

# Oscar Nominee

Playwright and Performed by - Hrudai Shrivatsa

Script assistance and Sound Design: Shrivatsa Prahallada

Manager: Deepashree Abhaya

## Synopsis of the play:

Title: Oscar Nominee

Duration: 70 mins

Genre: Drama

Language: English (with phrases from many languages)

Playwright: Hrudai Shrivatsa & Shrivatsa Prahallada

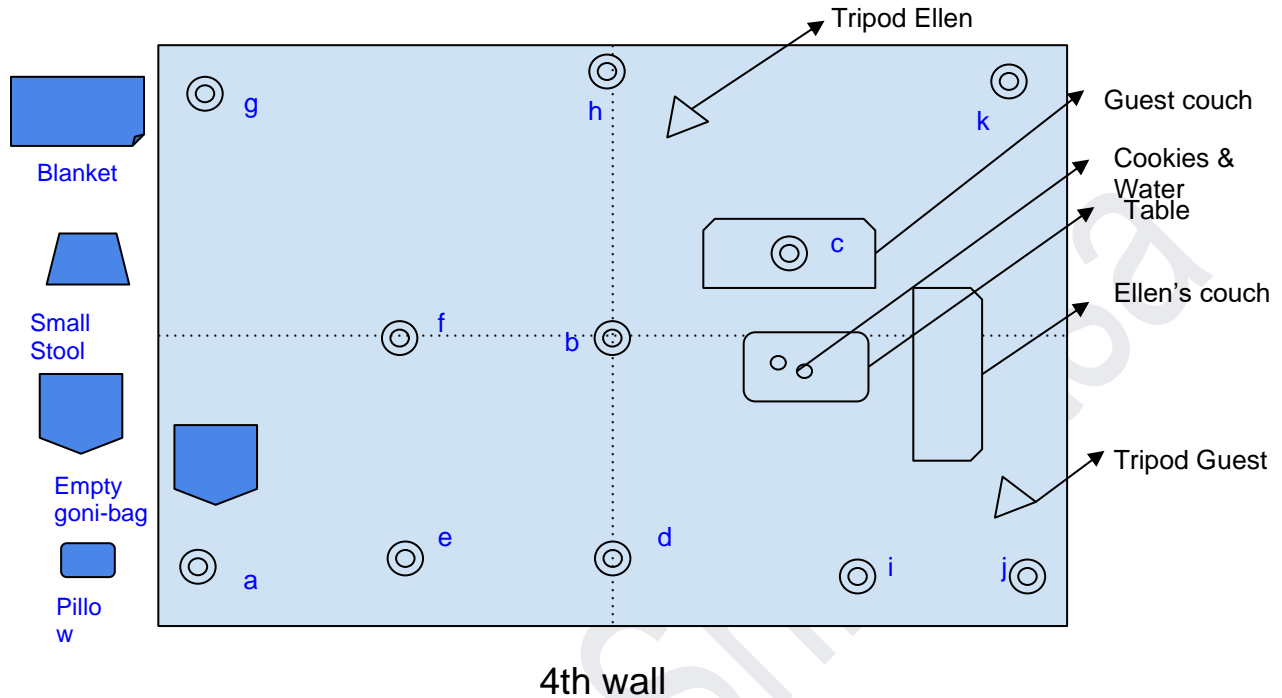
Performed by: Hrudai Shrivatsa

**One line summary: The real identity of a Mexican kid who had faced a lot of hardships gets revealed on The Ellen DeGeneres Show!**

## Script References (Fact Checks):

- [OCD video clip](#)
- [India to Mexico Cargo insights](#)
- [Mexico's landscape real story map, reaching San Diego](#)
- [Fake story map reaching San Diego](#)
- [US child adoption rules. Firstly, the child should be an orphan](#)
- US adoption rules
  - [Child and parent criteria](#)
  - [Two-year rule](#)

Stage setup:



[Before the performance commences, audio (videos) of Ellen's show is played to set the ambiance of the play.]

Scene #1:

[Oscar walks in slowly and hesitantly into the Ellen show setup area on the stage. The preferred entry is at point 'a' and slowly moves towards 'c' through 'e' and 'b']

Chelsea VO: Please take a seat

[Paper fluttering in the background]

[Oscar immediately sits down on the floor criss-cross at point 'e']

[Fluttering stops with a sigh from Chelsea]

Chelsea V.O: You are not kidding me right? \*sigh\* Why don't you take the chair?

[Fluttering resumes]

[Oscar goes over to Ellen's chair and he nearly sits on it.]

Chelsea VO: Nope. That's Ellen's Chair. Try again.

[Oscar goes over to the guest chair this time and sits]

Chelsea VO: Okay Oscar, let's go over the camera setup for tomorrow.

[Oscar is looking all around for her]

Chelsea VO: Now stop spinning your head. If you are trying to find me, I am sitting right in front of you in the audience section. I am Chelsea, the associate director for the show. We met at the office a couple of weeks ago, remember?

[Oscar shrugs]

Chelsea VO: Alright, listen to me carefully now. Tomorrow, all these seats will be occupied. The last thing we want is for you to have stage fright, and so we shall practice, okay?

[Oscar nods]

Chelsea VO: You see that camera right behind Ellen's chair? That will always focus on you.

[Oscar realigns himself to face Ellen's chair]

Chelsea VO: There is one camera behind you and there are multiple other hidden cameras, but we don't have to worry about them, and especially today 'cause all of them have been turned off.

[While Chelsea is saying this Oscar looks around]

Chelsea VO: Let's make this easy and intuitive. Whenever Ellen talks to you or you talk to Ellen, you look at her. If you are trying to say something long, or when Ellen looks at the audience, you also face the audience. You want to look good on TV, don't you?

[Oscar nods]

Chelsea VO: I'll let you practice the stage setup now, while I quickly go and gather some documents. And yes, help yourself to the cookies.

[Footsteps fade out]

[Oscar is lost playing with the cookies. He reaches for a cookie at the table, but it is far from him. He trips, gathers himself and sits upright again, he checks the cameras, and then picks up the cookie and unknowingly starts playing with it as if it were a flying saucer. The flying saucer comes crashing down and he drops the cookie on the floor]

Oscar: Oops! [looks at the audience and then the mess made on the floor and looks back at the audience again]

[Oscar then starts to piece the cookie crumbs together, but one is under the couch. He tries all sorts of gymnastics to reach it]

[Chelsea's footsteps fade in]

Chelsea VO: Oh my! Do we have a gymnastics class happening here?

Oscar [sitting back upright]: My cookie fell.

Chelsea VO: That's okay, help yourself to another one.

Oscar: But that was my cookie.

Chelsea VO: \*sigh\* Unlike men, all cookies are made equal.

[Fluttering the papers]

Chelsea VO: Now, our research team has collected some information about you and I have a few ...

Oscar: My cookie fell!

Chelsea VO: [keeps the fluttering papers aside with a sigh] Okay. I have the entire day. Find your cookie.

[Oscar reaches under the chair after exploring all the broken pieces and gathers them together.]t

Oscar: Found it!

Chelsea VO: Good! Now let's get back... hmm... Our research team has collected some information about you and I have a few follow-up questions. So that tomorrow, when you and Ellen will go live, Ellen can ask you the right questions, are we clear?

[Oscar nods]

Chelsea VO: Alright, now, here it says, [paper flutters] you are running a campaign against the consumption of avocados, why?

Oscar: Why not?

Chelsea VO: Don't you like avocados?

Oscar: Yes.

Chelsea VO: Then why don't you want us to eat them?

Oscar: Do you have a pet?

Chelsea VO: Yes, a poodle named Milo. Why?

Oscar: Do you like Milo?

Chelsea VO: Yes. I do.

Oscar: Then why don't you eat him?

[Oscar shrugs]

Chelsea VO: Look Oscar, when I said I have all day, I was being sarcastic. [\*paper flutters\*]. I know you have ADHD, so I thought you would be discussing the challenges that you have faced, but here you are talking about something completely different, which is fine but what intrigues me is that you are fighting for avocados. ... why?

[Oscar starts in Spanish and changes to English.]

Oscar: Si está tratando, hmmm, if you are trying to move on from something, the last thing you should do is to keep reminding yourself about it.

Chelsea VO: Hmm... That's an interesting idea. But I did not know you could speak English and Spanish so fluently. Don't people with ADHD find it tough with languages?

Oscar: One: that is very biased of you. Some ADHD are just as good or even better than most people when it comes to languages. Movies show only the math geniuses. That's not always true.

Second: Spanish comes very naturally to me because that is what I spoke in Michoacan, and I learned English here.

Chelsea VO: Michoacan?? in Mexico??? But these documents say Ensenada in Mexico..?

Oscar: I was born near Michoacan, and I was raised and even adopted in Michoacan itself. I was in Ensenada only for the last 2-3 years before I came to San Diego.

[Fluttering the papers]

Chelsea VO: Wow, none of that is here. Can you tell me in detail?

Oscar: Where should I start?

Chelsea VO: Start from the beginning.

Scene #2:

\* = Shifts in his chair

Oscar: ADHD is a burden. No friends, No friends. And Sin Dinero, we were very poor. But we could make do. But since my mother only earned a little, when my father died, it became very hard.

Chelsea: I am so sorry.

Oscar: it's fine. [he stands up and dusts the chair and adjusts his pants]

Chelsea: You don't have to be seated. Again, Oscar, I am sorry.

[Oscar nods and starts walking]

Oscar: Don't be sorry. I didn't understand my father's death, I was just 2 then. He used to work in small avocado farms. So after his death, we moved to Michoacan which promised work and a better living. But it also brought me Jose, My mother's new husband. After a year or so, I had a half-brother, Julio. I liked Julio. Jose liked Julio. My mother liked Julio. My mother liked me. But Jose, my stepfather didn't like me. I was not treated well at home. I did not care. I did not care, because a new Joya had entered my life. Caesar was a stray dog. No one took care of me at home, but Caesar took care of me outside. I was always outside.

Jose realized I was not a normal kid when I was six. He treated me worse. By the time I was 7, Jose put me to work on the avocado farms. But I was happy with Caesar. [Caesar enactment scene] "Caesar? Caesar? Where are you? Caesar? Oh there you are! Come come come oh! [caesar knocks Oscar down and starts licking his ear] wait wait! Okay! Okay! You want to play fetch? Okay Okay! Wait! [oscar pushes caesar and takes the ball and throws.]" those were the greatest days. But then, "Caesar? Caesar? Oh, there you are. Come on! Wake up! Caesar?[Oscar goes over and patts Caesar] Wake up boy! Wake up! Despierta, Caesar, despierta! Caesar! Despierta! Please! Caesar! Caesar." In people's eyes, I was becoming even crazier. Jose hated me even more. He realized I was becoming less, and less useful to him. He had decided to get rid of me. He gave two choices two my mother. One. to lose me or two to lose me, Julio and everything.

I was back on the farm, with no purpose, and no caesar.[sit on chair] That night, my mother came, hugged me, kissed me, and even cried. She said one thing, "Oscar, lo siento." I slept on her lap and had the best sleep ever that night. But as soon as I woke[wake from chair], the real

nightmare started. There was no one in the house[collapse onto the floor]. And then, I saw a man in the backyard. It was the grocery broker. I walked outside. "Where my family? Why you here?" He simply replied, "I am your new family.". Confused, I went with him[wake up]. He explained to me my mother's situation, how he met with her, and how he would not let me become an orphan. He also recognized that I was not a normal kid, and we went to talk to a doctor in Tijuana. I was diagnosed with A.D.H.D (which was with me since birth) and O.C.D, which is usually tied to a traumatizing event. For me, they said it was Caesar's death. I got on therapy and medication. Now, I am free from OCD and it feels great. For the past 6 months, I have been living with Rohit Rajan, the grocery broker, who is now my dad, in La Mesa, San Diego. I have been going to Parkway middle school. Everybody is saying I am becoming more normal day by day.

Chelsea: You've gone through quite a bit in your life. It's just that I am unable to get the connection to your avocado protest.

Oscar: There is a huge Mafia back there. There are gangs, people kill each other for Avocados. It is called green gold. Kids like us are forced to work in avocado fields. More demand is equal to more greed. Workers don't make much of it. They are almost slaves. and if they try to come out, they will be squished mercilessly. That is what happened to my father. I don't want families to enjoy a healthy breakfast at the cost of scattering other families. To reduce the supply, we should reduce the demand. Hence, the "say no to the avocado" campaign. Do you get it now?

Chelsea: Y-y-yes, I get it now. Ellen will be moved by your story. I don't have any more questions. I too need some time to soak all of this in. You said your father will pick you up?

Oscar: Yes, I will call him now.

Chelsea: Alright

Scene #3:

[Chelsea walks out]

[Oscar looks around the room to ensure that no one else is there. He walks a little hunchback. He starts walking to the far right side of the room, about at point J. In his last few steps, his back becomes straight. He pulls out a phone. Starts talking in Indian Accent]

Oscar: Rohit. The rehearsal is over. Come and pick me up.

Oscar: No, there are no security cameras, and no one is here

Oscar: I'm telling you right! There is no one and there are no cameras.

Oscar: Okay. 20 minutes. Fine. Bye.

Oscar: Your time is up. Just wait and watch.

[Hangs up the phone]

[Starts in an Indian accent.]

Oscar: Did I just lose a bunch of sympathy points from you guys? Two minutes ago, I was a troubled kid with ADHD and OCD, I had lost my father, I was not treated well by my stepfather, my dog died, I was left in the care of a stranger who became my step-stepfather, and now this kid has a completely different posture, accent, mindset, every single thing is completely different about this kid. Something is out of place. Well of course! Everything is! Haven't you noticed?!? Then, 'aha!'; you notice! [trumpet act] This kid is a fraud! Hey hey hey. Do you have the evidence that I am a fraud? No! So, we learned a valuable lesson today "pratyakshyavagi nodidaru pramanisi nodu" or "don't jump to conclusions." Oh, let's see the crowd out here. Looks like y'all need an American accent. Let's do this again, 3, 2, 1, Action.

Oscar: Did I just lose a bunch of sympathy points from you guys? Two minutes ago, I was a troubled kid with ADHD and OCD, I had lost my father, I was not treated well by my stepfather, my dog died, I was left in the care of a stranger who became my step-stepfather, and now this kid has a completely different posture, accent, mindset, every single thing is completely different about this kid. So you conclude that this kid is a fraud! But you don't have the evidence that I am a fraud.

We have \_\_\_ minutes left in this play, and you can either walk out, thinking that I am just a kid who wants attention from mass media, or,



you can stay, and listen to the truth, listen to why I am in this situation.

I am from a community of farms like Oscar, but unlike Oscar, I come from the other side of the world. In southwest India, there is a state called Karnataka. In Southwest Karnataka, there is a city called Mysore. In Mysore, there is a district called Nanjangud. The most famous thing about this place is the huge statue of Shiva and its temple. Nanjangud actually comes from another name for Shiva; Nanjundeshwara, or the one who swallowed poison. It is believed that there was once a dastardly poison, coming from the depths of the sea, that threatened to destroy the world. To save the inhabitants, Shiva took the poison and almost gulped it down, and that's when he realized there was a problem. If he swallowed it, he would die, if he spit it out, the world would end. He could neither swallow nor spit. So he carefully balanced the poison in his throat, keeping himself safe, while also keeping the world out of harm's way. Nanjangud is also famous for its farms. There are sugarcane fields, mango orchards, coconut orchards, millet farms, pepper fields, you have everything there. When people harvested their crops, they would sell them at the local farmer's market. It's easy to get lost there sometimes, but my family always showed me the way. Family. Yes, unlike Oscar, I had a big family. I had a mother, a father, 2 grandfathers, 2 grandmothers, 1 aunt, 1 uncle, and a baby sister.

SCENE 4A:

My baby sister. My little angel. She had the brightest eyes, soft, curly hair, tiny little feet. She was the most precious thing I had ever held. When I was seven, she was born. By the time I was 8, I was taking care of her and babysitting her. I was never happier.

"Allalalale, Allalalale, Manjula yelli? Where is Manjula? There is Manjula! Manjula, Manjunath. You manjula, me Manjunath. Manju, Manju. La, Nath! So, the Greatest common factor of our names is Manju! If we take it out, I will be Nath, and you will just be La! Do you know what La means in French? It is a note, do, re, mi, fa, so, la!! Sa re ga ma pa da ni! I will take you to foreign lands and get you chocolates, skirts, bangles, anything you want. But to go there, you should know the foreigner's language, English! See, languages are not just a way of communication. It's a gateway into the culture. appa-amma will teach you Kannada, Mani will teach you Tamil, Venkatachalla will teach you Telugu, oh, ha, Husseini, Namm garage Husseini .. he will teach you Hindi, and

I, I will teach you English! Oh oh oh oh. Albeda. Don't cry. Bannada thagadina tuturi, kasige condanu Kasturi, oh, you don't like that? I will sing it in English! There was a shiny trumpet, Kasturi bought it at the market., do re mi, fa so la ti do he played, do ti la, so fa mi re do he played.

It was a beautiful life. I went to school in the morning, came back home in the evening, played with my sister for a while, and then I would usually go to our landlord's house and do their chores. While I was doing their chores, their son would put on 1 movie every day. Their son was a huge movie freak, and I would listen to all of the movies while I was working. He put many different films, some blockbusters, some flops, some in Hindi, some in Tamil, some in Kannada, some in Spanish, and also plenty of English movies. I think that is how I developed my knack for languages. And, one day a week, I got to go to the market and sell our harvest.

#### Scene 4b

Wednesdays used to be my favorite day of the week, even though every Wednesday I had an exceptional amount of homework. [starts taking a pillowcase and starts loading it] Every Wednesday, I would load all of our fresh fruits and produce that we took from our farm into a few bags. Why? Because every Wednesday, the farmer's market was open. The farmer's market would open 30 minutes before school would end, and our teacher ended school early that day. He said that it was because he wanted fresh fruits [starts carrying the bag] [Starts laying out the fruits] but when my friends and I followed him to see what he actually did, we realized he just liked to explore the shops. Do you want to know what he did? [starts walking around] **Shantaakka, you only bring unripe fruits. Last time I tasted, it wasn't sweet at all. Next time bring actual ripe fruits. yo Sivanna what you doing? I called you to help out with the garden, and you just escaped? Huh? Come over there this Friday to redeem yourself.** Now you know what our teacher was doing. He was just loafing around. Since our teacher was not able to finish the classwork, he would assign extra homework. Even with this, Wednesdays were always my favorite day. It got better when I got to sell the fruits alone. As I said, I had a certain knack for languages, and I liked to think people only bought from me because I tried to have conversations with them in their language and in their culture because as you know, languages are a gateway into the culture. So there I was, one Wednesday, I had only two bags of fruits, and I was calling out to every single person trying to make conversation and get them to take my produce. Then, In the corner of my

eye, I spied a man, with a thick leather jacket, orange Ray-Ban glasses, slicked-back hair, Bright blue jeans, and a pair of beige shoes. I knew three things at once when I saw him. One; he was not from around this area, two, he was not here just for shopping, three, He was rich! If I could make a deal with him, I thought, I would be the happiest man in the world! I thought wrong. I yelled to him (in English, because all blue jeans speak English) "Hello! Hello, saaar! I speak your language! Tell me! If you want, I can cooperate with each and every one of these good people over here, and get you the best quality fruits." The man walked over. He had a very serious look on his face, almost like he was doomed. But when I talked to him, it was like he got an Idea, and his face became sort of hopeful. "What languages do you speak?" he asked. I was utterly perplexed. I was making him a great offer to get him the finest fruits, and yet he completely ignored that. Well fine! If I was selling him languages, so be it. I began "Saar are you Tamil?: PSHK! Naan oru thadava sonna, Nooru thadava sonna madiri" "No? Oh you are hindi. NAHIIIIIIII Basanti in kutto ke samne mat nachana" "or howabout Huston, tenemos un problema?" "Or are you Bangalore/Kannadadiga? Ee Preethi Prema Ella pustkad badnekay antha prove agoythu." "Not even Bangalore? Hmmm, are you foreign" Amused, he said "Can you do an English one?" I straightened myself up. It was so obvious! I should have started with English.

"Ok sir, I'm ready. You can't handle the truth! Son, we live in a world that has walls, and those walls have to be guarded by men with guns. Who's gonna do it? You? You, Lieutenant Weinberg? I have a greater responsibility than you can possibly fathom. You weep for Santiago and you curse the Marines. You have that luxury. You have the luxury of not knowing what I know, that Santiago's death, while tragic, probably saved lives. And my existence, while grotesque and incomprehensible to you, saves lives! You don't want the truth, because deep down in places you don't talk about at parties, you want me on that wall. You need me on that wall. We use words like "honor", "code", and "loyalty". We use these words as the backbone of a life spent defending something. You use them as a punchline. I have neither the time nor the inclination to explain myself to a man who rises and sleeps under the blanket of the very freedom that I provide, and then questions the manner in which I provide it! I would rather you just said "thank you", and went on your way. Otherwise, I suggest you pick up a weapon, and stand a post. Either way, I don't give a damn what you think you are entitled to!"

The man had a full-blown grin right now. He was clapping, and I saw all of the people from all of the other stands stand in front of me. Everyone knew I could act, but they only respected me now. He bought both of my bags and gave me 1000 rupees extra. I stopped him.

"Saaaaaaar! I only charge 1000 rupees per bag! You have given 1000 extra! But, Since I entertained you, I will take all 3000".

He smiled and walked away with the bag.

I ran back home and gave the money to my father. As I explained how I got the extra money, He smiled and gave me the 1000 rupees, saying "You earned it"

Delighted, I ran back to the market to see if they had toys and dresses for my sister. I thought this was the best day of my life. Again, I was wrong

#### **Scene 4c**

I took the toys and was heading back when [choking act\*lights out\* gets dragged into a ship\*lights out\*gets punched and falls to the ground\*lights out\* sitting down with ropes to back.]

What just happened? What happened? Well, I got kidnapped, Illegally shipped, but to where? I didn't know it then, But I was on a ship headed to Michoacan. Does that ring any bells? Then, about a fortnight later, I finally got to meet the man who was behind this all. He was the same man who I had entertained at the market. The blue jeans that spoke English. He was a man in his mid-20s, and he was a grocery broker. An Indian grocery broker, with the name none other, than Rohit Rajan.

#### **Scene 5: Rohit's background:**

Rohit, the callus of the MRK family. The only son of Dr. MRK Rajan and Dr. Suma Rajan. Hailing from Mysore, both Suma & MRK Rajan, arrived in New York as a young couple. Suma was just 19, not even a graduate. They were both unaware of how to run the family, but they were hungry. Hungry to achieve and succeed. The wolf on the hill is not as hungry as the wolf climbing the hill. Suma completed her medical course here in the states. Both these wolves became part of the elite pact of medical doctors, and only then did they decide to have a child. Their wolf pup was named Rohit Rajan, born with a silver spoon. He got everything, every toy from the market, every outfit he wanted, everything he was interested in, except for time from his parents. The hungry wolves continued to be hungry, now, read it as greedy, while their only pup was tossing himself belly full. Pampered, protected, and cared for by all the state-of-the-art gadgets and things. Things... that's how he saw his world. No

relationships, it was just things. Rohit could afford to fiddle with everything. Distraction was his yomiddle name. Monday was soccer, Tuesday was piano, Wednesday was baseball, Thursday was the flute, Friday was math, Saturday was swimming, and Sunday was the violin. But the following Monday was not soccer again, it had already changed to basketball. The guilt of not spending enough time with him was compensated by giving him the leeway to try different things... things. Experimentation was the polished word that they used to define his distractions. He took a year off after his twelfth grade to travel to all of the big cities. He then had to take another break to recover from his original break. He joined a graduate school but got inspired by Bill Gates and Mark Zuckerberg for the wrong reasons. And as you may have guessed, he dropped out. This wolf took his truck and drove around everywhere like a headless chicken. He had gotten into all of the bad habits. You name it, he knew it, because he did it. To save their face, his parents coined a profession for him, drumroll please, (drumroll) Let's give it up for the one and only Rohit Rajan, the Environmental Activist (quick short jazzy trumpet tune)! The one who always smokes, throws cans, plastics, and polythenes on streets, and burns fossil fuels through his old smog spewing F150, he is an environmental activist. And the irony is that he had started believing that he was a professional environmental activist. He visited California and met farmers and agriculturalists for the namesake, and then? And then he smoked away his parent's hard-earned money. It was then that his uncle advised his father to cut him off from the monetary line. This was their last resort to bring him back on track, and they actually partially succeeded. He had to now earn his living. After fighting with his parents he moved to San Diego and found a shortcut to live. Mexico cultivates groceries but they need avenues to sell here. Being a citizen of the US, he could bridge the gap. He became a grocery broker. Buying for less in Mexico and selling it high here. When he started this business, he was not necessarily doing the worst thing, because this version of him was noble compared to what he did a year later. As you can see by now, Rohit is lazy. He wants easy money. Initially, he got it from his parents. Then he turned to this brokerage business. But he wants easier money. Rohit started learning about drug cartels and started exporting marijuana. He went on with this unethical business for 2 years. His organic foods exports had plummeted dramatically, but he still had countless random bookings on cargo ships. The police could not help but wonder what Rohit was up to. When they confronted him, he evaded them on the pretext of leaving for an important ceremony in India that needed him to stay back there for 30 days. Still suspicious, the police arrived at his house with a warrant, but Rohit had already covered up all of the evidence. The police had to let him

go, but they would do a full investigation once he was back. He couldn't tell his parents, and he could not get help in any other way. He needed to cover up his blunder fast, and in the process, he made yet another blunder. In India, he kept thinking and thinking about how he could cover up all that mess. Exporting cheap tropical fruits from India to the US seemed like the only way to bail out. But still, he could not do anything "productive", because in the back of his mind was the fate that he could not accept. He finally convinced himself to go to the market in Nanjangud. This man, with a thick leather jacket, orange Ray-Ban glasses, slicked-back hair, bright blue jeans, and a pair of beige shoes, went to the market. Lost in his thoughts, he dragged himself through the stalls. He was completely oblivious to his surroundings until a boy called out to him. "Hello! Hello, saaar! I speak your language!" That boy who called out to Rohit was none other than me. Startled, he stopped with a jerk and looked across. Boom! A new idea sprung up in his head. He had dealt with an illegal business in Mexico for 2 years... and there is something special about this number. If you adopt a child from another country, then you have to stay in that country for two years along with that child. If he could narrate a story, of a Mexican boy, who faced a lot of hardships, maybe, his dog died, his father died, his stepfather was the worst, and maybe even his mother abandoned him! If Rohit could somehow wedge himself into that story, if he could somehow become the boy's savior, the one to take care of him, then, not only would he be free of all charges, he would actually become a hero! Tch/Heh! I don't know about you, but I think I can easily pass for a Mexican. That was more than enough good things for Rohit, so he kidnapped me and forced me to tell these lies. Why did I play along? And what was in it for me? I'll tell you that later. Because now, I have the opportunity to tell the whole wide world what a fraud Rohit is. The Ellen Degeneres show. I have planned a 3 pronged attack, each having a specific target, and each in one segment of my, or Oscar's monologue. The first segment will be the introduction. Here, I will introduce myself, and I will launch the first attack on the avocado injustice in Mexico. Next comes the build, where I build on what I had previously said, make Rohit look like a hero, and launch the second attack on everyone's heart, Gaining everyone's trust and sympathy. Finally, the reveal. You'll see what is going to happen.

[lights out]

## Scene 6

[Spotlight comes on a chair with Oscar. The Ellen theme song plays]

"Here she is! Ellen Degeneres"

Ellen: Hello Everyone! Welcome back to the Ellen show! Let's all welcome our newest guest!

Oscar: Hello. My name is Oscar Rodriguez and I'm 12 years old! And I am running the "say-no to the avocado" campaign. Avocados are a source of many vitamins, good fat, and an amazing taste. But do you know what else avocados are the source of? Wars. Mafias. Murders. People Kill each other for avocados in Mexico. This is the reason my father died.

Manjunaath: Oh, and by the way, that was the introduction. Lets keep going

Oscar: Then came my mother's second husband, Jose. Jose hated me. He ignored me, treated me like a slave, and put me in the avocado farms when I was just 7. And this was all because of a mental illness called ADHD. At that point in time, Caesar walked into my life. He was a stray dog, and he was my best friend forever. Or so I thought then. We played, we worked, and we did everything together. He was my angel descending from heaven. But he had to go back. He had to go back to heaven. God forced Caesar to leave me, and now, Jose forced my mother to leave me. I was all alone again. But then Rohit adopted me! He gave me treatments, and now I am nearly free of any mental illnesses. My father, Rohit, is also very brilliant! He knows how to solve things.

Manjunaath: This part, was the build. I can see Ellen reaching for her handkerchief. And now... The reveal. Oh and by the way, Rohit is sitting over there! He's just waiting to be called up and given a standing ovation, but oh, boy does he know the surprise he is in for.

As an example, when we were in Mexico, and we were loading all of the fresh produce, I found a bunch of these weird leaves that looked like my hand in one of the bags. I was curious, and I ate some of it, and then I got tipsy, my eyes started to blur, and I fainted but that is not the point. My father helped me and told me he used those leaves to keep everything fresh! He is also very humble about it; he told me not to tell anyone and not to brag about him to anyone else especially when I am sitting in front of you, Ellen. [looking at the camera]. And Ellen, I know that you don't accept things without any proof... So you can send your team to find some of those leaves in our cupboard, in the garage. [Looks at the Rohit] Dad I am sorry, I broke the promise but I am just so proud of you and I will make you proud too.

[footsteps]

And that's how I did it! It's how I told the world what a bad person Rohit was. And the world still thinks that I am the innocent Oscar. The show abruptly stopped, the cops found out that Rohit was a drug dealer, went to Rohit's house with a warrant, caught him by surprise, and arrested him, all the while I sat there pretending to be innocent and confused. He was found guilty, and was sent to jail. "The opportunity of defeating the enemy is provided by the enemy himself"

### Scene 7

Now, what was in it for me? Let me tell you something. I knew a few things about adoption myself. If Rohit is my biological father, then Rohit can prevent me from inheriting from him. But now that I am his adopted child, I have the legal rights to all of Rohit's assets, either after his death or if he is taken into custody. Rohit is rich; because of his parents, he is actually bloody rich. If I inherit even just a part of his assets, I can make my family's life so much better! But, everyone knows me as Oscar. If I try to change that, then my life will get screwed. My real identity was robbed from me. But I can adopt Manjula and make my family's life better, I can try to inch closer to the life I once lived, but I will never be Manjula's brother again. I will never be the innocent Manjunath of Nanjangud again. I balanced Rohit for so long, what? For a year? Maybe more! But for what? I did say this was for my family, but for many days, I sat there, thinking: what if my family has forgotten about me? What if they moved on? But my family does not have to love me for me to love them back, right? The true meaning of love! Isn't this what unconditional love is all about? Do you remember Nanjundeshwara? Shiva, Manjunatha, poison, Nanju, Nanjangud, Nanjundeshwara? To save the universe, he held poison in his throat. My family is my universe. Can I not balance this poison of Oscar for them? This gift is a curse. This is what I have done in the scenarios fate has thrown at me, but I have only been nominated to have a good life. I am not an Oscar awardee, yet, but I am most definitely an Oscar nominee.