

# **RED VALLEY**

## **WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLEEPING 3**

### **EPISODE 2**

by  
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**Character List**

Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
GORD	Alan Mandel
Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel

**WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLEEPING 3 - EPISODE 2**

**SCENE 1**

WARREN WAKES WITH A START, AGAIN, FROM AN UNEXPECTED BUT HEAVY SLEEP. IN THE BACKGROUND, A TAPE OF GORDON'S MEMOIR PLAYS. HE IS RECOUNTING METICULOUS DETAIL REGARDING SEED CATEGORISATION.

GORDON: ... what actually qualifies as an 'heirloom' seed and what is just an historic seed. Some would argue there's more to take into account...

WARREN: Ugh. What's... what's going on?...

GORD: Hi Warren.

WARREN: Argh. Too many... too many Gordons. Shh.

GORD: Which one?

WARREN: You.

GORD: Sure.

GORDON: ...beyond simply the dates of a seed's discovery or use, including the history of its preservation, the geography of its use and connection to specific groups of people, honestly you need be as much a sociologist as a student of agriculture, and I am neither of those things...

WARREN: You have to what... no, no, no... What... what is this all about?

THE MEMOIR CONTINUES.

GORDON: So, let's work through the different categories you need to organise by. You have a crop, it's species, it's method of pollination -

WARREN: Why? Wait, wait, wait, stop.

GORD: Is everything alright, Warren?

WARREN: I fell asleep.

GORD: You did.

WARREN: How long for? I was actually trying to listen to that. He was talking about... he was just getting started... the... the Chin... Chinsomething people...

GORD: The Chinchorro people of Northern Chile. You've been asleep for just under 2 hours.

WARREN: I must've missed loads of it. Shall we... shall we er... wind it back?

GORD: If you really want to...

WARREN: Why are you saying it like that?

GORD: It's just... after his introduction, Gordon discusses the purpose of a seed vault.

WARREN: Yeah, that sounds... well... I don't know, is that... is that interesting?

GORD: Well, before he gets into seed vaults in particular he goes into some extensive depth regarding the study of seed and crop history.

WARREN: Yeah ok... That sounds less interesting. I was asleep for 2 hours?

GORD: Yes.

WARREN: And he's still going on about it?

GORD: He is.

WARREN: Yikes. Let's take a break then.

GORD: Indeed.

WARREN PULLS HIMSELF UP AND STRETCHES,  
HIS BONES CLICKING.

GORD: How are you feeling, Warren?

WARREN: I, uh. Yeah, uh. Fine.

GORD: May I ask you something?

WARREN: Sure.

GORD: Yesterday you spoke to Aubrey for the first time fully compos mentis, with your short-term memory intact. She told you that you've been in hypersleep for 44 years. And you laughed.

WARREN: What's the question?

GORD: Why would you laugh?

WARREN: Is this where the robot asks me about this mysterious human behaviour called denial?

GORD: Are you in denial?

WARREN: I mean... there probably are ways you could prove it is in fact 2064, but you are yet to do so.

GORD: I am under instructions from Aubrey to limit the information given to you at this stage of your emergence. Your conscious level may have improved but we remain uncertain over the speed of your recovery both physical and psychological.

WARREN: You know, Aubrey could literally just, like, show me her face or something. That would be good proof. Oh God, is she a robot too? Oh God, are you all robots? Is this a human zoo? Am I an exhibit in a human zoo?

GORD: It is difficult to tell if you are joking.

WARREN: The reality is Gord, that I have largely lost respect and appreciation for the passage of time. Time is utterly subjective, of course it is. I have had years of memories scrubbed clean out of my head. Apparently, I've been awake the last few days, but I can't remember. I've lost weeks and months of my life dipping in and out of... the cryonic void, if you will. I didn't age. Basically, not existing, right?

PAUSE.

WARREN: You know everyone at some point or another develops a kind of internal clock, even if it's just waking up right before your alarm every morning?

GORD: I literally do have an internal clock.

WARREN: Right. Of course you do.

GORD: It is 04:38am.

WARREN: Right. Well I have an absence of that, like a... like an anti-internal clock. I have no idea what time it is -



GORD: It is 04:38am.

WARREN: Yes, thank you. I mean... I have no interest what time it is on an existential level. To hear it is 2064... I find myself... indifferent. It could be 2034, or 84, or 3064, or stardate blah blah. I'm not the same guy in a different time. Right now, I'm... I'm this version of Warren Godby, whoever and whenever he is. Next time, I might be different. Or the time after that, or the time after that.

HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT.

WARREN: All our cells get replaced anyway, don't they? Every few years or whatever, I... I read that, right? We all shed our skin. We shed everything. Every atom. Become different people. I don't know what I'm saying. I guess it really is 04:38am.

GORD: English author Charles Caleb Colton once wrote: 'The present time has one advantage over every other - it is our own.'

WARREN: Wow. You pluck that out of thin air?

GORD: No, I actually dropped that quote into conversation with Aubrey the other day, but I thought it appropriate here too.

WARREN: That's very honest of you.

GORD: You know I did consider concealing the truth just then to make myself appear more intelligent. Is that arrogance?

WARREN: Oh my God, you are gonna be insufferable, aren't you?

GORD: Do you want to go back to sleep?

WARREN: No. No I do not. Can I listen to more of the memoir thing, please?

GORD: Shall I skip the part that debates the nature of an heirloom seed?

WARREN: Absolutely.

CUT.

**SCENE 2****CHAPTER 11 OF GORDON'S MEMOIR.****TAPE STARTS.**

GORDON: You can find seed banks all over the world. They've existed for longer than you might expect. The first known seed bank was founded in 1894 in Russia, the Vavilov Institute of Plant Industry. Other wonderfully named examples include the Berry Botanic Garden in Oregon and Peru's International Potato Centre. But the most famous seed bank in the world is easily the Svalbard International Seed Vault, due no doubt to its dramatic surroundings, buried deep in the permafrost of a mountain somewhere between Norway and the North Pole, and its equally dramatic nickname - the Doomsday Vault.

GORDON: I'll be frank. As a student of the archival sciences and shameless nerd, the idea of an isolated frozen seed library acting as a back up for the world's crop resources in the event of global catastrophe is definitely up my street. Imagine the scope for hi jinx and shenanigans running around a mountain in the permafrost. So, I want you to imagine how truly over-the-top pumped I was when I heard that Overhead had taken on a contract to build the UK's own seed library. Deep in the Scottish Highlands. A decommissioned military radar tracking station, at the base of a mountain, in a place called Red Valley. And they need an archiving system built from the ground up. I would take this job for free. My application went in 25 minutes after the position of Archival Facilitator for the Red Valley Seed Vault went live.

GORDON: Everything happened in a whirlwind. Application, interview, job offer, induction. I couldn't believe it. Just 10 people in the archive team. Didn't need to be in contact with any other departments. Got to work remotely, didn't even have to change desk.

GORDON: It was a fascinating challenge for me on a systems level. I've been with Overhead straight out of uni so I was leaning far too heavily on the Archive department's integrated records program, it's all I knew. But this was the first time I'd been part of a biological archive, a real living document if you will. That required a very different logistical approach with a whole new bag of parameters to work within. So, once I'd laid out a preliminary configuration, there were far more verification stages needed to ensure -

WARREN: Tell me more... No, no... I take it back... don't tell more...  
Stop, stop, stop. How much archive talk is there?

GORD: This section is not... succinct.

WARREN: It's pretty dry.

GORD: It does not get wet.

WARREN: Shall we skip it?

GORD: I can skip it.

WARREN: Make it so.

WHEN THE RECORDING COMES BACK, GORDON  
IS MID-STREAM, AND QUITE JOVIAL.

GORDON: ... which really opened my eyes to a different way of thinking!  
I'd never had much time for the holistic approach, but Oscar  
put it in a way that really spoke to me and made me realise  
just how indoctrinated I was to the Overhead archiving  
program. Oscar would go off about the records continuum  
model once we were off the clock, just really digging into  
multidimensional and non-sequential archival theory while  
we were playing an emulator of Mario Kart Double Dash that  
he had found online (which, incidentally, we both agreed was  
the most under-sung Mario Kart) -

WARREN: Ok, wrong... Whoa whoa whoa.

GORD: The archive talk is just ending.

WARREN: Who is Oscar?

GORD: A member of the team working on the seed vault.

WARREN: Oh right.

GORD: He was based at Overhead's Manchester office.

WARREN: Sure.

GORD: Shall I resume playback?

WARREN MUTTERS UNDER HIS BREATH.

WARREN: Yeah... I don't think Double Dash was that good.

GORD: I'm sorry?

WARREN: Nothing.

GORD: Shall we continue?

WARREN: Yeap... Sure.

GORD STARTS PLAYBACK AGAIN.

GORDON: And so, the seed vault model came together relatively quickly. Management were happy with the progress we'd made. The team were happy too. Oscar said he'd never worked on a project with so much creative freedom, and I agreed. It had been liberating to be given so few boundaries, to have such little pushback from on high. Of course, that's exactly what should've made us suspicious.

GORDON: As we approached the 12 month point, our manager suddenly left the project. No leave, no notice. Gone. We'd never even met in person - they'd been brought in from outside, headhunted for the role. Then, poof. No replacement. We continued to work, what else were we going to do? But grumbles started amongst the team. Oscar had heard that budget reviews had been mentioned, and before long team members started being moved over to other projects. It became a miserable time waiting for the axe to fall. This was Overhead, we knew the game. If they don't like the numbers, you're toast. And one quiet Tuesday I got the email informing me that the Red Valley Seed Vault was no longer in active development, and I would recommence my old role in Archives the following week. To say I was disappointed would be an understatement. I was fucking livid.

AS GORDON'S STORY RETURNS TO OSCAR, HE BECOMES A LITTLE AWKWARD, NOT QUITE SO SURE HOW TO ARTICULATE THEIR RELATIONSHIP.

GORDON: The team drifted apart almost immediately. We never really knew each other anyway, and I was hardly the life and soul of the remote working party. But Oscar and I stayed in touch. We'd actually mentioned meeting up a couple of times. We'd never made any plans but... yeah, we... still messaged each other for a few weeks. Then out of the blue one day he tells me he's back on board. That the Red Valley project was back in action, in some capacity. He asks me if I'd been invited to return too. I said no, I'd heard nothing, not yet anyway. He'd see what the deal was and get back to me. And I waited.

PAUSE.

GORDON: But that was it. No more contact. No response to any messages. I even called him. Nothing. Just like the job, Oscar had dropped me. I asked around the old team about Red Valley, if any of them had been taken back on. I heard back from a couple, but they knew even less than me. The others never replied. I don't know if they'd been reached out to like Oscar, or if they just couldn't be bothered to answer. Weeks went by, and eventually I just settled back into a comfortable pattern of quiet seething and resentment.

GORDON: But then one night I got a message. Not at work. At home. Online, a DM on my gaming account. From Oscar. No details. He just asked me to meet him. In a car park, just a few miles from my flat. That night. And he asked me... he asked me to record everything we would talk about. So... here's what I recorded.



SUDDENLY GORDON'S RECORDING CUTS TO ANOTHER. INSTEAD OF THE QUIET OF HIS HOME, HE IS SAT IN HIS CAR, THE RAIN HAMMERING ON THE ROOF. HE IS AWKWARD. HE HASN'T TAPED HIMSELF BEFORE. THIS IS HIS FIRST TIME.

GORDON: Hello, hello, is it working? Oh er... yes. Um. This is me. Er... Gordon. Gordon Porlock. I'm sat in my car. In the rain. In the car park by the big Asda and the Pets At Home. I'm recording myself, sat in my car. It's er... very late, and I'm very weirded out, because I'm meeting a colleague, a... a friend. My friend Oscar. We're meeting in my car in the rain in the middle of the night. Because he wants to tell me something. He's late. But that's fine. He doesn't live anywhere near here. So that's... weird. But he said come and I've come. And he said record, so I'm recording.

PAUSE.

GORDON: I like the sound of the rain on the roof of my car. I'll let you know when he arrives.

GORDON GOES QUIET. THE RECORDING GOES ON, THE RAIN IS THE ONLY SOUND.

WARREN: Oscar isn't going to show up, is he?

GORD: No.

WARREN: How long does he wait?

GORD: The recording lasts another 40 minutes.

THE RAIN CONTINUES WHILE NO ONE SPEAKS.

GORD: Would you like me to play the next recording?

WARREN: No. No, I can wait.

THE RAIN GOES ON, AS THE CREDITS ROLL.

END.