

# **RED VALLEY**

## **WHILE YOU WERE(N'T) HYPERSLEEPING 4**

### **EPISODE 1**

by  
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**Character List**

Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel
Degracious Melé	Daon Broni
Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams

**WHILE YOU WERE(N'T) HYPERSLEEPING 4 - EPISODE 1**

**SCENE 1**

WORDS OVERLAP EACH OTHER, DIFFERENT  
MOMENTS FROM THE RECENT, AND NOT SO  
RECENT PAST. THE VOICES OF FAMILIAR  
PEOPLE, WORDS SPOKEN IN KINDNESS AND  
CRUELTY.

GORDON, S1E3:

GORDON: *... I'm the one with everything to lose here. You've got the power.*

S1E5:

WARREN: *-There has to be some larger function...*

GORDON: *... it's about galloping towards a victorious death...*

GORDON: *There's no shame in not wanting to get yourself hurt.  
Especially if you've done nothing to earn it...*

S1E6:

GORDON: *...Only this just feels like a stupid dream where you make  
choices you would never make in real life...*

*BRYONY: I don't want to kill anyone, Gordon. We were wrong about you, weren't we? Your dedication to finding out what truly happens here borders on the obsessive... You're not outraged or disgusted...By the macabre, the gory, the violent... You're enthralled by our work. Of what it could mean...When you talk about it you sound... feverish.*

WARREN AND GORDON, S1E6:

*GORDON: I wish I could help you, I could take you out of here...*

*GORDON: ... We could try and make a run for it.*

*WARREN: I want to do this.*

*GORDON: You do?*

S2E2:

*BRYONY: Here's the thing about death. It's death.*

*GORDON: I was scared of everything. I was scared of people...*

*BRYONY: People like us will be the only the place we're welcome.  
Back in the basement.*

*BRYONY: Everyone who has died in this facility on my watch has had the situation and the risks explained to them in explicit detail. And they consented...*

GORDON: *And then I was here and it was all gone. I don't have to worry about... about any of that. You know when you're on a train...*

BRYONY: *You still object to the us, don't you?*

BRYONY: *There is a place for the Gordon Porlocks of this world.*

BRYONY: *Here, the only person you have to listen to is yourself. There's nobody else around.*

GORDON: *There's literally nothing you can do about it. It's not your fault.*

S2E5:

WARREN: *I don't think anyone knows anyone to be honest...*

GORDON: *You're just sitting on the train...*

WARREN: *I don't want to do this.*

GORDON: *You don't want to do this? How do you think I feel?*

S2E8:

GORDON: *...Let me live vicariously through you. Where did you go?*

THE FINAL WORDS ARE SPOKEN BY DR BRYONY HALBECH.

*BRYONY: No one is useless, Gordon. They just need to find their place.*

THE NEW QUARTERS GIVEN TO GORDON  
PORLOCK. RED VALLEY. 2064. THERE ARE TWO  
PEOPLE IN THE ROOM, AND ONE TORTOISE.

GRACE: Where did you go just then?

GORDON: I'm sorry?

GRACE: You went somewhere else. Just wondering where that might have been.

GORDON: Where else is there to go? Just Red Valley.

WE CUT BACK TO THE SAME ROOM, A SHORT  
TIME LATER. GORDON IS DOING HIS  
PHYSIOTHERAPY WITH GRACE MELE.

GORDON: Ow.

GRACE: Take your time.

GORDON: Okay.

GRACE: That's right...

GORDON: Okay. Look I've got it.

GRACE: Yes... yes, you have.

GORDON: I've got it.

GRACE: Alright. There you are.

GORDON IS BACK ON THE BED. HE IS QUITE  
BREATHLESS, AND UNABLE TO CONCEAL HIS  
FRUSTRATION.

GRACE: Take a minute. Get your breath back.

GORDON: This is taking too long.

GRACE: It must seem that way.

GORDON: It *is* that way.

GRACE: I know I'm repeating myself, but truly it is extraordinary that you are doing as well as you are. With everything you've been through...

GORDON: I know. I do know. And I am grateful. I would just... I would like to walk faster than my tortoise.

GRACE: It's been a few weeks. You will get there.

A SMALL PAUSE.

GRACE: I was wondering if you might consider joining some of us later. The choir are having nightly get-togethers at the moment, at this time of year there's always something musical going on. It's very relaxed, people come and go. I think you might enjoy it. And of course everyone is very happy to see you up and about -

GORDON: I need to sleep.

GORDON HAS KILLED THE CONVERSATION.

GRACE: Yes. Of course.

GRACE STANDS TO LEAVE.

GRACE: I'll leave you to it. Oh... Remember your medications are just -

GORDON: Yes... yes, I'll take them now. Thanks.

GORDON LIES DOWN AND ROLLS OVER. THERE IS A PALPABLE AWKWARDNESS.

GRACE: Would you like me to take Waffles?

GORDON: No, that's alright.

GRACE: Of course.

GRACE OPENS THE DOOR TO LEAVE.

GRACE: You know, Gordon. If you want to talk. About... anything. I am here.

GORDON: Thank you, Grace.

GRACE CLOSSES THE DOOR. GORDON SITS IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

GORDON: What do you think, Waffles? Do I want to talk?

WAFFLES GRUNTS WITH AN AIR OF NONCHALANCE.

GORDON: Yeah. That's what I thought.

CUT.

**SCENE 2**

GORDON IS ASLEEP. HE IS AWOKEN BY THE  
SUDDEN AND LOUD ENTRANCE OF WARREN  
GODBY.

WARREN: Hey hey hey!

GORDON: Wuh?

WARREN: Oh shit, you were asleep. Sorry.

GORDON: No no. I was just... what time is it?

WARREN: It's four o'clock.

GORDON: Four... ugh...

WARREN: Still feel like you flew round the world?

GORDON: I can't... I never know what the time is... it's pretty hard in a room without windows.

WARREN: It's gonna get better. It took me a while too.

GORDON: Yeah... I know. I know.

WARREN: Hey, look what I found! Santa came early!

GORDON: What?

WARREN LOUDLY DUMPS A BOX ON TO A TABLE. GORDON JUMPS IN SURPRISE, BUT HE REMAINS GROGGY AND UNSURE. HIS REACTIONS ARE MUTED AND A BIT INAUTHENTIC. THE OPPOSITE OF WARREN, WHO IS FAR MORE LIVELY THAN USUAL.

GORDON: Wha... What is it?

WARREN: It's your Nintendo 64. And it's still alive.

GORDON: Oh! Wow... umm... it was here all the time? For 44 years?

WARREN: Yeah man. Once Aubrey and everyone moved in, they found a bunch of our old stuff. Some of it was way too far gone but some was boxed up real good, including this baby. Anyway, I thought you'd want to see it.

GORDON: Thanks.

WARREN SIFTS THROUGH THE BOX.

WARREN: Everything has 64 in the title. Mario 64, Dr Mario 64, Wipeout 64, 1080 Snowboarding... no wait that one doesn't.

GORDON: Look I don't think I'm really -

WARREN: Pilotwings 64! Donkey Kong 64! I can go on.

GORDON: I suppose it is appropriate, isn't it?

WARREN: How do you mean?

GORDON: Like... it being 2064.

WARREN HAS NEVER CONSIDERED THIS FOR A  
MOMENT.

WARREN: Holy shit. You're right.

GORDON: Occasionally.

WARREN: That's wild. Like I don't believe in fate but... you know?

GORDON: Sure.

WARREN: It's gonna be 2065 before you know it.

GORDON: Just when I was starting to get used to things.

WARREN: Yeah right. Well we can set it up later.

GORDON: Later?

WARREN: Yeah yeah, I'm on shift in a minute. Just wanted to show you this first.

GORDON: Oh right.

WARREN: I'll come straight down as soon as I'm done. If you've been asleep in the middle of the day, you'll probably be up half the night now.

GORDON: I wouldn't know the difference.

WARREN: Ain't that the truth. I gotta go.

WARREN MAKES TO LEAVE.

WARREN: Oh did you want to see the Pus Crank choir, or band, or whoever it is who's doing a rehearsal thing later?

GORDON: I don't know. It's still really weird.

WARREN: What... having your old band being a musical touchstone for a lost generation?

GORDON: Is that what you're calling it?

WARREN: You're kinda like John Lennon. But if he didn't die.

GORDON: Warren, for God's sake.

WARREN: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I really have to go. I'm sorry.

GORDON: Don't worry about it. Have a good shift.

WARREN: You, okay?

GORDON: Yeah, I'm fine.

WARREN SLAPS THE DOOR.

WARREN: He's fine! Door open or closed?

GORDON: I don't mind.

WARREN: Open. Let's get some air in here.

GORDON: Okay.

WARREN: Gordon Porlock. Dordon Unlocked.

GORDON: What?

WARREN: It needs work. I'll... I'll see you later.

GORDON: Bye.

WARREN LEAVES, WHISTLING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.  
AFTER A MOMENT, GORDON GETS UP, WITH A MAJOR  
EFFORT. HE STEPS SLOWLY ACROSS THE ROOM,  
GRUNTING WITH EXERTION, TO THE DOOR. HE  
CLOSES IT, THEN LEANS AGAINST IT, BREATHING  
HARD.

CUT.

**SCENE 3**

**GRACE AND GORDON ARE SAT IN THE  
QUARTERS.**

GRACE: I never played Nintendo myself. More of an Xbox man, truth be told.

GORDON: Sure. I bet you were great at Halo.

GRACE: I was accomplished at Halo. I'm not sure I've ever been great at anything.

GORDON: I'd say you've aged pretty great.

GRACE: I've always had a diligent skin regime.

GORDON: So you can still get hold of moisturiser in 2064?

GRACE: It's not the kind of thing that's freely available. In any case I think at my age it's shutting the door once that horse has bolted. But I do rely on the odd homemade remedy. Vanity, I suppose.

GORDON: Must be important to keep up appearances.

**GRACE LETS THIS SLIGHTLY LOADED COMMENT  
PASS WITH KINDNESS.**

GRACE: It bothered you. The Nintendo.

GORDON: What do you mean?

GRACE: You do not have full sensation in your extremities back yet, Warren knows this well. You cannot play video games.

GORDON: Look... It was a kind thing for him to do. It won't be long till I get feeling back, that's what you said.

GRACE: Yes, yes. I'm only saying... your recovery has been very different to Warren's. For so many reasons. I imagine it could be... frustrating, to see him so...

GORDON: Energetic.

GRACE: Yes.

GORDON: It's a bit disconcerting, I suppose. He's usually quite...er...

GRACE: Sleepy.

GORDON RELAXES HIS GUARD A LITTLE AT THIS  
SHARED HUMOUR.

GORDON: Yeah. Definitely sleepy.

GRACE: You know... I don't think that change happened when he woke up in 2064. It happened when he knew you were safe. He cares about you very much, I think. He talks about you a lot on the ward, I hear.

GORDON: Oh right.

GRACE: I mean he doesn't have much choice. The residents are very interested in you.

GORDON: Even more than The Brigadoon?

GRACE: Uh... Warren did not write Morior Invictus.

GORDON: I co-wrote it at best...

GRACE: Nuh... nuh... Never let the truth get in the way of a good story.

THIS NOTION REFOCUSES GORDON.

GORDON: Yeah.... Speaking of truth. Am I allowed a Blue Sky unit yet?

GRACE: Gordon...

GORDON: It doesn't make me feel very safe being cut off from information.

GRACE: I understand.

GORDON: Look... It's kind of my thing. Like it was literally my job.

GRACE: We've discussed this. We have to consider what is best for your recovery -

GORDON: Grace I've jumped 40 years into the future. The world is unrecognisable to me from what little you've allowed me to know and -

GRACE: It is not a matter of being 'allowed' information, Gordon. Emergence is no small thing, and no one, no one on the planet I expect, has been in hypersleep as long as you. Your recovery will continue to present challenges -

GORDON: All the more reason then that -

GRACE: All the more reason to take things slowly. If we gave you a Blue Sky unit, even with certain data restricted, you would drive yourself to distraction trying to get around those restrictions, would you not?

GORDON: Please don't talk like you know me.

PAUSE. THIS IS DIFFICULT FOR GRACE. HE IS  
AWARE OF THEIR HISTORY.

GRACE: I apologise. I know I'm perhaps not a person you would be inclined to trust. I can only prove myself to you by my actions. But... you can. You can trust me, Gordon.

GORDON: I know. I want to. I want to trust people.

PAUSE.

GORDON: But I don't.

CUT.

**SCENE 4**

**NIGHT. GORDON'S QUARTERS. WARREN AND  
GORDON SIT PLAYING A 60 YEAR OLD PACK OF  
TWO TOWERS TOP TRUMPS.**

WARREN: Okay. You go. What have you got?

GORDON: Ugluk.

WARREN: The fuck is Ugluk?

GORDON: He's... an Uruk-Hai chief.

WARREN: Okey doke.

GORDON: Anyway. He's 540 years old, so I'll go with that.

WARREN: 540!

GORDON: Look... Lord of the Rings Top Trumps don't lie.

WARREN: Well I have Eomer. He's 30. Pathetic. Nope... nope -  
Waffles, not for you... not for you!

**WAFFLES GRUNTS, AFFRONTED.**

GORDON: Don't snap at her.

WARREN: She's fixated.

GORDON: We should encourage her interests.

WARREN: At what cost. Anyway here you are. Take Eomer while you still can.

HE HANDS OVER THE CARD.

GORDON: Thank you.

WARREN: I don't know if these cards are right man. It says Eomer is 5' 9".

GORDON: Really?

WARREN: Doesn't ring true, does it? Like, I'm about 5 foot 9. Eomer's got to be bigger than me.

GORDON: You're not 5 foot 9.

WARREN: I bloody am.

GORDON: With your boots on. At a push. But yeah. I would've thought the captain of the Rohirrim was bigger than that.

PAUSE.

WARREN: So, how was today?

GORDON: It was fine.

WARREN: Yeah?

GORDON: Yeah.

WARREN: I'm sorry about the Nintendo.

GORDON: Oh, don't be.

WARREN: No, I wasn't thinking, of course your... your dexterity's not...

GORDON: It's fine. It was good to see it.

WARREN: Yeah?

GORDON: I mean, the repeated reminders of the year we're suddenly living in...

WARREN: Yeah. I'm... I'm really bad at this.

GORDON: You're not.

WARREN: Like if Bedside Manner 64 was a game -

GORDON: There you go again -

WARREN: Yeah, I'm just button bashing here, it's like International Track and Field, I've just got no idea what I'm doing.

GORDON: It's fine.

WARREN: Hey, at least I'm not spending my days trying to care for vulnerable people or anything, right?

GORDON: I'm really happy to see you doing it. I'm sure you're great.

GORDON IS KEEN TO MOVE THE  
CONVERSATION ON.

GORDON: Gandalf the White.

WARREN: Oh nice.

GORDON: Hang on.

WARREN: What?

GORDON: It says he's 5 9 too.

WARREN: What?

GORDON: 5 foot 9.

WARREN: Is he bollocks? Gandalf's an easy 6 foot.

GORDON: Right.

GORDON LOOKS THROUGH HIS CARDS.

GORDON: Legolas is only 5 10.

WARREN: Wrong.

GORDON: Aragorn is 6 4.

WARREN: 6 foot 4! You're not telling me that Aragorn son of Arathorn is 7 inches taller than Gandalf the White. Towering over Mithrandir himself. Even with his hat on.

GORDON: I don't even know how we can continue with this.

HE PUTS THE CARDS DOWN.

GORDON: Any news from the outside world?

WARREN: News... oh, news. I heard the other day when the press first covered the public creation of hypersleep and how it would or wouldn't change the world in like 2026 or whatever it was they nicknamed it 'The Snoring Twenties'.

GORDON: That's dumb. What would they call this era then?

WARREN: The... Minging Sixties?

GORDON LAUGHS AN EMPTY LAUGH.

WARREN: Oh, umm... You remember the midges?

GORDON: How could I forget. They were almost as bad as the human experimentation and murder.

WARREN: Well good news, they're all dead!

GORDON: They're all dead?

WARREN: Yeah, it's like the only up-side to global ecological disaster. They're just gone.

GORDON: The midges are all gone. All of them?

WARREN: I mean, from here. From Red Valley. I can't speak for the rest of the Highlands.

GORDON: Doesn't that leave some terrible hole in the local eco system?

WARREN: Probably. I assume the circle of life is kind of fucked at this point.

GORDON: Because of the end of the world.

WARREN: I don't think anyone actually knows for sure if it's the end of the world.

GORDON: Global ecological disaster does sound like the end of the world to -

WARREN: Well, don't quote *me*.

GORDON: - and it's clearly bad enough out there that everyone wanted to hide out in hypersleep for a thousand years -

WARREN: Some people are prone to overreaction.

GORDON: Or under reaction, in the face of overwhelming evidence...

WARREN: The pink-footed geese are fine. One of them shat on my boot today.

GORDON: It is quite unsettling how blasé you're being about all this.

WARREN: I'm sorry. I am. I'm supposed to be helping you with your, with your -

GORDON: With my existential dread.

WARREN: That, yes. I'm not very good at that. I'm as good at that as I was at Goldeneye.

GORDON: Existential Dread 64.

WARREN: Would probably sell more copies than Dr Mario.

A PAUSE.

WARREN: So, how are your dreads? What terrors have you been ruminating on, of late?

GORDON THINKS ABOUT HIS ANSWER. HE  
KNOWS WHAT IT IS, ITS JUST A BIG THOUGHT,  
AND HE'S TIRED OF THINKING.

GORDON: Of late... I've been thinking about whether or not hypersleep does change you. As a person. Cos we never pinned that down, did we? With you I mean.

WARREN: Right. I guess I don't -

GORDON: I'm not trying to talk about you, don't worry. I'm thinking about me. Am I still... the same. Am I still me?

WARREN: You're playing card games and feeling anxious. Seems like you.

GORDON: I don't know. How does one know? Cos... I run this round and round in my head... I try and tell a version of this story to the old me, the me back at home, before we ever came here. I tell him, not only will you find out the truth about Red Valley, not only will it be more fantastical and terrible than you've ever imagined, but you are part of it. You go into cryonic preservation and wake up in the future, you hypersleep longer than anyone's ever hyperslept -

WARREN: Only by like a week or two, like don't let it go to your head.

GORDON: Warren.

WARREN: Sorry. Sorry.

GORDON: There's a version of me that would be so excited by all this he'd flip his workstation over. It would energise him, it would thrill him, it would... *feed* him.

WARREN: You're missing quite a lot of context in that account of events.

GORDON: Yes and no... I just... I just don't know...

WARREN: Look, I liked the you before and I like the you now. You're able to effortlessly jump from Tolkien to mental health crises, it's something I've always admired in you.

GORDON: I've been thinking about Bryony too.

WARREN'S FAILING ATTEMPTS AT LIGHT-HEARTEDNESS ARE MADE CLEAR. THE TONE HAS CHANGED. AS THE CONVERSATION CONTINUES, GORDON'S AGITATION STARTS TO GROW.

WARREN: Okay.

GORDON: Do you see her?

WARREN: Do I see her? No. She's locked up.

GORDON: How far away is she?

WARREN: From us right now? Down tunnels, far away.

GORDON: What is she still doing here?

WARREN: That's... that's down to Aubrey and Hester and Grace -

GORDON: Not you?

WARREN: No, it's not down to me. It couldn't and shouldn't be down to me.

GORDON: Or me?

WARREN: Gordon, Bryony -

GORDON: Bryony what?

WARREN: What do you mean?

GORDON: Bryony what? What is there to say? She did the worst things imaginable, but she kept us both alive. We can't kill her, but should she be allowed to live? She's too dangerous to set free, but we can't keep her down a bloody tunnel -

WARREN: You need to try and trust what's going on here. With the people around you.

GORDON: You sound like him.

WARREN: Like who?

GORDON: Like Grace.

WARREN: I believe he is genuinely trying to help you. We are all trying to help you. This part sucks. I know. And I know it's been so much harder for you than it was for me and I'm sorry, I hate that. But soon this part will be over, and you'll be properly out and about with the rest of us -

GORDON SCOFFS.

WARREN: What?

NO RESPONSE.

WARREN: You object to the 'us' don't you?

A PAUSE. GORDON'S RESPONSE, IS QUIET, NEUTRAL.

GORDON: What did you say?

WARREN: I'm not saying I'm one of them and you're not, you and me are in this together but yeah, I am trying to -

GORDON: People are... dying in this place...

WARREN: What?

GORDON'S TONE HAS CHANGED. IT'S LIKE HE'S PULLING A MEMORY OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

GORDON: ...And where... where was Warren? On that list?

WARREN: Gor... Gordon? Wha... What are you talking about?

GORDON'S BREATHING IS QUICKENING.  
SUDDENLY HE REACTS AS IF HE'S SEEN  
SOMETHING TERRIBLE. WARREN IS  
IMMEDIATELY VERY WORRIED.

WARREN: Whoa... whoa... Hey...

GORDON: Oh Jesus Christ!

WARREN: Gordon! Gordon! Hey! What's happening?

THE SOUND OF A BONE SAW COMING TO LIFE,  
BUT ONLY GORDON CAN HEAR IT.

GORDON: I don't know where Aubrey is!

WARREN: Aubrey?

GORDON: I never met her, it was just... in... in chat rooms online, we used fake names, aliases, we never... no please don't!

WARREN GRABS HIS COMM.

WARREN: Grace! Grace! I need you in Gordon's quarters, right now!

THE BONE SAW BEGINS TO FADE. GORDON  
SLUMPS DOWN. WARREN HAS HIM BY THE  
SHOULDERS.

WARREN: Hey. Hey. Hey. Hey... It's alright.

GORDON: ...Warren?

WARREN: Yeah... Yeah, It's me, I'm here. It's ok.

GORDON: Warren...

WARREN: Where did you go?

END.