

WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLLEEPING

'Part Two'

by
Jonathan Williams

Written by Jonathan Williams
redvalleypod@gmail.com

Character List

Gordon Porlock

Alan Mandel

Blue Sky

Natalie Day

Warren Godby

Jonathan Williams

EPISODE 2

SCENE 1

GORDON IN THE RECORDS ROOM.

GORDON: Gordon Porlock...Red Valley Superintendent. Ugh. I found a thesaurus. I'm going to go through every bloody synonym until I find one I like. And then... well, I don't know, maybe they'll make me a badge.

HE SORTS THROUGH SOME PAPERS AND CASSETTE CASES ON HIS DESK.

GORDON: Day 8 at Red Valley. Back in the Records Room for the next instalment of The Warren Files. Got my new best friend, Mrs Blue Sky. Hey Blue Sky.

BLUE SKY: Hey there Gordon.

GORDON: She can say my name now. It's actually a bit more advanced than I gave it credit for. Down here where they've actually ever spent any money she can turn the lights on and off, adjust the air conditioning, you know things like that. Anyway, she's teaching me great facts about the neighbourhood. Well Scotland I mean. Hey Blue Sky.

BLUE SKY: Hey there Gordon.

GORDON: Tell me a new fact about Scotland.

BLUE SKY: Did you know Scotland is home to the tallest hedge in the world?

GORDON: I did not.

BLUE SKY: It's over 1700 feet long and 100 feet high and you can find it on the A93 Perth-Blairgowrie road. Would you like me to send an image I've found to your desktop?

GORDON: I would like that, yes.

A SHORT PAUSE, AND A LITTLE BLIP.

GORDON CLICKS HIS KEYBOARD.

GORDON: That is a very tall hedge. Thanks, Blue Sky.

BLUE SKY: You're welcome, Gordon.

GORDON: You see the discourse is top notch. So, I've lined up a few recordings from the Warren box, and digitised them in what looks to be chronological order. You may recall Warren's first recording was not very illuminating so let's see what we can find today!

HE PRESSES A KEY ON THE KEYBOARD. A

COMPUTERISED PLAYBACK BLEEP.

WARREN: Hello again. So... um, my first journal entry was too short. 3 minutes a night minimum is what they want apparently, sorry about that. Er... it's just a bit weird. Er... it's hard not to sound like a bellend. Umm... Probably shouldn't swear either. I'm umming a lot. Right, well.

WARREN BEEPS THROUGH THE SETTINGS
ON HIS WATCH.

WARREN: Stopwatch. 3 minutes. I mean I must be halfway there already. Go.

BEEP.

WARREN: So, uh. We are supposed to use our names. I'm Warren. I'm Warren Godby. Umm... Stop umming... We arrived yesterday. It's... I mean it's not quite what I imagined. I mean not in a bad way, not in a bad way at all, it's, it's, uh. I mean it's amazing, we're out in the wilderness, we're by this huge mountain, it's called Beinn Bagg, it's wild, it's isolated, and yeah, yeah. It's it's dark and cold, but I love, I love dark and cold, I'm pale and ginger, this is my happy place.

BEAT.

WARREN: So, I saw the farmhouse as the van pulled in. We don't go in there, do we? That's just for the staff, I think. It looks... It looks lovely, very rustic. We've had the short tour, of all the necessities. It's, it's quite, uh, retro, is that the word? The base I mean. Getting a definite kind of John Carpenter meets like... Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy kind of thing. It's very cool, it's very in, very in.

GORDON HITS THE KEYBOARD, PLAYBACK
STOPS WITH A BLOOP.

GORDON: Oh my god! That's exactly what I said!

THERES NO ONE TO HIGH FIVE.

GORDON: Blue Sky! That's exactly what I said about -

BLUE SKY: Hello!

GORDON: That's exactly what I said about this place.

BLUE SKY: I'm sorry, I don't know that one.

GORDON: The John Carpenter Tinker Tailor thing. Forget it.

BLUE SKY: John Carpenter is an American filmmaker.

GORDON: Okay. I know.

BLUE SKY: His middle name is Howard. He is most famou -

GORDON: Don't worry about it. Jesus.

HE RESTARTS THE PLAYBACK.

WARREN: Anyway... I really did just want to take this opportunity to thank Overhead for this...opportunity...um, it's a real privilege to be to be part of an exciting piece of scientific research. I guess we'll all learn a lot more about what's actually involved er... now that we're here, and erm... you know everyone seems really nice, I think I think it says a lot that you would give people, people like me... a chance. I know that I deserved to be where I was. And a lot of people would never...will never be able to look past that. I won't let you down. That's got to be 3 minutes.

ABRUPT CUT. GORDON'S POSITIVE TONE HAS BEEN KNOCKED SOMEWHAT AS HE THINKS ABOUT WARREN'S WORDS.

GORDON: Well, that's a bit more like it. Well, that sounds like Warren, doesn't it? Kind of... I mean... I guess... I wouldn't really know. I've only known Warren for a few weeks. And before that he was living a kind of... well fake life. And before that he was in hypersleep which he doesn't even remember. And before that he was in prison, like all the other people in this cohort, for doing...I have no idea.

BEAT. AWKWARDLY:

GORDON: Hey Blue Sky, save project.

BLUE SKY: Project saved.

BEAT. GORDON ABRUPTLY GETS UP AND LEAVES HIS DESK, STRIDING AWAY AND OUT OF THE ROOM, THE DOOR CLOSING BEHIND HIM.

BLUE SKY: Would you like me to play the next recording?

BEAT. IN THE SAME IDENTICAL INTONATION:

BLUE SKY: Would you like me to play the next recor -

CUT TO: GORDON IS SAT INSIDE THE GOLDEN BULLET. THE PATTERN OF SNOW ON THE WINDOW. HE TURNS THE WIPERS ON.

GORDON:

God, it's cold. Why is it always colder inside a car than outside? Or does it just feel like that cos you're sitting still? It's umm... snowing. Here at Red Valley. And I realised I hadn't even checked in on the Golden Bullet once since I got here. She's just been sat, all alone, in the wind and rain and I looked out of the window and saw the snow and thought shit, I better move the car and now I'm... Well now, I'm sat in the car and now I'm like what the hell are you doing? Why not just start the car and get the hell out of here? There's no one stopping you. You are in the middle of a science fiction nightmare, your only friend is not only cryonically frozen and clinically dead but you've just remembered he's apparently a violent criminal who for all you know is Jack the fucking Ripper, and maybe when he wakes up he'll have forgotten you both have fond memories of Bucky O'Hare and Demolition Man and maybe, maybe he'll chase you round this fucking cathedral of evil like Michael Myers. And somehow, you've ended up responsible for him, and you have no idea how to even keep yourself alive let alone babysit a potential maniac. You can just leave whenever you want. Why are you still here?

BEAT. HE STARTS THE ENGINE ON THE
SECOND ATTEMPT. REVS IT A LITTLE.

GORDON:

It's because you've got nowhere to go, you pillock. No one to help you. No friends, no family, no money, no home. All you've got is your job. And your job is here... You're the Red Valley... What was it? Concierge? Gordon Porlock, Red Valley Concierge? No, that's bollocks.

GORDON CUTS THE ENGINE, AND SIGHS.
PAUSE FOR A MOMENT. IN THE QUIET,
ANOTHER NOISE - ANOTHER CAR ENGINE?

GORDON: What is -

HE OPENS THE DOOR, CRUNCHES OUT INTO
THE SNOW A FEW STEPS. THE ENGINE IS
STILL RUNNING.

GORDON: Where's that coming from?

SUDDENLY THE ENGINE REVS, A VEHICLE IS
PUT INTO REVERSE IN THE DISTANCE, AND IS
GONE. GORDON TALKS TO THE WIND,

GORDON: Well... that's umm...that's just what I need. Creepy distant vehicle noises in the middle of nowhere. Another item balanced on the saddle of my anxiety Buckaroo!

END.