

# **RED VALLEY**

## **WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLEEPING 3**

### **EPISODE 3**

by  
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**Character List**

Warren Godby	Jonathan Williams
GORD	Alan Mandel
Gordon Porlock	Alan Mandel
Aubrey Wood	Tash Reith-Banks

**WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLLEEPING 3 - EPISODE 3**

**SCENE 1**

WARREN IS PACING UP AND DOWN THE QUARANTINE SUITE EATING GRUEL ANXIOUSLY FROM A PLASTIC BOWL WHILE A RECORDING OF GORDON PLAYS. GORDON SOUNDS QUITE DIFFERENT - ANIMATED, DISTRACTED, HIS VOICE THICK WITH CYNICISM. YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR THE SWEAT ON HIS BROW.

GORDON:

... it's all hidden in plain sight. It's not even hidden! Everyone's heard about the guy who got pushed off the top floor of the Overhead office in Düsseldorf. Everyone knows about the woman from Applied Sciences who boarded a flight to Hong Kong and never got off at the other end. And we all know about the guy who received his P45 from the Bio Science lab and then his flat burned down 3 days later while he was sleeping. This isn't swept under the carpet. We all *know*. This is *lore*. Look... Let me find the notes I took when I spoke to - hang on -

GORDON SCRAMBLES THROUGH PAPERS, KNOCKING A DRINK OVER AND CURSING. WARREN TALKS OVER THIS.

WARREN:

What are you talking about?... I don't get this. I don't get what's happening here.

GORD: How do you mean?

WARREN: Right, stop, stop, stop.

GORD PAUSES THE RECORDING.

GORD: Are you alright, Warren?

WARREN: I don't understand.

GORD: Would you like to take a break and finish your breakfast? -

WARREN: An hour of sombre silence sitting in the rain getting stood up by his buddy and we then smash cut to full rabbit hole red-strings-on-the-cork-board Gordon. Something's missing. What's happened to Oscar?

PAUSE.

GORD: Is that rhetorical or would you like...-

WARREN: I mean we can imagine what happened to Oscar, this is Red Valley. Something bad. But we have the inside track, don't we? Gordon doesn't know that. So, what happened to Oscar?

NO ANSWER.

WARREN: Not rhetorical.

GORD: Oh. We don't know.

WARREN: Don't worry about spoilers if it's later on, you can just tell me now.

GORD: He's never referred to again. This is the next chapter.

WARREN FINALLY STOPS MOVING.

WARREN: This is the next chapter? Are there, like, timestamps on this, how much time has passed?

GORD: These recordings are taken from cassette tape. There are no timestamps.

WARREN IS THINKING.

WARREN: He cares very much about presentation.

GORD: I'm sorry?

HE STARTS PACING AGAIN.

WARREN: No worries. What's next?

GORD: Would you like to take a break and finish your breakfast?

WARREN: No, I don't need to - I can do two things at once -

GORD: Okay.

WARREN SWALLOWS HIS MOUTHFUL.

WARREN: What even is this stuff by the way? And the guy that dropped it off, he just said hi and disappeared. Like what was that?

GORD: That's a young man called Marm-

WARREN: Forget it. Forget it. Next.

GORD: Right.

GORD SKIPS TO THE NEXT CHAPTER. AT THIS POINT GORDON HAS LOST ALL OF THE PRESENTATION SKILLS HE WAS HONING IN HIS INTRODUCTION. IT'S PURE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS. WARREN EATS BREAKFAST.

GORDON: So, you don't even need to look that far to find other people like me. Well not like me, but you know what I mean. I found the places online where they gather, where they talk. All Overhead. From all around the world. Sharing their theories, their fears. They think it's fun. Finding out the next terrible thing that happened in this place. They're a gang. They call themselves the Headlice.

WARREN'S MOUTH IS FULL AT THIS POINT.

WARREN: Fuck Sake! What? Ugh.

GORDON: I've spoken to plenty of them. Earned my credentials. Caused quite a stir, turns out I'm not the only one who thinks bad things are going down at Red Valley. They joked about it. Just the latest canaries down the coal mine, they said. I keep them sweet, to know what they know. But I will never be one of them. I am no Headlouse. You want to stay ahead in this company, you better do it alone.

WARREN'S ANXIETY IS GROWING. HE DOESN'T  
LIKE WHAT HE'S HEARING.

WARREN: No.

GORDON: The latest theory is just bananas. Cryogenics. Human cryogenics, or cryonics, or whatever it's called!

WARREN: Oh man... No! Next!

GORD: Okay.

GORD SKIPS. WARREN AGITATION CAN BE  
HEARD CLEARLY AS, PARALLEL, GORDON  
SOUNDS EXCITED. FEVERISH.



GORDON: I have just been shown the most gnarly thing I have ever seen. I've been hassling the guy with the Demolition Man username for proof, and they finally sent me this. It's video of an actual catastrophic triple point cryonic event taken at Red Valley! Triple point is when temperature and pressure combine to create simultaneous solid, liquid and vapour. Basically, freezing and boiling at the same time! And I just saw that happen with a fucking *person* in the middle of it. This guy was in a block of ice and then in an instant he was just... alphabetti spaghetti, he was slime! Oh God... I feel sick. But like... in a good way. I think this source is the real deal. Someone actually inside the cryonic project. Someone who actually worked with Bryony fucking Halbech -

WARREN: Fuck sake! What? Listen to yourself... No, no, no, no. NO! Fuck!

WARREN THROWS HIS BOWL AND SPOON  
WHICH CLATTERS AGAINST THE WALL. GORD  
STOPS THE RECORDING.

GORD: Would you like to talk about it, Warren?

WARREN LAUGHS HOLLOWLY.

WARREN: I don't fucking know what you are man. You don't even sound like him. And that doesn't sound like him. Not the Gordon that I know.

PAUSE.

WARREN: I mean. Yeah. When I met him, he was sat at his desk in Archives, and... yeah. Fine. He was, wasn't he? He was just like that, I thought he was a nutjob. But tha... that's when I was... I wasn't really me, not really... Oh... Christ this is all so fucked up...

GORD: We all become different people.

WARREN: He shouldn't be here. If I hadn't walked in that office that day, if I hadn't fed whatever it is that drives this ridiculous behaviour, he'd still be sat at his desk shopping for a fucking tortoise, in 2020, where he belongs. I made him come here, and he never left.

GORD: Would you like to listen to any more recordings?

WARREN IGNORES HIM.

WARREN: Why am I awake? I mean, why now? What's the point of me just being in here on my own going out of my head?

GORD: Aubrey would like to discuss that-

WARREN: Yes, I would like that too. So why isn't she here? I'm awake, I'm me, how can this, how can me listening to nothing but tapes of him and your creepy voice be Plan A?

GORD: Aubrey would like to discuss these matters personally -

WARREN: It isn't Plan A, is it?

NO ANSWER.

WARREN: This isn't how it was meant to go, is it? Something's gone wrong.

GORD: Warren, I think at this point we should take a moment to breathe and reflect -

WARREN: Fuck. There is no we. Where's Aubrey? Is she even here?

NO ANSWER.

WARREN: Hello?

A NEW VOICE COMES OVER THE COMM.

AUBREY: I'm here, Warren.

CUT.

**SCENE 2**

**WARREN SITS IN QUARANTINE.**

WARREN: He's gonna die, isn't he?

AUBREY: If I believed that, there would be no point in keeping it from you.

WARREN: So, what's happening, why have you left me in here?

AUBREY: It's a very busy time right now, Warren...

WARREN: Oh, come on.

AUBREY: It's true! I assure you there was plenty of fuss when you first woke up. I know you're probably used to being the main event -

WARREN: Come again?

AUBREY: I'm just saying, this is a particularly complicated time right now -

WARREN: Why? Tell me why!

AUBREY: I can't explain one part without explaining the rest, and I can't explain the rest until you've seen it, and you can't see it until you're out of quarantine.

WARREN: Then let me out, I'm fine. Is this even a real thing, or are you just watching me to make sure I don't stab myself in the hand or something?

AUBREY: Quarantine is quite real, Warren. It's been 44 years. We need to give you treatment to make sure you're safe out here. And we need to make sure you haven't brought anything dangerous with you. There was some nasty stuff around back then.

WARREN: You haven't told me anything Aubrey. I don't even know how we're still at Red Valley, it's been 44 years, what even happened out there-

AUBREY: You and Gordon were put in hypersleep in the two available cryopods. I sealed you in the tunnel below the station and destroyed any access in or out.

WARREN: And no one has come looking -

AUBREY: I sealed you in. I buried the whole lab.

WARREN: How?

AUBREY: With explosives. Took a lot of work to get back in here you know.

WARREN: I - do you even know what you sound like to me? -

AUBREY: Warren. What matters right now is that you're safe. The answers will come. I know that nothing I'm saying or doing right now is helping very much. And you're right, this isn't exactly how I wanted to do things. I'm sorry, but here we are. I guess this was never going to be easy. But I need you to trust me. We're doing everything we can for Gordon.

WARREN: Okay. Thank you, I guess.

AUBREY: I really can't stay I'm afraid. But it won't be much longer. Alright?

WARREN: Alright.

AUBREY: Alright.

AUBREY PAUSES BEFORE SIGNING OFF.

AUBREY: You shouldn't blame yourself you know. Gordon was always going to end up here, one way or the other. You heard him on those tapes.

WARREN: Maybe. The day I met him, it changed things. You can't pretend otherwise. And that's on me.

AUBREY: You know that's exactly how I feel when it comes to you. All we can do now is try and make things better. While there's still time.

WARREN: Oh, what do you mean while there's still tim-

AUBREY: Oh my God, it's a turn of phrase! It doesn't mean anything!

WARREN: You cannot help it, can you? You have to be dramatic!

AUBREY: I do not!

WARREN: You do so!

AUBREY: Oh, go to sleep!

AUBREY CLICKS OFF. PAUSE.

WARREN: Gord?

GORD: I'm here.

WARREN: You ran to mum when I threw the breakfast bowl, didn't you?

GORD: I can only do so much in my capacity as a caregiver.

WARREN: 'Caregiver.'

WARREN LETS OUT A BREATH, CALMER NOW.

GORD: Would you like to return to the memoir?

WARREN: I don't know.

GORD: There are multiple recordings related to you.

WARREN: Yeah... I don't need to hear any of those right now.

GORD: Okay.

WARREN: How... how does it end?

GORD: The memoir?

WARREN: Yeah.

GORD: It hasn't ended.

WARREN: Humm... Of course, let's... let's be optimistic. To be continued.

GORD: Indeed.

WARREN: Well... Go on then.

GORD: Go on what?

WARREN: Give me another Porlock haiku.

A SLIGHT PAUSE.

GORD: The pink-footed goose. It's squawk heralds a new day.  
Covered in bird shit.



WARREN:                   Excellent. It's very on brand. How many of these have you got?

GORD:                     119.

WARREN SITS DOWN ON HIS BED.

WARREN:                   We best crack on then.

GORD:                     Metropolis zone. Is where I always give up. Just a faff, I think.

END.