

Dockers Episode 6

Big Glass Onion Head.

Version 1.00 (Alpha)

(Advertiser) Have you been involved in a space accident? Been speared by an anaconda flying out of the docking bay? Maybe you were listening to lave radio and fell asleep and accidently supercruised into a planet. Or perhaps you hit the boost instead of the breaks? Have you been shot down for carrying Illegal goods or had a bounty on your head you didn't even know about? A victim of piracy or just plain pilot incompetence. Have you just lost your ship, and cried when you don't have enough to pay for its insurance? Well Sidewinder for you can help.

Our team of federal agents will look at your credit balance and tut wildly at your mistake. your hauler may be gone, your anaconda a thing of the past but with sidewinder for you you needn't be immobile for long, just spend a few mins having a good sob then click the simple Free sidewinder button on our website and you can be flying back amongst the stars faster than you can say bloody griefers.

Never worry about that pesky buy back price ever again and LAUGH when anyone asks you 'Do you have enough for the insurance on that?'

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(fast reader) Sidewinder for you will only provide the basic model with one free useless pulse laser which is borrowed we want it back ya bastid, we are not responsible for the crying and depression caused by the loss of multiple days grinding, data and any glitches which caused your ship to crash in the first place. no part of your original ship will be available to you nor its cargo,data, bounties or any other cash or units contained within your ship, you get a basic sidewinder and thats it and your bloody lucky to get that we really should make you work at mcthargoids for a month or spend a week licking chris bobberts boots. Sign up Now!!!!!!

(Narrator) Barnard's Star, A low-mass red dwarf star about six light-years away from Sol, Industrious and home to over 10 million people. Barnard's Station is the hub of all the interplanetary trade in the system, the busy comings and goings from all over the galaxy. Bringing in goods and taking away the robotics and computers that Barnard's star is famed for throughout the galaxy. All this activity has to be controlled, cargoes must be scanned, ships must be authorised and fee's and bounties must be paid. These are the duties of the Barnard Star Dockers.

(Sean) Yeah you're cleared for take off, you have 5 mins to clear the docking bay have a nice day commander...

(Richard) Cmdr Oliver Penis your cleared to land proceed to bay 17

(Tara) I don't care what your name is you don't fire at the station. Engaging Lethal Response.....*sfx explosion*.....

(Sean) Busy day today seems trade has picked up again.

(Richard) Yeah its all black market stuff though since bloody Ross 154 decided to expand into our stations....I hear they're blockading the system too now....

(Sean) Yeah I haven't seen a regular trader in ages now you mention it....

(Richard) Davids renaming of our activity product has a lot to do with that I expect, well that and the war....

(Sean) Yeah who ever heard of a Mining Industrial Agricultural Refinery Service Enterprise. Although everyones calling it MI-ARSE for short.

(Tara) Well its certainly brought the pirates in.

(Richard) He needs to do something about all this smuggling though. Every corner on the way back to the motel last night there was someone trying to sell me something Illegal

(Sean) Oh I know there was some bloke selling knocked off progenitor cells, I don't think they are the real thing though. I saw someone take Five of them. next thing I know theres an 11 month old baby crawling around on the floor.

(Tara) Not just that the Rip off McThargoids products are a joke, what's that empire one called now?

(Sean) thats erm Trumble Princes.

(Tara) Thats the one... well their selling Grubb shakes in the station now.

(Richard) they are bloody tasty too, nice and slurpy...

(Sean) I bet May loves the fact you're sucking off the opposition.

(Richard) Don't tell her, but im sick to the back teeth of McThargoids. Every other day its all I eat. I've ate so many trumble nuggets my hair is starting to turn into fur. *coms beep*...Thats strange I don't see anything on the scanner....

(Sean) hmm...hello cmdr. yes i can hear you i can't see you though...what..erm yes we have pads available....erm yeah pad 31...you have 10 mins....

(Richard) thats strange the scanner must be.....

***sfx* wooshing sound.....sound of screeching brakes.....**

....HOLY SHIT WHAT THE FUCK.....

(Sean) where the fuck did he come from.....*comms on* erm next time mate you might want to enter the docking port at less than 300k a second *comms off*

(Tara) More bloody smugglers.....

(Narrator) Will Clampit is in charge of parking onboard the station. It is his job to make sure Pilots sit on their assigned bays and don't cause a nuisance. He has the power to levy fines, It's a lonely job and lothed by everyone who flies a ship.

(Will [aussie]) yeah mate? ya can't park that there, you parked it like a wallaby taking a shit. bouncing around all over and generally leaving it everywhere. now bloody move it before another sidey gets thrown out the air lock..... Yeah sorry about that bloody Spoms, Spoms yeah it means space pilots of mega stupidity, and theres shiteloads of them bruce. look at this idiot here more spread out than a shelas legs you could fit three lakon type 9's into the space he's took up with his sindewinder....there we go 1000cr fine that'll teach the bloody spom to park sideways on my station....

(David)....erm do you know who I am?

(Will) Couldn't give a flying fuck who you are mate, your not parking that there...

(David) I'm the station Commander you can't just ticket me,,Why don't you get a proper job fucking duval.....

(Will) listen here bruce, If I had a credit for every time I heard that, I could pay off your bloody fine...

(David) I was only fucking popping in for 30 mins, Give me that ticket...what fucking 1000 credits, for parking on a blue line....

(Will) How am I meant to know the bloody ins and outs of your day? The only thing I see is a big fat ugly sidey, contravening. you're lucky you came back when you did mate, blue line I could have had you lasered by the stations security...

(David) Hans wouldn't bloody dare. I used to think when someone couldn't do anything useful, they did have radio , you can take this ticket and shove it up your fucking arse...

(Will) Look mate I walk 50 miles around this station every day, my feet bloody hurt because of the low gravity I have to bounce everywhere like a rabid kangaroo. It's not my fault you can't park a sidewinder, so why don't you take the ticket pay it and if you don't like it stick it up your own fucking arse you whinging spom.....

(David) What??? how dare you...Michelle.....Michelle? where is that woman...MICHELLE!!!!

(Will) oh, you looking for the sheila with the french accent? yeah, sorry mate she's had to go to minerva, see when I was ticketing ya ship mate, she tried to hit me with a mug, Well all space wardens are trained in self defence, It was an accident mate I meant to take the mug off her but I might of got carried away a bit.....

(David) You put my secretary in the hospital.....Why you.....This won't be the last you hear of me. Now out of my way pleb I have a meeting to make....

(Will) What about this bloody sidey mate....

(David) You lay one fucking finger on that sidewinder and I will stick your own fucking shrimp right into your grill....

(narrator) Sarah Churchill has called a meeting of the staff to discuss the stations new direction, The increase of Smuggling is top of the agenda, along with the additional traffic and possible solutions to the problem. David due to his poor parking skills has arrived late....

(Sarah) So nice of you to join David maybe next time you could arrive in the same season as the meeting.

(David) It's that bastard Will Clampitt, I've had that sidewinder 2 days and he's ticketed me 3 times already. I swear when I get my hands on him it won't just be a mug he's removing from his anus...

(Sarah) You will leave my space wardens alone David I'm warning you...Ok we have to talk about smugglers, It's getting out of control on my way here I was sprayed with so many illegal perfumes I'm beginning to smell like Susan Boils on the pull, not to mention the amount of speed limit violations we've had. Lou Brushé had to have a wig fitted the other day after his hair was burnt off by a speeding viper flying, head height at max boost

(Hans) If i had more vipers I could control them better. It is impossible with only 5 there is so many of them I can only intercept and kill about 30% of them.....now If i had a fleet of 15 THEN I COULD TAKE THE FIGHT TO THE IMPERIOUS BASTARDS....sorry erm we could control the area better.

(Sarah) We can't afford more vipers, besides Hans you can only shoot what you can see and the cunning smugglers are using silent running.

(Richard) Yeah just this morning we had a screamer, as we call them now, federation rules say we must allow everyone to have docking permission within a set time limit, however bad their reputation. In most cases we don't know their reputation till hans's vipers scan them.

(Sean) What we need is some kind of Mega pilot. Someone who knows their tactics who can beat them at their own game.

(Sarah) great idea sean but where would we find such a pilot?

(Richard)...Well there is this one girl....

(David)....Oh for fuck sake not her....

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(Sean)....you mean....oh my....

(Doug)...oooooo you mean....

(Everyone) Cmdr Luvcox.....

(David) oh god the woman is an imbecile

(Sean) she can hit a sidewinders cargo bay from 14k away though

(Richard) she can take on an elite anaconda with no shields and a loaned pulse laser and win...

(Sarah) and she's hung like the winner of the Diso Derby.....erm sorry I was thinking of someone else...

(Doug) she's my ex girlfriend.....

(Richard) WHAT!?!

(Doug) We went to the same Boarding school on Eta Cassiopea, It was a long time ago now, I still keep in touch. I can give her a ring if you want.

(Sarah) Can we afford her?

(Doug) oh give her 5000cr a ship it'll be cheaper than having Hans using up all the stations fuel.

(Sarah) Well thats that then we'll get in cmdr luvcox..

(David) for fucks sake, this is starting to be a very bad day..... I'm going to see Michelle in the hospital.....

ALARM!!!! Tannoy on (newsreader maybe Teddy ryde) Attention all staff.... As you are no doubt aware Barnard's star has come under attack from some ne'er do wells from the ross154 system. Our brave men and boys at the front are giving the berries a Damn good whipping. But what can I do to help I hear you cry? Well from today there is a New initiative. We call on all the citizens of bastards star to join barnards star territorial armed reserves defence service, or the bastards. You shall elect a leader and be prepared to be the last line of defence against the evil aggressors currently engaging in our peaceful system.....in other news...Susan Boils has been found naked....(radio off)

(Narrator) The war that has plunged Barnard's Star into chaos has not been without controversy. All able bodied personel have been drafted to fight the war if their position isn't of vital importance to the war effort....David is visiting Michelle in hospital where she is waiting for an operation to reset her bones....

(David) Ok ok Station Defence...Right then.... Leader ok thats me....

(Michelle) We 'ar supposed to elect ze leader your magnificence.....

(David) ok ok right i vote for me....you vote for me.... I win

(Michelle) oui your Totalitarianess.....

(David) I'll put the message out on the tannoy, all Volunteers and non-essential staff to report to the hanger...This tea tastes a bit off Michelle....

(Michelle) We ran out of ze tea last week your Specialness....

(David) what the fuck have I been drinking for the last week then....

(Michelle) it is my own special brew made from mashed up onion head with just a touch of leesti evil juice boiled with the droppings of ze tree grub.....and ze milk and two sugars.....

(David) well its fucking disgusting....Wait a minute isn't onion head on our illegals list....

(Michelle) well yesssssss...but with ze war, Ivan Itchcheanus..well he's the only one getting goods in past ze blockade.....So i just used what 'ee 'add

(David) Oh that bloody Spiv, I thought we closed that bastard down....Actually this tea is quite moreish....

(Michelle) erm he just went underground your Regalness.....

(David) Well...Tell that bastard he can continue as long as he joins our little defence force...now put the message out...And take that unicorn off your head it looks ridiculous...

(Michelle) *Tannoy on* 'Ello Barnard's star, due to the ongoing war ve have been told to create an army of volunteers to protect ze station should that ever happen.....All volunteers and non-essential staff to Docking bay 10

(Narrator) The staff have gathered in one of the stations hangers. Some of the staff however are not happy, especially where their roles in the station come in to play....

(David) Ok As leader of this rabble you will obey everything I say. Hans here has kindly agreed to be my Sergeant, Basically I don't trust any of you bastards with any position of power...Right Sergeant Hans take it from here....

(Richard) non-essential staff...I tell you docking ships is important....

(Hans) Silence when you speak to an officer.

(Sean) Don't worry Richard im sure they won't have us on the front line.....

(Hans) listen you 'orrible lot if I hear one more sound out of youzze I'll have you lick out the officers latrine, and I'm warning you I had McThargoids for lunch.....

David) You are all bloody nonessential at the moment, with the blockade hardly any ships have been in or out in days so at the moment i'm paying you to sit on your arse....Hans? Where on earth did you get that Thargoid...never mind i'm sure he'll fit in fine....

(Sean) But i'm too good looking to go to war.....

(David)Take these two away mark them A1....Fit for duty.....and take that thargoid with them too....and that army of daffodils could come in handy too.....

(Narrator) Richard and Sean are being lined up with all the other recruits from the station, it is Hans Supp's Job to whip them into shape, sometimes literally.....

(Sean) Hi Hans, hows it going....

(Hans) YOU WILL CALL ME SERGEANT!!!!

(Sean) What? *slap sound* Sorry Sergeant.....(whispered)...I bet he's only got one ball

(Richard) (Whispered) shut up sean before you get us in trouble.....

(Hans) I HEARD THAT..Private Swallow.....Get down and give me some push ups....

(Richard) 1.....2.....(panting) Permission to recover sarge....

(Hans) RECOVER...FROM WHAT EXACTLY??

(Richard) you said do some push ups.....

(Hans) And you think you can decide when you've done enough? You are going to stay down there and push until your feeble fucking arms shove this station out of its fucking orbit and send us spiraling into the fucking sun...

(Richard)Yes....Sergent....1.....2.....3....4.....

(Hans) You 'orrible lot make me believe in reincarnation because none of you could become this fucking stupid in one lifetime. My name is Hans Supp..You will call me Hans or Sarge....when I shout attention I want to hear the sound of 20 arse cheeks slapping shut do i make myself clear?

(whole squad) YES SERGEANT.....

(Richard)7....argghhhhhhhhhhh.....8.....

(Hans) for fucks sake...it's not that fucking difficult, Private Swallow. It's not like I asked to eat a bowl of apples and shit out a fruit salad.....I want you to push like you spent the last fucking month eating nothing but cheese.....

(Richard) 9.....I think I'm going to pass out.....

(Hans) I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH A USELESS FUCKING CUNT SINCE I MET YOUR MOTHER IN MCTHARGOIDS.....GET UP PRIVATE SWALLOW..

(Richard) (Panting)

(Hans)....Close that fucking mouth Private Swallow its not raining dicks....

(Richard)....Yes...Serge....

(Hans) Serge? SERGE?! I only know three types of serge! Sauserge Masserge, and back fuckin passerge! Are you calling me an asshole Private Swallow???

(Richard)...No...Sir.. I mean Sergeant...

(Hans).....Private Swallow...you should have been a blow job....Right you 'orrible lot the service has deemed it fit to feed you...Personally I think some of you have ate a mess hall....Fall out.....

(Narrator) Back in the Thargoid and Fer-De-Lance Jack is having an after shit drink with his friend and some say his lover.

(Jack) 'Ere you know about yer collection of underwear Finn....?

(Finn) oh yes Ive got nearly all the celebs and a few others too...

(Jack) A few others???

(Finn) well you know erm people leave things behind in the station laundry and things like that....

(Jack) oh god, hang on a min.....No you won't...

(Finn) what?

(Jack) no it was a silly idea....

(Finn) no go on... I like your Silly Ideas anyway...

(Jack) I was thinking if you had some of Tara's I could have a bit of fun

(Finn) how many do you need?

(Jack) FINN! erm....gawd...how many do you have...

(Finn) hang on i've got it on a spreadsheet on my tablet.....right..Tara.....184 pairs.....

(Jack) *Splutters* 184!!! Crikey Finn.....

(Finn) well she likes to leave them lying around you know outside waving around in the air conditioning I just can't resist...

(Jack) Finn thats called a washing line and oh gawd....never mind....Can I borrow a pair?

(Finn) ...erm yeah as long as I get them back, they're all catalogued you see, I hate it when a pair goes missing messes up my numbering system....

(Jack) Just out of interest, how many pairs have you got all together.

(Finn) oh not that many...403,392 including the Susan Boils Collection,.....

(Narrator) doug kittout is making a phone call to commander luvcox to see if she can deal with the smuggling problem on the station...Sean lswilly having finished his training for the day sits in with him....

phone ring

(luvcox) you've reached cmdr luvcox, The best looking Pilot this side of the universe. when you've finished knocking one out leave a message after the tone. please no cock pictures, if I wanted to spend all day looking at dicks I would visit Chris Bobbarts...ME.OW

(Doug) Hey Cmdr Luvcox it's your old friend Doug. *phone being picked up*

(Luvcox) ...hey....doug hows my old spermbag doing, Still poking that sausage into random black holes...

(sean) Hi Cmdr....

(luvcox) oh who's that bit of rough? Sounds like he could spend all day riding and all night licking 'em right, The kind of man who knows which way up is in Zero-G....Grrrrrr

(sean) Giggles....

(Luvcox)...well what can I do for you Doug? I've gotta go soon before the men start throwing themselves out of the airlock because they haven't seen me in 5 mins.....

(doug) Well we've got this smuggling operation going on and it's ruining our station me luvver, I were hoping you could give us a hand and help sort it out....

(luvcox) what's in it for me, I can't just leave this system last time I did that half the population broke their wrists as they said goodbye.....

(Doug) 5000cr a ship, free food and accommodation and if you help teach our viper pilots there is another 5000 a day in it for you.....

(luvcox)...well cancel the viagra order. boot up the 24 hour hologram of me, hand out the free wet wipes and I'll be on my way...

(Doug) oo rr me babba i'll wait for you in the docking bay.....

(narrator) Meanwhile David has turned up at minerva's hospital again, However Michelle is still asleep having undergone bone restructuring surgery, this however does not stop David talking to her.

(David)...Cmdr luvcox. The greatest pilot in the galaxy my arse. All that happens when she comes around is that the IQ doubles on her homeworld and halves in my fucking station. I have bigger things to worry about like how to get that rainbow coloured walrus out of my office....

(michelle) *snores loudly* sleepily yessss your totalitarianess *snore*

(David) I'd rather spread Lavian Grubbuter on my anus and play kiss chase with a rampant thargoid than spend any time with that woman.....Why are the walls dripping in here? Must be another leak. Call Lou Brushe.....

(michelle) *snore*

(David) ...and another thing if she's such a good pilot how come she ended up spending two years in an imperial mine hacking out tantalum during the war...oh wake up you stupid woman....hmm nobody here.... MUG!!!.... thats funny. Usually they shatter when I hit someone. Not melt into a heavenly choir.

(Michelle) *sings french national anthem* Allons enfants de la patrie, Le jour de gloire est arrivé!!!!.....uhhh wah yessssssssssss oh erm your majesty....what happened....

(David) you had your leg twisted around your neck by Will Clampitt as far as I can make out from your notes, now get up we have work to do.....Do you know anything about Horny Mammoths?

Coms David Broobin to Sarah Churchill's office, David Broobin to Sarah Churchill.....

(David) oh what the fuck does that stupid tart want now.. can't you see I'm busy woman...MICHELLE wake up, the walls are closing in on us.....and that Eskimo is looking frisky.

(Narrator) David has arrived at Sarah Churchills office with Michelle who is still feeling a little groggy after her surgery. David however is in no mood for frolicking around.

(Sarah) ahhhh David sit down, ok as you know we've had to get in a specialist pilot to help deal with the smuggling issue on the station. now i've looked through everybodys record but yours was the one that caught my eye. I never knew you were in the green eagles....

(David) erm oh er yes but that was a long time ago, over 30 years . Things have changed now I couldn't fly the new eagle if you spent a week telling me where all the buttons were.....You haven't got any tea have you?

(Sarah)..David stop shaking please....It says here your squadron leader was none other than Cmdr Luvcox....

(David) ahh yes stupid woman, she's got a mouth on her like a biowaste ship.....are you sure you have no tea ?

(Sarah) It also says you smacked her around the head with a mug.....Are you alright david you're sweating like a dyslexic playing scrabble....

(David) ..Im fine, im fine...ah yes well...we had a minor disagreement...nothing serious....Now about that Tea.....

(Sarah) She spent 2 months in medical.....

(David) Best 2 months of my time in the Green Eagles.....do you think you could find just one cup of tea?.....

(Sarah) Well whatever the past I want you to treat her nicely and If i find out you've been saying anything or god forbid you hit her with a mug again I'm going to replace you with Richard Swallow. *fx* loud thud * oh and David..... please put Michelle back in the medical bay she's passed out....

(David) She's only acting....

(Sarah) Acting....she's out for the count.... I'll call you a temp.

(David) Fuck I hate temps, always end up with some stupid Bimbo who can't take their mugs.....now if you're done I need some nice hot tea.....

(narrator) Cmdr luvcox is starting her docking procedure some of the staff have turned out on the docking pad to welcome her to the station...David has managed suppress his urge for tea

(Doug) oh here she is now me luvvers. wow look at that docking not an inch of thrust used straight onto the pad

(Finn) I bet she's good at other maneuvers too. She certainly looked good in the customs custom Calender of 3298....

sfx cargo door

(Luvcox) wow are you all stood to attention for me, very nice you're standing up straight too. Ahh Doug my old spunkbubble still hanging like a stallion. who's this?

(Finn) Finn...Finn gerrin..

(Luvcox) oh i bet you've done a lot of that. Finn keeps on shooting whilst the women keep hootin'

(David) oh for fuck sake woman..

(Luvcox)....oh Davey...you haven't changed a bit still looking like an escaped hobbit

(David) yes and you're still looking like you spent all last month on your back whilst being serviced by the entire engineering crew of mianus. You're the only woman I know who could take an entire orchestra and their instruments.....

(Sarah) DAVID!! some decorum please. Delighted to meet you Cdmr Luvcox...

(Luvcox) you never told me your station officer was better looking than me Doug. still i bet she swings both ways like a gorilla on a tyre swing, with just as many banana's too...MEOW... So Churchy wheres the bother?

Sfx ship at full boost

(Sarah) erm that sort of thing is the bother.....

sfx loud gunshot

Sfx scream

Sfx Explosion

(lucvox) well theres one pilot who won't be going nuts tonight...

(Finn) Did you see that she shot his balls off...from this range....wow....what a woman.....

(lucvox) I see you have the usual pirate and smuggler infestation.... well smack my thargoid and rub my trumble...lets meet the crew....

(Hans) yes Sir ok Most of ze pilots are out flying at ze moment.....Hangs here is....

(Hangs Solow) *interrupting* well obviously, I'm hangs solow Lt hangs solow 3rd class medal of honour and pink heart.... And by far the best pilot on this station. I'm in charge of this rabble all 5000 of them

(Hans) Ahem...

(Hangs) erm sorry 500....

(Hans) *Coughs*

(Hangs) ok 5 of them..... But they are the best and as their leader running this squadron and the station is hard work....

(David) Running the station....Why you little shit...you can't even run a pirate out of the system....4 weeks it took you to catch one pirate. ONE!!, and then when you got him back it turns out he's 84 years old and had borrowed his son's sidewinder to pop out to the shops.....

(Hangs) we taught him one hell of a lesson though...it deterred pirates for a week

(David) It did nothing of the sort, it made the OAP's of barnard's star write a very stern letter.

(Hangs) he had a pirates logo on his ship and he fired at the station.....

(David) he had a picture of his daughter, and he dumped a heat sink outside the station because he didn't want to burn his hands on the ship as he was exiting, you are about as incompetent a pilot as we could ever hope to employ. and to make matters worse your now going to be trained by the bitch from bolg.....

(Luvcox) ok hangs lead me to your ship and we'll take the first patrol together.....

(Hangs) ...be prepared to witness the best one handed display you've ever seen.....

(Luvcox)...what are you going to do masturbate for me? I've seen enough of that to last a life time

(Hangs)... you best appreciate what you're working with here or i'll make it very hard for you....

(Luvcox) Please there are ladies present.....

(David) so how do you intend to deal with these pirates anyway? personally I would recommend you fill two mugs with steaming hot tea, slam them together on their bollocks, like cymbals whilst whistling colonel bogey at full pitch.....

(Hangs) come on...come on....I have secrets to tell you, which i can't tell you because you haven't sent me a letter yet.....

(Narrator) Richard has decided to purchase the apartment that he and May rented over the Christmas period and in order to surprise May he pops into Mcthargoids where Jack is having his dinner

(Jack) ...oh these new McMammals are really delicious, made from the finest quality crushed mammals In the galaxy.....

(Richard) oh look Jack has several animals in his mouth, I bet thats happened before.

(Jack) I didn't swallow..It doesn't count... Besides Dick you're forgetting where we had to pull the peperami out of....

(Richard) alright....alright I'm not having you spoil my good mood....Yeah can i have 20 Bolg Balls to take out, and may I speak to May please.....

(May) ohhh Hello Richard, I wasn't expecting you here this evening....here's your Hot Balls....

(Richard) Well I got some good news I've sorted out a mortgage so we can move in to the apartment full time now....

(May) really? oh Richard this will be fantastic... I can't wait to tell everyone...My mother will be so happy...only this morning she told me the bathroom always tastes of trumble sweat and printer toner with just a hint of bubble wrap after you've been using it.....

(Jack) Ah could slip around for dinner with you May, open a few bottles of wine.....

(Richard) the only thing you'll be drinking is your own blood if I so much as see you within a mile of my place.....

(Jack) tha' couldn't open a suitcase with a crowbar.....

(Richard) I could open you up like a can of sardines.....

(Jack) What like you opened up Tara.....

(Richard) Why you.....

(Jack) ARRRGHHHH!!!!

(May) RICHARD!! Apologize to Jack, Slapping him in the face with your balls like that....

(Richard) Im not apologising to anyone for anything....

(Jack) I'll have thee Dick Swallow....Right im off home....

(Richard) Yeah me too.... ok 169 Bell End, new home here I come...

(Narrator) Cmdr Luvcox is taking a back seat in the viper whilst Hangs Solow takes her through his daily routine. David is monitoring all the developments from the air traffic control booth with Hans....

(Luvcox) Well lets see how you handle this viper, fire up the thrusters and shove it through the slot....

(Hangs) ...ok...mirrors...check...fuel level...check...adjust chair....the greatest pilot the fed has ever seen....ok and ease it forward

SFX Loud Clang

(Hangs) and shift it upwards....

SFX Loud Clang

(Hangs) Retract the landing gear

***SFX Loud Clang and scraping noise <think nails on blackboard>**

(Luvcox) ARRRGHHHHH.... I haven't heard a noise like that since Susan Boils sang the hits of Yokel Oh-no. Still that was one wild orgy....ahhh...Right now ease it upwards like you were riding a virgin....

(Hangs) ok off the take off ramp and thrusters.....

(Luvcox) MIND THAT FUCKING SHIP.....

(Hangs) what ship?

(Luvcox) That bloody lakon type 9 thats coming the other way

(Hangs) oh that ship...yes I'll just stop here

SFX BOOST

(Luvcox) ARRRGGHHHHHHHHH

(Hangs) ooops don't worry I got this....I got....*sfx various crash sounds* ,Yeahhhhhh see straight through the slot....So what do you think

(Luvcox) ...we're down to 5% hull, the canopy is leaking air, the landing gear has been ripped off and the bobble head is currently lodged up my right nostril.... but apart from that the take off was perfect.....

(Hangs) you really think it was perfect.....

(Luvcox) Of course it wasn't fucking perfect you twat now turn this viper around before I decorate the walls of the station with a rather fetching new paint i call bollocks of Solow.....

(Narrator) Meanwhile back in David's office, David and Hans are monitoring the progress on the stations progress monitors, David seems to be really enjoying the display.....

(David) *laughing* ohhh did you see that Hans... Now we have two good things that could happen here

(Hans) We train Hangs and ze Luvcox meets me in my room later???

(David) No that by lunchtime they're both being cleaned off the walls by Lou
Brushe....Michelle...oh bugger....erm...Hans....oh where is this fucking temp I was promised....

(Narrator) back at Finn Gerrins house Finn is going through his personal underwear collection
trying to find Jack what he wants....

(Finn) so.... you want G-String....let me look....Animal
Print...Bloomers.....Boysshorts...Camouflage...Dainty's....Extra Large...Fetish.....G-Strings, here
we are...right I'll just file these new Susan Boils ones in here....and there you go Tara
Hymen....2 pairs mildly moist...

(Jack) ...(to self) ok ok Jack its just Finn and his collection its nothing too weird...JESUS H
CHRIST!...Who's are they....

(Finn) Oh these....these are my pride of my collection...specially made super absorbent lave
radio pants as used by the crew....only two in existence...Want to smell them?

(Jack) arghhh get them out my face my eyes are burning.....

(Finn) Apparently the other pair is owned by a cdmr Vigor...and he won't sell them to me no
matter how much I offer.....Now have you wrapped up Tara's like I showed you?

(Jack).erm yeah thanks Finn i'll get them back to you as soon as i can.....ok time to phone
Doug...

***sfx phone ring* (maybe use intro of combine harvester song)**

(Doug) oooo arrrr Doug is unavailable right now if you be me luvver leave a message after the
tractor.....*sfx tractor revving*

(Jack) Doug its Jack I need you to stop the Swallow stuff coming up from planetside I've had a
tip off it might contain some dodgy gear.....

*** IAIN MULTITRACKING FROM HERE ***

(Narrator) David has returned to his office and is tucking in to his Mcthargoids lunch when his
temporary assistant arrives....

sfx door knock

(David) oh for fucks sake always when i'm sucking on a McStiffy..... Come IN!!!!

(Mark) Hi Im your new temp Mark Heavens....

(David) ahhhh Right, sit down, sit down....Right the first thing I want you to do for me is to sort this bloody ticket out from Will Clampitt so get down there and sort it.....

(Mark) Ahhh yes Will Clampitt is a known issue and I will soon have it fixed soon Sir.....

(David) would you like a mug? I find they help....

(Mark) No i prefer to fight my battles with mug assist off....Is that Pizza free???

(David) well take Hans with you I don't want a 2nd secretary ending up in the hospital today....

(Narrator) Hangs Solow and Cmdr Luvcox have returned to the docking bay having only briefly made it outside. Cmdr Luvcox is pretty shaken up at the whole experience

(Luvcox) Well Hangs I must admit that was a very interesting and eye opening experience...

(Hangs) do you think so?...Well I was thinking of joining the Green Eagles I mean this is a good job but it's hardly the place for somebody of my calibre..

(Luvcox) erm yes well having seen everything I can now improve this squad by a significant margin.....*SFX MUG!!!* right thats got rid of that dickhead....Thats improved the Squad by 500% I think my work here is done.....

(Will Clampitt) Oi Sheila ya can't park that Viper there...I mean look at it, looks like a suspicious sausage on a badly made bbq.....

(Mark) Hey Clampitt whatcha think your game is....

(Will) That loony sheila can't yaw her ship to fit in the the docking bay correctly and David Broobin lied when he said the was just going to be half an hour! HE HAD TIME TO FIX THIS!

(Mark) Whinge whinge whinge, moan moan moan etc. Doesn't really inspire me to take what you're saying seriously. That ship wasn't parked by her it was parked by...that body lying there...and as the station commander I think David can park where the fuck he likes....

(Will) look all David had to do was yaw his ship into position, not that hard bruce....

(Mark) yaw...Yaw...YAW!!! why you fucking little shit...Hans hold my pizza whilst I take on this....

Sfx various sounds

(Hans) I think you nerfed his Throttle there.....

(Doug) yup he's certainly bleeding thrust....

(Hans) Thats his yaw gone....

(Doug) ...He's on silent running and thats his heat signature gone...

(mark)....fucking....yaw....Right chaps time for another pizza.....

(Narrator) Meanwhile back in Davids office

(David) Ahhh Cmdr luvcox how delightful to see you...Sandwich? Nibbles? Sausage...no wait you've had enough sausage to last a lifetime..... So all I need from you is to sign here and here and we can sign you up with our first class Viper team, I'm sure you can't wait to get started....

(Luvcox) you can *Sfx mulitple beeps* (insert swear words of choice) up your *more beeps* until it shoots out of your *more beeps* and further more *bleeps*

You can stick your fucking sign here here and THERE up your arse! Squeeze it past Lou Brushe's anal beads until it dances with your liver and then shoots out of your left nostril! and further more your birth certificate is an apology letter from the condom factory. (bleep as funny)

(David) ah I take thats a no then.... Well thats your loss....

(Luvcox) It's the first time in my history that I have been fucked so hard I can barely walk....

(David) It's the first time in history i've been glad to see you.....Ahhhh A lovely cup of Tea thank you Mark.....

(Mark) yeah Michelle left a thermos I thought you'd like a cup after the day we've had...

(luvcox) Now if you'll excuse me I have a rather important interview with a nunnery on Slough

(Narrator) Richard has been waiting all day for his transport to arrive from Birminghamworld finally he gets the call he's been waiting for....

coms on* Richard Swallow to customs.... Richard Swallow to customs *comms off

(Richard) oh that must be my furniture

(May) ohhhh thats good I was getting a bit worried we would be sleeping on the floor tonight. I need to get some of that Beagle Breeze air freshner in here though. it smells like the inside of one of your shoes, With just a hint of Decomposing Trumble and childrens tears.....

(Richard) yeah it does wiff a bit in here maybe we should get the professionals in. I hear there is a guy called frank in the thargoid bar who knows how to blow out bad smells...anyway I best go get our stuff....

(Jack) Hey Dick....

(Richard) Jack..

(Jack) I'm afraid your stuff is in customs, Doug is going through it all

(Richard) oh come on Jack thats petty even for you...

(Jack) You're right...and I'm sorry...Listen we've had a bad few weeks I'll give you a hand with your stuff. Shouldn't be too hard, we can float most of it here.....

(Richard) erm yeah...you're right we've both been a bit tetchy...I appreciate the offer...

(Doug) I couldn't find anything in there me luvver.

(Finn) yeah not even one copy of Cavity Close ups 4.....

(Doug) come on we'll give you a hand too.....

(Narrator) Between the customs officers, Jack and Richard. Richards furniture is moved in no time and although a little breathless Richard invites everyone in for a nice cup of tea....

(Richard) I really appreciate this chaps

(May) Right lads here we go nice cup of Ring Tea and a few biscuits....

(Jack) oh thats smashing May....

(May) well I would like to say thank you Jack...and you too Doug and Finn

(Jack) ahh it were nothing anything to help a lovely lady such as yerself May....

(May) See Richard, Jack is a perfectly nice Gentleman... I don't see why you've got anything against him

(Richard) ah yeah well I must admit I really appreciated the help today...Maybe we just got off on the wrong foot

(Jack) Do you mind if i sit on this case May...Me legs are hurting I'm not as young as ah used to be....

SFX Case springing open

(May) ohhhh dear let me get that....hey what's this....these aren't mine

(Richard) well they aren't mine...hehehe

(May) well according to the name tag...PROPERTY OF TARA HYMEN

(Richard) I have no idea how they....

(May) MUG!!!.....you and that floozy....We were all getting on so well and you had to spoil it Richard swallow.....

(Richard) owwww I swear I've never seen them.....

(May) ohhhhh don't you lie to me Richard Swallow... you've probably been sliding around on her outpost for months....Drilling her with your mining laser.....admiring her binary systems.....

(Richard) it's nothing like that May...

(May) GET OUT I don't want to see you tonight....

(Richard) but...but...but where will I go?

(May) Maybe you could stay with your floozy and charge up your hyperdrive....

(Richard) there is nothing going on between me and Tara.....

(Jack) hey hey maybe there is some reasonable explanation here.... Richard how about you stay with me tonight...

(Richard) You.....erm...yeah well I have nowhere else to go...

(Jack) well come on then

(Richard) well thanks again Jack, you know maybe I have judged you wrong....I donno where I would have gone tonight....

(Jack) Ahh think nothing of it.....here we are...

(Richard) But were still outside my house.....

(Jack) yeah we have a shared Passage.....

(Richard) you mean.....

(Jack) yup I'm your new next door neighbour....after you....

(Richard) *to self* theres something really strange going on here

(Doug) you ok Finn you look a bit run down well more than usual anyway babba

(Finn) Oh I feel terrible...I haven't felt this drained since I sat through all 21 episodes of Pat Down Passengers....

(Doug) ooh arrr Finn you can tell me

(Finn) I think Jack; no I know jack planted them pants on May

(Doug) but, what about Richard

(Finn) Jack said it were a joke....

(Doug) I don't see anything funny going on here me luvver....

(Finn) ahhh but Jacks a good friend always there when I need him I'd hate to lose my friend...

(Doug) Dont tell I, tell eee. he can't just go around breaking up people..

(May) ohhh he did...did he

(Finn) ARGHHH MAY erm how long you been there....

(May) oh long enough...and I believe these are YOURS Finn...Jack forgot to take off your catalogue numbers and your address.....

(Finn) er...yeah...erm...thanks...I'll be going now....

(May) NOT SO FAST.... it's about time our scheming Jack got what he deserved....
And you....TWO are going to help me...

(Narrator) You've been listening to The last in this series of Dockers, a Onsiehole
Production....

(DAVID) I INVENTED THE BANANA!!!!!!.....

(Narrator) Wait...This is the last in the series???

(David) The Button flower people aren't going to like that!!!

(Narrator) but what about me??? I'll have to do fill in segments for lave radio....I mean I
thought this was beneath a man of my talents but Lave radio....

(David) More tea!!!

You have been listening to the last in the season of Dockers.

Th episode was punched into a large rice pudding skin by Simon Winnard and baked
until charcoaled by Grant Woolcott.

The part of David Broobin was played by Keith "Oss" Wilkins

with Colin Ford as Richard Swallow

Danny "Remklep" Busch as Hans Supp

Helen "Flossy" Lister as May Swallow

Ben "Eid Leweiss" Moss-Woodward as Jack Soffalot and Commander Luvcox

Rory Scarlett as Sean Iswilly

Grant 'Psykokow' Woolcott as Tara Himen

Robbie "Wrongway" Lister as Finn Gerrin

Ian Phillips as Doug Kittout

Jack Weaver as Michelle Boots and Mark Heavens

Alan Smithee as Hangs Solow

Lisa 'Voo' as Sarah Churchill

and Brian 'Smokey' as Will Clampitt

The part of the narrator was played by me Iain M Norman
Join us next time for Season two and more... Dockers.

Parental Advisory Warning: The following program contains scenes of an immature nature unsuitable for a large portion of the human race. It contains strong swearing, scenes of anal interference, 2 sheep and 1 mug.

Therefore we feel we should warn all children to make sure their parents are not in earshot when listening to this. Also one should not listen whilst operating heavy machinery or light sabres.

You have been warned.