

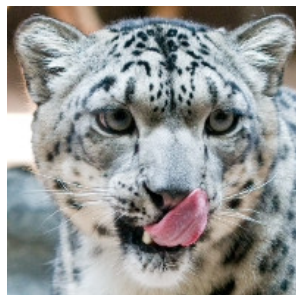
Prophetsh of Waaagh! - Bozgat's Big Adventure
An Ork Audio Drama (2018)

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&



(Bozgat roaring the engine of his motorcycle)

Uggrim: “Stupid zogging grots. We aren’t going so fast. There is nothing to crush into yet”.

Frikk: “Sorry, boss! Don’t like bikes, boss! Too fast for poor old Frikk”.

Uggrim: “And stop holding on to me so tight, dirty little grotty fingers. Throw away nice bin”.

Frikk (falling to the ground): “Sorry, boss!”

Uggrim: “If you don’t stop it I’ll make you ride on a back. You can hang to me mek-power and flap¹ about like a little flag. How would you like that?”

Frikk: “Not much, boss!”

Uggrim: “Oh shut up with your whining! Give me peeping² glass”.

Frikk: “Here you go, boss”.

Uggrim (spitting): “Right then, let’s have a good look”.

Frikk: “You can see from a long way up here, boss”.

Uggrim: “It’s why I chose to ride all the way up this bleeding dune, you zogging zogwit”.

(Uggrim hitting Frikk)

Uggrim: “We are gonna catch Talker. We’ll have to use our nowwhats. This is a big desert”.

Frikk: “He could be anywhere”.

Uggrim: “Ain’t that a truth? I reckon... Hang on a minute”.

Frikk: “What, boss?”

Uggrim: “Over there!”

Frikk: “Where, boss? Let me have a look! (after a pause) Oh, yeah... Ah... No, boss, I don’t see anything”.

Uggrim: “What? There, in the distance! Something shining in the sand. Could be important”.

(Uggrim launching his bike’s engine)

Uggrim: “Right, hold on, you little runt. It’s a long way”.

Frikk: “But, boss! Boss, wait!”

Uggrim (pulling the throttle grip): “Waaaaaaaaaagh!”

Frikk (in the distance): “Not... so... faaaaaaaaast!”

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(bike roaring, Uggrim turning off the engine)

Uggrim: “Look at that! Space ship... Must have come down when Gork grinned and the whole Waaagh fell out the sky. It’s well busted, bad luck for them”

Frikk: “There is a name there at the front”.

Uggrim: “Hm... Naaaa.... Nagu... walk... Naga? Blood Axes! Tricky humie-loving gits. Don’t trust them...”

(Uggrim walking towards the space craft)

Frikk (in fear): “Boss! Boss, what are you doing? I don’t like it. It’s creepy around here. We should go”.

Uggrim: “Tracks, one ork, see?”

Frikk: “T-t-talker?”

Uggrim: “Don’t know till I go and has a look, do I? I am going in”.

Frikk: “But I don’t want to go inside”.

Uggrim: “Oh, that’s real good. Then you stay here and mind the bike”.

Frikk: “But I don’t want to stay outside and I don’t want to go inside. I want to go home”.

Uggrim: “Oh, right... You can go home”.

Frikk: “Thanks, boss”.

Uggrim: “As long as your wrappy roiling me guts in bits, because I is getting annoyed. And I gets hungry when I is annoyed”.

Frikk: “Sorry, boss. I am very happy to stay out here. Yes, boss”.

Uggrim (snarling): “Here, have this grot gun”.

Frikk: “Me own shoota?”

Uggrim: “Don’t get all sappy on me! It’s for protecting me bike. Anyone comes up, anyone at all – you shoot him. Right in the face. Get it?”

Frikk: “Got it, boss. Boss, are you sure, going in that ship is a good idea?”

Uggrim: “You might be scared, grot, but that is because you is a grot. I is an ork and orks aren’t scared. Besides this is me third favorite

shoota. It'll punch a hole right through the Deathtread. Any sneaky Blood Axe tries owing me, then end up a head shoota".

(Uggrim leaving for the craft, while whistling a catchy tune)

Uggrim: "Oh, here we go, a nice door. Right, footprints in and so does I... Right..."

(Uggrim entering the crash-landed craft)

Frikk (scared): "Boss? Boss! Oh, boss. I don't like. I don't like!!! Come back!"

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Bozgat: "Oy, what a state! This all came down so old, there ain't a sheet of metal scraight in here. Zogging mess... Here... What's that? Looks like... Smells like... (sniffing) ork blood. All under wall and bullet holes. Just where is everybody?"

Urko the Grot: "Help you, boss!"

Bozgat (dazed and surprised, releasing a salvo of shots around the ship): "Aaaaaah!"

Bozgat: "What? What? A grot? What are you doing sneaking upon me like that you, little zogger?"

Urko the Grot (laughing): "There is a few more holes in that wall now, ain't' there, boss?"

Bozgat: "Mork's early bits! You made me..."

Urko the Grot: "Made you what, boss?"

Bozgat: "Ehhh... Miss... You made me miss that bid in the wall there. Doing an experiment, Mek stuff. Always ready me, nothing gets past Bozgat. Have a trigger on this gun, me own design".

Urko the Grot: "Meant to do this, boss?"

Bozgat: "Oh, yeah. Absolutely, dead intentional, get it?"

Urko the Grot: "Oh, yeah, boss".

Bozgat: "Where are your bosses? Where are all the orks?"

Urko the Grot: "Orks, boss?"

Bozgat: "Yeah, orks! Big green things with huge teeth like me! Bad-tempered mostly, kill things that annoy them".

Urko the Grot: “Oh, yes, ahahahha! (laughing) Orks, boss. Urko can take you if you like, boss”.

Bozgat: “Urko?”

Urko the Grot: “The very same, head grot of tier, chief runt, little greeny in charge (laughing) That’s me boss”.

Bozgat: “Right! Urko, take me to your leaders”.

Urko the Grot (laughing and leading the way): “Willing, well, this way, boss. Come on, come on, don’t be shy”.

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Frikk (scared): “Wait here, Frikk! Do that, Frikk! Not fair on Frikk! I don’t want to be out here all alone. I don’t want to be in there in the spooky dead ship. I am scared. I want to go home. I wish I was an ork”.

Talker (approaching Frikk and laughing): “Ahahahahah! What’s this? A lonely ork of a lovely wrum-wrum?”

Frikk: “Who goes there? I warn you, this shoota is loaded”

Talker: “Ain’t gonna help me, little flower stalk, right there? Or are you got a flower, little ork?”

Frikk: “This is a gun, not a flower stalk. Hang on a mo... That’s mad talk. Talker, is that you? Pull that thing off your face”.

Talker: “Me primy scarfed. Need that so I do not get a dusty dust up my snout”.

Frikk: “It is you!”

Talker: “Who else would it be? I don’t see anyone else here, well, except for him over there”

Frikk: “Where? Oh, wait! There’s no one there”.

Talker: “Nah, there definitely is. Big fella, has squigs for teeth”.

Frikk (scared): “Never mind. I am so glad to see you. Bozgat thinks you ran off to join the Waaagh with all the other maddens”.

Talker: “Strangely I found myself dancing west at me innards (burping), then I stopped. You know, stoppy stop! Woop, I’d do love a squig-cake”

Frikk (scared): “No! I don’t know! And I don’t have any squig-cake. Talker, what is going on?”

Talker (sniffing): “Well, me know well. I said that didn’t I?”

Frikk (scared): "Said what?"

Talker: "All the madboys... They think Gork and Mork are singing them to the Waaagh!"

Frikk: "Do you? Are they?"

Talker: "Who?"

Frikk: "Maddens going off to Gork and Mork!"

Talker: "Sounds like Mork, sounds a bit like Gork too. Up here in your know-know. But he ain't them. Not at all".

Frikk: "What are you saying?"

Talker: "Sounds like Waaagh, but this ain't no Waaagh! Oh, here, I missed you for an ork. You look more like a green humie".

Frikk: "It's me, Frikk! You know me"

Talker: "Nay, Frikk is a grot. You is a short green humie".

(Talker kicking Frikk)

Frikk: "Ow, what did you do that for?"

Talker: "Seen if you was real. You said that fellow over there was not real. He said you ain't real. He has a point. Never seen a short green humie before".

Frikk: "I am real and as I said I is a grot".

Talker (laughing): "You ain't a grot, care for me. I've seen plenty of grots. There's loads of them over there".

Frikk: "In the ship?"

Talker: "That's where I was pointing, ain't I? Gork, you are as dumb as a grot, even if you ain't one. Come on. I'll show you some grots, you little green humie".

Frikk: "But I is a grot".

Talker: "Whatever. You ask me, you got squig for brains. He thinks so too".

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Urko the Grot (opening a door): "There you go. They's in here, yes, boss".

Bozgat: "I don't see any orks".

Urko the Grot: "They's down there. They are behind that big waving curtain, boss".

Bozgat: "It is very quiet in here".

Urko the Grot: "So, boss?"

Bozgat: "Orks is noisy!"

Urko the Grot: "Sshhhhh, they's all sleeping, boss!"

Bozgat: "Riiiiight!"

Urko the Grot: "But come on then, bosses down there. Go see, boss!"

Bozgat: "I know things, grot. This is a cargo hold. For stuff, not for orks. I think that you..."

Urko the Grot: "Bye!"

(grot giggling and running away, closing the door behind Bozgat)

Bozgat (shooting at the door): "Little zogger! Zog it! That's a thick door. Hm, I don't like this. I don't like it one bit. That grot is up to no good (treading along the cargo hold). Mork's teeth, orks dead, loads of them. Been eaten by squigs. Zogging heck, this one's head is cut run off. Let's have a look. Oh, still juicy. This happened not too long ago".

Dying Ork (groaning): "I... is...still...alive".

Bozgat: "A talking head! Hang on, how come you's managing that talking with no lungs and such?"

Dying Ork (groaning): "I... am Snagabath... Thieving grots did us in after they crashed. They cut me head off with me own axe".

Bozgat (laughing): "Ahahaha, cut a Blood Axe's head with his own axe! Now that is funny".

Snagabath (groaning): "Laugh... boy... because they's coming for you next..."

Bozgat: "What do you mean?"

(Snagabath finally dying with a moan)

Bozgat: "Typical, dying right when he's gonna tell me something important. I'm gonna have to get out of here. This is well weird".

(Grots charging Bozgat)

Bozgat: "Grots!"

Grot 1: "We's gonna do you in the presser!"

Grot 2: "Get the big greenie, he is the maker of all of our walls!"

Grot 1: "Woes!"

Grot 2: "Oh yeah, sorry!"

Bozgat: "And Urko..."

Urko: "Bet you didn't see any of this coming, did you, zogging zogger?"

Bozgat: "Well actually..."

Urko: "Yes... This is because we grots is smarter than you orks. When the ship crashed down out the sky, we took our chance. We killed all the orks who got survived, sneak, sneak... Ahahahahah! And now we are in charge. And we's going to kill any orks who comes this way. I comrade Urko lured you right into my trap. And mean our trap, now use my mercy".

Grot 1: "His mercy? I though he said he didn't love lung".

Grot 2: "What about our mercy?"

Urko: "But, yeah... That's what I meant, our mercy! The mercy of the red grot revolution"

Grots (chanting): "Yeaaaaaaaah!"

Grot 1: "We's overthrowing the slave-drove feet".

Urko: "Brothers, it is the elite, not their feet, the elite..."

Grot 1: "Them too and their feet!"

Grot 2: "Yeah, down with the elite feet!"

Bozgat: "What the zog is going on here? What are you little gits all about? Shut it, shut it now! You ought to me all rounded up and at, red grot revolution. Zog me!"

Grot 1: "Oh, maybe he's got a point".

Grot 2: "Sorry boss! Let me put this gun down, boss! Please don't hurt me, boss!"

Urko: "No! No! Stop! He is no boss! The days of the bosses is done! I head of the revolutionary counsel employ you all my brothers. Do not give in to your fear! We are many, he is only one".

Grot 1: "Is there more than one of us?"

Grot 2: "Oh yeah! Oy yeah, there is one, two, a lot..."

Urko: “My brothers, bring down this tyrant. Head him to the deadens we have already piled and we will be free. All the mushrooms you can eat! No more boot-polishing, no more beatings”.

Grot 1: “Hang on a minute, are you telling us what to do, Urko?”

Grot 2: “Yeah, we agreed – no leaders”.

Urko: “Right, right, no leaders. No greenie shall set himself over another greenie, that’s the law”.

(grots happily chanting)

Grot 1: “Yeah...”

Urko: “Now do as I say! Guns out!”

(grots reading their guns)

Urko (smiling): “Get him!”

Bozgat: “Oh zogging!”

Grots (unleashing a furious attack): “Waaagh!”

(numerous bullets pounding off metal surfaces)

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Frikk: “Oh Gork and Mork! There’s Bozgat’s shoota. I’d know that noise anywhere”.

Talker: “Not that way, you little green humie. This way...”

Frikk: “But, but... We gotta help!”

Talker: “We is going to help! Grab this ladder, now through in this hatch”.

Frikk: “Bozgat is in big trouble. Look down there, loads of grots are having a go at him”.

Talker: “I got something useful here. Hang on (laughing)! Hehe... (laughing even louder) Hahahaha!”

(Talker grabbing a squig from the opened hatch)

Frikk: “How is a regular squig useful?”

Talker: “Better, that’s not it. Off you go little fella. Hang on! Ahaha!”

Frikk: “Stick-bomb? Stick-bomb?”

Talker: “Yeah, there’s one for you too. Go blow it up all at once”.

Frikk: “But we can’t use these. We’ll kill Bozgat”.

Talker: “No, we won’t. Orks are tough, grots are weak. You see, little humie, I might be mad, but ain’t stupid. You take yours over there and I” take mine over there. Got it?”

Frikk: “All right then, I suppose”.

Talker: “Now, on the count of three. You ready?”

Frikk: “Yeah! I.,.”

Talker (interrupting): “Three!”

Frikk (screaming): “Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!!!!”

(explosions)

Bozgat (in the distance): “Zogging Mork!”

Grot 1: “Run Away!!!”

Grot 2: “More orks!”

Talker: “Jump now!”

Frikk (screaming): “Raaaaaaaaaaaa....”

(grots unleashing a salvo of rounds over Frikk’s and Talker’s position)

Bozgat: “Talker! Frikk! These grots are trying to do me in. Yeah, those were well loud. Oh... Hang on! That stings... I think I have been shot”.

Urko: “Come back, comrades! (breathing hard). They’ll fall before the whips of their bosses have fired him tooth and claw”

Frikk: “Is that the leader?”

Bozgat: “Yeah, that’s him, little git!”

Urko (breathing hard): “Comrade! Comrade! Why do you serve the oppressors? Join with us! Throw off your chains”.

Frikk: “Thanks, but no thanks! Bozgat might be a boss but he is my boss”.

Urko: “Oh wait...”

(Frikk shooting Urko)

Frikk: “Good riddance4”.

Bozgat: “Frikk?”

Frikk: “Yes, boss?”

Bozgat: “I reckon I’m gonna let you keep that gun”.

Frikk: "Thanks, boss".

Bozgat: "Taaaaaalker, good to see you! We've been looking everywhere for you"

Talker: "Talker? Who's he? And who are you? Where am I? And who is this weird little green humie?"

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(Bozgat, Talker and Frikk riding a bike)

Bozgat: "Remember, not a word about the grots. This was orks what did this, not grots. Got it? Definitely not grots".

Frikk: "Got it, boss".

Talker: "What grots?"

Bozgat: "Right, good. Hey, there's Fat Mork and about time too".

(numerous grots chanting)

Bozgat: "Uggrim! Uggrim! We are back!"

Uggrim (opening the hatch): "You found Talker! I do not know how I am feeling about that, cause he's really annoying, but well done. Hang on! What happened to you? Have you been shot?"

Bozgat: "Oh, only a couple of times. I got ambushed by orks, loads of them. Beat them all to a pulp on my own".

Talker: "Orks? Naaah, grots did it! He'd be dead but Talker and the small humie blew them up".

Bozgat (nervous): "Oh, wait, wait! That was orks! It was definitely..."

Talker (interrupting): "Grots!"

Uggrim: "Grots? Grots??? (laughing hysterically) Ahahahahah! Grots! Oh, Bozgat, you are pa-the-tic. Grots! (laughing hysterically) Ahahahahah! (closing the hatch behind himself)".

Bozgat: "Thank you very much, Talker. Thank you very much indeed".

Talker: "Why are so welcome".

Bozgat (pulling the throttle handle): "Oh you zogging idiot!"