

JAMES: (Whispering) Hello, this is James and I'm making an audio diary with my mobile phone. It's hidden in my pocket. There are cameras everywhere and I want to be safe. It's 9 PM and I'm lying on my bed, in my cell. As you may have heard, I've gone to jail after posing as a substitute teacher. Eek. I tried to bribe the judge with the hundred grand I skilfully won on a gameshow, but it didn't work. I got fined the exact same amount of money. I COULD pay for it, but that's not the point. My attempts to buy the other prisoners with bars of chocolate was a complete disaster. In hindsight that might have worked if I targeted less massive people, but I'm the smallest person here. It seems I'm not threatening.

OTHER PRISONER: (Not whispering) Can you please shut the (expletive) up??

JAMES: I better go.

JAMES: It's me again. I'm awake at 2 in the morning so my cellmate can't hear me. He's a tough customer, but I think a pack of cigarettes and some crisps can make him mine, once and for all. I'll effectively have my own personal bodyguard and won't get any more hassle from anyone. Of course, things could go the wrong way, and I'll just lose two items I really do want in these painful times.

OTHER PRISONER: (Mumbles)

JAMES: It seems my cellmate is almost waking up. Sometimes he talks in his sleep about punching me in the face. What he doesn't know is that I have plans to rough him up to get some respect. To be clear, I'm currently a huge joke. Ha ha. Over and out.

JAMES: It's 6 AM. I've just woken up, as has my cellmate. There's something I have to get off my mind... I have to ask my celly a question: Bruce?

OTHER PRISONER (BRUCE): What?

JAMES: How would you like a pack of Quavers?

BRUCE: Not this again...

JAMES: I can get you any flavour you want. What do you say? Mm-hm! Delicious!

BRUCE: James, with this kind of behaviour, you're not going to last another day here.

JAMES: Say anything about me and I'll mess you up.

BRUCE: This is serious! You can't keep acting like this!

JAMES: I'm going to batter your face.

(THUDDING SOUND)

JAMES: Ow! You battered MY face!

BRUCE: It's for your own good. Let that be a lesson to you. Everyone here wants to beat you.

JAMES: Noodles then.

BRUCE: What??

JAMES: A pack of noodles. And some bread for dipping. I won't ask again.

BRUCE: Oh no.

JAMES: I'm going now. I'll let Bruce contemplate things for the rest of the day. Over and out.

JAMES: (Whispering) It's lunchtime and I'm getting all sorts of abuse, from I think five morons. No, six.

PRISONER 2: Prick!

PRISONER 3: Fool!

JAMES: Yeah, well you won't be quite so cocky when my goons slap you around!

PRISONER 3: Give me your dinner!

JAMES: And what do I get in return?

PRISONER 3: What??

(THUDDING SOUND)

PRISONER 3: You just hit me!

JAMES: (Calmly) Yeah.

PRISONER 3: Why did you just give me some loose change?

JAMES: You know why.

PRISONER 3: In your own words, please.

JAMES: You're my punk.

PRISONER 3: That's what I thought.

(THUDDING SOUND)

JAMES: It's James, again. So, I'm in the prison hospital. I have a very black eye, but apparently I should be able to see with it again in the next hour or so, so who really

loses here? Yet again, I'm looking round to see anyone I can buy. I've got a huge reputation in jail now, so it's only a matter of time until I get what I want. The nurses have asked me if I'm hearing voices and all that stuff, and I'm not. I've explained I was feeling anxious, but apparently that's completely understandable. I've got to go, the nurse is coming with my dinner. It's a burger! You know what I'm going to do with it.

NURSE: Now for the love of God, PLEASE eat this food! Everyone's laughing at you.

JAMES: Of course! What do you think I'm going to do with it??

NURSE: James. No more games. Just try and get through your last days without antagonising everyone...

JAMES: That's what I'm trying to do!

NURSE: I understand.

JAMES: Say... You've got some pretty big muscles.

NURSE: (Worried) And...

JAMES: How would you like a burger? It's for free. No strings attached. All legit. Sound good?

NURSE: James, I want you to eat your food in front of me. You're having a mental breakdown.

JAMES: (Crying) Fine...

JAMES: It's 2 AM in my cell again. I'm having trouble sleeping, but at least I'm not hungry. I was hoping this diary would be fun and lighthearted, but clearly it's taken a rather sinister turn. No one is taking me seriously. It seems my only option is to go full-blown badass.

BRUCE: (Tired) James?... You're not on your phone again?

JAMES: Bite me. Prick.

BRUCE: You what?

JAMES: Doofus.

BRUCE: I know you're going through a hard time right now, but you can get KILLED!

JAMES: By who? The rest of this jail's twats? Over and out.

JAMES: (Crying) Hi there. It's lunchtime and... and things aren't going good! All sorts of bellends are throwing things at me. They're... they're... gonna die! Ow! This is a low point for me!

PRISONER 4: Why are you talking to yourself again?

BRUCE: Leave him. He's clearly gone mad.

JAMES: Thanks for sticking up for me. I guess the Kitkat was worth it. Hit him, Bruce.

PRISONER 4: He bought you?

BRUCE: No!

PRISONER 4: Why are you standing up for him, then?

BRUCE: I don't know!

PRISONER 4: Maybe I should hit you, Bruce?

JAMES: No!

PRISONER 4: Why not, James? Who's buying who, here?

BRUCE: No one!

PRISON GAURD: What's going on here?

PRISONER 4: James is buying people again!

PRISON GAURD: James, I think you would be better off in solitary confinement for your own safety.

JAMES: (Whispering) It's me again. It's 10 PM and I'm all alone. I'm a bit bored, but these last few days have been quite the experience. I'm not sure what I'm going to do with this video diary. I think it IS interesting, but at the same time it's incriminating. Tough one. I guess I'll have a fair amount of time to think. For the last time... Over and out!