

**AACHU**

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**ACT 1**

SCENE 1 :

Narrator is standing in the middle of the unlit stage.

[Narrator walks towards **DD** and takes a look at the audience]

[ A SPOTLIGHT FALLS UPON THE NARRATOR]

NARRATOR : They say that a person's true self lies in their deeds. And when the journey of life comes to an end , only one question remains, did we live exactly as we were supposed to live ?

Now some might believe that these good deeds are nothing but a golden ticket to the heaven. But still the question remains the same, is it the only thing that matters, isn't there any other way and who the hell is going to decide all of this. A lot of questions to unravel for sure.

This Story is quite similar too, few lives or more precisely, few souls wait, - awaiting their turn for judgement, their reckoning

[STAGE LIGHT TURNS ON]

[ There are four **h** on stage , with three being occupied by Raghu , Danny and Aashi]

RAGHU : What's going on here? This isn't what I signed up for! I thought this would be... something else entirely.

[ Aashi **S** and looks around the room and then **S** ]

AASHI : They just made us sit here and said, "Wait." Wait for what? And why isn't this damn clock moving?

DANNY : Who are you people? And how on earth did I end up here?

[ Sammy **En** as he is pushed into the room , he looks around and then sits on the **h** ]

AASHI : Great. Just what we needed—another clueless specimen.

SAMMY : What... is this? Am I on a movie set?

AASHI : Yeah, sure. A film with no director and no script.

RAGHU : I was told I'd see heavenly fairies or something divine. But looking around, I can see that's clearly not happening

Danny : We don't even know what's happening here, and you're worried about fairies? Priorities, man!

[A SOFT HEAVENLY MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY]

[ SUSIE <sup>En</sup> FROM <sup>SL</sup> AND WALKS TOWARDS EVERYONE , ON SEEING HER RAGHU FALLS DOWN BUT SUDDENLY PICKS HIMSELF UP, SUSIE THEN TAKES A LOOK AT EVERYONE ]

SUSIE : Hello, everyone. I'm Susie. I'm very sure that your minds are racing with various questions, but let me save you some trouble— neither the questions nor the answers matter anymore. What matters is this that you're all dead.

The thing is you are no longer who you were. In easy terms what you see here is your astral self. My job is simple: to evaluate your deeds and assign you your rightful place. Whether that brings you peace or pain... well, that depends.

But here's the twist—things aren't running as usual. Thanks to all the Instagram bhakts, that they have earned so much punya by posting religious reels on Instagram that the heaven is *full*. So, for now, we've had to adjust the system. Only one of you will get the *last* seat in heaven.

And the criteria? Simple. Whoever endured the *most tragic and painful* death earns the spot. Think of it as a competition — a game. Convince me and earn your spot, let the show begin.

[RAGHU <sup>S</sup> ]

RAGHU : If this is the face I get see every day here, I don't think I will ever want to go to heaven

[ AASHI MAKES RAGHU SIT DOWN AND <sup>S</sup> AND RUNS TOWARDS SUSIE AND <sup>S</sup> NEXT TO HER ]

AASHI : Oh, pain? Let me tell you what *real* pain feels like— when your entire life is snatched away in a single moment. I was happy in my life, minding my own business, when suddenly *Bijli* struck me

SAMMY : It's called lightning

AASHI : Yes, *Bijli*! . Have you ever felt your whole-body freeze, your breath completely stop, your eyes feel like they're about to pop out of your skull? The sheer force of it—it left me paralyzed, unable to scream, unable to

move. I was gone in a second! Firstly the physical pain and with that the mental pain

SAMMY : Physical Pain understandable but mental pain ???

[ *Aashi moves towards raghu* ]

AASHI : you want to know about *mental* pain? Imagine knowing that the reason you died... was because of your own *family*! You own aunt , of course it is going to give you mental pain

SAMMY : Wait, your family? Didn't you just say you were struck by lightning?

Aashi : Yes, but *Bijli* was my aunt's name! My Aunt Bijli , I was walking down the stairs when suddenly she fell on me. So please don't tell me about pain.

[SAMMY MOVES  ]



SAMMY : Mental Pain my foot, let me tell you about *real* pain—the kind of death that no one can even talk about without laughing. The kind of death that becomes the punchline of every joke.

I overdosed... on drugs. Yes, I know. How clichéd, right? But not just any overdose—the kind that no one respects. It wasn't some glamorous, tragic death that makes people cry at funerals. No.

Imagine someone asking my parents, 'How did your son die?' What are they supposed to say? 'Oh, he was doing his *usual*, hanging out with his idiot friends, popping a few pills... and that was it. He just couldn't handle it.' And the worst part? It wasn't even the *good stuff*! These days, all you get are cheap chemicals. One bad batch and... poof. Gone.

Susie, do you know what it's like to be the neighbourhood joke? To know that my death probably made it to the gossip groups. People laughing, saying, 'Guess his tolerance wasn't as high as he thought!'

That's not just physical pain, Susie. That's humiliation. That's a stain on my existence. If anyone deserves that seat in heaven, it's me—because no one suffered the way I did, both in life and in death."

[ *Sammy*  and *Danny*  aggressively ]

DANNY : Oh, so now even stoners get a seat in heaven, huh? Let me tell you what real pain feels like—the kind where you know you *could* survive, but no one comes to save you.

Picture this: I get home from work, tired but feeling good, and decide to take a shower. The music is playing—'Dard-e-Disco,' the mood is set. Everything seems fine, and then... a cockroach appears.

Now, I don't know about you, but I can't stand cockroaches. So, I panic. I run. I slip. And in that one moment, everything changes. I fall so hard that I break

almost every bone in my body—spine shattered, skull cracked open, blood pooling everywhere. I screamed. I begged for help. But no one came... because, of course, the bathroom door was locked. And here I am, dead because of a cockroach. Imagine the humiliation, Susie. *The humiliation!* Is this the kind of death anyone deserves? The sheer agony—physical, mental—it was unbearable. If anyone deserves that seat in heaven, it's me

[ Raghu stands on his **H** and then moves towards **DQ** ]

RAGHU : Oh, physical pain, mental pain... sure, sure. But tell me this—have any of you ever died of *heartbreak*? It started like any normal day. My girlfriend invited me over, and I thought, 'This is it. Finally, some romance.' I dressed up, feeling like the perfect boyfriend. And when I got there, what did she hand me? A *science project*. Yes, a science project! Now, being the 'nice guy' I am, I thought, 'Okay, I'll help her with this, and then we'll move on to... you know... better things.' But no! The project never ended. It was some complicated electromagnetic nonsense that I had to work on for hours. Finally, we got to the big moment—she turned it on. And guess what? *I* was the one who got electrocuted! And where was she? Did she scream? Did she try to save me? No! She ran away. I *died*, Susie. I died watching my so-called 'true love' run out of the room. So tell me—what's worse than dying alone, knowing the person you loved couldn't even stick around to help you? If that isn't the ultimate pain, I don't know what is.

[ *Everyone is now seated at their respective positions , meanwhile, susie takes out a diary and keep writing stuff down , she takes a stroll around the room and then write again* ]

SUSIE : Enough! I've heard enough, hmm so after a lot of analysis I have come to my conclusion , everyone please form a line

[ *everyone comes to **D** and forms a line facing the audience , susie again takes a round around them and go next to each other and starts asking questions* ]

SUSIE : so Raghu , what do you think , will you get that last seat ?

RAGHU : if you are here then this is only heaven for me ...

[ *Susie gets confused and moves towards Sammy* ]

SUSIE : so mr druggie, I mean Sammy what do you think , will you go to heaven

SAMMY : quite Confident mam

[ *Susie then moves towards danny* ]

SUSIE : And danny what about you ?

DANNY : Same very confident.

SUSIE : And at last Aashi

AASHI : Ma'am, a little woman-to-woman talk—don't you think, as a fellow lady, you should give me a bit of extra consideration and send me to heaven?

SUSIE : Ughhh, Boringggggggg

[ *Susie then takes a step forward facing the audience* ]

SUSIE : okayyy, so after a lot of consideration , I have the result reddy , and I believe that the one going to heaven is ....

[ *A PHONE CALL RINGTONE PLAYS* ]

[ *Suddenly a phone call comes to Susie and everything is stopped , she moves to a corner whereas everyone made a semicircle looking at her* ]

SUSIE : Ahhhh oops, so everyone, there's been a... small issue. Actually... well, the thing is, the last seat in heaven has already been assigned to the minister... after his death

[ *Everyone starts screaming and running around the room , Aashi <sup>S</sup> and bangs her head , raghav and danny fights amongst themselves , sammy roams around the room in full face* ]

SAMMY : ek minute

[ *Sammy makes everyone stand and create a horizontal line around the stage* ]

SAMMY : Okay ,but how did minister

[ *Everyone speaks in a chorus* ]

EVERYONE : Die

[ *Susie seems confused , she hesitates roams around the room anxiously then comes to her position again* ]

SUSIE : actually

[ *susie sneezes* ]

SUSIE : AACHU ! because of sneezing.....

[ A RED BUZZER LIGHT IS ON ]

[ AN INTENSE MUSIC PLAYS WITH THE SOUND  
OF AN ALARM HORN ]

[ The whole room is filled with chaos , Susie runs and  
the stage , whereas raghu and danny are gain fighting  
with each other , aashi banging her head on the wall  
again , sammy looks here and around takes a chair and  
then proceed to hit danny and raghu who are fighting ]

[ LIGHT FADES OUT SLOWLY ]

CURTAIN.