

Dan: Hello, listeners! This time we have James's girlfriend Janine with us!

Janine: Errr... Thank you for having me.

Dan: I think the question on everyone's mind is... why James? James... and his... strange behaviour?

James: How dare you.

Janine: That's a very good question.

Dan: You don't know?

James: Sure you do.

Janine: I have a bomb on me, you know?

Dan: Ahhhhh...

Ben: Ohhhh. Ok.

James: What?

Ben: We understand the attraction, now.

Janine: You still want me here? You're not going to kick me out?

James: Oh, Janine. You have to do something VERY extreme to get into trouble with this podcast.

Janine: What do I have to say???

Dan: Why do you want to leave so much?

Janine: James, I just need space!

Dan: Ahhhhh.

Ben: Ah.

James: Why, what have I done?

Janine: It's just...

James: Is it because I threatened Dan with the fake gun and grenade?

Janine: Well... Mayb...

James: It's just it's EXPECTED coming from me, you really don't understand at all. That kind of behaviour didn't faze him in the slightest. As I was saying, you have to

try REALLY hard nowadays, which is why I like you. We can find a way to get to him together!

Janine: Wel...

James: We could find a REAL bomb! You hear of world war 2 bombs being discovered all the time! We could find one and put it in a sandwich! Imagine that! Imagine a massive bomb in-between two slices of bread, the look on Dan's face! Can you imagine it??

Dan: And I'm going to finally find a way of getting back at you.

James: Dan blew my house up, Janine, you did know that, didn't you? So what if I pointed a pink hand gun at him, with the message 'To my darling daughter Janine. Lots of love, hail Satan' written on it?

Dan: James, what really scared me was the fact I thought Janine referred to you. I thought you were having another mental breakdown, especially with your tendency to wear pink dresses.

James: Ha.

Dan: James, do you understand what I'm saying? I thought you went crazy and not only that, you waved a weapon in my face. Can you imagine the fear I was going through at the time? Do you realise the mental scars? I have dreams about you, you know? In the latest one you pointed a gun at me and then said 'boooooooooo! boooooooooo!'

James: You're referring to the techno music I write?

Dan: Your music would be much better if it was instrumental. Not good, but better.

James: So the gun did faze you, then?

Dan: I'm not letting you get to me.

Ben: You don't like James's music, do you Janine? You don't like his boooo core, or whatever he calls it?

James: It's avent-garde electronica fusion.

Janine: I guess... not really.

Dan: Then leave him!

James: Oh you've really done it now, Dan.

Dan: Boooooohooooo! That's a song for you, James.

Ben: Ha, good one, Dan!

James: They're some pretty good lyrics...

Dan: Janine's pulling out a bomb from her backpack!

James: Wow, are you sure that's a fake?

Janine: It's real!

James: I'll get the bread from the canteen, I'll be back in a sec.

Dan: Stay here and tell your so called girlfriend to call a bomb disposal expert!  
Forget the bread!

James: But the look on your face...

Dan: What?

James: The look on your face... as you see a huge bomb... in-between two slices of bread...

Ben: Just drop it, James.

James: I'll get some tomato sauce and a slice of cucumber.

Dan: JAMES!

James: What now?

Ben: James, it's a funny image. We get that. But this is a serious situation!

James: Where did you get the bomb, anyway?

Janine: I made it myself.

Ben: Wow, you really want to get away from James that much?

Janine: When he demanded I go to Thorpe Park with him on Halloween, I snapped!

James: You snapped? Why? Can you imagine how perfect that would be?

(James sings 'Fairground' by Simply Red)

Ben: Ok, stop that James.

(James keeps singing)

Dan: James...

(He sings some more)

Janine: FINE! Fine, I'll go!

James: Mick Hucknall is a great guy. He wouldn't write and sing a song about something he didn't believe in. If he thinks fairgrounds at night are amazing, we need to learn from him.

Ben: How old are you again?

James: 36.

Ben: 36?

James: You're saying I'm immature?

Ben: Yes!

James: It's called trust, Ben.

Janine: Am I going to jail?

Dan: Yes, you almost certainly are.

James: I'll give you some tips, Janine. The time will fly by.

Dan: Tips?

James: Don't sneeze in the other prisoners faces. They really hate that.

Ben: Wow, who'd have thought?

James: Yes, there's a fine line between aggressive and goofy. I tried to be goofy, I failed, I got beat up.

Ben: Do you have any other insights?

James: Just drop the idea of being goofy altogether.

Ben: Wow, that actually makes sense. You know... if you were making sense then, maybe Thorpe Park at night makes sense, too.

James: Right! Right, Ben! There you go!

Janine: James... I don't... I don't trust Mick Hucknall. I've never met the guy. I know absolutely nothing about him.

James: You've never seen him on TV?

Janine: Nope.

James: He looks very friendly, you should check him out.

Ben: James, the bomb. Get it the hell away from me.

Janine: It's not really real. I just wanted to get a reaction.

James: Wow, what a rollercoaster...

Janine: James...

James: What?

Janine: There are times in life, just times, when I get kind of sick of hearing about rollercoasters...

James: I'm trying to get you hyped!

Janine: I know. But the reverse is happening.

James: Do you want me to say rollercoasters suck?

Janine: No, that's not getting me hyped, either.

James: Then I can't win!

Dan: You could go to a restaurant...

James: No, I tried that, it kinda ended badly.

Dan: Well, as intriguing as that sounds, we're all out of time, so... (expletive) off.

James: I'm sorry??

Dan: Bye, listeners!