

James: Hello listeners! As I've recently been called 'exceptionally obnoxious and stupid', I thought I'd do some self development and treat this show as a kind of therapy session. Here with me now is a schizophrenic motorbike rider and Greg, a young man who has gone viral after sharing his photo of a jelly baby on a Harley Davidson belonging to the former guest.

Greg: Hello.

Rider: Good day.

James: Would you like to explain why you were so disturbed by the motorcyclist, Greg?

Greg: He was clearly trying to intimidate me, he kept staring at me like he was going to kill me! Then he offered me a jelly baby!

Rider: That was to clear the air.

Greg: Clear the air???

Rider: What's clear the air mean?

Greg: I guess... make things right.

Rider: Ah. The perils of schizophrenia.

Greg: What do you think clear the air means?

Rider: Offer you a jelly baby.

James: You know what? I completely get you. Schizophrenia is a cruel condition.

Rider: The amount of confusion I feel on a constant basis? It's hell.

James: Sorry, I meant to say 'cool condition.'

Greg: You feel cool?

James: Yeah, peace. Interestingly a Harley Davidson rider offered my dad a jelly baby. It's clearly a trend that's going around.

Greg: Is that true?

James: Yeah! It seems the guy here took things a little bit further with the apparent threats and all, but on the whole a very familiar situation. Would you like to give your name? So I don't keep having to call you 'motorbike rider' I mean?

Rider: Harvey Dickinson.

Greg: Harvey Dickinson the Harley Davidson rider?

Harvey: Is that a problem?

Greg: It just sounds a lot like Harley Davidson, that's all.

James: Oh don't get me started on alliteration. I'm sponsored by Derek's Dresses, Bill's Biscuits, Charlie's Cheeses, etc. etc. Sometimes I wonder if it will ever end.

Greg: Yes, if you're so keen on self development, why are you wearing a little girl's dress?

James: Oh THAT again.

Greg: What?

James: You are SO predictable.

Greg: Do you have an answer?

Harvey: Schizophrenia is a cruel condition...

James: Yes! You are so right, I am cool, bro! My brother Harvey Dickinson, the barmy citizen.

Harvey: Not alliteration, but it works...

James: No no, I think rhymes are even better.

Greg: And of course, you're James Ziegler, the...

James: Yes?

Greg: Pain.

James: Any word plays on my surname?

Greg: No, you know what?

James: What?

Greg: I'm not sinking to your level.

James: You can't rhyme, can you? You haven't got my skills.

Harvey: Greg cooks a good egg.

Greg: Thank you. There's no way you could possibly know that, but at least it is a compliment.

Harvey: No, I've been stalking you.

Greg: Ok...

Harvey: Not in a malicious way. I place jelly babies on your doorstep and stuff like that. Bring back the good times.

Greg: Can I go?

James: Afraid not. That would be bad therapy.

Greg: The thought of you being a therapist!

James: You don't really need skills to be a therapist, you just need to be kind.

Greg: Oh I see.

James: To lighten the air, I updated my computer last night. One time the screen went all pixelated and weird, but I left it for a while in the hope it would go, but it just got worse and worse, so I restarted my computer. Then I installed the update again and my computer STILL told me to update the exact same file! That happened three times! In the end I got fed up and just went to bed, and when I woke up everything was ok! The problem is I don't know what to do in the future updates as I was sleeping.

Harvey: I'd say that was darkening the atmosphere...

Greg: Maybe just updating your computer just the once and going to bed is enough...

James: Oh, you didn't see what all the pixellation looked like. It looked like someone through a brick at the screen. You can imagine how I was feeling if I did something that terrible to my computer. All I did was tell it to update, I wanted to cry.

Harvey: Would you like a jelly baby?

James: Yes please.

Greg: He's staring at you when he's giving you the sweet, he can't help himself!

James: I do admit the contrasts in your behaviour are extreme. Ever thought of reaching some sort of a compromise?

Harvey: What do you mean?

James: Jelly babies are very sweet, staring at people hard in the face as you offer them is beyond creepy. What do you get if you put two of those traits in a pot and stir, so to speak?

Harvey: What?

James: You end up with handing someone crips as you just look at the person the one time. That would be perfect.

Greg: Is therapy really that simple?

James: In my expert opinion? Yes.

Greg: Wow. You really can make a huge contribution to society...

James: I have so many ideas. See someone committing a crime? I say something wise like 'Stop that. Think of your behaviour as something that can be put into a put and stirred, then in the pot...'

Greg: I'm going to have to stop you, there.

James: And why is that?

Greg: Do you realise how pretentious you sound? You're wearing a girl's dress, you have the nerve you offer me therapy and now you're solving crimes?

Harvey: I've committed a crime. Would you like to try and solve that?

Greg: I can, stalking!

Harvey: You're quick, I give you that.

James: And dammit you cook a good egg. Greg.

Harvey: Yes, a crime solving chef. You write short stories don't you, James?

James: I dabble, I dabble. I mostly stick to podcasting and making mental health professionals want to do a brisk jog away and maybe do some yoga instead - both are positive activities, remember - but I'm sure I can write about the tales of Greg, if that's ok with him?

Greg: What would you write about me?

James: I'd say how scared of jelly babies you are.

Greg: I'm not scared of jelly babies, I'm scared of Harvey.

James: I'd say how scared of men with jelly babies you are.

Greg: Sorry, I'm leaving.

James: No, no problem, we're all out of time, bye!