

BEYOND:DOCKERS

EMPTYING YOUR LOAD ANYTIME, ANYWHERE

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.

Narrator

The Barnard's Star Broadcasting Corporation started out small. This however was changed by the invention of the mug. Billions were sold galaxy wide. David Broobin made the mug what it is today, smashed over such a large portion of the bubble that it now forms its own nebulous cloud that requires a permit and a licence in porcelain navigation to navigate. It is the ceramic bedrock to the infamy of this station's staff.

May Swallow's McThargoids restaurant has queues so large they orbit the local star several times. People are installing the old star dreamers just to survive the 8 week wait for a Double Tentacle and large McStiffy. But she always has time for a chat. We join her now as she goes through her morning victuals serving rituals.

May

Oh you get all sorts here, hang on. **<louder>** Betty!, I said Give those trays a good rinse with your hose not your nose. **<normal>** Anyway, we had that Aisling Duval in here the other week, with her bright blue la de dar hair. She doesn't wash all that dye out you know, smells like it too. Well she certainly smelt like ammonia

and cheese with just a hint of copper pennies to me. She left horrible stains all around the couches. Looked like someone had ridden a smurf over the whole restaurant. I was livid!, and there were hundreds of blue curly hairs everywhere. I told Betty make sure you get rid of that awful smell and remove all the hair you can see. Poor Betty she came in bald the next day, she smelt fantastic though like tulips and marigolds with just a hint of drain declogger. Next time that so called princess can wear a mcThargoids bag on her head! I'm not picking blue spaghetti heads scraggly hairs out of my tentacle breasts again. **<louder>**Betty! These seats are sticky I think this one has a Tharg special zesty Ink sauce on it. **<Normal>** That reminds me we need more wet wipes in the dispensers. I blame that Jenny Taylor the G1 racer. Comes in here all la de da. Literally slipping on the customers drool. It's the 34th century, honestly animals the lot. I could see more than one happy tentacle meal for sure. Well she grabs handfuls of wet wipes headed straight for the toilet. Those are for customers only! And she didn't use a single wet wipe! She walked out of here with Cream of Thargoid soup all around her lips, Chocolate and vanilla whirl McStiffy dribbling down her chin disgusting! And I had to throw all those perfectly usable wet wipes away. Honestly some people! Well I'll stick half a credit on the mcstiffies if people are going to be like that. Oh, I have to go I remembered there's a hole in the toilet cubicle door that needs fixing...

Narrator

Of course some systems are more secure than the dispensers at McThargoids and Hans Supp takes his job of securely securing the galaxy seriously. Having finally hung up his boots at Barnard's Star he now provides private security for the galaxy.

Hans

Number two; it has come to my attention that you are being a bit lax with security. You didn't even pat down that pirate who came through, and he held the barman up, stole his wife and emptied his booty over the bar...

Number two

He said he had diplomatic immunity sir

Hans

The only thing diplomatic here is going to be the sound of my truncheon smacking you around the face, and I will quite happily diplomatically shove my handcuffs so far up your anus I'll be able to lasso your tonsils. Then if you're really lucky I'll remove them through the mouth. GET HIM BACK IN HERE NOW!

Number two Right away sir, Says here he's one of the pirate dons.

Hans I don't care if he's Pat Miweene inventor of the automatic truncheon. Send him in here.

Don What is the meaning of this I have immunity from all this look I have papers!

Hans So Don Keyedik i'm not having you coming through my back door whilst you completely ignore my number two, you can't swagger in here and not take a thorough examination from my privates. Do you see this notice right here, ALL attendees must submit to a full security check and search. NO FUCKING EXCEPTIONS.

Don I only came to see the Imperials v Federation ruffball game. We pirates usually get immunity to protect us from the likes of overzealous federation fucktards like youuuuuuaarrggghhhhh Vaffanculo!

Hans The Aldebaran Arse Annihilator, a move I perfected back in Imperial prison in the 33rd century. Can you retrieve that truncheon for me number two, no pull it out through the ear. There you go. This one is called the fuck off out of here. You might want to watch and learn number two. I learnt this next move on barnard's station, I've found it very useful over the years.

Number two I'll get my notepad, right ready now sir.

Don HEY HEY YOU CAN'T PUT ME IN HERE!....

SFX Airlock whoosh

Number two Not as exciting as I expected.

Hans But effective number two. Look at him going blue out there...

Number two What are we going to do with his ship sir? We can't just leave it on the pad people are trying to dock. I have the registration here somewhere Don eatin, nope, Don Itthough, Don Yewanmebabi ahh here it is Don Keedik he's on bay 15, Ship ID Don-key, ship name, The yawn,

Hans Well you will destroy the Donkey yawn with my large battle weapon. I'll whip it out of storage for you. It should be large enough to reduce it to rubble in a few pumps.

May Today I can mostly smell, Sausage and Shampoo with just a touch of cream cheese

Narrator Canonn Interstellar have the sharpest brains in the known universe. They spend their time deep in research hoping to discover new theories. However research isn't free and every so often they must trade their wares to raise funds. On the docking bay floor, due to irregularities in their paperwork, Canonn Interstellar are having their cargo inspected by none other than Mr Jack Soffalot.

LCU This delay is intolerable, I demand that you allow us to leave at once:

Jack Soffalot Calm down sir, I just need to clear up some issues with your paperwork and then you can be on your way.

LCU Fine, just hurry it up.

Jack Soffalot Now then, it says here, you are shipping two tons of "Experimental Cheese" could you tell me, what is the value of this cheese? It needs a customs label.

LCU My dear man, the value of this cheese is immeasurable. Why, the science that has gone into its making is....

Jack Soffalot (Interrupting) Immeasurable? I'll just put it in the highest rate tariff band then. Class Z, Priceless artifact.

LCU No no no, what I actually meant by immeasurable is that it is worthless, completely worthless. You can put it in the zero rate band.

Jack Soffalot I'll be the judge of that. What is the experimental nature of this cheese?

LCU Well it's very interesting , it's long been known that the males of the species can be induced to express milk by feeding them a cocktail of hormones. Chiefly Oxytocin and Progestin...

Jack Soffalot (Interrupting) So you're telling me that this cargo of experimental cheese is all bull?

LCU Oh no, not bull that wouldn't be a challenge. We have specially bred Cockerells to produce this cheese.

Jack Soffalot How can they make milk? They haven't got nipples. I suppose you could wring it out.

LCU We gene spliced them to give them udders. They are small you can drain one in about five seconds.

Jack Soffalot (trying to hide laughter): So you're telling me that you are hauling a cargo of two tons of cock cheese? Wait till I tell the boys about this one.

LCU Is there something funny?

Jack Soffalot No no nothing funny. Just one of those days.

LCU Well, as you can imagine it has been hard work and I'm in no mood for frivolities. I've been milking cocks all week. I can empty twelve cocks a minute now.

Jack Soffalot <Laughing> I think that's far too much information. I will have to inspect the cargo.

LCU No need for that, I have some samples. (SFX unzipping sound) Why don't you try it.

Jack Soffalot No thanks I'd rather not.

LCU Go on! Eat my cock cheese. This one is a good starter lovely soft and moist. You can try the blue veined one too. And I've got a lovely hard one here...

Jack Soffalot Your papers are in order, please get out of my fucking sight immediately.

LCU Are you sure? Don't you want to inspect my python? I wouldn't want to break the law and I've got an Asp full of Cocks coming later.

Jack Soffalot I've told you to fuck off once. Go. Now.

Narrator The monks from the Sublime Order of van Maanen's Star are a mostly peaceful sect who tend the contemplative gardens and lush parklands of O'Connor City. What many people don't know is that the brothers also collect and process bio waste created by the station's 150,000 inhabitants before selling it on to agricultural facilities in the local bubble. Novice monk Turdus Migratorius works in the treatment and filtering plant where he agitates the collected effluent and keeps everything flowing freely.

SFX **Background machinery hums and mechanical noises and loud squelchy noises maybe a few pops and farts....**

Brother T No, its *GAK* great here. I *URP* hardly *BOAK* even notice the *URGK* smell anymore. Pleading voice "Oh god here comes the Dinner time load..For the love of dog! help me!!! *BLEURGH*

Narrator: In the packing facility Brother Arsus Partus of The Enigmatic Lobes has a visitor. The esteemed method actor Dick Trickle has taken the habit in preparation for an upcoming role.

Brother Arseus Well, you have to shovel this biowaste into cargo containers and if you don't shift 6 tonnes of it by dinnertime then you have to share a room with Brother Peest tonight.

Dick Trickle Brother Peest?

Brother Arseus Brother Peest. He's a lovely guy but a bit of a snorer. Sounds like a Lancaster bomber with a misfire.

Dick Trickle Ah well that's not so bad then. I am not a light sleeper.

Brother Arseus Oh and he does like wander around in the night. He's very quiet though, so you might want to not sleep too heavily. He likes....

Dick Trickle Im sure it will be fine.. i'll sleep through it..

Brother Arseus ...to teabag people during the night. I've been here 25 years and I still can't get the taste of Johnson's baby powder out of my mouth.It's when the snoring stops that you have to worry. Coz that means he's wandering around.

Brother Peeste Pervy voice Hello My name's Ray. You're my new roommate, aren't you?

Dick Trickle Fuck this for a woolen Jumper....

SFX **Running sounds**

Brother Arsus Aw, you've scared him off now.

Brother Peeste Now I don't have a roommate again ... can I share with you?

Brother Arseus *SIGHS* Yeah, go on then. But i'm wearing the ball gag....

Narrator Leningrad Orbital, a generation two Orbis class starport, old, rusty and barely operational, it orbits it's planet two like an obese child nagging it's parents for a litre of ice cream. Affectionately known as Deuce by the locals because of its resemblance to a liquid bowel movement after a rough curry and being much the same colour throughout. Rumour has it that the station got its name from a philanthropic gambling commander who after a win in the galactic lotto poured it all into its purchase and repositioning into the PSPF-LF 2 system. Sadly the win wasn't a jackpot win, and costly improvements that the station badly needs, remain unfinished, The system however offers plenty of sweet goodies for comrades and proletarians and the pirates also operate here, luring miners into carefully laid traps. Today we follow Boris, as he steps out from the transport from his home in the Socialist Republic of South Yorkshire.

Ivan Papers Please Comrade.

Boris This place really stinks! And is that one of the T-29 transport cabs? Those were discontinued 80 years ago! Quite like the window, oh I don't think that is a window. Love the fluffy hat though

Ivan I'm not wearing a hat. Papers Please

Boris Oh yeah sure.. Here

Ivan So what brings you to Leningrad Comrade?

Boris Work order 4334/b four weeks at Security level 3 I believe.

Ivan Cubicle cleaner 4th Class? You sure these are the right papers?

Boris Oh for fucks sake, nice joke Dimitri. Hang on..Have you got a communications node?

Ivan There is a hard wire you may use comrade, cost 50 credits.

Boris Hardwire for 50 credits, it says on the machine insert 1 credit to use..

Ivan Communication out is 50 credits, 1 credit to pick up the communicator.

Boris 51 credits...

Ivan Do you wish for a private communication?

Boris erm yes well obviously I want a private communication.

Ivan Well that's 50 credits per person per minute.

Boris I only want to talk to one person.

Ivan Oh well in that case it's 500 credits

Boris Wait, how is that more...

Ivan Well there are a few discounts I can offer, Can we record and use your conversation for training purposes?

Boris Oh erm yeah I think that'll be ok, yeah I don't mind that.

Ivan Oh well in that case just use the communicator for free comrade...

SFX **Phone Dialing and Ring tone use Soviet anthem...**

Dmitri BORIS! MY COUSIN, COMRADE. Why might you be calling me at this hour?

Boris You know damn well why I'm calling Dim, what have you done with my 4334/b?

Dmitri Oh, that little thing? I just adjusted it a bit more according to your abilities. You always were the clean one, cou-sin!

Boris But I trained for six weeks for the Security Job, not the toilet-brush wielder!

Dmitri Ah, yes. Well you should've thought about that before you put your filthy hands on my 'sasha!

Boris Your 'sasha? What are you talking about?

Dmitri Don't deny it! You swept my beloved away with sweet lies and left my poor darling all sobbing with your betrayal! To think you would soil a wonderful body such as hers!

Boris <stammering> I swear to your Dimi, I did no such thing!

Dmitri What is done is done cousin! You live with your shame, and I shall try and repair what you done. <sheep bleating> Now now 'Sasha, don't you worry, Dimitri is right here.

Narrator Of course the galaxy would be useless if there were no rules to follow. Some of course think these rules are anarchic and pathetic. We join one of them now who is going through the standard customs procedure. Well it's as standard as it can be, given it's being executed by Finn Gerrin and his reluctant friend Doug Kittout.

Trader Fuck....Fuck fuck fuck arrghh shit bastard fuck...

SFX **Sandpaper sounds, screech then Loud pop**

Finn Yeah there's been a lube shortage in the Federation after a fleet carrier parked itself inside Winnard's hole. It certainly stretched it beyond all recognition. Anyway, I've had to use spit on the last 40 I could do with a McStiffy I've got a mouth drier than a lesbian at a chipendales concert...

Doug I had one in here this morning me luvver, He was still here this afternoon.

Finn Unlawful declaration?

Doug Too much suction babba... I had to make him eat sprouts and algae so I could get him off...My arm is bruised to buggery me luvver. Still it's better than holding on to the nuts for leverage, never heard a sound like it when they came off in my hand....

Finn Oh you'll get a warning for that.You'll be fine though I get hundreds of notices for 'getting people off'. Right I don't feel anything in here. Pass me the stamp Doug.. Right just going to staple this customs declaration to your large intestine it'll dissolve in a few days, any problems just show them this, open wide....

SFX Staple gun many times

Trader Can I go now?

Finn Oh yes 'Thank you for using Hole Customs services we hope your visit is as smooth as your experience today. Would you like to suck on a free chocolate lollipop sir? Freshly made today?...no? ok have a good day'

Narrator The galaxy is full of people with itchy feet. And with billions of worlds to see, new animals and ancient civilisations. They boldly go where no oh Copyright? It's the 34th century?. Right start again? Just make something up? Ok well then... Now some cunts who like to go and see shit. Better? We join Billionaire explorer Willy Stroker and Fanny Longburn as they, or should I say She explorers an Earth like world for the first time.

Willy Here in HIP 753 we are searching for the elusive slapper sharkagator. Located on the beautiful Shartancorn river winding its way through paradise, lives the Magnificent Slapper, it's speciality is the gear and pinion nature of its mouth, using the central nervous system it can rotate its teeth at 200 revolutions a minute, that's enough to shred an entire tree in seconds. The natives of this planet have taken my assistant and also my long time gorgeous fiancé Fanny Longburn to the location. searching for Slappers right now. It can be dangerous in there so she has got her weapons out.

Fanny Argghh what the fucks that, argghhh it's got 10 legs and 3 wings...it's making sounds at me....is it much further...no no arrrrghhhhhhhh get off me you fucking flying dick.... Is that a bee? No I fucking hate bee's...give me that spray

SFX **Spray sounds, maybe the sound of gravel to represent bees.**

Fanny Take that you little twats, fucking ergh what's that it's slimey it's got claws FUCK OFF.... This shit better not smell... FUCKS SAKE I JUST PUT THAT ON TODAY....

SFX **Loud beating and crunching sounds, maybe punctuated with the occasional swear word...**

Willy As you can hear she's making her way carefully through the jungle and paying respect to the local wildlife. It's always important to remain calm and treat any animals like any other.

Fanny What's this shit now? FUCK OFF YA BIG FURRY FROG CAT SHITTING BASTARD.

SFX **Loud gun...**

Fanny Well I've reached this fucking river where we are supposed to see the sharkagators there's fuck all here, nada. I don't see fuck all....

Willy A lot of nature and recording is patience so we'll come back in a few hours to see how things are going on, just make camp in the tent and wait. And stop fucking making all the noise.. You'll scare them away!

Fanny I'm not sleeping in that fucking thing, I saw something crawling in there it was the size of my middle finger, yeah the same middle finger i'm giving you right now Willy Stroker....

Willy Can't you fucking do anything right? You just had to walk to a river and take pictures oh no you couldn't do that could you no you had to wipe out the only purple unicorn bee population in the galaxy. You killed an endangered Frogcat, and god knows what the claw slime was because we've never fucking seen one before and you

actually shot it so many times that you atomised it before we could see it.

Fanny

Well why don't you find these 'wonderful' creatures for yourself then. Fucking loser. You just sit in that room watching the monitor and giving creepy voice overs. 'Ooh look a fizzlebreathed Turtlephant' how fucking interesting. 6 months I spent in quarantine foaming out of every hole Willy Stroker...

Willy

You know I have a heart condition and asthma, and the insurance wouldn't pay you anything if im off planet..You wouldn't want me to change the will. The insurance company will insist if I come along.

Fanny

Oh I'm sorry dear erm yes well it's just been a rough day honey tomorrow will be better i'm sure. Erm yeah sleep well talk to you tomorrow kisses....

Willy

So the elusive Sharkgator remains elusive for another day, join us next time as we discover more new fascinating creatures of the galaxy...

Fanny

YOU NEVER SAID THERE WERE FUCKING WASPS HERE
YOU LITTLE SHIT.....

Willy

Until next time..goodbye...

Narrator

Sometimes we all get a fine, whether it's innocently knocking someone in the toast rack or being found with a pipe of a certain illegal chemical. Wait that wasn't me who put that in the script? Ahem, well someone has the lovely job of making sure these fines get paid. Taking up a new posting as the CEO of the Federal Fines Service is David Broobin and his Secretary Michelle Bootes.

Broobin got a promotion, what the hell? The man is an incompetant arsehole. It's says here, he saved the galaxy, repelled the thargoid threat and inserted, what's this redacted, redacted... redacted, redacted, redacted. There's 45 pages of redactions here! Oh one more bit, as a result David has gained several ranks in the federation and a more suitable outlet has been obtained for a man of his talents.

David Right Michelle, Still not quite got my head around this new posting here at the F.F.S. It's a huge step up from that spinning hell hole of Barnard's Station. Ahh yes CEO of the FFS. Federation Fines Service, CEO sounds majestic because it is Michelle. Right we have lots to get on with. I've made a start. Just one or two terms I'm not quite familiar with yet. Federation jargon I believe Michelle. Like this one here. What do you know about scissoring?

Michelle Erm I'm not sure I understand the question your mugginess

David It says here on this incident report Michelle. Blah blah blah violation 300 credit fine, Scissoring! And then in brackets 'Runs' Fine issued last month, suspect caught scissoring in van Maanen's star, was trying to meet Federation deadline for package delivery..

Michelle Well I know scissoring with the runs is a bad idea, especially in zero-g..I really don't know your Regalness.

David Well listen to this 'The suspect began running and scissoring wildly, and stabbing several monks whilst screaming 'JUMPERS!' at them, before inserting a letter into,' I think that says 'rear entrance', then proceeding to say 'Deliver that you fucking shiny bastard, stabbing them in the holy sack and ramming the scissors firmly up the monk's nose where they were pulled apart and shut again several hundred times until his nose resembled a childs paper snowflake.

Michelle Let me see that your magnificence. Ahh yes, I think they mean running with scissors your gloriousness.

David Running with scissors Michelle? Well there's a time and a place for these things. I stabbed my old business partner 50 times in the head doing just that. Still I won that game of Zero-G Jousting and gained 50% of a business that day. Send a message to them Michelle.

'Where's my fucking credits. If I don't see some movement from you in the next hour I'm going to take this Zero-G tennis champion 3294 mug. I'm going to twist your head around through 180 degrees bounce it several times on the floor and then proceed to play swing ball with your fucking face for a full five sets, unless

you PAY MY FUCKING CREDITS' Send that to this fine dodger Michelle, no holding back I want the book thrown at him'

Michelle

Message sent your Fantasticness

SFX

Inbox message ringtone

David

Oh I've got a new message, oh it's from you Michelle MUG!! THAT'S VERY FUCKING RUDE MICHELLE! MUG!!!

Narrator

Red Planet Taxi Service have recently moved into the luxury liner market and their flagship Big Red Taxi has been plying the space lanes in Wolf 25 for some weeks now. We join Trace and Shantal in the food prep area onboard.

Trace

Alright Shants, I'll do the rounds in Business Class and you can do Luxury this time, alright Babes?

SFX

Tea trays rattle and gurgling hot water...

Trace

(Start happy and end depressed)Tea coffee, coffee, tea.Tea coffee, coffee tea. Tea coff ... Tea Madam? Certainly Madam. Enjoy your tea Madam. ,Tea coffee, coffee tea, Tea coffee, coffee tea ,Tea coffee, coffee tea, Tea coffee, coffee tea ,Tea coffee, coffee tea, Tea coffee, coffee tea

Passenger

Could I have an orange juice please?

Trace

[Annoyed with emphasis] ,Tea coffee, coffee tea, Tea coffee, coffee tea, Tea OR coffee ...coffee OR tea.

Passenger

Yes but I'd like an orange juice please

Trace

[Threatening with more emphasis] Tea ...coffee ...coffee ... tea!..

Passenger

[Intimidated] Uh, okay, tea then.

Trace

[Really Polite] Tea Sir? Certainly Sir. Enjoy your tea Sir, Tea coffee, coffee tea, Tea coffee, coffee tea. Tea coffee, coffee tea, Tea coffee, coffee tea...

Narrator

That was episode one of Onsiehole Production's Beyond Dockers...

[SFX PAGE TURN]

...adapted for radio in 13 parts by Brian Sibley, the part of Frodo was played by Ian Holm, Gandalf by Michael Hordon, and Aragorn by Robert Stevens. What?...

This isn't the credits? Who's got the credits?

[SFX Shuffling of paper]

Where's the last pages of this script gone?

Alice! Alice you useless intern! Have you got the last pages of this episode one script? The time wormhole is open and I'm ready to beam it back to listeners in 2019 but the last pages are missing!

Alice

Sorry sir. Here they are, they were still on the printer.

Narrator

Hand them here, let's get on with it. We're on air again, so get back to your cell.

You have been listening to Episode One of Beyond Dockers, a Onsiehole Production written by Simon Winnard.

The part of May Swallow was played by Helen Lister, Hans Supp by Danny Bushe and Jack Soffalot by Ben Moss Woodward. Michelle Boots by John Jackson, David Broobin by Keith Wilkins and Finn Gerrin by Robbie Lister. With Shawn Pond... [list of other actors in ep 1] Other people did some stuff but I haven't got their names so they won't be appearing this time.

The part of the narrator was played by me, Iain M Norman.

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Onsiehole productions are not liable for any loss of appetite, itchyhness or miraculous conception that you may experience whilst listening to this podcast.

Now piss off. I'm full.

Trace

<Fade out> Tea coffee, coffee tea, Tea coffee, coffee tea. Tea coffee, coffee tea, Tea coffee, coffee tea...No you can't have a fucking biscuit. Look at the size of ya. Well you tell your Daddy then. He's a muppet an all. Oh stop crying.