

WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLEEPING
'Part Two'
by
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Character List

Gordon Porlock

Blue Sky

Warren Godby

EPISODE 2

'Part Two

SCENE 1

GORDON IN THE RECORDS ROOM.

GORDON: Right, right, hello, Gordon Porlock...Red Valley Superintendent. Ugh. I found a thesaurus. I'm going to go through every synonym until I find one I like. And then, 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 in the lab where they've actually ever spent any money she can turn the lights on and off, adjust the air conditioning, things like that. Everything in the base upstairs is older than me and the farmhouse was seemingly kitted out by a student flat landlord in the late 90s so not a great deal of Bluetooth integration. 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: So 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! Warren Godby, entry number 2.

HE PRESSES A KEY ON THE KEYBOARD. A
COMPUTERISED PLAYBACK BLEEP.

WARREN: Hello again. So my first journal entry was too short. 3 minutes a night minimum is what they want apparently, sorry. Just a bit weird. Hard not to sound like a bellend. Probably shouldn't swear either. Sorry. 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 names. I'm Warren. We arrived yesterday. At the Red Valley facility. It's...not quite what I imagined. Not in a bad way, not in a bad way, it's, uh. I mean it's amazing, we're out in the wilderness, by this huge mountain, Beinn Bagg it's called, and yes, I said there were midges everywhere, but, you know, that's, uh, that's how it is out here, it's wild, and isolated, and yeah. It's cold, but I love the cold, I'm pale and ginger, this is my happy place.

BEAT.

WARREN: So I saw the old farmhouse as the van pulled in, I don't think we go in there do we, that's just for staff isn't it. Looks really nice though. We've had the short tour, of all the necessities. It's quite, uh, retro, all this, isn't it? The base I mean. Quite, uh, well very fashionable now I expect. Distressed walls, vintage furniture. Definitely getting a bit of a John Carpenter meets Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy vibe, very cool.

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: Hey 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 that.

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

GORDON: Don't worry about it. Jesus.

HE RESTARTS THE PLAYBACK.

WARREN: I just want to take this opportunity to thank Overhead for this...opportunity...um, it's a real privilege to be a part of an exciting piece of scientific research. I guess we'll all learn a lot more about what's actually involved now we're here, and everyone seems really nice, I've only met a couple of you, but yes, really nice. I can't speak for the rest of the, the rest of the guys you've brought in but I think it says a lot that you would give people, that you would give someone like me a chance. To make a difference. 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. So it means a lot that you, Overhead, have been able to be open minded enough to let me, to let all of us, be useful. 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. 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 fake life. And before that he was in hypersleep which he couldn'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 recording?

BEAT. AGAIN:

BLUE SKY: Would you like me to pla -

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

GORDON:

God its 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 snowing. Here at Red Valley. And I realised I hadn't even checked in on the Golden Bullet since I got here. She's just been sat, all alone, in the wind and the rain and I looked out of the window and saw the snow and thought shit, better move the car and now I'm sat in the car and now I'm like what the hell are you doing? Why not start the car and get the hell out of here? There's no one stopping you. You're in the middle of a science fiction nightmare, your only friend is not only cryonically frozen and clinically dead in a concrete bunker 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 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 when you haven't got a Tesco Metro and a Kebabish no more than 7 minutes work from your flat let alone babysit a potential maniac called Warren. 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: 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...shit, I can't remember the next one. What was it? Concierge? That can't be right. Gordon Porlock, Red Valley Concierge? Concierge of the Red Valley Seed Vault. Nah, 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? This is -

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...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! Many thanks!

END.