

James: Hello, listeners! With me on today's is my sponsor Mental Matt and his employee, both dressed as clowns!

Matt: Thank you for having me. Bleb.

James: No problem, thanks for sponsoring me.

Matt: Yeah...

James: Why did you say 'yeah' like that?

Matt: Like what?

James: You didn't sound convinced. It's like someone getting all his limbs amputated. Out of kindness, you go 'How are you? Are you feeling fine?' and the patient just goes '... Yeah...' That's how you sounded.

Matt: Ok, about me sponsoring you...

James: Yes?

Matt: That's... cool...

James: See, you've done it again...

Matt: Done what again?

James: It's like me holding you at gunpoint and saying to you 'say that's cool' or I'll shoot you. That's how you sounded...

Matt: That sounds like a quite a large exaggeration...

James: Really? I do have a gun, you know? It fires 6,000 rounds in just a minute, you'd stand no chance.

Matt: I see. Well in that, case I'm not sure I can sponsor you anymore. Bleb.

James: I wasn't threatening you, I'm just saying if you ever annoyed me enough for me to threaten you, which you wouldn't as we're best friends, well... good luck.

Matt: Bleb.

James: And why do crazy people keep saying 'bleb' all the time? What's it mean?

Matt: I don't know, but it's a damn easy way to fake insanity. Not that I am, haha, bleb.

James: Yeah, about faking insanity. Have people pretending to be mad ever tried taking antipsychotics? The side effects are often terrible, and not only that mental hospitals aren't really any better than prisons, anyway. It's a dumb move. If you really

want to remove yourself from responsibility after committing a crime, why not just fake an intellectual disability by choosing all the wrong answers on an IQ test? That's much easier.

Matt: Well, if I ever steal your mini gun and go on the rampage, I'll bear that in my mind.

James: Right, play dumb.

Matt: Thanks.

James: Good luck finding the gun though, it's very well hidden. I'm not letting THAT get into the wrong hands, ha!

Matt: We are the same, aren't we? Of course I'll sponsor you! What was I thinking saying 'yeah' without really meaning it? Bleb?

James: Would you like to explain what your company does?

Matt: Yeah, about that...

James: Yes?

Matt: I mean I know that I promote people, but how I make money from that? I'm not entirely sure...

James: If anything you're losing money from sponsoring me...

Matt: Yes, very much so. But we're still friends, right? I COULD just appear on your show because I like being with you, rather than me giving you financial support... That's another way of saying you're not getting a penny.

James: Oh not this again!

Matt: I'm so sorry.

James: Ok. You're a man of few words, aren't you, mysterious employee?

Employee: Bleb.

James: And why are YOU faking insanity?

Employee: So I don't have to pay you.

James: Maybe you could quit your mysterious company and take up working as a clown?

Employee: Oh, no one will go near me and Matt...

James: You could join Slipknot...

Employee: They have a clown already...

James: The Insane Clown Posse?

Employee: Again, the roles are taken.

James: Fine, join the Spice Girls, they don't have clowns.

Employee: They've split up.

James: Argh! Ok! Start up a band of two clowns called 'Mental Matt the Clown and his Employee' and start recording music together! And give the money to me.

Employee: No.

James: Please.

Employee: I'm sorry, I have no musical education at all.

James: You could sing 'boo'.

Employee: What's that mean?

James: Oh never mind. Do you mind if this show takes a darker turn?

Matt: Go on...

James: You're both in makeup, so no one really knows what you look like, and the amount of firepower you could have is unbelievable. Do you see where I'm going, here?

Matt: What are you suggesting?

James: I'm just saying... if you were to do some activities others may call 'somewhat immoral' and no one would ever dare stopping you? Well... why not?

Matt: James... What are you suggesting exactly?

James: I'm just saying... if you really, really had to... you could y'know... get money in a way some people may consider... illegal?

Matt: I'm sorry, but no. That's too mental for me, I'm not going on the rampage whilst burglarising people. Mini gun companies might consider sponsoring you, though...

James: Not in England they won't, they're illegal here.

Matt: The army, then.

James: Hm. It's just usually people give money to the armed forces, not the other

way around. If they were to pay me after I said I had access to a mini gun, I'd worry I'd be given some kind of very dangerous mission.

Matt: James the mercenary.

James: Exactly. I'm also reminded of the scene in Terminator 2, when the terminator shoots up a load of police cars, it's not who I am. Well, I wouldn't be told by the armed forces to shoot the POLICE, but I would be told to shoot something. How about you two, is it how YOU are?

Matt: No.

Employee: No.

James: Ok, just checking. Going in the complete opposite direction, you can earn money by looking after people's pets!

Matt: I could do, but it's not very mental is it?

James: Looking after a tiger is mental...

Matt: And who owns a tiger?

James: A tiger thief...

Matt: You want me to work with a shady underground criminal who steals wild animals, and you want me to feed it?

James: And take it for walks.

Matt: In public?

James: You could give a it a muzzle.

Matt: No.

James: Oh go on. It's not as if I'm telling you to wield my gun at the same time...

Matt: No, if I got spotted doing that, I'd be a social outcast.

James: Your money making methods are more old school?

Matt: Relatively, yeah.

James: Ok, fine. Well, if there is anyone out there willing to sponsor me, please give me a call! Remember, your company name doesn't have to be an alliteration, the odds of so many companies using the writing technique sponsoring me in a row are several trillions to one. If it does happen again, though? Well... wow.

Matt: ...

James: Literally anyone can sponsor me at all... Anyone in the world...

Matt: ... Silence.

James: Oh God dammit. At least you can sponsor me, albeit for free?

Matt: Fine, Mental Matt's Mromotional Mompany sponsors James.

James: Woo. And on that happy note, we're all out of time, so bye listeners!