

James: Hello, James Ziegler, here. You are calling Fred's Acid, how may I help you with your acid needs?

Old lady: Oh, this is an acid company? I must have called the wrong number.

James: What service are you looking for?

Old Lady: I need some more wool for my knitting...

James: Have you considered throwing acid over your knitting?

Old Lady: Why would I want to do that?

James: Fred's acid is very good! The best acid in town.

Old Lady: Just checking, but are you saying I should throw acid all over my knitting?

James: Yes!

Old Lady: Why??

James: Oh for flip's sake! How many times? Fred's acid is the very best acid!

Old Lady: I don't understand!

James: May I ask if there's anything you hate? You must hate something.

Old Lady: I hate the sound of brutal death metal.

James: It's just noise, isn't it?

Old Lady: If you could give me some acid for my grandson's music collection, that would be appreciated...

James: Perfect! May I ask how much acid you will be needing?

Old Lady: Oh, a lot.

James: Great! Would a barrel be enough for you?

Old Lady: Well, there's my grandson's music collection, there is his goth girlfriend's car, what else is there?

James: It sounds to me like you may want to consider subscribing to Fred's acid. How about I send you a barrel every month?

Old Lady: My grandson does have a lot of death metal...

James: Great. The deluxe package will get you enough barrels to bring down several buildings. It's usually only for demolition companies, but well... there are a lot of

death metal albums out there, aren't there?

Old Lady: Oh many millions.

James: Are you interested in the deluxe package?

Old Lady: You know what? I think I am.

James: Perfect. Now... how about the super deluxe package? That's the deluxe package times ten.

Old Lady: You know what? I think I'll forget about this whole acid business. Coming from an old lady, I mean... it's a bit weird, right? I think I'll just get some wool.

James: No, please!

Old Lady: Good day, b...

James: Don't go! Look, how about 50% off a barrel??

Old Lady: No!

James: 60%!

Old Lady: Please!

James: 70% Final offer!

(The old lady hangs up).

Old Lady: Hello, I would like to complain about a man called I think James Ziegler.

Manager: What's he done this time?

Old Lady: He kept on pestering me to buy as much acid as possible!

Manager: Acid? This is a Lego company...

Old Lady: Oh my word...

Manager: He really tried to sell you acid?

Old Lady: Enough acid to destroy several buildings!

Manager: But Lego is all about creation. That won't do at all.

Old Lady: I do however want to destroy my grandson's death metal collection. Can you help with that?

Manager: Sorry, no. But thanks for the call.

(The old lady hangs up)

Woman: Hello, my son's birthday is coming up and I'm wondering if you can recommend a nice gift for him?

James: Ah, a great young man with an appetite for destruction!

Woman: But Lego is about creation...

James: I'm sorry?

Woman: When you say 'destruction...' Are you talking about Lego tanks or something?

James: You can put Lego in tanks of acid if you like.

Woman: Have I called the right number?

James: You've called Fred's acid...

Woman: Not a Lego company?

James: ... .. Oh no!

Woman: What?

James: What have I done?

Woman: I don't know...

James: I knew I was working for ONE of my sponsors, I was sure it was Fred's acid, I knew it was! I AM working for a Lego call centre, aren't I??

Woman: Yes...

James: Oh dear God.

Woman: I feel bad for you...

James: Please don't tell anyone!

Woman: How did you make such a massive mistake??

James: ADHD. Inattentive type...

Woman: You didn't pay attention during the whole interview process?

James: It's severe ADHD.

Woman: Wow.

James: Good day.

(James hangs up)

Manager: Hello, James?

James: Hello, sir.

Manager: I'm calling to let you know I've had a number of complaints about you.

James: Oh?

Manager: Yes, why do you keep trying to sell our customers, what is it, Fred's acid?

James: I know it sounds random, but actually I had a very good reason!

Manager: Which was?

James: ADHD.

Manager: You have ADHD so bad you don't know what company you're working for?

James: Right. Severe ADHD. The thing is, Lego used to sponsor me ages ago on a podcast I did and to be honest, I'm amazed they'd work with me again, because of situations similar to the one we're both in right now! I mean who'd have thought right? Me working for an acid company makes so much more sense...

Manager: It makes more sense? If there's one thing I wouldn't trust you with, it would be acid...

James: Look, I've learnt my lesson. You're a TNT company...

Manager: LEGO!

James: Lego, I meant Lego!!

Manager: Ok, let's do a test.

James: Great!

Manager: Hello, I'm interested in buying Lego for my son.

James: How old is he?

Manager: Good question. He's 10.

James: Does he have any favourite films? Maybe Star Wars? Or Toy Story?

Manager: He loves Star Wars.

James: How about some Lego Star Wars??

Manager: Fantastic. How much will a kit cost?

James: Er... How big is the kit?

Manager: Just a small one.

James: 50p?

Manager: Wow, 50p, what a deal...

James: I know right, especially in this economy.

Manager: Wow, you're selling the Lego for less than the price it actually costs to make it!

James: Which is why it's such a great deal!

Manager: James, you're fired.

James: I'm not hearing voices anymore...

Manager: Yes, I heard about that.

James: So keep hiring me?

Manager: James, not hearing voices isn't a skill...

James: It's a good trait, at least.

Manager: You want me to hire someone who thinks he's working for an acid company because he's not hearing voices any more?

James: No, the way you put that made me sound mental...

Manager: Goodbye.