holy Colonel. I wouldn't wish that fate on anyone. We burned the whole nest down.

BREAKFAST: Then perhaps your course is allied with ours after all. To ensure no one is forced into cryonic incarceration of any kind ever again.

REBECCA: We will do our part to assist this noble cause wherever we can, Holy Colonel. We are in the process of sourcing weapons and other resources that Overhead placed in secure storage back in the past and-

BREAKFAST: Yes, we've heard about this. It's taking some time, isn't it? Locating resources inside your own company.

REBECCA: You must understand Holy Colonel, many things were kept hidden from me while my father and the rest of the Overhead board worked their nefarious scheme to be awoken in the future with all their technological strength intact. Resources were hidden. We will find them, and we'll be happy to share that wealth.

BREAKFAST: And we will gratefully receive. Of course, as the leading company selling hypersleep to a gullible public over several decades you understand the need to...prove yourselves. In this...what did you call it? Brave New World?

REBECCA: Uh. Yes.

BREAKFAST: That's good. I might use that you know.

REBECCA: It's from a book.

BREAKFAST: I'm sorry?

REBECCA: Forget it.

BREAKFAST: Well. I'll take up no more of your time. Until we speak again, Rebecca.

REBECCA: Thank you for your call, Holy Colonel...Break Fast.

SHE HANGS UP AND TAKES A BREATH.

REBECCA: I refuse to live in a world where I have to worry about a person called John Breakfast.

CLIVE: Are they all that intense?

REBECCA: Yes.

CLIVE: You're getting that story down pretty good.

SHE STANDS UP AND MOVES TO THE WINDOW.

REBECCA: Clive, I haven't got time to deal with these pricks. We're never going to find a way out of this with them breathing down our necks.

CLIVE: More biker gangs?

REBECCA: I don't want biker gangs. I want *everyone*.

CLIVE: Everyone?

REBECCA: No one wants to be lorded over by these buffoons. They... They don't rule with any logic. Anyone who doesn't find a cryopod pretty bloody soon is going to be the last of their line, it can't be that hard to win people over. We just need some heavies to get the ball rolling. I'll work on finding Overhead's big guns, you work on the heavies.

CLIVE: Okay. I'll go find...everyone.

CLIVE GETS UP TO LEAVE.

REBECCA: Everyone. The Jets, the Sharks, the T-Birds, the Pink Ladies, the A-Team, MacGyver, who were Shredder's guys. The pig man and the -

CLIVE: Bebop and Rocksteady.

REBECCA: Bebop and Rocksteady. ED-209. The So Solid Crew. Everyone.

CLIVE: Okay.

HE REACHES THE DOOR.

REBECCA: I'll find Pam something to sleep on.

CLIVE: Thank you, Rebecca.

REBECCA: And Clive?

CLIVE: Yeah?

REBECCA: Don't ever question my methods again.

CLIVE SWALLOWS MEEKLY.

CLIVE: Yes ma'am.

CUT.

SCENE 2

WARREN IS AMBLING DOWN THE TUNNEL TO THE QUARANTINE SUITE, GORD DRONES BY HIS SIDE.

WARREN: Oh wait... I've got you Waffles, I've got you... stop moving. Like... bloody hell! So, that was a fun party.

GORD: I'm glad you enjoyed yourself.

WARREN: Are you going to tell me what that was all about? Malcolm Landry, the mad old bloke who banged on about egg sandwiches 40 years ago is here, he looks older than Yoda and screaming abuse at me?

GORD: And me.

WARREN: Yeah, and you. What did you do to him?

GORD: Malcolm has vascular dementia. He suffers behavioural changes including agitation and aggression.

WARREN: Yeah. I recognised it. How old is he?

GORD: Honestly, we don't know.

WARREN: So... what's he doing here? Isn't Malcolm Landry kind of the Bond villain of all this whole situation? He seemed to be the big cheese.

GORD: Malcolm had been the driving force behind much of Overhead's more experimental research and development projects, with a particular interest in human longevity. He was one of around 300 people that had a place in Overhead's cryonest, which like many such projects was intended to preserve its hosts for around 1000 years, to a time when the planet could be safely recolonised. Aubrey and her team infiltrated the site in 2043, less than 3 years after its members had gone into hypersleep. She awoke all the participants and destroyed the technology. At this time, she chose to abduct Malcolm Landry.

WARREN: Abduct?! What for?

GORD: I cannot claim to understand her motives, only detail her known actions. But Malcolm was, as you say, the big cheese behind hypersleep. He is now perhaps the fiercest voice calling for its destruction.

WARREN: What were her known actions? Did she show him what a cryopod smells like if you don't wash it after use? Cos I can vouch for that. I remember Grace not cleaning down my pod when he was meant to and the smell really sinks into the upholstery, it's a lot more porous than it looks. I'll speak to him about that later actually.

GORD: Aubrey's first move was to take Malcolm to a high rise urban residential facility typical of the era, where the elderly were forced into increasingly overcrowded dwellings with inadequate care provisions. She left him there for 6 months.

WARREN: That is brutal.

GORD: She then proceeded to take him with her as she carried out more infiltrations of cryonests around the world, so he could witness the planet's accelerating social and ecological decline first hand. The experience altered his perspective.

WARREN: Yeah, no shit. So, I guess seeing hypersleep patient zero up and about has rubbed him up the wrong way.

GORD: Given his new stance on the technology and both of your roles in its creation, yes, I imagine your emergence has provoked a reaction.

WARREN: Well... I have that effect on lots of people to be fair.

GORD: What else would you like to talk about?

WARREN THINKS FOR A MOMENT AS HE WALKS.

WARREN: Why does everyone wear these yellow scrubs?

GORD: Clothing is produced by the Forge unit.

WARREN: Do I need to know what a Forge unit is? -

GORD: You would call it a 3D printer. The Forge can produce food, clothing, and many vital items for the day to day running of the facility provided we can obtain the necessary raw materials.

WARREN: But why the yellow?

GORD: The raw materials are commonly known as mulch. The only suitable mulch we could source in bulk for our last delivery window was saffron yellow. It should last the next 18 months at current facility personnel numbers.

WARREN: Right, so Red Valley is powered by its own reactor now...

GORD: A micro nuclear reactor.

WARREN: Well, ok... You have an omnipresent artificial intelligence.

GORD: I'm not supposed to go in the bathroom but yes.

WARREN: And a 3D printer that can make you anything you need.

GORD: If you have the right mulch.

WARREN: Right, mulch, yes. So, why is the world ending if you have all these wonderful solutions for modern living?

GORD: The planet is not currently able to adequately support human life on the scale to which it is required. None of those factors are able to rectify this.

WARREN: Okay. But you guys have managed to put together everything that you need to survive.

GORD: Aubrey Wood and Hester Hiyashi are in positions of influence and authority in certain communities. This enabled them to gather the resources they needed to adapt Red Valley to their requirements. Few people are as fortunate.

WARREN: Are you ever going to tell me who Aubrey Wood actually is in 2064 or do I have to carry on enduring these cryptic clues given out when people drink alcohol that should only be used to sterilize wounds on a battlefield?

GORD: Aubrey has requested that certain information be restricted until she is happy with your physical and mental assessments following emergence.

WARREN: Yeah, ok fine, I know. Yeah, I'm aware. Cool, Thank you. Right, right, right.

THEY HAVE REACHED GORDON'S SUITE.

WARREN: Here we are. Umm... Do I need special clearance or something? To get in here?

GORD: Clearance is granted but I do have to send a notification to today's duty manager.

WARREN: Cool.

WITH A CLUNK THE DOOR TO THE CRYO SUITE ENTERS. WARREN TAKES HIS TIME WALKING AROUND TO GORDON'S CRYO POD WHICH BLEEPS METHODICALLY AND PEACEFULLY. HE HAS BROUGHT WAFFLES WITH HIM, AND RESTS HER ON THE TOP OF THE POD.

GORD: Landing.

WARREN: There you go Waffles. You don't care where you go, do you?

HE PULLS UP A CHAIR. HE IS SILENT FOR A MOMENT.

WARREN: Hey. Uh. Gordon.

HE CAN'T MANAGE ANYTHING MORE.

GORD: Is everything alright?

WARREN: Umm... I had a vision in my head of coming down here and talking to him, but it turns out it feels weird and shit.

GORD: You can talk to me and Waffles instead.

WARREN: Yeah... I don't like that I can't see him. Makes it hard to accept that he's really in there.

GORD: Readouts of the status of the pod and the occupant can be obtained to verify that he is-

WARREN: No thank you. I'm so bored of science.

PAUSE.

GORD: I imagine this must be difficult.

WARREN: Do you? Do you? Do you imagine?

GORD: Sorry.

WARREN: No, I'm sorry. I've... I've just... I've sat beside unconscious people who may or may not die before, and... I don't like it. Difficult to recommend.

GORD: If it makes you feel better, when Gordon Porlock was first brought to Red Valley and you returned to hypersleep, he had a similar communication problem with you.

WARREN: Really? Thought he'd love not being interrupted.

GORD: He got over it. Beginning playback.

WITHOUT PROMPTING, GORD PLAYS A
RECORDING OF GORDON.

GORDON (RECORDING): Apologies I haven't been down to see you much. You look well. I mean I can't see you. I thought they would've put windows in a cryopod. So people could see you floating about. I guess it's nice to have privacy, isn't it?

WARREN: Wow!

GORD: Would you like me to continue playback?

WARREN: Y...Yeah. Sure.

GORDON (RECORDING): I've been struggling, Warren. With what's going on here. But the truth is I have to make a choice. To be a friend to you or not. I'm going to keep listening to your tapes. But I'm not going to find out what you did. I'd like to say it's because I'm respecting your privacy. But the truth is I recognise the guy on these recordings. He doesn't sound too different to me. He's scared, he's lonely, he hates exercise. Maybe you're not who I think you are. But given the company we keep, you might still be the least awful person I currently work with. So, let's be friends. I'll be back tomorrow. And maybe I'll bring Top Trumps or something.

GORD: Would you like me to play another entry?

WARREN DOESN'T ANSWER.

GORD: There's a Christmas one.

WARREN: Go on then.

CUT. TIME HAS PASSED. WARREN AND GORD
ARE BACK IN THE CORRIDOR.

WARREN: So, you're saying no one gets to wear anything but mustard yellow for the next 2 years.

GORD: Saffron yellow. It's not a dress code. Pre-existing clothes are fine. But residents often find comfort in a shared uniform.

WARREN: If you like dressing like earwax I su...suppose -

WARREN CUTS OFF AS HE HEARS VOICES AND NOISE UP AHEAD. HE HAS REACHED HIS QUARANTINE SUITE. AS HE REACHES THE OPEN DOOR TO THE SUITE, STEVIE AND MARMITE ARE INSIDE, TAKING WARREN'S CRYOPOD APART WITH LOUD TOOLS.

STEVIE: Be careful with it, please.

MARMITE: Uh... It smells funky.

STEVIE: What do you mean funky?

MARMITE: You're telling me you can't smell it?

STEVIE: It's not my first cryopod.

MARMITE: Just sniff it.

STEVIE: Marmite, I don't need to sniff anything -

MARMITE: I don't know why this is even necessary.

STEVIE: It's part of the deal.

MARMITE: But why is *that* even necessary? Why can't Aubrey just do the procedure, she's the best there is, isn't she? This just seems like a hell of a lot of trouble to go for -

WARREN IS AT THE DOOR, HE COUGHS.
THEY STOP TALKING ABRUPTLY.

STEVIE: Oh! Hello.

WARREN: Hi. Er... Sorry to sneak up on you.

MARMITE: Hey. Warren, right?

WARREN: Yeah.

MARMITE: How's your first night going?

WARREN: Okay. I was just...I was just visiting my friend's pod.

STEVIE: Gordon Porlock. The beatmaster.

WARREN: The what?

MARMITE: I'd love to see him play the drums. Maybe one day.

WARREN: I don't think Gordon plays the drums.

MARMITE: Of course he does.

WARREN: He plays the bass guitar.

MARMITE: He played the drums on Morior Invictus.

WARREN: No, he didn't. He played the bass.

MARMITE: I think I know what I'm talking about.

BEAT.

WARREN: Sorry, who are you?

STEVIE: I'm Stevie.

MARMITE: I'm Marmite.

WARREN: Marmite.

MARMITE: Marmite.

WARREN: Like the yeast extract?

MARMITE: Spread me on a ricecake.

WARREN: Um, can I ask what you guys are doing with my cryopod?

STEVIE: Oh, we're, uh, we're dismantling it -

MARMITE: Stevie.

STEVIE: It's his pod, I'm sure she'll have told him -

MARMITE: Then why is he asking?

WARREN: Why are you dismantling it?

STEVIE: Maybe you should speak to Aubrey.

WARREN: Gord?

GORD: Maybe you should speak to Aubrey.

AWKWARD PAUSE.

WARREN: Okay. Well. I'll be sure to do that. See you later.

WARREN STEPS AWAY. STEVIE CALLS
NERVOUSLY.

STEVIE: Morior Invictus!

WARREN: Yep, super cool. Love that.

CUT

SCENE 3

OUTSIDE. A HUGE FIRE ROARS
POWERFULLY. THERE IS A CROWD, PLENTY
OF TALKING, LAUGHING AND MOVING
AROUND. AUBREY STANDS BESIDE
MALCOLM.

MALCOLM: How did everything go?

AUBREY: It went fine. How are you feeling?

MALCOLM: It was how she wanted?

AUBREY: To the best of our ability. I hope it was enough. How are you feeling?

MALCOLM: I'm fine, bloody hell.

AUBREY: Sorry.

THE FIRE ROARS.

AUBREY: I'll miss her. Jade was kind.

MALCOLM: Yeah... a good egg. The kind of woman who would let one examine the contents of one's own nostrils without judgment.

AUBREY: You picked your nose in front of Jade?

MALCOLM: Exclusively.

AUBREY: Christ.

BEAT. THE FIRE ROARS, MUSIC AND
LAUGHTER.

MALCOLM: Umm,,, Where's Stevie? She's... she's missing the party.

AUBREY: She's below with Marmite. They're dismantling Warren's pod.

MALCOLM: Hmph. Of course.

AUBREY: I thought you'd be happy. One less cryopod in the world by tomorrow morning.

MALCOLM: I'm not sure the trade off is worth it. What with it spelling certain doom for us all.

AUBREY: Let's not talk business. Jade wouldn't have wanted that.

MALCOLM: How convenient.

THE FIRE ROARS.

AUBREY: Have you given any more thought to how you want to go?

MALCOLM: No need. Same as always.

AUBREY: Ever the showman.

MALCOLM: It's choosing your own death, Aubrey. You don't get another run at it, do you? Right, I can see too many empty demijohns, I think they're running low on moonshine. I better sort them out or they'll umm... throw me on the fire.

AUBREY: And that's not how you want to go?

MALCOLM: Bugger off.

AUBREY: Save me some booze.

MALCOLM: Oh, bugger off!

MALCOLM DEPARTS. AUBREY STANDS ALONE, A LITTLE WAY BACK. WARREN APPROACHES, WITH GORD.

WARREN: Hey. It's hard to find you in all this. I need to talk to you.

AUBREY: Warren.

WARREN: Why is my pod being taken apart?

AUBREY: Gord, for God's sake.

GORD: It would've been highly inappropriate to interrupt you during Jade's Completion.

AUBREY: Then you should've gone to someone else.

GORD: I did. They all said decisions regarding Warren's care defer to you.

WARREN: Hey, I'm right here. I don't need an AI babysitter and I don't need anyone controlling what I do and do not know. I need you and me to have a sit down, where you tell me what is what -

AUBREY: Not now, Warren.

WARREN: Yes, now! I'm sorry, we can come back and stare meaningfully at the nice bonfire later.

AUBREY: I beg your pardon?

WARREN: It's a lovely fire, it'll still be here once -

WARREN STOPS AS HE COMES TO LOOK AT
THE FIRE MORE CLOSELY.

WARREN: Oh my God. This isn't a bonfire, is it?

AUBREY: No.

WARREN: It's...

AUBREY: Jade's funeral pyre. Yes.

WARREN: Jesus Christ. I'm, Aubrey I'm sorry. I'm...

AUBREY IS A LITTLE RATTLED BY WARREN
CONFRONTING HER LIKE THIS AND CAN'T
HELP BUT SNAP A LITTLE.

AUBREY: It was not my plan to bring you out on somebody's Completion day. But not everything is in my control. Rather, nothing is in my control. I'll tell you anything you want to know, Warren. But tonight, I'm saying goodbye to a friend.

WARREN: Of course. I'm sorry. I am.

THEY WATCH THE FIRE TOGETHER FOR A
MOMENT. AUBREY TAKES A BREATH TO
CALM DOWN.

AUBREY: Your cryopod is part of the plan to save Gordon.

WARREN: Oh. Right.

AUBREY: Try and enjoy yourself if you can. It's what she would've wanted.

AUBREY WALKS AWAY. WARREN SIGHS
DEEPLY.

GORD: You really aren't very good at parties.

WARREN: Oh, shut up.

CUT.

SCENE 4

PAMELA'S STORE ROOM, OVERHEAD HQ.
CLIVE IS ALREADY THERE, SAT IN SILENCE.

PAMELA: So, thanks for the futon. Very comfortable. They still have IKEA, huh?

CLIVE: Yes. It's not much, but it's an improvement.

PAMELA: Maybe you could just bring me one of their showrooms, you know? Pretend window with a lamp behind it so it looks like daylight? Pretend shower, so I can imagine what it would be like to clean myself without a guard outside the door, stuff like that. Let's play house.

CLIVE: I'll see what I can do.

PAMELA: Or you could, you know, let me the fuck out.

CLIVE: Pam I am trying I promise you, I will keep trying. I...promise.

PAMELA: Consider my breath held.

PAUSE.

CLIVE: I do have news though. Good news.

PAMELA: Oak Furniture Land is still open too?

CLIVE: The intel I mentioned. I didn't want to tell you about it until I knew it was real. But our people confirmed it today. A scavenger group in China was raiding what was left of a burned out Amos Tech facility. Almost nothing left on the surface, but they found a bunker underneath.

PAMELA: Cryopods?

CLIVE: Only one. Old and failing, could've conked out any minute I'm told. Living occupant.

PAMELA: Ellen Ripley, last survivor of the Nostromo?

CLIVE: There's something of a bidding war going on for this person, but we're Overhead, we've still got a fair amount in the bank. We're confident we can bring whoever these people are to the table. But yeah...this particular person, a lot of people are gonna want to get their hands on.

PAMELA: Who is it, fucking Beyoncé?

CLIVE: Who's the last person on Earth we want to see again, but the only person we really need if we want to go back to sleep?

END.