

BEYOND:DOCKERS

EMPTYING YOUR LOAD ANYTIME, ANYWHERE

EPISODE TWO

Pre Intro: Now on BSBC 1 Beyond Dockers an inside look at the people who make up the galaxy. On BSBC 2 it's weighless zero-g dog racing from Wolf 359 where they are attempting to reach the first fence by 3305, and over on 3 it's neighbours, previously broadcast to the unemployed at 1:35pm. Listeners in Scotland have their own programmes.

Intro and music Fade to:

SCENE 1

Narrator: In O'Connor City, the Biowase treatment and packaging works delivers huge quantities of effluent fertilizer to the local bubble. Production has to be kept flowing at all times to fill the huge loads agricultural systems require. At the far end of the station well upwind of any lingering stench, Abbot Boyes is in his office. He is reviewing the latest production figures with his assistant Michael Litoris and he's less than happy with his latest plan. Operation Squeeze.

Abbot Boyes: Welcome friends. Delight us with your presence. Grace us with your cameras. Brother Michael and I are contemplating the

finances of our order, and the success of Operation Squeeze. Continue esteemed Brother.

Brother Litoris:

Figures are way down sir. Operation Squeeze has failed to produce anywhere close to the effluent levels we were anticipating. We're not even producing enough to meet our orders I've even got 10 brothers on latrine licking to make sure we get every last drop. I've increased the fibre dosage, Extra Prune Juice rations, I've even upped the latent laxative dose from 10mg to 20mg. I could take it to Turd Tsunami level at 100mg.. But we can only sustain that level for 2 weeks.

Abbot Boyes:

What the fuck is wrong with these people Brother Litoris? Don't they know this station is built on shit ... I mean biowaste? It's like they're purposely getting constipated to fuck with the flow.

Brother Litoris:

Station population has remained stable sir so the drop is somewhat of an enigma.

Abbot Boyes:

I'll give you a fucking enigma, right up your fucking arse, lube free. CHALICE If those bastards are holding it in again, I swear I'll go to brown alert. Send fucking Brother Constipatious in here. Last time I went to brown alert we squeezed it out of 500 randomly chosen citizens with an industrial mangle.

Brother Constipatious:

My Lord Abbot? Do you want me to get the Holy Mangle of St Francis the flat? I have a registry of the least productive in the station.

Abbot Boyes:

It hasn't come to that yet Brother Constipatious. Just get everyone shitting, and no tiny rabbit drops either, I want to see so much shit that I think I'm watching daytime TV.! Brother Constipatious I demand you start the population shitting immediately no more excuses CHALICE! The only way we can run this station is if the population starts running down the porcelain now get too it at once!

Brother Constipatious:

Sir I can release my 14:32 movement now sir, they say every movement matters. I'm sure I can squeeze another one out in 30mins...Right here goes....

SFX SQUEEZING ONE OUT

- Abbot Boyes:** CHALICE Oi! Bollock Chops. Not on my fucking carpet. In the lavvies, fuck-sake you got some on the Holy Merkin...
- Brother Constipatious:** Sorry Sir, I didn't think it would come out that runny. I'll get a scoop..
- Abbot Boyes:** FUCK ME the smell has got to me now. Brother Constipatious Get the holy freshener of St Rectus the Odorous as well. What are we feeding them? Is it Sprout and Cabbage broth with chunks of Pedigree Goid again?
- Brother Litoris:** No sir, canned pickles. They were going cheap. We figured they'd come out much the same way they went in. I have no idea where the nutty, runny texture has come from.
- Abbot Boyes:** I haven't had my nostrils this violated since that over zealous customs officer on Barnard's Star. I can feel it perming my nasal hair. Ahh Brother Constipatious. I'll overlook the reading from the book of smells just spray the fucking thing..
- SFX:** light spray followed by Hurricaine force wind loud howling whistling type noise. Several splatty squelchy sounds
- Abbot Boyes:** QUICK YOU FUCKING ARSE GRAB THAT TURD IT'S ESCAPING ON THE WIND!.
- Brother Constipatious:** Right, I've got the class A turd scoop..I'll just grab that movement now...I
- Abbot Boyes:** CAREFULLY you fucking arse. That's 20 credits you just scooped into the carpet and a whole fucking nutty section flew into my mothers portait. I want you to collect it all and put a crapper-tracker inside it. I want to know where it's going. I have a sneaky suspicion someone is siphoning off our shit.
- Brother Constipatious:** But sir, that means collecting all the pieces and reforming it. I don't own any Poo-glue, Shit-stick or....

Abbot Boyes: CHALICE! Do what they did in the old days get it in your mouth and fucking chew it back together I don't want to see a single nut going to waste. So yes that does mean licking the fucking walls and carpets spotless Brother Constipatious. Don't just look at me. get on your fucking knees and lick my fucking carpet. If you don't get carpet burns on your tongue I know your not fucking trying Brother Constipatious. And hurry the fuck up about it before the stations auto clean system kicks in.

SCENE 2

Narrator: The citizens of Dongkum are a strange eccentric bunch of weirdos. Their strange stance on political correctness has caught out even the most academic of scholars to their unusual laws and customs. Inside Back Port, Is that a real place? It is? God these people are mental, how did that get past the federation standards board?. Well anyway a trial is getting underway. One visitor to the system has broken some very strict protocol laws. We join Chief Justice, The Honorable Larsen Girthie as he deals with this serious misdemeanor.

Court aid: All rise for the Honorable Larsen Girthie....

Sfx: **Scraping of chairs with under counter point of masturbation sounds.**

Larsen: Be seated and limp. Bring in the defendant and the charge list..

Sfx: **Person being walked in.**

Larsen: Right. Mr...erm..Cheeseman. You have been charged with a very serious offense here. Inappropriate sexual conduct, unlawful contact and grievous bodily harm leading to post traumatic stress disorder. Very serious indeed sir. Do you believe yourself to be of sound mind?

Cheeseman: There has been a terrible mixup...

Larsen: That's not the question I asked.

Cheeseman: Yes. I believe I am of sound mind

Larsen: So what the fuck were you doing young man.

Cheeseman: I'm pleading not-guilty your honour.

Larsen: Not guilty!...NOT GUILTY! The video has been all over Dongkum news for days you'd have to be blind to not think you were guilty, and even if they were blind they could still sense what you did from the mood in the room. Still, if you insist. Begin the trial. Call the first witness for the prosecution. Begin your testimony.

Witness: Yes your honour, well I was comin' out of me house I was and you'll never guess what I saw, well Mr cheeseman 'ere was just lurkin' around the McThargoids, well oi's could tell 'e were up ter no good like, he had a shifty cock, short and stumpy, ya know too close t' the balls, well I said to the missus I said 'e's a right one, I were just getting me morning reach-around in the park, ya know bit of Tug-Chee and all that relieves the stress.. Where was I.

Larsen: The incident outside McThargoids.

Witness: Oh aye, well Mr Cheeseman ere, not even giving himself a rub whilst he waited, very strange I thought. Well then the person 'e was waiting for, ya know the victim in all this, well he goes upto 'er and grabs 'er hand he does. Starts shaking it up and down. Well I had to abandon me reach around put me right off me chee that did, I were as limp as a retired pleasure slave. Not once did he attempt to put the hand on his penis, not once. I had to make the wife look away, never seen owt like it.

Larsen: Is that all you saw of the Incident?

Witness: No no sorry, it's just traumatising I'm still seeing the counselor.

Larsen: Take your time, no need to rush.. Just hurry it up...

Witness: sniffing Well then it happened, oh that poor girl I do hope she's ok.

Larsen: getting more impatient Come on get it out man

Witness: Well he kissed her

Larsen: Well that's perfectly normal behaviour...

Witness: ON THE CHEEK!

Sfx: **Audible gasps**

Larsen: ORDER, ORDER

Witness: Then to make matters worse he did it again, on the other cheek, well the missus fainted, she still got the bruises on her arse, although that might have been last night's dungeons and dungeons session, she rolled a natural one.

Larsen: SIR I won't ask you again get to the juicy bit. I like that bit

Witness: That's what she said.

Sfx: **Canned laughter**

Larsen: ORDER ORDER Sir I will have to hold your penis with contempt if you continue in this manner

Witness: Sorry your honour, it's just well a traumatic experience. Well as i were sayin' Both cheeks well I thought I'd seen it all in the great milking shed flood of 3301, well I walked up to 'im I did and I said Oi mate what's your game, an' I were ready for a rumble I were, treating a woman like that. Well I got me laser pistol out din' I 'ee tried to bribe me threw his wallet at me he did, said take it all you heathen. Me a heathen! Well honestly. oh I were raging, my blood raced out of my penis it did I were so angry. The poor girl she didn't know what to do she were crying an all that.

Larsen: Yes well thank you for that, it was as I suspected a foul and dastardly crime and it's making me quite horny, right the lawyer for the defense, I mean I might as well sentence him now what you got?

Lawyer: Ahem your honour under the Constitution of Dongkum, article 14 section B, it says under greeting your fellow humans that one should observe full french kissing with tongues, however there is a stipulation that says kissing on the cheeks may be permitted if the

kissee were to spot ejaculate on the face in order to clean it off by any means the kissee deems necessary.

Larsen: And was there any ejaculate present in this case?

Lawyer: On behalf of my client Mr Cheeseman, we did indeed swab the alleged victim on both cheeks and indeed we did find such a specimen

Sfx: **Audible gasps one shout of slut**

Larsen: ORDER ORDER.. Can you please not do that I'm trying to keep a rhythm here.

Lawyer So Mr Cheeseman was in fact doing a good deed, and by pumping and shaking her hand was trying to dislodge the dried ejaculate from her face....

Prostitution lawyer: Objection your Honour.

Larsen: absently Yes? Erm your objection?

Prostitution: That ejaculate does not belong to the aforementioned Mr Cheeseman but belongs to the brother of the victim. It's a long story and irrelevant to this case, if you look at exhibit A your honour, one pubic hair you'll see the matting matches the crust on the picture in Exhibit B

Larsen: Hmm Objection sustained..

Lawyer: Well then i've got nothing... He's guilty your honour

Cheeseman: Hey you said you were the best lawyer in Dongkum

Sfx: **general Hubub**

Larsen: ORDERRRR ORDERRRR. Clerk, pass me the black kleenex, I've finished and arrived at a conclusion. Mr Cheeseman you have been found guilty of gross sexual deviancy and you are sentenced to 5 years of hard milking in Hahns Ring. Case dismissed... And you can tell me that long story about the brother in my chambers...

SCENE 3

Narrator The Galaxy's ship spotting community are a small but tight knit group of enthusiasts who enjoy tracking down and noting (or spotting) rare or famous ships plying the space lanes of the inhabited bubble. Paulie Esther and Norman Gawping are Station Bashers. They observe the comings and goings at Bonkers Station in the Wolf 25 system. Today they are awaiting the arrival of a very special ship at the station. We join them on an observation platform which looks directly into the stations docking port.

Paulie Esther Ooh, Type 9. HOT078 Shaky Moo Moo. That's a Hutton ship. Has the decal and everything. It certainly has the smell, you get that when it comes through the airlock portion of the dock.

Norman Gawping He's changed the paint scheme on it though. Pink with black polka I mean what was he thinking. Looks like he's flying a virus.

Paulie Esther So now we note down Shaky Moo Moo on our data slates and in the comments section we can mention the change of paint and the Hutton decal. Then we update out Galweb forum.

Norman Gawping Yes, we enjoy the hobby. Ship spotting or Schising is a great way to pass the time but we're not like those crazy foamers who go charging round the bubble tracking down individual Imperial Fighters or anything. At Bonkers the bubble comes to you. Even if you sometimes have to get the little bus between landing pads for the really good spots There's an Explorations ship 'The Farpoint' due to arrive back from Beagle Point today. It's a very rare ship, rarer than a solid movement after a McThargoids.

Paulie Esther Keelback, Not worth mentioning.

Norman Gawping Actually I think that's a Type 6 GTi Mianus edition. It has the rounded corners on the thruster surrounds, and a larger front end for better penetration.

Paulie Esther Yes but they have 8 fastenings per thruster surround too, This Keelback only has 6. However he does have the void opal tinting on the windows.

Norman Gawping [Impressed] Nice touch.

Paulie Esther [Impressed] Very nice. Nicer than the 3300 Millennium Ship identification Manual Full galactic edition

Norman Gawping Easy now it's not that good maybe Alliance edition...

Security Officer [Annoyed] Hey! You two. Get away from the fucking weapon turrets.

Paulie Esther [Angry] We have platform passes!

Norman Gawping [Angry] Platform passes!

Paulie Esther [Annoyed] We get this a lot. Station security don't like is being here but we have every right.

Norman Gawping Beluga. Looks like the Slurry Starfish.

Paulie Esther It is the 'Silurian' Starfish you can tell from the chocolate tailings coming out the rear.

Norman Gawping [Concerned] Landing gear's still up. She hasn't folded her wings in yet. she's leaving that a bit on the late side

Paulie Esther [Concerned] That's a bit of a weird angle isn't it? 143 degree s to the slot. Well as long as she remembers the mantra 'the toast rack is longer than you imagine'.

SFX Loud scraping and rending noises. Tearing metal.

Norman Gawping [Scornful] He's only gone and wedged it.

Paulie Esther [Smug] That's why you always fold the wings in. Oh look a nice glimpse of a R700-Toastrack Shunter. Add that one will you chris.

SFX **Trespass warning. Clear the docking bay now or we will use lethal force.**

Norman Gawping He's trying to reverse look. Oh no he's backed into the shunter he's gonna get a fine for that....

SFX **Deafening laser fire and explosions followed by ringing sound underneath all the whats.**

Paulie Esther [Shouting] Bloody hell. That was loud.

Norman Gawping [Shouting] You're bleeding from most of your orifices, and quite substantially from the ears.

Paulie Esther [Shouting] What?

Norman Gawping [Shouting] What?

Paulie Esther [Shouting] What?

Norman Gawping [Shouting] What? Hang on. I'll reset my implants.

SFX: **System Reboot in 15 seconds..**

Paulie Esther [Shouting] What?

Norman Gawping [Shouting] Hang on I'm rebooting. I'm just going to finger your implant reset button.

Paulie Esther [Shouting] Ooooh at least warm your hands first! Oh, that's better.
[Normal] However, I think I'm bleeding from most of my orifices.
and quite substantially from the ears.

Norman Gawping [Suspicious] Hey, who's that down there just outside the station?

Paulie Esther [Annoyed] I bet he's trying to spot the Exploration Ship Farpoint and get it on Galweb before us.

Norman Gawping [Angry] OI FUCKTARD! Hey you!!! Who the hell is that? I can't see him properly. I think he's waving at us. Looks like he's trying to gesture to us.. Can't see who that is at all.

Paulie Esther Put your glasses on then.

Norman Gawping You've seen my glasses. If I bring them out of the case this close to the laser turret well one fart and were all barbecue. And there won't be a station. They stopped selling them in the Pilot Federation store you know. Remember that's how we lost Greg one minute he's filling in a rare wireframe find the next he's sucked out of the station and being sold as fertilizer in Barnard's Star.

Paulie Esther Use my binoculars then.

Norman Gawping Oh for fucks sake it's that dough bender Marko. He seems to be pointing at me and shaking his fist. He's a fucking container spotter looking for cargo ships and cannisters. Look at him thinking he's all that in his common as muck Sidewinder. Yeah fuck you too mate. He just gave me the finger Paulie Esther ...

Paulie Esther [Disgusted] Ugh Cargo Bashers.

Norman Gawping [Scornful] He's probably waiting on the Lutyen weekly transport arriving with a load of Bio-waste containers on the outside. What a fucking loser. Yeah just because you keep getting first discoveries on the ships doesn't mean your a winner mate, Honestly they should ban arseholes like that from the Spotters inner-Sphere they're ruining it for all of us

Paulie Esther [Scornful] Yeah, he doesn't have a real remlok, He's wearing a RIMlok. I tell you he's a danger to all space traffic out there.

Norman Gawping Rimlok?

Paulie Esther Yeah they also make those blue tablets that stick to the inside of toilets.

Norman Gawping [Excited] Wait. Is that it?

Paulie Esther [Excited] Yep, The Explorer ship Farpoint. Look at the extra heat vents, and the light weight alloys. Get it up on the Galweb forum quick. Marko's not even looking he's too busy showing me another moon of this system.

Norman Gawping Done, and a 200cr first discovery bonus That'll pay for a new snorkel parka. She is a beauty isn't she?

Paulie Esther [Impressed] Oh yes and she'll have loads or cartographic data onboard. 160,000 light years of it to be exact. I mentioned that on Galweb a few days ago the post went nuts over 50,000 likes best one i've ever posted!

SFX **Laser fire outside followed by a ship explosion.**

Norman Gawping [Shocked] Whoah, where did that fucking pirate come from? I didn't even spot him and I was looking directly at him.

Paulie Esther Aw well there she blows. She was just outside of the exclusion zone too. That's a waste of a bloody rare ship. Still we can add the RT499-Escape Capsule Scooper MK V to the list it's another 5 credits. We're raking it in today.

Norman Gawping Speaking of Credits, that guy whatziname, Don Tellanione put 1,000Cr in my account again. Happens every time I upload rare ships to Galweb.

Paulie Esther

I wonder why he keeps doing that. Still it's nice that people support our enthusiasm.

SCENE 4

Narrator

Willy Stroker is a galaxy famous Naturalist. Does that mean he's wandering around in the nude? No? He should, I do it's very liberating. This week He's sent his Assistant Fanny Longburn off exploring the delights of a water world. She however is less enthusiastic about the galaxy and often finds herself leaping from body to body, striving to put right what she sees wrong, hoping that each time the next jump will be the jump home. Copyright? Again? oh come on really? That series was 12 centuries ago. Fine. Him and her with some shit on a planet. We join them now as they make a large splash in Wolf 718.... Alice, bring me the lard I've stuck to the vynal again.

Willy

The Waterworld. A vast Oceanic planet teeming with life beneath the waves. With less than 5% landmass to calm the ferocious oceans, some waves grow up to 60 feet high endlessly circling the planet. Safe below the waves of this surface torment, rare and undiscovered creatures of the deep lurk. This particular waterworld in Wolf 718, has been designated as a pristine marine reserve of extreme scientific importance. The guardians of the system allow very few visitors to penetrate the planets exclusion zone due to the sensitive balance of the ecosystem. However they have agreed to bring my gorgeous assistant Fanny Longburn down to the planet during the mating season to view one of the marvels of any ocean galaxy wide, the Polka dotted Tarantua-crab. pause That's a wrap yeah happy with that...

Off cam:

Fanny:

You can fuck right off.

Willy:

What now?

Fanny:

Crabs. It's in my contract, no fucking Crabs. So you can fuck right off. I Hate them more than anything, evil clawed fuckers nibbling away down there in the deep fucking ocean. I don't do ocean, I don't do salty sea creatures and I definatly don't do FUCKING

CRABS. No fucking way, not now, not ever fuck off. You're making my fucking skin crawl just thinking about them ERRRGHHH

Willy: Nobody has ever been killed by the Polka dotted Tranta-crab, besides you'll be inside a 2ft thick armour plated ship. It'll be safer than being stood here right now, well out of the water, well out of harm's way. A few of the marine rangers are going with you as well and there are plenty of harpoons. All you have to do is point the camera at it and say 'ooooh pretty' and I'll do the rest.

Fanny: Well if it's so fucking safe would you get in there. No? I didn't think so. I don't have to go anywhere near that fucking crab invested tin can. Look I may not be the brightest fucking star in the galaxy but I can read. Clause 13. The subject of nature being studied, if of an oceanic variety, shall in no way include FUCKING CUNTING CRABS!. So im going back in the spaceship and fucking off out of here. If i'm fast enough I can catch last orders....

Willy: Such a shame. Well I guess i'll just have to put that Galaxy Express Void Opal card back in my wallet.

Fanny: Oh no you're not bribing me on this one Willy Stroker. Crabs are my bottom line and you know it. I might have taken 50,000 credits to suck a throlian finger squirrel because apparently it produced milk that tasted just like chocolate. You knew that wasn't fucking chocolate Willy Stroker, I ended up higher than a Giraffes pussy. So If you want fucking crabs, get of your fat arse, grab yourself a 2 credit hooker from Dongkum and go fucking nuts, Hang on did you say Void Opal card.

Willy: 2 million credit limit...

Fanny: So you're 100% positive, this is fucking safe?

Willy: I don't see what could possibly go wrong. It'll be 30 minutes max just film them and leave. The hull plating on this ship is thicker than the complaints log at FDev.

Fanny: Fine, I'll do it but you give me that card now. I'll be ready in about 2 hours, I'm just going on GalBay....

On Cam:

Willy Sailing peacefully on the Tupuhi ocean my assistant Fanny is keeping a close eye out for all the fascinating life that lives on this water world. Of course there are much more fearsome creatures that live down there than crabs. Fanny is of course well protected from any danger by the marines who stand alongside. I see she's spotted a creature now I can't quite make out what that is right now, can you describe the creature Fanny?

Fanny: What the fucks that thing it's got 22 legs, and nipples the size of an eagle. ARGGHH IT'S SQUIRTING AT ME. GET THAT SHIT OFF ME YOU LEGGY GUNK GUSHING TWATFACE. GIVE ME THAT FUCKING HARPOON YOU USELESS CUNT.

Sfx: **barrage of harpoons**

Willy on cam: From this angle, you can see my assistant is currently having an encounter with a lesser spotted cthulhu, you can see it's iron like grip as it crushes the rear of the ship like a beer can. Obviously the armour plating will protect the crew but these action shots are unique, never before seen footage.

Off cam: What's going on down there try not to make too much mess all that blood and meat is going to attract Pelican sharks.

Fanny: Do I look like I fucking care if it's going to attract pelican sharks.. I'll fucking punch the living shit out of them if they come around here. Fucking hate the sea full of useless salty swimming creepy cunts, ooo look at me li've got big pointy teeth that look like nipples, 50 arseholes, a stripey fucking penis and I glow in the fucking dark, Well i've got a fucking vagina that can crack oysters there not fucking special.

Willy: It glows in the dark too. Look just calm down, relax, close your eyes take a deep breath and contemplate a little. There you go it feels better now just breathe in and out and go into a happy place. Good you're smiling now, now open your eyes and... OPEN YOUR EYES! OH GOD! OPEN YOUR FUCKING EYES!

Fanny: ARRRGGHHH I FUCKING HATE THEM. Evil, ugly, nasty fucking salty cunts ARRRRRGGGGHHHH

Sfx: More harpoons....random screams... *shouts of Oh God, & Sorry from Willy would work as guards get hit multiples there of*

Willy: Did you just fucking harpoon the entire crew?

Fanny: Erm, no....well yeah, maybe,... a few.. Look I had my eyes closed, I was trying to relax ok. there's still one or two left in the rear... I do feel much more relaxed though, hang on...No the back end of the ship has just broken off and sunk.

Willy: Well that's just perfect... Just fucking perfect. Well I've tried to contact the captain to bring you home, but I don't think he's listening, mainly because he's currently sinking to the bottom of the shark infested water!!

Fanny: I think we best just chalk this down to a bad experience, just do one of your creepy voice overs and phone the fuel rats I think they do planetside assistance. Mean time I'll just dump these over the side, I need to stop this ship sinking... Don't worry we've got this. you might want to delete the last 10 minutes of the tape too. I'll just film the ocean if I can get this body off the camera.

Willy: You might want to wipe the lense too, it's like looking at a red light district with cataracts. I guess I'm ready, oh that was a pun? You're enjoying this far too much you know. Right Ocean World report take 1, and action....

On cam: It appears that this trip is far too dangerous to continue, oceans are dangerous places. With such a wide expanse the Tupuhi Ocean remains a wild undiscovered place and the Polka dotted Tranta-crab remains a mystery. We leave you now however with a shot of some majestic pelican sharks, feeding on what nature has provided. Join us next time as we discover more natural delights of the universe.

Off cam: Oh god, I think I'm going to be sick is that an arm? Well it's about that long. oh no its not. vomit Can you make that shot wider and try to make it look less like that shark is actually eating a human.

SCENE 5

Boris: Jeremy and his mum in a tree F.I.S.T.I.N.G...

Jeremy: Well that's just the sort of behaviour I expect from the honourable Gentleman. Is he aware that poverty levels have climbed so high in the capital that tramps are being forced to give blow jobs to dogs for the protein. Is he also aware that has been his full daily dinner 3 times a day for the last 30 years. He's aware that he likes to blow bubbles with it before swallowing it in copious amounts.

Sfx **HEAR HEAR**

Speaker: Ordeeeeeerrrrrrr BORIS COCKCHILD

Boris: Mr Speaker, honourable members, The member opposite is quite aware of the hedge act of 3303 which states nobody must own a hedge over 4ft tall, and any topiary must be neatly trimmed and be formed into a non obtrusive object?

Jeremy: I helped write that very act. Maybe the honourable gentleman has dementia?

Sfx **Jeers**

Boris So he is aware then that he should speak to his own mother. I had to go to the barbers this very day to get some important dental work done on my teeth a haircut nonetheless! I also had to kick her hedge several times just to make sure there were no sabre-toothed crocasquirrels inside the hedge.

Speaker: ORDEEEERRRRR Nichola Flounder!

Nichola Ya speaking pish, That area is a protected rainforest. And the member opposite wants to destroy it

Boris: It was already well destroyed before I got anywhere near it. The honorable lady also fucking completely ruined the krankees for me. Mind you she does swing along the same lines, Flounder by name Flounder by smell

Speaker: Ordeeeeerrr the honorable gentleman will rectify those remarks..

Boris: She smells like Tuna and Haggis with just a touch of buckfast...

Speaker: The record has been corrected. Jeremy Cohen!

Jeremy: Mr speaker the honourable gentleman has no class he's just a walking arsehole. I'm sure he's aware that everytime he sits down the sound gets muffled? Do you know the muffled-man the muffled man?

Sfx HEAR HEAR

Boris: Well I say, Jeremy cohen sat in a corner eating his own arse plumb He stuck up a finger and left it to linger. Trying to pick out the very last crumb

Jeremy: The honourable gentleman has poo on his face

Speaker: ORDERRRR oh wait he does have shit on his face... just there, no higher, goodness sake man come here **<spit>** stay still man whilst i wipe this off with my sleeve...

Boris: blustering I I Well I Erm I E well now oo er missus I say well now.. I say we all vote to declare Jeremy a poopy head, all those in favour kick him in the nuts and pull his nose off...

Jeremy: Boris stinks, he smells of gas. He likes turnips up his ass. With a knick nac paddy wack boris tells lies, kick the cunt and poke his eyes.

Sfx School Bell:

Speaker: WAIT WAIT THAT BELL IS FOR ME NOT FOR YOU! I'm looking at you Duckson I'll decide when you can swan off..... DIVISION!!!!

SFX: **FIGHT FIGHT FIGHT**

SFX: **punches etc think this sound scape could be fun you could add mugs, gunshots, farts..**

Boris: Come here ya socialist cunt...Oi Moosey Mooog get up ya lazy twat I don't care if your jaw is broken or your bollocks are now a gaping wound, fucking put up a fight.

Jeremy: Pass me that mace.... Some of that ya posh wanker...

Boris: ARGHHH MY EYEs

SPEAKER: ORDEEERRRR ORRRDEEERRRR... The eyes to the right 320
the noses to the left 300.. So the Eyes have it...the eyes have it...
Unlock the gates and let them out.....

SCENE 6

Narrator: Deep in the bowels of government is also where we can find David Broobin. Specifically at the FFS, Federal Fines Service. Having just faced his first monthly review and seemingly passed with flying colours he discusses a few of the issues that were raised with his assistant Michelle Bootes

David: ...So then the vice chairman stood up and four mugs fell out of his arse michelle, well obviously I took the credit for that little practical joke, it's all very jolly there Michelle. Shame they won't let you in.

Michelle: Oui your majesty. It is such a shame. Did you actually talk about anything relev... I would need to know your Fantasticalness.

David: ahh well let me have a think about that. Well there is a lot of most secret, classified information, shush shush got to be careful stuff, you know what they say, loose lips catch herpes Michelle.

Michelle: Sink Ships, your gloriousness...

David: Yes I've heard herpes can do that Michelle very unpleasant all around. Well overall they were very pleased at the vigor and amount of fines that I've issued in the past month, they were quite impressed with my new practice of getting ships to drift past the toast rack as ships leave the station to catch those reckless station boosters.

Michelle: So did they say anything about the erm new policies on fine dodgers?

David: You mean Operation Bollockchop.

Michelle: I believe that's what you named it your emperourness.

David: Yes well there were a few issues that came up.. But the biggest problem, Michelle is they said we're being taken for mugs. I said who's being taken for mugs?, they said 'The fine collectors'. Well that just won't do Michelle, Taken for mugs, now I like a good waterboarding as much as anyone but using boiling water that's just taking it to a whole different level Michelle, and that's not all Michelle! Many Fine collectors have been teabagged by offenders' Well i've seen some creative mugs in my time but using a human, and making a cup of tea, got to say Michelle I wish I'd have thought of it first. I wonder if they add milk and sugar?

Michelle: I'm not quite sure that's what they mean by Teabagging the staff. I think it is more of a degrading experience, they just need more protection.

David: More protection!?! How much protection do they need? They are all well protected with the standard 101 federation mug in grey. Look at it michelle! How can one fail to feel secure with that in your hands primed and ready to fly.

Michelle: I think the problem is the angle of attack your Mugginess. The fine collectors tend to be lying down at the time of the teabagging.

David: Yes I see what you mean, it would hold more boiling water horizontal. It's all this technical jargon Michelle.... Well anyway they've asked me to sort out the problem of rude forgetful fine dodgers before our next meeting. I just need a willing volunteer to test my theory on.

Michelle: Well there is that fine dodger we caught the other day, You know the one who you said was caught doing some disgusting act with one of our fine collectors your Justiceness.

David: Marvelous, That's exactly the sort of thing I was looking for. I can put this idea I've had for forgetful fine dodgers into practise. Send him in right away Michelle...

Don: At last, You know I am supposed to get a fair trial all I did was nudge the control tower on landing...

David: Michelle can you pass me that hole punch.

Don: It was just a small knock I think 200 crediiiiiaaaaaaaaaaaaa

SFX **HOLE PUNCH QUITE A FEW TIMES ACCOMPANIED BY SCREAMS, OUCHES ETC**

David: The Drill, Michelle, no the hammer action, yes that one...

SFX DRILL

Don Screams

David: Oh look I can see you, can you see me Michelle? Right pass me the yarn, no your going to have to lick the ends that's it now pull it through. Hang on pass me that pattern. MUG!!. You went wrong, you put it in the wrong hole Michelle, no no don't lick the end now. You've got to get it back through the mouth, and now through that hole there...and then pull it hard, harder, no real real tight michelle and now tie it off at the back...

Don: You can't do.....wait, what have you done? ..

David: Well I had this marvelous idea we could burn the amount people owe in fines to their bodies with a red hot poker. Well apparently that's illegal, something about permanence and war crimes blah blah blah. However I found a grey area. I like to call it the cross stitch tattoo... As you can see for yourself you owe me a lot of credits and now, you won't fucking forget about it. We'll remove it with a blow torch when you pay up and then you can go back to whatever it is you do...

Don: But I Don't owe 99,999 credits....

David: Ahh shit Michelle looks like we got it upside down... Well as I am the CEO I'll fine you 33,333 credits for wasting my fucking time MUG!!! Oh and Michelle find me some more of that wool I think it would make a smashing jumper

SCENE 7

Narrator: The smugglers code is a long and proud tradition and certain traditions have to be adhered to before one can become a certified smuggler. Sebastian Fitzroger has been yearning to fly a ship since he was a small boy and has answered a small ad placed by Roger Fourboys, a disgraced former priest turned smuggler. We join them now as Roger conducts a hands on interview.

Sebastian: Hi I'm Sebastian, I came about the ad for a crewman

Roger: Welcome aboard dear boy, welcome aboard. Sebastian. Such a lovely name, I wonder, were you named after the saint? Or the classic 20th century film? Your quite buff aren't you?

Sebastian: You can call me Seb.

Roger: Oh no! I must call you Sebastian, Seb is just one syllable, it's so abrupt, limp, over too soon but Sebastian, Oh Sebastian, I love the way it rolls off the tongue.

Sebastian: Please call me Seb. Your anaconda is massive, Do you have any other crew?

Roger: Stop it it's not that large. No I'm afraid it's just little old me. I've been so alone on this ship, it will be nice to finally have some company and get another pair of hands on the stick, someone to shoot into the black with. Oh Sebastian, your hands their so soft, you have a girl's hands, do you have much experience with the stick?

Sebastian: Not on a real ship, but I've done a lot of time on simulators.

Roger: Well in that case why don't you sit here and get a good grip on the stick. I'll guide your every movement. You'll have loads of experience after I have finished with you. Come now help me get my massive vessel through the slot.

Sebastian: What are you smuggling?

Roger: I'm smuggling budgies into Back Port.

SFX: **ship launch sequence**

Roger: Well grab that lever and give it a good tug the gear can get a bit sticky. Right as were only going in system, charge up your drive and aim at the target keep it nice and smooth, and make sure you ready to drop before you pull out. So now we are trying to gain entry illicitly, stealth is the key here I don't want anyone else checking out my budgies. So, I'd like you to engage silent running. The button is just here. Oh sebastian you smell so divine..

Sebastian: do you have to stand so close to me? Its ok I can reach it myself.

sfx: **Silent running**

Sebastian: Ok now what?

Roger: Grasp the stick firmly and take us in. Side us in through the slot,

Sebastian: Ok we're going in

Roger: Oh Sebastian your not even touching the sides, make sure you arrive in the next 10 minutes though.

Sebastian: We've been assigned pad 45. I should make it in time.

Roger: It's getting very hot in here Sebastian, we should take off all our clothes. Us smugglers do it all the time.

Sebastian: Its ok I'd rather not.

Roger:: Its ok Sebastian don't be ashamed, Look I have all my clothes off. Sebastian... Sebastian...what are you doing

SFX: Heat Sink Deployed

Roger: Oh! (disappointed)

Sebastian: You can put your clothes back on now. I can't believe you haven't used your heatsinks before.

Roger: Ah yes, er.. well done I'm not sure your a good match for smuggling after all.

SCENE 8

Narrator: The Big Red Planet Taxi Service is an essential and for the right price a luxurious way to travel amongst the stars. Not everyone in the galaxy has the privilege of their own personal transport and instead are shoehorned into a tin tub far too small for any personal space, where you end up breathing in an armpit for 4 hours and be vomited on by a young child. Oh god it's happening again Alice, The whisky you stupid intern...the whisky... You don't understand it was a NUN...a nun you weren't there. Where was I Yes we join Trace as she begins a Bonkers flight. Sorry a flight to Bonkers..

SFX **AIRPLANE TANNOY Bing Bong....**

Trace: Welcome aboard this Red Planet Taxi Service flight to Bonkers. We will be traveling upwards of 5000 times the speed of light today. My name is Trace, Hi, and that it's Shants, we'll be your trolley crew for today. I'd like to start with a few safety announcements first., so remember people, in the event of any emergency, keep calm, the chances are if you've seen it, it's already happened so no point panicking over it. The good news is this Liner is in the top 10% of all liners and has state of the art

safety features which cabin crew will now demonstrate for you. Now please pay attention to these safety instructions as in the event of an incident I won't be hanging around while you fanny about with buckles and stuff and I don't have any spare pens either so find your own. In the slightly less than likely event of an emergency, Passengers are asked to remain seated. If you start flapping around Shants here will use her taser and you will be used as chaff.

Trace:

For passengers in First and Business class, your flight chair will descend through the floor to a waiting escape pod. Economy class escape pod availability will be decided by drawing lots, one escape pod per row. Once disembarked your safety pod will set course for the nearest station at standard supercruise speed. While in your pod why not take advantage of our duty free offers? Any items purchased will be delivered to you on arrival at the starport. If you have purchased the family insurance plus ticket, then you can choose up to four of your favourite family members to join you in your pod.

First class and business passengers will be provided with complimentary Life Support, Economy we suggest you hold your breath to preserve air. one family lasted 30 mins isn't that right Shants. I'm joking, For those in Economy class a Remlok space mask can be deployed from the rear of your seat. You will be debited 10 credits for the first hour of service, and 5 credits per hour for each additional hour. you can also send a message to your loved ones at a discounted price of 50 Credits. Please don't eat all your emergency rations as you could be there for a while and you don't want to have to resort to cannibalism. Mind you, that one there could feed you all for a week.

Look at him, what I like to call a six prober, i'm just glad bonkers isn't a high G world. Passengers should also ensure your account information is up to date as failure to do so may cause a delay in the deployment of your Remlok and/or life support.

In most cases though, the ship will be exploding so if you live you'll be outside before you know it so save yourself some credits there. If you still have working limbs, try clinging to a valuable looking piece of wreckage so you get scooped quicker or summin. If you are travelling in our Budget saver seats, please

reach below the seat in front and retrieve the little flame proof tag there. Using black ink only, fill your details in clear block capitals making sure you identify your next of kin so that we can let them know of your passing. These can be tied to your fingers or toes prior to your explosive exit of the cruiser. Passengers please take note, Trolley service will be suspended for the duration of the emergency. We do hope you enjoy your trip with Red Planet Taxi Service today.

Narrator:

You have been listening to the best of SpandauBallet. The lead singer was Tony Hadley, with Gary and Martin Kemp on guitar. The part of the drums was played by... Hey ALICE? ALICE!!! Where is that child??? Honestly she's harder to find than Madeleine McCann at times. ALICE!...ahh there you are. What's the meaning of this? I don't care if you were having a party last night, where is the last page of this script? In the dog? We don't even own a dog. Look just print out another copy. The printer is in the dog too? How did that happen? No wait hang on I can do this just start the music.

You have been listening to Beyond:Dockers a Onesie Hole production written by Simon Winnard, Mia Harkness, Lenin Lindblad and Paulo Rodrigues all who are currently serving 50 years in a maximum security facility for crimes against humanity, they are allowed out once a week to throw feces at a canvas.

The canvas was poo-glued together orally by Psykokow. Extra nuts and pieces of sweetcorn were added by the cast and crew.

The podcast also contained the following slaves who were beaten into submission before being forced against their will to record parts. We respectfully ask that you don't thank them or give any praise at any point in case they get a bit narcissistic about it.

David Pearson
Eddie Girdler
Andy Girdler
Robbie Lister
Helen Lister
Keith Burrage
Phil Ellis

Ben Moss Woodward

Peter Wotherspoon

Danny Busche

Belinda Bateson

Aemelia Hawk

Chris Whitwam

Steve Giller

Shawn Pond

Keith Oss Wilkins

John Jackson

Paulo Rodrigues

And Ian M Norman, smashing guy lovely set of tits.... Now fuck off I'm tired...