

Simon: Hello, Simon. I understand you have an idea for a new sketch?

Simon: I sure do...

Simon: And you're a bit nervous about it?

Simon: Maybe a little.

Simon: Would you like to give me a bit of a taster?

Simon: Ummm...

Simon: Come on. It can't be that bad...

Simon: Ok. Well, basically there's a professor teaching a class...

Simon: That doesn't sound so bad...

Simon: And he is teaching an experimental new subject called 'Simon Studies'.

Simon: Uh-huh?

Simon: It sounds self-absorbed, doesn't it?

Simon: No... no... Not necessarily. Can you give another taster maybe?

Simon: Ok, the teacher goes 'What's Simon's favourite colour' and a student goes 'Black?'...

Simon: Oh dear... Silly student.

Simon: Right, exactly. Then the teacher goes 'Black?? Black isn't a colour, it's an absence of light. You have failed. F.

Simon: I suppose that sounds a little self-centred... But the sketch has a beginning, middle and end right?

Simon: Yes, but not in the traditional sense. I mean it starts and finishes, that's for sure.

Simon: So really it's just you being horrible to children.

Simon: Yes, that's it. That's just one of the reasons I was nervous. Doesn't have to be children though. Could be university students.

Simon: And why would university students learn about you?

Simon: I'm not saying it has to be a MAIN subject, maybe an extra course people could take. Like djembe drumming or gamelan or something like that.

Simon: Ok, and why would they want to study you at all?

Simon: How dare you.

Simon: I'm not saying your life is pointless...

Simon: But other people think it is?

Simon: No, I'm just saying a subject based on just one random person is well... random. And yeah, a bit arrogant. You were right.

Simon: Would you like to know my favourite colour?

Simon: No...

Simon: Oh. I was expecting you to say 'yes'.

Simon: Well I didn't.

Simon: Maybe you'd like to know my favourite fruit?

Simon: Nope.

Simon: It's cherry. Did you know I haven't eaten a cherry in many months now? Maybe in years.

Simon: And you think people want to study that about you?

Simon: Again, yes.

Simon: No. So, I guess scrap the whole idea, then?

Simon: I think it just needs a bit of tweaking.

Simon: You want to give ME an F, don't you?

Simon: No, no, no. Not at all.

Simon: What grade do you give me, then?

Simon: Ok, I'd give you an F, but I wouldn't WANT to. Not deep down, anyway. We're the same, you and me.

Simon: Who do you think you are?

Simon: I'm so sorry.

Simon: Let's change subjects. Are you having fun in lockdown?

Simon: God no.

Simon: It's gone on for too long, hasn't it?

Simon: Way too long.

Simon: Do you have any suggestions?

Simon: Masses of nurses roaming the streets, armed to the teeth with vaccines, and injecting people. Maybe the army could help out.

Simon: Couldn't that cause traffic jams and stuff?

Simon: Everyone has one day off. (Apart from the nurses and such, obviously).

Simon: And the army have no weapons, right?

Simon: No, they carry rapid fire machine guns.

Simon: Why?

Simon: The guns are armed with vaccines, so the soldiers can shoot and vaccinate people who are running away.

Simon: Why not just shoot everyone with the vaccines? Then everything would be over in minutes.

Simon: Hm!

Simon: No, I was joking.

Simon: So I can claim that idea as my own?

Simon: I guess so. Actually no, keep it to yourself.

Simon: Why?

Simon: It would just be a frightening experience, that's all. That's the kind of stuff that sticks with people. It's dangerous, too, I'm sure.

Simon: Ah. Of course. Do you know what my favourite pizza is?

Simon: God, not this again...

Simon: Get the answer right and I'll give you at least a C.

Simon: Do you know how you're coming across right now? I'm thinking L. Ron Hubbard.

Simon: Just guess.

Simon: Hawaiian.

Simon: Right! That wasn't so bad, was it? Would you like an A?

Simon: No! I don't want people to think I've been attending your stupid classes. I certainly don't want them thinking I'm your star pupil.

Simon: F.

Simon: Good!

Simon: What's my favourite band?

Simon: Shut up!

Simon: :(

Simon: I'm sorry, I didn't want to make you sad. So... What's your favourite drink?

Simon: You... you really care?

Simon: Sure I do.

Simon: I really like ginger beer.

Simon: Wow.

Simon: It is good isn't it?

Simon: That's incredible.

Simon: Thanks, man. Did you know I sneezed four times in under a minute, yesterday? I'm not sure if that's ever happened before. It was great.

Simon: Awesome.

Simon: Did you know...

Simon: Look, I really don't care. Just move on.

Simon: :(... .. :(What else to say then?

Simon: Oh God, not this again. Are you getting a takeaway later?

Simon: Yep. Chinese.

Simon: You get lots of takeaways don't you?

Simon: I get lots of exercise.

Simon: I think you have an addiction.

Simon: So what?

Simon: Addictions are bad.

Simon: Are they?

Simon: What do you mean by that?

Simon: Can you imagine a world without addictions? You'd never look forward to anything.

Simon: Oh yeah, I guess that's a valid point in a way. Drugs are bad though.

Simon: I never suggested I was addicted to drugs.

Simon: Enjoy your takeaway, then.

Simon: Yes, I will.

Simon: They're still not healthy, though.

Simon: I gets lots of exercise.

Simon: Ok.

Simon: Here's a thought: What's up with the phrase 'no pain, no gain'? Takeaways are far from painful, but they do make you gain weight... If you don't exercise, I mean.

Simon: Maybe the phrase should be changed to 'no pain, no gain. Unless you eat takeaways. Well no gain if you exercise, I suppose.'

Simon: Yes, that's much clearer.

Simon: Not snappy, though.

Simon: I think we should end things here.

Simon: Agreed. ByeEEEEEEEE.