

Reporter: News just in, lord Alan Sugar has gone mad and fired everyone in the world, including me, a once radio station news reporter. Now I'm just working for fun, as is my whole team. Let's have a word with the businessman to see what's going on with him.

Alan Sugar: Thank you for having me.

Reporter: Well? Why have you sacked everyone in the world?

AS: A bad day, sorry.

Reporter: I tried!

AS: I know.

Reporter: The world doesn't revolve around you, you know?

AS: Now it does, heheh.

Reporter: Fair point. I'm wondering what would happen if you had a REALLY bad day...

AS: I'd fire aliens, too. I believe there's an alien called 'King Woo'...

Reporter: What caused your bad day, exactly?

AS: One of my employees cost me money. The thing is, I gave him the money myself, I think I may have mental problems. Because of all the firing and of course, because of the king Woo theory.

Reporter: Thank you for your honesty.

AS: He's still fired, though. As are you, and of course, the whole world.

Reporter: Maybe you can rehire everyone if you cheered up a little. I like your shoes!

AS: I do feel a bit better now, just not that much...

Reporter: Please! People need services, it's important! Like really!

AS: Do I have a nice nose?

Reporter: It's perfect! Can I prod it?

AS: No.

Reporter: Of course, I'll just compliment it. Wow.

AS: Wow isn't a real compliment is it?

Reporter: Fine, fine, fine. It's nice.

AS: I admire you, you know that? Saying that kind of thing to most people would make most people feel uncomfortable. Not you.

Reporter: I just imagined I said it to my husband.

AS: Oh.

Reporter: No he DOES have a nice nose and shoes.

AS: I don't?

Reporter: Oh fine, let's see...

AS: You've just poked my nose!

Reporter: Soft yet firm.

AS: Is that good or bad?

Reporter: Can you smell well?

AS: Sure.

Reporter: Than you have a decent, well-rounded nose.

AS: Thank you. I can actually smell muffins from 2 miles away.

Reporter: What about French fancies?

AS: 1 mile.

Reporter: Ok, great. Seriously though, what does the world have to do to get their jobs back?

AS: A haiku?

Reporter: Ok, here goes: 'Lord Alan Sugar has a very nice nose, right? And of course, nice shoes.'

AS: It really is very easy writing poetry in Japan, isn't it? The people there are supposed to be smart and hard working.

Reporter: Do I have my job back, at least?

AS: Fine.

Reporter: Swish. The whole world doesn't really have to write you a poem, right? Even if it is just three sentences... I know I used two, but what can I say? I push the

boundaries, which I think Japanese poets really do need to do...

AS: More haikus would be fine.

Reporter: Ok, then. Would my listeners like to submit their haikus to lord Sugar so they can get their jobs back?

AS: A fab idea.

Reporter: Ok, please send me your texts to me, you all know the address...

AS: Well?

Reporter: Ben, an electrician from London has 'Electricity? Now there is none 'cos of you. What the hell, Alan?'

AS: No, I didn't like that one at all...

Reporter: I should point out there are actually electricians working at the moment, again simply so they have something to do, they're just not getting paid...

AS: A faulty poem, it should have pointed that out...

Reporter: Bill, a teacher from Wales has 'All I teach is love. To Alan Sugar, I mean. Please give me my job.'

AS: Meh.

Reporter: You don't really want to get through another few billion haikus, do you?

AS: Ok. Just one more...

Reporter: Ok, Penny a nurse from Scotland has 'Scotland is cloudy. I never liked living here. Now it's even worse.'

AS: Ok, ok, ok. If it really means that much to people, everyone in the world can have their jobs back. Jeez.

Reporter: Oh. Thank you.

AS: No problem.

Reporter: What Wikipedia will have to say about your life so far, I can't even begin to imagine...

AS: Up and down...

Reporter: We're you fired a lot as a child?

AS: Nope.

Reporter: I'm just saying, if you were fired from walking, sleeping and talking, etc., your behaviour would make sense... It's the kind of thing that would scar you.

AS: Nope.

Reporter: Ok. Oh great, a passer by is approaching, let's see what he has to say about lord Sugar...

Passer by: I have very mixed feelings, to be honest.

AS: Please be honest, or you're fired.

PB: Who do you think you are??

AS: How dare you? You're fired.

PB: You see, this is what I mean!

AS: You're hired again.

PB: Thank you lord Sugar.

AS: What is it that you do, by the way?

PB: I'm a brain surgeon.

AS: Wow, that's really important, fancy me firing you, albeit briefly...

PB: I nearly had to say I cut people's heads open for fun...

AS: Woooh. Lunatic!

PB: You have no idea how it made me feel...

AS: Would a gift make you feel any better?

PB: Sure...

AS: Here you go...

PB: It's a pack of sugar...

AS: Yeah, I know! I carry them with me all the time!

PB: Why?

AS: It's funny... Alan Sugar's sugar! That's what I call my wife as well. When I give her sugar, it's Alan Sugar's sugar's sugar...

PB: That's very sweet.

AS: Good one!

PB: Yes, it's quite literally sweet. But also demented.

AS: Alan Sugar's Demented Sugar!

PB: That's your brand?

AS: It is now...

PB: You think it would sell well?

AS: Yeah!

Reporter: Can I have some?

AS: No, I only have regular sugar on me now...

Reporter: What are you going to put in demented sugar?

AS: Rotten fish.

Reporter: Wow. That's demented...

AS: That's what i was going for...

Reporter: Great, everyone's happy! Now let's play some pop!