

Prophetsh of Waaagh! - End of Daze

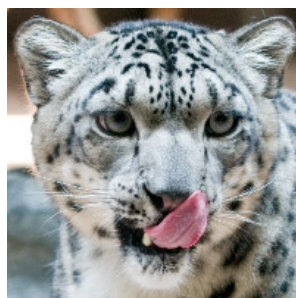
An Ork Audio Drama (2018)

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Uggrim: “No, no, no! This won’t do! Do that and you’ll get sand into gubbins¹. Sand into the gubbins and it won’t zogging work. Fat Mork must work again or all gonna die. Do you understand?”

Grot 1: “Yes, boss”.

Grot 2: “Oh, no, boss”.

Uggrim: “I am gonna have to use my correcton hammer on you”.

(Uggrim smashing both squeaking Grots to death)

Uggrim (displeased): “Now, that what you made me do. Killed you both dead! That’s gratitude? Give you a home, squigs to eat and regular beatings, and this is all lying dead on a job. Pa-the-tic!”

(Uggrim treading along)

Uggrim: “Frikk! Frikk! Where is that zogging grot?! (roaring) Frikk!”

Frikk (running towards Uggrim): “Here... Here I am boss”.

Uggrim: “What are you panting² for?”

Frikk: “I was running”.

Uggrim: “Why?”

Frikk: “You were shouting, boss”.

Uggrim: “Don’t you shake me!” (hitting Frikk)

Frikk (weeping): “Ohhhh, sorry, boss... Boss!!! Boss!!! I got a me... ”

Uggrim (interrupting): “Never mind that. What’s going with these grots? They are useless”.

Frikk (weeping): “Sorry, boss! So sorry, please don’t hit Frikk. But they are the best we had left. All the others died in the crash”.

(Uggrim growling, grabbing Frikk by the throat and hitting him against the steel wall)

Uggrim: “Look at this! Look at Fat Mork! Look at my sh... jumpa!”

Frikk (chocking in Uggrim’s grip): “I am looking, boss”.

Uggrim: “When Gork smiled his smile and the sky split, the Evil Sun Rising fell out a space and landed on this zogging, squig-zarsand of a planet. But Fat Mork, did he die? Nah, he took a battering³, but he is still strong. Fixing this Stompa is the only thing that’s gonna keep us alive. You get it?”

Frikk (chocking in Uggrim's grip): "Yes, boss. I got it. You'd better grouch, boss. Can you please let go off my neck now, boss, only... only... I is dying".

Uggrim (letting Frikk go): "Oh, yeah".

Frikk (falling to the ground and regaining his breath): "I'll sort them out, boss".

Uggrim: "You'd better, if you knows what's good for you".

(Frikk coughing)

Uggrim (taking a gasp): "I don't know... Fat Mork should work by now. Course gobbet had been out of shape when we landed".

Frikk (mumbling): "C-c-crashed, boss".

Uggrim: "Watch it, but that wasn't nothing. We couldn't sought with a bit armor in (snarling). I suspect a problem with the magneto power transfer from the other plasma flask to the distribution jack-in, but is it that? Is it zog?"

Frikk: "I don't understand mek talk, boss".

Uggrim: "Then what are you good for then? Except maybe eating?"

Frikk (screaming in fear): "Aaaaah, I am good for messages, boss! Boss Snikgob wants to see you. He wants to see you now".

Uggrim: "Why? Can't he fix his own gubbins without me doing that for him? Typical stupid Snikgob".

Frikk (gibbering): "No, boss. It's not that, boss. Only, please, don't hit me again, but boss Grimgut is here, round on the other side of Fat Mork. He wants to see you and..."

Uggrim (hitting Frikk and interrupting): "Uh".

Frikk (screaming): "Ah!!!! Sorry, boss!!! It isn't my fault, boss. Don't like Grimgut".

Uggrim (angry): "You is never to call Grimgut boss or I... He is no boss, not round here".

Frikk (weeping): "Yes, boss".

Uggrim (spitting on the ground): "Right then, let's go see what that stinking Bad Moon zogger wants. Nah, no bleeding peace.... I am never gonna get this zogging Stompa fixed".

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(Uggrim walking slowly)

Snikgob: “And I am telling you, Grimgut. He ain’t gonna be happy to see you, so why don’t you just sling your rook and get out of our faces right... “

Uggrim (interrupting): “No need to be rude, Snikgob, me old pal. Grimgut here is all the biggest pain in the hurty bits since Gork hit Mork in the face and made all of everything out of his dislodged⁴ tooth... or... oh... oh... hang on... Was it, whom I ran? What do you want, you Big Moon git? Come to brag⁵ again, cause that’s all you’s good for, bragging”.

Grimgut: “Nah, I’ve come to talk... business. Need some bits. Your ship is good and broken. Want to buy off you. You still haven’t got Fat Mork up and running. We can help each other”.

Uggrim (snarling): “Building another Stompa, are you? We bust your last one good and proper. I’m... not... helping you. You is weak, all the ships is broken. Go scrounge⁶ of someone else”.

Grimgut: “Teeth sales, teeth sales, Uggrim. Battle wagons is where it sat. Building they sell for a new one. Got to get out of this place. You do too. I come to trade, not to fight”.

Uggrim: “You is not having any work bits out of me ship”.

Grimgut: “There is a Waaagh coming. We should work together!”

Uggrim (laughing): “You gone squig-brained. There ain’t no Waaagh, not here. Not enough of us. Most of the boys are dead, look at us stuck in the desert. No wowa, no food, no oaks. Did the grots, they dry out. Snotties are wilting⁷, squigs are dying. We’ll be lucky to be to live in this place three weeks more”.

Snikgob (knocking on his head): “I got a bit of weird boy in me brain, pioneer. I can feel a Waaagh month off. Ain’t no Waaagh coming, stupid Moon boy”.

Grimgut: “You think so? The Mekboys mine in the camper singing. Weird boys are all a jabber⁸. There’s a Waaagh coming all right, mark my words. We need to work together. Be the bigger Mek!”

Uggrim: “I am the bigger Mek, zogging deaf-brain!”

Grimgut: “I ain’t all nothing be that like that”.

Uggrim: “What did I show just how much bigger than you I am? (unsheathing his blade) I’ll go easy on you, use me little choppa”.

Grimgut: “You are a zogging idiot. I don’t want to fight, open your logs and listen to me...”

Uggrim: “I am a zogging idiot, who’s had enough of zogging Moon gits”.
(Uggrim charging Grimgut with a roar)

Grimgut (parrying the blow): “Ahhhhh, fine! If it’s a fight you want, you’re gonna have one, you stinky sally”.

Uggrim: “Show it off, Moon boy”.

Grimgut: “It will take more than that to beat me, yet in above yourself you are”.

Frikk: “The bosses are fighting!”

Grot 2: “Ay, why are they fighting, Frikk?”

Grot 3: “I’ll put three teeth for boss Uggrim”.

Grots (crying): Uggrim! Uggrim! Uggrim!”

Bozgat (approaching): “Snikgob, Snikgob, there’s... Hang on... What’s going here?”

Snikgob (spitting): “Fight! Uggrim has got enough of Grimgut apparently. Fancy a smoke?”

Bozgat: “I’ll not count for you, not now”.

Snikgob: “Oaks, not fight. This Sun gone to your aid”.

Bozgat: “No, no, mate. You got to come now inside Fat Mork. We got a big problem, Snikgob. A real big problem. Well, a real little problem, but in a big way”.

Snikgob: “What is coming out of your gob?”

Bozgat: “In there, in Fat Mork. Problems, thousands of them”.

Uggrim (knocking Grimgut down): “Yeah, take that! You are going down!”

Grimgut: “You can’t beat me”.

Uggrim: “Looks like I just did. Again”.

Snikgob: “All right, all right. Uggs, stop. Ugg, we got to go. And I was looking forward to seeing you to saw Grimgut’s head off”.

Uggrim: "You are stopping me, Sniks?"

(Grimgutznarling)

Snikgob: "Kill him later! There is a thing you got to see, says Bozgat".

Bozgat: "In Fat Mork!"

Grimgutzn (coughing): "You stupid Sun boys messed up again? Not enough to eat but paths. You'll never be the best".

Snikgob: "All right, all right, Grimgutzn! On your way!"

Grimgutzn (standing up and treading away): "I'll be back, you'll see. Ork boys need to work together. There's a Waaagh coming".

Snikgob: "Ain't no Waaagh, mark me words!"

Another Grot: "Ahhhhh, give me my teeth back!"

Frikk: "No fight! No fare!"

Snikgob: "Oy, back to work, you. Frikk!"

Frikk: "Yes, boss Snikgob?"

Snikgob: "Make them work. We got mek business to attend to".

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Bozgat: "In here. You will not gonna believe this. It's the magneto transfer conduits. At full we were alloy mix and that was sending it all zoggy".

Uggrim: "Yeah, me too".

Bozgat: "But it wasn't that. It was this".

(Bozgat opening the door)

Numerous Snotlings (chanting outside the hatch): "Lalala-lala!"

Uggrim: "Snotlings? Where did this lot come from?"

Snikgob: "Blind me, they were not here this morning".

Bozgat: "Well I haven't seen Talker all day. I was looking for him in the piston wax, cause he likes to sleep there. And I found all these snotties instead. They've chewed up all the wiring. That's why Fat Mork won't work. Now they are everywhere. Ay, you, get off there. Leave it alone. Get off!"

Grot (squealing): "Mine! Mine!"

Bozgat: “Oh no! That chowed⁹ for all the zogging power couplings¹⁰ now as well”.

Uggrim (angry): “What is going on? They can’t stay in here! Get them out!”

Snikgob: “Hang on a minute. What’s this? There’s more down there”.

(pushing aside a metal plate away)

Snikgob: “Look, down here. They’ve dug a big hole under Fat Mork. There’s thousands of them. Dead spawning shrooms all over the place and squigs and grots too”.

Uggrim: “They’ve been spawning down there, Mork’s tusks!”

Snikgob: “Hey, I can see a light!”

Uggrim: “Where’s it coming from? Oh yeah! Bozgat!”

Bozgat: “No need to shout. I am still right next to you”.

Uggrim: “All right, yeah! You get down that hole now, see what you can see! I think something might have tunneled its way out, that’s why there light, you see? I am thinking, mate, always thinking”.

Bozgat: “But...”

Uggrim: “But? What?”

Bozgat: “But it’s crawling with squigs and snotties down there...”

Uggrim: “Ooooh... Do you think Bozgat is scared of a few snotties and squigs?”

Snikgob: “Looks like he is, Uggrim! Are you scared of snotties and squigs?”

Uggrim: “Me? Nah, Snikgob! I ain’t scared of snotties and squigs, (crying out loud in anger) cause I is an ork!!!! No get down that hole, Bozgat and see what’s been digging its way out from under my Stompa!”

Bozgat: “It’s not fair! It’s always me. Why do I have to... (choking) do those nasty jobs”.

Uggrim: “Because you is the littlest and I is the biggest. And that makes me the boss and you the runt¹¹, that’s why (laughing)”.

(Bozgat jumping down)

Bozgat: "Ow, it's a long drop. Zogging heck... It's like a cave down here. Hm, spawning shrooms everywhere. Hm, something has dug its way out. Get out of my way, snotties! This tunnel is going outside. Hang on. Is something calling at?"

Uggrim: "Bozgat! Bozgat!"

Bozgat: "Hey, get here, you!"

Angry snotling (throwing something at Bozgat): "I am not git, I fight! Waaagh!"

Bozgat: "Ow, you little zogger! I am gonna..."

(heavy dull sound)

Uggrim: "Now what?"

Snikgob: "Outside, something has blown out outside".

Uggrim: "I can hear that zogging Gork and zogging Mork. Come on".

Bozgat: "Stop that, you little runt! Got you now! Hey, Uggrim! Hey, Snikgob! I caught one! I caught a spawnling. Hey, throw me a rope down! Uggrim? Help?"

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Uggrim: "Zogging heck12! Spawnlings, not even wild boys yet! What are they doing in camp? Don't they know we might eat them?"

Snikgob: "Looks like we had a full spawning under the Stompa. Squigs, snots, grots, orks, the lot... (laughing) Well I never... Hang on..."

Uggrim: "Maybe Grimgut is right? Maybe there's a Waaagh coming. Spawnlings are ripe for it?"

Snikgob: "Nah, nah, I ain't so sure. This don't feel right to me. You have ever seen anything like this? All thise squigs, snotties, grots and boys coming up out of the ground at once and during the day. They come out in the dark, so they can run away and not get ate. Then they come back when they are wild boys and big enough to fight proper. Something odd is going on".

Uggrim: "Beats me. I ain't no runt herd".

Snikgob: "Don't have none to ask either. All dead. Still, we got some grub13 now. That's something".

Uggrim: "Oy! Oy, zogging wild boys! Look at that, what are they doing? Pounding on Fat Mork? Stop that you zogging runts".

One of the Grots: "We do not stop! We fight big metal ork! We kill very big orks!"

Uggrim: "We'll see about that. Zog off, you little gits! You're scratching me paintwork".

(Uggrim shooting several times)

One of the wild boys: "Oh, you got boom-fist! We want boom-fist!"

Uggrim: "Oh, no!"

Snikgob: "I think you gonna have to kill a few of them. Kick them in the touch, it's the only way with the little ones. We are gotta be harsh to be fair. I'll get me burner for the barbeque".

Uggrim: "I got a better idea. This... (unleashing several shots) is a gun... (shooting). Who wants a gun?"

One of the wild boys (laughing weirdly): "Me! Me! Me! Me want boom-fist!"

Uggrim: "It's not a boom-fist. It's a gun, you zogging squiag-heads!"

Wild Boys (chanting): "Gun! Gun! Gun! We want gun!"

Wild Boy 1: "Boom fist?"

Wild Boy 2: "Gun?"

Wild Boys (laughing): "Boom-gun! Ha-ha-ha!"

Snikgob: "Now you gonna done it. One, two, three, four...Oh... Ehhhh... Lots. There's lots of Waaagh boys. Looks like you got a new job (laughing) He-he-he! Runtherd!"

Uggrim: "Shut it! I ain't no runtherd. They stink funny!"

Snikgob: "What or you said you squig-downed on me (laughing) Ha-ha-ha! Uggrim the runtherd! (sniffing) Oh, I smell runts!"

Uggrim: "Call me a runtherd, if you want but we'll see. This though might come in handy. If there's a Waaagh coming, we'll be ready and we'll beat them to the guttering. Fat Mork striding in and us the best meks there is, with our mob of boys at our back. Get Fat Mork running! Find somewhere to build a new ship and we are off out of this pit. Frikk! Frikk!!!"

Frikk (running towards his boss): "Yes, boss!"

Uggrim: "Round these wild boys up. Give them some guns, but no bullets. Then clean zogging snotties out of Stompa. We've got some wirings to fix".

Frikk (mumbling): "Ok, ok... Right you are, boss. I'll get some of me mates to do this, if it's all right with you in case we have any tooth-free business. Gogit, Dimbuck, you heard the boss! Sort these orklings out!"

Wild Boys (chanting): "Gun! Gun! Gun! We want guns! Gun! Gun! Gun!"

Uggrim (snarling): "Oh gorking Mork and morking Gork! How come I always end up in charge of a bunch of zogging halfwits¹⁴?"

Snikgob: "It's because you are the biggest Big Mek, Uggs. Goes with the territory, goes with the territory".