

Karma's A Bitch, But So Are You

by
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Cast of Characters

Dixie Garner: Female, recently deceased hand sanitizer mogul. Entitled rich-bitch. Southern Accent but fast talker.

Karma: Female, extremely bubbly, upbeat, and sassy "Agent of After-Death Realization". She has a baby goat either on or off stage.

Grim Reaper: Female or Male "Agent of After-Death Transition". Intimidating voice.

Synopsis

Terrible, rich, hand sanitizer mogul Dixie Garner has died, doesn't know it, and must face her bad deeds before moving on.

Setting

Hospital room in the hereafter.

Time

Current Day

Act I
Scene 1

Setting: Hospital room

At Rise: DIXIE lies in a hospital bed. There is a second bed nearby with the look of a roommate. KARMA is close by holding goat or goat is off stage.

(Sound of goat bleating OS or KARMA. Lights up.)

DIXIE (waking up, stretching)
(Yawn. Grumble.) Need coffee. (Yawn.) What the... I'm in the hospital? What in the hell is going on? Nurse! You there! With the hideous haircut and offensive shoes. Come here!

KARMA
You're awake! Dixie Garner. Hand sanitizer mogul. Forbes top ten billionaires eight years running since Covid19. When I heard you were here...all I could think was...It's about damn time!

DIXIE
What the hell is that supposed to mean?

KARMA
Awww...come on. You must admit it's a bit overdue. Frankly, I'm surprised someone hasn't pushed you off a balcony before now.

DIXIE
Are you insane? I think I'd know if I fell off a balcony.

KARMA
I must tell you, after Jeremy pushed you off that balcony-

DIXIE
You are mistaken. I haven't seen that weakling excuse for a son since I fired him for trying to close our operations in China. Some silly child-labor situation. Now, why am I here?

KARMA
I'm trying to tell you. So, you're flying off the balcony and here comes this very large delivery truck. And, as luck or kismet or whatever you believe in would have it...it's a Garner

KARMA (Cont)

Industries truck. (laugh) How's that for irony? (awkward) You know, because you're Dixie Garner and the truck was full of the hand sanitizer you got filthy rich off of and it ended up killing you. Come on. You've got to admit that's funny!

DIXIE (sounding serious)

Are you on drugs? Seriously. Is it drugs? I genuinely care.

KARMA (sweet)

Awww...you do?

DIXIE

No, you moron! Just tell me what the hell is going on!

KARMA (annoyed)

Cool your jets Ms. Richity Rich, I-

DIXIE

Oh my. Missy, you just sassed yourself right out of a job.

KARMA

I wouldn't call this a job, per se. It's more of a calling.
(pause) Or a (pause) "sentence" if I'm being real honest.

DIXIE

You'll never work in Georgia again.

KARMA (voiced like Dorothy in Wizard of Oz)

(Faces goat) Toto I have a feeling we're not in Georgia anymore.

(OS or KARMA can make sound of goat bleating.)

DIXIE

Oh my God. Get me your supervisor. (pause) Now!

KARMA

Fine. (puts hand over mouth for muffled but still audible sound)
Paging G. Reaper. Paging G. Reaper.

DIXIE

My Doctor's name is Jahreaper? Good Lord. What is that? Indian? Middle Eastern? Didn't they have any nice white doctors available?

(GRIM REAPER enters.)

GRIM REAPER

You paged? You know how busy I am.

KARMA

Miss Money Pants insisted.

DIXIE (condescending)

You're Dr. Jahreaper?

KARMA

That's "G" (beat) Reaper.

GRIM REAPER

Dr. is such a subjective label. You can just call me Grim.

DIXIE

Whatever. I demand...demand you tell me why I'm in this godforsaken hospital! These sheets are extraordinarily scratchy. Don't you people know about thread count? My pillow is hard as a rock. There's a throbbing red light coming in through the window that's giving me a migraine. And why in God's name am I not in a private room? (Gestures to other bed.) Do you know who I am?

GRIM REAPER

Karma can answer any questions you may have.

DIXIE

You mean this deranged nurse?

KARMA (sarcastic)

Awww...You say the sweetest things!

DIXIE

Oh wait. Nurse Karma? (laughs) What is that? Your stripper name?

KARMA (like winning an award)

She likes me! She really likes me!

GRIM REAPER

She doesn't seem to be getting it. Have you shown her the video?

KARMA

She literally just got here. Like two minutes ago.

DIXIE

Oh my God. Did Ernesto, the pool boy, make a video of us?

GRIM REAPER

Call me when she's seen the video.

(Exits.)

DIXIE

Or was it Bobby, the paper boy? (defensive) He said he was 18. He said it. I believed it. That's what counts!

KARMA

Gross.

DIXIE

Teenagers today. Am I right? Have you seen the video? How did I look? Is it trending? What are people saying? No such thing as bad publicity, right? Maybe I should just see the video myself.

KARMA

Capital idea! I'll pull it up on the monitor (tablet/phone) and you can listen on these headphones. There you go! Enjoy!

(Moments pass while KARMA perhaps looks under the lower part of the sheets of the roommate.)

DIXIE (in shock)

(Takes off headphones.) Oh. My. God. I thought I was going to be watching a leaked sex tape. What was that?

KARMA

It was every bad thing you've done, a lifetime of cruelty and sins against your fellow human beings, boiled down into a video.

DIXIE

You made this video? But why? Blackmail?

KARMA

Oh, I didn't make it. But it's important you understand that every action you take in life has a consequence on your soul. You've got to "get that" before you move on.

DIXIE

I'm not going anywhere until I find out who made that video!

KARMA

So, you liked it? My favorite part? I really dig the montage of bullying scenes from...what was that? Your mean middle school years? The production quality. Those transitions. So beautiful.

DIXIE

Where did this footage come from? It's impossible.

KARMA

And then, that redhead you basically annihilated your senior year. You know, she never fully recovered from that...incident. She's still in therapy if you care to know.

DIXIE

Why would I give a rat's ass about some redhead from school?

KARMA

Well, she was your best friend (pause) up until that...incident.

DIXIE

How could you know that? Who are you?

KARMA

Can't accuse you of letting wealth change you. You've always been a bitch, even before the money. Props for consistency!

DIXIE

What is this? A shake down? (pause) Or perhaps I'm having a nervous breakdown! Get my doctor back here. Now!

KARMA

Fine. (put hand over mouth for muffled but still audible sound) Paging G. Reaper. Paging G. Reaper.

(GRIM REAPER enters.)

GRIM REAPER

You paged? You know how busy I am.

DIXIE

Doctor Reaper, something very strange is happening. Either I'm

DIXIE (Cont)

being blackmailed or I'm having a serious nervous breakdown.

GRIM REAPER

I take it you saw the video. Well, what'd you think? I don't want to brag or anything, but I actually did the sound design on the section about your climb to the top of corporate America and all the people you crushed along the way.

DIXIE

Et tu Doctor?

GRIM REAPER

Et tu. Et three. Whatever it takes. (pause) Call me when she understands. (Exits.)

KARMA

Poor Dixie. You still don't get it. Not the sharpest scythe in Grim's shed, are you.

DIXIE

Listen up, you snotty little stripper-nurse-want-a-be. Find and bring me my cell phone before I have you thrown out on your ridiculously perfect ass. Now!

KARMA

No phones here, but I've got the morning newspaper.

DIXIE

Who reads the paper anymore?

KARMA

Your paperboy delivered to you every Sunday morning for years.

DIXIE

(sexy) Ahh...Sunday mornings. (pause) Never mind. Hand it over.

KARMA

(Hands paper to DIXIE) Check out the top of page two.

DIXIE (reading)

Captain of industry Dixie Garner-

KARMA (interrupting)
(dramatic) Oh Captain! My Captain!

DIXIE (reading)
Captain of industry Dixie Garner suffered a (astounded)
catastrophic fall from her hotel balcony? And (dismayed) lost
her battle with internal injuries Thursday at Mercy General.

KARMA (singing)
(slow - you know the tune) Swing low. Sweet Chariot. Comin for
to carry you home (continue with the same musical tone as the
word home and sing the rest super-fast and monotone) but
sometimes home is a red-hot burning lake of fire from which
there is no (draw this word out long to end singing) escape.

DIXIE
So...I didn't make it? I'm...I'm...

KARMA
Ya dead Dixie.

DIXIE
Oh boy.

KARMA
(put hand over mouth for muffled but still audible sound) Paging
G. Reaper. Paging G. Reaper.

(GRIM REAPER enters.)

GRIM REAPER
You paged? You know how busy I am.

KARMA
She's starting to get it. I know how you like to be there for
the realization part.

DIXIE
I think I might be dead. You have to do something Dr. Reaper!

GRIM REAPER
They did used to call me Doctor Doom but Stan Lee ruined that.
Just call me Grim.

KARMA

You should finish reading the article.

DIXIE (reading)

Her son, Jeremy Garner, confirmed that his mother had been suffering from depression? Me? Suffering from depression? Lying little piece of shit. I've never been depressed a day in my life! Depression is an excuse to lay around and moan.

KARMA

You must admit there was a bunch of laying around and moaning in your video. But that's beside the point. Continue reading!

DIXIE

Jeremy asks that the family be left to grieve in peace. Sources close to the family indicate he will (incredulous) take over as CEO of Garner Industries? Noooooo!!!!

KARMA (authentically gentle)

You get it now, don't you Dixie?

DIXIE (angry)

Oh, I got it! That little prick's going to get away with murder and steal my company!

KARMA

Paybacks are hell.

GRIM REAPER

And Karma's a bitch. (beat) No offense Karma.

KARMA

None taken Grim.

DIXIE

Oh wait. You're Karma. Like...what goes around comes around Karma?

KARMA

There! Grim. You see that! She just got it.

DIXIE

Geeze. Maybe I shouldn't have been such a bitch my whole life.

KARMA

Ya think?

DIXIE

And you...Doctor G. Reaper. (realization) Doctor Grim Reaper. The Grim Reaper? Yea...ok...I get you.

GRIM REAPER

Actually, Dixie... I. GET. YOU!

(GRIM falls upon DIXIE, as she screams, lights go out, sound of goat bleating.)