

Simon Wiedemann Interviews A Man On Death Row

Simon: Hi there, I write jokes and stuff like that. I've been sent here to cheer you up.

Condemned Man: Yes, I know...

Simon: Great. So, how are things? Good?

CM: I just have a couple more hours left to live.

Simon: Still, look on the bright side... No more rubbish prison food, huh?

CM: It's not so bad when you get used to it.

Simon: No more sitting around in your cell doing absolutely nothing...

CM: I can read in my cell. I mean I could...

Simon: Yeah, but I bet the books sucked. You probably had to read Thomas the Tank Engine or something, so you wouldn't get aggressive...

CM: No, not really.

Simon: What did you hate about prison. There must have been something...

CM: The TVs were small, I suppose.

Simon: There you go! Small TVs!

CM: They didn't make me depressed enough to want to die, though.

Simon: Of course. Would you like me to try and make you depressed. Then you won't be so upset about dying... You fucking waste of space!

CM: Hey!

Simon: Oh. Sorry. Worth a try. Looking forward to your last meal?

CM: Yes, a massive meal from Burger King.

Simon: Burger King? You could have got whatever you wanted! What about a michelin star curry?

CM: I like BK more...

Simon: Hmm... That's weird. And do you draw? I bet you do... I'm just trying to get in your head, here...

CM: Would you like to have a look at some of my creations. They're in my pocket, here...

Simon: You seem to have drawn singing flowers with happy faces... Why?

CM: A nice surprise for the executioner... Talk about headfuck right?

Simon: I noticed your hands are hairy. Is that a sign of mental illness? Something about hairy hands and looking for hairs, right?...

CM: Yeah, my hands are hairy.

Simon: Have you ever thought about pleading insanity?

CM: Yeah...

Simon: Go well?

CM: Na. They didn't believe me.

Simon: How did you argue your case?

CM: I kept saying flerbleburblecherble to everyone...

Simon: Wow. The people prosecuting you were good not to fall for that one.

CM: Tell me about it.

Simon: Dumdadumdadum... So... I bet you're too nervous to eat all your food, right?

CM: A little...

Simon: Can I have some of it, please?

CM: What?

Simon: ... Only joking... I was just feeling awkward there, and didn't know what to say. Would you like me to tell you a topical joke?

CM: Go on then.

Simon: Why did the criminal Manx cat cross the road?

CM: Why?

Simon: To lose the tail.

CM: Fuck off.

Simon: Oh.

CM: I'll tell you a joke... Having to spend my last moments with you!

Simon: Hahahaha. Good one.

CM: Go away, so I can eat my food in peace.

Simon: Well relative peace. I noticed a lot of shouting from the other prisoners. I guess they're pissed about their situations just as much as you are, right?

CM: Fuck off!

Simon: Alright, alright. Jesus.