

WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLLEEPING

'Part Three'

by
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Character List

Gordon Porlock

Blue Sky

Clive Schill

Warren Godby

Alan Mandel

Natalie Day

Alexander Broad

Jonathan Williams

EPISODE 3

SCENE 1

GORDON IS IN THE MESS ROOM, PLAYING HIMSELF AT POOL. MUSIC PLAYING FROM THE JUKEBOX IN THE DISTANCE. HE LEAVES THE TAPE ROLLING A LITTLE WHILE.

GORDON: Hello. It's umm... day 13. I'm in the mess. I am playing myself at pool and winning. Oh... I fixed the jukebox. Just another easy fix by Gordon Porlock...Warden of the Valley.

HITS A SHOT. POCKETS IT.

GORDON: Ahh... Boom. Warden of the Valley. That deserves a badge. Hey Blue, that deserves a badge, right?

BLUE SKY: I didn't quite catch that.

GORDON: That's what she says when I deserve a badge.

TAKES ANOTHER SHOT.

CUT.

GORDON:

I thought I better take some of these duties seriously. The caretaking duties I mean. I remembered what the manager of the Overlook Hotel said to Jack Nicholson. Not the bit about the guy who went crazy and murdered his family, the boring stuff about going around the hotel and warming different parts of it, making sure the pipes don't freeze. So I've done that. I've systematically gone through all the radiators, and checked all the light switches, and most of them work, and when I find one that doesn't, I make a little note of it, and then I remember I have no idea what to do about any of that stuff so I just shut the door to that room and don't go in there again.

CUT TO GORDON IN THE TOILET AND
READING A BIRD BOOK.

GORDON:

I'm reading more too. The pink footed goose, or Anser Brachyrhynchus, doesn't breed in the UK but, probably Iceland or Greenland, and is just wintering here. Anyway, if they're going to shit on me every day, I thought I should at least be able to address them by their full scientific names.

HE GETS UP AND FLUSHES.

CUT TO: GORDON WASHING UP IN THE
FARMHOUSE. IN THE BACKGROUND AN
ANCIENT RECORDING OF A CHRISTMAS
CHOIR.

GORDON: Well I've really come to love this farmhouse. It's so peaceful. There's a.. a record player and lots of old Christmas records. And it's November so seems appropriate. Hey Blue, tell me something interesting about Christmas.

BLUE SKY: Hi Gordon, did you know that not only did Oliver Cromwell ban Christmas pudding and mince pies in the 17th century, the law was never officially rescinded, so technically it's still illegal to eat them.

GORDON: Awesome.

CUT TO: GORDON IN THE CORRIDOR
UPSTAIRS IN THE BASE, MOVING BOXES.

GORDON: So, a lot of the archiving I think is just literally moving boxes of tapes. I mean, sure, I'll need to go through them some time, but there's no rush.

SUDDENLY A PHONE STARTS RINGING, SOME
DISTANCE AWAY. GORDON STOPS IN HIS
TRACKS.

GORDON: What the hell is that?

BEAT AS HE THINKS.

GORDON: Hmm.

BLUE SKY: The phone is ringing.

GORDON: I mean I'm really busy, with these -

BEAT. THE RINGING IS INCESSANT.

BLUE SKY: The phone is ringing.

GORDON: For God's sake.

BLUE SKY: The phone is ringing.

HE PICKS IT UP. SOMEONE IS EATING ON THE
OTHER END OF THE LINE.

GORDON: Hello?

CLIVE: Alright sugartits.

GORDON: Clive? Oh... Um., Bryony isn't here right now...

CLIVE: I know. Just wanted to check in on you.

GORDON: Oh er... Normally Grace or Pam would do a check in -

CLIVE: I know that too Gordon. Cos they work for me. Like you do.

GORDON: Of course, yeah, sure.

CLIVE: So how are you, Gordon?

GORDON: Oh, I'm great. Yeah... Great.

CLIVE: You doing what we're paying you to do, right?

GORDON: What do you mean?

CLIVE: Bryony asked you to look after the place and sort out the archives, didn't she? You know, the archives of the work we do at Red Valley. The world-changing, potentially limitlessly lucrative work that, frankly, is the only reason that gloomy little shithole hasn't been flattened by a giant Monty Python foot.

GORDON: Yes, yes, I'm on it.

CLIVE: You're on it.

GORDON: I'm on it.

CLIVE: You're sure you're on it? You're not just playing yourself at pool and listening to power ballads on the jukebox you repaired?

GORDON SCOFFS IN EMBARRASSED
CONFUSION.

CLIVE: You know a Blue Sky unit is a microphone as well as a virtual assistant right?

BLUE SKY: Hello.

GORDON: I, uh. I did not know that actually.

HE PUTS HIS HAND OVER THE SPEAKER AND
HISSES TO THE BLUE SKY UNIT.

GORDON: I thought we were *friends*!

CLIVE: I mean. It's kind of...I've already turned up on your
doorstep once before after spying on you...

BLUE SKY: I found this on Friends. Friends is a situation comedy -

GORDON: Oh, don't even get me started on that.

CLIVE: What are you doing, Gordon?

GORDON: Oh er... Nothing, nothing, I'm just...I'm here.

CLIVE: That's just it. You see, I need you to do more than just be
there, Gordon. I need you to work through those archives,
mate. In fact - that's not even true. I don't give a liquid shit
about the archives actually, I just need you to get
everything on Warren Godby looking ship fucking shape.
Because he's the ticket. For me, for you, for everything. If
I find out you've been leaning back enjoying that ex-rental
copy of Passion of the Christ, we're going to have a
problem.

GORDON: I'll get on it, Clive. Right away.

CLIVE: Adda boy. Off you trot then.

GORDON: Yeah. Oh, Clive?

CLIVE: What?

GORDON: There's no one...else, around here, is there?

CLIVE: What do you mean?

GORDON: No one else around, any neighbours? Or Overhead people, who might want to visit, you know, in the middle of the night, then change their mind and drive away?

CLIVE SIGHS.

CLIVE: I don't give a shit if you're haunted by local sprites or some Highland bumpkin is plucking up the courage to invite you to the next caber tossing festival, keep your eyes on the cryonically preserved prize.

CLIVE HANGS UP. PAUSE.

BLUE SKY: Is there anything I can help you with, Gordon?

GORDON: You and me are done professionally.

CUT. MUSIC BREAK.

CUT TO: WARREN TURNS ON THE RECORDER
AND PUTS IT DOWN. HE IS EXTREMELY OUT
OF BREATH.

WARREN: Hi. Warren Godby here. Just got... back from a run. 8 o'clock in the morning, already done a run. Haven't even had breakfast. All 6 of us, along with umm...what's his name Doctor umm... Doctor Mister Motivator. I don't know. Do you know what, I started this too soon, give me a minute.

CUT.

GORDON: Blue Sky, save the project.

BLUE SKY: Remember you can call me Blue?

GORDON: We're not on first name terms anymore, Ms Sky.

BLUE SKY: Project saved. Would you like to play the next recording?

GORDON: Have you checked it already for my muted words and phrases?

BLUE SKY: There are no mentions of specific crimes or details relating to the sentence of Godby, Warren.

GORDON: Okay, go ahead.

THE NEXT RECORDING.

WARREN: Hello, hi. So I don't need to be so sycophantic. Apparently, there are no bonus points for obsequious behaviour or indeed, brown nosing, as Dr Halbech calls it, of any kind.

WARREN: Now that I'm in my little bedroom, and I've got my three minutes, erm... I do have a few thoughts about the induction day, you know that I could share. This is clearly a second hand induction pack. The main clue is the massive cock and balls that have been doodled over the contents page. Unless that's your new Overhead watermark or something.

WARREN PULLS THE BLURB FROM HIS
INDUCTION PACK.

WARREN: Right let's look at this. 'Congratulations from everyone at Overhead Industries! Here at Red Valley, our state of the art facility, you're about to join our team of expert clinicians and researchers, supported by our humm... caring, dedicated and highly qualified hospitality team that will make this experience closer to a rural retreat than a scientific study!'

WARREN: I take issue with the term 'state of the art', I suppose. My expectations for Red Valley were quite high. Er... I knew it was a laboratory underneath a military station in the wilderness, so of course I imagined, not unreasonably I think, Area 51 from Independence Day. White lab coats, stuttering science nerds played by Star Trek actors, maybe something like that crossed with the Dolph Lundgren training montage from Rocky IV, I don't know.

Now, disappointment I can handle. I'm used to that. But I guess I was expecting, as a minimum, the kind of security that one might find in a highly guarded penal institution, like the one I just left, because, at the end of the day, all the new guests are hardened, violent convicted criminals after all. So when, at the end of today's induction session, Harry Reed decides to brain Stephens over the head with a fucking metal chair for making eye contact with him, I was somewhat surprised when absolutely fucking nothing happened, apart from Stephens being dragged by the feet out of the room leaving behind an oil slick of blood coming out of his head and Harry staring at us all with a look that could cut diamonds while folding and unfolding his arms every 3 seconds like a fucking maniac, which is exactly what he is.

WARREN: I think there are literally only 3 people working here. And there are six of us. That is bananas. This is going to end like Straw fucking Dogs. Goodnight.

CUT.

GORDON: Right. Well then.

BLUE SKY: There is a short addendum.

GORDON: Oh. Er... Go ahead.

PLAYS.

WARREN: Quick update. Little group meeting just now to inform us that Stephens and Reed are leaving the programme. In fact, they've apparently already left. Which is weird, cos there's only one way in or out of this valley and no one's come or gone all day. So that's definitely not disconcerting whatsoever. I'm going to go and stare at the ceiling for the rest of the night. Bye.

CUT.

FOOTSTEPS ALONG THE CORRIDOR IN THE LOWER LEVEL, REACHING A DOOR. GORDON OPENS IT AND WALKS INTO A ROOM - THE CRYO SUITE. EVENTUALLY HE REACHES HIS DESTINATION.

GORDON: Evening Warren.

GORDON PLACES HIS RECORDER ON THE METALLIC CRYO POD.

GORDON: Apologies I haven't been down to see you much. You look well. I can't actually see you. I thought they would've put windows in a cryopod. So people could see you floating about. But, I guess it's nice to have privacy, isn't it?

PAUSE.

GORDON:

I've been struggling Warren. With what's going on here. The truth is I have to make a choice. To be a friend to you or not. I'm going to keep listening to your tapes. But I'm not going to find out what you did. I'd like to say it's because I'm respecting your privacy, but the truth is I recognise the guys on these recordings. He doesn't sound too different to me. He's scared, he's lonely, he hates exercise. Look... maybe you're not who I think you are. But given the company we keep, you might still be the least awful person I currently work with. So, let's be friends. I'll be back tomorrow. And maybe I'll bring Top Trumps or something.

END.