

By **Snake E. Kant**, our London Undercover Agent



The following is a transcript of a conversation recorded secretly in *Upstanding Members Only*, a Soho nightclub popular with both MPs and peers.

The revellers allegedly recorded were Tory thumper at-large Eric Joyce MP (EJ), and die-hard dissimulator Ian Davidson MP (ID), chairchoob of the *Parliamentary Anti-Natz Team* of Scots Opposing National Freedom by Invention, Recidivism & Equivocation.

BBC Scotlandshire takes no responsibility for the veracity of this recording, or for the views expressed therein. The transcript is published as-is, and for all we know may actually involve two completely different lying bastards, who happen to share names with the two MPs referenced above.

Viewers of a nervous disposition may be shocked by some of the language used, and

**those of a democratic disposition may be apalled.**

TRANSCRIPT BEGINS:

**ID:** *So how come wur bevvyin' here at f--kin' Soho prices, Eric? Ah usually jist cum here fur a De-stressing Massage wi a happy endin' - oan expenses uv coarse - an' then nash back tae the Big Hoose fur a well-subsidised skinfu.*

**EJ:** *Aye, but ahm barred fae aw the pubs in the big hoose noo, Ian, fur getting' blooterred an' swedgin' an that. It's gonnae coast me a f--kin' foartune in bevvy tax while ahm barred, an aw. But, enough ay ma proablems. How ur you gettin' oan?*

**ID:** *No too bad, Pal. But some lefty bastirt just filumed me lyin' through ma teeth about votin' against the bedroom tax, and that wis stupid ay me. Every bugger knows a couldnae vote against it – it was us that invented it, fer f--k's sakes. And the cheeky wee bugger hud the gall tae f--kin swear at me an aw. Ah should ay geid the c-nt a f--king doin just fur swearin' at a bastirtin MP.*

**EJ:** *You're no wrang, Ian. Some ay they bastirts is jist askin fur it. An we're the boays tae gie it tae thum, eh? [raucous laughter] But surely yur no worried aboot getin' caught oot in a few porkies. Yuu've done much worse than that and goat aff Scot free.*

**ID:** *Dead right, ah huv, Big Man! Ah've selt ma ain country doon the river many a time, an fur nae mair than an expense accoont an' a vague proamie ay ermine in the future. An' ah wis proud tae dae it, moreover. Whit's a wee fib compared wi aw that?*

**EJ:** *Aye, an' dinnay furget aw the expenses yuv fiddled and the backhanders yuv goat fur yer pals over the years. An' aw thon kinky sex furniture fur yur hoose in Glesgae thit yuv made yur constituents piy fur.*

**ID:** Right enough, Joycey, right enough! Ah learnt aw that fae the maister humsell, the great Ally Darlin'. He's done mair flippin' than a workfare victim in a burger joint, that man. He's a genuine SLAB livin' legend, so he is!

**EJ:** Aye, he's some man, is oor Ally. An he's anuthir wan ay thon MPs that never turns up fur votes ony mair – just like yursel, wee man, eh?



**ID:** True enough. But ah've goat a new scam goin' this year. Ah'm makin oot that the Kingdom ay Govan could become an enclave ay England if it votes naw tay separashun in the referendum. A telt ma constituents thit the shipyairds wid shut doon if we separated fae the UK, but thit we could keep oan building destroyers if we stied part ay England. It was masel an Tavish that came up wi that wan over a pint or two.

**EJ:** But ah thought the MoD hud already decided tae build aw the destroyers at Devonport.

**ID:** Aye mate, they huv, but by the time the people ay Govan fun that oot, it'll be far too late fur them tae dae onythin' aboot it.

**EJ:** Yur truly a bad man, Ian. A real credit tae SLAB and a shoe-in fur high oaffice.

**ID:** Cheers, Pal. The other day ah wis burstin' fur a pish so ah nashed oot ay the chamber tae find a cludgy, but the speaker thought a wus headin fur the loabby an put me doon as votin' naw fur a vote aboot keepin compensation away fae benefit scroungers that were working fur hee-haw in Poundland - which ah'd normally huv been happy tae vote yes tae.

**EJ:** So ye wurnae a Cockney rebel efter aw then Ian. A thought ye'd rediscovered yur socialist principles. Yur even bein' portrayed a some soart ay workin' class hero by SLAB the day.

**ID:** Don't be fuckin' naïve, Eric. It wusnae principals that made me vote naw, it wus the four pints ay Fosters ah'd stuck away at lunchtime. So, Big Man, you fancy another swally here, or wull we move oan?

TRANSCRIPT ENDS

#### **Editor's Note:**

**It isn't often that BBC Scotlandshire has to go digging around the cesspool where Cybernats hang out, but for our own journalistic integrity it was vital to find this damning video. What was found truly shocked us here at Atlantic Quay. It was a case of pure MP-baiting by one of the nastiest Natz operating for separation.**

The good Mr Davidson didn't stand a chance against this Cybernat who twisted and manipulated our poor Chairchoob's every word. This is the *modus operandi* of ever one of these Cybernats, who've been personally trained by Dictator Eck himself.

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