

# **WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLLEEPING**

**'Part Four'**

by  
Jonathan Williams

Written by Jonathan Williams  
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**Character List**

Gordon Porlock

Alan Mandel

Warren Godby

Jonathan Williams

Blue Sky

Natalie Day

Clive Schill

Alexander Broad

**EPISODE 4**

**SCENE 1**

**THE CRYOSUITE. GORDON BUSTLES IN WITH  
A BOX UNDER HIS ARM.**

GORDON: Eyyy! It's only bloody Christmas Eve! Hi Warren. Thought I'd come down and spend some of the evening with you.

**GORDON MAKES A FUSS OF SITTING  
HIMSELF DOWN AND RUMMAGING IN HIS BOX  
NEXT TO HIM.**

GORDON: I had a poke around in the cupboards and found some Christmas shit. There's a little 8 inch silver Christmas tree here made of tinsel. Look... you can have that. Oh... And speaking of tinsel...yikes.

**GORDON PULLS TINSEL OUT OF THE BOX,  
STANDS UP AND DRAPES IT OVER THE POD.**

GORDON: There. That fits quite nicely. Oh... Right - the piece of resistance...music.

**GORDON PULLS OUT A TAPE RECORDER AND  
A TAPE.**

GORDON: This is 'O Little Town of Bethmayhem', one of Pus Crank's festive rock medleys. They were a regular fixture at the annual Unholy Night Christmas all-dayer at the club in my hometown. Ah... You would've loved it.

HE LETS THE MUSIC PLAY FOR A MOMENT.

GORDON: So, you look good. I mean your pod looks good. The bleep bleeps sound happy. This pod is far more advanced than the ones used on other subjects that I've seen or read about. It's much smaller. More, uh, coffin-sized. Like umm, Spock's coffin in Wrath of Khan. It would fit nicely into a photon torpedo chute, I think? It's fully portable... apparently. They told me it can run on battery power for 100 years, Lightweight alloy, the wheels pop out the bottom if I press the unlock -

HE PRESSES IT. THE HISS OF HYDRAULICS  
AND A LITTLE BLEEPING ALARM AS THE POD  
UNLOCKS AND RELEASES IT'S WHEELS.

GORDON: Oh shit. Ah no, Shit. Lock. Lock. Lock. Lock. Lock.

IT HISSES BACK DOWN AGAIN.

GORDON: Christ.

PAUSE.

GORDON: Anyway. Tis the season, so thought I'd make this a themed visit. You had a Christmas here, Warren. Maybe not all that different to mine. Let's see how that went shall we. Here's your Ghost of Christmas Past. We're Warren and Gordon, woooooooooooo!

HE TURNS OFF THE MUSIC AND HITS PLAY ON HIS OWN TAPE RECORDER. WARREN IS MAKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE MESS ROOM ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 2018.

WARREN: Ding dong merrily on high. I'm making a recording. You join me here at Red Valley, area of outstanding natural misery, National Heritage site of historical tedium, on Christmas Eve. At least, I think it's Christmas Eve. There aren't many indicators out here, I'm just going off a very small desk calendar from the office. Mungojerrie and Rumpleteazer still won't even tell me their names, much less the actual date. Even now, when it's just me and them, they tap their little Overhead barcode ID badge and tell me it's not my concern.

WARREN: I digress. It's bloody Christmas Eve, allegedly! It's 10:45 in the evening and this is Warren Godby, coming live from the Red Valley mess room with a warm bottle of dessert wine, seeing in the birthday of our lord and saviour by treating myself to a Christmas movie. Well, perhaps not an actual bona fide Christmas movie per se, because the collection here appears to contain no discernible festive...oh wait... Jingle All The Way. Two? Jingle All The Way Two? Who made a sequel to Jingle All The - WWE Studios? What the fuck is this?

HE FRISBEES IT.

WARREN: Actually, this DVD collection appears to have been lifted wholesale from Second Time Around. I think every second-hand place has more or less the same collection. Romcoms with red titles on white backgrounds, yes...not one but two copies of The Day After Tomorrow, yes...ex rental copy of The Passion of the Christ, never saw it, save it for Easter...Ah...the unwanted garbage sequel category...Godfather 3, Die Hard 5, Terminator: Genisys, ugh, Prometheus...come on...oh, wait, A Christmas Carol. Oh for fuck sake, CGI Jim Carrey version! Is it too much to ask for a muppet?

THROWS IT BACK. CUT TO: TIME HAS PASSED. WARREN IS ON THE SOFA.

WARREN: So... Rodrigo didn't make it out of the final test on Tuesday. I came out first, I was in the recovery bay when whatever happened happened. They won't tell me what took place of course. But he's definitely dead. Saw Rumpleteazer mopping up the corridor afterwards. Not as bad as with Ryan, er... they were sponging down the cryosuite for half a day after whatever they did to him. Was he...when was that, was he... was he ... was he third or fourth to go? Why can't I remember that?

WARREN: I thought Rodrigo was going to win. He was young, barely mid-20s, pretty fit. Massive thighs. He was an addict, I knew that much. That was probably it. Still I... I thought he'd last longer than me.

WARREN: I don't really know what happens now. Just Mungojerrie left to tend to the place over the festive season, must've drawn the short straw. Halbech and Rumbleteazer disappeared a couple of days ago. They left in a truck instead of getting picked up by the usual helicopter. Bunch of Overhead roadies jumped out, packed up a lot of stuff this time. Definitely get the feeling that things are wrapping up round here. Jerrie's in the farmhouse... don't know what he's up to. All looks cosy from here.

WARREN: It's not my first Christmas alone. I actually prefer them that way. Infinitely superior to the holidays I used to have growing up. Boo hoo... Woe is me, getting maudlin. Anyway, I expect whatever the next test is, it'll be the last one. So, let's make the most of the night. Maybe I'll give Prometheus another shot. How bad can it be. Toodle pip.

CUT FOR THAT ENTRY, BUT THE TAPE ROLLS ON.

GORDON: Well, that wasn't quite the festive cheer I was hoping for, but hey, you're the one who -

WARREN CUTS IN.

WARREN: Oh my god. Oh my god. What was I thinking? Why...why was Guy Pearce even in that movie, why wouldn't you just hire an old person to play an old person...why did they run away from the doughnut spaceship when it was falling over in that direction, if they just turned 90 degrees and they wouldn't have... forget it. Fine, Let's do it, CGI Christmas Carol. Goodnight.

PAUSE.

GORDON: Okay. Do we think you're finished or -

BLUE SKY: Sorry, are you talking to me?

GORDON: No, I'm not talking to you. We're still not tal -

WARREN: Why would Robert Zemeckis dedicate so much time to making so many films about creepy dead eyed PlayStation characters? Why? What do you gain? Creepy android Jim Carrey as Ebenezer Scrooge, if Michael Caine was here, he'd step on your fucking neck -

CUT.

BLUE SKY: I'm sorry, I didn't catch that.

GORDON: Warren doesn't enjoy the motion capture period of the director Robert Zemeckis.

BLUE SKY: Robert Zemeckis is a film director who came to promi-

GORDON: I know!

WARREN: Who asked for more Die Hards? Who the fuck is Jai Courtney? No one knows!

GORDON: I'm sure I had some kind of plan for the Ghost of Christmas Present section of all this, but I've completely forgotten it.



WARREN: He's here. He's in Terminator: Genisys as well! Who the fuck is this guy? How is he playing the son of John McClane and Kyle Reese -

BLUE SKY: Jai Courtney is an Australian actor -

GORDON: Oh my god! Everyone stop talking!

THE TAPE STOPS.

GORDON: Jesus. Well, this was remarkably similar to a family Christmas at my parents' house, so thanks for that little triggering episode. I think I need some freezing cold air.

GORDON GETS UP TO LEAVE.

GORDON: Oh! Wait! I forgot the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come! Bit of a reach this but it's the best I could do in these uncertain times. A voicemail I got last night.

GORDON HITS VOICEMAIL ON HIS PHONE  
AND TURNS THE SPEAKER UP LOUD.

VOICEMAIL: Message received at 23:40 p.m. on Monday the 23rd of December.

A PARTY, IN A PUB MAYBE. CLIVE SCHILL,  
DRUNK, TO THE MELODY OF SILENT NIGHT:

CLIVE: Gordon night, Porlock night, Fuck this up, I'll set you on fire, alright, that's better, I'll set you alright.

CLIVE DROPS HIS PHONE.

VOICEMAIL: Next message received yesterday at 23:43 p.m. on Monday the 23rd of December.

CLIVE: Away in a Gordon, a dick on his head, the little lord Gordon is such a dickhead, I'll be coming in January to see how you are, if you've messed up anything I'll hit you with my car. I'll actually be coming in a helicopter though. A hel-ee-cop-tahh. Merry Christmas bitch, see you soon, love to Warren, kisses, what a dick. Oh hello darling, sorry Daddy was just making a phone call to one of his special frien -

GORDON TURNS OFF THE VOICEMAIL, AND SPENDS A MOMENT CHANGING THE TAPE BACK TO PUS CRANK.

GORDON: So that's something to look forward to, isn't it. I'll leave the music with you for a while. Look... I'll be back tomorrow, we can sing some carols or something. Merry Christmas, Warren.

HE TURNS PUS CRANK BACK UP AND WALKS AWAY.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE STATION. IT'S DARK, EVENING.  
LITTLE BREEZE, JUST SNOW FALLING  
SOFTLY. GORDON HAS LIT A BONFIRE. IT  
CRACKLES AS HE STANDS BY IT, STAMPING  
HIS FEET TRYING TO WARM UP.

GORDON: Personal log. It's Christmas Eve. Oh, no, it's it's actually Christmas Day now. I lit a fire with the left over wood. Thought it would be a problem with the snow falling but I tossed the dregs of some anaesthetic vapour over it. Nearly took my bloody eyebrows off.

THE FIRE CRACKLES AS GORDON THINKS.

GORDON: Don't know what I was thinking expecting anything cheerful to come from Warren's Christmas Eve. Bit of blind festive optimism I suppose. Anyway, that was actually his last tape. So, I know what happened next. They went for the big one, they put him under properly. Just like he is now. You know... I haven't really talked about what happened that first night here. Bryony let me watch it all. And I did, I stood there and I watched. They put him under general anaesthetic, put a tube in his mouth to ventilate him, started putting all these lines in his arteries and veins. They put gunk in his eyes to protect them and covered them up with goggles. They gave him an infusion to bring down his core temperature.

GORDON: Then... they transferred him into that pod, the giant cigar tube. No one was concerned. Except me. The pod then filled with water, or what looked like water. You could feel the cold coming off it. They let me touch it. It's like er... jelly. And all the time his heart is slowing, all the beeps are dropping in tone and pace and it looked like no one wanted to help, that they were just going to watch him... die.

GORDON: And then it all went quiet. And then the most absurd little ring tone noise, like when Sonic gets an extra life or something. And he was...hypersleeping. And I went to my new bedroom and had a panic attack. So... er, yeah... there we go! A little taste of life at Red Valley.

GORDON COMES OUT OF HIS THOUGHTS  
AND STEPS BACK FROM THE FIRE, GOING TO  
PICK UP A FIRE EXTINGUISHER HE BROUGHT  
WITH HIM.

GORDON: The fire's gone down now. I could let the snow put it out but it's much more fun using the fire extinguisher, never used one in the real world, but here I use it all the time.

WITH A LOUD HISS GORDON LETS RIP,  
PUTTING OUT THE FIRE IN A FEW SECONDS.

GORDON: Yippee ki yay Mother Hubbard!

THE FIRE HISSES AS IT DIES.

GORDON: There is something to being out here all alone in the dark.  
You can be completely...honest.

HE THINKS FOR A MOMENT, BEFORE YELLING  
TO THE SKIES:

GORDON: I WATCHED PROMETHEUS THE OTHER NIGHT AND I  
DIDN'T THINK IT WAS THAT BAAAAAAAAD!

SUDDENLY, IN THE DISTANCE, A SOUND. A  
CAR ENGINE STARTING.

GORDON: What was that?

HEADLIGHTS HAVE TURNED ON.

GORDON: What the...Hey!

HE STARTS TO RUN TO THE SOURCE OF THE  
NOISE. THE CAR, OR VAN, OR WHATEVER IT  
IS, STARTS PULLING A THREE POINT TURN,  
TO LEAVE.

GORDON: Hey! If you didn't want to be seen, don't shine your full  
beams at me! Hey! I didn't mean that about Prometheus!  
Come back!

THE VEHICLE HAS TURNED AND WITH A  
CRUNCH OF GEARS AND WHEEL SPIN ON  
GRAVEL, DEPARTS. GORDON RUNS ON FOR  
ANOTHER MOMENT BEFORE GIVING UP.

GORDON: You better have been Santa!

HE TAKES A MOMENT TO CATCH HIS BREATH.

GORDON: Does Santa drive a camper van?

END.