

Simon: Hello, Simon! Why haven't you written any sketches meant for TV recently? What's with all the radio stuff?

Simon: Annoyingly, since getting my new computer and ditching my old one, I haven't had any software for making TV sketches, so I'm stuck. I do have a few ideas, though...

Simon: Go on...

Simon: Well, there's this hand model running a marathon, but he's about to fall over. What does he do? If he crashes to the ground normally, he's going to have to sacrifice his hands, so he doesn't bash his head. However, to save his trade, he actually falls to the ground head first with his hands behind his back.

Simon: That's a funny image...

Simon: Yep. That's the whole sketch.

Simon: Very minimalist.

Simon: Maybe I could raise the stakes by creating a scene beforehand, where the model's agent says something like 'You have some of the nicest hands in the world. You MUST remember to look after them. Do you understand me??'

Simon: Wow. Makes me want to see the guy's hands...

Simon: Apparently, they're amazing.

Simon: :O

Simon: The agent could be like 'I'll teach you how to fall. It may look really stupid, but it will save your career. Here you go...' And then he dives to the ground, head first.

Simon: Ok, I get the point.

Simon: Then he'll be like 'Hm. Seem to have lost a tooth, there. You don't want me to show you again, do you?' Then the model would be like 'Yes, please...'

Simon: Ok.

Simon: And then the model tries to practice, but as he falls, he's about to screw up, so the heavily bleeding agent dives to save him...

Simon: Nice. Move on.

Simon: I'm thinking about pizza, again. I'm getting a Papa John's tomorrow.

Simon: I'm happy for you.

Simon: The thing is, the PJ website allows you to create your own pizza. I was

thinking of making the Evil Hawaiian, I've talked about in my short stories...

Simon: You mean ham, pineapple and extra chillies?

Simon: That's the one. However, part of me is scared to do so...

Simon: You worry you'll explode or turn into a pizza?

Simon: It's silly, I know. But it's like watching a horror film that dares you to say the villain's name in front of a mirror three times, after watching it.

Simon: And if you do that, the villain will appear in front of you in real life?

Simon: Exactly. You know the film is fiction, yet it terrifies you at the same time.

Simon: I dare you to make an EH.

Simon: Well, I like to get half and half pizzas (e.g. 50% Hawaiian and 50% pepperoni), to stop me getting bored. (Ok, you can't get bored eating pizza, but you know what I mean). You can't get a half and half pizza of your own design. It's against the rules. So I'll leave the Evil Hawaiian.

Simon: You're scared.

Simon: Nope. Just don't want to get bored. (Well, bored in a way, as explained).

Simon: Ok. I understand.

Simon: I bought a CD by the Irish folk band High Kings, recently...

Simon: And?

Simon: They have a song about visiting a grave of a WW1 soldier, and how sad it is...

Simon: So?

Simon: Why would a king high on drugs visit a grave and mourn? First up, normal kings don't do drugs, and secondly, high people are rarely seen as sentimental.

Simon: I think you've had some massive misunderstandings...

Simon: How so?

Simon: I may be wrong, but I'm assuming 'high' means 'noble' in that case.

Simon: Ahhhh.

Simon: Is it a good album?

Simon: Yip. Not bad, not bad. Not as interesting as I first thought, but still good.

Simon: You want to see kings get high?

Simon: Sure.

Simon: Well they won't.

Simon: Oh. A group of them will never start singing songs to small audiences?

Simon: No.

Simon: Why not?

Simon: Because it's silly. No one would take them seriously.

Simon: Henry VIII was said to have written Greensleeves...

Simon: Yes, but he never toured across the country playing music.

Simon: Well he SHOULD have.

Simon: Why?

Simon: It's a nice song...

Simon: Fair enough...

Simon: Here's a band name I don't understand: Eagle-Eye Cherry. What the hell is an eagle-eye cherry?

Simon: Hm.

Simon: I mean I've eaten some cherries just this morning, and had I noticed any eyes on them, I'd have binned them immediately. You don't think I've eaten eyes, do you?

Simon: I really don't think so...

Simon: I'll be really angry with my supermarket if I have done. Talk about false advertising. I mean unless you're taking part in some voodoo ritual, you're most likely going to hate the thought of eating peepers.

Simon: You need to get some rest, you're not thinking properly. No supermarkets in England have voodoo ties!

Simon: :)

(A day passes)

Simon: Hello! Do you have any more facts about your uncle?

Simon: Yes, he can't stop stealing ladders. Rusty, poor quality or even broken, it doesn't matter.

Simon: Why?

Simon: Just a compulsion...

Simon: How many ladders does he have?

Simon: 97. He has a notebook which he's shown me.

Simon: Wow, nearly 100.

Simon: Exactly. 97 is a very unsatisfactory number and it drives him crazy.

Simon: What does he do?

Simon: Google ladders.

Simon: Jeez. Sorry to hear that.

Simon: It's ok. Climbing up and down them keeps him very fit.

Simon: How often does he do that?

Simon: At least 8 hours a day.

Simon: Does he do anything else apart from think about ladders?

Simon: No, but on the plus side the ladder novel he's writing is said to be very good.

Simon: Who said that?

Simon: My uncle. I've read bits of it, but personally I found it to be self-absorbed.

Simon: Ok. What happens in the novel?

Simon: It's basically autobiographical. Much of it's pretty repetitive, but a lot of it is actually pretty different.

Simon: I see... Is he worried about going to jail?

Simon: He's more scared than you can possibly imagine.

Simon: Do you know who invented the ladder?

Simon: Sure, John H. Balsley. He's my uncles No.1 hero!

Simon: Does he have any other heroes?

Simon: The guy who invented steps, but he doesn't know who that is.

Simon: Does he hate anyone?

Simon: The guy who invented lifts.

Simon: Why??

Simon: It just takes the fun out of climbing.

Simon: Does he like to listen to anything when climbing ladders?

Simon: Brutal death metal.

Simon: How old id your uncle?

Simon: Around 80...

Simon: I can only imagine what that looks like...

Simon: I know, right?

Simon: Looking forward to your pizza?

Simon: Was that supposed to be funny?

Simon: Yes! Did you like the joke?

Simon: It does have something about it, I suppose...

Simon: 'Are you looking forward to your pizza?' Classic stuff!

Simon: How about this: Papa John's. :(

Simon: Ha! Papa John's with a sad face? No way!

Simon: I think we should end things here. It's getting a bit samey.

Simon: ;)

Simon: Byeeee.