

WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLLEEPING

'Part Three'

by
Jonathan Williams

Jonathan Williams
jon.nobbs@gmail.com

Character List

Gordon Porlock

Blue Sky

Clive Schill

Warren Godby

EPISODE 3

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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 day 13. I'm in the mess. It's Saturday, so I'm having some recreational time. I am playing myself at pool and winning. I fixed the jukebox. It was just changing a fuse in the plug. And I can do that! I have done that maybe as much as twice before in my life. Just another easy fix by Gordon Porlock...Warden of the Valley.

HITS A SHOT. POCKETS IT.

GORDON: 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.

GORDON:

I thought I better take some of these duties seriously. The caretaking duties I mean. No one left any instructions so I've just got on with it really. 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, make 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. Which I think is pretty much the secret to this whole business.

HE TAKES ANOTHER SHOT WHICH MISSES WILDLY, BUT DOESN'T DAMPEN GORDON'S SPIRITS AT ALL.

CUT TO: GORDON OUTSIDE, THE WIND BLOWING.

GORDON:

I've been looking to see if there's anything on the outside that needs doing. There's a big pile of wood round the back of the farmhouse which looks a bit pointless and grotty, so I've dragged it a bit further from the house, and later I'm going to have a lovely big bloody bonfire!

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. They like to eat potatoes, which I find quite a peculiar concept. 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. Like if I have to go tell their mothers or something.

HE GETS UP AND FLUSHES.

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

GORDON: And I've really come to love this farmhouse. It's so peaceful. There's a record player and lots of old Christmas records. 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. Thanks Blue Sky.

BLUE SKY: You're welcome.

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. Most of them have their contents written on the side so there's really no need to even, uh, listen to them, right now. I mean, sure, I'll need to go through them some time, but there's no rush. I think its important everything is tidy. Tidy top secret research facility, tidy mind, as they say. Really, when you think about it -

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

GORDON: What the hell is that.

BEAT AS HE THINKS.

BLUE SKY: The phone is ringing.

GORDON: Hmm.

BLUE SKY: The phone is ringing.

GORDON: I mean I'm really busy, with these boxes.

BEAT. THE RINGING IS INCESSANT.

BLUE SKY: The phone is -

GORDON: For god's sake.

HE STOMPS DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS
THE PHONE. HE STOPS IN FRONT OF IT.

GORDON: I've got so much to do, I can't just drop everything, just like that.

FROM DOWN THE CORRIDOR:

BLUE SKY: The phone is -

GORDON: Argh!

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

GORDON: Hello?

CLIVE: Alright sugartits.

GORDON: Clive. Um, hello. Bryony isn't here right now, no one's here actually -

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

GORDON: Oh. 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. 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?

GORDON: Am I sure I'm on it?

CLIVE: 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?

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: 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. So I don't care if the scary stories of his dubious past make you paint your man-nappy. I need you to abandon your misgivings, ignore your scruples and swallow any qualms that may be flourishing. Do you have qualms, Gordon? Are there rampant qualms, are qualms multiplying, like a virus of anti-productivity, pushing you away from these vital duties and towards that terrible DVD selection in the mess?

GORDON: No. No qualms. This is a qualm-free zone.

CLIVE: 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: Gordon, is Porlock your family name or is it something you chose yourself?

GORDON: I'm sorry?

CLIVE: Cos I looked it up. Uncommon name. It's a village in Devon, isn't it, Porlock.

GORDON: Um, yes. Never been.

CLIVE: So there's this poet, Samuel...Coleridge. Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He's writing a new poem. Long time ago. Real moment of inspiration for him. But then he's interrupted by some bloke from the nearby village of Porlock, drags him away on some tedious business, and by the time he's gets back to his poem, the moment's gone. Ruined.

GORDON: Right.

CLIVE: So I ask the question, because the name is kind of apt.

GORDON: Right.

CLIVE: Stop getting in the way of my moment of inspiration, Gordon. 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. Alrighty?

CLIVE HANGS UP. PAUSE.

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

GORDON: You and me are done professionally.

BLUE SKY: I didn't catch that.

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, already done a run. Oh, that was no fucking joke. Haven't even had breakfast. A run around the valley. All 6 of us, and Doctor, I don't know his name, Doctor, he's athletic, I don't know. Doctor Mister Motivator. Bracing really. I do wonder...do you know what, I have a stitch. I think I started this too soon, give me a minute.

HE PICKS UP THE RECORDER.

WARREN: People do this for fun, what the fu -

CUT. A FEW MINUTES LATER:

WARREN: Hoo. Yeah, fine, big run. They want to get us in better shape, or just find out what shape we're in, I guess. I thought we would've had the induction day first, before we started doing anything that was actual...I mean I know it was just a run, but the other scientist guy was there at the end with a clipboard and Doctor Mister Motivator just walked off without saying anything. Which is fine, I know you've all got so much to do, I appreciate it, I do.

A PAUSE.

WARREN: So I don't know when the other staff are arriving. It's, uh. It's a bit...curious, I suppose, that it's just,like, these two white coat guys who don't talk much and Dr Halbech, who talks even less, and the 6 of us. Because honestly, where I was before, there was a lot of people around to make sure 6 people like, well, like us, didn't spend this kind of time together. And I know some of these people. I know Harry Reed. Harry Reed is the kind of guy who looks out of the window and says the sky is green. If you agree with him then you're weak and you're just trying to blow smoke up his arse and he'll want to kill you. If you disagree you're calling him a liar and he'll want to kill you. So the reason I'm in my room doing this when I'm still out of breath and my face is purple is: when we got back to the station, Harry walks up to one of the other guys, Stephens his name is, and says hey, did you know the plural of toothbrush is toothbreesh. So I just kept on running, straight up here to my room and I shut the fucking door. I'm sounding very negative, I'm sure there's a perfectly good reason everything is how it is, I really appreciate the Highland air, bracing, like I said. Three minutes, there we go. Maybe I'll just stay up here for a bit. Looking forward to induction day. Find out more about the whole plan. Cheers. Thanks, bye, bye, bye.

CUT.

GORDON: Blue Sky, save the project.

BLUE SKY: Did you remember you can call me Blue?

GORDON: We're not on first name terms any more, 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 latest notes from the staff on my audio whatevers, the worlds shittiest podcast, whatever this is. I don't need to be so sycophantic. Apparently there are no bonus points for obsequious behaviour or indeed, brown nosing, as it was put by Dr Halbech. She insists recordings like these, made alone and without motive for personal gain are the fastest way to the truth. What truth I don't really pretend to know.

WARREN: Anyway. So today was induction day. There's a pack, with all the bunf you'd expect, there's a map of the station, all the places you can and can't go, a little itinerary of what the day would be like, and some blurb about how marvellous Overhead Industries is and what a great decision I've made being part of the cutting edge research here at Red Valley.

WARREN: Now that I'm back in my little bedroom, and I've got my three minutes, I do have a few thoughts about the induction day that I could share. If we're being honest, if we're looking for the fastest way to the truth. To wit. 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 the 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 caring, dedicated and highly qualified hospitality team that will make this experience closer to a rural retreat than a scientific study!'

WARREN:

There's a lot to unpack in that paragraph. I take issue with the term 'state of the art'. I confess, given the pitch that had been made and the very expensive suits worn by the people making them, my expectations for Red Valley were quite high. 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 it. But beyond the crumbling brickwork and infinite midge bites and smell of bleach and formaldehyde, 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, you know, all the new guests are hardened, violent convicted criminals. 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 instead of an alarm going off, and Harry being subdued and hauled away by armed guards, absolutely fucking nothing happened, apart from Stephens being dragged by the feet out of the room leaving behind an oil slick of blood coming from 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. And I don't care what kind of deal has been offered, what promises were made. 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. Go ahead.

PLAYS.

WARREN: Hi, 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, because there's only one way in or out of this valley and no one has arrived or left 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.

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 mean I can't see you. I thought they would've put windows in a cryopod. So people could see you floating about. I guess it's nice to have privacy isn't it.

PAUSE.

GORDON: I've been struggling Warren. With what's going on here. With who you are. With who I am, to be honest. We don't know each other at all really, do we. Not just because we only met a few days before you ended up back in your box. Because we don't know ourselves for one reason or another. 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. Whatever it was that led you here. That led you to this. I'd like to say it's because I'm respecting your privacy.

GORDON:

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. 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.