

**WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLEEPING**

**'Part One'**

by

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**Character List**

Gordon Porlock

Blue Sky

Warren Godby

**EPISODE 1**

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**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, on my 6th day at Red Valley. It is cold and it is raining. It is raining horizontally into my face, 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, cryonic mastermind and the second scariest person I've ever met; Clive Schill, who threatened to curb stomp me just this morning for not putting the sugar in his tea before the milk, is for that reason and many others the first scariest person I've ever met - is that right? First scariest? Most scariest? Who cares. Bye bye, there aren't even any curbs out here to stomp, you mad bastard. And they're taking with them 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. I'm waving. They're ignoring me. Sod off you rubbish bastards! Adios! Oh this is quite loud isn't it. Oh and windy, very windy - oh shit - bollo -

GORDON DROPS THE RECORDER. CUT.

GORDON IS IN BED, IN THE FARMHOUSE.

GORDON: Gordon Porlock. Personal log. Day 7 at Red Valley. My first morning alone. The comm is not crackling with someone ordering me to do some menial task. 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. I'm in the bedroom. My bedroom, in the farmhouse which is just a few hundred yards from the main facility. The bed is fine. The curtains are brown. There's a crack of light coming in between them now above my head which looks like...a galaxy, a beautiful little slice of a galaxy made entirely of...dust.

HE SNIFFS.

GORDON: I need an antihistamine.

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 badgers and Princess Diana... there's a tiny fridge, a student house fridge, with matching cheap white goods...the living room has a big old television you could probably climb inside and chintzy armchairs like your nan would have. There's...stuff from the station everywhere, desks with ancient computers on them and computer paper, that old green perforated computer paper, reams of it everywhere. Charts, weather charts, maps, a huge ordinance survey map of the Highlands blutacked to a wall. There is something to trip over every 3 steps and the whole place smells earthy and decrepit like my grandparents' garden shed. 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 it takes ages - oh! Oh it shit on me! These gulls everywhere. Well I don't know if it's a gull. 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. Walls used to be white but are now yellow. Noticeboards are everywhere with nothing on them, 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: Main office. More noticeboards. And whiteboards, and a blackboard. So many boards. Everything's turning yellow, and what was already yellow is turning grey.

CUT.

GORDON: The tracking room, from when this place was actually a missile tracking station. It's big, there's like 20 desks, consoles, a huge light up display with all these awesome old maps and it has all those clocks in a row with different time zones on them, like in a situation room in the movies. There are these transparent boards that you can place these template things over that have all this military shit on them like you're in Star Wars waiting for the Death Star to blow us all up. I fucking love this room, it's great. Over the way is the comms room, all defunct now of course, but there's a CB radio in there and a spare charging unit for our own comms units. There is also one of the farmhouse chintzy armchairs and a matching pouffe.

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, what do you call it? The mess? The rec room? The mess. There is fussball, a pool table with 3 balls missing, 3 little pub tables with proper little upholstered stools and a jukebox like the one in my dad's old snooker club when he worked for British Gas. Doesn't seem to work. Maybe I can fix it somehow? I wouldn't know where to start. How do you fix things? I think Overhead think I can fix things. I mean I did upgrade my whole office to Windows 10 last year but I don't think that's going to be useful out here. Right. So 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...it was all very confusing and ghastly.

A BEAT.

GORDON:: So what are we looking at. These corridors feel like I'm in a whole other 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, comparatively, and modern. It's just...cold. In every sense. It's not a welcoming place.

GORDON IS TRYING DOORS.

GORDON: Some of these doors are locked. I hope that's not going to be a problem. The ones that aren't...some of them go into rooms that aren't even rooms. Like they didn't even put in a floor or electrics. So much of this place is unfinished. Bryony asked me to be like the caretaker-type person round here, to keep the place going, but what do I even do? The only caretaker I remember is Mr Pettit from school, and I only remember him because Grubby Steve pushed him off a ladder and broke his legs.

CUT TO:

GORDON:

So, if you keep going round to the back of the lab and down a descending corridor you get to what is clearly the scariest part of the whole place. For me. I mean the whole cryonic laboratory is pretty scary I guess. This however... Fun fact. The station was built on the structure of a granite mine that runs straight into the mountain. And here's the best/worst bit - some time in the last twenty years Overhead reopened one of the tunnels because they were considering testing out a prototype of a small modular reactor. An actual miniaturised nuclear reactor about the size of a car, to see if it could run the whole facility. Just like so much other stuff around here they never went all the way through with it, but the tunnel is there, wired in with hanging lamps, a walkway and who knows what else. Do I have the stones to go in there though? I do not. Maybe Warren and I can go together one day. It'll be a day out.

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

GORDON:

So the penultimate room on our magical mystery tour of Red Valley is...the cryosuite. Beyond this door is where the magic happens. Where Warren was placed into hypersleep. We can...go in there later.

A BEAT.

GORDON: So. To my favourite room!

CUT. GORDON IS OPENING THE DOOR TO AND THEN PACING A LARGE ROOM THAT FULL OF DOCUMENTS AND LARGER ITEMS OB 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 I helped work on! They actually built the skeleton of it, even with the modified ventilation, for the crop samples that never existed. A huge amount of effort for something that was never really real. 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. You can see how far back in time some of them go just from the label on the sheets, the Overhead logo changing over the decades. All abandoned, defunct, obsolete. Given this is Overhead we're talking about, most likely that actually means prohibited, illegal, or just extremely dangerous. Which is extremely exciting. This is my happy place.

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. 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: Blue Sky, 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: 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.

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 from tomorrow I'm going to start documenting my time here. 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 ROOT 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'. Thought they would've had cooler names than that. Right then.

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. About to be experimented on along with some other ex-convicts. Who are now all dead. And which left him traumatised with significant damage done to his memory and possibly his personality. So yes. Fun times. 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: Uh, hello, hello, yes. I've been asked by lady in charge Dr Halbech to record an audio diary. For some reason. So hello, hello, I'm Warren. This is my first night at the Overhead place in Scotland. There are horrible midges everywhere. It's...nicer than prison. Goodnight.

CUT. BACK TO THE RECORDS ROOM.

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

A BEAT.

GORDON: No that's shit. Gordon Porlock, Red Valley...Watchman, watch...keeper. Ugh. I need a thesaurus. And a wee.

GETS UP.

END.