

**WHILE YOU WERE HYPERSLLEEPING**

**'Part Four**

by

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**Character List**

Gordon Porlock

Warren Godby

Blue Sky

Clive Schill

**EPISODE 4**

**'Part Four'**

**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. I know you can't hear me cos you're clinically dead and in a large metal freezer but that shouldn't get in the way of companionship should it.

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

GORDON: Anyway. Had a poke around in the cupboards and found some Christmas shit! It's like 80s office party stuff, bloody awful but what are you going to do. Here's an Overhead snowglobe!

**HE SHAKES IT AND PUTS IT ON THE POD.**

GORDON: There's a little 8 inch silver Christmas tree made of tinsel. For your desk I suppose. You can have that. 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. Right - the piece of resistance...music.

GORDON PULLS OUT A TAPE RECORDER AND A  
TAPE.

GORDON: This tape recorder was in one of the old officer's bunks. It has a mic, I think it's like the one previous inhabitants like you would've used to record their logs. Far more importantly though, they sent on some of my things from home including a little festive treat I thought might create a little yuletide atmosphere. Here we go.

GORDON POPS A TAPE INTO THE RECORDER  
AND HITS PLAY. THE RECORDING, TURNED UP  
FAR TOO LOUD, IS PUS CRANK'S CHRISTMAS  
ROCK MEDLEY.

GORDON: Oop! That's probably a bit much for you isn't it Warren!

HE TURNS IT DOWN.

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. You would've loved it.

HE LETS THE MUSIC PLAY FOR A MOMENT.

GORDON: So you look good. I mean your pod looks good. I gave it a polish the other day. Well not polished. Just some kitchen surface cleaner and a flannel. It's all smudgy now I look at it. But none of the monitors are complaining. The bleep bleeps sound happy. There's the little print out that chugs out of the control panel every 24 hours like a till receipt, I still don't understand any of it but it all says 'in acceptable range' so I'm sure that's good. 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 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, I found some passing mention of pioneering battery technology developed from radioactive waste and special particles and lasers fired at diamonds or something, which I'm going to call bullshit on. But it is all very swish. Lightweight alloy, 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. Shit. Lock. Lock.

IT HISSES BACK DOWN AGAIN.

GORDON: Christ, it wobbles when it does that. Yeesh.

PAUSE.

GORDON: Anyway. Tis the season so thought I'd make this a themed visit, beyond the tinsel and music. I thought this might be a good time to play some of what I've been archiving. You had a Christmas here Warren. Maybe not all that different to mine. I've been listening to the rest of your recordings and, well, I'd be lying if I said you sounded like you were having a good time. But there's a gap in late December 2018 when you and the other remaining subject, a chap called Rodney 'Rodrigo' Clay, are having a prolonged test of rapid cooling treatment followed by induced coma, and then nothing until Christmas Eve. So lets see how that went shall we. Without any further ado then, welcome to A Crankmas Carol. That's a pun on Pus Crank. 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. 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 date. Even now, when it's just me and them, they tap their little Overhead barcode ID badges and tell me it's not my concern. I don't know how Dr Halbech deals with them, these anonymous little bootlickers in white coats scurrying around doing her bidding...

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 I thought was vegetable oil and tastes almost as bad, seeing in the birthday of our lord and saviour by treating myself to a Christmas movie. 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? 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, my old stomping ground and purveyors of the finest unwanted crap in all of Gravesend. 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 maybe...Ah...the unwanted garbage sequel category...Godfather 3, Die Hard 5, Terminator: Genisys, ugh, Prometheus...come on...oh, A Christmas Carol. 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. The final audition. I came out first, I was in the recovery bay when whatever happened happened. Dozed through the whole thing. They won't tell me what took place of course. But he's definitely dead. I saw them wheel him off in a big wet bag. Saw Rumpleteazer mopping up the corridor afterwards. Not as bad as with Ryan Cubitt, they were sponging down the cryosuite for half a day after whatever they did to him. Was he...when was that, 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. Big cyclist he was saying, in his pre-incarceration days. Guess he must've had something wrong with his insides, or he would've made the cut the first time Overhead came calling. He was an addict, I know that much. That was probably it. Still 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. Dr Halbech and Rumpleteazer disappeared a couple of days ago. Maybe they go back to their families at Christmas, after a long December of poking and prodding people until they drown or suffocate or bleed out or burst. They left in a truck instead of getting picked up by helicopter like usual. Bunch of Overhead roadies packed a lot of stuff this time. Definitely get the feeling that things are wrapping up round here. Jerry's in the farmhouse, don't know what he's up to. Lights are on. Looks cosy from here.

WARREN: It's not my first Christmas alone. I actually prefer them that way. Infinitely superior to the holidays I had growing up. They were far more lonely, no matter how many Godbys were round the table. This is getting maudlin. Anyway I expect whatever the next test is, it'll be the last. Hopefully I've done my part for the future of...cryo whatever. So lets 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 no, 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 in that direction, if they just turned 90 degrees...ugh. Fine, 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's to gain? Creepy android Jim Carrey as Ebenezer Scrooge, if Michael Caine was here he'd step on your damn 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 prominence in -

GORDON: I know!

WARREN: Who asked for more Die Hards? No one! Who the fuck is Jai Courtney? Who 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 in Terminator: Genisys as well! Who the fuck is this guy? How is he playing the son of John McClane and Kyle Reese, and no one knows who the fuck he is?

GORDON: He was in Suicide Squad if that helps.

BLUE SKY: Jai Courtney is an Australian actor -

GORDON: Oh my god! Everyone stop talking!

THE TAPE STOPS.

GORDON: Jesus. Thank you. 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. Sometimes I look at that pod and I envy you, Warren Godby.

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. Voicemail I got last night.

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

VOICEMAIL: -ssage received yesterday at 23:40 hours 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, alight, that's better, I'll set you alight. Don't break anything or I'll cut out your eyes, I'll rip off your ears and I'll spoon out your mind - oop -

CLIVE DROPS HIS PHONE.

VOICEMAIL: Message received yesterday at 23:43 hours 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, mwah. Lol, 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. 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: Gordon Porlock, personal log. Christmas Eve. Oh, it's actually Christmas Day now. Lit a fire with the left over wood. Thought it would be a problem with the snow falling but I have around 7 tonnes of that computer paper to use as kindling and 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. Spent the last couple of weeks going through all his personal recordings. Sometimes they're wild and fraught, running on for ages, worrying about everything that's happening, big or small. He's terrified at of being put under and not knowing if he'll wake up one day, equally fearful at the prospect of being required to do 50 sit ups the next. Sometimes, he's clearly still under the influence of whatever they've given him, repeating himself, unable to remember what he's done that day or even what he's said 5 minutes ago. He even fell asleep while he was recording at one point.

GORDON:

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. I haven't really talked about what happened that first night here. After Warren passed out and the team descended on him. 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, catheters, all these stickers over his chest and a probe down his throat to map his heart, entropy sensors on his head to assess his level of consciousness. They put gunk in his eyes to protect them and covered them up with goggles. They gave him an infusion of freezing saline to bring down his core temperature.

GORDON:

Then they transferred him into that pod, the giant cigar tube. It took them hours to be happy enough to begin, but when they did, there was loads of hissing and sounds like pistons moving, like an old boiler being fired up. Didn't sound very healthy to be honest but no one was concerned. Except me. The pod filled with water, or what looked like water. You could feel the cold coming off it. And then Bryony said go, and the water started to solidify. Not rock solid. They let me touch it. It's like jelly. And all the time his heart is slowing, his respiratory rate is falling, the brain activity is dropping, and it sounded like he was dying, 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: It all goes quiet. And then the most absurd little ring tone noise, like when Sonic gets an extra life or something, and Grace and Pam cheered and shake hands, Bryony drops the lid on the pod and they all clamp it shut. And he was...hypersleeping. And I went to my new bedroom and had a panic attack. So...there we go! A little taste of life at Red Valley. Maybe it's the worst place on Earth. Maybe it's where we both belong, Warren Godby.

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, use it all the time here.

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! 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: Merry fucking Christmas! You better have been Santa!

HE TAKES A MOMENT TO CATCH HIS BREATH.

GORDON: Does Santa drive a camper van?

END.