

DAN: Hello, listeners! This podcast will be a particularly good one, because James is in a mental home as I speak...

BEN: Yes, but unfortunately you're probably thinking to yourself 'oh no, how am I supposed to feel good about my life now? Now James is gone, I'm going to have to compare myself with a monkey in a tiny cage and being experimented on by a dentist and an unqualified surgeon to make my situation seem better'. If so, we have replaced him with a newly released mental patient called 'Aaron'!

AARON: Howdy.

DAN: Aaron, what our listeners are all dying to know is, what is James like? Not what he's like on air or what he's like rehearsing, but as a real person?

AARON: Oh, he's completely different...

DAN: Go on...

AARON: I've seen him in his room. He was very calm, he was sipping expensive whisky whilst reading Shakespeare. Every now and then he'd chuckle to himself and say things like 'Very witty. Rather ingenious.' Then when he saw me, he changed and was just like 'Stupid Dan'.

DAN: I don't believe you...

AARON: He uses some very outdated words and phrases, like 'splendid' and 'that foolish ragamuffin.'

DAN: Are you sure?

AARON: No only joking. He does read, but nothing more sophisticated than 'boy hits red ball. The ball moves.' But it was explained that if that really makes him happy, that's something positive. He spends most of his time making music. He's actually made a 'Dan diss track'.

DAN: Why?

AARON: He refuses to take part in art therapy as he worries the psychiatrists will 'read his mind' so they were like 'would you like to express yourself through music instead?' and he was like 'sure.' He also expresses himself through poetry. He's written a sonnet about you!

DAN: Can I hear?

AARON: Yep, I knew you'd ask me about it, so I have it in my pocket, it actually takes influence from Shakespeare! James said it was better than his work, I disagreed but he insisted. Anywho, here goes:

Shall I compare Dan to a rainy day?
Or maybe to a migraine?

Wouldn't it be nice if he went away?
I want to hit him, again and again. (And again!!)
Shall I compare him to a rat, maybe?
Or maybe a flea?
No, he's just a huge baby.
Which is why I wrote this diss poem, hee hee. (Smiley Face)
Shall I compare him to a cockroach?
It's just that the insects are smart.
So maybe I should have said 'cock slow coach'.
Because it takes him ages for him to part.
Listen to my Shakespearian diss poem!
It's better than Dan, I don't want to know'im. (Another smiling face).

DAN: Is that really a sonnet?

AARON: You know what? I'm not sure.

BEN: If not, it's roughly a sonnet.

DAN: Yes, well done James. You moron.

AARON: The psychiatrists were like 'that's not that bad a poem you know? It makes sense, and you've at least followed some rules'. They also pointed out how they hadn't seen faces on a sonnet before. In a twisted way, he's actually quite inventive. They also said it's a lot better than his stories about kicking balls... and of course... kicking Dan.

BEN: Do you have a story James has written on you, too?

AARON: Yep, here goes: Kick Dan's shins. Dan's shins bleed. Happy James.

BEN: I can see why the psychiatrists were more impressed with the sonnet, now.

AARON: Exactly. It was explained it wasn't a true story. Sure it may appeal to disturbed toddlers, but the thought of agents being impressed? If that happens, it would be a very black day.

BEN: Anyway, it's a shame we didn't mention Area 51 in the 51st podcast. Would we like to do so now?

AARON: I'm from Area 51.

BEN: Are you?

AARON: Sure I am.

BEN: What goes on there?

AARON: There's a huge program where astronauts visit the moon and kidnap aliens. I am such an alien.

DAN: No you're not.

AARON: Of course I am. I was actually kidnapped on the first moon landing in 1966.

BEN: You mean 1969?

AARON: Yes, sorry. Both important years, hence the mistake.

BEN: 1966, the year England won the world cup?

AARON: Yes. Anyway, the footage of me being taken to Earth has been covered up. Just before I was about to be kidnapped, Neil Armstrong pointed at the cameraman and said 'hey, look over there!' When the cameraman did so, Neil suddenly took me and bundled me in the spaceship. That's why no one ever saw.

BEN: What were doing on the moon beforehand?

AARON: Just chilling.

BEN: Can you go into details?

AARON: Us Moononians are simple folk, there really isn't a lot to do. We mainly play football. Which explains all the craters.

BEN: And that's why you know about the 1966 world cup?

AARON: Exactly.

(A phone rings)

DAN: Hello?

JAMES: Hello. What have you done to Scruffy Fluff???

ART THERAPIST: With been through this before, James! The situation you think you're in?? It isn't real!

DAN: Hello?

BEN: He's been hung up...

DAN: Random...

AARON: He'll be back, he can't stop himself...

(A phone rings)

JAMES: I'm from Area 51 or the moon or whatever, too! And so is Scruffy Fluff! And so is the art ther...

MAN ON THE PHONE: James, we're going to have to use the taser.

JAMES: You wouldn't dar... AAARGH!

DAN: He's been hung up again. Probably for the last time, right Aaron?

AARON: I don't know...

(A phone rings)

JAMES: Help me!!!!

MAN ON THE PHONE: I've never seen someone dialling a number whilst having a fit at the same time. You must really like the podcast that you'll never appear on again, because you're a freak.

ART THERAPIST: THAT'S going to annoy James.

MAN ON THE PHONE: Yes, that's why I said it. You see James, I know the best way to annoy you. You're haikus give you away, you know?

JAMES: How?

MAN ON THE PHONE: Your short poem 'Pown, pown, pown, pown, pown. P-p-p-p-p-p-pown. P-p-pown-p-pown' reveals a deep fear of YOU being powned. And the fact you'll never be on the podcast is the ultimate pown.

JAMES: I don't have to put up with this psychobabble.

MAN ON THE PHONE: Were you powned as a child, James?

JAMES: No...

MAN ON THE PHONE: Are you sure?

JAMES: Yes.

MAN ON THE PHONE: Ok. Well your powning days are over anyway. But mine have just begun.

JAMES: I'll pown you more.

AARON: Anyway, it's me, Aaron! I've escaped!

MAN ON THE PHONE: You're the notorious ear whisperer?

AARON: That's right. I've whispered random phrases in 10 people's ears already. And I'm not going to stop.

DAN: Dear God.

MAN ON PHONE: Prove it.

AARON: (whispering) Poooooown.

MAN ON PHONE: Oh no.

BEN: May I ask what working in a mental home is like?

JAMES: Tell him about the tasers!!

MAN ON THE PHONE: Gotta go, bye.

AARON: Why not ask me?

DAN: Go on then?

AARON: Powwwwwn.

DAN: Oh no. Let me guess, you were powned too, and that gives you an excuse to act like a moron?

AARON: Pown.

BEN: And on that bombshell, we're out of time. Bye!