

James: Hello! With me on today's show is my kindhearted boss who has found me a sponsor to keep this show running, it really was on its last legs! Now I know I have a sponsor as I've just mentioned him, but judging by past experiences, he's going to terminate his contract with me VERY soon, so I'd really like just one donation of £100 from a listener as well. Just in case.

(A phone rings)

Caller: I'll donate £99.99 to you, haha!

James: Thank you!

Caller: Eh?

James: Thank you for the money. Now I only need 1 P.

Boss: Yes, James previously pointed out to me that's more or less the same amount as £100, as well.

Caller: Dammit, I thought I was trolling him, I wasn't thinking clearly! I've paid the amount already!

Boss: Oh don't worry about that, I'll get a member of staff to help you get your money back. It's just a simple process, that's all...

Caller: Thanks, man.

James: Why are you helping him??

Boss: You know what? I don't know.

James: Ok. Anyway, my new, somewhat brave sponsor is Professional Pete's Proper Promos (or PPPP), and Pete and his company promote people as the name suggests. Simple and clever, if foolhardy and demented.

Boss: Don't blow this, James.

James: Now this may sound weird, but also on this show is a frog I previously bullied not long ago. I tracked him down, just so I could apologise to him. Sorry frog, do you have a name? Judging by your frog friend's reaction to you, you're called 'Ribbit, Ribbit', as are all of your buddies. Ribbit, Ribbit, I am SINCERELY sorry.

...

James: Not much of a talker, eh? Sorry, anyway.

Boss: How do you know you got the right frog when you can't tell them apart?

James: How DARE you minimize the individuality of this sweet frog?!

Boss: I'm warning you.

James: Oh no. I've threatened my boss.

(A phone rings)

Caller 2: Hello, James. It's your new sponsor, Professional Pete's Proper Promos. Now, I'm not angry with you, but what did you say to the frog exactly?

James: I guess maybe... I said frogs can't detect heat very well, they can't jump high, they don't have a unique flavour, and they contribute nothing to society. I stood up for him in the end, though. Even though I was in the wrong, doing so. Sorry boss.

Caller 2: In that case, your sponsorship has been terminated. Good day.

James: Oh God dammit! Can we rip off the first caller? Say the staff involved with the un-donating process are all dead? Visit the person and (expletive) up his phone?

Boss: No. That must not happen. This is your last warning, James. And I mean seriously.

(A phone rings again)

Caller 1: I heard that!! What are you going to do to my phone exactly?

Boss: Be careful with your words, James.

James: Mend it.

Boss: Good move.

Caller 1: And I'm getting my money back?

James: Errr...

Caller 1: Seriously, I'm getting my money back?

James: The staff are...

Boss (interrupting): Don't say they're dead.

James: The staff are helpful. Of course you'll get your money.

Caller 1: Good.

James: He's gone. Hang on, why does PPPP have a problem with me insulting the frog if you told him about the incident, boss?

Boss: I didn't tell him, James.

James: Yes you did! I was there with you!

Boss: No. I didn't.

James: You did...

Boss: Look James, if you say I did one more time, I will have to kill you.

James: Oh. You didn't then.

Boss: Well done.

James: Anyway, who will fund this show, now?

(A phone rings)

Caller 3: Hellooooo, radio James! Hahahaa! Woohoooo!!!! Hohohoh! Ha! I't's Mental Matt's Mental Promo hahahah company! Or as I say, Mental Matt's Mental Mromo Monpany! I'd LOVE to sponsor you! Ha!

James: Ooo, a likeminded individual!

Caller 3: Hahaha!

James: The alliteration was beautiful, too!

Caller 3: Booblebbobblebleb woo! Wahoo!! Blebwahoooo!

James: I really do think I'll have a good future with this guy, boss...

Boss: Me too.

Caller 3: Blebbubblebooooooooo!

James: We're the same, me and you, Matt. I know this will be a comedown for you, but I'm saying this as a friend: You need some lithium. Even the simple thought of me wanting to have a consistent mood has helped stabilise me a great deal, but needless to say I'm still having mental health problems.

Caller 3: Noted, ha! Bye!

Boss: This could be the best working relationship you've ever had...

James: Yes, I consider him my best friend already. Would it be rude to ask how much he's going to pay me? It sounds selfish but it goes both ways, I genuinely think his company is absolutely amazing!

(A phone rings)

Caller 3: I'm going to pay you 53 billion pounds!!

James: Are you really, or are you just saying that?

Caller 3: It's a lot of money, isn't it?

James: Do you have any lithium on you?

Caller 3: I can eat a lithium battery...

James: No, don't do that. Not only will it potentially kill you, it may make your mood even more hyper. It is a battery, after all. They provide energy. I suggest willing your mood to be normal, I know that's not something you'd necessarily hear from a doctor...

Caller 3: I'll give it a try now.

James: So... still mental?

Caller 3: Boowoowahooo boo. boo..... b... b...

James: You do seem to have become progressively calmer...

Caller 3: Thanks, that's a load off my mind!

James: Are you going to change your company name, now that you're not Mental Matt?

Caller 3: No, I have untreated paranoid schizophrenia, there's no getting rid of that!

James: It's just that you seriously need meds for THAT.

Caller 3: I'll take them, then.

James: So NOW is your company still mental?

Caller 3: Sure. I keep insulting frogs and trying to befriend them!

James: Oh. Cool. Keep doing that. Oh, would you look at that? We're all out of time!

Caller 3: Best wishes to Ribbit Ribbit, even though I can jump much higher than him!

James: That was great! Bye listeners!