

One day in the life of an ex-Mitian.

- A one act play.
- Anush Moorthy.

Scene I:

(Curtain opens. Seen is a man with a cool blazer on a red/merun shirt, and black pants. He wears glares, and has his collar button open. Absence of tie. Cuffs open, and the walk suave. He swings to the music...)

{To the tune of Neal 'n' Nikki, title track}

Tap, Tara rap, Tarap

MIT ian

Tap tara rap, tarap

MIT ian

Voh shayaad athra saal ka tha,

Jab MIT mein daakhil hua;

Usne gaadi chalayi, aur paisa pheka..

Dekho admission hua...

I'm the EX

I'm the BE

Rockstar, Super Star.

(Voice over: Welcome to the world of Raju Champu. An ex- MITian, he has been successfully working in the very firm in which he was placed for the past three years. We shall proceed to see how MIT has influenced his life, and how his actions are governed by the teachings over the four years at MIT!)

Scene II:

(Seen is Raju sitting behind a desk, his suit is off, and his cuffs are rolled up. Seated opposite him is another man, supposedly an employee of the firm.)

Raju: Hmm...so this years' profits are down...

Man: Yes sir, but that is because of overall slump in the world economy...

Raju: (standing up, and in a booming voice.) I don't care about the world. India is the knowledge corridor of the world. (in a slightly sneaky voice) and Einstein is an Indian too!(winks, back to booming voice) and hence immaterial of the knowledge slump in the world, India will set the trend with pioneering cutting edge technology...How dare you compare the world to India,(sneakily) where the PoK is shown as part of Pakistan..(back to booming voice)How can you say that a land of rishis and munis, and saints and

philosophers should be governed by the rest of the world..pha!The Bhagvad Gita says, 'Karam Kar, Phal ki apeksha mat kar.' Did you even realize that? How can you as an Indian say that India is small compared to the world, India is infact leading the world...sab milke bolo ...Bharat Mata ki...Bharat Mata Ki....

Man: Excuse me sir, We work in an MNC, our sales are totally in the foreign market...hmmm...hence I said what I did, and by the way, I was talking about sales, not about education or nationality...why did you start talking about that??

(Raju sits down sheepishly...)

Raju:(clears throat) You may leave now...

{To the tune of Dus Bahane from Dus }

Purani aadat meri
Bhaashan Sunne ki
Ab to mein bhi dekho
Dene laga hoon..

I heard it, I spoke it
Aur ho gayi mushkil
And speech became my destiny,
Yehi hai mushkil

Bhaashan sunke, pak gaya hoon yaar, gaya hoon yaar
Bhaashan sunke pak gaya hoon yaar.

Scene III

(The setting is a bar, Raju Champu is seen sitting with coca-cola in his hand, and his college is nursing a drink and smoking..)

Friend: So, you want a smoke kya?

Raju: (looks around with wide eyes, looking scared) No No yaar..this place is just five minutes from our office, if the boss happens to stop by, and catches us smoking, we shall be rusticated man! (Friend looks shocked, Raju continues) and I would suggest that you drink some soft drink..this is risky here!

Friend: That is funny! You seem to smoke every day at home, and drink at least two pegs in your flat, what is the problem now?

Raju: Arrey, bal, see, If I am seen smoking around the campus of the office then I am a bad person, however, if I smoke at home, and not around the office then I am a good person, got it kya?

Friend: Hmm...interesting, so smoking is not evil, however, smoking in office area is! That is a frame of thought that has never occurred to me...(He beckons the waiter)

I'd like a scotch on the rocks please..

Waiter:(staring blankly at him, in marathi) Tumhi kay mhantayet te mala kalat nahin...lavkar sang re melya...

Friend: Huh! Dude I am from Delhi...I don't understand a word of what you are saying..

Waiter: Tula kalat nahi ka...chal ja...(He turns around and walks away)

Friend: What the...What's wrong with this place?

Raju: Arey, You need to know marathi to get your job done here...These people will not even look at you if you speak any other language...

(Suddenly the waiters and bartenders are seen leaving the place, the music which was playing in the background shuts off and the lights are dimmed)

Friend(shocked): What the hell is this now?

Raju(calmly): This is routine yaar. It is break time...They will return in three hours..

Friend: But this is the only time we get to come here, if they shut shop at this time, what are we supposed to do?

Raju: Wait yaar...just wait, and hope that they shall be back soon..

Friend: But, But I thought that they were here to help us!

Raju(admonishingly):Shhh..don't say that out loud, they will kick us out of this place...We are their servants, okay...get that into your head!

(Friend shakes his head)

Neighbouring table's occupant: I heard that you sir are from Delhi? (Friend nods), So how much did you pay to get in? I am from delhi too...Man! Don't even ask what I paid!

Friend: No bhai, I came on Merit...

Neighbour (starts laughing and spurts his drink all around) : Come on! Don't kid around...tell me seriously...

Friend: Merit, dude purely on merit

Neighbour(sarcastically) I completely believe you...

(Suddenly there is a noise heard, and people are seen scrambling to leave their seats and the club)

Friend: What is happening here?

Raju(calmly gets up, puts his drink down, and pulls his friend up) I think that they have started to serve drinks at the bar across town, we shall have to rush there if we want to drink..today is as you know the last day for drinks...

Friend: What last day? What is the sense in keeping last day for drinking for the whole population, and why should the venues be changed from one location to another?

Raju: No sense dude, but that is just how it is...all to be taken in the stride!

Friend: How do you cope with all this man? I can't seem to take this rubbish!

Raju: Practice makes a man perfect, four years of practice, years of perfection...

{To the tune of Aashiq banaya from Aashiq banaya Aapne}
Gadhaa Banaya, Gadhaa Banaya, Gadha Banayaa Char(saal) ne...

Office bin boring boring hai waiting
College bin pakav pakav hai smoking
Paise bin naamumkin hai delhi
Paise bin...

English mein baatein baatein karenge
Merit mein job job milenge
Counter ko change nahi karenge...
Paise bin...
Gadhaa banaya...

Scene III:

(Seen are Raju and another friend walking down what looks like a platform)

Friend: Hey Raju, I wanted to ask you for sometime man...I have noticed that you seem to wear the same blue shirt twice a week...any particular reason behind it?

Raju(shrugs): Old habits die hard I guess..

Friend: Why don't you wear it only on one day, or on all the days, like a uniform you know...whats with the two day uniform thing?

Raju: (irritated) Don't ask too many questions yaar...

(They reach the ticket booking counter.)

Friend:(reaches first to the counter and extends a ten-rupee note) Two for Borivili please...

Raju: Hey, We need to go to Khanjurmarg today...not Borivili...

Friend: Oh, Sorry I Forgot about that....(to the person at the counter) Sir, please give two tickets to Khanjurmarg...

Counter guy: hmm...changing locations at last minute...three hundred rupees fine bharo!

Friend: Ha! What is this now?

Counter guy: Talking back, five hundred rupees fine...

Friend: Abey, I just need to tickets to Khanjurmarg, not the entire train..

Counter Guy: Again! Tujha aila...Thousand rupees fine...

(Just then we hear the sound of train arriving at the station)

Friend:Abey Jaldi de...

Raju: Man, just pay him the fine, and he shall give us the tickets..

Friend: But what is he fining me for, I did not do anything!

Raju: So what! Even then you have to pay fine...I know na!

Friend: How...why...huh!

Raju: Arey fine is a tool for discipline, one has to pay fine otherwise one is indisciplined...Even if you have done no wrong, you have to shell out money! Otherwise you will not get tickets, and without tickets pe sign of the counter guy, you shall not be able to proceed!

Friend(shelling out money)Now give me the tickets...

Counter guy: Pay rs.1500/- more for membership into KINGS...

Friend: Now I don't wanna be a member, I don't wanna pay!

Raju: Look. Even if you don't want to be a member of this society, you have to pay money...that is how it works...

Friend: But what does this society do...how can I get involved in it?

Raju: What is does is immaterial, and you cannot get involved, just pay the money, and lets move...

Friend: No, I am not payin...

Counter guy: Okay then...No accepting you SUBMISSION of money, and no SIGNING of the INDEX on this ticket...Do whatever you want...

(Raju and his friend move away from the counter.)

Raju: You should have paid, now your entire career is ruined!

Friend: no it is not...we shall walk to Khanjurmarg...

Raju: But we don't know the way..

Friend: We shall simply follow these tracks and we shall soon see the Khanjurmarg station, and we shall be successful!

Raju: But there are so many tracks, how do we find the right one?

Friend: We shall buy the required books, study from them, and learn the right path.

Raju: Even better, just pay the peon some money, and he will show us the right path...

Friend: Ya! That sounds simpler, lets do it.

(So they pay they peon, and he points to the right track. Raju and his friend start walking on those tracks.)

Friend: Do you realize that there are no women here...

Raju: Arey, there are no, three woman amongst a thousand of us!

Friend: Why is their population so low?

Raju: Because they are walking on women's tracks no!

(Suddenly we hear a train's hoot. It seems to be on the same track as that of our characters. Also heard simultaneously are the strings of a sitar, and a prayer. Raju stands absolutely still, on the tracks, his friend moves away.)

Friend: Raju...move away quickly! The train shall hit you!

Raju: Shut up! Cant you see that the prayer is on, you should not move an inch when it going on. Don't speak even. Come on now, close your eyes, fold your hands and say the prayer...it brings peace to mankind.

Friend: Raju, the train is around the corner, I can see it...Move, and you shall live to pray another day...come on! Get out...

(Raju nods his head. The sound of the train becomes louder and louder till they become unbearable. Raju is hit, and he dies on the spot. His friend begins to cry.)

Scene IV:

(Seen is the body of Raju covered with white cloth. All his friends from MIT are there. All of them seem to be in a somber mood.)

Friend I: Hmm..Raju is gone, and soon all of us shall too...

F2: I agree, but look at Raju's life yaar, fulfilling, happy, and full of energy. Raju always did what he wanted to, never let anything stop him.

F3: I agree. And I wish that I could too. But you know, I sometimes feel that we did not spend enough time with each other, you know in college...

F4: Look, what is done is done, we shall never get to re-live those glorious days. Life is a succession of stations, of spots where we stop for a while, and then leave. Our years at MIT was one such station, a long one, no doubt, but one that we should learn to let go of...

F1: (angrily) Let go! How is that even possible? MIT is what has made us what we are today. Come on, all of us can crib about a waste of four years there, but within our hearts we know that those four years were years that we can never forget in this life time. For is it not true that we went in as boys and girls and came out as men and women?

F3: ya! Actually,in all the time we spent there, all that we could talk to each other was about how poor the facilities are, how bad the infrastructure, but now I am sure we realize that we were far more fortunate than most other students. Look at what our college has given us! We, in our naiveté failed to see what was right there in front of our eyes! MIT has made us what we are today.

F2: Those times were surely one of the best times of our lives. You know, I think that those years have formed some sort of a bond between all of us. Each one of us who passed out in 2006, every branch, every student, each one of us is related to the other. There is some sort of invisible string that is bonding us, holding us close, keeping us safe, keeping us tied together.

F4: That reminds me of the story about how we could break a single stick, but cannot break a bunch of them. Lets keep in touch more often yaar, for I feel that there is something that is missing within me, when I haven't seen you guys for a long time. Lets

chat up with each other, see where our lives are going, just for old time's sake. For aren't all of us part of some whole...the whole of the MIT family?
(All of them nod, group hugs, and curtain closes.)

{To the tune of kal ho na ho, from Kal ho na ho}
Har Ghadi Badal Rahi hai roop zindagi
Fine hai, kabhi, kabhi hai queue zindagi
Har pal yahaan, saath raho...
MIT se..tum jo ho...

Dome wale voh building
Subah subah ka prayer
Security ka voh daatna tumko
Haath jodke hi haye...

Par soch lo...Us pal tha jo,
Voh samaaah...Phir ho na ho...

Doston ke voh taane
Pyaar bhare voh gaane
Practical mein bunk marna
Lecture ko cut marne...

Yeh sun lo...O saathiyon
Ye din kabhi laute na..

Har ghadi...