**YOU'RE FIRE...hired**

**SYNOPSIS**

An upcoming comedian is desperate for a job. He calls on a TV station. Karma C is a weird jobless chap, who believes he was born to crack ribs. However, he doesn’t seem to understand why TV Top Dogs don’t fall over themselves trying to recruit him. He sees himself starring in his own TV comedy show some day.

Karma C is here to see the boss, Femba, with a view of convincing him to hire him as a comedian. But the boss is not in! And, nobody seems to know of his whereabouts! Nevertheless, an employee - Karma C's friend - offers to help Karma C look for the station boss. They find him at his favourite joint entertaining a friend. At first, the boss doesn't take kindly to the intrusion: what is his employee doing roaming about with her boyfriend? Can't the twosome see he's hosting a guest in private? But the employee and her friend blurt about some emergency! And the boss gives them a ear if only to get rid of the duo!

Karma C is a comedian looking for a job! Unfortunately, Karma C's referees are indisposed! Since the proof of the pudding is in the eating, Femba challenges Karma C to get onto the stage, there and then, and do his thing! Karma C is scared stiff. But he's to get on the stage or kiss comedy goodbye! He opts for the former. With unsolicited help from three drunks, Karma C brings the house down! You're fired...hic...hired! Femba screams.

**You're Fire.....hired**

**CAST**

**NASHA: -** An oldmaid who is still single.

- She writes for a TV station.

- She has a shot fuse.

- Dreams of one day developing a script fit for Hollywood.

**FEMBA:** - - Nasha’s immediate boss.

- Has a bloated ego.

- He’s new to the office.

- He’s not popular with the workforce.

- He doesn’t seem to understand why nobody seems to value him.

- Hopes to one day quit and start his TV station.

**MEDI: -** A pretty face working for the TV station.

- Has a loose tongue.

- Doesn’t take life seriously.

- Kid of countrified.

- Not easy to annoy.

- Her manners and language could do with some polishing.

- Her vision is to marry a fifth rich chap and live happily thereafter.

**KARMA C:** - A weird jobless chap.

- Believes he was born to be a comedian.

- Doesn’t understand why TV fat cats don’t go on their knees is beg him to join them.

- Causes a lot of problems to those around him.

- He’s a player.

- He dreams of starring in his own TV comedy show before his goatee matures.

**SEI: -** Femba’s kid sister.

- She’s very pretty.

- Loves cooking.

- She can’t stomach injustices.

- She hopes to one day settle down with an adoring husband who loves her with all his mind, body and soul and fill their home with brats.

**JOKOFINO: -** A movie reviewer who likes to criticize everything.

- He’s a sophist.

- He laments the world.

- Provides ideas to friends so that they can solve their problems, but is yet to make it in the world.

- He’s not interest in love.

- But because he has lived alone for long, he’s kind of lonely and yearns for a normal life mixing with people.

- Believes that one day he’ll make it big in his specialisation.

**MADAM MARINA: -** She’s a café owner – Café de Marina.

- She’s old but single and loves the world and the rich.

- Loves the company of bachelors.

First Drun

Second Drunk

Drunk Lady

Revellers at Cafe De Marina

**EPISODE ONE**

***The boss is not in!***

***Act one.***

***Scene: At the TV station.***

**(Nasha** *is busy at her computer struggling to cook up a script for the next production. Enters Medi. Nasha’s eyes don’t leave the screen and her finger continues hammering at the keys. Medi stands before Nasha and gapes at her for some time. But Nasha continues unperturbed!)*

**MEDI:** Hello there! (*Nasha doesn’t stir*) Why? You look so serious and consumed by your work that one might think you are composing something special for the gods!

**NASHA:** (*Without tearing her eyes from the screen*) Hello.

**MEDI:** How is your morning? You don’t seem too enthusiastic! Is anything the matter?

**NASHA:** (*Still tapping on her keyboard wildly*. *But with more fervour as if to dismiss the intrusion*) My day is OK; my enthusiasm internal and thus it can’t be seen by naked eyes; and nothing is the matter!

**MEDI:** (Leaning closer) Are you sure? You don’t look ………..

NASHA: (*That touches a raw nerve in Nasha. She stops tapping and with a frown, turns to Medi.)* Woman, are you calling me a liar? You come right into my office to insult me! Eeh! What insolence! Now, listen and listen good; I hate busybodies and idlers with a passion! (*And, shaking with rage* *and wagging her middle finger at Medi as she rolls her eyes*.) Maybe you don’t understand, so let me spell it in capital letters for your village head to grasp – your presence here is a nuisance and unwarranted! Please transport yourself to a place that you may be more useful and appreciated – even if it’s a public toilet or a graveyard!

**MEDI:** (*Throws her head back and let’s out a string of giggles*) I think I've just fallen in love with you. Hallelujah! No wonder they employed you as a creative writer! (*She leans closer and contorts her face into something close to a smile*) But look here my dear, I just wanted to help! I ……….

**NASHA:** (*Without giving her a chance to finish*) Help my foot! Mother Teresa, please first and foremost, take care of those famished to the point of eating rats and other vermin! Then rush to the aid of the street urchins, orphans, widows and widowers! And when you are through with the vulnerable, tame your loose tongue and polish your manners! Then and only then can you think of helping me! Did that get through your thick skull?

**MEDI:** Wow! I didn’t know I had an exceptionally thick skull! By the way, isn’t a thick skull supposed to an insurance against injuries to the brain in case of an accident? (*She poses for a few seconds as if trying to compose herself*) However, don’t you think you are overreacting; a sign that you are stressed? C’mon, Nasha, be frank and confess – your life is an empty shell because there’s no man to warm up your bed or your soul. But if you are afraid of marriage, a little romance on the sidelines can spruce up things! (*Grinning sheepishly*) And you never know what; a few brats might even spring out of the unholy union, miraculously! (*Putting on a sad face*) Though, sorry to say, they’d be shot-tempered, just like you! Nevertheless, they’d make you come back to life!

**NASHA:** (*Shoots up suddenly*) Are you insinuating that I’m deadwood? (*Medi’s eye opens wider and her mouth falls*) Do you know that I can wring your neck and dump your cadaver on the street for all and sundry to watch and marvel at why God's creature had to be disposed off in such unholy version? Tell me, woman, have you ever seen a dead body? Do you .. .?

**KARMA C: (sneaks on the duo and concern written on his face**) Who’s dead?

(*The ladies turn around, startled. Neither had seen Karma C get in*. *There is an awkward moment for awhile for neither of the ladies seems to have any idea what to say or do. Medi recovers first.*)

**MEDI:** Oh it’s nobody. (*She forces a smile*) And, oh, next time, let some noise accompany you, for Pete's sake! Or do you wish to dispatch us to the hereafter before the official time?

**KARMA C:** *(Looking confused)* How can nobody die? And why do you wish to join them in hell?

**MEDI:** (*Still smiling*.) Well, ….eeh it’s not a big deal. You see……….

**KARMA C:** No, I don’t.(*Stroking some imaginary goatee)* By the way, how can you afford to smile when there's death hanging in the air?

**MEDI:** Well, as I was trying to explain, it’s just a character in Nasha’s script. So stop worrying yourself over nothing. You won’t be called upon to contribute for the funeral expenses! Cheer up, soldier! And, by the way, in case you broke your bathroom mirror, your goatee isn't coming out anytime soon! So, spare your chin the torture - you'll only end up hurting yourself and the prospects of ever getting hitched!

**KARMA C:** (*Turning his gaze from Nasha to Medi. But still looking disturbed.*) Then why is Nasha looking so devastated over the death of a character she created and killed? If she loved the character that much – it must be a he – why then didn’t she make him live for ever, and possibly marry a princess or two? That way, her star would have lived happily thereafter. And there won’t be need for mourning! About the goatee... eeeh.. never mind!

**MEDI:** Karma C, you are a mere comedian. You can’t possibly understand the intricacies of script writing and real life. Sometimes we kill those we love or let them die for the sake of humanity and/or our sanity! Did that get through your skull?

**KARMA C:** Go tell that to the birds! Nobody kills what they love! Not unless they’ve gone bonkers or are under the influence of banned substances!

**MEDI:** Do you go to church?

**KARMA C:**  Eeeh, well, you see………..

**MEDI:** There’s nothing to see, forget it. Now, do you read your bible?

**KARMA C:**  Unfortunately, it………….

**MEDI:** That’s enough. If your mommy had any decency in her, she’d have dragged you to church. And you may have learnt that God loved the world so much that he gave His only begotten son so that whosoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life, and have it abundantly!

**KARMA C:** (*With a sneer*) Now, preacher man ….. sorry pastor, what has your Sunday school memory verses got to do with the matter of killing what you love?

**MEDI:** God loved His son, but He let him die for mankind's sake! Yes, so that men like you, whose vision and mission in life is to use and dump women; who have a mortal fear of commitment; who are born misers.....may somehow escape the gnashing of teeth and cries of pain in hellfire!

**KARMA C:**  Woo! Woo! Don’t feed me that! And for heaven’s sake, don’t confuse the issues here! God knew that His chap would resurrect in three days and that’s why He had no qualms setting him loose among the killers.... earthlings! And about my not marrying…………..

**MEDI: Down with the devil**! That’s blasphemy!

**KARMA C:** What!? How can my not marrying be blasphemous? C’mon Medi, try to remember, could they have put something in your porridge that your system is averse to?

**MEDI:** Don’t be silly! For starters, I take porridge for supper not breakfast, and I rebuked you for calling the messiah a chap!

**KARMA C:** Which messiah? I haven’t talked about a messiah today!

**NASHA:** (*Who had neither sat down nor uttered a word since Karma C got in, shrieked*) You two idlers; can you take your crusade elsewhere! If you stay here a moment longer, I’ll strangle both of you and throw your cadavers to the street mongrels to garnish their brunch!

(*Medi grabbed Karma C by the ear and drags him out; leaving Nasha spewing a string of barely audible curses*. *When the couple closes the door behind them, Nasha breathes out loudly and settles down on her seat and starts hammering at the keyboard furiously. As Karma C and Medi walk along the deserted corridor, Karma pulls his head aside and manages to free his ear from Medi’s grip. Then he tries to steal a kiss from Medi but he’s efforts are thwarted. He doesn’t seem amused and he stops. Medi continues walking as if nothing is the matter. Karma C bits his lower lip and pulls at his imaginary goatee – like somebody in deep thought.* )

**KARMA C:** (*Shouting to be heard and putting on a miserable face.*) Medi, what’s the matter?

**MEDI:** (*Stopping but not turning around*) You, of course!

**KARMA C:** (*Gesturing for emphasis*) Now, what have I done or refused to do?

**MEDI:** (*Turning to face him*) You tried to steal a kiss from me!

**KARMA C:** Now, surely Medi, is that a capital offence?

**MEDI:** (*Smiling*)Not really.

**KARMA C:** (*Stunned by the new development.*) So why the drama?

**MEDI:** (*Coming towards him.*) Didn’t you granny ever warn you? Stealing is evil. If you want anything badly enough; just beg for it! That's, if you can't afford it! Stealing can even land you in jail! Now start begging. (*When she gets to him, she leans, with her back, on the wall*.)

**KARMA C:** (*Rubbing his palms together and grins from ear to ear in anticipation.*) Lovely sweet Medi, the apple of my eye, may I? (*Licks his lips and leans closer for the kiss.*)

**MEDI:** Ha ha ha! No! (*Waving her hands to his face*) You must specify what you want! Not just May I? May I, what? Suppose I give you what you hadn’t asked for, or you don't need? Don’t you know that I’ve many sweet things that I can offer? (There’s *a look of disappointment on Karma C’s face. But this doesn’t seem to deter Medi!*) Now step back and start all over again! (He *yawns and reluctantly, takes a few steps backward. He composes himself, runs his hands over his face and hair, turns to face the wall, and with is palms on the wall, does a few fake press ups – will standing. Then he turns around to face her and beams a king-size smile. And he starts strutting towards Medi*.) Wow! I like that. (*When he’s gets to a few inches from Medi’s face.*) Hey, do I’ve to spell everything in capital letters? Babe, you’ve to close your eyes for maximum effect – and close them tight! (*Karma C complies and proceeds with his mission. However, Medi slides down and steps aside moments before his lips touch hers. Karma C finds himself kissing the cold dry wall! Medi bursts into laughter.*)

**SEI:** What’s going on here? (*Medi cuts off her laughter and Karma C starts rubbing his eyes to focus properly. He’s still too staggered to comprehend what’s going on. Then reality sinks in*. *Medi recovers first*.)

**MEDI:** (*putting on a serious face.*) Sei, meet Karma C, the comedian. It’s a pity you’ve missed one of his stunts. (*She forces herself to laugh.*) Wow! Isn’t the chap gifted? He can kiss the wall with his whole body and soul. And the wall seems to reciprocate – what a genius? (*Turning to Karma C*) Would you repeat the performance for Sei? (*Karma C grins in spite of himself. But before he could even think of a response*) Forgive my manners; Karma C, this is Sei, Femba’s sister. (*Turning to Sei, who by now looks lost.*) Karma C is here to see Femba, have you bumped into him along the corridors? Karma C wants to interest him in starting a comedy show on TV.

**SEI:** (*Forgetting the little incident she had confronted.*) I’m also looking for him. He’s not in his office and I’ve searched in every nook and cranny of this damn building to no avail!

**KARMA C:** (R*elieved that the topic had veered off the embarrassing incident, and praying that Sei had swallowed the line about stunts, he offers Sei his hand for a handshake. She doesn’t disappoint and even accompanies the handshake with a genuine smile. Now, he can even find his voice*.) Maybe you left him at home, sleeping! See, it’s not yet noon. Big men are not always in a hurry to wake up.

**SEI:** (*Sei frowns albeit momentarily*)But he doesn’t live at our home. Moreover, Femba is an early riser and takes his work seriously. Those who are sleeping at this point in time, are lazybones - unless, they can convince a jury that they're sick or were in fully engaged last night!

(*Karma C’s mouth dries up*. *He decides to shut it for a moment.*)

**MEDI:** I’m sure that if he’s not in the building, he must be out there searching for a suitable location for an outdoor filming, or doing something else equally important. Have you tried his number?

**SEI:** Calls aren't going through!

**KARMA C:** (*Having fully recovered.*) Maybe he’s out of network coverage. Sorryfor your troubles. I wish you the best of luck.

**SEI:** Ialso wish you the best of luck in your endeavours.Bye you two and have yourselves a marvelous day. (*She turns around and starts walking away*.)

**KARMA C:** You too. (*He addresses her back and watches her every move as she walks away. He licks his lips, sticks his tongue out, and his eyes blink - involuntarily. A thin smile starts to form on his face. But he’s unaware that Medi is watching his every reaction. When Sei disappears round a corner, he turns his eyes back to Medi; only to be meet by Medi’s full glare. The smile that was beginning to form vanished instantly.)*

**MEDI:** Go ahead and ask the question!

**KARMA C:** Ask! What question?

**MEDI:** It’s written all over your face!

**KARMA C:** (*Runs his palm over his face as if to rub off whatever is there.*) I don’t get you. What are you talking about?

**MEDI:** Don't bother wiping your face! It's inscribed on it! Okay, go ahead and deny it! You want to know who she really is; where she lives; what her likes and dislikes are; and finally, how you can get her, alone, in a dark alley!

**KARMA C:** (*Raising his eyebrows and putting on a serious face for effect*.) Look here madam; I’m a comedian not Lucifer’s agent! What business would I possibly have with her in a dark alley? Comedian’s love publicity – I’d want to have her before a thousand cameras!

**MEDI:** Are you in pornography too? Why would you like a thousand cameras to record what you do to her; for later reference or sale?

**KARMA C:** (*Yawns loudly, then pouts and scratches his imaginary goatee.*) Medi, you promised to deliver me to Femba. Now, if you’ve changed your mind please, let me go back to Nasha. Maybe her demons have gone on a break, and she could help me get to Femba. My continued stay here will lead me to kiss more dry and cold walls, and age ungracefully. In case you have forgotten, I happen to have a talent that should be enjoyed by the whole wide world – it’s not yours exclusively.

Medi : (chuckles)

Karma C: And to get to the world, I’ve to pass through Mr Femba! (Chuckles *cynically.*) Did that get through to your skull? (*She giggles*) Deliver me to Femba and when I finally get a contract, you’ll be handsomely reward, despite the fact that you turn into a solid wall the moment I’m about to give you the kiss of life!

**MEDI:** Alright soldier, stop whining. You’ve made your point. Now, if Femba is not in this building, it only means two things; he’s either at Café de Marina or at Salvatore’s Guest House.

**KARMA C:** Doing what, this early in the morning?

**MEDI:**  Atthe café, he goes to release steam over coffee and other stuff, while trying to show Marina how to run her already successive business.

**KARMA C:** What about at Salvatore’s?

**MEDI:**  That’s his dwelling place. He sometimes wastes Salvatore’s time trying to show her that heaven is right here on earth and that she has already exhausted her heavenly treasures and thus should just tone down on her heavenly missions and wait for the inevitable – death! By the way, Salvatore is the proprietor of the guest house and is a born again widow who’s waiting for the trumpet to be blown, to signify the Second Coming, so that she can be lifted up and fly to heaven like the biblical Elijah!

**KARMA C:** Now, are we going to stand here till the trumpet is blown and then fly to heaven, or you want us to sprout roots and become a physical feature?

**MEDI:**  Cool down soldier! I’ll take you to Femba. I promise. If the mountains don’t come to you, what should you do?

**KARMA C:** Rejoice!

**MEDI:**  Why?

**KARMA C:** What good can come out of a mountain really, apart from volcanoes and molten lava?

**MEDI:**  Where do you think rains come from?

**KARMA C:** The skies! And mind you, I don’t want rain – I want Femba!

**MEDI:**  Alright soldier; tighten your shoelaces in readiness for take off!

**KARMA C:** Where to?

**MEDI:**  Café de Marina. That’ll be our first port of call.

**KARMA C:** A-women!

**MEDI:**  What did you just say?

**KARMA C:** A-men! Hey, do you have a hearing problem?

**Act two**

**At Café de Marina.**

(*The café is bursting at the seams with patrons. The place is noisy and some music is blaring. Karma C and Medi have a problem maneuvering their way around the customers*. *They don’t seem able to locate Femba. But after bumping onto patrons here and there and knocking down a waiter carrying a tray laden with goodies and managing to convince everybody around that it was the waiter’s fault, they finally manage to trace Femba. He’s seated at a table chatting animatedly with Jokofino. They have mugs of steaming coffee before them. Medi and Karma C plant themselves on the two vacant seats at Femba’s table.*)

**FEMBA:** (*Stares at them as if they were some kind of yet to be identified aliens, then he clears his throat.*) I’d like to believe that there are some vacant seats, elsewhere, that you two lovebirds can take! Or did you expect us to vacate our table for you, oh great lovebirds? We are also paying customers remember!

**MEDI:**  No sir!

**FEMBA:** No what? Are you insinuating that we are not paying?

**MEDI:**  No sir! I didn’t mean that! I meant ………….

**FEMBA:** Forget what you meant or didn’t! Where did you get the idea that you can take your date for a treat at company expense?

**MEDI:**  Sir, he's not my date!

**FEMBA:** What does it look like to you?

**MEDI:**  I was looking for you!

**FEMBA:** Wow! That makes perfect sense! And you had to look for a bouncer in case I turned violent, eh?

**KARMA C:** I’mnot a bouncer

**FEMBA:** (*Sizing Karma C up. And seeming not too pleased with what he sees.*) Young man, speak only when you are spoken to! By the way, are you her husband, boyfriend, lover or guide dog?

**MEDI:**  He’s just a friend who wishes to see you, sir.

**FEMBA:** (*Lets out a mirthless laughter and turns to Jokofino.*) This couple is really out of this world! They can’t seem to make up their mind who wants what! She was looking for me and her friend wishes to see me! Can you make head or tail their rattling?

**JOKOFINO:** You see, my friend, close proximity to authority/power makes underdogs disoriented! Their faculties cease to function normally. Fears gnaw at the core of their inner being to the detriment of their reasoning, speech, limps and even sight! I wouldn’t be disconcerted if they fainted here and now, or farted loudly! Basically, if I got them right, the chap wishes to see you but, for some unfathomable reasons, had to go through the lady.

**FEMBA:** Medi, what exactly is going on here?

**MEDI:**  Sir, this man is called Karma C and is a comedian. He believes that the company can use his talents for the betterment of the society.

**JOKOFINO:** And his own advancement too!

**FEMBA:** Of course, his interests come before anybody else’s! Now, Mr Car …what was your name again?

**KARMA C:** Karma, Karma C.

**FEMBA:** Come and see what?

**KARMA C:** Kar –ma C!

**FEMBA:** Nevermind about that car thing. Let’s settle for C. Now Mr C,What makes you think you are funny and can bring down a hall with laughter?

**KARMA C:** My former girlfriend used to laugh at my jokes until tears rolled down her cheeks. In fact, there was a time she pissed on herself!

**FEMBA:** (*Takes a deep breath*) OK, that’s one referee. Do you have another one, apart from the tear jerking, peeing former girlfriend?

**JOKOFINO:** Even before we move on to the second one, we need to interrogate this referee. Mr Car…. Something C, after wetting herself, did you kind of complement her, with say a gift or a special treat?

**KARMA C:** Oh yes, I had promised her that the more she laughed, the bigger the reward!

**JOKOFINO:** And, I presume, when shepissed herself off, she got double payment!

**KARMA C:** It was more of a triple! I bought her a new set of clothes; took her out and bought her a necklace!

**JOKOFINO:** Don’t you think you were being used?

**KARMA C:** How? I don’t understand?

**FEMBA:** Have you ever heard of anybody who works for somebody and then pays instead of being paid?

**KARMA C:** But she was my girlfriend!

**JOKOFINO:** Who told you that girlfriends have a right to manipulate you for their own aggrandizement?

**KARMA C:** I didn’t look at it that way then, Sir, maybe because I was blinded by love!

**JOKOFINO:** My friend, pursuant of love and sex has felled more great men than wars and the pursuit of wealth and fame, combined!

**FEMBA:** And now, Mr C, let’s turn to your other referees.

**KARMA C:** My granny.

**FEMBA:** And I hope you didn’t make her soil herself! Would I be right in presuming she’s no more?

**KARMA C:** Yes sir, she went to be with the Lord.....

Femba: Went! Where?

Karma C: Heaven, I guess.

Femba: Forget I asked. Go on.

Karma C: But Sir, how did you guess?

Femba: Guess what?

Karma C: My Granny went to be with...

Femba: Mr C, forget about your grandma! She's now happy with the Lord. It's you I'm concerned about.

Karma C: Concerned!

**JOKOFINO:** My friend, there is no need for rocket science here! You’ve uncanny breed of referees. None is in a position to vouch for your credentials! Is it by design or default?

**KARMA C:** Eeh … am …. You see…..

**JOKOFINO:** Save your breath, my friend. I’m a movie reviewer of international repute. So, naturally, I can see what mere mortals can’t. However, I’d not dismiss you brusquely. But so far, you’ve not shown beyond any reasonable doubt that you are a comedian. But then again, you’ve not proved you aren’t! It’s now for Mr Femba to decide on how to crucify you!

Karma C: Crucify.....

Jokofino: Relax, dude! It's just a figure of speech. Nevertheless, bear in mind that you’ve already desecrated work ethics: You plucked his worker from the office and led her on a wild goose chase; you gatecrashed into a private talk; and didn’t apply for the job you assumed existed and were proficient enough to handle. I rest my case.

**FEMBA:** Mr C, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Since your former…… by the way, does the current girlfriend roar in laughter when you perform before her? Forget about pissing on herself. It's unladylike!

**KARMA C:** Sir, currently I just hit and run.

**FEMBA:** What do you mean? I thought hit and run involved drivers who cause accidents and vanish into thin air?

**MEDI:**  Sir, he means that he entices a lady into his house and kicks her the next morning, never to speak to her again!

**FEMBA:** Mr C, isn’t that rather crude and dangerous? No! Forget I asked. (*Turning to Medi*) I hope you are not about to be hit and ran over! (*Medi just giggles. Then he turns back to Karma C.*) Why don’t you get a lady who you can share your love and life with?

**KARMA C:** Sir, I’ve learnt that love is too expensive for the jobless! And, another thing, there’s no sharing – I always give and she takes!

**MEDI:**  That’s not quite true! They shoot you to the stars at night! Where you land with oohs and aahs!

**FEMBA:** I’ll ignore the last bit**.** Why at night?

**MEDI:**  It’s the only time the stars are available!

**FEMBA:**  As I was saying, there’s no need for debate. Just show us the stuff you are made of.

**KARMA C:** Right now?

**FEMBA:**  Right now! Right here! (*Then he signals a waiter) Buddy, fetch Madam ASAP. (Madam Marina struts to the table)*

*Madam Marina: At your service, your highness.*

*Femba: Thanks for the response. Do you see this dude?*

*Madam Marina: Oh yeap! But he looks alien.*

*Femba: Never mind. The dude is from outer space. But that's neither here no there. The dude thinks he's funny and can turn this room upside down!*

*Madam Marina: Do you doubt him?*

*Femba: Action speaks louder than words!*

*Madam Marina: What do you have in mind, boss?*

*Femba: Let's put the dude to the test!*

*Madam Marina: No problem. As long as the dude from outer space doesn't ask for payment!*

*Femba: This is just a test run! But if you wish to be generous to the dude, you can tell him that it's an interview!*

*Jokofino: Who pays for test runs and interviews, for crying out loud!*

*( Karma C takes a deep breath and blood rushes to his head. A thin film of sweat starts to form on his forehead.)*

*Madam Marina: Dude?*

*Karma C: Yes Madam.*

*Madam Marina: Are you ready to roll?*

*Karma C: Yes, Madam.*

*Madam Marina: Do you need any gear?*

*Karma C: No! I'm self-driven - automatic, if you like.*

*Madam Marina: (Chuckles) I meant; do you need equipment, assistant or assistance?*

*Karma C: Oh no, Madam. I'm solo!*

*Madam Marina: Follow me, then! (Following her to the stage)*

*Karma C: Yes Madam.*

Madam Marina: Dj, cut the music. (The music dies suddenly) Thanks. (Yelling her head off) Wo Wo Wooo! Attention! Attention! Good people. (The revellers stop their activities and focus on Madam Marina) That's good. Now, we've just received a handsome dude from outer space! Do you want to sample him?

Revellers: Yeeees!

Madam Marina: Dude?

Karma C: Yes, Madam!

Madam Marina: Let's see the stuff you're made of!

Karma C: Thanks Madam. (Madam exits the stage. And for a brief moment, Karma C is tongue-tied. But he camouflages it by grinning sheepishly and coughing. When he recovers,) Ladies under gentleman, the dude from outer Mongolia.....oh... never mind...has a name. His mother christened him Karma C.....

First Drunk: (Swinging a big bottle).Come..hic.. and see..hic.. what?

Second Drunk: Idiot! It's not come and see, it's coming scene!

First Drunk: (Taking a sip) Hic..how do you hic.. calm a sin?!

**KARMA C: L**adies under the gentlemen, waiters, waitresses, furniture, eatables and drinkables - including spirits (bottled or otherwise). I'm here on mission. No! Not what you think. I'm not looking for a job, money or fame! Oh, neither am I here to preach - that would require some payment from you, you know....

First Drunk: Hic! I don't know! Stop forcing me to know what I don't....hic....know, Mr Come And See!

Karma C: Sorry Sir. Preacher's ask for payment in form of tithes! And as I said I'm here for something holier than payment. In any case, every idiots looks for money, fame and/or favours! I'm not in that category!

First Drunk: Category...Hic... of money, fame ...hic... or favours?

Karma C: No! Category of idiots!

First Drunk: Hic...Oh, you'd ...have just said...Hic.... that! I'm....Hic...an idiot too! I..hate...hic... idiots!

Karma C: So do I! Of course, we all know that idiots never get money, fame or favours! God won't bother giving idiots such treasures for the simple reason that they'd misuse them! But I'm not an idiot. So, what am I looking for?

First Drunk: Hic...Tell..us..hic...Bro. Tell us.

Karma C: A wife!

First Drunk: Hic.. oops..hic..she get lost?

Karma C: Kind of. But she was assisted by enemies of development!

Second Drunk: Why are you looking for her here?

First Drunk: (Gazing at Second Drunk) You..hic.. idiot! Because..hic...fished her here!

Second Drunk: You are a worse idiot! Since when did Cafe De Marina become a lake of wives for idiots to..hic.. fish?

First Drunk: Wives ..hic..can be fished anywhere! Even in hell ..hic!

Second Drunk: Who assisted your wife to get lost?

Karma C: Our Pastor! He eloped with her!

First Drunk: Sorry..hic...Bro! We'll..hic..fix him...hic..in.hic..hell!

Karma C: Guys! You're both intelligent men. I love you! Now, brothers help me get a wife, before mum curses me! Brothers please help me.

(The two drunks grin sheepishly)

As I was saying, somebody disposed me of my wife! (Breaking into sobs) Boo Hoo...Now I'm wifeless... boo Hoo! And my mum is breathing down my neck ... Boo Hoo... praying for grandchild! Boo Hoo, what shall do? Boo Hoo hoo...

Second Drunk: (Yelling) Did you say you are an idiot or Coming Sin?

Karma C: Boo Hoo... I'm no longer sure! Boo Hoooo!

First Drunk: (Jumping onto the stage and hugging Karma C) Hic....Bro... Hic...stop crying. I'm Hic..here! We're...hic.... idiots. And, hic..hence ..hic... shouldn't..hic...cry for..hic... idiot... woman! Boo Hoo!

(A lady who seemed to have taken more than her system could handle pushes her way through the multitudes to the stage)

Drunk Lady: Hic... crying idiots, what's wrong with you? You've eyes but you don't! Why cry over a woman? Can't you see I'm..hic..here? I don't come..hic..cheap, though! Can you afford me, idiots?

First Drunk: Woman? We're are..hic..not idiots! Boo Hoo.

Second Drunk: Is she wife material, in the first place?

First Drunk: Are you..hic..wife material?

Drunk Lady: Wife material my foot! This is an emergency!

(She hugs the two and all the three continue sobbing) Boo Hoo Hoo!

(There is a loud applause from the patrons!)

Femba: Idiots, hic, you're fired, hic, hired!

**End**

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