

# **WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLEEPING**

**'Part One'**

by  
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Written by Jonathan Williams  
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**Character List**

Gordon Porlock

Alan Mandel

Blue Sky

Natalie Day

Warren Godby

Jonathan Williams

## EPISODE 1

### SCENE 1

THE HELIPAD AT RED VALLEY. A HIGH WIND. THERE IS SOME VEHICULAR COMMOTION IN THE BACKGROUND AS A HELICOPTER IS MAKING ITS CHECKS BEFORE TAKEOFF. GORDON PORLOCK WATCHES FROM A SAFE DISTANCE, BY THE STATION DOOR.

GORDON: Gordon Porlock, personal log. It is lunchtime on the 6th day, my 6th day at Red Valley. It is cold and it is raining, But I am smiling like it's my birthday, because I am staring at a big black helicopter full of people I don't like that is about to fly away. Inside the helicopter is Bryony Halbech, Clive Schill, Degracious Melé and Pamela Jennings, their latest henchmen. Well, henchman and henchwoman. Henchpeople. I mean, they're actually extremely talented cryonic research doctors. But they're very annoying and aren't that nice to me, so cheerio.

THE ENGINES AND PROPELLOR START UP SLOWLY, THE NOISE GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER, GORDON RAISING HIS VOICE TO KEEP ABOVE IT.

GORDON: Oh, marvellous. Here they go. Oh, this is quite loud isn't it. Oh... and windy, very windy - oh shit -

GORDON DROPS THE RECORDER. CUT.

GORDON IS IN BED, IN THE FARMHOUSE.

GORDON: My first morning alone. It's nice.

A PAUSE AS HE ROLLS OVER IN BED,  
STARING AT THE WINDOW ABOVE HIS HEAD.

GORDON: Thought I should start making an effort at describing the place, now I'm settling in a little.

CUT. GORDON IS PACING DOWN A CREAKING  
STAIRCASE INTO THE FARMHOUSE KITCHEN  
AND DINING ROOM. HE RUNS A TAP AND  
BOILS A KETTLE AS HE TALKS.

GORDON: The farmhouse is twee and weird. Big old table, big old stove, plates on the wall... they've got stags on them, and foxes and... oh... Princess Diana...the living room has a big old television you could probably climb inside and chintzy armchairs like your nan would have. It is far and away the nicest place I have ever lived.

CUT. GORDON IS WALKING OUTSIDE. HIS  
SHOES SLOSH THROUGH A MUD PATH AND  
HE IS TALKING LOUDLY OVER WIND, BIRD  
NOISES AND RAIN.

GORDON: So, I'm just making my way from the house to the facility. It's only a few hundred yards I suppose but... when it's this kind of weather... well, it takes ages - oh! Oh, it shit on me! These gulls everywhere. Well I don't know if it is a gull but... I should learn, there's a shelf of manky old books about birdwatching in the toilet in the station. I'm going to learn about birds. And then I'll fucking know who you are, you little pri -

CUT. GORDON IS IN THE TOILET. A LITTLE ECHOEY.

GORDON: For the record, it was a goose. A pink footed goose.

HE FLUSHES. CUT.

GORDON IS IN THE CORRIDOR, GROUND FLOOR OF THE STATION.

GORDON: So, I guess I should talk about the station. Here's the main corridor, where we first came in. The walls used to be white but are now yellow. There's noticeboards everywhere with nothing on them, oh, however - there is a 1993 calendar from the TV show Gladiators which has been attached to one of the boards with a staple gun and had all the pages removed except the one with Jet on it. She remains the most beautiful woman to have ever starred on UK television and the only person to ever make me wonder if I did in fact fancy girls after all, so I see no reason to amend this.

CUT.

GORDON: So, I've skipped the boring parts like the stripped out infirmary and thoroughly grim group shower situation, but! Here on the first floor is the... mess? Rec room? Nah... mess. There is a fussball, a pool table with 3 balls missing, and a jukebox like the one in my dad's old snooker club when he worked for British Gas. That's it for your regular everyday disused military base with attached farmhouse. But, I guess if we're doing the full tour, we have to go...downstairs.

CUT. GORDON IS REACHING THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, INTO BRYONY'S UNDERGROUND LAB.

GORDON: Right. So here we are, the exact spot where Warren and I first bumped into Clive Schill and Bryony, who Warren thought was his wife Karen and... well, it was all very, very confusing and ghastly.

A BEAT.

GORDON: So, what are we looking at. These corridors feel like I'm in a whole different place. Not at the edge of the world in a knackered old military station but like the basement of the FBI or something. It's so...clean, and modern. It's just...cold. In every sense. It's not a welcoming place.

CUT. GORDON NOW STANDS OUTSIDE THE  
CRYOSUITE. HE IS TRYING TO BE  
NONCHALANT, AND FAILING.

GORDON: So...the cryosuite. Beyond this door is where the magic happens. Where Warren was placed into hypersleep. We can...go in there later.

A BEAT.

CUT. GORDON IS OPENING THE DOOR TO  
AND THEN PACING A LARGE ROOM THAT IS  
FULL OF DOCUMENTS AND LARGER ITEMS  
ON BIG, METAL SHELVES. THERE IS A SMALL  
OFFICE AREA INCORPORATED IN THE  
CORNER.

GORDON: This is the Records Room. My favourite room. I realised I knew the layout before I'd even walked around it - this is what was designed to be storage area of the Red Valley Seed Vault. The design that I helped work on! And everything has been stuffed in here. Everything ever documented at Red Valley. It's utterly disorganised, all just thrown in boxes and stuffed on shelves. And it's my job to go through it all, to archive it. And it's not just records. There are actual items here, devices, prototypes, all under white sheets. Which is extremely exciting. Ah... This is my happy place.

CUT.

GORDON: So, I've got all my kit set up. They sent everything I needed from my old flat. The tech here isn't exactly state of the art but they gave me a brand new Blue Sky speaker. Overhead, still trying to wedge into the virtual assistant market. But, no one uses it outside the Overhead offices. Hey, Blue Sky.

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM, A QUICK TINKLE OF THE OVERHEAD IDENT TONE.

BLUE SKY: Hello.

GORDON: How is the weather in New York City?

BLUE SKY: Hello.

GORDON: Hey, Blue Sky. How is the weather in New York City?

BLUE SKY: I didn't catch that.

GORDON: Uh... Forget it, I was just testing it out -

BLUE SKY: Say, Hey Blue Sky -

GORDON: Hey, Blue Sky, I was just -

BLUE SKY: Did you know, you can just call me Blue?

GORDON PAUSES TO CALM HIMSELF DOWN.

GORDON: Hey Blue. Let's just be quiet now, yeah?

A PAUSE. SILENCE. GORDON LOWERS HIS VOICE.

GORDON: Okay. So, the computer is old, and the monitor is ugly, but it should at least be updated to the most recent OS -

IT GRUNTS TO LIFE. FROM THE COMPUTER'S TINNY SPEAKER RIGHT BY GORDON, THE IDENT TONE PLAYS AGAIN BUT A FULLER, SUPER CHEESY VERSION, FOLLOWED BY, IN THE SAME BLUE SKY VOICE:

COMPUTER: Blue skies...Overhead.

GORDON: Oh man.

FROM THE BLUE SKY SPEAKER, ACROSS THE ROOM:

BLUE SKY: It looks like you've activated an Overhead docu-station. To connect your Blue Sky speaker to your docu-station just open your Connect Me portal -

GORDON: Hey Blue. Turn yourself off please. This is my happy place.

THE IDENT TINKLE. SILENCE AGAIN.

GORDON: Okay. So, I'm going to get cracking with this. And Bryony said archive everything so that's what I'm going to do. Actually, I've already found the box of audio logs from the last cohort of test subjects. Warren's cohort. That's as good a place to start as any I suppose. So...

GORDON ROOTS THROUGH A BOX OF TAPES  
RIGHT NEXT TO HIM.

GORDON: As a bit of a tease for what's to come, why don't we start with 'Godby Log #1'.

GORDON SETS THE TAPE UP TO GO.

GORDON: This is exciting. This is Warren before I knew him. When he was here. As an ex-convict. Here we go.

GORDON HITS PLAY. A SCRUFFY  
RECORDING, SOMEONE WHO'S NEVER USED  
A DICTAPHONE BEFORE. ONE OF THE BUNKS  
IN THE STATION. WARREN GODBY.

WARREN: Hello, hello,-erm... Okay... I've... I've been asked by lady in charge Dr Halbech to record an audio diary. Uh, for some reason. So, I don't really know what what this is, umm... My name's... umm... ooh... I didn't ask if we were supposed to use names on this so I won't. It's my first night at the the Overhead place in Scotland. It's cold there are horrible midge things everywhere. Umm, er... It's...nicer than prison, I guess. Okay... Good... Goodnight.

CUT. BACK TO THE RECORDS ROOM.

GORDON: Oh. That's it. Right. Well... er, tune in next time for more from Gordon Porlock... Red Valley Caretaker.

A BEAT.

GORDON: Nah, nah that was shit. Gordon Porlock, Red Valley... Watchman, watch... keeper. Ugh. I need a thesaurus. And a wee.

GETS UP.

END.