

Simon: Hello, Dominant Egg! How are you doing?

DE: Not bad, you?

Simon: Pretty good, pretty good. Feelin' festive.

DE: Yes, exactly!

Simon: We don't have much time as you're a busy egg, so let's cut to the chase; I understand you've found some success in the advertising industry?

DE: Yes, gym adverts...

Simon: I think we all know the phrase 'I'm the Dominant Egg, now let me tell you how to dominate your workout at Dominant Gyms!'

DE: Do you like it?

Simon: It's really cheesy.

DE: I wrote that advert.

Simon: Oh.

DE: And directed it.

Simon: You directed it, too?

DE: Yes.

Simon: It IS catchy, though.

DE: But cheesy?

Simon: You have a better reputation than James, at least. Did you know his surname is Ziegler?

DE: Yes, I heard about that. The Americans are calling him 'Jay-Zee'.

Simon: I can only imagine the pain the rapper is going through, being associated with him.

DE: I heard Jay-Z's had a nervous breakdown.

Simon: Have you met James?

DE: Yes, I don't like him.

Simon: How do you think I feel? A lot of people are saying I act just like him. The conspiracy theorists out there say I AM him!

DE: Wow. That's tough.

Simon: Those people are whack jobs, though. I actually posed with him in an 'end the stigma' campaign for mental health, and some nutters are saying the photo taken of us was doctored. It's really annoying.

DE: An end the stigma campaign?

Simon: Yes. However, when someone offered him a sponge cake, he went freaky on everyone and was deemed unsuitable for the role.

DE: I don't understand...

Simon: Oh, someone got him drunk and hypnotised him, so whenever someone says 'sponge cake' he goes mental.

DE: Why sponge cake?

Simon: I don't know. Maybe because someone thought it is funny. And I supposed it is funny if you get 'powned' by a cake, as James would say.

DE: Is he better now?

Simon: Probably not, no. I doubt anyone's bothered to bring him back to reality.

DE: At least he can't be a part of an end the stigma campaign, now.

Simon: Yes, imagine if he got the job in his current state!

DE: In what way did he get freaky?

Simon: He kept saying 'bleb' over and over again.

DE: Right, you don't want someone like that working with you...

Simon: Anyway, I understand you've been working hard at the gym, yourself?

DE: Yes, I've been drinking protein shakes, too.

Simon: You must be one ripped egg?

DE: You'd think, but really I look exactly the same as I always did. I have a long way to go before I reach body builder status. Some of the staff don't like me being there because if I fall off one of the machines, I'm dead.

Simon: I'm sure you'll be fine.

DE: Exactly. My hero egg has some seriously big muscles, if he can get them so can I. But really I'm more into the cardio stuff.

Simon: I see.

DE: There's a lot of banter at the gym such as 'we're going to turn you into an omelette', but I don't take it seriously.

Simon: Do you have any hobbies outside of the gym and acting?

DE: Formula 1 racing...

Simon: I don't believe you.

DE: It's true. Some say I'm the next Lewis Hamilton. I'm very light weight and that gives me the edge.

Simon: You sound like my uncle. He's done all kinds of crazy and unbelievable things...

DE: I AM your uncle.

Simon: Really?? My uncle's an egg??

DE: It's time you knew.

Simon: Wow. This is so much to take in. I always wondered what you were like, I've never actually met you...

DE: I'm sorry. It's just that I've been spending a lot of time on the International Space Station recently.

Simon: No way...

DE: No only joking. I am a Formula 1 driver though, which I think is impressive. But I have no idea who your uncle is.

Simon: >:(

DE: Would it lighten the mood if I said I found a super cheap alternative to car de-icer that's even more effective?

Simon: Go on.

DE: Bottles of hot water!! So simple, it's genius.

Simon: I'm still angry with you.

DE: Maybe my standup comedy routine will make you feel better? What's a comedian's favourite part of an egg?

Simon: What?

DE: The egg joke!!

Simon: Lame.

DE: What musician is afraid of eggs?

Simon: ...

DE: Yolk oh, oh no.

Simon: Rubbish.

DE: Why do chicks do drugs? Because of the egg tokes.

Simon: How many of these do you have?

DE: A couple of thousand.

Simon: And your routine is just you saying jokes for how long?

DE: You can work it out. 5 seconds a joke, so 5 times 2,000 is 10,000 seconds, which is 2.777778 hours. I'm good at maths, too.

Simon: Your routine sounds God awful.

DE: Sadly those three were my best. I've written some weird jokes, too. Why is it good to pour concrete on an arm with eggs on it, then pull it? Because you'll set an eggs arm pull.

Simon: Not quite as snappy... Confusing, too.

DE: I've written some jokes about Arnold SchwarzenEGGer, as well. Check this out: Why is Arnold Schwarzenegger's body so bubbly? Because he has a large fizz-ique.

Simon: Is that going into your routine?

DE: Sure. My concert is called 'The Dominant Egg jokes about eggs and people who sound like eggs.'

Simon: That's not snappy either.

DE: What do you suggest as an improvement?

Simon: I think 'The Dominant Egg' alone is pretty out there.

DE: Na. Do you know who my ultimate rival is?

Simon: Who?

DE: The Dominant Bee. He's written many thousands of jokes about bees.

Simon: And what's he like?

DE: He's really into working out, too. However, he tries to get on with the people there, as if he stings people, he'll die. Very sad. And he's appeared in his own adverts. He promotes honey, which does make sense. More sense than an egg promoting gyms.

Simon: Awesome. How are you celebrating Christmas?

DE: I really like relaxing in an egg cup. It sounds dumb, I know, but it fits me perfectly. Very comfy. What about you?

Simon: I'll be getting CDs and chocolates. And cake!

DE: Cake?... Cake?... Aren't they made with eggs?

Simon: I'm... I'm so sorry...

DE: Is... there anything else you'd like to tell me?

Simon: Nope.

DE: Tell me anyway.

Simon: Well, look at the time. It's very late, must get going.

DE: How many eggs have you eaten, Simon?

Simon: Altogether? A few thousand maybe?

DE: A few thousand???

Simon: That's over many many years, though. Not days.

DE: Is that supposed to make me feel better??

Simon: Sure. It means I've eaten less eggs.

DE: How would you like it if I ate you?

Simon: How??

DE: I don't know. How do I go to the gym?

Simon: I was going to ask you about that...

DE: Answer my question. How would you like it if I ate you?

Simon: I wouldn't like it?

DE: Right.

Simon: Ok, I've really learnt my lesson.

DE: So you won't eat any more cake?

Simon: Errrrrr....

DE: Say it.

Simon: Hm. I genuinely don't know what to say...

DE: Say you won't eat cake!

Simon: I won't eat you, I mean... that's something. I don't mean to sound like I'm sucking up to you, but you're by far the smartest egg I've ever known. All the others? I'm not sure if they realised they were getting eaten...

DE: Eggs are too dumb to know if they've been eaten? You really are digging yourself deeper and deeper aren't you?

Simon: Come on. Have you ever talked to another egg?

DE: Yes!

Simon: Have you?

DE: Yes!!

Simon: Oh. What did you talk about?

DE: Just other eggs we really like and that kind of stuff.

Simon: Don't act all superior, a chicken once pecked my mum as a child, leaving her with a lifelong fear of chickens.

DE: Is that true?

Simon: Yeah!

DE: I apologise.

Simon: Do you though?

DE: No.

Simon: Her fear was so bad, she wouldn't eat chicken!

DE: And is that true?

Simon: Yes!

DE: Wait, you're trying to make me feel guilty by telling me she wouldn't eat chickens?

Simon: Anyway, better get going...

DE: Do YOU eat chickens?

Simon: No, I've never eaten chicken in a cake. Bye, gotta go!