

Written By <sup>Samasya</sup> Vighnesh Mehrotra  
by  
Vighnesh Mehrotra

Vighnesh Mehrotra  
94 East 4th Street Apt. 402  
New York, NY. 10003  
+1 917-478-9181

The spotlight falls on a dark stage. Narad walks to the spot and sits down. Narad has a Khartal in his right hand and a Veena strapped to his back. He is wearing a black t shirt and blue jeans. Narad sets the veena down in front of him, and plays two notes on the khartal. Another spotlight falls on the stage and a fat man with the head of an Elephant walks to the spot and sits down on a stool. The man has a rat in his hand and a tiffin in his left.

(ELEPHANT MAN TRUMPETS.)

NARAD

Narayan Narayan.

ELEPHANT MAN

Trumpets again.

NARAD

Yup, we gave you your introduction now zip it. Hello, audience members! Yes, this is one of those plays. I will talk to you, you will listen, and you will like it. I am an omniscient being, I am a god, and I am also a sage. And I also know that the writer is getting very exposition-y. Yes, I can speak to the writer and for the writer too.

Two men, one completely painted blue and one man with a blue scarf around his neck and set up a small table upstage. They pull out a deck of cards and settle down on opposite sides of the table

NARAD

My name is Narad and I'm a muni. Na like Nah, Rudd like Paul , Moo like the sound the animal I can't eat makes and knee like what I get down on. What do you need to know about me? Well I'm a musician, in fact kind of like the god of music , I am also the god of military strategy and I have been called naughty multiple times. I love creating problems, well not problems; challenges. You know obstacles in your path so that you grow and develop all that jazz. WHICH ONE OF YOU FUCKERS THOUGHT LOKI! DON'T LIE TO ME! I KNOW YOU DID! Fuck these marvel assholes they chose Norse mythology and ripped me off! That's what you all do! You love the greeks, the romans all of those idiots. What about me! We have been here longer, we have cooler stories, and WE HAVE A BIGGER MARKET!! I had to teach you how to pronounce Narad, it's 5 letters. You all have no problem pronouncing shit like Hephaestus, or Sophocles or fucking Saoirse Ronan.

Elephant man trumpets

NARAD

Yeah, yeah, I know even the writer's telling me to wrap it up. But no, Loki with Tom Hiddleston is iconic and he's cool and whatever and of course you'll think of him, but I'm better.

Elephant man trumpets again.

NARAD

Okay, okay. You know the ol' fat elephant head right? He's often the poster boy for Indian gods, his dad chopped off his head and replaced with that of an elephant. Gnarly right? See we're cool! Well his name is Ganesh. Gun as in I don't need to teach Americans about that, A as in the letter A and sh like the end of Saoirse Ronan. Ganesh and I here are great buddies.

Trumpets

NARAD

Yeah, I couldn't make that sell either. I hate his guts. There's so much of them to hate. See Ganeshi here is also omniscient, he's the god of wisdom and he has this weird ass rat pet that he sits on! That's straight up animal abuse, I tried calling G-PETA, but they said because he is also an animal, he gets away with that shit. I know it's fucked up. But this ungodly abomination is a good guy. Which really pisses me off. You know those people who are like perfect, happy, kind, caring, and not a dick about it. He's one of those self righteous pricks. Also his literal job description is to eliminate obstacles and problems. So we kinda clash there, I'm told that is good for creating dramatic conflict.

Ganesh trumpets and rumbles.

NARAD

Alright now it's his turn.

GANESH

(Trumpets for five seconds)

NARAD

Did you guys get that? No? Oh ho ho, this is amazing. I thought y'all would get that. It was quite an emotional monologue. Do you realize what's happening Dumbo?

Trumpets again

3.  
3.

NARAD

Yup you got that right. I have a captive audience and I'm the only narrator.  
Ahahahaha. This is going to be fun!

The lights fall down on center stage. A man is laying down on a mattress on the ground. He rolls off the bed and wakes up with a jolt when he hits the stage.

NARAD

And meet the trophy. His name is... What is his name?

Ganesh trumpets. Aakash groggily goes to the sink on stage and splashes water on his face and starts brushing his teeth.

NARAD

Oh right, his name is Aakash. Aakash is a guy. He is fairly unremarkable, not a pious person, not an atheistic know-it-all, which is why his life is kinda confusing. See we don't do neutrality in India, nuance is lost on us, this isn't true for just the people, the celebrities, the politicians, but also the Gods. We need to know whether to curse him or bless him. By the way when you die in India, a God sitting on a buffalo comes and escorts you, which digs deeper into the bovine stereotype but is still pretty radical. I swear we are the coolest gods//

Ganesh trumpets. Aakash puts two slices of bread in the toaster. Aakash does a couple of lunges.

NARAD

This is why we aren't popular! You all always relegate me and never let me do the branding!! But coming back to our friend Aakash, Ganesh and I have this long-standing evenly matched rivalry where we fight over a boring individual and see whether we can make his life interesting (points to himself) or boring (points to Ganesh). I usually persevere//

Ganesh laughs in the way elephants laugh?

NARAD

Shut up, Man with a surprisingly hung nose! As I was saying I win around 50-50 of the bouts.

Trumpets

4.  
4.

NARAD

I would win all of those if the Gods didn't treat me as a lovable dolt who's always taught a lesson. See the Gods much like the Government only likes comedians or artists who aren't too out there. You know sell outs (points to Ganesh) with no artistic integrity.

Ganesh takes out a box of laddoos and starts eating them and feeding them to his rat. Aakash chomps on his bread. He doesn't even butter it or put some jam.

NARAD

Well, I'm not like that. I'm true to my soul and to my art. It just so happens my art is creating monumental fuck ups. And Gods don't like monumental fuck ups which is odd considering they made you. (Pauses for the audience to laugh) I kid because I love. But no they hate that shit, and so they always find a clever (uses air-quotes) way to humble me. It doesn't work.

The gambler painted blue deals out six cards. Three to the man with the blue scarf and three to himself. Aakash gets up from his mattress and dresses himself in a blue button down shirt and slacks.

Written By Vignesh Mehrotra

NARAD

So today I will test Aakash's faith and make sure he deserves Gods' blessings while Ganesh will be giving out handouts like he usually does. And now for the ritual!

Trumpets loudly

Narad and Ganesh turn to face each other, walk towards each other, and like gunslingers in a duel, they turn around and walk to the opposite ends of the stage. The scene around Aakash changes and now he's on a relatively quiet Delhi street after a fairly rainy night.

The sounds of an auto-rickshaw's motor are heard

NARAD

Great opportunity.

If you would like to read more of this short play please reach out at [vm1582@nyu.edu](mailto:vm1582@nyu.edu). Thank you!