

Ben: Hello, listeners! Again, we're allowed to not talk about Lego, as James has to make another apology.

James: Sorry for trying to burn your house down, Dan.

Dan: Is that all? Sorry?

James: Dan, you know I only poured petrol through your letterbox after I made sure you and no guests were inside. What's the problem? In a way, I was being nice. If not nice, at very least thoughtful. And you live in a detached house, too! What do you think flames do? Fly to other houses? You do don't you? You're mad!

Ben: I know you're trying to be friendly, but that was the creepiest smile I've ever seen.

Dan: Well it doesn't matter what you do anyway, as with my lottery money, I will be buying a mansion.

James: What's it made of?

Dan: Brick.

James: But it has flammable material inside right? It must do.

Ben: For the millionth time, why are you acting like this James?

James: You know why.

Dan: Look, when I made you miss the first second of the millennium. It was just a harmless prank. You do know that, don't you?

James: You called a mental home...

Dan: Yes. Because you said you were going to crash my car again!

James: Oh so it's ok to crash cars but not parties?

Dan: What??

James: You heard.

Dan: First up crashing parties is in fact nowhere near as bad as crashing cars and secondly, YOU crashed the party!

James: Oh I crashed the party? So why did you invite me?

Dan: Not this again. Yes I invited you, but me and Ben soon realised we didn't want you there because you tried to eat my winning ticket. Therefore you ended up crashing the party technically speaking.

Ben: A humorous observation.

Dan: Right. You leaving the house after I said there were 123 million 456 thousand and 789 hours since the year 2,000 was also humorous as that was well off. What wasn't quite so humorous was how you came back to my house an hour later and screamed 'LIES!'

James: Yes, that was a lie. Google tells me that many hours is actually equal to over 14 thousand years.

Ben: Lol.

James: It's not lol, it's pathetic. I was really buzzing when you told me that 'fact'. Can you imagine the comedown I felt when I looked it up online? I was miserable.

Ben: It's just a number, James!

James: Oh the 'it's just a number' defence. I would expect that from Dan but not you. That was low.

Ben: What?

James: Do you know what would happen to the world without numbers?

Ben: What?

James: It would fall apart in SECONDS. Nothing would make sense anymore, but hey. it's just a number.

Ben: Would the world all apart with 123 million 456 thousand and 789?

James: Yes. Say someone tries to count that high for a Youtube video. Then someone like YOU comes along and says it's not allowed, just as he's about to finish. How's that supposed to feel??

Ben: You've genuinely started crying...

James: Say someone wants to doodle the number simply for recreational purposes. Then YOU come along and say 'No!' What then???

Ben: Please stop crying...

James: What if a promising mathematician wants to study the number for an upcoming exam? He's lived in poverty HIS WHOLE DAMN LIFE, but YOU can't let him go to university and have ANY kind of happiness because YOU WON'T ALLOW IT!!!

Dan: James, why are saying this stuff when most people would be more concerned about going to jail?

James: I'm not going to jail or even a mental home because I said that I won the lottery too and bribed everyone! Ha!

Dan: Is that true?

James: Yeah.

Dan: You're in SO much trouble. I mean your situation was bad enough when you promised money you don't have, but admitting a crime live on air?

James: I can bribe a small amount of money.

Ben: Stop mentioning bribes! Are you mental??

James: Well I've incriminated the people accepting my bribes too, so that means they'll be too scared to complain about me.

Ben: No, it just means they'll be more mad at you.

James: Does it?

Ben: Yes.

James: I like the people I bribed.

Ben: You're still not making things better I'm afraid.

James: I've been writing a book. It's a dystopian fantasy novel where nothing makes sense and everyone lies. Especially the main character who is based on me. I've been testing it out on you. Is it good?

Dan: You're trying to say you haven't bribed anyone?

James: Right. Only in my novel that I call 'Bribes and Flawless Numbers'.

Dan: What else happens in your story?

James: Same old, same old really. Everyone keeps having pointless arguments all the time. Maybe it gets a bit predictable.

Dan: So you ARE going to a mental hospital? Yes or no?

James: Errrrrrr....

Dan: In your own time.

James: You see...

Dan: ...

James: Oh never mind. You didn't really believe me when I tried to set your house on fire did you?

Dan: I was openminded...

James: No, no, no. Character comedy. I fooled you good.

Ben: Were you in character when you were apologising to Dan?

James: Dear God yes. Wait. Whoops.

Ben: How much money are you making from this podcast? Say you were in a hypothetical situation where you WERE in trouble with the police or the mental health services and it was fine to bribe them as long as you don't get caught in a somewhat miraculous situation. Why not give them the money you're making now?

James: That's an interesting point, hypothetically speaking. The thing is, it's incredibly difficult for someone to get monetised. Lego companies hate me and accuse me of being irrelevant and our producer is only paying me money for rent, petrol station hash browns and chocolate bars of my choosing.

Ben: That's too bad.

James: On the plus side, I think the Kit Kat recipe has been improved. It might just be my imagination but I'm not sure. On the wrapping it says the company are using sustainably sourced cocoa now or something. I can't get enough of them.

Ben: Awesome.

James: Yes, there is hope for the future in the world of chocolate at very least. Chin up and all that.

Ben: Maybe fix your relationship with Lego?

James: I say Lego CEOs hate me and send me hate mail written in blood, but I do have an idea for a new Lego model I hope the company will like. It's a kit for a car that comes with a free pen and a lighter, and with the pen, you write 'this belongs to Dan'.

Ben: James, I'm begging you. Don't mention Dan's car again.

James: Fair point. You know what I can market though? This is genuinely very exciting.

Ben: What?

James: Smell this.

Ben: You want me to smell your armpits?

Jame: Smell them.

Ben: They smell like cannabis...

James: Yes. Legal highs! You can't arrest me for sweating!

Ben: Are you feeling well?

James: Yip.

Ben: And you've done no drugs?

James: Never.

Ben: I have to be honest James, I'd be excited too. You could travel to impoverished parts of town, approach the down and outs and charge a few pounds for a sniff. THEN you could hypothetically afford bribes.

James: I don't always smell like that, that's the thing. What if people want to get high, but just smell B.O.?

Ben: I can see that making people angry.

James: Yes. Imagine me approaching a crime boss like El Chapo, me telling him to sniff my armpits and they smell like regular sweat...

Ben: Dear God no.

Dan: Whoops, we've gone over time...

James: Peace and love.

Ben: Bye...