DELUSIONS 2020..

INTRO, JOCK SCOTT

*CRISIS.*

*I’ve been doing this show for a a couple of years now. It’s been a wonderful journey doing it. I think what surprises me most is how much it keeps evolving and changing just as I do. And it’s interesting to be doing it at this time of crisis. I hope what you hear over the next hour will help lighten the load for everybody.*

MAGICIAN/BENEFITS.

Because there benefits to just talking stuff out. I recently got a cuddle from a magician. Really. I was doing this corporate event and there was a magician working the room. And he just came up to me and said, as opening words. “I tried to kill myself 6 years ago. I’ve seen what you do online. It’s really helpful.”

People never used to greet me like. That. So I just embraced him. And what was funny was we were in this posh golf club. And all these golfers were kind of looking at us going, “I wonder what’s going on between the comedian and the magician. They’re probably both members of some secret society. Just like we are.”  
And in a funny way we are.

JANE MACKAY.

I remember the first time I spoke openly with someone outside my inner circle about mental health. It was with a comedian Jane Mackay, who co-founded the Stand comedy club. She’s Bipolar too. And we were talking about doing a benefit for the mental health charity Mind. And as we spoke we discovered we were both on the same kind of medication. And she said to me, “How much are you on?” I said, “I’m on 400 milligrams a day.” She said, “Oh I’m only on two hundred. OK you get to headline.”  
It’s an interesting day when something that’s described as a severe disability becomes profitable.

WORLD AT LARGE.

*This is a show about mental health and also about how the world at large can impact on our mental wellbeing.*

*JOCK SCOTT.*

So if you don’t know me my name’s John, John Scott or Jock Scott. That’s what I get called at home. Which is a very Scottish name I will admit. I’ve got a cousin from Yorkshire called Hovis Broadband Miners’ Strike.

MOOD SWINGS. (Longer\_)

*So I’m diagnosed with Bipolar disorder, Bipolar One which is quite an acute version of the condition.*

*And it’s important to say I HAVE bipolar not I am bipolar. I mean like you say I have the flu, not I am flu. You see? Although in Scotland we do often say I have the cold I am cold.*

*Things are improving in how we can now be open about mental health. There’s been a lot said about anxiety and depression but this show looks at the more acute end of mental health and is about the period in my life when I was misdiagnosed with schizophrenia. Don’t worry I got better…but I wouldn’t want to catch it again.*

*Mind you, saying this, there’s actually quite a few bipolar comedians out there these days. I was thinking about getting us all together, forming a jazz band and calling it mood swings.*

*1*-4, ADELE, HOOVER.

*Of course as we know mental health affects one in four of us, or four in one of us depending on your condition. (sorry that’s such a bad joke to start a show like this with)*

*So that also means there are a lot of us here that have never had a mental health problem but you probably know someone that has. Like anybody that owns an album by Adele.*

*Because the human mind is a complex thing. They say that all that really separates from the animals is the ability to do this. To touch our fingers to our thumbs... Well that and I’m not afraid of the hoover.*

SCHOFIELD

So…There will be jokes, there we’re will be stories, and we’re going to at points look at the big issues facing our world today. There’s been a lot of stuff going on hasn’t there. I mean didn’t the world nearly stop spinning that day, that day ladies and gentlemen when Philip Schofield came out as being gay. I felt the shockwaves as a million middle aged housewives simultaneously hit the gin. It was like the assassination of Kennedy. In that minds were blown. People will remember where they were that day. I can remember where I was, I was getting wanked off by Barry Manilow.

FLACK, HOMOPHOBIA, ADAM ANT. (Bipolar flamboyance)

And he’s had a lot of flak, People saying, Oh why didn’t you come out earlier. Well, maybe one reason is there is still a lot of homophobes out there.   
And he would have been a young gay man in the 80s. That was a more dangerous time.

I can relate to that. You see being Bipolar means at times you can exude a certain flamboyance. And in the 80s I was a big fan of Adam and the Ants. Who is also a Bipolar person. You would never have guessed to look at him.

So this meant meant I was running around a mining town dressed up as a big gay pirate.

Actually I wasn’t gay, I was a dandy highwayman.

Adam Ant once famously sang “Ridicule is nothing to be scared of” But when ridicule came in the shape of 12 skinheads chasing you through the high street…It was fucking plenty to be scared.

But of course we still have homophobes these days. I saw they had to expel a member of the Brexit party because he took out an advert in his local paper that was a big old homophobic rant. And in the advert it said, “Homophobia doesn’t exist. Because the word isn’t in the dictionary. A stunning argument I’m sure you’ll agree. Only it is. I don’t know why I doubted it, but I got my dictionary out and homophobia is in the dictionary. It’s actually sandwiched in between, homoerotic and homosexual. Which is probably the last place that homophobia wants to be sandwiched, but that will teach it a lesson.

WHY SHOW.

*So why do a show on mental health now. I’ve been a comedian for 19 years and only started speaking about this last year.*

*Well two reasons really. One I was afraid to. It’s not easy to put words like schizophrenia and Bipolar next your name. Trust me producers aren’t knocking down my door going get the mad guy we need to jazz up the news.*

COMEDIANS and POLITICS, CLEGG.

They say comedians should stay out of politics. Get lost. The Prime minister is a clown and the president is a game show host. When you get out of my game I’ll get out of yours.

Also I wanted to be established as a political comedian. And I am known for that stuff. I’m the guy that completely rinsed deputy P.M. Nick Clegg on BBC radio. You see Nick was doing a five minute stand up set for charity and I was brought in to coach him. So I said to him, Nick what if it goes wrong? Have you got an emergency joke? He said he didn’t. so I said well I’ll give you one. Why did the chicken cross the road? I don’t know? I went, to form a coalition with the vultures you treacherous fucking liar.

WHAT’S A DELUSION.

*So my mental health condition can make you suffer delusions. So what’s a delusion? Well they come in a variety of forms. I was raised in a religious background so when you’re not well that can come into play. I used to have delusions that hell might actually be real. Yeah thanks for that one God. You’ll burn and burn forever and ever... But remember God loves you.*

*And the relief I felt when the delusion wore off would be massive. Thank heavens for that I’d say. And thank heavens I’m just Church of Scotland. If I’d been raised a catholic I might never have snapped out of that. Is it a delusion if billions of people believe it?*

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

We were church of Scotland. And we used to go to Sunday school with this really strict Presbyterian minister. And at the end of the day he would put out some biscuits and some fruit and he would say, “Take one biscuit only! Because God is watching you.” And I would be up the other end of the table, filling my pockets with fruit, thinking stuff it! He’s got his eyes on the biscuits.”

*RECORD BACKWARDS.*

*Even if you’re not religious, religion surfaces with a lot of mental health service users. Because it’s everywhere. You’d be amazed how often hell comes into everyday life. Remember in the 70s and 80s they used to say if you play a record backwards you get messages from Satan. Worse still if you play it forwards you get messages from Adele.*

*LIFT.*

*I’ve invented a great game where you can convince strangers you are Satan. What you do is get in a lift, and the first thing you do is don’t turn around to face the doors, just stand there staring at everybody. Then you go, You’re probably wondering why I’ve gathered you all here today…going down.*

*UNICORN.*

*But in a way we all live our lives under various levels of delusion don’t we. I see there’s now a trend on with millennials for Unicorns. Folk are putting glitter in their hair and doing it up all in colours…and the thing is if I had no hope of a house, was on a zero hours contract, working 70 hours a week for minimum wage, trying to pay off fifty grands worth of student debt and probably going to lose the NHS…well I’d pretend I was a fucking unicorn as well. That’s how delusions work your brain just needs to get away from it all for a bit.*

*YOUNG MAN.*

*And it was because of a young person approaching me that I decided to do this show. I first spoke about this stuff on a comedy night, and this young guy who was studying to be a dentist told me how much it meant to him to see someone talking openly about these things. And he’d just been diagnosed with schizophrenia. And I could see the relief in his eyes just being able to chat to someone who had experienced similar things to him.*

*AIR SALUTE.*

Also after that very first gig when I spoke about my own mental health; as I was coming off the stage, a bloke in the audience who was slumped down in his chair, not drunk like he was hiding, he punched the air. I’ve never had anybody punch the air after I’ve done a gig. I felt like I was in ACDC.

*5 SENSES*

*Mental health Delusions can revolve around the five senses Hearing, seeing or feeling something that is not there. Hearing voices is a common hallucination in schizophrenia. And I’ve never had those things happen to me. Thank God because it must be terrible. And the voices say negative things…You’ve got shit hair….the neighbours are after you, it’s the Muslims who started the rumour about you having tiny hands Donald.*

*VOICES.*

*But people do hear voices and they often think its God. And they do as I say often say very negative things. And that’s often made me wonder. Why does God never say anything sensible to the mentally ill? I’ve got a friend whom I write a blog with and we were having a laugh about that. Why does god never just say things like…*

*“Hello…this is God…maybe it’s time you tidied the house…you’re looking a bit anxious…perhaps you should give your mum a phone…how about you write a life affirming show about these wee chats we have…have you ever thought about switching to a cheaper energy supplier.”*

*BP DELUSIONS.*

*Bipolar delusions can be a bit different. We can have delusions of grandeur, we can think we’re in the centre of a global conspiracy. Bi Polar delusions are described on the NHS website as…, if you are in a manic episode you may believe that you have special powers, or are on a special mission.*

*JESUSY*

*In short we can get a bit messianic, a bit Jesusy. Which can be fun on a psychiatric ward. You’re not the messiah I’m the messiah. That’s what it’s like in hospital they get one of us better then somebody else takes over the shift.*

*Brian will be in the corner with a carton of Ribena, pouring it into a jug of water going, Look! I’m doing it. Meanwhile I’m going through all the drawers looking for any nails that might need hiding.*

MESSIAH COMPLEX.

I have been asked if I’ve ever had a messiah complex. Every time a smash a gig! But then so does every other comedian in the country. Nah not really. Honest I’m too busy to be the messiah and I’m knackered all the time.

I’ve got two cats. I find it hard enough being servant to them never mind the servant of god.

*EDITOR OF FINANCIAL TIMES.*

*Mind you there was one time we had this gut arrive on the ward, and at this point I was working as a nursing assistant in the hospital, I was on the other side of the bed curtains, and nobody knew about my at that time recent mental health problems.*

*So this guy arrived one day claiming to be the Editor of the Financial Times. And we’re all going Ooh that’s new, we’ve never had one of them before, how interesting…Yup…It turned out he was the editor of the Financial Times, and he was convinced people were out to get him.*

*So one day me, a secret paranoid person, was asked to escort him to the regular hospital for an eye test. And on the way there he started to get a bit edgy. There was this couple of guys in suits he was getting nervous about and going, that’s them they’re the ones that are after me. So where I’m supposed to be going, don’t worry this all just your imagination playing tricks…Instead I’m looking over my shoulder going fucking hell are they? We were perhaps not the best f couplings.*

*But who knows? I think his story could have been entirely plausible! Funny thing delusions.*

WORLD DELUSION, SHITE BOND.

But when you think about it there’s so called sane people out there who think they have special powers, or are on a special mission.…that pretty much describes half the people that are in charge of the planet right now.

And that’s what the other part of this show is about. Who’s really deluded? I’ve got an excuse I’m mad. But right now it feels like half the planet is deluded. It’s like the world has been taken over by a bunch of shite James Bond villains.

FAVE JEWARD.

Good lord what a wonderful selection we had to choose from at the last election. It was like being able to vote for your favourite member of Jedward.

FLOATING VOTERS.

The Tories won **again.** They said they were hoping to attract a lot of floating voters and now that they’ve done bugger all with Britain’s flood defences there’s certainly a lot of them.

BORIS.

And now we have Boris in charge. The prime minister that doesn’t lie. That’s the biggest lie you can ever tell. Only sociopaths and my ex-girlfriend who was shagging everything that ever moved have told that lie. Everybody lies. Don’t we? We need to lie at times. For the sake of harmony. If my wife is trying on a new dress and she asks, Does my bum look big in this. I’m going to lie. I’m not going to go, Bloody hell pet is that your bum? I thought it was Denmark.

MINERS VOTE TORY.

Things have gone drastically wrong. There are now ex-miners voting Conservative. That’s gives you a good idea of how much the police beat them around the head. However, I’m not so sure calling them class traitors is going to be the best way to win them back.

WORKING CLASS TORY.

However…I don’t really get working class people that vote tory…in particular the new Scottish ones. Being working class and voting Tory to me is a bit like going to dinner with some cannibals and popping yourself on the menu.

**TRUMP.**

**And of course the chief of the liars is.**

The most powerful man on the planet is a Wotsit coloured used car salesman.

People say we should respect Trump because he’s a self-made millionaire…Yeah but he started out a billionaire.

I think we’re beginning to realise, “because it would be hilarious” was not a good reason to make somebody president.

He says he’s going to strike a deal with north Korea. He can’t strike a deal with a bloody porn star!

I loved in his presidential campaign how he said he was a friend of the gays. Mate if you were a friend of the gays one of them would have fixed your hair.

**Societies** MENTAL BREAK DOWN.

I have to say, this is quite an interesting time to be a mad person. As I look out the window and all of humanity seems to be having a mass mental breakdown. And weirdly, I’m fine! I’m like, what a time to be alive! Now everybody knows what it’s like to be mad. Welcome to the club. Come on in the water’s warm.

Where do I start…

ISIS IN SCHOOLS.

The paranoia is everywhere. First we thought it was just this never ending war on terror. I thought that’s what was going to divide us. Because that’s what both ISIS and government want, to drive us apart. You see it everywhere. You see I in those dreadful papers, the Daily Mail. ISIS ARE NOW RECRUITING IN BRITISH SCHOOLS!  
When I read that I thought really!? How shite is careers advice getting. Remember that guy? The careers advice dude. At my school we were convinced that he got a bonus fiver for every one of us that he managed to convince the only way forward was to go and work in the chicken Mcnuggets factory.   
I have to admit, if I had turned up had I turned at careers advice and been told well…You’ve got a choice. You can work until you’re 75 in the chicken Mcnugget factory…or….you can go on a Jihad. I would have probably plumed for the jihad. Is there any perks with the job? Oh you get a free vest. Brilliant, how do I switch it on? Where do I see myself 5 years from now? Well, probably all over the place.

DOOMSDAY FLU.

So now the doomsday clock is at 90 seconds to midnight…and we’ve all got the flu.

PERCEPTION OF REALITY.

Again. Not really feeling it. I’ve had to deal with having my entire perception of reality being thrown sideways. I reckon I can handle a tickly cough.

ANXIETY.

But as someone who has and still suffer debilitating anxiety attacks I totally sympathise with what people are experiencing.

BAHRAIN, BREATHING, HARMONICA.

Last time I had an anxiety attack I was in Bahrain. I can actually stop an anxiety attack by drinking a few bottles of lager. But I woke up in Bahrain, during Ramadan and thought, Hang on a minute. I can’t get access to alcohol! And then I thought. I’m gonna get beheaded for telling jokes, then had an anxiety attack. As most people would,.

BREATHING.

So I had to resort to meds and breathing techniques. And it worked…slower but eventually. I never believed you could do that because when I have an anxiety attack my breathing becomes hyperventilated. You breathe in and out really fast. But there are techniques where you inhale and exhale in rhythm with the anxiety.

And if that fails, what you need to do is add a harmonica. Then you play a wee tune and it takes your mind off whatever you were worrying about.

WU HAN FLU.

But what we gonna do about Wu Han flu? That’s what it should have been called. It scans better.

RUB SHOULDERS.

When they said I would rub shoulders with the rich and famous I didn't think it would be because we couldn't shake hands.

MENOPAUSE.

My wife is starting the menopause. If she has to self-isolate every time she has a temperature... she won't be back at work until she's 55.

TESCOS.

I was actually in Tescos and had an anxiety attack. Now that’s proper panic buying.

LOO ROLL.

I’m joking. However, I was in Tescos and obviously they had ran out of loo roll. So I went up to customer services and said, “Have you got any loo roll?” And the women quite firmly said NO! And the look she gave me would have buckled a railway sleeper. So I said fair enough. Then I had to waddle, with my trousers around my ankles …all the way back to the toilet.

DOOMED.

Every time I see Trump on the telly I start turning into that Scottish guy off Dads Army, we’re doomed aye we’re doomed.

We’re not even good at being doomed. If we are genuinely doomed we just turn it over to health and safety. That’s what the apocalypse will be like. Everybody running about screaming it’s the apocalypse while a bloke with a clip board going, No I’m sorry you can’t start that until you’ve filled out this risk assessment form. No you don’t understand Satan and the four horsemen are coming over the hill. Well they better not come over that hill it’s just been moped.

We turn ridiculous situations over to health and safety.

Take plane crashes for example. What do they tell you to do? Put your face in your lap, so that when you smash into a mountain at 400 miles an hour you don’t bump your head.

This is the last three minutes of your life. They should be telling you to put your face in somebody else’s lap.

“ladies and gentlemen this is your captain speaking. In about three minutes time we’re going to go into the sea like a fucking brick. I recommend you unfasten your safety belts and start rimming the living shit out of each other.”

Men would be going, Three minutes? That’s loads of time. Get your head down there it’s health and safety.

It gets even more ridiculous if you survive. What do they give you? A Whistle…so the people that didn’t hear the plane crash can hear you.

And if you’ve crashed anywhere warm then all that does is turn you into a fucking shark kettle.

MONEY DELUSION.

So Fuck Donald Trump and his ilk. Money is ruining everything. It’s the biggest delusion of our age. If I just look out for me I’ll be alright. They don’t give a fuck about you. … I think we’ve seen enough evidence of that.

BUT MONEY HERE TO STAY

But we’re stuck with this for now. I liked Jeremy Corbyn but I knew about a year before the election what would happen.

WOAH JEREMY CORBYN.

You know that woah Jeremy Corbyn thing? That has entirely different connotations now.

Who fucked up the election? Woah Jeremy Corbyn.   
Who was shit at Prime Ministers questions. Woah Jertemy Corbyn.

CORBYN JESUS.

I still like him though. Although I thought it was a bit much that people were comparing him to Jesus. I mean he’s good, but he’s not Jeremy Corbyn.

WHERE’S THE MONEY COMING FROM.

Anyhoo I did that joke and this heckle came up from this incredibly posh voice and it went…

“Oh yes and where’s the money going to come from eh? Where’s all the money coming from.

To which I replied, “You.”

And then they went, “Oh so you’re coming after hard working people like me eh?”

And I said, “No. Not hard working people like you…just you. You’ve probably got enough hidden away in your magic money tree that grows in Panama. To pay all the nurses, all the firemen, all the police and we’d still have enough left to travel to Mars. People haven’t had a pay rise in ten years because you’re hording it all and paying fuck all tax. ”

By this point I my dander was quite up and I also added. “I tell you what I’ve got something that you’ll never have.”

He went, “Oh yes and what’s that?”

To which I replied, “Enough.”

BREXIT TENSION, BREXIT FAT LASS.

And Brexit has caused a lot of tension. There’s a lot of racial tension out there.

SCOTS EUROPE

People ask me why did Scotland vote to remain in Europe and England voted to leave. I have to explain it’s because every time a Scottish person here’s the word Brexit, we think something has been damaged. That’s what happens when a fat lassie sits on a chair, she Brexit.

JIMMY WONG.

Now I’m not saying that people who voted to leave Europe are racist. However during that referendum and since the old bit racism has come out the closet a bit.

We’re all a bit racist. That’s what the racists like to tell you. We’re all a bit racist really. As a pillar of lefty righteousness I used to refute that with a passion. How dare you! I’ve got the complete works of Earth Wind and Fire.

But then I did a thing and unfortunately there was a car load of comedians witnessed me doing it.

In Manchester I used to work with this really funny Chinese comedian. But I couldn’t quite remember his name. I absolutely knew his first name was the English name Jimmy. But I couldn’t quite remember his second name. I knew it was something short and Chinese like Wong.

So I said to the comedians. Who remembers Jimmy Wong? You know the Chinese comic from Manchester. He was well funny. And everybody went no John we don’t remember Jimmy Wong. Then about half an hour later one of the comics asked…John…Do you mean Eddie Hu…And unfortunately ladies and gentlemen that’s exactly who I meant.

Well is it my Fault really. There’s loads of Chinese comedians it’s easy to get them mixed up…there’s…err Mao Tse Tung…err…that bloke out of The Pink Panther….and Michael Macintyre. He never shuts up about being Chinese.

Thing is I met Eddie a couple of months later and told him the story and he thought it was hilarious. He said, “You should Chinese it up a bit. You know put on a ridiculous Chinese voice.” I said, “yeah great.” But then I got over excited and put my fingers either side of my eyes and said “hey will it be funny if I…”

He went, “No don’t do the fucking eyes! Christ I’m just trying to build bridges here. You fucking porridge honkey!”

RHYMES.

But the bottom line is, when it comes to vulnerable people like me or the poor, we’ve been totally persecuted by the government.

The poor and the disabled have been blamed for bankers fucking up the global economy.

That’s like having a big dog who does a massive steaming shit on the carpet and you go, I know hopw we can fix that. Let’s rub the hamsters head in it.

Benefit fraud apparently was the big bogey man. It takes upo about 0.0002% of the budget. And I’m not some mad lefty saying let’s protect benefit fraudsters, but I’m not sure what to believe about that and what’s myth, what’s maybe just propaganda.

I mean where I live is quite a poor area. And there’s this old woman, and she lives in a show, no wait! She has so many children she doesn’t know what to do. Well, that’s just ridiculous some old scrounger bint living in a giant show with kids running everywhere. Oh and by the way bedroom tax should be after her as well. I’ve heard she’s got a second property that’s exactly the same as the one she lives in.

And if they’re not claiming the housing they’re claiming the sick! I’ve heard about these three guys, these three mice…and they say that their blind, but I don’t believe they are. Because you should see how they run! I’ve never seen such a thing in my life as three benefit fraud mice.

And if they’re not claiming the housing or claiming sick then every second door is a sex offender. There’s this guy from Gateshead, he disgusts me they call him Wee Willy Winky. And it doesn’t matter if you live in a high rise or a bungalow, he’s upstairs, he’s downstairs, he’s bloody everywhere. And you know what he’s doing. He’s at your children’s bedroom window and he’s tapping on it. The brazen BASTARD.

And if they’re not claiming the housing, or the sick, or being a sex offender then obviously the big question of our times is immigration. Now ladies and gentlemen I am no racist, but there’s a guy around our way and he’s definitely not trying to fit in. I’ve heard he’s dealing drugs. Apparently he sells those so called legal; highs. He’s got this stuff they call it wool. Oh he’s got loads of the stuff. One bag, two bags, three bags loads of the stuff. Now I don’t mind sell drugs to adults. But he’s targeting schools. He’s selling it to the little boy who lives down the lane.

Now the point I’m really labouring here ladies and gentlemen is sometimes it’s hard to tell what’s true and what might just be a big fucking pile of fairy tales.

DEPRESSION.

*So the point I really am labouring here is you don’t have to be Bipolar to get depressed with this world. And yes like many folk I’ve had bouts of depression.*

*It’s a serious condition that can be deadly. I know people that it has taken.*

*The last time I was depressed was after the death of my dad which was years ago, but that’s natural isn’t. You should be sad at that.*

*So you’ve got to watch not to define yourself by these things.*

*It wasn’t really depression I was just grieving. We should recognise that, I feel it’s very important we don’t define ourselves via conditions. Being sad is sometimes the right way to be. I really don’t like how we* ***romanticise bad mental health***

*KANYE WEST.*

*Kanye West has been doing a bit of that recently. He’s just released an album recently about his Bipolar disorder and on it he tells us. Bipolar ain’t no disability it’s my super power. Really? This guy is an open supporter of Donald Trump. What exactly is your super power. Behold…It’s I have no filter man. I can leap over common sense in a single bound.*

*CDS Genre.*

*I tried to put my CDs into genre recently and it doesn’t work you start making up genres like ginger and gay. And my wife said to me, Why is Robbie Williams next to Kanye West and Jay Z, he’s not a rapper? I said, No…But he’s a fucking arsehole.*

*ROMANTIC VAN GOUGH*

*, I feel it’s very important we don’t define ourselves via conditions. Being sad is sometimes the right way to be. I really don’t like how we romanticise bad mental health. Van Gough get’s that, “Ah well, the reason he was so great was because he was so tortured.” Rubbish. Try telling that to the bloke who sold him ear muffs. His disability was an impairment.*

*LA TRITE DUERA. LAST WORDS*

*But we do we romanticise the poor man’s condition. They claim his last words were “la tristesse durera” meaning “The pain is eternal” Well that was conveniently poetic of him wasn’t it?…and just not true. You don’t lie there making up poetry as you die. You know what my dad’s last words were? “You maybe better get a doctor. I think there’s something really wrong with me.” This makes perfect sense. He wasn’t rattling out little bits of poetry on the nature of being. “Ah the universe is a hurricane and we are nought but farts.” What? What’s he saying? I’m not sure, something about farting like a hurricane. Ah…it’s probably the mixture of hospital cabbage and morphine.*

*NHS.*

*Like me my dad was very reliant on the NHS, because like me he’s Scottish. And I am going to go about that a bit too. Save the NHS. It’s what fixed me.*

PACE MAKER

I’m not saying it’s all perfect. My dad he had a bad heart so he had an NHS pacemaker. I’m not saying he got the best device in the world. It was NHS. Every time he farted the garage door would open.

ASBESTOS

He eventually died because of white asbestos. He worked in the building trade and had white asbestos all through him. The funeral was lovely, it was very well attended, but the cremation went on forever.

BREAD.

And I worry about my health. It seems everything can give you cancer now. Apparently bread can give you cancer. So I’ve stopped smoking that. Well I’m down to one loaf a week.

MUM.

The NHS is the greatest of British achievements. My mum just got a new hip recently. It’s awesome. Every time you press her head down she takes a penalty.

BARRY CHUCKLE

Save the NHS. I’m Scottish we need it. All my heroes have started to die. Bowie, Prince, George Michael…Barry Chuckle. That was sad. I said that to my wife, to me as a comedian it’s really sad the he passed away. She said To you? I said yes to me.

SAVE THE NHS.

*But I implore you save the NHS. Trust me I’m a service user and I know how fucked it is. It’s all very well saying you’re going to prioritise mental health but if the entire service is stretched beyond its limits the its stable door, horse bolted.*

*GOLDEN PAN.*

*And I’m sick of people saying Oh you can’t expect everything for free. It’s not free. We pay for it. I’m an ex-smoker. With the amount of tax I’ve paid on fags alone when it’s my time I want a gold plated bed pan, and I wanted be surrounded by women… dressed as nurses…as opposed to women dressed as fucking accountants.*

*FOODBANKS*

*There are nurses having to turn to foodbanks to survive.*

*Theresa May says there are many complicated reasons as to why people uses Foodbanks. Yes I can think of about 320 reasons and every single one of them is a Tory MP.*

*She actually said, More people are using Foodbanks because more people are aware of them. Yes because once one person has malnutrition every bugger wants it.*

*TRAUMA. EX GIRLFRIEND.*

*It’s a traumatic world out there. And trauma is a big impactor on our mental wellbeing. And yes Bipolar disorder can be aggravated by trauma. That was how mines first manifested.*

*She was quite cruel my ex. For a couple of days she pretended I’d turned her into a lesbian. But it was way worse than that. I’d actually turned her into a conservative.*

*I’m not spiteful…actually I am…very…Spite is like heroin to ex-lovers. Spite doesn’t even cover it. I hope every joby she does from now on is like a hedgehog.*

*TRAUMA RED HEADS.*

*Thing is the break up did have a lasting traumatic effect. It manifested when I first became ill. You see my ex had red hair. When I first became delusional it was in Edinburgh at my parents’ house. And I was experiencing a host of paranoias and delusions, but I had this particular delusion that red heads were coming to take me away. This was at night. So they phoned a doctor and at about two in the morning a doctor arrived at the door…and he had bright red hair. So that didn’t help calm me down. Oh no he’s going to take me away to a tax haven.*

BRUSH HAIR.

Another funny memory rom that night is my mum insisting I brush my hair before I go off to the laughing academy. I mean I’m getting committed but she insists I should at least look neat.

But fair due to her. Because when I arrived in the psychiatric hospital, I have to admit, some of the people in there…well, their hair was a bloody disgrace.

GINGERS.

When I was younger I always had a bit of a thing for the red heads. A lot of comedians take the piss out of gingers but I’ve always liked them. I remember once when I was young and I was drunk in a night club and I said to this woman. So are you a genuine red head. And she said yes, do you want me to prove it? And I went Ooh alright then. And then she took out her phone and showed me her children.

*YOUNG PEOPLE.*

*And I think a type of Trauma is really impacting on young people. It’s the type of trauma that goes with no job security, no house, no state safety net. It’s the trauma of having no hope.*

*STUDENTS TRIGGER.*

*But there’s another thing happening to young people. I worry that my generation are loading them with an idea of victimhood. Some young people see their own feelings as more important than free speech. They’ve got safe spaces and trigger warnings, don’t tell jokes they’re cruel. When I drew up we weren’t offered a new language to* articulate our vulnerability.

I HAVE TRIGGERS.

I have triggers and I’m going to have a chat about how they work at the end of the show. But the one thing I’ve had to learn about them is I’m going to have them and I can’t expect the universe to tip toe around me so that they don’t.

*QUEEN, MCNUGGETS, BORN.*

*Life is traumatic and you need to build a resilience to that. My god trauma. I’ve had a truckload Jimmy. Just the other week I bought some chicken Mcnuggets, and they only gave me one portion of sauce. I had to ration the sauce! Trauma ladies and gentlemen!*

*The one that gets me is if I’m in a pub and Queen and David Bowie’s Under Pressure comes on. You hear that iconic baseline at the start. Do do do dodo dodo. Problem is for the opening ten seconds you can never tell if it’s going to be Queen and Bowie…Or Vanilla Ice with Ice Ice Baby. Trauma!*

*BORN*

*Joking aside life is pretty fucking traumatic. It starts as soon as your born. When you arrive into this world they hit you, to make you cry so they can check that your alive. Waaaaaggghhhh! That’s how life starts. What’s wrong with giving us a wee tickle? Fuck that better get him used to how things are gonna be!*

*VIOLENT PARENTS.*

*I grew up in the 70s, it was pretty much non-stop state sanctioned assault and battery, teachers, the clergy, parents all being encouraged by the government to kick the living shit out of you! I saw a programme on telly violent child desperate parents. Well when I grew up that show would have been reversed. Violent parents desperate child. I’m not putting on my pyjamas. Whack! Oh I seem to be wearing pyjamas.*

*JAWS*

*Mines were the generation that were allowed to watch Jaws in the cinema. A film in which a big fuck off shark eats a child in the opening ten minutes! At seven year old I could watch a horror film about a giant shark because Steven Spielberg managed to convince child psychologists that it would be more frightening to adults than kids. The tag line for Jaws was, you’ll never go in the sea again. The sea? They couldn’t get me in the fucking bath. Trauma boys and girls, get used to it there’s still plenty to go. You’re gonna have it one point or another.*

*SUICIDE.*

*But I don’t mean to make like of these things. As I said trauma, depression they can be life threatening.*

*But yes the trauma of that break up caused the worst depression I’ve ever had and a year in I had a suicide attempt. There’s nothing funny about that. That’s the loneliest place in the world. I took an overdose and gave it a good go. I’m not really sure if it was a serious attempt or a cry for help. Last year we had that sad incident where Sinead O’Connor went online and spoke of suicidal thoughts. But it was more a cry for help and help came. Maybe that’s what was going on with me. The thing I remember vividly about that night was walking home and it had been raining and the rooftops were all shiny. I remember thinking , I’ll never see shiny roofs again. When you’re gazing into the abyss it really is the little things.*

*HEART MONITER.*

*But even in that darkness funny things happen. My flatmate found me the next day. I rember him shaking me awake saying, Are you planning on never getting up? Yeah that had been pretty much the plan but you’ve ruined it now. That day when I got taken into hospital had its moments. I’d had an overdose so I had to be hooked up to a heart monitor machine. And as the nurse was wiring me up. It went beep, beep, beep…..beeeeeeeeeeee. And I went Oh my, my hearts stopped! . And the nurse said, Oh don’t worry…it does that at times. If it does that through the night just come and give me a shout. Yeah sure I will, I’ll just float through and go ‘wooooooh with a sheet over my head.*

PADDY POWER

Our services are stretched to the max. Things are desperate. I see the Samaritans are now being sponsored by the gambling website Paddy Power. I know we need the money but how is that going to work. Will somebody phone in and say, I’ve got a terrible problem with gambling and they go, Well, I know things seem desperate now, but hang in there. I’ve got a shiot hot tip for the 4,30 at Epsom.

BRANSON.

*I say it again, and again fund the NHS for all our sake. That heart monitors probably not even there now. Richard Branson will have replaced it with a new machine that you have to keep putting your bank card in just to keep it powered up.*

*I hate that fucking creepy haired cat wanker. He says not making any real money from the NHS! He’s building space ships for fucks sake. As far as I remember that’s quite expensive. It caused communism to collapse for Christ sake.*

CLASSES

He’s classed as an Elite Branson isn’t he? Those delightful fuckers. Remember when there only used to be three classes. Upper, middle, working. Now we’ve got Elites, upper, middle, working, underclass, watch him he bights your face and she keeps her Crocs on when she’s getting shagged.

ELITES.

*I actually inadvertently figured out how to make yourself feel like an Elite recently. I was in the park eating a big bag of pistachio nuts. And with pistachio nuts you always end up with this big pile of hard empty shells. So I had this pile of empty shells on the bench and I was about to clear them away when this big gust of wind came and blew them all over the park. I suppose it must have looked like I was throwing out grain or something because a flock of pigeons descended on them.*

*Suddenly I felt like the chancellor. I thought…Oh you think you’re getting something…but it’s nothing but empty shells. This is trickledown economics for you. I get all the nuts you get empty shells. You know why? Because you’re vermin.*

*And there was this one pigeon that had a broken wing…well it was making out it had a broken wing, but we know better than that don’t we? So I started kicking it going, You can fly, come on fly you fucker. Eventually I just picked it up and threw it in the air…then it landed with a thud and died. I went, Fair enough you’ve passed the assessment.*

*Yes please lots also stop doing that to mentally ill people. Assessing us to death!*

WORKING CLASS DIAGNOSIS.

*Being working class has influenced how some people view you when you have a mental health condition.*

*If your middle class I think people tend to go, ah well you poor thing how you must have suffered.*

*But if you’re a pleb like me they go. What? You think you’re Bi Polar. Fuck all wrong with ye. You’ve probably been at the glue…now fuck off.*

*To which I have to go. Well I appreciate your diagnosis doctor but I may seek a second opinion. .*

*I’ve had some great help from psychiatric services but many GPs don’t have a clue about mental health so I’ve also had some shitty treatment.*

*SIT SMOKING DOPE.*

*When I first became I’ll in Aberdeen I went to a doctor and I was really becoming disorientated. I was not in a good way. So after I told him a bit about me he went.*

*So that’s what you do with your time is it? Sit around smoking dope all day and now you’ve come here to see if you can get some pills.*

*Now admittedly that was a fairly accurate description of my life style at that point. But I was also quite obviously very ill and I just got chucked back out on the street. 24 hours later I was admitted to a psychiatric hospital paranoid and delusional.*

*But yes one did as we call it* ***self-medicate****. Which is a fairly romantic term for being an absolute munter.*

*Sober October? I was more into can’t remember December.*

*March? Mate, I can’t even walk.*

*Do drugs if you want kids but if you’ve got a condition trust me they will aggravate it. I was addicted to smoking dope. And drugs do alter your judgement. That’s their job. We were the rave generation we could be reckless.*

*TREE.*

*We used to drug drive. Well my mate Jimmy would drive and I’d roll the imaginative cigarettes. Regardless of your viewpoint on drugs they are there to affect your judgement. And they do that. I remember once in the car with Jimmy I suddenly looked up and said, “hey Jimmy we’re going to hit that tree… eventually…there’s a tree mate it’s right in the middle of the road…oh no hang on it’s the air freshener.”*

*So don’t drug drive kids…*

*And avoid legal highs. Glad they weren’t around when I was a kid.*

*CRESCENT MOON.*

*Remember at Christmas this year we had a beautiful crescent moon in the sky and next to it you could see Saturn. So in the sky was a crescent moon with a single bright shinny star beside it. Well, I bumped into this bloke at the corner shop and he was stood looking up in the sky. He was kind of troubled, he said, “Oh hey man, hey man, look at that! The Muslims have taken over space!”*

*He’s now Defence Minister for the United States.*

U TURN

Now I just have a drink. I still like a beer. However I watch with that too because a bad hangover can set me off. So I try to avoid them and its good because I get myself in less idiot situations.

We’ve got a changing attitude towards drink. Although I’m fed up with the government saying we are a nation of bingers. You know what the government classes as a binge. If you have four drinks in one session that’s a binge! Piss off. That’s not a binge in Newcastle that’s a visit from your auntie. At one point capitalism took over and we had 24 hour drinking. A law not a challenge. The big worry with 24 hour drinking was we were going to get more trouble in the streets. But in Scotland we’ve had 24 hour drinking for centuries and we never get trouble in the streets no we save that for a special service known as the night bus.

I got on a night bus in Newcastle recently. Pissed, but not making a nuisance of myself, I was just doing that thing where you make your way up the back of the bus using people’s heads for support.

And then I did that thing. I had four stops to get to my hotel and an hour later I woke up in a place called south shields. The locals tapping on the bus window, going one of us, one of us.   
I said no I’m not like you., See shoes.

Then the bus driver rattled me awake and I said is there any way I can get back up to Newcastle and he said yeah mate you’ll get a bus over that side of the street in 10 minutes time. So I crossed over the road and stood in the pouring rain at two in the morning and ten minutes later the same bus done a bloody U Turn.

TREATMENT.

*But of course at the other end of the drugs spectrum it was a treatment that actually fixed me. And I don’t say what it was that worked for me because different things work for different people. But I responded well to this so I’ve been good for nine years.*

*There’s a fair bit of hippy dippy thinking out there that goes along the lines of, “oh but if you take a medication for your mental health problem* ***you’re not addressing the problem you’re just masking it.”***

*Look the condition I have is genetic. It requires treatment but is also very treatable. If it rains you put on a coat. It’s the Same idea when taking a treatment. Of course you get whack jobs like Scientologist Tom Cruise who claims all mental health treatments are the work of the Devil.*

*Yeah this from a man who believes he is part of a chosen elite who are all going to be taken to paradise in a space ship. And I’m the one on pills. Delusions ladies and gentlemen.*

*Perhaps Tom if you took a pill you might have a moment of reflection on your double divorces and come to terms with the fact that you’re gay. You can have a big horrible threesome with me and Barry.*

*MEDS IN ATTIC.*

*One of the wee problems with treatment, in my experience anyway, is the doctors can be a wee bit over zealous with the dosage. What I take fixed me but at the same time the dosage left me pretty flat out on the couch. So after a while I halved it and that worked fine…problem is I didn’t tell the doctor…and…well you know how you can leave a situation, then it’s escalated to a point beyond your control. Yeah well now I have a bin bag full of anti-psychotic medication in my loft.*

*But look on the bright side. I’m still a bit of a paranoid person and firmly believe the zombie apocalypse could happen any day now. Or everything will turn into Mad Max world. And everybody will be going mad except me! You’ll have mad Max, Mad Brian, Mad Shirley…sane John. Why…cos I’ve got a loft full of meds! Belt and braces.*

*IMPOTENCE.*

*I’m lucky I don’t get too many side effects from the meds. Well I do have one. Very occasionally. I had to go back to the doctor because they gave me these meds that broke me willy. I said these meds are great doctor, they’re working really well, but they seem to have broken my willy. And the doctor said yes it will be the tablets.  
I said, Well you might have warned us. My wife’s a good women, she was trying everything. She said, will a do a wee dance. I said, no, no don’t do a wee dance. Put your boiler suit on and face the wall as always.   
So I had to get Viagra. And I thought it would be a case of there you go Mr Scott off you go, you’ll have a willy like Thor. And I did and she was a little bit Thor as well.   
But before I got the Viagra the doctor said, Actually Mr Scott before I give you these I’m afraid it’s mandatory that I have to check your balls. So, I looked a bit taken aback, and the doctor said, Oh have you never had this done before. And I said no. So He said, alright do you want me to get a witness? I thought, well given a choice between a man feeling my balls. Or…a man feeling my balls while another man stands and watcheds you feeling my balls…I might just keep this between me and you. I wasn’t expecting an orgy when I tuned up today.*

*It was very intrusive. It got very intrusive for my wife as well. She had to come into the exam and the doctor said, actually madam I need you to strip to your underwear. Then he said, Cab you jump up and down a bit, and she did that. And then the doctor said, Actually you know what mate…It might not be the tablets.*

*STIGMA.*

*There’s huge stigma still with taking a treatment there’s still huge stigma with mental health. That’s why it took me so long to write this show.*

*Stigma’s an interesting thing though. I unfortunately project all my madness and stigma onto those around me.*

*PRUNES*

*I put my wife through terrible embarrassments. As I mentioned I try to watch my health these days. So last year when we were on holiday rather than have anything fried I was having a more continental breakfast. So there I was one morning putting together my fruit and my yogurt and as I glanced over I could see my wife was spooning prune after prune into a bowl, I said, “Bloody hell that’s going to keep you regular. It’s a good job we’re in separate beds because you might end up shitting yours…And when I looked up it wasn’t my wife.” And I instantly created some new stigma for myself ladies and gentleman. Because for the rest of the holiday my poor wife had to pretend she didn’t know me.*

*BUS STORY*

*But sometimes you can play stigma to your advantage. Possibly the worst thing I’ve done to upset her happened a couple of months ago. I got up one day (and I’ve never been allergic to anything in my life) but I had this sneezing fit that went on for an hour and a half. And it was Incredible Hulk level sneezing. Sneezing turned up to number 10. I couldn’t stop it. And I’m a hypochondriac, after an hour I was saying, “I’m going to sneeze for the rest of my life. I saw it once on Record Breakers there was a wee lassie and she sneezed forever.”*

*My wife just said shut up you idiot. You’ve got an irritation it will go away. And after a while it did. So I went into town and had a meeting. When the meeting finished I got on a really busy bus at teatime, and I couldn’t get a seat. So I was stood near the front and the sneezing thing came back. But what came back was…instead of the sneeze, you know that bit before the sneeze? That nyaaayaaayaaa noise. Well that came back full on and I couldn’t control it. So I was stood there endlessly going Nyaanyaanyaanyanya. And eventually I could see eyes starting to move and I realised…these people think I’m the mentally challenged man on the bus. So I saw a window of opportunity…and started making myself look just a wee bit more vulnerable. Obviously eventually someone got up and offered me a chair. Sorted. Attitudes change towards you as well. When people think there’s something wrong with you they can get very patronising. There was an old woman next to me and she said, “Are you having a nice day?” so I just went, “I like Star Trek. I can make Chekov funny” And she was like…The Cherry Orchard? Because intelligent people take the bus too!*

*So after a bit I was thinking I’ve got away with this…and then a couple of stops later my wife got on the bus. She said, “get out of that chair that’s for the vulnerable and the elderly.” I just sat there making noises going, “just ignore, just go up the back of the bus.”*

*So she stood behind me and quite loudly said so everybody could hear it, “Well you’ve done some despicable things with your life. But to pretend you’re mentally deficient to get a seat on the bus…Well this is worse than the time you shat the couch.”*

*Thing is everybody heard this they just thought she was my carer. Folk were whispering, “So what he shits the couch. No wonder look at the state of the poor bugger.” So I started going, “Shit the couch, shit the couch, I’ve been bad.”*

*So we got off the bus a couple of stops later and she hit me. The punch didn’t land on my head it came from way back here and landed on my shoulder. Thing is as the punch landed the bus was pulling away and it stopped. Everybody was hammering on the window going stop abusing that vulnerable man. My wife went, “what’s going on?” I said just run. So we ran. But I had to run behind her in character like Forest Gump.*

*DIAGNOSIS.*

*So how on earth did I get a change in diagnosis while exhibiting these behaviours that I do? The unusual thing about me I suppose it was actually becoming a comedian that got the right diagnosis. When I started out in comedy I was without treatment. A doctor took sympathy on me and also doubted my diagnosis so we had a wee experiment with going meds free. So after six weeks I went back to see the doctor. How are you doing meds free she asked. AWESOME I said, I’VE BECOME A COMEDIAN. She went, Oh no…I was worried about something like this happening.*

*BREAK INTO HOSPITAL*

*During those early comedy years I did manage to get myself hospitalised again. One night they let me out on pass to go and do a gig. So then I got a lift back to the hospital with a bunch of comedians, and I only knew the guy that was driving, the others didn’t know me. When we got back to the hospital I’d gone past curfew so the main gates were shut. I had to climb over them to get in. These guys in the car thought it was a wind up. He can’t actually be breaking INTO a psychiatric hospital. Yes I was. That’s dedication to your art that is.*

*BP HELPLINE.*

*Eventually I started researching Bi-Polar disorder because even though at times delusional I was aware many of my behaviours were beyond average. One day I phoned The Scottish Bi-Polar helpline. As I was telling the woman on the other end of line about myself I happened to mention I did a bit of stand up. The woman says, “Oh I like a bit of comedy do you ever play Glasgow?” I said, yes I was just there a couple of weeks ago. Then she asked, “Hang on do you go under a stage name?” And at that time I did. I used to use the name John Littlejohn. And then the helpline woman said, “I saw you two weeks ago. You are definitely Bi-polar.” Wow. That must have been some set?*

*I kind of wish more comedians would phone helplines….”Hello its Jack Whitehall…I think I might be mentally ill …no sorry you’re just a cunt.”*

*HYPOMANIA.*

*HYPOMANIA.*

*Also during this period my Bipolar behaviour was impacting on everyone around me. There’s a thing called hypomania. The term means less than mania. You’re not delusional with hypomania. Some of its affects are positive. You become creative with a lot of productivity and energy. But it can also make you aggressive and short of temper. I was never physically aggressive but my girlfriend at the time could often get verbal stress and aggression from me. And that is just as bad. Daily I’d be ranting away. “Everything is wrong, the house is a mess, the cats done a poo, the wall paper is shit…And it’s all your fault.”*

*But as your going on like this, you also have insight. I realised these things would come in waves and at other times I’d spend months being completely placid. But I was really worrying about how I was impacting on my relationship.*

*So I went and got some literature on Bipolar in the hope I could help her understand why I was being like this. Thing is she came home from work one day and off I went as usual , “Everything is wrong, the house is a mess, the cat’s done a poo, the wall paper is shit…” then I suddenly stopped mid rant and went, hang on a minute…I’ve got a leaflet about this. She took a bit of convincing.*

*THE CHANGE.*

*On other nights my hypomania could keep me awake all night. Eventually I decided to visit the local psychiatric hospital and see if they could help in any way. So I turned up on their doorstep at two in the morning…as you do. Eventually a ward manager came to see me. I told them my symptoms and they asked if I could hang on for a bit. After about an hour they came back with another ward manager and a two consultants. You see that’s how many you need to change a diagnosis. They said to me “John we know who you are. We know you do comedy…there is no way you can be suffering paranoid schizophrenia and do the job you do.” I replied, “Exactly, I mean if I was in a permanent state of paranoia I’d just be up there going what’s everybody laughing at?”*

*So because I am Bipolar, I said thank you very much…and then told them to fuck off. (I’m joking)*

*Then they said. “You’re definitely Bipolar, probably Bipolar one, and it imperative we get this sorted out immediately.” Finally I thought. I’m to get the help I need…and eighteen months later I did.*

*GP.*

*Yeah that’s how long it took. It turned out to be quite tricky to get a diagnosis changed. At one point I visited the local GP because my condition was acting up, and he didn’t believe I was a comedian. He actually thought I was being delusional again. You might be thinking the same. Thankfully at that point I had my secret weapon. The same girlfriend I mentioned told me to gather up my entire collection of press clipping. I had a whole folder of them. And she escorted me to a meeting with the same GP. So I showed him my reviews (not the bad ones obviously, I’m not totally mad) Then my girlfriend asked if she could speak to the GP alone for five minutes. To this day I’ve no idea what she said to him.*

*But when I went back in the room he’d gone all kind of meek and insisted I was definitely bipolar and it was imperative we get this sorted out immediately. Two weeks later a consultant changed my diagnosis and I started to receive treatment which eventually made me well again. Although even as the consultant was agreeing to change my diagnosis he actually said to me, “This Bipolar is a very serious condition you know. You’ll be registered as disabled, are you sure you want that?”*

*I replied, “Well trust me on the odd occasion I’ve run about telling everyone I’m Jesus, I’ve never really felt I should be allowed to operate heavy machinery.”*

*I should also mention I no longer have that girlfriend in these stories any more…Now she’s my wife.*

CHEESE WITCH.

And now with treatment I’d never dream of raising my voice to her. She’s Geordie and five foot two. I’d get a karate chop to the throat and I’d never speak again.

Mind you I’m sure there are other couples that do this, do you ever find yourself talking at your partner when they’re not in the house. In a way you’d never actually talk to them in real life? I do it all day as soon as I get up, “everything’s moved again…you damnable witch….fag ash all over the coffee table…you fag ash prostitute…”

I was in the fridge recently, having a rant as you do. Because she got the wrong cheese. She gets white English and I like Scottish Orange cheddar. I was stood there going, “You got the wrong cheese again…you English cheese witch, painted lady, harridan, swallower of souls…you bloody Take That fan!”

And when I shut the Fridge door she was stood right beside me. I genuinely retracted my testicles. They still haven’t come back down. That’s me on bin duty for the next 10 years.

GLUE.

I realised how much she now intimidates me when recently I was fixing something in the bedroom and I spilled super glue on the duvet cover. Which leaves a stain that’s just the wrong kind of stain. There’s no moving that. That’s like the spunk of Thor. I paniced that much the first thought that went through my head was, I’ll throw glitter on it and say it’s Unicorn Spunk. I’m just keeping up with the kids. What was even harder to explain was how my willy was stuck to my hand.

CONDUP.

So I went to console myself with some Orange Cheese. But Cheese really should be orange shouldn’t it? Especially with our new Government. Cheese should now come out the Fridge banging a drum shouting Fuck the Pope. You know Orange Cheese; it comes wrapped in a condom, hates Catholics and believes in God but only out of spite.

How did we end up in this situation? Oh no Labour are going to drag us back to the 1970s. So what the DUP have dragged us back to the 1690s.

Deluded? I don’t ask much from my Government ladies and gentlemen but I do appreciate if most of them think Dinosaurs are real.

The DUP manifesto is essentially just the Bible with the bins going out every fortnight.

They’re not so keen on women’s rights either. They’re Anti-abortion and believe that public breast feeding is a sign of exhibitionism. Yes because sticking on a bowler hat and sash while an entire brass band belts out sectarian anthems is obviously the work of shrinking violets.

RUGBY.

Watching the election results come in that night was a bit like watching a game of Rugby. There’s a lot of stuff going on that we don’t all exactly understand. Then you get to the end asking, “Did we win? It looks like we won! How come the opposition are getting a penalty in the dying minutes? I THOUGHT WE WERE WINNING!”

CHRISTIAN TORY.

What get’s me most about her is she calls herself a Christian. A Christian Tory. That’s like calling yourself a vegetarian butcher. It’s like fighting for peace, shagging for virginity.

Just because you go to church every week doesn’t make you a Christian. That’s like me standing in a garage and going I’m a car.

LEADSOME.

It could have been worse. It could have been Andrea Leadsome. She’s a complete fruit cake. And I say that with authority. Remember what she said, All men cannot be nannies because ALL men, all men…are potential paedophiles. I wonder what it is about working in Westminster that made her leap to that conclusion.

VIP PEADOS.

Where does the sleaze end. That VIP paedophile scandal has now been swept under the carpet for a third time. The first person to speak about that on the telly was Tory Sith Lord Norman Tebbit. He who famously told the unemployed to get on their bikes. And what he actually said about was, Yes there may have been a cover up, but it was an unconscious thing, it’s just what people did at the time.”

Now ladies and gentlemen I’ve done things unconsciously. I’ve sometimes woken up and there’s a bit of a kebab, a pile of biscuit wrappers, Barry Manilow, a unicorn…and I’ve no idea how they got there. But I’ve never woken up and went what are these documents? Oh no I’ve covered up a paedophile ring. Who’s idea was it to have Sambuca?

Now I will admit that’s an old routine of mine but somethings are worth repeating. Thing is I did that routine at the fringe a couple of years ago. One day I was on at the Assembly rooms and unbeknown to me there had been a conservative party conference in town that day. So I arrived late to this show and didn’t know that night about 80% of the audience was the Scottish tory party. So I did that joke to complete silence. Which confused me because it had been getting laughs every night. So I suddenly stopped and said, What’s going on here is this a room full of paedophiles. And this one lone Scottish voice went no mate is worse than that they’re Tories.

BAD PEOPLE.

As Morrissey says there’s some bad, bad people on the right. Most of them tend to be Morrissey.

*And having a mental illness isn’t an excuse for shitty behaviour. I’ve seen that at times. I emptied the drinks cabinet, then I burnt down the house and now everyone is dead…but I had a difficult childhood. Piss off*

*I have encountered such stuff at times. There was a time I went on a tour of the highlands. And the woman organising the tour was in charge of self-harm in the NHS in the Highlands and she’d also been a self harmer herself. And she was one of the rudest people I’ve ever met. I was away from home for twelve days on this tour so I arrived with a suitcase. And she never shut up about it on an almost hourly basis. Your case is to big for a tour of the highlands, why have you got such a big case, how vain are you etc, etc,*

*Why she had to self harm I’ll never know. We were queuing up.*

*And she also kept on trying to project her own condition onto me, Oh you smoke that’s self harm, you bite your nails that’s self harm, now you’re drinking that’s self harm. I think you’ll find I’ve turned to drink because of your effervescent company my friend.*

*At one point she actually said, were you a Goth in the 80s. I said yes I actually was a bit Gothy. We’ll we now recognise that as a sign of self harm.*

*Fuck off. I was a Goth in the 80s cos I liked getting off with slightly over weight lassies in fishnets. How can I have a self-harming condition when my favourite band is called The Cure.*

*I got my own back, as I do. One night we had a drink and were chatting about our families. And she said, do you have any children John? I said yes I’ve got three actually. She said, Oh that’s funny because you’ve never mentioned them. I said, Oh no none of them are mine. They’re all in that big fucking case I’m dragging about the place.*

ROUND UP

So, rounding up, I think there is hope on the horizon. It appears our youth have taken an interest in shaping the future. With appearances at Glastonbury and support from the UK Grime scene Jeremy Corbyn is making huge inroads with the youth vote.

GLASTONBURY.

Glastonbury is finally getting a bit counter culture again. Because it really wasn’t for a bit. Man I remember when I was younger for 20 quid you got a ticket for the weekend a free tab of ecstasy and a pre prepared bottle of piss to throw at Paul McCartney.

Rumours abound that Tory HQ are trying to figure out how to connect with UK “yoof” themselves. Apparently the Young Conservatives have even released their own rap. It’s called the C. Rap or crap.

THE YOUNG CONSEVATIVE RAP.

We are the Tories and we are street.

Well we are if your dad is one of the elites.

To get a majority we just weren’t able.

But if you shout strong we shout stable.

Kids don’t wanna pay no student fees.

But there’s no magic money tree.

Unless you’re a member of the D.U.P.

Fuck the Pope.

He’s not dope.

There’s a poor person.

Have some soap.

Word.

Douglas Hurd.

Strong and stable.

Fuck the disabled.

You wanna hear more.

Shout fuck the poor.

Fuck the poor.

Fuck the poor.

Fuck the poor.

When it comes to cruelty we can’t beaten.

Cos we’re the toff massive and we come from Eton.

There’s no pay rise for the public sector.

We got the same principles as Hannibal Lecter.

If you can’t eat it’s us you thank.

Just get in line at the nearest foodbank.

We’re not really gangsta’ like Dr Dre

But we like running in the fields with Theresa May.

Been spending most our lives

Living in a tax haven paradise.

Of the NHS we shall be rid

To Richard Branson or the highest bid.

It all down to our homie Jeremy Hunt

Ladedadedumdum…yup he’s a c\*\*t

One Time

Two Times

Three times and we stop your benefits

Even if you are mentally ill.

END

*I think my message is don’t stigmatise. Embrace the diversity of human beings and you’ll find better happiness in yourself.*

*Be tolerant of others, even the religious. A Christian chap approached me recently and asked, how long does it take you to write a show. I said to get it right it can take about a year. He replied with, well you know the Lord made the world in seven days. I said I know…and look at the fucking state of it. That’s what happens when you do a rush job mate. If he took a year imagine the laugh we’d all be having.*

*But offer encouragement to the young. When I was about seven my mum asked me what I wanted to be when I grew up. I said I’d like to be an actor or a comedian. And she thought about it for a moment and then said, You should do that when you grow up, because when you get older I think the world will be a harder place for people to live in and they will need people like you to cheer them up. What a fantastic thing to say…*

*And then she added and when we get home to tonight make sure you put your pyjamas on when you’re told and I won’t have to beat you to death with a rolling pin.*

*In short ladies and gentlemen I think there are two types of people in this world…Unicorns and accountants…try and be a unicorn.*