

BEYOND:DOCKERS

EMPTYING YOUR LOAD ANYTIME, ANYWHERE

EPISODE THREE

Narrator/Theme

The Milky way, a large expansive Spiral galaxy roughly 75,000 lightyears from side to side. Home to the human race, and many alien species, it swarms with activity. Every day billions of people go to work, worship their deities, and fly off into the void. These are the daily doings of the known galaxy.

This is Beyond:Dockers.

SCENE 1

Narrator:

Episode 3.

In the void of space even smugglers yearn for romance. Roger Forboys a disgraced former priest yearns to have his void filled sometimes with opals on a long string and has recruited the help of a young apprentice, Sebastian Fitzroger. I remember when I was a young apprentice. One had to bend over backwards to satisfy my master. But that's what you get for having thick thighs. Sebastian has been persistent with Roger, who after a long time has finally granted him the job of apprentice.

Seb:

Yeah, the job isn't really compatible with long term relationships cos I spend so much time in space. When we get a bit of down time at a station, I'll go to one of the bars and hook up with some

guys for a mad night of gay abandon, but its not romance. What I really want is a stable relationship with someone like.. like the captain really. Someone mature... and he has such a lovely voice and a gentle manner... but what am I thinking? He'll never think of me as anything more than crew. I try so hard to please him but he always sounds disappointed.

Roger: (Over the tannoy) Oh. Sebastian my dear boy, please could you join me in my quarters.

Seb: Roger.. Roger.... I'm on my way oh i'm covered in oil from the engine maintenance he's going to hate me for being so slippery and dirty. He always says he likes it spotless

SFX <walking sounds>

Seb: Oh no! There are rose petals from the cargo all over the floor, I'd better sweep them up. He likes the ship to be spick and span. Oh! It looks like they go right to Roger's door. He'll be very annoyed if he sees them.

SFX <knocking on door>

Seb: Permission to enter sir?

Roger: (Slightly muffled from behind a door) Oh Sebastian you know that you can penetrate my inner sanctum any time. There is no need to ask for permission, my dear boy.

Seb: Ok

Roger: I'm in the bathroom, just oiling myself up. It's such a sensual feeling, my nipples are like srv wheel nuts.

Seb: Oh yes I'm sorry about looking like this I was wrenching down the engine bay with that large tool you said I should use. I'm sorry about the mess, but don't worry I've dealt with it.

Roger: Mess? I hope you've not been doing things by yourself again dear boy. I told you if you need any help shoving my budgies into holes then I will drop everything for you.

Seb: Oh my! That's a tiny towel. Ermmm... Yes, There were rose petals everywhere. I don't even know how they got on your bed, but they are all cleared up now. I'll see myself out.

Roger: Oh, Sebastian (Disappointed).

Seb: I'm sorry, it won't happen again. You weren't kidding about the wheel nuts!

Roger: Please Sebastian, won't you stay a little while? I have some champagne and oysters.. I can make a little room in my boudoir for you. Come now relax you looks so tense sebastian let me relax you..

Seb: I really can't stay I have to go make the rendezvous with the escort.

Roger: Oh Yes the escort, a strapping scoundrel in dark leather, no doubt, bristling with lasers to protect our precious cargo from pirates while we are.. engaged in other activities.

Seb: I wasn't sure what you wanted so I picked one out for you. I'm told they have some very special talents.

Roger: Oh Sebastian it is such a shame you can't stay and enjoy all the delights I have to offer you, please hurry back I can keep the champagne on ice

Seb: I won't be long. <mutters> why must he test me so. I can't drink on duty. I must be winning him over by now..

SCENE 2

Narrator: Roger is one lucky man, changing from his sleek smoking jacket he puts down his pipe, takes off his slippers and eases his bulk onto the leopard skinned waterbed and eagerly awaits Sebastian's return, his tiny towel cast aside and his body glistening in the candle light. That glorious rear end. pert and with only a small touch of cellulite...and those nipples like multicannon rounds, Wait.. is that a clinker? Oh and His pubic hair is..... Oh gods why do you make me watch this increasingly terrifying horror show! Oh thank god Sebastian and the escort are back

<Knock on door>

Roger: Come in, I'm ready for you.

Miss Whiplash: Hello Roger I'd recognise that hole anywhere Straight or special love?

Roger: Sebastian! Sebastian! What is this woman doing here?

Seb: It's the escort you asked me to arrange, you know you said find the toughest escort you can find that has multiple hard points and a large hold.

Miss Whiplash: Look mate I'm on the clock so make your mind up I've got a list as long as a commodity markets billboard, im booked in for a fisting at severn and something called a tuna melt at 8..

Roger: No! Sebastian! No! This is now what I meant at all! I wanted a fighter escort to protect us from pirates. Not this.. this thing..

Seb: I'm sorry! I can't do anything right (exit's sobbing) <sobbing sounds receding into the distance>

Roger: Oh Sebastian (Disappointed) you are such a delicate flower that I feel I must grow you and nurture you.

Miss Whiplash: You've still got to pay me even if you don't do any nurturing. it's 5 credits an hour. I take GalPal...

Roger: Oh Well.... any port in a storm.. Do you have a strapon in that bag?

Miss Whiplash So the special love, right away....

SCENE 3

Narrator: Hans Supp has got a very important meeting today. Miss Conception is a galaxy wide renowned author and political analyst. However her views can be quite outspoken and controversial. Her zealous anti-Imperial stance on certain subject matters, and calls for military action against what she calls that vermin race of semi human ponces, has charmed Hans. With Miss Conception arriving for a speech today he takes it upon himself to provide the security, and the charm...

Hans stands impatiently at the arrivals at Bernard's star's spaceport; number 2 joins up with him quite quickly, and out of breath.

Hans: Number Two! Why do you never arrive on time and when you do turn up I can feel my insides straining? I told you we had a very important guest to meet today! Someone worthy of showing the best we have to offer. I hope you got my **privates** all clean and dressed up for the occasion like I asked.

Number Two I- I'm sorry sir <breathe> I wasn't aware of any important delegation arriving today. You said just last night take the day off and relax. I was just at Mc. Thargoids when you called to ask 'Where the fuck are you?'. I could only get Number 4883 to volunteer. He's really nice just got a bit of a lisp.

Hans: That's **Unacceptable!** Number Two! We're receiving a delegate of the Dongkum Freedom Front and we need to present our best for the occasion! Have you at least inspected my seamen?

Number Two Well if I'm honest Sir I was struggling to make up time and the seamen got pushed out before I could make it. Anyway if it was really that important shouldn't you have told me---

Hans: Shut your sausage catcher Number Two!, she's here!

Miss Conception Well then I see we have our.. Grand. Reception. Is this a greeting worthy of the representatives of <whatever faction we call them>

Hans: **Gott im himmel!** Number Two! Can you see that! What a fine specimen of the glorious human race!

Number Two Well, yes. She's quite.. Tall, and Blonde. The overcoat is a bit much though, and what's that armband all about? It looks like she's got buried treasure in her biceps.

Miss Conception Ah, you must be Hans, of course. Such a fine specimen. **Wie gehts es ihnen?**

Hans(Clearly smitten): Oh, oh. **Sehr gut!** I-I mean, Miss Conception! Happy to have you here at our glorious station! I've heard so much about you but this is the first time I get to meet you in person! I'm a big fan of your latest book; **Das Imperial!** Perhaps we can discuss it over dinner later?

Number Two Well I'm sure this won't end happily ever after

SFX: (Gentle piano/romantic music)

Hans: Miss Conception you look charming allow me to push your stool in.

Miss Conception This is a charming little place you have brought me to. You're looking smart Hans, stiff collar, immaculate hair and creases you could slice a bratwurst with. You might be just what we are looking for.

Hans: What are you looking for?

Miss Conception Oh just a small band of elite, pure commanders who want to see the justice the galaxy needs and to take the imperials and crush them. Your record speaks for itself Hans, we have had an eye on you for some time herr supp.

Hans: (**charmed**) Well I'm honoured you would even consider a humble **mensch** like me. Please I would love to know more about Das Imperial. Did you really break wind in the emperor's face? I love your methods they are so... Unique...

Miss Conception Your methods are what caught our eye Hans. We'd love you not only to join the SpaceStaffel we need a teacher, a leader amongst men, someone to stand up and deliver for the greater good. Someone to sweep the opposition aside and say no more to the imperial menace that threatens us all. You will be our **Sturmbannführer.**

Hans: Sturmbannfuherer, me. Well I would be honoured.

Miss Conception We are having a gathering later at the Mug House. We would love you to say a few words.

Hans: Number two. Get your sorry ass in here NOW! We have a speech to write and it needs to be right. Very right..

Broobin: Right Michelle, what's next in my daily schedule? I'd rather shit into my own hand and insert it in my ears, than have to spend another minute listening to the benefits of Health and Safety with the federation union. I'm in charge of federal fines Michelle, why on Barnard's would I want commanders to obey health and safety. That's my paycheck there Michelle.

Michelle: Ah, it seems there's ten minutes written in here for Number Two your Magnificence.

Broobin: Wonderful! I've been touching cloth for the last 5 minutes.

Michelle: No, I mean the second-in-command of security. He's got an appointment here to see you regarding --

Number Two It's Hans sir, he's not acting himself

Broobin: Well he can fucking play Hamlet for all I care. He's not even spoke to me since he retired from Barnards Station.

Number Two He told me you blocked him from all transmissions and left the message 'fine then fuck off see if I care'. Sir.

Broobin: In a friendly joking way. Ok ok I'll see what he's up to I'm sure there's something we can find to fine him with

Scene with Hans doing his speech and subsequently mugging

Hans' speech is muffled out in the background, whilst the rest of the scene is played out. It ends with the mugging from Broobin

Speech:

Hans: *The **Imperials** domination in the state seems so assured that now not only can he call himself an **Imperial** again, but he ruthlessly admits his ultimate national and political designs. THIS WILL NOT DO! A section of his race openly owns itself to be a foreign people, yet even here they lie. For while the **Imperials** try to make the rest*

*of the world believe that the national consciousness of the **Imperial citizen** finds its satisfaction in the creation of the **Achenar** state, the Imperial again slyly dupe the dumb Federation AS IT ALWAYS DOES. It doesn't even enter their heads to build up an **Imperial** state in **Achenar** for the purpose of living there; all they want is a central organization for their international galaxy wide swindle, endowed with its own sovereign rights and removed from the intervention of other states: a haven for convicted scoundrels and a university for budding crooks, idiots and SLAVES!*

Broobin: Michelle, what is this nonsense? He's waving around like a semaphore operator with a wasp in his pants. Now everyone is doing it. what the hell is going on Michelle? MICHELLE That man behind me high fived me in the head. MUG!!!

Hans: *While from innate cowardice the upper classes turn away from a man whom the **Imperial** attacks with lies and slander, the broad masses from stupidity or simplicity believe everything.*

Michelle: I don't know your Superbness, I think he's trying to rally the masses against the imperials your gloriousness. With some moderate success. I don't think you should be high fiving them all though your eagerness. It seems to be annoying some of them.

Broobin: I was taught it was rude to leave them hanging Michelle...

Hans: *The state authorities either cloak themselves in silence or, what usually happens, in order to put an end to the **Imperial** press campaign, they persecute the unjustly attacked, which, in the eyes of such an official ass, passes as the preservation of state authority and the safeguarding of law and order.*

Broobin: Rally the masses? That won't do. Michelle we rely on the masses **not** being rallied at the FFS. I've long had my suspicions about Hans after that time we had to share a single passenger cabin and he insisted on sleeping on the right.

Hans: *When I finally grasp power in my hands, the destruction of the **Imperial state** will be my first and most important job. As soon as I have power, I shall have gallows after gallows erected. on Birminghamworld all down the Main street; In Boston Base too and even inside the biowaste facilities of cooke. Then the **Imperials** will be hanged one after another, stabbed, shot, beaten and*

*hanged again. and they will stay hanging until they turn green and fester over the toastracks. As soon as they are untied in death we will exhume them to the vacuum of space, then the next group will follow and that will continue until the last **Imperial** in the galaxy is...*

Broobin: He's causing a scene being out here, rallying the masses and whatnot! Someone, Seize Hans!

SFX (crowd Seize Hans!)

Hans: Wait... Wait

Miss Conception Oh, you must be **Herr** Broobin, such a fine specimen! Is that a cable knit sweater, you've got that really sexy wooly look going on. Maybe you'd like to join the very best. Call me..

Broobin: Michelle! Who the fuck is this bint? No! Stop touching me you aryan twat!

Miss Conception Oh, I do love a man in authority.. Your hair is so (pause to think) Thin...Wispy....

Michelle: Oh Miss, I must insist you stop immediately. His immaculateness can't stand being touched by anyone but himself and Mother.

Miss Conception Oh he loves it don't you 'David' he's just not...

SFX **MUG!!!**

Broobin: MUG!!! MUG!!! MUG!!! Mother spent all last night washing my hair Michelle, then this stupid bint comes and ruffles it like I'm 5 years old. Well I'm not going through that horrific experience again Michelle. No more tears.. biggest lie in the galaxy even with the rubber hair ring. I'm angry now Michelle. Get this stupid Aryan tart and take her to Detention room Alpha. Actually fuck this I'll do it myself....

Miss Conception ARRRRGHHHH **was zum Teufel!**... I DEMAND YOU RELEASE ME AT ONCE.

Michelle: Your gloriousness the detention rooms are down the stairs...

Broobin: Are you questioning my knowledge of the station layout Michelle?

Michelle: I would never conceive of such a thing your locationalness.

Broobin: Ha see here we go Michelle I told you it was upstairs throw this bint in here Michelle.

Michelle: I'm pretty sure this....

Broobin: Stop lollygagging Michelle and shove her in... That's more like it right lock the door....

SFX AIRLOCK WHOOSH

Broobin: Well Michelle looks like I owe you an apology I forgot the station rotates...easy mistake to make. What happened to Hans anyway?

Michelle: I said you wanted to see him but he had to shower first. I've not seen him since he looked very scared at the time.

SCENE 4

Narrator: The legendary beluga liner is the largest vessel that can't quite fit through the slot. Canonn Interstellar's reasearch and development ship the "Ivor Biggun" sits battered on the pad steaming from patches of green corrosive slime. The repair crew, spooked by the shuddering of the hull and horrible groaning sounds coming from within have asked for a Chief baggage officer to investigate. Jack Sofalot has drawn the short straw.

Jack Sofalot: Excuse me sir, is this steaming great mass of goo your ship?

LCU: Yes? How can I help you?

Jack Sofalot: Oh god! Not you again. I hope you aren't going to try and get me to eat any more of that awful cock cheese.

LCU: Oh no not at all, I'm just here for repairs and then I'll be on my way. I just need a jet wash and a small patch up on the cargo scoop.

Jack Sofalot: My friend's wife had some of your cock cheese and now she has a nasty rash. Wouldn't be too bad except she's heavily addicted to the hard blue veined variety now..

LCU: Oh dear, I'm sorry to hear that, I did tell you it was experimental. So I need repairs and fuel my good man.

Jack Sofalot: Lets get this over with so I can get the fuck away from you. Some of the repair crew have come to me with some concerns about your ship. The shuddering and groaning noises. I've had a look on your manifest and all it says is that all you are carrying is the ship's pet. I'll have to check if it meets federation animal laws. I'm a little concerned about it's toilet facilities as you can see...

LCU: Oh yes, the ship's pet Miss Tickles. She does make a bit of noise when she wants feeding. And the green stuff is all perfectly natural, in fact she would suffer without it.

Jack Sofalot: Do you expect me to believe that all you are carrying in that massive cargo hold is a ship's pet.

LCU: Oh yes Miss tickles likes to have a bit of room. No space awareness you see, so she can hit the hull from time to time, nothing to worry about.

Jack Sofalot: What kind of pet is this Miss Tickles. She sounds like an angry Hippopotamus...

LCU: Miss Tickles is a <drowned out by muffled thargoid wailing>

Jack Sofalot: A what?

LCU: Miss Tickles is a <drowned out by muffled thargoid wailing and crashing sounds>

Jack Sofalot: I can't hear you with all this noise. Take me to the cargo hold and I'll see for myself. Then I can tick this and you can fuck off...

LCU: No really, there's no need, I'll just make my repairs and be on my way. I wouldn't want to completely mess up your nice clean cargo area.

Jack Sofalot: Oh no no no, I want to see this for myself. You're up to something and I'm going to find out what it is.

LCU: No really...

Jack Sofalot: I wouldn't trust you as far as I could throw an elephant by its balls on an 11G planet. Take me to the cargo hold.

LCU: Very well if you insist.

<SFX: walking sounds>

LCU: Are you sure about this,

Jack Sofalot: Just stop stalling and open the door.

<SFX: keypad and error sounds>

LCU: Oh dear the door seems to be stuck.

Jack Sofalot: Get out of the way I'll do it.

<SFX: keypad and door opening sounds Thargoid Wailing>

Jack Sofalot: Jesus fuckiing christ! How did you fit a Thargoid cyclops in here!!!

<SFX Angry thargoid noises>

LCU: Get away from the door she might suck you off.

Jack Sofalot: Well bring on the thargoid then!

<SFX: Thargod tractor beam>

LCU: Miss tickles put him down!

Jack Sofalot: Aaaarghh! Help it's pulling me towards its sphincter, argh! No! Get off me , my legs! My legs have gone in,

LCU: Don't worry she's just being friendly. Miss Tickles don't make me discipline you, put him down

Jack Sofalot: Please help me! Its sucking me all the way inside <muffled screams>

<SFX: radio noise>

LCU: Igor, please could you discipline Miss Tickles

<SFX: radio noise>

Igor: Yes mathter

<SFX: radio noise>

<SFX: zapping noises followed by the sound of a heavily slimed body falling out the Thargoid sphincter, Thargoids pain noises>

Jack Sophalot: (Wimpering and retching) You're going to pay for this.

LCU: Here, Let me help you up.

<SFX door closing>

Jack Sophalot: (Wimpering and retching) I'm getting station security to slag your ship and and that that thing.

LCU: My dear man, that must have been a terrible ordeal for you. Here have a sip of this brandy.

Jack Sophalot: That's not brandy! Is that hex edit?

LCU: No it's a lovely brandy, no don't drink any more. They say you drink to forget, but we don't want you to forget how to breathe. He he he

Jack Sophalot: What happened to me, why am I covered in slime?

LCU: You slipped on some grease and had a little fall, after you inspected our cargo hold

Jack Sophalot: I did?

LCU: Yes, you did and Miss tickles is just a cute little puddy cat and not a Thargoid cyclops at all.

Jack Sophalot: Aw that cute little one eyed puddy cat

LCU: And now you need to go back and tell everyone that everything is in order and we are free to go.

Jack Sophalot: That's right, everything is in order, you are free to go.

LCU: You are also going to tell everyone that they should try my delicious cock cheese

Jack Sophalot: Don't push your fucking luck!

SCENE 5

Narrator: Repairs complete, the Panther Clipper majestically shudders out of the station into the glittering starlight. The cute little kitty stored safely in its hold for its final journey to .. um ... I seem to have lost my train of thought, what just happened? And why does this Brandy taste weird? <pause> Alice, oh my god my head.... Alice what the hell are you wearing and why are there chicken feathers and gizzards on the floor? Right what's next?

Romance, Romance, Romance. It's the time of year when love is in the air. That's because most of the galaxy are perverts and like to have sex in Zero-G. It's very tangy on the tongue too, However modern life in the 34th century still has its problems seated in the throws of history. For example nobody has ever figured out how to open any packages that say 'please peel here'. It's much preferred to stab it liberally with a knife until it submits in a mass of wounds, or stabs you back. May Swallow has been stabbed by more packages than Julius Caesar. but she's taken time away from her busy schedule at McThargoids for 'personal' reasons. We join her now as she deals with a sensitive problem.

May: Come on May it's been nearly a year now. It's time to put on your brave face and get yourself out there. You can't mope around at home watching endless repeats of Hutton under the Hammers. Richard isn't coming back. Well you'd have to reconstitute him from the several thousand parts, and he probably smells like biowaste and sulphur with more than a touch of cat anus. No today's the day we bury Richard, or what they could find of him.

SFX **May swallow to Funeral chute three....**

May: Oh that's me.

Funeral staff: (bored) Right Maize Hollow? Yeah yeah sorry for your lost, ok....
(as if looking through notes) Blah blah blah Federation standard burial. Cause of death Rammed in the docking port by a Thargoid and crushed to death. All good... Sign here... Thank you.... And here.... And again here....Right if you'd like to pull the lever. We're done.

May: What? He was killed in action fighting for the federation. Where is everyone? He was crushed by a Thargoid for Barnard's sake! I was told there would be full military honours....

Funeral staff: A lot of people die for the federation fighting Thargoids. You're lucky you're getting an in system burial, usually we just find a random gas giant and give it rings. Look I've got 50 more to go this morning are you going to pull the lever?

May: Well I, I thought there would at least be a speech, an obituary of his life. He was born in a bio waste plant you know, the son of Frank, father swallow. And Gizella Swallow ...

Funeral staff: Woah woah hold it hold it. No speeches... Look on the sign, no speeches, no emotional outbursts and no heavy munging. Look if it's too hard I can pull the lever for you.

May: I thought at least Jack would turn up...

Jack: <exhausted> Sorry May I had to deal with some idiots cock cheese again in customs.

Funeral staff: Are you the husband of the deceased?

Jack: oh god no. although he did fuck me a few times. But I didn't swallow so it doesn't count.

Funeral staff: Look which one of you is going to pull the lever I've got deaths backing up now...

May: I don't think I can do it Jack..

Jack: Would you like me to May? If it's easier on ya

May: Oh well go on then I think that will be best...

SFX: Switch being flicked on and off rapidly....

Funeral Staff: Sir...Sir...SIR... oh for fucks sake

sfX: Snapping metal

Jack: It came off in my hand...I barely touched it...

Funeral staff: BARELY TOUCHED IT YOU FLICKED IT LIKE IT WAS A PROSTITUTES CLITORIS. Great now I've got to explain to management why we have to double chute...

May: Has he gone then....

Funeral staff: Yeah there he goes...give him a wave...

SFX: loud thud..

May: What was that?

Funeral staff: Canister collector. We can't leave those canisters out in space their menace to traffic not to mention the biohazard inside. so we collect them, crush them and melt them down...

May: You mean Richard is not going to float in space for eternity...

Funeral staff: Well they could make him into a type 9

Jack: He was fat enough to make two..Sorry May, old habits die hard...

May: Ohhhh I think I need a moment here...

Funeral staff: Look if it makes you feel better I'll waiver the 20% mandatory reconstitution charge as you never used the reanimation service.

May: Reconstitution charge? Reanimation???

Funeral staff: Yeah you know for putting his body back together. Shame you couldn't afford the reanimation people usually go for that when they hear about death but some people are traditionalists. Right if you'd like to move through to 'mourning room two' a member of staff will provide you with 1 cup of tea and I think today's biscuit is a very nice bourbon cream....

May: Reanimation? I never heard about any Reanimation..Did you Jack

Jack: (about as innocent as jack the ripper) Erm no no no not at all I never even knew it was a thing....

Funeral staff: Oh yeah usually we find an escape pod, the occupant is usually dead and we pump them full of progenitor cells 3 times a day for a week and their soon back in the land of the living. But you must have your reasons. We sent you an information pack about a week ago. Look we have the form here you signed...

Jack: Erm yeah no need to put undue stress on May here. I think we should move on to the mourning room May. I do like a bourbon cream...

May: I didn't sign anything. I don't remember getting any information pack, If I hadn't asked Jack last night I would have never even known the funeral was today. I just told Jack here to take care of the funeral as I was far too upset to do it myself....

Jack: Well it's taken care of isn't it?

May: You told me there would be a 21 gun salute. The Morris muggers were turning up and we would have an obituary read out by the voice of Galnet....

Jack: Aye well It turns out that was a bit more than we could afford, and far too much effort.

May: I gave you 500,000cr I said no expense is too extravagant for my Richard..

Jack: Yeah but reconstitution? Is it what Richard would have wanted? I'm sure he wouldn't have wanted to make a fuss. Anyway, what's done is done...

May: Didn't you buy a new Hauler the other day.. You told me you won the galaxy lotto

Jack: I did. I won erm I erm (blustering)

May: Oh never mind i'm probably just in a state of shock it's all been too much. Lets get out of here....

Jack: right yes...we can have a nice cup of tea and forget any of this ever happened...(muttering) If I can find where I left that Hex editor....

SCENE 6

Narrator: The galaxy is a wild and fascinating place, only last week I had an infection of shetland giraffes in my house. Still If you will organise orgys... anyway making sure all these fascinating creatures are logged throughout the galaxy are Fanny Longburn and her geriatric fiancé Willy Stroker. After the fallout from the last exhibition they have decided to focus their efforts somewhere fluffier and cuter, where animals don't face extinction.

Willy: You join us today on a rather lovely earth like world in the Trappist-1 system and something rather special. The pygmy Unimouse. With it's rainbow coloured fur and tiny single horn it has become a common pet throughout the galaxy. However these pygmy unimice are not domesticated and still follow their annual migration to lay their eggs in the same place every year. My gorgeous assistant and fiancé Fanny Longburn has set up camp awaiting their arrival.

Fanny: Finally something I can stomach without having to drink a litre of mega-gin first. Unimice are soooooo cute and fluffy. I want to squish them in my arms and cuddle them all night... I'm actually glad you aren't here this time I know how much you loathe cute things...

Willy: Yes well after that last incident where you killed one of only two krakens and the cover up for the lost marines I figured it was much the safer option even if the subject matter is a little boring....

Fanny: Don't you fucking start. Nobody mentions that fucking thing was trying to rip my tits off and the crew were about as much use as a silent movie to a blind man. No they deserved what they got...

Willy: 350,000 credits to make it 'go away'

Fanny: Worth it.... Now I need to set up all the trigger cameras down here. The camp is all set up nice and neatly so we can film that and the sun is setting it will all look very beautiful <pause> and cuteeeeyyy...

Willy: It's nice to see you taking this seriously for once. You know there's a lot of credits to be made in first discoveries of animals. Remember we got 50,000 credits for being the first to discover the Beldakri Skunkeater.

Fanny: That you fucking named after me...

Willy: Its a great honour to have an animal named after you. Fannius Stinkus Mephitis is being extensively studied now...

Fanny: Yes because it's widely regarded as being the smelliest fucking animal in the known universe. Outranking even the Hutton Truckers by 500 points. The federation are studying it because they want to know if they can use it for chemical warfare....

Willy: Well it's still an achievement, one that will be remembered long after we've gone. Right have you got those cameras set up down there yet?

Fanny: Just putting the wires on the last ones. The camp fire is going and I've got a large stew on for the morning... I'll film this sunset and turn in for the night.....

Willy: It's now the middle of the night and it looks like we may have some activity it's very dark at the moment so we will have to wait for the morning to be able to see any footage of the unimouse or if it is the unimouse at all. My assistant Fanny is fast asleep now and keeping very quiet. The perfect conditions for unimice.. Oh wait I think that activity is my assistant.

Fanny: ohhh I need to pee badly... I'm going to have to go. I knew I shouldn't have had that extra gin. I'll be as quiet as I can be there's some bushes behind us I'll just creep there and go. I'll be back before you even notice.

Willy: well just be very quiet.. The slightest noise could scare them off..

Fanny: <quietly> ok im just making my way past the campfire <REALLY LOUD> FOR FUCKS SAKE WHICH ONE OF YOU CUNTS KNOCKED MY STEW OVER!... YOU FUCKING FURRY HORNED DILDOS THATS MY ENTIRE MEAT RATION FOR A WEEK!..OH YOUR STILL HERE HOW FUCKING NICE <normal> Where's that fucking electric bee swatter... **SFX TAZER NOISES** OH OH That's right knock over all my equipment whilst you're at it too.. THREE HOURS I SPENT SETTING THAT UP!... GET AWAY FROM MY BOOTS! YA LITTLE CUNT!

SFX ball being kicked

Willy: Did you just kick a pregnant unimouse?

Fanny: No....well....kinda..it was more of a punt to be honest....

Willy: This is the last remaining, wild population.... You can't just go around kicking them...

Fanny: Was...

Willy: This WAS the last remaining wild population and you just peppered them all over the camp like you were practising for a semi final at Wimbledon, then you kick one so hard, that in the planet's low gravity environment, I'm not 100% sure it's landed yet....

Fanny: Well then there might be one survivor... I've got an idea, forest fires happen all the time so just a small fire here and we'll say we found it like this, nobody needs to know anything it's a tragic turn of natural events.

Willy: You can't....

Fanny: Just slosh some of this lighter fluid over here.... cover all these bodies here.... Make sure I get the tent and all the equipment....

Willy: FANNY!!!!....

Fanny: (oblivious) right here goes....

SFX **huge ignition whoosh.....**

Fanny: AHHHHHHHHRRRRRGGHHH

Willy: I tried to tell you the oxygen content is 38%....

Fanny: Shit shit shit arghh fuck arghhh IM ON FUCKING FIRE!!! DO SOMETHING!!!! YOU USELESS OLD TWAT!!!

Willy: There's a river behind you jump....

SFX **SPLOSH**

Fanny: Fucks sake...I've carbonized my favourite pants... erm I'm recalling the ship now...

Willy: What's going on down there is the fire out now?

Fanny: Erm...I'd say No...yeah...no...well what's the opposite of out? I'd say it's doing that quite quickly... Ohhh thank fuck for that the ship is still here. Right I'm in the asp im fucking out of here....

Willy: What's happening why am I getting hot? I'm 300km up in orbit... OH DEAR GODS WHAT HAVE YOU DONE....

Fanny: It's just a small bush fire it'll go out soon.... You know bushfires lead to regeneration and growth...

Willy: ITS ENCOMPASSING THE WHOLE FUCKING PLANET!!!

Fanny: Ok maybe a change of plan....Just tell them a comet hit it.. Just do the creepy voice over and we'll edit in some footage it'll be fine....

Willy: Oh god there must have been 100 billion species down there... <deep breath> ok ok right... The planet here in Trappist-1 has unfortunately had a natural disaster of epic proportions, and it now burns brightly in the night sky. Thankfully my assistant and fiance Fanny Longburn made it out safely but spare a thought for all the creatures that were not so lucky. We leave you now with some powerful shots that the force of nature can provide...

SFX LARGE SPLAT

Willy: Oh that's a shame. Fanny? That Unimouse you kicked didn't survive it just bounced off my canopy....

SCENE 7

Narrator:

In Hahns Ring a large operation takes place every day providing the rest of the galaxy with fresh thick and creamy thermal paste. The milking sheds of Hahns Ring have long been a source of controversy for the rest of the galaxy, but they have come forward to show that their practices are not barbaric and the slaves live happy and free range on the large estates.

Kum Farmer:

Well I gets up at around 6am UTC. Sometimes the sun is up, sometimes it ain't, depends on the rotation of the station see. Well me first job is to round up all me livestock. Now I usually does this by shaking me cock like this and they come running. Here's Jim now he's an eager one him, can't wait to get his bits tubed up and pumping. And that's Rosie in the field over there now we uses here for breeding and she should be expecting a litter some time soon, mind you it's 18 years before they reach maturity. An then they have to pass quality control. I mean we only take the finest specimens here at Kum Farms. So now we 'ave a bit of a crowd.. Oi shut ya faces, we take them to the milking shed. We does this twice a day, any more and it stops being creamy and gets watery and nobody wants low grade paste. It's all done by machine these days but if ya wants a go at the ole method I can get you a cushion for the knees, just place it in ya mouth and spit in into the bucket.. No? Oh I can assure you they're all clean, got the certificates, still no?. Well then..BARRY? BARRY! Come along now don't be shy. Right we unzip them and if you look Barry here is a small 2 incher. so shove that fitting on the bellend like and it does all the work for you. So we like to keep them relaxed so we searched around the galaxy fer something that's challenging but not impossible so we use Presidents question time here on the monitors. Now when the machine fills that 100ml bottle it switches off, we can do two hundred at a time like this. It can get a bit noisy in here, and i've been told it smells like a fisherman's trawler but there's good money in paste. Now nothing around here goes to waste, so Greg here is an older guy he's not producing the force he once did, so when they get to the dribble we sells them on and they go on to live on the Sausage farm, an they become delicious sausages. Sometimes they struggle a bit like Greg here now

Sfx Gunshot

So we send these straight to fertilizer and the go back to the earth, see it's a cycle innit. Now would you like to sample our product?

Tell you what straight from the udder, nothing like unpasteurized still warm and salty. Delicious right?

SFX Powercut

Oh for fucks sake that's the fourth time this week. Right your going to have to help us here you take the left side I'll take the right. What we doing? Hand tuggin If we don't relieve them they'll explode. I find it's easier if you keep a rhythm, Tug, tug tug, squirt.. No you're not holding it right like this... Tug. tug, tug, squirt.. There you go tug, tug, tug squirt, tug, tug, tug squirt, tug, tug, tug squirt, <fade out>