S H O W F O R J I M

This show is not for you.

**VIDEO ONE:**

***WELCOME TO A SHOW CALLED SHOW FOR JIM.***

Open on Tom and Nick’s faces saying “JIM” to camera. Mix into powerful intro song.

OPENING TITLES: **THIS SHOW IS NOT FOR YOU.**

**THIS SHOW IS NOT FOR YOU.**

**THIS SHOW IS A SHOW**

**THIS SHOW IS A**

**SHOW FOR JIM**

Silent shot of two boys staring at the camera. It is an awkward moment. Then, montage of shots of Jim.

TOM (VO): ***This is Jim. Jim is a full-grown, 32-year-old man, living in Adelaide. He is married, works as an accountant, and… lives in a building.***

NICK (VO): ***But it wasn’t always that way – Jim once lived in a woman. He was very young at the time of his birth. There were few witnesses to the event, but Tom thinks it would have looked something like this…***

Lights up.

Tom rises from his box and impersonates Jim’s birth.

Nick then rises from his box.

NICK: **(Pause, then shrug) …Something like that.**

Lights down.

Footage continues.

TOM (VO): **Jim was born four-foot-tall, and wasn’t just healthy – he was diagnosed with ‘uber-healthiness’. Doctors called him ‘Dat Biiiig Boi’, and for the first six months of his life would frequently perform tests on him – although Jim has never spoken about these tests, and his parents were never allowed to know the results.**

NICK (VO): **After his birth, Jim did what most babies do – he became larger, and turned into a child, which his parents were told is typical. In fact, everything about Jim’s childhood was incredibly normal –**

TOM (VO): **– if anyone can call the traumatic experience of youth normal. Is it normal to be six foot at age ten? Is it normal to still be talking about your childhood to a psychologist twenty years later, and find you’d blocked out whole chunks of memory about a specific PE teacher?**

Nick stares at Tom, who is breathing heavily and smiling too widely.

NICK (VO): **…What?**

Tom turns to right. Camera cut as Tom walks towards shot, away from Nick.

TOM (VO): **This normalness continued into his teenage years, when Jim attended Cabra high school, It was there he met the future love of his life, Stephanie – or as her mixed-netball team friends creatively nicknamed her… “Stephie”.**

NICK (VO): **There, Jim excelled. Finishing as School Captain and Vice Captain – who teachers respected for being safe and only displaying minor misogynistic tendencies – and collecting a TER of 93, Jim walked right into a UniSA Law and Commerce double-degree.**

TOM (VO): **Today, Jim is a dynamic, adaptable, intelligent, attractive man, quickly making a name for himself in the thrill-packed world of chartered accounting. Just ask his colleagues!**

Cut to Jim’s colleagues.

TINA: **Who, sorry? Jim? Jim Harris or Jim Granters…man…son?**

From within the box, Tom bleeps out Jim’s last name.

TOM: Jim (last name bleeped out).

NICK: **At home, Jim’s life with Steph continues to be normal. When she’s not working as a clerk at her uncle’s law firm or playing mixed netball on a team called ‘Having A Ball’ – a name she came up with, which still makes Jim laugh because she’s just creative like that – she and Jim enjoy getting coffee.**

**She loves nothing more than a half-caf, half-decaf cappuccino, and Jim a Macchiato with no coffee; just milk – something about zigging where others zag.**

TOM: **Then they walk home with their dog – a Maltese Shitzu called ‘Tit’…**

**Tit has separation anxiety and chronic reflux, but she’s a great dog. You really get the sense that she enjoys her life – and why wouldn’t she? She lives with Jim.**

Lights up.

Tom stands up from his box.

TOM: When I hear the name “Jim”, I feel emotions I never knew I had. I’ve been to the doctors, and they said… they said these are emotions that nobody has ever felt before; new emotions they don’t even have names for.

NICK: What are they?

TOM: Well, they’re… there’s one that’s sort of ­–

Tom makes an emotionally complicated face.

Nick stands up, cueing Tom to sit back down.

NICK: Jim is… he has this quality of mythology to him, like a centaur with the body of a man and legs of a horse, or maybe a merman. Imagine a merman with the body of a man, and the legs of a man, though; a ManMan.

Tom stand up; Nick sits down.

TOM: And then, if it’s more… more of a casual Jim, it’s more –

Another complicated expression.

So…

Nick stands up; Tom sits down.

NICK: Now imagine a man that has the body of a man, but the… …the internal organs of a horse.

…That man would need medical attention, probably.

Lights down.

Nick sits down and the footage begins to play.

NICK: Jim, we’ve been watching you secretly for nine months – at work, at home, at the hardware store and on those long secret drives you go on while Steph’s at netball practice. Now, it’s time we took this to the next level.

TOM: Tonight Jim, for just forty more minutes, you get to watch us. We did all this for you. Now, it’s time to meet your new best friends.

NICK: It’s your show, Jim!

TOM: This show is for you, Jim!

NICK: Jim!

TOM: Jim!

NICK: Jim!

TOM: Ji-

Video glitches out.

Lights down.

**SONG 1:**

***WORLD OF PURE IMAGINATION.***

Lights up.

Piano introduction to “World of Pure Imagination” stars playing, but in reverse.

**INTRO:**

TOM (SHOUTING): Friendship. Personality. Character.

Are they just social constructs? Can subjective meaning become a social fact?

And who are we really? Are we simply the character we want people to believe we are?

Who decides our personality? Is it you? Or, are you pandering to the perceptions of the many?

Because, what happens if they find out you’re a fraud?

What happens if they find out you’re nothing like the person you’ve been pretending to be?

**VERSE 1:**

TOM: Come with me.  
And you'll be.  
In a world of pure imagination.

NICK: Take my hand.  
Don’t get mad.  
As I look in your imagination.

TOM: We'll start the show.  
And we’ll go.  
Through the world that is our creation.

NICK: What we’ll see

Will look like  
Death by asphyxiation.

**CHORUS:**

TOM: If you want to view paradise.  
Just take a drive down Lower North East Road.

NICK: Anything Jim does, do it.

TOM: Jim wants to change the world?

NICK: He says there’s nothing to it.

**OUTRO:**

TOM (SHOUTING): I’ve been working hard on this for a very long time.

Many sleepless nights. Many conversations with Nick trying to convince me to ditch the show.

But this is a show for you, Jim.

We’ve been moisturising our hands in anticipation to shake yours.

Tom and Nick begin to make squish their moisturised hands together, making fart noises.

**MOUTH WORDS ONE:**

TOM: Thanks!

NICK: Thank you!

TOM: Thanks!

NICK: Thanks!

This continues to go on as long as the crowd are (hopefully) in applause.

TOM: Jim, stand up buddy!

NICK: Jim, welcome so much!

TOM: Get on up here, Jim!

NICK: Jim, we need you up here! Now!

TOM: Jim!

NICK: Jim!

TOM: Jim!

(Long pause. Wide smiles)

NICK: …Jim!

TOM: Jim!

(Another pause. Smiles start to break)

TOM: Jim!

(Long pause)

TOM: (Screams) JIM. JIM. JIM. JIM.

NICK: (Quietly) Okay, he’s not here.

TOM: (Screaming) JIM.

NICK: He’s not here.

Tom and Nick move in on each other – whispering – they are clearly concerned.

TOM: What… What do we do now?

NICK: I… Don’t know…

TOM: Do we?

NICK: These people paid, we need to do the –

TOM: Hi, I’m Tom, and I’m Nick

NICK: And I’m Nick, and this show is –

TOM: This show is not for you.

NICK: Yes, just to be clear – we did not make this show to be fun, or funny, or entertaining for you in any way.

TOM: Our intention was to present ourselves to Jim, who is not here with us tonight, and who we assume sends his deep apologies… assuming he knows this is happening… If anything, tonight is… amusing, or enjoyable… we have manufactured it this way in order to get you to laugh, smile, applaud, offer us money or sexual favours…

NICK: And I want to say off the mark that I did not agree with this being the best medium for introducing ourselves to Jim to begin with. I wanted to do something more like a video resume, perhaps as an mp4 or dot-mov, some file format that’s adaptable, but… well–

TOM: –I wanted artist passes, and I registered without telling him.

NICK: Tom wanted artist passes, and he registered without telling me.

TOM: So, who here has their best friend with them tonight? Let’s get some hands in the air if you really really care!

(Tom puts his hand up, then glances at Nick, who has not put his up)

TOM: Put your hand up.

NICK: (shrugs) Mmm…

NICK: And who here has accepted that most best friends are just a safety blanket against the cold reality that most people will never care about you enough to not someday leave you.

That’s what I thought too, until I saw Jim.

TOM: So, you said to me over a sushi lunch, ‘let’s do some research into this!’

NICK: I did say that. It was two weeks later though when we got back together that I found out you’d taken me too literally and written a thesis on sushi.

TOM: You didn’t contextualise it. You could definitely be more specific; generally.

NICK: I should be more specific? About what?

TOM: I don’t know.

NICK: So, after that, we put together our findings on best friends.

T&N: SLIDE.

Lights down.

**POWERPOINT ONE:**

***THE HISTORY OF BEST FRIENDS.***

PowerPoint plays.

NICK: The idea of Best Friends has existed throughout time. This is the earliest recorded evidence of what would today be considered “best friends” – also the earliest recorded evidence of what today would be considered “toilet cubicle vandalism”

TOM: And proof continues to show that, through history, many people have experienced this emotional phenomenon. It wasn’t until 1921 that the scientific concept of a “best friend” was truly introduced.

It was also this year that saw the invention of the California Roll sushi, or *Ma-ki-zu-ki* sushi, made inside out from the traditional method with cucumber, crab meat and avocado.

NICK: At the first annual best friend awards in 1937 on board the Hindenburg zeppelin, the first official title of Best Friend went to Gerald Hardy.

The ceremony fell apart, however, when it was revealed Mr. Hardy was in fact a woman in pants. At the time, it was generally accepted that only men were biologically capable of being a best friend.

TOM: Soon anyone could start calling themselves a best friend – even dogs – and this continued right up to the millennium. Meanwhile, the first sushi restaurant opened in Norway, called, *‘Seikō shita sushi taiken noruu~ē’*

NICK: It was in 2003 that the social media site MySpace found a way to weaponise best-friendship, creating a ranking system that, once released, was brutal in mutilating the friendship groups of nearly everyone susceptible to it. Many good friends were lost that year.

TOM: Now, in 2018, people find it much harder to make friends.

Here are some examples of best friends from history for reference…

The Rock and Chris Rock.

NICK: The Edge and Bono.

TOM: The Justin Langer and Matthew Hayden…

NICK: Or me and my primary school best friend, Tim O’Connell. Tim was my best friend until I found out he hadn’t invited me to his sixth birthday, and I pushed him in front of a school bus.

Admittedly his sixth birthday had been two years before when he’d been at a different school, but it still hurt, and as my family’s lawyer said – boys will sometimes just be boys, and best friends will sometimes just be in a wheelchair for eleven months.

TOM: But… but what about Jim? Well Jim, we’re offering you first dibs on us as the perfect best friends for you. We’ve run the numbers on this and consulted with both relationship experts and sushi chefs, and the results are in – we are your number one option for best friendship in the world today.

To prove that to you, we move on to part two of the show:

T&N: People Who Are Not Jim, And Why They Are Not Good Friends For You Jim.

Lights down.

**POWERPOINT TWO:**

***PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT JIM,***

***AND WHY THEY ARE NOT***

***GOOD FRIENDS FOR YOU JIM.***

PowerPoint plays.

NICK: This is Eric. Eric imagines everyone naked when he meets them because his family were nudists, and it makes him comfortable thinking about his naked sister.

TOM: This is Christina. Christina will put her tongue in a strangers’ bum after meeting them for 20 minutes, but will throw a fit if anyone serves her anything that isn’t vegan.

NICK: This is Anthony. Anthony has trypophobia, which means he can’t look at things made of small holes, because it makes him want to be sick. The last time he tried to eat a crumpet, he threw up and passed out, then woke up three days later in a dumpster, weeping.

TOM: This is Sonja. Sonja lives in Burnside and becomes immediately intolerable when she’s had more than two drinks. ‘Oh darling! My gay friend Sebastian – he’s gay, so he knows these things – told me this Melon de Bourgogne is just divine! You have to try it!” Shut up, Sonja.

NICK: This is Margaret. Margaret has no concept of personal space, and for some reason feels the best position to tell someone about your collection of crystal dolphins is three inches from their face, like it’s a deep, personal secret. Life tip, Margaret – it should be.

TOM: This is Nick. Nick has been known to wear multiple hats at once, which betrays his deep fear of going bald.

NICK: This… this is Rachel. Rachel, ironically, identifies most with the character of Phoebe from the sitcom Friends. But really, she’s more of a Monica crossed with all the worst features of Ross.

TOM: This is Joel. Joel takes apart every sandwich he ever eats and consumes the ingredients one by one. You know who else did that? Don Burke.

NICK: This is Dana. Dana talks during movies, predicting scenes as they happen. There’s a name for people like you, Dana: “Steven Spiel-bergs”…. Because… it’s Spiel, like talking a lot, but he’s also… he’s also a director.

TOM: This is Nick. Nick is in advertising, which makes him seem friendly, but in reality, he’s cold, emotionless, has this thing with shitty word-play, and feels nothing but bitterness about his existence.

NICK: This is Enrique. Enrique once ate a whole Toblerone bar on a plane flight, then was sick in the woman next to him’s handbag when she went to the bathroom. To this day, he feels no regret.

TOM: This is Nick. Nick hides a secret dislike for cyclists because of his deep personal insecurity about his legs being pale and weird.

NICK: This is…

TOM: It’s Nick. Nick has a habit of drinking milk out of a tea towel which he leaves soaking overnight. He just sucks it out.

Nick flicks to the next slide. It’s him. And the next. And the next. And the next. He glares at Tom. Tom shrugs.

NICK: And this… this is Greg. Greg is Jim’s current best friend, and has a special nick-name for him: “Greggo”. Nice one, Jim – super creative!

TOM: Jim thinks Greg is a great guy – they play golf together, they work together, they eat together, and they watch every Quentin Tarantino movie that ever comes out together. But Jim… Greg has a dark secret.

NICK: A secret so dark and sickening, some people might not even think of it as being any sort of issue really. But we know better.

TOM: Greg, secretly, is impractical. He makes stupid decisions, without thinking about the consequences. And we wrote a song about just how disgusting Greg is for you, Jim.

Lights up.

**SONG 2:**

***SANDALS IN THE RAIN.***

**VERSE 1:**

TOM: A-skit boo-dum-dum

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: A-skibadee-boo-dum-dum

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: 10 pillows on the bed.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: Big dick on his head.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: He showers then shits.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: Doesn’t spray his armpits.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: ‘Coz when the clouds start to form and the rain starts to pour.

He’s got his dumb sandals waitin’ by the door…

Music stops for five counts.

**CHORUS:**

TOM: He wears sandals in the rain (x4)

**VERSE 2:**

TOM: Wears a bag nothing in it.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: Wears a beanie and a singlet.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: Big pants; no belt.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: Undies made of felt.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: Cuts food; blunt knife.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: He’s got a dumb way of life.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: Buys dinner on the plane.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: Wears sandals in the rain.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: ‘Coz when the clouds start to form and the rain starts to pour.

He’s got his dumb sandals waitin’ by the door…

Music stops for five counts.

**CHORUS:**

TOM: He wears sandals in the rain (x4)

**VERSE 3:**

TOM: Prints emails.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: Steps on snails.

NICK IMPRACTICAL

TOM: Wears shoes no socks.

NICK: IMPRACTICAL

TOM: He’s got a real big –

The music stops looks with Tom and Nick looking at each other. They then discuss how large socks aren’t impractical if Greg has large feet.

TOM: ‘Coz when the clouds start to form and the rain starts to pour.

He’s got his dumb sandals waitin’ by the door…

Music stops for five counts.

**CHORUS/OUTRO:**

TOM: He wears sandals in the rain (until it’s done) **AD BREAK:**

***NO PAPA.***

TOM: Thank you. That was our song. We are now contractually required to have an ad break, thanks to certain sponsorship deals we took on prior to the show.

NICK: If anyone would like to go to the bathroom, or get a drink, now is the time. This is the ad break.

Pull someone up from the audience to hold up a curtain. Change into shirts that say ‘Golbourn Valley Peaches’.

The two boys change shirts, then set up two chairs opposite each other. Stare, deadpan.

NICK: Okay?

TOM: Yep, okay, go – music.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wk4v3NOw2eE&t=757s>

This song is playing.

**AD LIB NO PAPA.**

BOTH: Goulburn Valley Peaches.

**After Pierre has been introduced, the next ‘Goulburn Valley Peaches’ reference will signal the end of the bit.**

NICK: Part of a balanced breakfast.

TOM: Fun for all the family.

Lights down.

**MOUTH WORDS TWO:**

Lights up.

TOM: And welcome back to this, part three of Show For Jim. Thanks for sticking around.

NICK: Hey, uh…

TOM: What?

NICK: No, it’s… I just got a message during the ad break – you know Jim’s current best friend Greg?

TOM: I do.

NICK: The one from page twelve of the script?

TOM: …Yes, I do.

NICK: Turns out he’s been reported missing.

TOM: Wow… really?

NICK: Yeah, he’s been missing for two days. Never came home from work.

TOM: Wow…

NICK: I know…

TOM: That’s…

NICK: I know…

TOM: That’s really, really good news!

NICK: I know!

TOM: Jim’s going to be lost without Greg! He’s going to need someone new to drink Heineken with.

NICK: Or… two new someones?

They both laugh together

TOM: Maybe.

NICK: Okay, so, okay – let’s do this right. We need to get in there, burrow in and get up in Jim’s life like a wet towel.

TOM: Definitely – endear ourselves to him,

NICK: Get all up in his business.

TOM: You know what? I’ve got us covered – you remember your video resume idea? About the two of us and how you thought that would be the best way to sell us as friends? I actually, just in case this all fell apart, just went and made it for us.

NICK: Really?

TOM: Yeah! I’ve got it all cued up and ready, so we can just play that if you want?

NICK: Yeah, sure, absolutely – and… Tom, can I just say something…

TOM: Yeah?

NICK: I really… it means a lot to me that you respect my opinion enough to have done this. It really does. I mean, I know I got a bit upset when you registered us for this show without asking–

TOM: –You pushed me down some stairs.–

NICK: –Yes, but you know, a moment of hot-headedness; words and actions flew around–

TOM: –You did apologise and help me up the stairs after, but then you just called me a ‘Cocky Dickhole’ and pushed me down the stairs again.

NICK: The point is that… the fact that you’ve made this video for us really… it’s a special thing, Tom.

TOM: Aw. Mate…

Both hug awkwardly.

TOM: Okay, play the video…

Lights down.

Tom’s resume plays.

**MOUTH WORDS THREE:**

Lights up.

NICK: …Good video.

TOM: Yeah, I really liked it.

NICK: Just, uh… just a small… note on the editing, for future reference.

TOM: Oh yeah?

NICK: Since it’s a video resume for us… could perhaps have fit in maybe one or two more shots of me, couldn’t you.

TOM: Well, no, we did try that, but…

NICK: What?

TOM: But –

NICK: But what?

TOM: The editor and I sort of thought most of your shots just weren’t really that, uh, engaging.

NICK: Engaging.

TOM: Yeah, I think it’s something to do with your face.

NICK: Right.

TOM: When the cameras on it, it just goes all vague and makes people woozy. We couldn’t figure out if it was the lenses or, you know… just your face doing that. And I just didn’t want Jim feeling like that feeling he was getting was coming from both of us, so…

NICK: Right. Well…… Tom, the joke’s on you, because I anticipated you doing exactly this, and I’ve actually been working with Jack to make my own video in the last few weeks, with a bit of creative input from your dad. Actually, he and I have gotten quite close through this whole process. It’s been real nice. Real nice. Jack, can we get that cued up?

Lights down.

Nick’s resume plays.

**MOUTH WORDS FOUR:**

Lights up.

TOM: Well…

NICK: I guess there’s only one way to resolve this…

TOM: We’re not using the s–

NICK: We’re going to have to use the song.

TOM: Please let’s not use the so–

NICK: Our only option is to use the song.

TOM: Fine. We’ll use the song.

NICK: Fine.

**SONG 3:**

***SONG FOR JIM.***

**CHORUS 1**

NICK: This show is a show, it’s a show for Jim

TOM: This show is a real show, it’s a show for Jim

NICK: This show is a show that I wrote for him

TOM: Except I know way more than you know about Jim

**VERSE 1**

NICK: Did you know Jim has a good nose – he can tell the difference between red wine and white.

TOM: Well did you know Jim orders his clothes – he wears the same blue shirt every day and every night.

NICK: Well did you know Jim likes when thing go exactly to plan – he likes an orderly life?

TOM: Did you know Jim is so so so, he has a whole kitchen draw dedicated to size-ordered knifes?

**PRE-CHORUS**

NICK: Jim hasn't touched a book since being twelve years old. But he's street smart in that way you can't learn or be told

TOM: He's a monster at accounting, a ripper at maths.  
 And while his jokes can be sexist, they're rarely that crass.

**CHORUS**

NICK: This show is a show it's a show for Jim.

TOM: This show is a real show it's a show for Jim.

NICK: This show is a show that we wrote for him. Some of us more than others.

TOM: This show is the show that I wrote for him, 'coz I know Jim!

**VERSE 2**

NICK: Well did you know Jim’s socially so, so so unlucky – his friends always seem to suddenly move overseas?

TOM: Did you know, they leave so suddenly though they often never tell their children, spouses or relatives?

NICK: Did you know that Jim loves Steph so, he won’t let her go out to mixed netball practice anymore?

TOM: Did you know that when she sneaks out and goes, Jim stares at the blank TV until he hears the door?

**PRE-CHORUS**

NICK: Steph loves him so much, she'll do anything he says,  
 She's been a prisoner of love for all of these years.

TOM: She didn't even cry coming home from yoga class.  
 Finding Jim behind the door wearing a chicken skin mask.

**CHORUS 2**

NICK: This song is a song it's a song for Jim.

TOM: This song is a real song it's a song for Jim.

NICK: This song is proof that only I know him.

TOM: That's - just so you know, that's basically bullshit…

**BRIDGE**

TOM: Yes that didn't rhyme, but few things in life work out the way they should.  
 Like friendships, relationships, and Fringe shows.  
 But at least one of us did the best he could.

NICK: Jim's a really, really wonderful guy - It's a shame that his whole family died.  
 In that tragic fire with Jim the only survivor.  
 They'd love the loving man he is deep down inside.

**VERSE 3**

TOM: Did you know Jim's always been close to his pets - when he was young he'd play around with them for days.

NICK: Did you know that sadly, most of his childhood pets had a habit of dying in oddly similar ways…

TOM: Did you know Jim cares for the ho-ome-less, he’s done homestays where he lets them stay in his shed.

NICK: Did you know Jim, was heartbroken though, when he was first-on-scene when that homeless man turned up dead?

**PRE-CHORUS**

TOM: He keeps a tarp and a shovel in his car.  
 And a rope and a torch and a rusty crowbar.

NICK: He practices emotions in the bathroom mirror.  
 To make sure he won't come across as some kind of serial kil…

**MOUTH WORDS FIVE:**

TOM: So…

NICK: …Huh.

TOM: So Jim is, uh…

NICK: Do you think…?

TOM: Well… no…?

NICK: No.

TOM: No way.

NICK: No… but… a bit?

TOM: Yeah, but… who isn’t?

NICK: Oh yeah, no, yeah, but… you know…

TOM: I mean, he’s…

There’s a long pause.

NICK: Tom, did we just… did we just spend nine months stalking a serial killer?

TOM: Uh… possibly? A bit?

NICK: …That’s a bit fucked.

Another long pause.

TOM: Mate, I’m sorry. It was my idea to do a Fringe show…

NICK: Mate, I should’ve seen the friendship I had right in front of me… instead of the green grass on the other side of the … hill…

TOM: You’re right. I get bad hay fever anyway…

You know what? You’re my best friend.

Tom and Nick hug.

TOM: Well… what should we do now?

NICK: Well, what do you think?

TOM: I’ll tell you what I think!

**OUTRO RANT:**

***BE WHO YOU ARE ON THE INSIDE.***

TOM: Sometimes guys, all you’ve gotta do is look to the person next to you.

Do it right now, look to the person next to you.

Look into their god forsaken eyes and then look even deeper.

What sort of emotions do you feel?

Is it friendship? Do you think, ‘fuck me, you’re a lot better looking in the dark’?

Whatever feelings begin to swell, take solace in the fact that you’re feeling something…

…Because, making friends, forging relationships is really, really fucking hard.

Most of us have this putrid social anxiety that swells within out stomach. It holds us back from being who we really are, or it forces us into a corner we don’t want to be in.

But this anxiety makes us do, think, and say some very silly things – someone might do a fucking fringe show just to become friends with the world’s biggest sociopath – because that’s the way we want people to perceive us.

Our biggest fear is to be found out. Maybe it’s that we’re not good at our jobs, maybe it’s that we aren’t very funny, maybe you wear a shark tooth necklace, or still listen to jack Johnson? Who the fuck knows! But, what happens if someone finds out you aren’t the exact person you’ve been pretending to be?

Well guys, we’re gonna let you in on a little secret…

Nothing.

NICK: Nothing happens.

TOM: It’s a bit like what goes on between Tit’s little malteze shitzu ears – nothing.

So, was a fringe show the best way to become friends with Jim?

No, it was terrible, he didn’t even come.

But, have a found out a little bit about ourselves?

NICK: Yes. We also solved cold murder cases…. NOW EVERYBODY DANCE!

Long pause.

TOM: Anyway, I’m Tom, he’s Nick – we’re both deathly afraid of feet – annnnd, fuck you Jim.

Lights down.

Close.