

JAMES: Hello, fellas. I'm making another prison diary with a mobile phone hidden in my pocket! It's totally illegal! I bet you love all that stuff, right?

PRISONER 1: Are you going to offer your phone to me, or does it come with strings attached?

PRISONER 2: Haha!

JAMES: Stories of me planning to create an army of slaves are nasty rumours.

P 1: Are they REALLY rumours? You've actually turned into an urban legend...

JAMES: As I've turned over a new leaf since getting psychiatric help, I'll come clean... No. They're not rumours at all. I still kind of want to turn people into slaves, but I was told it wouldn't work. But that's not why I gave up. I gave up, because deep down I know friends don't pown other friends... My friend.

P 1: I see. Is there anything else you want to come clean about?

JAMES: Oh no.

P 1: What?

JAMES: I've just realised I can't lie if we're REAL pals...

P 1: What don't you want us to know?

JAMES: I think you smell like wet sheep.

P 1: Just let us enjoy our dinners, ok?

JAMES: Mm, pizza!

P 1: Right. Exactly.

P 2: James has just stolen and eaten your food!

(Chewing sounds)

P 1: What the hell was that?

JAMES: I'm a tough guy. Like you. We get each other. Now let's all live in peace and harmony? Sure my behaviour is roughly the same as before, I've just given it a little twist.

P 1: Are you (expletive) mental?

P 2: Just leave him. He's clearly gone mad. Again.

JAMES: Yoink!

P 2: You've eaten MY damn pizza!

JAMES: (Chewing) Us three similar, thieving badasses should be friends.

P 2: Yes, you've said.

JAMES: Frieeeeeends.

P 2: Why are you wriggling your fingers like you're casting a spell? It doesn't work, you know?

JAMES: I think we should start a gang and start a war with the other groups... Then when they realise they're likeminded, they'll be our friends, too. Then everyone can live in peace and harmony. Not like HIPPIES, I don't think I want to go quite so far, but let's see what happens.

P 2: Are you for real?

JAMES: I have big plans.

P 2: I can see.

JAMES: Hey! You there! The two playing cards! Me and my gang are going to mess you up!

PRISONER 3: You what?

PRISONER 4: Why are you two friends with James, now?

P 1: We're not!! He just thinks we are because he stole our pizzas!

P 3: You let him steal your food? Wait... He's owned you?

P 2: God no!!

P 3: Not this crap, again.

P 1: Where are you going, James??

JAMES: I'm gong to sort those morons out.

(Walking is heard)

P 3: What do you think you're doing??

JAMES: Mmm. Pizza. Tastes good. Let's be friends.

P 3: You've threatened to sort me out, you've stolen the best food of the whole week and you think we're friends??

JAMES: We all like stealing, so let's be chums. That's what I'm trying to say.

P 3: Actually I'm here because of assault. Not burglary.

(Thudding sound)

P 4: He just hit you!

JAMES: I like assaulting people, too. Let's be friends.

P 3: I... I don't know what to say...

JAMES: I KNEW this wouldn't work!

P 3: What wouldn't?

JAMES: My shrink said I should try getting along with people! Find common ground!

P 3: He said you should steal people's food and attack them?

JAMES: I read between the lines.

P 3: What else did you talk about?

JAMES: Intellectual stuff. You wouldn't understand, you have to be a five. By pure coincidence, my IQ has been estimated at around 5. According to the internet, that's the same IQ as an ostrich and FIVE times as much as a bee. Anyway, this has been a total failure, hasn't it? My only option is to take it to the max and turn you into hippies. I never wanted this to happen, but...

P 2: He's wriggling his fingers, again!

P 4: And how do you plan on turning us into hippies?

JAMES: The fingers didn't work. Errr, maybe this will... Wouldn't it be great if we were all hippies?

P 4: No...

JAMES: Yes it would be.

P 3: So now you've said how good it would be being hippies, we're now hippies. Is that what you're saying?

JAMES: Yes, it's the power of suggestion. Adverts use it. I've worked in radio stations and I know for a fact, if I say 'you feel hungry, buy a burger', soon enough, people will feel hungry and some will buy a burger.

P 3: You're an idiot.

JAMES: Why?

P 3: What kind of advert is that? And everyone gets hungry!

JAMES: Not me, I keep stealing your food! High five!

P 3: I'm literally going to kill you.

P 1: Ask him what he's been hiding from you! Say you're his friend and he'll tell you anything!

P 3: Is that true?

JAMES: Sure is, buddy.

P 3: Alright, what don't you want me to know, chum?

JAMES: Ahem... You smell like wet sheep... Do you know the smell? It's not good.

P 4: Do you know what YOU smell like?

JAMES: My smell has received numerous compliments.

P 4: Such as?

JAMES: Just 'nice smell'.

P 4: Who said that to you?

JAMES: Me! And my imaginary friend, Pete. Give me your coffee and I'll make him real.

P 4: Actually I'd say you smell more like a pineapple.

JAMES: Throwing pineapple juice all over you will add ten years to your life. Rubbing yourself against farm animals may well shorten it. At very least you'll get fleas.

P 4: See those two guys over there?

JAMES: Yes?

P 4: They're here because they repeatedly stuck their fingers in other people's ears. You know what you have to do. Find common ground.

JAMES: Hey! You there!

PRISONER 5: Not this weirdo...

(Running sounds)

JAMES: Check this out!

P 5: What the hell are you doing?! Leave my ears alone!

JAMES: (Desperately) Ask me anything you want, friend! I don't care any more!

P 5: Can you get the hell off me??

JAMES: Wait, that doesn't make sense...

P 5: Get off!

JAMES: You want me to stick my finger in your ear and get off you at the same time?

PRISONER 6: I've never seen behaviour like this before, man.

P 5: You do know I'm here for murder! You better be pretty damn careful around me!

JAMES: Murder? But that means... to get you to like me, I'll have to kill you!

P 5: You (expletive) dare!

P 6: Leave him! He doesn't know what he's doing!

(Walking is heard)

PRISON GAURD: What's going on here?? We'll have no silliness in my prison!

P 5: James stuck his finger in my ear and threatened to kill me, so I'd like him!

JAMES: I just want everyone to get along!

PRISON GAURD: Come with me, James. Back to solitary with you.

JAMES: Nooooo. Still though, good diary. Dramatic. Filled with danger and likability.

ALL PRISONERS: Shut up, James!

PRISON GAURD: What was that, James?

JAMES: Nothing.