

# BTHI-005 Class Room Play Production(Manual)



**Block****1****CLASS ROOM PLAY PRODUCTION**

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**Play 1 Dharna** **25**

Based on Premchand's Story Sharab ki Dukan.

Dramatization Vivek Kumar (Hindi) Translation:  
Rakhi Chauhan Mehta (English)

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**Play 2 Yellow Scooter Man** **36**Playwright: Manav Koul

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**Play 3 Gou Grahan** **59**

Playwright: Tanikalla Bharani (Telugu)

Translation: Dr. Govindaraju Bharadwaza (Hindi)

Translation: Rakhi Chauhan Mehta (English)

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**Play 4 Choron Ki Gaadi** **67**

Playwright: Shankara Manchi Pardharasathi (Telugu)

Translation: Dr. Govindaraju Bharadwaza (Hindi)

Translation: Rakhi Chauhan Mehta (English)

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**Play 5 The Quest for Truth** **119**

Story: GR. Maharshi (Telugu)

Dramatization: Dr. Govindaraju Bharadwaza (Hindi)

Translation: Rakhi Chauhan Mehta (English)

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March, 2021

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ISBN :

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Printed and published on behalf of the Indira Gandhi National Open University, New Delhi by Director, School of Performing and Visual Arts.

We acknowledge the reference of material and figures from various sources like NNE, AIIMS, WHO, UNICEF, IGNOU, Govt. of India etc.

Laser Typesetting : Akashdeep Printers, 20-Ansari Road, Daryaganj, New Delhi-110002

Printed at :

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## **BLOCK INTRODUCTION**

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This manual is a part of the Diploma Programme in Theatre Arts (DTH). There are five courses in this programme. Of which one is theoretical and four are practical. In this course we are going to discuss here the practical course in which we will try to learn and understand the art of Play Production. The Play Production manual includes the basic understanding about the Play Production and its various aspects supported by different plays.

This manual provides a variety of Plays for practice. The learner is expected to read all the Plays and analyse them and perform at least one play in every six months. In other words one play in first six months and another in last six months. The learners are exposed to Class Room Play Production at their study centres under the supervision of Academic Counsellors. At the end of each Play Production, it is advised to discuss the process, procedure and the outcomes of each play in terms of its scope to create performance, Text, Pre-text and Post-text and possibilities of various methods of Play Production.

You have to write down your observations in the book at the end of each Play and if you have identified any new scripts for Play Production share them with us. We welcome you all to the wonderful and fascinating world of theatre. Wish you a happy learning.



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# DHARNA

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CAST –

**Sabhapati**

**Party Workers**

**Mrs.Saxena**

**Jay Ram**

**Chammu**

**Volunteers**

**Drunkards**

**Shopkeeper of Liquor Shop**

**Thanedar**

**Constable**

**Shopkeeper of Lemonade Shop**

Conference Hall. People are sitting on the chairs, Party President is sitting in the middle, Party workers are sitting on the both sides. All are talking and advising each other on some matters.

Sabhapati : Listen, listen to what I'm saying, I want to.... I want to say that...

*(Nobody pays attention, he taps on the table loudly to gain attention. Everybody becomes silent.)*

Sabhapati : At least you all should restraint yourselves. If you people will become uncontrollable, then who will present the matter in the right manner to the public. The issue here is, who should go to the liquor and toddy shops? And you guys are busy in mundane conversation.

Party Worker 1 : Sabhapati ji, this very sensitive matter . Getting arrested by the police is not a very big thing. Police personnel understand their responsibilities. Good and bad people are everywhere, not all the police officers except few, are not so uncivilized, they would not mistreat those who are ready to give life for the country, But where can one find this sense of responsibility in drunkards ?

Party Worker 2 : Most of them are not in a habit of bowing to any power other than rebuke and abuse. Beating can sober them up; But that door is closed for pacifists. Then why to invite trouble for no rhyme or reason, who wants to be insulted by the drunkards?

Party Worker 1 : Very likely they may create fracas . Who wants to be beaten by them? Then the policemen will not sit and watch the spectacle. They will provoke them even more.Influenced by the police, whatever these addicts will do, will not be less..

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- Party Worker 3 : We cannot pay back in the same coin with interest and this community cannot be impressed by request.
- Party Worker 4 : In my view, the Panchayats should be restored again in these communities.. Here our Panchayats have become lifeless due to our carelessness. Apart from this, I do not think there is any other solution.
- Sabhapati : Yes, it is a solution. I have noted down, but picketing is compulsory.
- (Mrs. Saxena enters with an umbrella in one hand and purse hanging on her shoulder. She is wearing big black glasses. As soon as she enters the room, all eyes are on her. Everyone offers her seats to sit. She takes seats in the corner ignoring everyone.)*
- Party Worker 5 : If we go to their homes and explain, then there will be a good effect.
- Sabhapati : *(scratching his head)* This is also a good solution; But we cannot avoid picketing.
- Mrs Saxena : Can women picket at liquor shops?
- (Whispering starts amongst the workers).*
- Sabhapati : *(Taps the table to pacify everyone.)* Mahatma ji has insisted on handing this work over to women but...
- Mrs Saxena : Then allow me to handle this.
- Party Worker 5 : *(To worker 3 sitting next to him)* what a fearless woman.
- Party Worker 3 : *(Sarcastically)* She wants to drag us into thorns, nothing else. Poor girl! She will be picketing? Huh, She won't even be able to stand in front of the shop.
- Sabhapati : I appreciate your courage and enthusiasm, but in my view, the condition of this city is not such that the ladies can go for picketing. You are not aware of how loud mouth these addicts are. They don't understand humility.
- Mrs Saxena : *(sarcastically)* So what do you think that a time will come when alcoholic people will become effigies of humility and modesty? This condition will always be there. After all, Mahatma ji has given this task to women after some thinking. I cannot say if I'll succeed; But postponing this duty will not work.
- Sabhapati : *(Indecisively)* I think it is not appropriate to drag you for this work, rest it is up to you.
- Mrs Saxena : *(Politely)* I will not come to you with a complaint that I was beaten or abused by such and such a man. I know that much, that if I succeed, then there will be no shortage of women. They will come forward to take this work in their hands.

*(Jay Ram- is sitting quietly on the other side gets up)*

- Jay Ram : I would like to request Sabhapati ji that by giving this job to Mrs. Saxena, you are inviting the violence. It would be better that you hand this work to me.
- Mrs Saxena : *(With a little anger)* There are even more chances of the violence at your end. Forgot when you were imprisoned for giving a blunt speech. That time, there was no family burden on your head.
- Jay Ram : *(Politely)* You should not do this dirty work for my sake. Give me a week's time. If there is a riot somewhere in the meantime, you will have every the right to expel me.
- Mrs Saxena : The patience is required for this work which is absent in you. You slapped the Inspector in the jail for using abusive words and then your sentence was increased for three months. I do not boast but you have responsibilities towards your family.
- Jay Ram : *(Politely)* You are deciding on my previous record. You are forgetting that with the progressing time, arrogance of man subsides.
- Sabhapati : I want, Mr. Jay Ram to take this work in his hands.
- Jay Ram : *(with a pleased mood)* I thank you with a sincere heart.
- Mrs Saxena : *(Frustrated)* Mr. Jay Ram, you have done a great injustice to me and I will never forgive you. Today you all have again proved that women cannot even serve their country under the shadow of men.

## SCENE CHANGE

### LIQOUR SHOP

*Liquor and toddy shop. The intoxicated addicts sitting in the groups are drinking.*

- Drunkard 1 : Bhai, there is no certainty in life. Yes, no certainty. Trust me, life has no certainty. Only this eating and feeding will stay in memories. money - wealth, land and property all fade away!

*(Other two drunkards start debating)*

- Drunkard 2 : Me and you, We are subjects bhaiya! We don't have the audacity to raise our heads in front of the government? Sit down in your home and curse your emperor but doing that out in the field is difficult.
- Drunkard 3 : Where are you bhai! Government is a big thing, seeing a red turban, you run to your home. When a small person sits with his stomach full, he thinks he is the king. But he should not forget his status.



Drunkard 4 : Well said, Khan Saheb. Stick to your reality. The King is King is and subjects are subjects. Is it possible for Subjects to become King?

Jay Ram enters accompanied by some party workers with Flags.

Jay Ram : Ram Ram bhaio ! Ram Ram!

*Everybody turns and looks at them with suspicion. The shopkeeper says something secretly in the ear of one of his servants and the servant goes out from the shop.*

Jay Ram : Bhaio, It is Mahatma Gandhi's order that you should not drink liquor- tadi. The money you blow here, if you spend it on feeding your children, what a good thing it would be. Just for momentary pleasure ,your children sleep hungry, live in dirty houses, abused by Mahajan. Think! You can take very good care of your beloved children with this money!

Drunkard 1 : *(to his companions)* Bhai, it is indeed a bad thing, it leaves the house devastated. But When spent the whole life drinking, now why leave it at verge of death?

Drunkard 4 : Well said Chaudhary, When spent the whole life drinking now why to leave it at verge of death?

Jay Ram : Wah Chaudhary, this is the right age to give it up. Youth is passion driven. Everything is seems fine at that age.

Drunkard 3 : If drinking is bad then why do Englishmen drink?

Jay Ram : You have asked a very good question, bhai! The father and forefathers of Englishmen were robbers, just one or two hundred years ago. Our father and forefathers were sages. If children of the robbers want to drink , let them drink. They have neither religion nor virtues But why should the children of sages copy them. We and you are the children of Mahatmas, who taught the world, who made the world civilized. We left our virtues, as a result today we are slaves. But now we have decided to break the shackles of slavery and ...

*(Thanedar and Constable enters.)*

Thanedar : Are these people threatening you?

Drunkard 1 : *(Stands up)* No, he is explaining us. How lovingly he is explaining. Wah!

Thanedar : *(Warns Jay Ram)* If riots ignite here, you will be responsible.

Jay Ram : I am responsible only when you are not here.

Thanedar : what do you mean, I'm here to create Brawl?

- Jay Ram : I never said this, but if you have come, then you will definitely showcase the immense power of the English Empire. There will be furor in public. Then you will thrash them and kill ten or twenty people. Same as always, it happens everywhere and will also happen here.
- Thanedar : *(bites his lips)* I tell you, go away from here, otherwise I will have to take action.
- Jay Ram : And I say, let me do my work. My brothers are gathered here and I have every right to talk to them like you.
- Thanedar : *(Goes to the shopkeeper)* These people are not going to settle down.
- Shopkeeper : Hujur, don't dash my hopes.
- Thanedar : Why don't you call two-four goons and drive them away? I will not say anything. Yes, just send some good quality bottle. Don't know what you sent yesterday, there was no fun *(exits)*
- Drunkard 1 : *(to his partner)* Kallu,? Thanedar was in a bad mood. The Government wants us to drink plenty of liquor and no one must come and convince us against it. Liquor money goes to the Government?
- Drunkard 2 : *(Philosophically)* Everyone draws money with every way possible!
- Drunkard 1 : Then what is the advice? It is indeed a bad thing.
- Drunkard 2 : It is a very bad thing, bhaiya, if Mahatma ji has asked, then one must leave it.
- Drunkard 1 : Okay, take this, if I drink again call me two facet. *(keep the bottle in Jay Ram-'s feet.)*
- (Jay Ram happily claps for them. At the same time, other drinkers also keep their bottles close to Jay Ram- while uttering 'Mahatma ji ki jai'. A volunteer rushes in and fetches a garland of flowers, puts around the neck of Drunkards and Hugs. Some of the addicts sitting in the other corner of the stage were staring at the four men with devotion and surprise. Drunkard 5 comes pats drunkard 1.)***
- Drunkard 1 : Don't pat my back, just go and throw the bottle.
- Drunkard 5 : Let me drink today. Allah knows, I will not come here tomorrow
- Drunkard 1 : Take this money for leftovers, go home and give sweets to your children.
- Drunkard 5 : *(In the Excitement throws the bottle)* Now what will you say? Happy now?

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- Drunkard 1 : You never drink now?
- Drunkard 5 : If you will not drink, then I will also not drink. The day you will start , I'll also start.
- (Jay Ram goes to the people who are still drinking shamelessly)*
- Jay Ram : Bhaio! You saw. Your five brothers have thrown bottles in front of you. Will you let them win?
- (All Six drunkard get up)*
- Drunkard 6 : We drink! None of your business! We don't beg from you.
- Jay Ram : If I try to set my house on fire, will you not hold my hand after seeing it? I have not a single doubt that you will not only grab my hand, but will forcefully pull me away from there.
- Drunkard 1 : *(To the drunkard-6)* Now slam the bottle down.
- Drunkard 6 : Why? Haven't I paid?
- Drunkard 1 : Leave him babu ji !, they are not one of those who will pay any heed .Even if you die in front of them they will not leave alcohol. Yes, if police threaten them once, then they will never return here even by mistake.
- Drunkard 6 : What is your interest? Why do you jump in between? Who are you to come between us? I am not like you, who will slam the bottle to get appreciation and lick my spit tomorrow and drink at home. If I give up, I will do that with an honest heart. Then even if somebody offers me lacks of rupia, I will not look at it.
- Jay Ram : I expected the same from you all.
- Drunkard 1 : *(sarcastically)* you think that, I will come again tomorrow?
- Drunkard 6 : *(With a little arrogance)* Yes, yes, I say you will come, you will come. shall I write it on solid paper.
- Drunkard 1 : Okay Bhaiya! You are a very holy person and I 'm sinner. You will leave it for life time and I will leave today and will start again tomorrow, this is true. Just remember one thing, you will leave it, when life will leave your side. You cannot leave it before that.
- Drunkard 6 : What do you know about what is in my heart?
- Drunkard 1 : I know, faced millions like you?
- Drunkard 6 : You would have come across shameless people, not a decent man. *(keeps the bottle down)*.If you see me here ever again, rub the polish on my face.
- (Everybody claps, shopkeeper comes).*

- Shopkeeper : Why don't you go to your shops? Do I go to anyone's shop?
- Party worker : We will stand, It's none of your business, you are not the owner of this road. . Someone's children may die of hunger but you will not stop robbing poors. *(to other drunkards)* What ! friends! Will you still continue drinking? You know, whose order is this? Arey! have some decency.
- Jay Ram : *(To the crowd)* please don't crowd- up here! don't Chivvy or reproach each other!
- (On the one hand, debate is going on, while on the other side, some people are sitting and drinking. At this point, a man enters the stage. He is drunk. He reaches the arguing crowd and tries to understand what the matter is. He glances at the bottles on the ground near Jay Ram's feet. He walks straight to Jay Ram-ignoring everyone and picks up a bottle of liquor. Everyone's attention diverts on him. He tries to drink alcohol. On which some drunkards start snatching the bottle from him. Jay Ram rushes towards him to save him. somebody hit his head with lathi. He falls unconscious.)*

## SCENE CHANGE

### JAY RAM'S HOUSE

*He is lying on bed with bandages on head. There is a knock on the Door. Mrs. Saxena enters with another female party worker.*

- Jay Ram : *(To his wife)* Who is there chammu?
- Chammu : *(welcomes them, helps Jay Ram )* They have come to see you.
- Mrs. Saxena : You are injured very badly, it's all my fault.
- Jay Ram : *(Thankfully)* Not that bad as it looks , they have tied all this bandage and all.
- Mrs Saxena : *(Feeling guilty)* I should not have let you go.
- Jay Ram : It was not right for you to go there. I will still request you, don't go that side.
- Mrs Saxena : *(With a winning smile )* I have got the permission to go there.
- Jay Ram : Accept my little request, it's not a big thing for lame people to behave atrociously.
- Mrs Saxena : I'm not scared of atrocity!
- Jay Ram : Then I will also go with you.
- Mrs Saxena : *(Surprisingly)* In this condition?

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- Jay Ram : I'm absolutely fine, really!
- Mrs Saxena : Not Done! unless and until, the doctor says that you are fine, I will not let you go there. No ways.
- Jay Ram : Then I will not let you go.
- Mrs.Saxena : *(Sarcastically)* You are like other men, Selfish. You don't want to give opportunity to women, you want to enjoy the fame alone. At least see if I'm capable or not.
- Jay Ram : *(Sadly)* As you wish.

**SCENE CHANGE**

JAY RAM'S HOUSE

Song

Vande Mataram!

Sujalam, suphalam, malayaja shitalam,

Shasyashyamalam, Mataram!

Vande Mataram!

Shubhrajyotsna pulakitayaminim,

Phullakusumita drumadala shobhinim,

Suhasinim sumadhura bhashinim,

Sukhadam varadam, Mataram!

Vande Mataram, Vande Mataram!

- Jay Ram : What is going on?
- Chammu : *(Goes to window and looks outside)* same woman who came yesterday, she is holding the Flag and leading men. Shameless!

***(Volume of song raises as Procession passes by and then lowers as it moves far.)***

- Jay Ram : *(Gets up with the help of walking stick)* I am going.
- Chammu : *(Holds his hand)* Yesterday only you got beaten up and now you want to go there.
- Jay Ram : *(Pointing to his injuries)* you call them injuries and I call them Gifts.
- Chammu : *(Comes in a way)* I'm saying you are not feeling well, don't go why are you after my life? Her body is not diamond studded, which will be scraped by someone.
- Jay Ram : *(Pleads)* I'm all right, Chmmu! Just think, how's it possible that a lady goes for picketing in the midst of those lames and I sit at home. I have to be there. If anything happens at least, I will be there to handle and convince people.
- Chammu : *(With jealousy)* Why Don't you say that something else is driving you?

Jay Ram : *(Smiles)* you are saying this from your throat not from your heart. *( goes out limping with the help of walking stick, mutters )* there are around three lakh men in the city, thirty members in the committee, but everybody is trying to avoid the situation. They have found a good excuse that it is okay for women go for picketing at liquor shops. women are considered the best for this work? Just because men lose their control, when they are supposed to react with humility they react aggressively. But why should women face the harassment ? At least I can't ignore it.

### SCENE CHANGE

#### LEMONADE SHOP

Shopkeeper : Babuji! those four scoundrels are back again, if you hadn't save them yesterday, they would have been drinking Haldi syrup today instead of liquor. *( gives lemonade to Jay Ram)*

Jay Ram : you all came in between, otherwise I would have taught them lesson.

Shopkeeper : No babuji, they are hard core criminals, I don't even allow them to Stand in front of my shop. They have spent three years in jail, all four of them.

#### *(Volunteer Comes there)*

Jay Ram : What is happening there?

Volunteer : Nothing, Madam is trying to Convince those men.

Jay Ram : That's it? I know that already.

Volunteer : She shouldn't have gone there In front of those lousy creeps.

Jay Ram : Tell me clearly, what is it?

Volunteer : Nobody is taking her seriously, She is not supposed to be there.

#### *(Jay Ram Immediately picks the lathi and goes aggressively.)*

### SCENE CHANGE

#### LIQUOR SHOP

#### *Jay Ram enters aggressively in the liquor shop and warns*

Jay Ram : If I see any of you treating ladies indecently, outcome will not be in your favor. Yesterday I saved you but today I will break your skull.

Mrs. Saxena : Why have you come here? I told you yesterday, not to move from your place. I didn't asked for your help.

- Jay Ram : I had no such intention. Had some work, I was just passing by. I saw the commotion, so I came here. Today I will propose to congress committee, to send the men for this work.
- Mrs. Saxena : According to you all the work in the world is meant for men?
- Jay Ram : I didn't mean that.
- Mrs. Saxena : Go home take rest and let me do my work. *(Jay Ram keeps standing there with head down)* Why are you standing here now?
- Jay Ram : *(Request)* I will just stand here, in the corner.
- Mrs. Saxena : *(Strongly)* No! Please Go!  
*(Jay Ram leaves.)*

## SCENE CHANGE

### LEMONADE SHOP

*Jay Ram comes and sit. holding a glass of juice. One volunteer comes and stands close to him.*

- Jay Ram : What is happening there?
- Volunteer : I don't know Babuji, please don't ask me.
- Jay Ram : *(Softly)* Are they teasing again?
- Volunteer : No ! one man pushed her, and she fell.
- Jay Ram : What were other volunteers doing?
- Volunteer : Nothing, Madam is not allowing us to speak.
- Jay Ram : He pushed her badly?
- Volunteer : Yes, she fell, her knee is injured. They were drinking, when the bottle was over, one of them got up to fetch another bottle, she stopped him midway, and he pushed her. Same dark fat man. Group of those four men is behind this act.  
*(Jay Ram get up aggressively and leaves.)*

## SCENE CHANGE

### LIQUOR SHOP

*Mrs. Saxena is sitting on floor holding her head. Jay Ram grabs the neck of fat man. Mrs. Saxena tries to stops him.*

- Mrs Saxena : Leave his neck, you want to kill him ?
- Jay Ram : Yes! I will take his life, he deserves it.
- Mrs Saxena : You don't have any right to come here?

Volunteer : Babu ji! grab more tightly , so that he can't breathe. He pushed madam so badly that she fell. We are not allowed to speak, otherwise we would have crushed his bones.

*(Jay Ram leaves the neck of drunkard. Drunkard gets up fearfully and stands. Jay Ram pushes him away.)*

Jay Ram : Why don't you go from here? You better go, I will sit here. If you find that single drop of liquor is sold here, you can pin back my ears.

Mrs. Saxena : You are not Congress. I'm not her to follow your orders. If you'll not leave from here, I will do Satyagraha. *(Strongly)* as long as congress allows me to continue this duty, you have no right to interfere. You are insulting me. You will have to answer in front of congress committee.

*(Jay Ram feels agitated and he leaves.)*

### SCENE CHANGE

*Non verbal scene Jay Ram enters. He is standing lost in thought. Other side Mrs. Saxena is trying to stop drunkards from buying drinks. She sits in the midway. Drunkards in return push her aside rashly but she repeatedly tries to stop them. Suddenly she get pushed, she falls and her head bleeds. Volunteer rushes to Jay Ram to inform him about the scenario.*

Volunteer : Babuji, after you left from there, madam was trying to stop them from buying liquor. That fat man bought the bottle. When he was leaving madam sat on the floor midway. He wanted to go and she was not letting him. He pushed her aside many time but she again came and sat. In this hustle- bustle her cloth got torn and some injury....

*(Jay Ram leave hurriedly.)*

### SCENE CHANGE

#### LIQUOR SHOP

*Mrs Saxena is standing with her head down. Volunteers are lying in front of the shop. Jay Ram enters and looks at her blood soaked face. He aggressively attacks the drunkards with lathi. Mrs saxena tries to stop him but he seems to be unstoppable, suddenly Mrs. Saxena faints. He stops and throws the lathi away. Volunteers approach her, shopkeeper rushes and brings water. Fat drunkard smashes the bottle.*

Drunkard : *(To shopkeeper)*How many lives you business will take? It is the second day!

Shopkeeper : I resign! I will start the business of Swadeshi fabric. There is Glory in it, Welfare in it.

Drunkard : You will be in loss.

Shopkeeper : Loss and profit both are part of life.

**(The End)**



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## YELLOW SCOOTER MAN

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**Manav Kaul**

**CAST –**

**Lal**

**Father**

**Pitamber**

**Neel**

**Old Man**

*Lal is writing something. As he finishes, a girl named Neel and a boy named Pitamber come waltzing in, look at each other and stop dancing. The lights black out and when they come on again, Pitamber is sitting in Lal's place, and Lal is dancing with Neel. Another blackout, and when the lights come on, we see that Pitamber has started writing, Neel has left and Lal is dancing by himself. After a while Lal sleeps. Blackout. When the lights come on again, the doorbell rings. Lal's father comes in, keeps his suitcase down and strokes Lal's head. Lal gets up with a start.*

Lal : You?

Father : I told you I'd be here by 7.30.

Lal : *(Touches father's feet)* I was sleeping..

Father : How are you feeling?

Lal : I am fine.

Father : Jaundice again?

Lal : Again... meaning? I had it as a child. Then I got it now, and it's almost gone.

Father : I told you not to

Lal : Arey I did not sell the scooter, I was just fixing a deal. But no one wants to buy that damn scooter

Father : Why did you even think of selling it?

Lal : Why ? Thinking about it causes jaundice?

Father : It can happen to you.

Lal : I know.*(Both to audience)*

When I was a kid, I had jaundice

Father : Twice!

Lal : Yes, yes twice. And you had called a witchdoctor

Father : My father wandered about from village to village carrying him.

- Lal : Not village to village, just two villages..and he didn't wander, he went. Then some baba tied a talisman and said the jaundice would go in 21 days..
- Father : .. and than any favorite object of his should be yellow. If it isn't, then paint it yellow. So we stumbled around the house carrying him, and asking what was his favorite thing.
- Lal : I must have been crazy to point to that scooter
- Father : And I had to paint my scooter yellow
- Lal : And I am still lugging it around with me for fear of jaundice. I am not afraid of jaundice, it's just his superstition. In every letter he asks, is the scooter alright, have you got it serviced, it's been three months.
- Father : What colour is your helmet.( *silence*)You got my letter?
- Lal : A few days ago.
- Father : You read it?
- Lal : Have Sent the scooter for servicing.
- Father : I didn't write for the scooter servicing, but to inform you that I am coming today to meet you.
- Lal : I know. You wrote that on the top- arriving at 7.30.
- Father : Because I know you never open my letters. You need money?
- Lal : No.
- Father : How's work?
- Lal : I am not working. Have been on leave for two months.
- Father : Forget what happened.
- Lal : I am trying, but these days this splinter hurts a lot.
- Father : Who are you trying to punish? Me or yourself?
- Lal : I am writing a story.
- Father : Why do you want to write a story if you don't even know how it ends?
- Lal : I have a lot of questions.
- Father : What do you want to know?
- Lal : Why was the news of Indira Gandhi's death not told to Dadaji?
- Father : You already know why.
- Lal : Yes ...I know the answer, but I don't know if it is right or wrong.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Father : Why are you after this story? Can't you write about something else?
- Lal : I am writing... the story of a vulture....the story of vulture and an old man. That old man sits all day in the seventh floor balcony of the house across from mine. I am writing his story... but...
- Father : But what?
- Lal : Why does every character in my story ride a yellow scooter?
- Father : Why don't you forget about the yellow scooter?
- Lal : I want to throw it out of my life.
- Father : Don't do that!
- Lal : Why? Because you think I'll die of jaundice?
- Father : Yes
- Lal : Nobody dies like that!
- Father : You grandfather strictly forbade it.
- Lal : Fine, I will keep it with me as long as I live, but the condition is that you have to tell me the end of the story.
- Father : You are afraid. You don't really want to know the end.
- Lal : I want to.
- Father : Look, some things in life are like mathematical equations. If you have to solve them, you have to start with a given. Your problem is that you have to accept the end. The given end this, therefore the story is this.
- Lal : Okay, so at least tell me why you did not tell Dadaji about Indira Gandhi's death?
- Father : That I myself need to... *(Starts to leave)*
- Lal : Where are you going?
- Father : Bathroom *(Lal sleeps)* I have a spade ,with that I 'm cutting the hill of a white future, and tossing its soil behind. A big hill of the past is forming Behind. Despite cutting constantly there is still a white hill of the future in front of me, and behind me a load of the past cut up by the spade. Grass has grown on the hill of the past, It is now greenwood. All those incidents that seemed bitter while they were being experienced, have turned into a huge, shade-giving tree on the hill of the past. Many stories of the past comes with no end, the end takes place along with that story. But you are either not present at that precise moment, or you are too young, or you don't want to know the end for fear of it being very frightening. Such stories

turn into huge stones on the hill of the past. Which you then have to lug around your whole life.

*(The father leaves, there is a blackout and then lights come on. It is evening. Lal slept all night, all of the next day; he woke up at 7.30 am—a fact that Pitamber brings up later— and went right back to sleep. Lal feels strangely uneasy. He picks up his father’s last letter, which hasn’t been opened yet. A lot of other opened letters are strewn all over. Lal goes in to make tea, then goes and stands in the balcony with his cup. Pitamber stops writing)*

Pitamber : I woke just before nightfall and realized that I had slept all of the previous night and the whole day. I had woken up in between at 7.30 and fallen asleep again. Now my head felt heavy and everything seemed strange. I cursed myself, what was happening to me? As it is I wasn’t doing anything for the past two months. But to spend a whole day and a whole night sleeping, I wondered how much ahead those people must have moved, who were with me will the day before yesterday. I got up, drank some water, didn’t know what else to do, so put the tea kettle on... now how would I spend the whole night? In any case, getting sleep, depends on your relationship with the night... anyway, so I strained the tea and came and stood in the balcony. I can’t see the entire city from my balcony (*an old man signals from the balcony and goes away*), just the two tall buildings opposite and between them is visible the city’s highway. I had got used to seeing this view of the world from the balcony, so whenever I looked out, I stood for hours. Each time, this small slice of the world bewitched me. Actually, this building, this broad street, the houses opposite were all a part of my home. By calling them the outside, I did try to push them away. I stood there for a long time, I had drunk half the tea, the rest had gotten cold, but I kept sipping it. I had replied to almost all of Father’s letters, except the last one. Just then the door bell rang, I did not turn, it rang again. I laughed, he had returned. It had to be him, my house didn’t even have a doorbell.

*(Lal goes towards the door, Pitamber stops him from opening it. He stands in front of him. A voice is heard from outside)*

Neel : Open the door.

Pitamber : No.

Neel : What happened? Have you made up your mind today? Open the door.

Lal : Today...I was thinking that you....

Neel : Don’t think, you have no excuse, now open the door.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Lal : Don't insist. (*Pitamber moves away from Lal*)
- Neel : I am not insisting, and if you delay any more, I will go away and then somebody else will come and you will have to tolerate him. Now tell me, shall I go or shall I rescue you?
- Lal : (*Opens the door. She comes in. To audience*) I don't know what happened, but I opened the door. It becomes easy to open it, if you know who's on the other side. So I took the easy way. She has come in.
- Neel : Shall I take my clothes off?
- Lal : No.
- Neel : I asked because you usually get me to strip.
- Lal : Not today.
- Neel : Why not today? Do you abstain on Mondays?
- Lal : (*To audience*) People lie when they say time moves at its own pace. In actual fact, time stops very badly and then rushes very fast. Time has its own empty spheres and within them there is a different time with a different pace.
- Neel : Are you angry with your time?
- Lal : How long will you stay?
- Neel : You tell me.
- Lal : Hadn't you decided before you stepped out?
- Neel : I did.
- Lal : Then?
- Neel : It's up to you.
- Lal : What?
- Neel : You know.
- Lal : Look you scare me.
- Neel : But I also help you escape.
- Lal : I don't want to escape.
- Neel : That's what I have been saying all along, don't escape.
- Lal : Do you want to go?
- Neel : I didn't even want to come.
- Lal : Look, today I didn't call you.
- Neel : What? Come again.
- Lal : Would you leave me alone for a while?

- Neel : You are already alone.
- Lal : How much you love saying this.
- Neel : Ok drop it, answer this, on a river, in a little boat is a buffalo. The boat is about to capsize. Meaning, if you toss even a pebble in the boat, it will sink. Just then the buffalo craps. So tell me will the boat sink or not.
- Lal : I think the boat.... Will you shut up for a while.
- Neel : Gotcha!
- Lal : I am stuck .... I've got to write.
- Neel : You need somebody?
- Lal : Certainly not you, I know that much.
- Neel : When you need me, don't call, I will come by myself. So at least you will have the satisfaction of not having summoned me.
- Lal : *(Neel leaves)* After sleeping late these questions came up, and I have just one solution to them all. I'll go back to sleep
- Pitamber : You can't sleep.
- Lal : Why?
- Pitamber : You've got to write your story.
- Lal : Who are you?
- Pitamber : You don't really want to know what you are asking.
- Lal : OK... so what do I want to know?
- Pitamber : You have a lot of questions.
- Lal : Yes, I do have a lot of questions. I want to know where you go off to everyday.
- Pitamber : Why do watch me every day?
- Lal : That's my tea time and every day from My balcony, I see you leaving.
- Pitamber : For many days, I have also been watching that you watch me.
- Lal : Why do you stop at the highway and look at me?
- Pitamber : Why do you stand in the balcony and look at me? *(Silence)* You have a problem with your dad, right?
- Lal : Why?
- Pitamber : Because he used to sleeps with your mother.
- Lal : *(Silence... To audience)* Everyone spends the night in their own way. Everyone has his own equation with the dark of

the night. If the equation is good, you get to sleep, if it is bad, then all your life's inner darkness merges with the darkness of the night and snatches away your sleep.

- Pitamber : Didn't you want to ask me something?
- Lal : I have a whole lot of questions. Why do you ride a yellow scooter?
- Pitamber : I am afraid of getting lost in a crowd. I am always afraid of becoming a part of the mob. That's why I have memorized many jokes. I am constantly cracking jokes in front of people...I wear red, yellow, blue, green shirts, I shave daily, when I get nervous I go to the bathroom. Every day, I leave home after mugging up two different newspapers. I don't know much, but I can expound at least for an hour on any subject, and yes, I ride a yellow scooter.
- Lal : Why did you stop? Go on.
- Pitamber : Why are you seeking your bliss in someone else's story?
- Lal : No..I want to hear it.
- Pitamber : About whom?
- Lal : You know.
- Pitamber : Shall we begin the story?
- Lal : *Yes (the doorbell rings) Damn! I had to go and pick up Father from the station, I forgot. (Father enters. Both touch his feet)*
- Father : Be happy if you can.
- Lal : I was going to come to the station to fetch you.
- Father : There's no need...how do I look?
- Lal : Good.
- Father : Why the hangdog expression? *(To himself)* Too much gas being formed.
- Lal : Where are you going?
- Father : To the bathroom. You have a problem? *(From inside)* Look at the state of the bathroom *(Silence)*
- Pitamber : You have a problem with your dad, don't you?
- Lal : Shut up.
- Pitamber : Because he left your mother. Even after that he kept coming to meet her, why? Maybe to sleep with her...he used to give you money to go buy chocolate. Your mother died fearing his recurring visits. Why did he insist on meeting you? Why does he want to meet you?

Father : *(Enters)* Want to eat a chocolate?

Lal : How long will you stay here?

Father : If you say so, I will leave right away.

Lal : Will you have some tea?

Father : Why did you stop writing? What are you doing these days?

Lal : Nothing.

Father : I heard you took up a job?

Lal : I had. I am on leave for the last two months.

Father : Why, are you mourning my death? Why did you stop writing?

Lal : I am trying to write.

Father : Whose story are you writing?

Lal : An old man. That old man.... *(The doorbell rings, Lal turns to the door)*

Father : What happened? Why haven't you still opened my last letter still? *(Old man enters and exits)* You don't wish to speak to me? When you do feel like talking, call me. I will wait

Lal : Come... come on in.

Old Man : Did I do something wrong?

Lal : No, nothing.

Old Man : Today you didn't look at me even once.

Lal : I was just thinking of you.

Old Man : I wanted to talk to you. I was even waving to you from the balcony. I have walked down from the seventh floor, my lift is out of order.

Lal : What is it... tell me.

Old Man : I am worried about you. I feel, you also feel what I feel. Do you know what I feel? That tomorrow is consolation for the passing of today. Today has passed, it always does somehow. Then you feel tomorrow is shut in a magic pouch, the pouch will open, the sun will rise and everything will happen the way I have been imagining it, sitting in my balcony for years. You know, these days I see an old vulture, it's very old. It sits tired on a tree stump and young crows keep pecking at it and fly off. That vulture has a problem or maybe for fear of those young crows, it has stopped flying high in the sky. Its feathers are falling off. These days, I gather up its fallen feathers, every day... I'll



be off now..But it will fly, no? I wish to see it circling in the sky just once

*(Old man exits)*

- Lal : One day, he will jump off the seventh floor and kill himself.
- Pitamber : You can save him.
- Lal : No...because the vulture can't fly that high any more.
- Pitamber : If you want to save him you can... just change the end of the story. Let it be, you must be tired.
- Lal : I am not tired, I want to sleep.
- Pitamber : No you want to ask me something.
- Lal : Yes, I have a lot of questions. Why wasn't Dadaji given the news of Indira Gandhi's death?
- Pitamber : That's a big question... ask another.
- Lal : Why did you stop writing?
- Pitamber : I can't write now, because in every story, in every character I see my father. Every story is the story of my mother. Every man in every story is terrorizing my mother, and before the end of the story my father laughs and says the same line.
- Lal : Come here beta, take these ten bucks and go get yourself a chocolate, afterwards we will go for a ride on the scooter.
- Pitamber : .. and the story halts right there.
- Lal : No, but now I have started to see other people. I can write that old man's story. *(Both stand)* I have always seen him sunning in his balcony.
- Pitamber : Whether it is sunny or not, he is always sunning himself.
- Lal : He has done just four solid things in his life.
- Pitamber : First, he got his daughter married.
- Lal : Who has left her husband and returned home.
- Pitamber : He bought a TV and fridge.
- Lal : Ice doesn't form in the fridge these days. The TV is very old, so it just has eight channels.
- Pitamber : Third he...
- Lal : He...he ...he..My head is heavy.*(The doorbell rings)*
- Pitamber : What is the third and fourth solid things?
- Lal : I know but...
- Pitamber : You are on the right track about the old man... think

- Lal : I want to escape.  
(*Neel listens to this line and comes in*)
- Neel : You don't really want to escape... shall I rescue you?
- Lal : The old man has a yellow scooter, that is the third solid thing I have.
- Pitamber : You have dragged your father in again.
- Neel : Shall I save you?
- Pitamber : You have to write the story. Leave her , think of the old man.
- Neel : Look at me, shall I take my clothes off?
- Pitamber : What is the fourth solid thing?
- Neel : Do you need me, or shall I go
- Lal : ( *Holding her hand*) Wait... this is wrong... till I write my own story, I cannot write somebody else's... I have to write my own story.
- Neel : So what will become of the old man... what will become of me...? I am leaving.
- Lal : Listen... talk to me
- Neel : I can't talk... you don't need me
- Lal : I do need you... talk to me... I
- Neel : Okay... On day a price rode in on a white charger...gallop, gallop, gallop. I fell in love with him... gallop, gallop, gallop... then we got married gallop, gallop, gallop, then we had lots of children gallop, gallop, gallop
- Pitamber : And then he left you gallop, gallop, gallop. We don't want to hear your story
- Neel : Okay, so I will talk only about what you want to hear...
- Pitamber : All my life, I have chased faces
- Neel : All my life, I have chased faces
- Pitamber : Actually, I have started taking square breaths
- Neel : In these square breaths, there are dark corners... and in these are hidden a lot of faces... It's like a square well, if I shout into it, I hear the echo of some other voice, not mine... Then I run after that voice, that voice turns into a face and I say... shall I take off my clothes?
- Pitamber : Again you have started on your own story.
- Neel : Why, if you see your father in every story, why can't I add a line of mine into your story?

**Class Room Play Production**

- Pitamber : At least don't add a cheap line like 'shall I take my clothes off'.
- Neel : Why, when you say 'take your clothes off' you enjoy yourself. Anyway, answer this— on a river, in a little boat is a buffalo. The boat is about to capsize. Meaning, if you toss even a pebble in the boat, it will sink. Just then the buffalo craps. So tell me will the boat sink or not.
- Pitamber : It will sink... the answer is it will sink.
- Neel : Wrong. The answer is it won't sink, because the dung was inside the buffalo and now it's in the boat, so it won't sink.
- Pitamber : It will sink... when I was a child, my boat always sank, it still does. *(Both go out. The Doorbell)*
- Lal : Long ago, I got a splinter stuck in my finger...it went in very deep...it hurting a lot and was starting to bleed. When I tried to pull it out, it broke, half of it remained inside... I couldn't bear the pain...I was too scared even to go to the doctor. The pain persisted for about a week then it eased off...now I couldn't bear the reduction of that pain...It felt strange, I had got used to living with it – after about two weeks the pain almost disappeared, so I pushed the embedded splinter deeper inside...again the bleeding and the pain). *(he gets up and goes to the old man)* Till now the splinter has settled in my finger, you can see it.
- Old Man : *(The old man comes along with his balcony into Lal's house, He is seated in the balcony and Lal is standing below it and talking to him. Pitamber is standing in the balcony with the old man)* Yes I can see it... it is still with you.
- Lal : Yes.
- Old Man : What do you want?
- Lal : I don't know.
- Old Man : You do know.
- Lal : The pain is reducing.
- Old Man : You need another splinter.
- Lal : Not yet... *(He pushes the splinter in)* Ouch.
- (Father enters)***
- Lal : *(Touching his feet)* How are you Papa?
- Father : How much you have grown.
- Lal : Papa I want to be like you.
- Father : Oh beta, to be like me, you have to exercise, work out a lot...when I was in the army, I was a boxer...one day in the

ring, I bit off my senior's ear...he went out howling, later he court-martialled me...but I didn't weep, I smiled even then, your father never wept.

- Pitamber : You never wept father? *(Pitamber is addressing the old man as Papa, and Lal is talking to his father. Right then, the old man also becomes Lal's father)*
- Lal : My father never wept...Papa you can beat even Rambo in boxing...
- Father : Beta, it has nothing to do with the body, you need guts
- Pitamber : Papa, you weep...
- Father : I haven't had a boxing bout with you in a long time...come on get up, hit, hit.
- Pitamber : When you got the news of your younger brother's death, why did you lock yourself in the bathroom?
- Lal : Shut up.
- Pitamber : What were you doing in the bathroom?
- Father : Enough... take care of your health a bit, you get tired very fast.
- Pitamber : I always got tired... I always tired fast.
- Father : Come on let's play hand of cards.
- Pitamber : I was very small when I had to wear glasses. Papa got my eyes checked five times. He couldn't believe his son could have weak eyes and need glasses. I got fed-up of having my eyes checked. I was always tired, I got tired very fast.
- Father : You lost again... now don't cry... let's play another hand.
- Pitamber : Once I had a fight with my friend in school. We didn't even hit each other, just made dhishoom-dhishoom sounds with our mouths, you know the way kids fight, no blows are actually exchanged, just the clothes get dirty... my trousers tore at the knee. When I got home, Papa saw it. Who beat you he asked. I said I was in fight but we didn't really hit each other. He thought I was hiding something, he went right then to my friend's house, stood on the street outside and abused his father. When my friend came out to apologize, Papa slapped him. For days I was teased in school...my friends would say, hey don't even touch him or his father will land up at your house to retaliate. I got tired of hearing this I always got tired, I generally tired fast.
- Father : You've lost again.
- Lal : I don't know how to play cards.
- Father : Why?

**Class Room Play Production**

- Lal : Because you never played cards with me.
- Father : Because you got glasses, that's why.
- Lal : Why did you slap my friend? (Father starts to leave) Why was the news of Indira Gandhi's death not told to Dadaji?
- Father : It's your fault.
- Lal : Where are you going?
- Father : Bathroom.(exits)
- Pitamber : I am in the grip of a strange fever these days. This fever doesn't go up or down, it stays within you.
- Lal : Sleeping late gave rise to a lot of questions, and I didn't have any answers to them, because my stories are left mid-way, they never end...my stories...(Just then Lal gets a story idea) My story...my grandfather was dark, my father was fair and I was very fair...start.
- Pitamber : (*Typing*) My grandfather was dark, my father was fair and I was very fair
- Old Man : My father was very dark...he used to say that he was born at night, that's why he was dark...he was fully convinced that had he been born in the daytime, he would have been fair...like me...my mother was dark, my father was very dark...and I was fair— but my father was happy...this line of reasoning appealed to him, that his son was born in the morning, so he was fair, the night could not leave its mark on him...he was saved, his son was saved. He used to always get up late at night and look at me...I looked very beautiful to him at night— this he used to tell me in the morning...that you were looking very beautiful last night.
- Lal : I was about to go to the station to fetch you.(*Both touch his feet*)
- Old Man : I like the noonday sky...the sky is very serene in the afternoon...in it, like a tiny a spot, a vulture hovers, I never realize when I start looking at the vulture and stop gazing at the sky. Now the vulture does not fly...its feathers keep falling off...it's odd to see a vulture feathers dropping, isn't it...like watching the teeth of an aging lion fall out.
- Lal : Who are you looking for?
- Father : Your mother... you haven't put up your mother's photo?
- Lal : No, I haven't.
- Father : Beta, I can't live alone now...I need someone. Why don't you get married...I'm sorry...why don't you start a small business. These days STD-PCO booths do very well, if you add a Xerox to it, you mint money...you carry on writing, I will mind the shop.

- Lal : I have to finish this story.
- Pitamber : What happened next?
- Father : Name the STD-PCO- Xerox booth after your mother...Savitribai STD-PCO & Xerox... nice isn't it?
- Old Man : Then I got married...the girl's name was Savitri...my father got me married to her, because she was fair in spite of being born in the night...my father felt she was very lucky, because she was fair, in spite of being born in the night...we had a son, who got jaundice as soon as he was born.
- Pita : Incidents are spread over years...we remember the years by the incidents...if a year passed without incident was like year not lived through— and some happenings are so huge that they seem like life itself, and we keep reliving them indifferent ways all our lives.
- Old Man : This is from the time when we had just bought a new TV...very few people has TVs in those days...at that time, Savitri had forgotten all about me and fallen in love with the TV...by then my father was old, he has been shifted to a separate room. In those days, there was just Doordarshan and Saturday-Sunday movies.
- Lal : I had no interest in watching films...but Dadaji was crazy about movie...for him the TV was a miracle...he used to laugh and cry with the film...he didn't just watch films, he lived them. Dadaji lost his voice... he spoke barely two-three words a day ...water, food and get out of breath with the strain of speaking, so he used to measure out those few words. I never watch the movies, I watched Dadaji watching them
- Father : On Saturdays and Sundays there used to be a crowd in our house, Savitri's friends used to come, especially on Sundays, it was tough for me to enter my own house. Savitri did not like my father's movie-watching –because his whole body stank of urine. But Savitri...what she did was wrong
- Lal : What...what wrong did mother do?
- Father : There are so many stories scattered all over the world, you can write anything...why are you tormenting yourself?
- Lal : Because I don't to keep reliving the same torment
- Father : When I saw dreams, I was never able to summon the dreams I wanted to see. The dreams just appeared and I saw them. My son never became what I wanted him to in my dreams...he turned out just like my dreams, he appeared in my dreams just as he was
- Lal : What wrong did mother do?

- Father : Saw...
- (Father exits)*
- Lal : What wrong did Savitri do?
- Pitamber : You know that... aren't you?
- Lal : This I know— why you ride a yellow scooter.
- Pitamber : Maybe I ride I yellow scooter because I could not open the STD-PCO that I wanted to. In any case, in this country, what colour of scooter can a mad ride...as it is the act of riding a scooter brands him middle class...he cannot ride a green scooter, he cannot ride a saffron scooter, cannot ride a red scooter. So how is he to convey that he doesn't belong to anyone, to any group... that leaved just the yellow scooter for him to ride, that's why I ride a yellow scooter and I don't belong to any group.
- Pitamber : Tell me what wrong did Savitri do?
- Lal : Savitri stopped Dadaji from coming into the TV room on Sundays.
- (Music)*
- Old Man : Father stopped watching films on Sundays...was forced to...because Savitri's friends used to arrive...I told Savitri, Father loves watching films, he waits all week for these two days, and on Saturday-Sunday he can barely pass the time in the evening, he forgets to eat...but she didn't agree...she stopped him for coming out of his room on Sundays, but the sound of the TV reached his room.
- Pitamber : Yes, the sound of the TV reached his room.
- Lal : Those days, I was not at all fond of watching films, I just liked to watch Dadaji watching them. So on Sundays, I would hover around his room, I did not have the courage to go in, if he asked me to take him to the TV room, what would I do? Mother had strictly forbidden it, but Dadaji could speak barely a few word a day, and I could not bear to see a whole sentence of his go waste.
- Pitamber : One Sunday, I couldn't control myself...I thought, if the film is on out there, what must Dadaji be doing inside...so I fetched a stool, climbed on it, moved the curtain on the window and looked it...and what did I see...that Dadaji is lying on his bed, his eyes are rolled up towards his forehead, he is trying to look towards the TV room...and the expressions on his face are changing just as if he were actually watching the film...he was laughing, he was crying, he was silent, now he was listening to the movie-watching.
- Old Man : I used to fall asleep before sitting up out of exhaustion...now I get tired just sitting and sleep does not

come. To get sleep at our age, you have to try all kinds of tricks...it also depends on your relationship with the night. In childhood, my father used to say, go to sleep, but we didn't sleep...then he would say, close your eyes and see a dream...as soon as the dream ends, tell it to me right away. My quest for a good dream would begin then...as soon as I found one, a voice would be heard...get up son, let's go for a walk, it's morning...and it would be morning...every day, while strolling, I would tell my father fragments of my dream. These days, the whole night ends...dreams come like a tired yawn and then end right there...my father also could not sleep...now I wonder what he did all day alone in a room...a room in which you found out if it was day or night from the coming and going of light in the window...there was a weak bulb...if it was lit, it meant night was about to fall, and if it was switched off, it meant day was breaking...but he would just smile. The task of switching on the bulb was mine, whenever I went into his room, Father looked at me and smiled.

- Pitamber : He used to smile?
- Lal : Yes, he used to smile.
- Pitamber : Yes he would smile...the task of switching off the bulb was mine...whenever I went into Dadaji's room to switch off the bulb—he always became alert when he saw me...as if there were many more people in that room...to whom he was talking just before I came into the room...I used to glance around the room to see just who were there people Dadaji wanted to hide from me. He used to have an enigmatic smile on his face, as if I caught him red-handed...I used to hurriedly switch off the light and rush out, frightened... hey where are you off to?
- Lal : To make tea.
- Pitamber : What's the use?
- Lal : I don't know.
- Pitamber : Won't you complete the story?
- Lal : I will.
- Pitamber : When?
- Lal : Now... tea break.
- Pitamber : Wait.
- Lal : Can't I even have a cup of tea.
- Pitamber : What will you be thinking of over tea?
- Lal : How can I tell you that now?



**Class Room Play Production**

- Pitamber : Better decide now what you will be thinking as you have your tea.
- Lal : I have decided.
- Pitamber : What?
- Lal : Why should I tell? *(He goes inside)*
- (Over the next three scenes, Lal is inside making tea and thinking...after the third scene outside, Lal comes in with his father)*
- Old Man : Does jaundice get cured by riding a yellow scooter? You have to believe it. So because of jaundice I hate the colour yellow.
- Pitamber : How can anybody ride a yellow scooter? I Laugh at this thing. But my father had many reasons for it, and he used write all those childish reasons to me. As a result, later I stopped reading anything he wrote
- Old Man : Small questions can have small answers. But some questions are so enormous, that they cannot have answers. They just end up living with you
- Pitamber : Whenever I read the reasons written by my father, I used to tell him just one thing, that they seemed dreamlike to me...broken, disjointed, childish.
- Old Man : In most of my letters to my son, I have mentioned my childish dreams. But I have always ended on the same like.
- Pitamber : *(Reading the end of the letter)* I want me meet you. When shall I come?
- Old Man : I never got a response because he never opened my letters to read them. That's why I wrote on top of one of the letters. "I am arriving at 7.30 am".
- Blackout***
- (Pitamber is standing in the balcony, Neel comes in the balcony and stands in front of him)***
- Neel : Shall I come in? Or not?
- Pitamber : You are already inside.
- Neel : You are very tired, don't think too much.
- Pitamber : Acting vulnerable in front of you is so blissful.
- Neel : Poor me.
- Pitamber : Won't you ever forgive me?
- Neel : You want me to never forgive you.

- Pitamber : Yes I do...I wish you'd never come here again
- Neel : Are you looking at me like a splinter?
- Pitamber : No.
- Neel : Whenever you make love to me, it feels as if you are taking revenge.
- Pitamber : For what?
- Neel : For all the things you don't have. Or for the things that only you have.
- Pitamber : More than the words I am able to say to you, after you leave, are the pieces of the words I could not say, scattered on the floor.
- Neel : What do you want to say?
- Pitamber : I don't know (*Sound of something falling in the kitchen*) I have to complete the story.
- Neel : What is this story of yours? Will it get over today?
- Pitamber : I have to finish it today, I have opened and read all of Father's letters except the last one. If that one gets opened, the story will halt here.
- (Doorbells rings)*
- (Lal and Father enter the room, Lal 's cloths are different, he is in third scene, he is making tea and thinking something)*
- Lal : Come in, Pitaji, be careful... yes, sit here.
- Father : How are you son? All well here? I have been getting nightmares for days...I felt you had an accident...you have fallen ill again...you have got jaundice.
- Lal : No.
- Father : I am not well, still I have come...I thought I will get well if I stay with you for a few days...by the way, at the end of all my letters I asked you if I could come to meet you...but you never replied...I won't stay too long here, I know you don't like my visits
- Pitamber : No, it's not that...Papa...I, I...say something
- Lal : Will you have water?
- Father : Ask what you really want to ask...
- Lal : You used to go to switch on the bulb...so why didn't you give the news of Indira Gandhi's death to Dadaji?
- Father : It's not your fault...

**Class Room Play Production**

- Neel : He has told you it's not your fault, now shut up.
- Lal : It's not my fault that I am worried about, but you...
- Neel : Look, don't ask this.
- Lal : Why did you leave mother and go away...and then why did you keep coming to meet her...?
- Neel : He is not well and you are...
- Father : You know, when my father and I used to go for walk, I used to tell him all about my dream...everyday. That time, a black vulture, the colour of my father's skin, used to hover over our heads...Pitaji used to say that...when am I no more, tell your dreams to this vulture and imagine it's me listening...I agreed, and continue to do that till today, you also have to accept the end.
- Neel : Look, you can accept it, just accept the end and finish the story.
- Father : These days I don't get dreams...the night just goes all night...carrying on sleeping is a skill that depletes after a certain age...I don't even go for morning walks – because the vulture has grown old...it doesn't fly up in the sky...its feathers fall off...it sits on a tree stump in front of my house...every morning I get out of the house and sit under that tree for a while...I don't have any dreams, yet the vulture listens to dreams...it believes that I am telling it my dreams, and I believe it is listening to my dreams.
- Lal : But you haven't answered my question.
- Neel : He has replied.
- Father : It's not your fault.
- Pitamber : This is what I have been trying to convince myself of for ages...but what is to be done about that fear...which I am growing like a fever inside me...which doesn't increase or decrease, just stays put inside you.
- Lal : This is the fear of words, of unsaid words...which someone was trying to tell you, but you kept ignoring him. Every morning, when I went to Dadaji's room to switch off the bulb, he used to say some words to me...words that I did understand, but did not want to hear. I used to shout with fear in front of him...what? Do you want water? What? Tea, do you want tea...are you hungry? Ok I'll come back later, and I would rush out of his room.
- Pitamber : But those words...those incomplete words would echo in my mind all day...later that fear grew to such an extent that I stopped going to his room...I used to quietly switch off the bulb and run out.

- Father : Don't sell the yellow scooter, keep it with you.
- Lal : Why didn't you give the news of Indira Gandhi's death to Dadaji?
- Father : You tell your dreams...your stories to the scooter...and believe that I am listening.
- Old Man : At a certain age, parents grow smaller under the shadow of their growing children (*Nirmal Verma wrote somewhere*) My father had actually turned into a child. He was crazy about watching movies and would insist like a child. He would stop eating. He watch movies on Saturdays. Somehow I persuaded him see the movies on Sundays, but it felt as if I was asking him for half his life's breaths. It cause him great grief...I was so furious with Savitri, I didn't went home for a week...anyway, in the end she did not budge.
- Lal : Forgive me Papa.
- Father : No, it's not your fault Beta, I... inside.
- Lal : Come let me take you... where you want to go?
- Father : Bathroom.
- (Lal takes Father inside, and blackout. When the lights come on, Pitamber is writing and we see that in one corner Father is dancing and in the other Old Man, like a celebration for the writing of their characters. Lal comes in with a cup of tea and the story proceeds)*
- Pitamber : Tea break over?
- Lal : Yes, tea break over.
- Pitamber : What happens next?
- Lal : Then Indira Gandhi passed away.
- Pitamber : Then one day the news of Indira Gandhi's death came in...31<sup>st</sup> October...Wednesday...the whole country was in mourning. Screening of films on TV was stopped. Pitaji told Ma to give the news of India Gandhi's death to Dadaji and Ma...
- Lal : Ma passed this chore to me...Beta go tell your Dadaji that Indira Gandhi is dead, that's why there are no films on TV.
- Pitamber : For days I hovered around his room...meanwhile, a Saturday-Sunday passed, but I didn't have the nerve to go in.
- Lal : Then one day, I went in to Dadaji's room...as soon as I entered, I felt that he was just waiting for me. When I went up to him, he grabbed my hand, tight...I don't know

where is got so much strength from. He pulled me close and said, 'My ears are ruined, I can't hear anything.' Wonder how he uttered that line one breath...he started panting. Perhaps he was afraid I'd run away, so his grip on my arm tightened...he pulled me closer...maybe he wanted to say something more, but his face was getting scary. I was afraid, I wanted to quickly say, Indira Gandhi is dead, that's why there are no films on TV...but not a word came out of my mouth. I noticed his eyes turning yellow...dark face, yellow eyes...he was starting to look like a vulture...I was frightened, I wrenched my arm free and ran out of the room.

Old Man : I still remember, on Sunday...when I went to his room to switch on the bulb, I saw that his eyes had almost reached his forehead, he was trying to look towards the TV room. I felt strange, because for the first time, he didn't smile when he saw me...when I went closer I saw his whole body was rigid...I wished I could call Savitri and show her this sight...but I went and sat by him, I apologized, I passed my hand over his eyelids and his eyes closed.

*(Old Man gets up to leave)*

Lal : Where are you going?

Ola Man : Bathroom.

Pitamber : I watched Pitaji's repeated trips to the bathroom...he was very troubled...I wanted to tell him that Dadaji died because of me...that I was unable to tell him about Indira Gandhi's death...but...I couldn't muster up the courage...I was worried about Pitaji. Dadaji's death had broken him...I thought I'd tell him when the time was right.

Lal : I kept waiting for the right time...on the third day of Dadaji's death, Pitaji left home and went away...he left everything behind...meaning a bag, a trunk and the yellow scooter...even at such a time, he was concerned about my jaundice.

Pitamber : I never opened any of Pitaji's letters...for the last months, I open, read, answer them, his last letter arrived two months ago...I haven't opened this one yet...Arriving tomorrow at 7.30 am...is written on top...after this letter, neither he nor his letter arrived...The death of someone does not cause as much grief as the realization that with it those relationships are also cremated that you two were sharing...together...then it starts to feel as if you have been conned...there was a bridge made of your relationship, on which the two of you were walking, suddenly, he cut off his side of it and went away...now you are standing at the edge of an incomplete bridge...from where you can see the shore of your life, but you can never understand the

secrets of that shore...and day by day, it will move away from you

Lal : The story has ended on Dadaji's death...now all these are just scraps of that story...which belong to this story, but the story no longer needs them

Pitamber : 7.30 am, Pitaji is due to arrive.

Lal : Yes

Pitamber : Shall I ask you something?

Lal : Go on.

Pitamber : Why do you ride a yellow scooter? Ha ha ha

*(He exits, Father enters)*

Father : Why do you ride a yellow scooter?

Lal : There isn't very much to own up to...there's this yellow scooter, to which I read out replies to Pitaji's letters and imagine that he is listening...that's why I ride a yellow scooter

Father : Why do you ride a yellow scooter?

Lal : I am taking revenge against myself...this is not a yellow scooter, this is the splinter embedded in my finger- which I carry around with me. That's why I ride a yellow scooter.

Father : It will be difficult to live if you are carrying guilt on your back.

Lal : You...when did you arrive?

Father : 7.30 am, I said I would be coming.

Lal : Till when are you going to keep coming.

Father : Till you don't read my last letter...

Lal : I have a lot of questions...and only you have the answers. I was afraid of coming to you with these questions...so I was never able to ask...but there is someone who has the answers to these questions...this belief was so reassuring by itself, that I lived comfortably with these questions...But this belief died along with your death...and the thought that I'd had to live my life under the burden of these questions was terrifying by itself. Now there's no one left who has the answers, but I believe that you have written the answers to all my questions in this last letter of yours. So I will keep it with me all my life and never open it...I believe.

Father : I always said you'd have to accept the end...it's good that you believe, now I won't come again. I'll be off.

**Class Room Play Production**

Lal : Papa, I have just one wish, to put my head in your lap and sleep, just once, may I? And till I fall asleep, you keep speaking...

Father : What shall I say?

Lal : That's what I want to hear.

Father : Go to sleep...everybody sleeps with the night in his own way, everyone has his own relationship with the dark of the night. If the equation is good, you get to sleep, and if it is bad, then the internal darkness of your life enters the dark of the night and won't let you sleep, and you don't let others...

**(The End)**

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## GAU GRAHAN

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- Chorus : Sare Jahan Se Accha Hindostan Hamara Hum Bulbule  
Hain Iski Ye Gulistan Hamara Sare Jahan Se Accha...
- Narrator : Why did you stop singing? (*Chorus starts singing again*)
- Chorus : Sare Jahan Se Accha Hindostan Hamara Hum Nikamme  
Hain Iski Ye haal hai Hamara Sare Jahan Se Accha...
- Narrator : Why so? Why are you saying this?
- Chorus : Yes sir! This is the reality, we are useless, absolutely  
useless.
- Narrator : This is not good, cursing thyself is sin.
- Actor 1 : Then you are useless.
- Narrator : Cursing someone else is an even greater sin.
- Actor 1 : We cannot curse ourselves, we cannot curse others, how  
will we survive?
- Narrator : Why do you need to curse anyone?
- Actor 1 : My sister's marriage has become a burden for us.
- Actor 2 : And my sister has returned as a widow.
- Actor 3 : My sister-in-law has committed suicide.
- Actor 4 : All this is happening, yet you want us to sing Sare Jahan  
Se Accha ?
- Narrator : Yes , really very sad but you didn't do anything?
- Actor 1 : What can we do? Get crucified? One lakh is required to  
buy a groom.
- Actor 2 : My brother-in-law borrowed so much that he took his own  
life.
- Actor 3 : My brother is an alcoholic, so sister-in-law committed  
suicide.
- Narrator : Still you did nothing?
- Actor 1 : What should we do? sing hymns ? bhaiyo start .. Ram  
Bhajo Bhai Ram Bhajo.
- Actor 2 : The condition of women in this country is such that this  
country will never progress.
- Narrator : Listen! Guess your name is not Shakuni, Shikhandi, etc  
etc?
- Actor 1 : No, my name is Budh.
- Actor 2 : I am shani.



**Class Room Play Production**

Actor 3 : Guru.

Actor 4 : Shukra

Actor 5 : Rahu.

Actor 6 : Ketu

Actor 7 : I'm Mangal.

Narrator : Mangal, Guru, Shukra, Shani, Buddh, Rahu Ketu , you won't understand because you're all young Chaps.

Actor : So why don't you explain us, old chap.

Narrator : Will explain you, will show you, I will show the play.

Actor : What will be your role Guru ji?

Narrator : Narrator ! and sometimes the Character.

Actor : Name of the Play?

Narrator : The name of the play will be - Gau Grahan.

Chorus : Gau Grahan, Gau Grahan , Gau Grahan, Gau Grahan.

### **SCENE- FOREST**

Narrator : Where are you going, mother?

Cow : I am going to the forest for fodder.

Narrator : Be careful there are wild animals in the forest.

Cow : I am used to it , I will come soon. (*tiger attacks on mangla/ cow*) leave me for god's sake.

Tiger : Worked so hard to leave you?

Cow : What will you get by killing me?

Tiger : Meat.

Cow : I am at your feet.

Tiger : And I hold your throat. Warm blood!

Cow : Please let me go now. I will meet my children and return.

Tiger : You think I'm cat. I will have your warm blood.

Cow : I swear I will be back.

Narrator : When she is requesting so much, why don't you let her go?

Tiger : Who are you?

Narrator : Me , whoever I am, leave her, if she fails to return, you can eat me.

Tiger : Shut up! Now human is left to trust? Animals are better .. you can go.

- Cow : You saved me Bapu.
- Narrator : Gau mata went home , she fed her cub and left for the forest.
- Chorus : Where are you going, Gau Mata.
- Mangla : Lord I have promised tiger.
- Lord : Tiger or cat I don't care. I want milk.
- Narrator : She ignored her Lord, He became angry and hit her so badly that she died and incarnated as a woman. (*chorus Humming*) Who is woman after all?
- Actor 1 : Mother, Daughter, sister.
- Actor 2 : If you love, she a Lover.
- Actor 3 : If you marry.. she is a Witch.
- Actor 4 : If left by a husband, she is available..
- Actor 5 : If the husband dies, she is widow.
- Narrator : Stop it what nonsense, Women means ideal power That is why our ancestors said that- Karaneshu Dasi
- Actor 1 : Must work like a bull from dawn till dusk.
- Narrator : Karyeshu Mantri.
- Actor 2 : Must give advice like Ministers.
- Narrator : Bhojyeshu Mata.
- Actor 3 : As soon as you come home, she must cook for you like a mother.
- Narrator : Shyaneshu Rambha.
- Actor 4 : No matter what happens, she must be juicy in the evening like heavenly beauty..
- Narrator : Rupeshu Lakshmi.
- Actor 5 : Must look like a money bag , beautiful like goddess Laxmi.
- Narrator : Kshmayeshu Dharitri.
- Actor 6 : No matter how wrong man is, she must forgive him like earth
- Narrator : Shat dharma yuktah.
- Actor 7 : A woman must have these six virtues, If she follows them she will go to heaven.
- Chorus : If not then we will send her. (*throw the girl- Mangala out of the circle*).

Narrator : Stop this nonsense. This mean thinking has made women weak. She is the creator, she gave birth to you, me, all of us. That is why we say matru devobhava.

### SCENE- CHORUS CRYING

Narrator : Now what happened?

Actor-1 : Even if I burn alive, it won't matter.

Narrator : Why? Have you met with an accident?

Actor-2 : Completely annihilated.

Narrator : What happened by the way? At least tell me.

Chorus : Girl is born, O! God! ... (*group cries*)

Narrator : Hold on! if a girl is born on Friday, it is considered auspicious. You should be happy.

Actor 3 : Raising a girl is not less than hell.

Actor 4 : Bindi, Kajal.

Actor 5 : Mirror, Ribbon.

Actor 6 : Flowers, Bangles.

Actor 7 : Payal, Lehenga, Suit-Salwar

Actor 8 : Operation , Delivery, after so much of expenditure if you ask her to sit at home she says

Chorus : I will go to college.

### SCENE - HOUSE

Father : So, you want to go college?

Mangala : Yes , Pitaji.

Brother : If someone teases you, how disrespectful it would be for us?

Fathe : Look , if you study till BA, then I will have to find a boy who has studied MA. If you do MA then PHD, and if you do PHD then..

Brother : Prime Minister, what will you do after studying? Will you work or rule?

Mangla : We are doing jobs and running the country also. I don't bunk the classes to watch morning shows. I don't get stuck in the same class for 3-3 years. Pitaji if you are thinking about money, you are planning to spend on my marriage. Give me for my studies I will return that every month.

Mother : My daughter has become so mature.

- Father : Yes yes why not of course she will speak she is your daughter. Ok go to college or hell wherever your wish.
- Brother : You will go with out makeup.
- Father : You will raise your head after reaching college.
- Brother : Don't accept love letter etc.
- Father : You will not talk to boys.
- Brother : And boyfriend...
- Mangla : Stop it now you are sending me college or stable.
- Father : Shut your mouth, you are arguing with your brother?
- Mangla : Why? All these rules are meant for me only not for him.
- Father : He is a boy and you are a girl.
- Brother : Yes, why should girls need be educated.
- Mangla : Need? Saraswati is goddess of knowledge. She is a woman too.

### SCENE -BUS

- Teaser 1 : O Guru, poor girl is getting rammed in bus.
- Teaser 2 : Somebody please help her.
- Teaser 3 : She looks like an ice cream.
- Teaser 4 : She is a girl, she has been standing for so long , somebody! Give her a seat.
- Teaser 5 : Come baby, have seat in my heart
- Teaser 6 : Bhagwatipreman Dehi.. Love me a bit.
- Teaser 7 : Then love me.
- Teaser 8 : I love you. please love me too.
- Teaser 1 : Maa 'o maa', it's been 3 years nobody loved me please love me.
- Mangla : Ok okok so you all love me?
- Teasers : Of course!
- Mangla : OK then I announce my swayamvar. To whomsoever I hand this handkerchief , will marry me.
- Teaser 2 : Marriage! Means wedding! Wedding means .. My father will die.
- Teaser 3 : Marriage without dowry my mother will jump in the well.
- Teaser 4 : Look ok I love you but marriage this is three Much.

- Class Room Play Production**
- Teaser 5 : Look I am not coward like today's generation. I will marry you right here but the only problem is that I am already married.
- Mangla : You bloody! (*takes off her sandal*)
- Narrator : Well done you have done very good thing. It is not enough to have a heart to love one must have courage too. Only real man can love. (*to the teasers*) they are worthless. You have completed your education, what do you want to do now?
- Mangla : I want to work.
- Narrator : Well said, self Reliance is very important. Situations like asking for small -small things from father and husband should not happen.. All right beti, go ahead my wishes are with you.

### **SCENE- ADVERTISEMENT**

- Model 1 : Time for Rita biscuit is morning 9 o'clock. To increase faithfulness and courage in your dog use only Rita biscuit. Good news for housewives, if you don't have dog you can give it to your husbands. They will stay a faithful.
- Model 2 : To work in famous private company- Wanted-beautiful attractive hard working secretary. Females with knowledge of dancing and singing will be given first preference. Salary negotiations open for broad minded girls. Candidates interested can come for an interview tomorrow in the morning, please night at 10.

### **SCENE- OFFICE**

- Secretary : Good morning sir, we have received 3333 applications so far, after the release of our advertisement. One candidate has already here.
- Boss : Hmmm
- Secretary : Alright, I'm calling her (*to mangala*) your life is to set now.
- Mangla : Good evening sir.
- Boss : Hmmm
- Secretary : No need to get scared he is our MD Sahab he looks like a bear but his heart is sweet like honey.
- Boss : hmmm
- Mangla : Why you are looking at me like this?
- Secretary : Physical fitness! It is there or not he is checking.
- Mangla : But it is checked in the end.

- Secretary : Oh no. Here it is checked first.
- Boss : Hmmmm
- Secretary : Your age?
- Mangla : 18
- Boss : Hmmmmm
- Secretary : Oh ho you've wasted 2 years that is why he is looking at you anyways, your speed?
- Mangla : 50 words per minute.
- Boss : Hmmmm
- Secretary : Our MD Sahab is very happy.
- Boss : Hmmmm
- Secretary : Sir is saying no need to come to office he will come to your house.
- Mangla : (*Exits*) look you must be having daughter like me if she come here for an interview will she be treated same way?
- Secretary : It is my duty, all because of this sin full stomach.
- Mangala : You don't have to kill your conscience to fill your stomach.
- Secretary : I know Beti my job here is not less than a broker.
- Mangala : It's better to die then live like this.
- Secretary : I have nothing to say.
- Boss : Hmmmm
- Secretary : Beti he is coming here go from here.
- Mangla Exit and secretary kills the boss.
- Narrator : No one values woman's respect. if she wants to work, wants role in the film, or contact minister, even for meal a day woman has to keep her respect on stake ....look at her, she is coming alone at midnight , let's see what happens?

### SCENE- STREET

Two characters act drunk. They are singing some song.

- Drunkard 1 : (*In front of Gandhiji statue*) same face, same nose, same specs, same stick, I think I have seen him somewhere.
- Drunkard 2 : Yes, me feeling same.
- Drunkard 1 : Who is he? Yes now I remember, didn't you see Munna Bhai , there is one actor in it, he is the same guy.

**Class Room Play Production**

Drunkard 2 : Yes me think he is same.

Drunkard 1 : Oh no no no, let me think (*thinks*) Yes I ‘m little bit drunk, he is Gandhi ji... He gave us something. Yes! Independence !

Drunkard 2 : Yes me think he is same.

Drunkard 1 : Where is Gandhiji ...gone..... Is he thrown into jail again?

Drunkard 2 : Yes me think same.

Drunkard 1 : (*Turns*) yes there is he (again turns sees mangla) Who is she, wait wait wait ! She is slice of moon.

Drunkard 2 : Yes me think same..*(sound of whistle)*

Drunkard 1 : Kaka ! Is that Police isn't it?

Drunkard 2 : Yes me think same..

Drunkard 1 : What are they here for?

Policeman 1 : What is wrong, what are you doing? Abbe, what is going on here? arrest both of them (*policeman 2 arrests*)

Drunkard 1 : He is a small kid , let him go, forgive him.

Policeman : Okey then arrest him.*(points drunkard 1)*

Both Drunkards : Oh sorry sorry sorry sorry.

Policeman : Tell me how she looks?

Drunkard 1 : Like sister.

Drunkard 2 : Yes me think same.

Policeman : Disappear from her (*Both run away, Mangla also try to leave, he stops her*) Come here, what time is it, coming from the picture hall night show?

Mangla : No sir, there was an interview.

Policeman : What did you just say, interview! right now at 12 o'clock in the night, interview? Nice story.

Mangla : No, I'm telling you the truth.

Policeman : Come- come.

Mangala : where?

Policeman : Police station, Where else.

Mangala : No I am telling you the truth

Policeman : Okay come

Mangala : Where?

Chorus : Police station, Where else.*(laughs)*

Policeman : Who is laughing? We are policemen, Who are we, what! Do we look like fools or Joker to you, we too have mothers and sisters, we too are honest, We wear Khaki and we are honest, do you understand? Aey Rikshaw, stop, Go Amma, go home don't look at her face.... Take her now and drop her at home.

### SCENE- MARKET

Auctioneer : Come here .. Come here.. Allegator, delegator, negotiator, appreciator! Come here .. Come here..fathers of spinsters, fresh very fresh goods have arrived just now, great family background, beautiful job holders full guarantee to wife. Aey Doctor give stylish pose. (*to mangla*) beti look, he is a Doctor, knocked two thousand injections for TB, Cancer, AIDS..

Mangla : What?

Auctioneer : Oh No! to the patients, they are his regular customer..He treat animals also, only one lakh very cheap local tax extra.

Mangla : huh!

Auctioneer : Oh ! Same way like Tv, fridge Car, etc etc. You don't like him no problem I have another item. this is civil engineer, if he touches the sand it turns into cement. He uses Sand for construction, he had constructed 4-5 flyovers in Delhi 2-3 more are coming up. Let's go into the details, 25 lacs, sorry ma'am sold out. nevermind just now New stuff has arrived. I will show you that. he was clerk in railways, retired day before yesterday, he doesn't want any dowry. He is getting good pension, one free travelling pass in a year, For honeymoon etc.looks like this but he is very strong, (*clerk whispers in auctioneer's ear*) yeah yeah I understood, look he likes you.. if you like him too there is only one condition you have to bear his Hospital expenditure.

Mangla : (*Irritated*) If he dies we have to bear the expenditure?

Auctioneer : Oho! don't say like this, Say nice-nice things.

Mangla : Listen we cannot give dowry so I will not marry and anyways I don't want to marry a dead body. (*clerk falls*).

Chorus : Ram Naam Satya Hai, Ram Naam Satya Hai (*picks and takes him away*)

Narrator : There is no specific name for women, wife of minister, wife of collector, Mrs Sharma, Mrs Khanna, One more thing which is very interesting if King Marries a poor girl she becomes queen, And if Queen Marries a poor man she becomes poor girl. But why do you want to marry.



**Class Room Play Production**

Actor 1 : To fulfill our needs.

Actor 2 : To cook food for us.

Actor 3 : To get rid loneliness.

Narrator : Ok... If she will do all the work, what will you do for her?

Actor 4 : We will tie mangalsutra.

Actor 5 : Give her two rotis.

Actor 6 : Give her children also.

Narrator : Right and authorities yours, responsibilities and burdens her's.No, they need not body only. They want your heart and a mind. You should think the way she thinks. At Least try (*whispering in a group*)

chorus : Yes yes will do. (*half heartedly*).

Narrator : Can't understand it is family or business or generational wages?

Mangla : I will not marry?

Narrator : Beti!

### **SCENE- COMMON HAND-PUMP AREA**

Chorus : Singing some folk song related to in laws.

Woman 1 : Chachi! what is new going on in our village?

Woman 2 : Have you heard, our teachers daughter? so many years have passed she is not married yet.. is that the way?

Woman 3 : Who! are you talking about Mangala, oho! forget it, have you seen her face...Marriage is..

Woman 2 : Look at me I was not even 16, as soon as I got married I had children also.

Woman 1 : You are hilarious chachi! who needs marriage to have children? (*Mangla enters*)

Woman 3 : Mangla when are you going to offer us marriage sweets, Your turn will come or not.What is your age now? (*mangla quietly leaves*)

Woman 1 : Well said chachi..... give me that bucket (*laugh*)

Woman 2 : Yes yes (*laughs*)

### **SCENE- GIBBERISH**

Song or prayer to lord which denotes the truth is denied

Corus : (*Whispering gibberish*)

- Narrator : Its like this bhaiya not every body in the society is same. there are people who have empowered human, like Sri Raja Ram Mohan Roy and and and anyways leave it. Someday an idealist man will come to marry you. (*idealist-shani enters*) Who are you?
- Shani : Idealist.
- Narrator : What do you want?
- Shani : marriage.
- Narrator : Dowry?
- Shani : Chi chi.
- Narrator : T.V. Fridge, AC ?
- Shani : chi chi chi.
- Narrator : Car?
- Shani : (*Nodding head for No*) You are just so funny, here is my signature your daughter means 10 lakhs to me. Immediately get us married, allow me to tie mangalsutra.
- Narrator : Why to wait? Get married... (*gibberish marriage shlok*).

### SCENE- AFTER MARRIAGE

- Shani : What is this?
- Mangla : Milk.
- Shani : I thought it is poison... yes didn't ask for dowry. Got married to you I'm useless, jobless. and off course ugly But it's me. kill me today and go with somebody tomorrow.
- Mangla : Listen today is our..
- Shani : O! Yes yes wedding night, very difficult to live with a person you don't like huh!
- Mangla : Don't like... Who said that?
- Shani : Your eyes.
- Mangla : Aa..a a
- Shani : Feeling shy?... so this is your first experience isn't it? (*Mangla surprised*) I will not burn In flames if you stare at me like this. Come here.. look into my eyes, do you remember?
- Mangla : (*Surprised*) you you..
- Shani : You broke the promise and ran away.. (*she remembers past life*) Why are you crying?

**Class Room Play Production**

- Mangla : Whit fell into my eye.
- Shani : Whit? I thought you are angry with me, Oh yes, your father sent a letter to you.
- Mangla : Where is it?
- Shani : Read and ripped.
- Mangla : What did he write?
- Shani : Same as usual, how is my daughter, how is your health, if she will not drink Horlicks she won't be able to sleep, above all can't give money I asked for...
- Mangla : Maybe he don't have.
- Shani : If he didn't had money he shouldn't have given birth to a girl and if she was born he should have suffocated her...mangla! what I'm thinking is ..I must sell you off.
- Mangla : What?
- Shani : Just, for one year only, after that if you wish you can come back to me.
- Mangla : Who gave you right to sell me?
- Shani : I have tied mangalsutra, took seven vows, isn't it enough? it is an old tradition.
- Mangla : It is malpractice run by egoists. If tying mangalsutra is your right then I break and throw it right now.
- Shani : It is not as easy as you think, I have tied in the presence Pancha bhuta, It is not going to break. you want wedding Mantras... I want money, you want liberation I want money, you want freedom I want money.
- Mangla : Why should we give you dowry?
- Shani : To marry you, to give you social status, To give you pleasure.
- Mangla : You call it pleasure. Like demons, wild animals, you suppress me, crush me, vanquish me. I do not want such happiness, why me no woman on this earth wants that.
- Shani : No matter how much you scream your head off.. You will have to die within these four walls... suffocated to death. I will see ..who will save you?
- Mangla : Help! help ! (*Shani roars*)
- Mangla : Bhaiya ! Help me help me ! (*Shani roars*)
- Mangla : Pitaji ! Help me help me ! (*Shani roars*)
- Shani : God! bhaiya ! Help me help me ! (*Shani roars*)

- Narrator : Why are you crying Beti?
- Mangla : Please save me from this beast like husband.
- Narrator : You are so innocent Beti... even if your husband is a lion, alligator, sick, angry, wicked you should worship him, you have to live with him. This is the duty of every Indian virtuous woman.
- Mangla : No, I don't want to be enslaved for the sake of virtues, I want freedom, I want love, I want hands that can wipe my tears.
- Narrator : You are very greedy Beti, patriarchy rules here. Cow and mother is worshiped, not loved here. We will use you as long as we need, later we will send cow to slaughter house and woman to the crematorium, this is our culture.
- Mangla : What type of culture is this? You bite the hands who feed you, that's not fair.
- Narrator : No this is fair, in the uncivilized society, the weak are meat and the strong eat. Freedom is not something which can be given away as charity? You know the reasons behind your miseries? Your beauty your innocence your tolerance your kindness your forgiveness where is that tiger whose heart melted by seeing tears in cow's eye. If women want to survive she has to live like a tigress she is not powerless she is powerful. she has the power to create and destroy. never forgive us it beti, never forgive us, never trust our false commitments, pseudo idealists, oppressors who manipulated Scriptures to suppress your freedom, creators of wicked traditions never forgive those impotents.  
***Mangala transforms into Shakti and kills Shani .***
- Chorus : *Yatra Naryastu Pujyante Ramante Tatra Devata,  
Yatra itaastu Na Pujyante Sarvaastatrafalaah Kriyaah*

**(The End)**

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## CHORON KI GADI

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**CAST –**

**Gopal**

**Charulata**

**Chakradhar**

**Sita Ram**

**Jagannath**

**Amar**

- Gopal : Fire.. Fire.. Fire, house is on fire, call the landlord.....fire fire
- Chakradhar : What, where is the fire, arrey..did you extinguish it or not...why are you guys so reckless.
- Charulata : Oh! you heard him, there is no fire, he has somniloquy disorder....Mumbles in the sleep.
- Chakradhar : Mumbles! just like that, I got so scared, since when he is in this condition?
- Charulata : Oh! leave it, ever since I got married I have seen him in the same condition, screaming shouting singing mumbling.
- Chakradhar : Who open that door?
- Charulata : Opened it was like....
- Chakradhar : I just got so scared by his screams that I broke the door and came in... now ..who will bear the damages?
- Charulata : Hope you are not hurt?
- Chakradhar : I fell .. of course I'm hurt, give me a hand.... did the kitchen tap dripped last night.
- Charulata : Be careful...
- Chakradhar : Yeah yeah, what's the hurry. When she was alive, she.. your mami...It rained all the time in the kitchen.
- Charulata : So, the kitchen was in the same condition that time also?
- Chakradhar : Yeah, I am in a habit of sleeping in the kitchen, why me everybody in our family sleeps in the kitchen, My family loves it. But she didn't like it, that is why there was always a conflict. That night, when her saree caught the flames and she died, on that day I fell asleep in the kitchen reading Femina, she went to burn incense sticks in the bedroom and just...

- Charulata : Oh. Don't worry, whatever happened it was supposed to happen, one who leaves never comes back, she was lucky she died in your arms.
- Chakradhar : You mean Sumangali. You know, it's been a year but seems that this incident happened yesterday, whenever I come here, I miss her, exactly there, where you are standing...She use to speak to me so lovingly...
- Gopal : Charu charu ! Where are you, come quickly.
- Chakradhar : Charu, Charu, this is how he calls you. Very bad.
- Charulata : What to say, this is his style when he wakes up he calls me Charu Charu, when he goes to office Charu I'm going office, close the door when he comes back from the office he calls me Charu, Chau darling.
- Chakradhar : Really, I never used to call your mami in this manner, by the way her name was Nirmala but I used to call her Nimbu and she used to call me Chakri.
- Gopal : Who is that donkey you're talking to? I'm calling you.
- Charulata : Seems he is fully awake now.
- Chakradhar : I don't know what happens to me when I come here, I just get completely lost I don't feel like going back. But what to do have rented this house, can't come here again and again. You are sensible exactly like my Nimbu.
- Gopal : Calling you for so long, You don't even reply.
- Chakradhar : What Is This? His eyes are closed? Is it also a style?
- Charulata : He has lot of problems? You Want to see the kitchen?
- Chakradhar : a..a...a It's alright. I will just leave once I see the Tulsi plant.
- Gopal : You have never seen tulsi plant in your life?
- Chakradhar : You think I haven't ? When my Nimbu was alive, she used to dry her hair sitting by her side. Whenever I see it , it feels as if I'm seeing her ...I miss her.
- Charulata : You go, please don't mind..
- Gopal : Yes, of course, Chakradhar ji there is a toilet on that side, go there too, you will miss something else.
- Chakradhar : Don't know, hope I'm not bothering you? (*goes inside*)
- Gopal : Why did you let this criminal enter our house in the morning, wicked wretch.
- Charulata : I allowed him ? You were mumbling fire fire in your sleep, so he came.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Gopal : You mean to say I can't even mumble in my sleep?
- Charulata : shhhhhhh .. speak softly he will listen.
- Gopal : So let him listen, we are paying rent, in cash on the first, always keep trespassing into the house on some pretext...I miss her ... today I will resolve the matter, let him come now .
- Charu : Why do you get angry? When he gave the house, he told us everything.
- Gopal : What ? My nimbu my nimbu ... every now and then he shows up.
- Charu : That when he comes his feelings get crumbled.
- Gopal : Today I will break his legs, let him come, we will vacate this house.
- Charulata : One minute, after marriage, in all these 6 years, we have changed the house 36 times, now I can't go out to find a house, so you will not say anything to uncle..
- Gopal : Uncle! Chakram Chakri Uncle! No need to give him so much respect. He killed his wife ... burnt her, he comes here and do drama .. Let him come.
- Charulata : Let him kill, she was his wife, killed with his hands, how does it matter to you?
- Gopal : You mean anyone can kill his wife?
- Charulata : Think before you speak.. Arey its husband and wife relationship, Whether wife kills husband or husband kills his wife it's their mutual understanding, don't say anything.
- Gopal : Okay, let him kill, I have no objection , but I cannot see this wretch appearing here in the morning. Don't know what will happen today?
- Charulata : Nothing will happen, it's a office time, go get ready
- Gopal : I'm sure something will happen.definitely.
- Charulata : He is coming, don't not say anything.
- Gopal : So should I wish that criminal? I can't do this , if not this house then...
- Charulata : Do whatever you want but. This time if I talk about vacating this house, I will go to my father's house.
- Gopal : Yes and your father will come here. I know his character.
- Charulata : Do not say anything to my father in the morning. Anyway, his health also is not good these days.

- Chakradhar : Charulata! you did not give water to Tulsi, you take a bath twice a day, if you give one jug of water, then what will go wrong? My Nimbu, how much she cared for her.
- Gopal : Why are you getting so angry? Why a jug? we will pour the whole drum full of water .
- Charulata : No-No, I was talking about my father so he became angry. He says that when my father used to work, he used to take bribes, , now tell me who does not take bribe nowadays.
- Gopal : Ass, stupid, wretch, criminal.
- Chakradhar : Listen listen , he is talking about your father.
- Charulata : Yes, even after so many years of marriage, yet he asks for money from my father, if they have given a daughter... so you will ask for money whenever you want?
- Chakradhar : You can say whatever, but here I will support Gopal. He is son-in-law, whenever he will demand, father in law have to give... what is son-in-law? daughter's husband, who is son-in-law? Straightway husband of daughter.
- Gopal : Absolutely right ? I am an educated, responsible and honest person, that is why I tolerate otherwise if someone else was there, he would have strangled, put kerosene and burnt his wife.
- Chakradhar : Ok, I will water the Tulsi plant.
- Gopal : Did you see! He is disease number one, he is the crook. The crook, who killed his wife for money, and makes up false stories.
- Charulata : Forget it, I'll make tea for you.
- Gopal : Let this Chakram go, haven't hawker delivered newspaper yet?
- Charulata : If he would have delivered ... wouldn't you have seen it?... will I keep in the locker?
- Gopal : Amazing, everyone from wife to the hawker (*suddenly the newspaper falls on him*) hey don't you have etiquettes.
- Chakradhar : You wait... I will check..., that's why my Nimbu always said that never take a newspaper.
- Gopal : This man...

***(Gopal throws the newspaper out of the door, and newspaper comes back, Chakradhar throws the newspaper out of the door , again it comes back .***

***Satyanand, father of Charulata, gets hit by a newspaper at the entrance.)***



- Satyananda : What is your intention? I didn't know that you welcome your guests like this, whoever comes to your house you hit him like this? Today I have come tomorrow if someone else comes, what will he think about your health?
- Gopal : What do you mean, it was you, you threw it from outside?
- Satyanand : What do you mean, it wasn't you, who threw it from inside?
- Gopal : Yes, he also did bowling couple of times in between.
- Chakradhar : How do I know! I thought he was a newspaper boy.
- Satyananda : Who is this gentleman?
- Gopal : He.. ..
- Satyananda : You do some work or...?
- Chakradhar : Before you say anything else, let me tell you, I am the owner of this house .. Your daughter calls me Chakram Uncle.
- Charulata : Papa, when did you come? How is your health?
- Satyananda : Don't ask ! ...how are you? You have become so thin like a thorn. But ... his weight has increased.
- Gopal : It seems but, I have been feeling weak lately... That tea was for me, isn't it?
- Satyanand : You should not drink tea, go take rest.
- Chakradhar : Communication gap, same with my Nimbu, she could never understand the matter.
- Satyananda : Nimbu? Who is she?
- Chakradhar : Before you say anything else, Nimbu was my wife, full name Mrs. Nirmala Chakradhar.
- Charulata : Poor lady, just recently left.
- Gopal : No,no, recently he sent her.
- Chakradhar : Look Gopal this is not a good thing, I will get angry, I will kill my wife? If someone listens, what will they say? I killed my wife, you know how much I love her, I come here again and again in the memory of her, I'm feeling so bad.
- Charulata : You know his habits. How he talks, please don't mind.
- Chakradhar : Yes, yes, I know about Gopal, but you also don't mind, the kitchen's tap is leaking, I'll bring the washer tomorrow.  
(exits)
- Charulata : Papa, your health is not good, you take rest.

- Satyananda : I am done, Doctor has said that my Heart is weak, now how many days I will live it is in your hands.
- Charulata : In our hands?
- Satyanand : Heart specialist of our village has given this letter after doing my check up. It took two whole days. He said that ‘Satyanand always keep this letter in your pocket, then there is no danger. If you meet new people, then you must show this letter. *(gives letter)*

Sir ,

The name of the person who surrendered this letter is - Satyananda - Putra - Nityananda - 1008, Amrud Wali Gali, near Post Office, Banaras, Uttar Pradesh.

His father was my best friend, I have no hesitation in saying that he is Pandit's son. *(gives letter to Charulata)*

- Charulata : Papa, this language is very heavy.
- Sathyanand : English is a language.
- Charulata : Satyanand visited me on Ashtami h.17-20, Mriga Sirus Nakshatra h.21-15. With a problem related to heart, serving the patients is my religion, so I myself did a thorough examination. Surprisingly, I didn't find anything in the first test, so I did another test again and came to the conclusion that his heart is in a very bad state. This is true. His heart is deteriorating, due to the lack of blood flow, it has dried out and gone out of its place, it is not in a condition to function properly, with the grace of God he is alive. This is my final conclusion.
- Satyananda : It is very important, listen Gopal.
- Gopal : Yes, I am listening.
- Charulata : Keeping in view the above reasons and situation, please follow the following rules -

Extreme anger, enthusiasm, movement is poisoned for him, so everyone should talk to him softly. With your support, there is a possibility that he may survive for few more years.

Yours faithfully

Vaidiraj Charak Churna Shastri.

80 Ghat, Banaras, Uttar Pradesh

Phone no-

- Satyanand : Now you must have understood Gopal, whatever 9 - 2 - 11 months I stay here, whatever you want to tell me, please tell me softly.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Gopal : You mean to say that if I have to inform you about someone's death, I have to laugh ?
- Satyanand : What else? You are so intelligent, let's try it once.
- Gopal : Ok for example....
- Charulata : wait! wait! tell me first what are you going to say?.
- Satyanand : Yes- yes, do rehearsals.
- Gopal : No-no Direct, yes papa , you know that Chakram Uncle, who just left... burnt his wife , putting 5 liters of kerosene.
- Satyanand : What? He killed his wife?
- Charulata : No no, papa, nothing like that, petty quarrel happened between husband and wife, Now he is a husband, So he will be angry, husband has to burn her, so he put kerosene, when she got wet, he took out the matchbox then he asked her can I light it up, she said yes, and he lit it , she got burnt. That's it
- Charulata : Leave all this, Papas will stay here.
- Satyanand : 9-2-11!
- Charulata : Will you go to the office, you are getting late.
- Gopal : With whom will I talk to ? Laughing is not allowed in our office.
- Satyanand : Charu! this Chakram uncle, literally burnt his wife?
- Charulata : Let it be, it doesn't matter, your health is not good , this is common in this country, every day someone or the other kills his wife ..you came here without informing us, do you have some Important work?
- Satyanand : No! not for work , it is a long story, the day before yesterday an officer came to our head office, for checking. For 2 days, he was after our lives and when he was going back, I thought that I should see him off at the station. When I reached the station with his luggage, he was eating a banana. I started mounting the luggage and didn't know that train started moving, so he said don't worry the engine is getting attached. But before I could realize the train started running fast, and he..... I came here with his luggage.
- Charu : You are here, mother, knows about this?
- Satyanand : I don't know? Tell Gopal to drop a telegram of 2 lines - Father-in- Law arrived Safely, Happy. Don't worry. that's all.
- Gopal : Father-in-Law Arrived Safely, Happy, Don't worry, that's all. Who did you just called happy.. us?

- Satyanand : For myself.
- Gopal : Yes, yes, if you are here , how can we be happy, worry arrived safely,
- Satyanand : No ... No ... do as I said , now I am feeling tired.
- Charulata : Come, Papa , please relax.
- Satyanand : Don't forget the Telegram Gopal! (*exits*)
- (Chakradhar enters)**
- Gopal : You are again missing Nimbu?
- Chakradhar : When did I forget ! Kitchen tap is leaking, I have brought the washer.What is the program of your father- in- law?
- Gopal : Arrey ! I don't know. Charu! How long your father ...
- Chakradhar : Oh wait .. I was asking just like that.
- Gopal : Charu! Charu! Chakram Uncle has one doubt..
- Chakradhar : I don't have any doubt. I brought this washer (*goes inside*)
- Charulata : What did you say to Uncle? See how nervous he is?
- Gopal : Tell me, how many days will your father stay?
- Charulata : How do I know, I think, he will rest here for few days.
- Gopal : His condition is critical, that is why I am asking, there is no surety with heart patients they just leave randomly, and this house we are living is on rent.
- Charulata : Will you keep quiet!
- Gopal : Okay I will sit quietly. But his heart disease is for real or a story?
- Charulata : My father is not like that, I have read the letter from the doctor in front of you, but you will not believe?
- Gopal : I believe, the letter is written by your mother?
- Charulata : You unnecessarily doubting , go and give a telegram.
- Gopal : Bring my wallet (*Charulata exits*)
- (Jagannath he is a journalist he enters)**
- Gopal : Yes ,Who are you?
- Jagannath : My name Jagannath, I am Journalist, you must have read The Searchlight newspaper, I work for them.
- Gopal : Yes, I know, It is sold at the traffic signal?
- Jagannath : Yes yes same, you recognized. Well, nowadays our circulation has reduced.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Gopal : Oh! so you want me to buy your newspaper? Sorry, our father-in-law has come, our budget has been reduced.
- Jagannath : No sir, you don't need to buy, just need a little co-operation, and life time free search light.
- Gopal : Free, okay, what to do I need to do?
- Jagannath : Sir ... yesterday my M.D. Called me and gave me an ultimatum that my reporting is not good, if you want to continue working here, bring sensational news, chilling-thrilling news.
- Gopal : I have a wife and a sick father-in-law, what is sensational in this?
- Jagannath : Your landlord, Chakradhar, is it true that he burnt his wife and killed her?
- Gopal : good .. which one?
- Jagannath : You know a lot, give me the full information instantly , my newspaper circulation will increase.
- Gopal : Chakradhar murdered his wife, how did you know that?
- Jagannath : Everyone in the city knows , it is an open secret.
- Gopal : How did he kill? When ? Why?
- Jagannath : Sir,only you can answer these questions.
- Gopal : hmmm but my name ..
- Jagannath : (zipping lips gesture)
- Gopal : His...
- Jagannath : In bold headlines.
- Gopal : Chakram Bhai! Now you are trapped, I was waiting for this moment.
- Jagannath : Sir, I am a weak in English, explain in simple language.
- Gopal : I will explain.
- Jagannath : Where Is He .. Chakram from?
- Gopal : From Meerut.
- Charulata : Listen, bring a magazine for Papa. who is he ?
- Gopal : He is Jagannath, She is my wife Charulata.
- Jagannath : Namaste madam.
- Gopal : Hmm Chakradhar is basically from Meerut.He belonged to very well to do family, wealthy -rich but top-ranked Scrooge. He may have...
- Jagannath : Done two marriages?

- Gopal : Yes.
- Jagannath : Two! He killed the first wife too?
- Gopal : Yes, maybe.
- Jagannath : Very interesting sir.
- Charulata : Listen!
- Gopal : Charulata! I'm in the press meet. Don't disturb me.
- Charulata : Come here for a minute, I need to talk.
- Gopal : Told you, ...after sometime..
- Charulata : aaum. Chakram uncle is putting washer in the kitchen and you are talking nonsense about him, what if he listens?
- Gopal : There will be a wonderful article about Chakram Uncle in paper.
- Charulata : Shut up, we will have to vacate this house.
- Jagannath : Look Madam, you don't worry, your name will not come anywhere. Sir, what was the name of his first wife?
- Gopal : His name ..was... yes Charumati.
- Charulata : listen!
- Jagannath : She wants to say something.
- Gopal : I am in the press conference.
- Charulata : Lend me your ears and listen to me, now, I'm not going to find a house, 36th time, rest as you wish.
- Gopal : Ok! I will find it. Now you don't interfere.
- Charulata : Arrey, what do we have to do with all this. Somebody killed his wife, someone else is asking about him and you are giving running commentary, as if you were there. Chakram Uncle has killed his wife, do you have any evidence?
- Gopal : Yes there is , his criminal face. Don't worry, I have lot of material. File is ready in single line order.
- Jagannath : Give me that file.
- Gopal : Yes-yes , why not?
- Charulata : Now you utter a single word and you will see my dead face.
- Gopal : Charu! Charu! Listen! There is injustice done to a woman, it is our duty to expose the truth.
- Charulata : Then Why just about women , injustice, duty, talk about something else, talk about 2g scam, Anna Hazare, Baba

**Class Room Play Production**

- Ramdev, don't talk about Chakram Uncle, I like this house, we get drinking water from this kitchen
- Gopal : Listen to me.
- Charulata : You will not stop, I know wait, I will call papa, papa, papa.
- Satyananda : Coming.
- Jagannath : Your father-in-law is coming. What will happen to my story, shall I look for another job ?
- Gopal : Will you give up so easily? You are a press personnel, you can create news without news, suppose if chakram uncle's marries third time, he will kill her too, then you can cover that news.
- Jagannath : Shall I go .. and find the girl?
- Chakradhar : Did someone call?
- Gopal : The hero of our story.
- Chakradhar : Me ? Hero? Are you kidding, who is this guy?
- Charulata : He is Jagannath, my uncle's boy, his brother-in-law.
- Chakradhar : You also joke, if he is your brother, of course he is his brother in law.. What does it do ?
- Gopal : Nothing, goes house to house, collects junk. He is a scarp dealer.
- Chakradhar : Junk or...
- Satyanad : Charu beta You called me, have you sent the Telegram? Gopal!
- Chakradhar : What is the need of telegram, the kid is already here.
- Satyanad : Who has come, where?
- Chakradhar : Him him, standing there.
- Satyanad : Oh!you.Who is he?
- Charulata : Papa..
- Chakradhar : You are also of my type.
- Gopal : Write Jagannath, you will not get such news anywhere.
- Chakradhar : He is not your child?
- Satyanad : O! ... Amm ...
- Charulata : Papa, Chacha from Banda, remember Chacha Batuknath, his son Jagan ...
- Satyanad : Yes Yes...

- Charulata : Poor kid! Reached here asking address here and there.
- Satyanad : Oh ! yes yes, he used to eat mud in childhood.
- Gopal : Still eating the same.
- Jagannath : Couldn't finish the work, but ended up having relatives.
- Chakradhar : Charulata, I have fixed the tap, there will be no trouble, I am going, and yes don't forget to pour water tulsii, if my Nimbu was here, she would have felt very happy to see you all.
- Satyanad : Jagan, your mother is with whom nowadays? Your name is Jagan, isn't it?
- Jagannath : Mother! she is with father.
- Satyanad : Ram, Ram she is a very good woman, good. You had one brother too, who ran away in childhood?
- Gopal : He is in foreign nowadays, you go and relax, Jagan you too.
- Charulata : And don't come back again.
- Satyanad : Areyy, how are you talking, he is your Chacha's boy, nowadays there is no harmony left in the relationships, you don't mind. Okay what is your name? I am here for 2-11 months do come here, whenever you are free.. Charu beta, I'm feeling pain in my chest.
- Charulata : Pain?
- Gopal : Please hold on. There is no ice shop nearby, just just breathe, but in the installation.
- Jagannath : Sir, come here for a minute, I have little overwhelmed, but I'm bit optimistic now, Taau I will come again.
- Satyanand : What are you talking about, I will come again, optimistic, feels like gone over his mama.
- Charulata : Leave it now , listen, give that telegram.
- Gopal : I'm going, today you have messed up everything. The story of Chakram would have appeared in bold headlines, missed a good chance.
- Charulata : How is it going to benefit us, what would we get if someone's photo or story gets published .
- Gopal : Arey Charu, how naive are you? What would you do without me?
- Charulata : Don't worry about me, think of my father.
- (Chakradhar enters)***
- Chakradhar : Gopal!Gopal!



**Class Room Play Production**

- Gopal : Oho, I will water the Tulsi, do not take entries again and again.
- Chakradhar : Hey, leave the entry-exit. Do you know Tiger - Sitaram?
- Charulata : Sitaram? Does he work in the circus?
- Chakradhar : You also joke. He is the punk of our street! scoundrel, lofar, you don't know? 10 days back he went to a have paan, the shopkeeper delayed a bit. So he stabbed the shopkeeper.
- Charulata : O! that! The day before yesterday, he was standing outside our house, hell Drunk, he was asking for pickle.
- Gopal : So you gave it?
- Charulata : No, I was scared, I slammed the door.
- Chakradhar : Yes, he took it too seriously, he is standing in front of the house.
- Charulata : For pickles?
- Gopal : What are you talking? Today he will have lunch?
- Chakradhar : Gopal You take everything so lightly.
- (Sitaram enters with his gang)***
- Sitaram : *(To Charulata)* Come here beta have this Prasad..
- Chakradhar : Don't eat that not even by mistake it might be poisoned.
- Sitaram : Just Shut up, I don't need poison....knife in a hand, bullet on my heart, you know me who I am?
- Gopal : Who doesn't know you? You are Sitaram-Tiger.
- Chakradhar : Arrey, you're the same guy who stabbed, the paan shopkeeper?
- Sitaram : Om! Don't remind me. Once the work is done I forget it.
- Gopal : So Sitaram ji, you have just come to give prasad?
- Chakradhar : The same thing will happen, those who murder they do worship also?
- Gopal : How do I know? I have never murdered.
- Sitaram : Murder, Poison, good things never comes out of your mouth? Everyone took the prasad but you didn't, what is your name?
- Chakradhar : *(to Gopal)* He is asking you.
- Gopal : My name is Gopal, this is my wife Charulata, he is a landlord.
- Sitaram : Oh! forget him, he is the wrong man, how much salary do you draw?

- Gopal : Around 10-12 thousand.
- Sitaram : OM ! thats it , 10 x 30/20 + 40- 70, 10-10 is fine. Give 1000.
- Gopal : Me 1000 ? I have to give?
- Chakradhar : Yes - yes you... you have to give, it is very reasonable.
- Gopal : One thousand? To buy a knife or pistol?
- Charulata : Ok? How to manage 1000, we are having so many problems already.
- Chakradhar : Arey! If Tiger - Sitaram is asking, then you have to give. Problems will come and go, but you will have to pay money.
- Gopal : Okay. If you are insisting so much, then you give thousand rupees now and I will add it to the next month's rent.
- Chakradhar : I don't even have a single penny, I have not gone out for two days.
- Sitaram : Om! What is your name?
- Chakradhar : Mine? Chakradhar.
- Sitaram : Whatever it is, your salary?
- Chakradhar : I do not have a job.
- Gopal : This house belongs to him. There are four-five more , above all a land too and no expenditures. Donate a knife or katta in the name of Nimbu.
- Charulata : This is not funny.
- Chakradhar : Nowadays a lot of fun is going on. Mind yours and mine age.
- Sitaram : Listen, old man! What happened to my money?
- Chakradhar : You are forgetting you have to take money from them.
- Sitaram : Asked from anyone. Anyone can give, for me ... you are all one family.
- Gopal : Did you hear that? We are family. You must give thousand rupees.
- (Everyone discusses.)*
- Sitaram : I am giving you two minutes to decide. I have to go.
- Gopal : To Murder?
- Sitaram : Om! no.
- Gopal : For the land work?

**Class Room Play Production**

- Sitaram : Do I need to tell you?
- Gopal : Rape?
- Sitaram : You are all educated people. Burglary- robbery, is that the way to talk? I have to go to the cowshed, help the blind people cross the road, I have to give donations to the temples, then I will go home and cook. The whole 40 days program.
- Gopal : Oh, wow, you must do all these good things with your own money, you will not gain merits if you use other's money.
- Charulata : It means, we have to give money for 40 days in a row?
- Sitaram : No ! I will collect money from one family every day, you are lucky that I am starting from you.
- Chakradhar : It means 40-days program? Will you follow the rituals?
- Sitaram : Absolutely! he got it right, For 40 days no bloodshed. No Mutton - Chicken, No Boozing. No nothing. I will only worship, the Pandit has said that If I will follow this program, I will win in the coming elections.
- Gopal : So, you will not raise your hands for 40 days!
- Sitaram : No, not at all.
- Gopal : If someone makes you angry?
- Sitaram : No.
- Gopal : If not hands. Then knife , pistol?
- Sitaram : No, I will not use them either.
- Charulata : So you will not get angry at all?
- Sitaram : Om! No
- Charulata : Looks like you're getting angry!
- Gopal : Oh! no, for 40 days, his hands will not use dangerous things like a knife pistol at all, only good work.
- Charulata : So what are you waiting ? Throw him out of the house!
- Gopal : shhh!
- Sitaram : Om!
- Gopal : Want thousand rupees? Is it your father's property (*beats him.*)
- Chakradhar : God has given you such a giant body, go and work. You have made it a routine, get the hell out of here, move Gopal! you go to your Office, Charu! go and water the Tulsi.

- Gopal : Yes, I'm already very late.
- Sitaram : *(Takes out the knife)* Listen you guys.
- Chakradhar : Very nice knife.
- Sitaram : Idea change! My pooja will start from tomorrow.
- Chakradhar : So...
- Sitaram : There will be murder, there will be fights. Listen, I will be back in 10 minutes. I 'm going to the cow shed. Who will give thousand rupees, decide immediately. Better give it today or ...
- Gopal : His Pooja will start from today.
- Charulata : Arey, call the police, we will turn him in within 2 minutes.
- Gopal : and out in one minute.
- Chakradhar : Yes, they have mutual understanding, as soon as they come he give him money, I am old, so obey me.
- Gopal : When he comes back. I will send him to your house
- Chakradhar : Why to my home? He has asked for money from you two.
- Gopal : You are old person. We are a family.
- Chakradhar : Arey , I don't have a single penny.
- Satyananda : Who's there, what is this noise?
- Gopal : Nothing! Sitaram Tiger punk came to our house. He was asking for one thousand rupees, within 10 minutes, if we failed to give he will kill all of us.
- Satyananda : What did you say?
- Charulata : Tiger is fasting for 40 days, so there will be expenses, for pooja etc., so every day he will extort money from different houses, if refused, he will kill.
- Satyanand : O! That's it, I got scared for nothing.
- Chakradhar : Just touch and check Papa.
- Gopal : He's Fine ! he is not giving shock, now keep the jokes aside , let's talk about cash.
- Satyananda : What's the matter?
- Charulata : Nothing Papa , if you have a thousand rupees ...*(satyanand reacts)* we will see it and return.
- Satyanand : Arey , where is the money? I didn't even have the money to buy a ticket, I came all the way sitting on the toilet seat, I'm wondering how I will go back. Go and drop the Telegram.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Gopal : Idea is good but don't you think it will be too late ?
- Satyanand : Inform that I have reached.
- Chakradhar : Gopal! Just think quickly, before he comes back...
- Gopal : What if he comes? He will come, how many bananas will Gou mata eat, It wont even take 2 minutes.
- Charulata : Let's do one thing, we will request him to take it from the neighbor today.
- Chakradhar : Great idea, but will he understand.
- Gopal : Of course he will understand, He is getting the money. What difference does it make, who is giving?
- Chakradhar : Wait a minute. I am the one in the neighborhood.
- Gopal : Oh, if not you then your neighbor, right?
- Charulata : Okay then you go and get ready for office.
- Chakradhar : Now see! This is the condition of our country. Someone is extorting money by pulling out a knife, someone is cutting pockets in the name of bribe. Such people must be burnt alive.
- Satyanand : This should be done to a person who shows the knife, but why the bribe-takers, nowadays bribe means non taxable pay. Public offers, so they take it. People in office Work because of the bribe.
- (Amar, A young boy, enters )*
- Amar : *(looking here and there and falls in the feet of Chakradhar)* Save my Bapu's, his condition is very bad, I don't want a job, save him.
- Chakradhar : Who are you?
- Satyananda : You have not answered me yet, it is a compulsion to take bribe, I think those who don't work even after taking bribe should be burnt alive.
- Chakradhar : Who are you?
- Amar : I'm Amar, son of Bhurelal. Return the 10 thousand he has given, Bapu needs the treatment.
- Satyanand : Oho!, how much he thinks about his father think poor chap, give him 10,000, you can take another case.
- Chakradhar : Arey, why are you telling me, I don't even know him, whom are you looking for?
- Amar : What's your name?
- Chakradhar : Chakradhar.

- Amar : *(to Satyananda)* Gopal ji, please return my money, I have a letter from your officer, my Bapu is very ill.
- Chakradhar : *(reads the letter)* Dear Gopal, the boy I 'm sending should not come back, manage. Rest, we will discuss when we meet- Balram.
- Chakradhar : Who is this Balaram?
- Satyanand : Gopal's boss.
- Chakradhar : To whom did your father pay?
- Amar : Gopal ji, he said that the order will come within 10 days, but nothing has happened its been over a month. Hospital people are saying for an operation, I don't want a job. Just give me money.
- Chakradhar : Did you hear ? Your son-in-law grabbed 10,000 in the name of offering a job, he used the officer's name also. He gave the guarantee also.
- Satyananda : Yes, I understand, but why did he sent him here?
- Amar : So you are not Gopal?
- Chakradhar : Oh no, he is Gopal's father-in-law, Gopal is taking a bath. What did this Balarama ji say to you before sending you here?
- Amar : He was not ready to listen to me, he asked me to meet Gopal ji, please introduce me to Gopal ji, I have go to the hospital also.
- Satyanand : This boy is really innocent. Now days who reforms the money back, he does not even know this?
- Amar : Just call him soon I have to go.
- Satyanand : Arey Gopal ! Someone is here to meet you.
- Charulata : Papa, you called me, who is this boy.
- Chakradhar : She is Gopal Ji's wife, say hello, he is Amar.
- Amar : See my father had given 10,000 rupees to Gopal ji for my job, please return it, I have to go to the hospital, here is this letter given by his officer.
- Charulata : 10 thousand rupees!
- Satyanand : The officer asked for a bribe of 10 thousand and his father gave money to Gopal.
- Chakradhar : And now he don't want a job, he wants his money back.
- Charulata : If the officer has taken the money, then why would Gopal give it?

**Class Room Play Production**

- Satyananda : Lack of experience. One should not interfere in such cases.
- Chakradhar : Arey call Gopal, he needs to go. After all, only Gopal can tell what the matter is.
- Charulata : What is your Educational qualification?
- Amar : Done BA, I know the typing also.
- Satyananda : What happened to your father?
- Amar : I do not know, the coughing has increased. He vomited blood, we took him to the hospital. The doctor said for the operation.
- Chakradhar : I feel great pity for such people. If my Nimbu was alive, she would have given money immediately.
- Gopal : Who are you, bhai?
- Chakradhar : He is the Gopal you are looking for.
- Gopal : Say, what do you want?
- Amar : I have been sent by your officer Balram ji, he said collect the money from Gopal ji. He gave this letter also. I'm son of Bhure Lal.
- Gopal : I will meet you in the office.
- Amar : Your officer has refused me to come to the office, if you give me the money quickly, it will be a great blessing.
- Gopal : look I don't know what has happened, I will see you in the office.
- Amar : I will not go until I get money, my bapu is taking last breath.
- Chakradhar : It seems that he is in great trouble, do not refuse.
- Satyananda : If you wanted to take the money, that is not the way to take, there is a technique. You are absolutely foolish.
- Charulata : Papa, you don't need to interfere. If there is a money transaction, he should go to the officer.
- Satyananda : Look, these things are beyond your comprehension, someone gives and take in the name of donation, in the name of charity. Money flows from one hand to another.
- Chakradhar : Yes, it is an art, Gopal is also such a great artist. I came to know today.
- Gopal : I do not know anything about this matter. Don't talk nonsense.
- Chakradhar : So this means you didn't receive anything?
- Gopal : You guys go do your work, and you meet me outside Balaram's house.

- Amar : No I will not go, give me my money.
- Gopal : Okay come with me..
- Charulata : What are we supposed to do if Sitaram-Tiger comes?
- Chakradhar : Yes, settle this first and then go.
- Satyanand : Yes, yes, Amar you go to the office. Gopal will come to office in half an hour. If he fails to turn up then you can come here.
- Amar : I will not go, why should I run to and fro again and again? Refund my money.
- Gopal : I have been explaining you so lovingly, your father gave me money, do you have any proof ?
- Amar : My Bapu is not educated like you people, who will lie..
- Gopal : Go and call him, I don't want to talk to you.
- Amar : From where? He is lying ill, taking his last breaths in the hospital.
- Charulata : Aye don't scream loudly here, shall I call the police?
- Amar : Go call the police, call the newspaper people, call them, I will tell them everything.
- Charulata : He is so loud, definitely he must have paid, give him the money.
- Gopal : Trust me, I'm not involved.
- Satyananda : I am not able to understand anything. Gopal is saying that he has not taken money and the officer has given the letter.
- Chakradhar : If you are not able to understand, then how can I ?
- Gopal : It would be better if you don't Interfere. Go! do your work.
- Charulata : You will tell him to go so many times, you think he has no self respect, he won't stay here for even a minute, isn't it Uncle.
- Chakradhar : I come here in the memory of Nimbu. Take care of Tulsi.
- Gopal : You also go, or will you keep standing here? Go apply balm on your heart.
- Satyananda : Yes, be carefull, you must not act hastily in such cases, come Charu beta.
- Charulata : You go Papa I will Just come.
- Gopal : Listen, your father came to our office for your job. He met Balaram ji, he asked for 10 thousand, your father agreed. I gave that money to Balaram ji the very same day, Balram ji promised that within 10 days he will clear



- the order. I agree, it is taking time but you will get the job, wait for sometime.
- Amar : I don't want a job now.
- Gopal : Well, then I have to talk to Balaramji, Give me some time, come tomorrow.
- Amar : No, I want money today.
- Charulata : Look don't shout so loudly, people will listen.
- Gopal : Let them hear what will happen, nowadays everyone takes bribe.
- Charulata : It mean you have taken the money?
- Gopal : Not a single penny Charu. Get out, get out of here.
- Amar : What! am I a begger I have given money. Give me my money back.
- Gopal : Don't you understand what I am saying, get out.
- Charulata : Speak softly, Shashi aunty keeps a watch on us all the time.
- Gopal : Let her listen, I am not afraid of anyone. Go call whom so ever you want to call.
- Amar : Look, don't raise your hand, I can do the same.
- Gopal : *(Pushes)* Do whatever you want to *(Amar falls)* What happened to him, Charu, bring water... fast.
- Amar : I do not want water. Give money, my Bapu will die..
- Gopal : I will give you money, oh my God, is he dead?
- Charulata : *(Brings water)* What happened? Is he fainted?
- Gopal : He is not unconscious, he is dead.
- (Chakradhar Enters)***
- Chakradhar : I am shameless. I have not come to remind you of Tulsi. I left the plier in the kitchen. Why is he lying like this? You didn't touch him right?
- Charulata : He asked him to wait outside, don't know how he fell unconscious?
- Chakradhar : Fell or died?
- Charulata : You are experienced, just check what happened to him?
- Chakradhar : It is your matter, you know better, Don't Interfere you said that , now why should I check him, My Nimbu was also like this ...
- Charulata : Oh God what has happened.

- Satyananda : What happened? Why is this boy sleeping like this?
- Chakradhar : When someone dies, he sleeps like this.
- Satyananda : Died?
- Chakradhar : Died. Your Gopal killed him.
- Charulata : Oh! Papa, died means not in real, his heartbeat stopped, Just like that.
- Satyananda : O! that's it, ok, ok.
- Chakradhar : Arey how come it stopped? Did you hit him?
- Gopal : No-no I did nothing, I told him to wait outside the office and he fell.
- Chakradhar : Wow, Great, life is like a water bubble just touched and he died, he must be shocked.
- Gopal : Arey! I did nothing to him.
- Chakradhar : OK, bring the panchang (almanac) from home.
- Satyananda : So much has happened here, and you are concerned about panchang?
- Chakradhar : Yes - yes of course you will say like this, this house is mine, if the constellations are not behaving in good manner, then I have to lock this house.
- Charulata : Chakram uncle, everything is fine here, don't worry.
- Chakradhar : What to do now ? shall we call the police?
- Gopal : When murder happens police is called or Bhangra dancer?
- Satyananda : Chakradhar is right, why were you in such a haste, what was the need of scramble.
- Chakradhar : If he gave you 10 thousand, of course he will ask, if you lose 50 paise, you will not be able sleep.
- Charulata : I was already saying, speak softly, but you are least bothered, if somebody comes to know, how much infamy it will bring.
- Gopal : Will you keep your mouth shut for a while? Chakradhar ji, please give some advice, what should be done now? Mr.Chakradhar?
- Chakradhar : Aha ever since you have come to this house, for the first time today you have taken my name with respect. You have done Murder! Huh Never mind but you learnt the Manners. Now you are a complete man.
- Satyanad : Murder - murder don't repeat this word again and again. He is saying that he did nothing.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Chakradhar : Are you serious, if people started dying due to such small pushing and shoving, dead bodies will come out of Parliament instead of politicians.
- Gopal : I really did not kill him.
- Charulata : Papa, calm down, let's keep it highly confidential. Let's dispose him off.
- Satyanad : Yes, but what about if he had informed somebody before coming here.
- Gopal : He is right..
- Charulata : You got lured into for 10 thousand rupees ? why?
- Gopal : I have already said I gave all that money to Balaram.
- Charulata : If you gave it to Balaram, why was he after you, where is the logic?
- Satyanand : Yes took 10 thousand for a Job in return, You have committed a very big crime, now say, it is a normal thing.
- Chakradhar : Yes! okay, what is there to think about? Spend 2-3 thousand out of them and get this corpse buried.
- Gopal : I do not know anything, I did not take money, believe me.
- (Sitaram enters)*
- Sitaram : It seems, you were all waiting for me, I got the bananas, but it took time to find Gaumata. Now hurry up. Yes, who will give the money... and who is he sleeping in the centre of the house?
- Chakradhar : Sleeping, you mean he is not dead?
- Sitaram : What do you mean, he is dead?
- Chakradhar : Swami ji, it happened like this , For the job in return, 10 thousand were ....
- Gopal : I didn't take the money I told you.
- Charulata : All of you, be quiet, be quiet, it happened like this, this boy wanted a job, so 10 thousand...
- Sitaram : Gave a bribe, then ...
- Gopal : Not to me, to my boss, he came here to ask for his money.
- Sitaram : Why was he asking you, if he gave it to him ?
- Chakradhar : We too are not able to understand this.
- Charulata : He grabbed the money and sent the letter, saying that return the money.
- Chakradhar : It never happens like this, there has to be something or the other?

- Gopal : How many times I have to repeat I have taken nothing.
- Satyananad : Even if you have taken , it doesn't matter, I'm there for you
- Sitaram : Just stop it, so this boy came here to ask for the money and all four of you killed him?
- Chakradhar : I don't know anything, aumm what was I doing at that time ... Yes, I was going through my old wedding album.
- Satyananad : I was sleeping inside, looking at the ceiling looking at the webs, I thought what should I do, clean myself or call Chakradhar.
- Gopal : You keep your mouth shut, I tried to explained to him, pushed him slightly , yes slightly and he died.
- Charulata : Swami ji, just check, tell us if he is really dead?
- Sitaram : Where this poor person was born, where he grew up, came here and died. It's too late, no doubt, think something.
- Charulata : What is left to think now? Dispose him, rest municipality will take care.
- Satyanand : Municipality will obviously care, it is a different matter but police will not leave.
- Chakradhar : Yes, you are right, one should not react in a hurry in such cases ... I want ...
- Satyanand : Listen, you are like my younger brother, I'm heart patient, whatever you want to do, you get it done, these are mere children.
- Chakradhar : What can I do, it was meant to happen. Stay away, as far as possible from this matter, more the better.
- Sitaram : Ok, think about it later on, first give me thousand rupees.
- Gopal : I'm not in a position to comprehend, what should I do Sitaram ji, what is the better thing to do, you suggest something to me ?
- Sitaram : What to do, according to me, inform the police, the corpse will be sent for post-mortem, then trial, then punishment , Now the second option?
- Gopal : Tell me?
- Sitaram : These are all your people, no one will open their mouths?
- Gopal : No - no, these are my own people, there is nothing to fear, she my wife, he is my father-in-law, and landlord.
- Chakradhar : Only for the name sake, otherwise family, today if Nimbu was alive then...

**Class Room Play Production**

- Sitaram : Shut up , then hideout this corpse. You have to forget what you saw and heard.
- Charulata : Yes Swamiji, let's stay out of legal entangles, do one thing , leave this corpse in front of Sasikala aunt's house. Then I will see what she does?
- Chakradhar : Yes, wow, and how many people will come to know about this, the men of our neighborhood sleep on the porch like donkeys.
- Sitaram : Think about this later on, give me thousand rupees, I have to cook.
- Gopal : Don't worry about the food, if you stay, we will get encouragement.
- Charulata : Day before yesterday, You came at my door and asked for the pickles, that night, I felt so sad. I couldn't pour my heart out to any one, so I wrote a letter and called my papa. Isn't it Papa?
- Satyanad : Charu, enough, Sitaram Ji, tell me what to do.
- Sitaram : Will think about it later, as for now hide the corpse inside.
- Charulata : I am afraid of dead body, isn't it papa ?
- Satyanand : Yes yes me too.
- Gopal : Okay both of you go inside, lock the door. Chakram ji, you give me a hand.
- Chakradhar : No I can't when Nimbu died I was so scared that I ran away. Came back straight on thirteenth, I won't be able to do this. Don't take it otherwise.
- Gopal : Okay, forget it let me tell you something personal? The boy who arrived was neither her brother nor my brother-in-law. He was a simple journalist. Don't know from where he came to know. He was asking about your Nimbu's death. I asked him to come after sometime.
- Chakradhar : You are joking again, you worry about small- small things, let's do our work. Let's raise the corpse, did you tell anything to that donkey?
- Gopal : No, nothing.
- Satyanand : He is scared of the corpse yet he agreed? His screw is loose or what?
- Charulata : Forget it Papa . He is a different type of person.
- Sitaram : He can kill four people just like that.
- Chakradhar : Did you see, how heavy the corpse has become. If it is not disposed quickly, it will stink.

***(Both of them take the corpse inside)***

- Charulata : Where have you kept the corpse, guess you have not kept it somewhere in the kitchen?
- Chakradhar : No. in the corner of the bedroom. So Gopal, I will go now, I have to cook.
- Gopal : Yes yes, go, if Jagan comes and sees you, it will be a mess. By the way where was Nimbu? From? Wasn't she from Meerut?
- Satyanand : Arey, from Meerut? Is he not Maya Chand's son-in-law? I heard a long time ago his son-in-law had burnt his daughter to death. Is he the same guy?
- Sitaram : This decision is not going to be so easy. Give me thousand rupees
- Chakradhar : This type of blackmailing is not right. Don't worry I'll stay here, together we will think how to get rid of this corpse.
- Charulata : If this decision is made in front of Swamiji, it will be fine.
- Gopal : Yes, yes, Swamiji's ! how, when and what should be done,
- Sitaram : Swamiji will only tell, he will not do anything with his hands. You will have to do it.
- Gopal : You are in initiation, if you help people like us, then you will get merit, we do not have experience in such matters.
- Charulata : Swamiji you are like my brother. Postpone your fast for a day. Start it from tomorrow. Think if your real brother would have done this, wouldn't you not help him?
- Satyanand : What is your name, Sitaram! same yes I am older than you, these are small children, this is their first experience, help them today and they will do it themselves in the future.
- Chakradhar : I know, Swami ji is very kind and his heart is like butter
- Gopal : Please agree, It will be great support. please ...
- All : Please - please ... please ...
- Sitaram : Okay, I also want to live like a common man for 40 days, let's do your work too.
- Charulata : Papa Swamiji has agreed, now we have no fear.
- Satyananda : What did he agree for?
- Gopal : No, no, he didn't just said yes.
- Satyanand : If you have just said yes, then it is okay.
- Gopal : See we will both talk later. Yes, Swamiji, now tell me what to do?

**Class Room Play Production**

- Sitaram : Now it is difficult to dispose the corpse without telling anyone. Must hire a taxi. It will cost 10 thousand.
- Gopal : 10 thousand?
- Chakradhar : Yes it is difficult to lift the body.
- Gopal : After that?
- Sitaram : Two or three Brahman type men, who can keep their mouths shut.
- Gopal : Yes yes, I'm here, father-in-law and Chakradhar Uncle.
- Satyananda : Arey Gopal I can't help it. I'm too old, you and Chakradhar can manage it.
- Chakradhar : Now, you can think whatever you want, I will not do it, this procession in the cabs and buses with the corpse is beyond my limit.
- Charulata : Listen, at what time have you called Jagan?
- Chakradhar : Yes-Yes, when he comes, send him to me for 10 minutes. I have to talk to him about what has happened here.
- Gopal : Oh! you are threatening me! So let's go to the police and tell everything, together we will grind the mill in the prison, and if we get more time, we will also play cards, are you ready?
- Sitaram : Both of you manage it. I'm going.
- Charulata : Don't go, Gopal and Uncle ji both of you please fight later on. First finish this important work.
- Gopal : You have told 10 thousand for the taxi and 3 men. If you can arrange ...
- Sitaram : I will do it ... It will take 5- 5thousand ...
- Charulata : 10 thousand for taxi, 5-5 thousand for men .. total 15 thousand ?
- Gopal : Our condition is in front of you. Give us discount in the name of God.
- Chakradhar : Swamiji, you are in initiation, you will definitely give us discount in the name of God.
- Sitaram : Oh no, not a penny less, 10 thousand for a taxi, and 5-5thousand for 3 men and what if they open their mouth, then there will be a lot of trouble. In such types of jobs, trust is valued more than money.
- Satyananda : Listen Sitaram, I told you Murder has been done for the first time, do this work in 10 thousand and next time I will give you as much as you want.

- Sitaram : Do you know what you are saying?
- Satyanad : I am saying, get all the work done in 10 thousand.
- Sitaram : No, no, what about my cut, you do not know the market rate here. Here you get 1 thousand for threats, 2 thousand for touching , 3 - 4 thousand for pulling out hands and feet and 10 thousand for throwing stones on buses nowadays.. And here the matter is totally different.
- Satyanand : Every party has its own rate, they also have funding.
- Charulata : We are just living on his salary. Where can we get so much money?
- Sitaram : No, It won't work, This is not my rate, but my union's rate. Tell me if you can afford?
- Satyanand : Quiet all silent nowadays no one cares for old people. In our times, if there was a murder or marriage, one used say and others used to listen. Ok 10 thousand for taxi, and 2 thousand for 3 men, total 12 thousand not more than that. Now bring a taxi, take the corpse and I will get you the money. That's it! no one will speak now.
- Sitaram : Try to understand.
- Satyananda : Nothing left to understand.
- Sitaram : Okay, It will take a lot of time to dispose off the corpse. it will be very late, therefore the driver will take 500 rupees.
- Satyananda : We have got nothing to do with that. You will get 12 thousand that too, after completing the work.
- Sitaram : I will not be able to save a single penny. I will go and call 3 men. They will bring a taxi. What is the address?
- Chakradhar : K-2008/420, Old Street, New Fort, Fateh Mohalla.
- Sitaram : Okay I will tell. (*exits*)
- Satyanand : Why are you looking here and there, Gopal, bring the money.
- Gopal : Ok where is the key of your suitcase?
- Satyanand : Now why do you need it ?
- Gopal : If you have a suitcase, you must be having the key also.
- Satyanand : You mean I will give the money?
- Gopal : If you have made a settlement, then you will pay the money.
- Satyanand : I? Hmm ! it's been over a week or so, I haven't seen a 100 rupee note, I have no money, this is the perfect time, I am



**Class Room Play Production**

- explaining it to you, It is not good to be such a big head , you are unnecessarily picking fights with everyone.
- Chakradhar : You have explained a very good thing...no respect for elders.... neither sees big nor small, blurts whatever comes in the mouth. Woe betide somebody.
- Charulata : Chakram uncle, let us finish this work.. These things can be discussed later.
- Chakradhar : Yes-yes, when did I refuse?
- Charulata : Gopal, no need to fear anymore. Uncle ji has agreed.
- Chakradhar : Ain't you're talking about money?
- Gopal : Forgive me. Knowingly or unknowingly if I have said anything to you by mistake don't keep it in your heart. Please arrange a small amount of money, within 10-15 days ....
- Chakradhar : you will return. Now where will I find so much money in my house ? I am not a millionaire. These are all your relatives, take out whatever you have.
- Gopal : How many times have I told you that I gave that money to the officer...
- Charulata : So what shall we do now?
- Gopal : Okey , all the people in the world are the same, they just give free advice, no one supports. Everyone is afraid, father-in-law may give up but my work will not stop.
- Charulata : Don't you worry, God listens to everyone. He is the one who made this murder happen, he will show the way.
- Gopal : You are right, something has to be done.
- Charulata : How do you talk, I will take papa inside and talk to him?
- Gopal : No, need to do that, give your Mangal Sutra.
- Charulata : What did you say? You will sell my mangalsutra to dispose the corpses. Have you heard of this before?
- Gopal : heard, now you will see that in future also.give it to me.
- Satyananda : Listen Chakram, tell me which is the constellation today?
- Chakradhar : Today it is Dashami shukrawar ...and whole day.....
- Satyananda : Dashami shukrawar ... don't give your Mars Sutra even by mistake.
- Gopal : Otherwise what will happen?
- Satyananda : Do you remember Charu, my father, your grandfather, sold your Grandmother's mangalsutra for electricity connection?

- Charulata : Yes and after 10-15 days, he died due to electric shock.
- Gopal : You mean one who sells Mangal Sutra on Dashami dies , I am ready.
- Satyanand : But we are not ready.
- Gopal : Is this your answer too?
- Charulata : Yes, I don't want to lose you
- Gopal : If you don't, I will go to jail.
- Charulata : It is better, to see husband go to jail rather than seeing him dead. No matter how angry you are, I will not give.
- Gopal : Wife, children, mother and father are all the same. Everyone alienates when there is small problem, if a man was not so selfish, he would have become a great saint like Valmiki.
- Chakradhar : You also wanted to write a book, you will get a lot of time to write in jail
- Gopal : Never mind I will arrange the money myself.
- Chakradhar : Okay then hurry up Sitaram
- Satyanand : Now tell me what is the plan of action ?
- Gopal : I have my mother's silver plate, I will sell it. *(goes inside)*
- Charulata : Papa, Gopal seems to be really angry.
- Satyananda : Don't you worry, the anger of such men does not last long, I am there, if something happens, I will take care of it.
- Chakradhar : Now you will suffer for such small things? I am there Charulata, you are very intelligent! Not like my Nimbu, she was very Innocent.
- (Sitaram enters)*
- Sitaram : Om! What happened? Is the money ready?
- Chakradhar : Men and car all set? isn't it uncle, Call your son in law.
- (Jagannath's enters)*
- Jagannath : Hello! Good morning to you all again. *(to Sitaram)* Well, you are also here? My name is Jagannath. I am a journalist. Remember something?
- Satyananda : Are you a journalist? Arey, why didn't you tell me earlier?
- Chakradhar : Why have you come here again? Come on, get out.
- Charulata : Take this donkey out of here.
- Sitaram : Have you heard? Everyone is asking why have you come here? It will be good if you tell the truth.

- Jagannath : Okay, I'll tell you. But before that you tell me about the mess that happened at the local liquor furnace ? I have heard you have minted a lot of money? Is it true?
- Satyananda : What is this? He is in our distant relationship.....
- Chakradhar : Don't get into the relationships. It's not Almonds, pistachios.
- Charu : Papa, don't talk for a while. I will tell you everything later and you, will you go on your own or should we thrash you out ?
- Jagannath : Okay. I will leave, but remember one thing. I am not going to give up on killers and thieves so easily. I will come again. You have already heard about Sita Ram that he is selling a lot of liquor by bluffing the police? Congrates!

*(Gopal enters disheveled)*

- Gopal : Charu ....Charu. ...
- Satyananda : What happened? Why are panicking.
- Gopal : Inside ... the corpse .... the corpse is moving .... I have it seen with my own eyes.
- Jagannath : Corpse? Where is it ? Let's go and see.
- Gopal : Jagannath ?you?
- Jagannath : Yes, I Let's see.
- Chakradhar : Gopal ! first throw him out.
- Satyananda : Fine, but corpse is moving? What is all this ? I am not able to understand anything.
- Charulata : There is nothing like it, Papa, how can there be a corpse in our house? There is a drama happening in his office, he is rehearsing for it, that's all.
- Gopal : Oh!no no there is no drama. I do not know what is happening. I opened the almirah to take out the silver plate and saw that ..... that corpse was moving.
- Jagannath : Don't be afraid. Let's take a look.
- Chakradhar : There is no need. We will see. You get out.
- Charulata : Will you go or you want Sitaramji to knock you out?
- Satyananda : So he is not our relative? That is what I was thinking how come this hairy bear born to that baldy?
- Sitaram : Wait ! Relax... think, Jagannath must have known all about us by now. There is no benefit in hiding but It will not be right to tell him the whole thing.

- Jagannath : Is there another case of liquor?
- Sitaram : No. This is their own case.
- Satyanand : Arey, first check out what gopal has seen, find the truth, If that boy is alive, then we need not fear this Jagannath. What do you say Gopal?
- Chakradhar : I don't like this guy at all. First throw him out immediately.
- Gopal : Daddy is right. But I am afraid. One of you go in and see.
- Sitaram : Okay. It is important not only for us but for Jagannath also, let's find out whether there is a corpse inside or there is a living man. That is why both of us will go inside and see.
- Jagannath : No need to do that. I trust you guys.
- Sitaram : Abe they don't trust people like you and me. So both of us will go and check.
- Jagannath : Okay let's go.
- (Sitaram and Jagannath both go inside)*
- Chakradhar : Gopal, I have told you already. It would not be good if you tell that donkey about my wife and her death. Arey I don't understand, she was my wife, whether I beat her or hit her, why do you object? If I break or crash my stuff, what has that got to do with you?
- Satyanand : You ! .... wife is not a color TV or any household item. She is an individual who is alive. You have extinguished the lamp of the house. You will never get peace. This is my curse, insects in your mouth. You will be annihilated. You will crave for drop of water. You ..you will go to hell. you. ....your. ...
- Charulata : Papa . .... ok ok enough..
- Gopal : You relax . We don't have to pass a verdict on his wife's death?
- Chakradhar : That's what..
- (Sitaram comes)*
- Sitaram : *(to Gopal)* What you saw is not true. He is dead.
- Chakradhar : Good, Gopal, do you understand? That's why now stop talking and carry on with the work.
- Gopal : Really? Are you sure? But what I saw. .... Well where is that Jagannath?
- Sitaram : That scoundrel was examining the corpse very closely. Therefore, I tied him and threw him there only.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Chakradhar : Why inside?
- Sitaram : You! Om!
- Chakradhar : Swamiji have pity on us, knock him out.
- Charulata : Yes, Swamiji, he has seen the corpse. who is he? How did he die? When did he die? Who killed him, if we keep answering his questions, what will happen to us?
- Satyananda : Don't worry, beta. We will tell him a good story.
- Sitaram : No use, These journalists don't believe in our stories so easily, they will keep investigating until they dig out the truth.
- Gopal : So... what to do now. By the way, he needs information about the murder of Chakradharji's wife. If we tell him about that?
- Chakradhar : Go ahead and Tell, let me also see what you will tell ? After that I will also tell the whole story...everything that happened here.
- Charulata : Yes, Gopal, just think what will happen, if the people come to know about this , our respect, honor? The court case above all..
- Sitaram : Your job will also go respectfully and you will be a sentenced for fourteen years. Prepare yourself for jail.
- Satyanand : With this deteriorating heart disease at this age, I cannot take care of your wife.... the rest is your wish. Just think.
- Gopal : Shut up, shut up. You are speaking as if everything has already happened. Sitaram!
- Sitaram : You! Om!
- Gopal : I mean, Swamiji. My mind is not working. What should we do?
- Sitaram : Yes, we all have to think together and come out clean, otherwise you and I, all will land up in the jail.
- Chakradhar : So Swamiji, he is also a speck of your eyes?
- Sitaram : Not only that but he is a gun aimed on me. He was questioning me about my scams. I guess, he must have learned a lot by now.
- Chakradhar : Then what to do? This guy turned out to be a big danger ?
- Sitaram : Not a big danger, he is a great danger. Letting him go free means leaving the lion out of the cage. Today he will write about murder, tomorrow about the death of your wife, then about your bribe exploits in his paper. Then along with the honor everyone will have to die. Just think.

- Gopal : So, what should we do now, Swamiji?
- Sitaram : Listen carefully. Jagannath has to be killed.
- Gopal : Another murder?
- Charulata : Another corpse?
- Satyanad : What is happening Murder after Murder, Charu?
- Sitaram : You! Om! All of you Keep your mouth shut. It is important, Jagannath must die or he will kill us.
- Satyanand : I am feeling scared.
- Gopal : How can we take life like this?
- Chakradhar : If we have to live, we have to kill him. Is there any other option?
- Charulata : Swamiji, only you can show us the way.
- Sitaram : Okay. I am thinking on behalf of all of us, listen carefully. Killing that Jagannath is like a religious program for all of us, which means everyone will do one thing. I will go to that room and kill him by strangling him. I will have nothing to do with the program that follows. See you all Okay ?
- Gopal : Oh, good it's difficult to kill someone, But the rest of the work is a game of our left hand. Isn't it Charu? Daddy?
- Satyananda : Left-right? What are you talking, Gopal? Speak thoughtfully. Anyway, it has nothing to do with me.
- Chakradhar : Listen, just think Gopal, what uncle is saying. Disposing one corpse was already so difficult to tackle, now hiding out two corpses? Don't drag me into this. The rest is your wish.
- Sitaram : Don't worry about the disposal of corpses. Today lot of people have died. They drank adulterated liquor. There is a pile of corpses in the government hospital. I will carry both the corpses and leave them there. That's my job. Now don't think anything just go and kill Jagannath. Leave the rest up to me. I will not take a penny and will do all the work for free.
- Charulata : Yes, Gopal, uncle is right. Think with a cool mind, drink some cool water.
- Gopal : So that means it is difficult to dispose of that the corpse. That is why it is okay to kill Jagannath. Is it not?
- Chakradhar : Say yes. Strengthen your heart.
- Satyananda : Do it Gopal. This is better than playing with corpses.
- Charulata : Papa, uncle is also with us.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Chakradhar : Charulata you are ....
- Sitaram : Arey, the corpse is hidden in the house and you are talking so comfortably. don't you feel ashamed? Okay listen all of you, Jagannath has to die. Together we will kill Jagannath. Rest everything free.
- Charulata : Listen Papa, Swamiji will do everything for free.
- Sathyananda : Yes, I heard ... my ears are blessed. Gopal, if all the work is done for free ... then we can kill any number of people.
- Chakradhar : So Swamiji, is this also a discount in the name of God?
- Sitaram : Shut up you thief, you and me, we are all thieves, riding in the same cart. If someone like Jagannath comes in our way, wipe him out of the way and move on. Are you guys ready?
- Gopal : But Swami ji is killing one more man, just like that ...
- Charulata : Arey, you are so faint hearted.. Papa, where did you find this timid man? Okay if you are so scared, then you just grab the boy's rest Chakradhar uncle ....
- Chakradhar : Will kill? Why should I help you in this auspicious work?
- Sitaram : Because if he stays alive, he will write about your wife's death, in the newspaper and you will die in lockup.
- Chakradhar : Swami ji ...
- Sitaram : That's why you keep your mouth shut and not only you but everybody will keep their mouth shut or else I will shut everyone's mouth. Not one, not two, four corpses will come out from here, absolutely free. Now tell me who will do what?
- Satyanand : You know about me Gopal, don't you ...?
- Gopal : I don't know anything ...
- Satyananad : Swami ji, I hold your feet ... give me the task of holding his feet.
- Charulata : Then I will press his mouth.
- Gopal : Then I will hold his hand tightly.
- Chakradhar : Now what is left? Neck? I always get this duty to stifle, my bitter luck.
- Sitaram : OM !
- Chakradhar : Ok ok I will do that.
- Sitaram : Now, listen to the plan... suddenly this old man will have a heart attack.
- Chakradhar : Gopal was telling that his heart is missing.

- Satyanand : As if you have a big heart and you love your wife very much?
- Gopal : Will you sit silently ... Swami ji, you continue.
- Sitaram : Yes, So, this old man will have a heart attack, we will all get nervous, then I will go in and bring Jagannath out, of course he will ask what happened? But nobody will say anything and start weeping and whining. The moment you get an opportunity, all four of you will grab his legs, hands, mouth and rest will stifle. Once the plug is pulled, I will bring a taxi and the rest of the work is mine. You need not worry after that.
- Gopal : Okay, but...
- Chakradhar : Yes, yes, ask ... but Swamiji ..
- Sitaram : If anyone has any doubt, ask and clarify now..... one slightest mistake and you will be sabotaged.
- Charulata : Papa, you are an elder, first you ask.
- Satyanand : I will ask, beti, I will ask, I am waiting for that time .. okay let me ask. Forgive me, Gopal, I was a fool, I came here. Now at this age, blood robbery, willy nilly, I can't do it.
- Chakradhar : Uncle! small correction. You have to commit murder, not willy- nilly and we will not bother you unnecessarily.
- Gopal : Swami ji was saying that if there is any doubt, we can discuss, there is no time for apologies and all , now get ready, Swamiji, we are ready.
- Sitaram : Okay, put this old man to sleep here and you all start weeping.
- Satyananda : How to act for heart disease?
- Gopal : No need to act, do as it is what you are already doing, ever since you came here?
- Sathyanand : That's it ... just wait ... beti! my heart ...
- Chakradhar : The idiot who has heart disease, never shouts so loudly.
- Satyanand : If you abuse me like this, I will get angry, and if I get angry then I will not have heart attack, rest is up to you.
- Gopal : Abuse but with some dignity.
- Sitaram : Om!.
- Charulata—Papa : Papa, how can you leave us like this? If mummy comes, what will I say?
- Satyanand : Tell her not to spend uselessly on godan-vodan.
- Charulata : Okay you go to sleep. Carry on



**Class Room Play Production**

- Chakradhar : Whatever, this old man is useless and will do anything for money.
- Satyanand : Swami Ji he is abusing me again.
- Gopal : Papa! you sleep. Let me tell you the real thing, he was really like my father, he loved me so much. I asked him this morning, Papa, you look pale , what will you have for breakfast?
- Chakradhar : Yes, yes, I had also told him in the morning, bhai, stay with Gopal for ten to fifteen days, then come and stay with me, but what did I know that day will come today.
- Satyanand : Yes, now I'm enjoying, sleeping like dead, don't you worry, order a nice breakfast after this, and don't worry, I will stay with you also for two- four months.
- Sitaram : First class, all is well, keep it up, carry on, I'm going to bring him.
- (Goes Inside)*
- Gopal : Charu! I never thought of such a disaster even in my dreams.
- Charulata : Even I never imagined. Should have lived at least three four days. Who knew this would happen?
- Chakradhar : Gopal, let bygones be bygones Now how long will you keep the corpse at home? Will have to do something quickly.
- Satyanand : Corpse ... to whom you are calling a corpse? I have already told you not to abuse me.
- Charulata : Don't worry, papa, just close your eyes and ears for ten minutes.
- Gopal : Oh, I thought I would serve you for ten more days, but you ..... my hopes Charu, what do we say.
- Chakradhar : Shattered....my hope ..... Oh! how much love Oh ! how much love, and how much .... how much .....
- Charulata : Use the words, you know and weep, don't use the words you don't know ... unnecessary improvisation ... and we don't even have a English dictionary.
- Satyanand : What are you doing? you are crying in old fashion. Stop this old record, Daddy... Papa... weep in some new style so that even dead person can enjoy..
- Gopal : Ok, I will try my best, you go to sleep. This old man chose my own house to die. Now who will bear the cost of this?

- Chakradhar : Arey, he loved his children so much, that's why he came here and died. he was saying not to waste money, so call the municipality, they will take my corpse. like dogs and cats . Gopal, you are very lucky, it is difficult to find another father-in-law like him..
- Charulata : Another? What do you mean?
- Gopal : Shut up, Charu... We all have to leave one day. Sooner or later.
- Chakradhar : We have been crying for so long... and where is tiger?
- Gopal : True, that's what I 'm thinking, it seems they have come ... start.
- (Sitaram's enters)*
- Sitaram : Shut up, stop crying and weeping.
- Chakradhar : Why! Do we need to increase our volume? Don't take it on your heart, we are bit out of rhythm.
- Gopal : What happened? Where is Jagannath?
- Sitaram : He fled.
- Charulata : He ran away? How?
- Chakradhar : We are sitting here ... how did he ran away?
- Sitaram : Through the window.
- Satyananda : So can I wake up now?
- Gopal : Yes, wake up, he ran away, he understood our plan, he saw the corpse in the room, then looked at us and ran out through the window, now he will come with the police in ten -fifteen minutes.
- Gopal : So what to we do now?
- Sitaram : You and all of you think about it together, I am going. But remember one thing, if any of you blurts out my name in front of the police, I will finish the puja then I'll finish you all.
- Gopal : Swami ji ... Swami ji ... If the police is coming here then who will stay here?
- Sitaram : But you are the one who committed this murder, what will they say- what you will hear, face it together, I have nothing to do with that.
- Satyanand : All right, he ran away, Good for me, otherwise I would have been stuck in this matter. Beti if I will go to the bus stand, will I get the last Bus, okay do one thing , sign this paper.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Charulata : Sign ? Why Papa?
- Gopal : If I go to jail, he will not bear the expenses of your roti, this is what is written in there.
- Satyanand : You are very funny, you are going to end up in jail still you are joking. Oh nothing beti, these are property papers, you know our lawyer...he asked for your signatures.
- Gopal : *(Reads)* O! This is the matter, it is written that you will have no right on his property.
- Satyanand : Yes, just sign it rest I will see.
- Charulata : No, I will not, on the one hand husband is going to jail and on the other hand , father is evicting me from the property, what will happen to me?
- Chakradhar : What is the value of your entire property ... Just asking?.
- Gopal : May be around ten or twenty lakhs, so Daddy, Charu will not get anything? She will give it by herself, that's all, is it?
- Satyanand : Yes, that's all, if you help me do this work, then you are my God not my son-in-law.
- Charulata : I will give my life but I will not sign it.
- Gopal : Charu stop, I will get you, her signatures, but you have to do one thing for me.
- Satyananda : What can I do for you? I am sick myself, above all heart attack, anyways, I will try, tell me what do you want me to do.
- Charulata : Whatever you two are talking, I have nothing to do with that, I will not sign.
- Satyananda : Beti, if you behave like this, where will your Papa go, I will give you five-ten thousand rupees, you sign it.
- Charulata : No, I don't want anything, I will not sign.
- Gopal : Yes, we don't want money.
- Satyanand : Then what do you want?
- Gopal : Nothing, it's a murder case, just take it on your head.
- Satyanand : What? Accept the allegation and go to jail.
- Charulata : Still I will not sign.
- Chakradhar : Gopal Your mind is amazing, what an idea? Your brain is not a brain but a current of 440 volts. The idea is not bad, what do you say, Satyanand bhai?

- Satyanand : I have to go to jail and what if I got hanged?
- Chakradhar : Hanged? There are so many scammers and rapists in and out of jail? So far nothing has happened yet they are still alive. If you killed this unclaimed boy, you will not be hanged or even put in jail.
- Gopal : Even If you go to jail, it will be only for one, two, three years. You are very old man, suffering from heart disease and have done the murder for the first time, so as a senior citizen, they will leave you on Gandhi Jayanti in fact drop you at home.
- Satyanand : If it doesn't happen?
- Gopal : Don't worry, it will happen.
- Charulata : I will not sign, I will not, I will not.
- Gopal : Charu, charu, come here, come here once
- (Both go off stage)**
- Satyananda : Hey listen... Wait... Let me think a little bit, what is going on?
- Chakradhar : They are husband and wife anything is possible? Don't worry, I too will keep coming in, for two to three years.
- Satyananda : I am dying my death, no need to advise me. Hearing all this, what will my wife think, what will she say?
- Chakradhar : Bhai, there is a request before you think about your wife. Tell Gopal do not talk about my wife and her death again and again.
- (Gopal and Charu enters)**
- Gopal : I have persuaded your daughter to sign it, she is just waiting for you, she got emotional and agreed. She doesn't want anything in your property, are you ready?
- Satyananda : Ready for what? But I have killed someone, will people believe it?
- Gopal : Absolutely! Why not? There is no age limit for the murderer. You have to just say yes.
- Chakradhar : You are old, your daughter and son-in-law will live happily, now what more do you want than their happiness, your money is still saved.
- Charulata : Papa, we left millions of properties just like that, and you can't even go to jail for me?
- Satyananda : Okay, okay, but you have to give it in writing, now, then I ...

**Class Room Play Production**

- Gopal : You should also give it in writing now, that you are confessing your crime.
- Chakradhar : Very good hurry up, all this paperwork must finish before the police comes , then everyone can go to their home.
- Charulata : Yes-yes why not, Chakradhar uncle will also sign as witness.
- Gopal : Yes, the signature of the witness will be like sprinkling water on the wall of lime.
- Chakradhar : I will not sign it so easily, you will also have to give in writing that I have not killed my Nimbu and you will not mention it anywhere, write it then only I will sign as a witness.
- Satyananda : Okay, okay, he is an idiot, write it, his hearts will also get some relief.
- Charulata : Yes, Chakradhar Uncle is an equal partner in everything we do.
- Gopal : Okay everyone, take out your paper pen.
- Charulata : Papa, your handwriting is very poor, so try to write neatly and Gopal your English is very good, you should write in Hindi only.
- Satyanand : I am giving up all the property rights, I'm legally entitled to. Read it properly and sign it. *(to Charulata)*
- Gopal : I have killed this boy named Amar with my own hands in a fit of anger because of old enmity. Read it properly and sign it *(to Satyananda)*.
- Chakradhar : I will never mention about the death of Late Nirmala Chakradhar in any form to anyone anywhere, if done, will pay a fine of 25 thousand rupees. Sign it without reading. *(to Gopal)*
- Gopal : Daddy, you are the eldest of all, so take the name of God and sign it.  
*(they say first you do, first you to each other).*
- Chakradhar : This is not going anywhere. I have to leave before the police arrives.
- Charu : Uncle wait a minute, Papa let's do one thing, we will all sign together.
- Gopal : Okay, I don't mind.
- Satyananda : Yes.

- Chakradhar : OK, take your papers Ready 1, 2, 3 go sign!
- (Jagannath enter)*
- Jagannath : Hello, good morning to you all again.
- Gopal : You? Where is the police?
- Jagannath : What do we have to do with the police?
- Chakradhar : We? Look how he is projecting affinity .
- Charulata : Then why did you come back?
- Jagannath : So you mean, I jumped out from the window and then why did I come back? Very simple I have come to take this corpse.
- Satyanand : You want a corpse? I will give you rickshaw fare, take it away soon.
- Chakradhar : No one needs you, neither we nor the corpse, leave right now..
- Gopal : Right now!
- Jagannath : If I don't then you will kill me, but no one will buy my corpse for one lakh rupees.
- Satyananda : One lakh! So it means for one lakh rupees that boy's corpse ...
- Jagannath : The party is ready to buy, now tell me who killed him? You , you ... or you..
- Satyanand : No, I have killed him, look at this paper, I have given it in writing, now tell us who will give one lakh, when will he give , why will he give ?
- Charulata : Papa, do not hustle, you are a heart patient, you will get one lakh rupees for killing some one.
- Chakradhar : I think it does not worth that much.
- Jagannath : Well, if you are not sure, then give that useless corpse to me.
- Gopal : No, unless and until the police comes and arrests the perpetrator, nobody will touch the corpse.
- Satyanand : I told you that the corpse is mine, I have killed it, I agree, you can take it.
- Jagannath : Thank you sir, really you are God to me. I never even imagined that I will win a Lottery in my life so soon.
- Sathyanand : Arey, what is he saying, he is taking the corpse away and he is so happy as if he has found some treasure, beti , there is something fishy.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Chakradhar : Yes, I too have the same feeling..
- Gopal : Do not let him touch the corpse until the whole matter is clear because if he is telling the truth, then it is not about one or two thousand, it is one lakh rupees, will have to think. Jagan tell me clearly what the matter is. You will get the corpse only when we believe you.
- Jagannath : Okay, listen, this boy's name is Amar, His father's name is Bhurelal, they are very poor people, his father used to work in a Zamindar's house, he helped him in his education, and suddenly he got sick. And the doctors said that the kidney will have to be changed, only then he will be able to survive.
- Gopal : So this means that if we give this corpse, They will use this boys kidney and he will survive.
- Jagannath : Absolutely right and true, It is a coincidence that the blood group of this boy and Zamindar is same, so he is ready to pay one lakh rupees.
- Chakradhar : But how do you know all these things?
- Janannath : I know that Zamindar and I already knew this boy Amar, and if I know about your Nimbu, then it is not a big thing to know about this boy. When I saw him in that room, I thought of Zamindar and ran out through the window. I have settled everything, now will you believe me?
- Gopal : My God, one lakh for the corpse!
- Charulata : Gopal, go to the market fast and bring Ice and Naphthalene tablets.
- Satyanand : Don't bother Gopal for small small things. I'm here...I will bring, flower garland too...if you say...
- Gopal : Well, you have told everything but you haven't told the name and whereabouts of the Zamindar?
- Jagannath : What will I get if I tell you the name and address?
- Chakradhar : So you also want a share in this one lakh?
- Jagannath : I want my share, if I wouldn't have come back and informed everything, then you would have paid and disposed him, we all know that Gopal killed that boy and I brought the good news, then I deserve the share. Give 35-35 thousand to both of us and divide the remaining 30 amongst yourself.
- Satyananda : Absolutely right, I am fine with the share distribution. but one thing what if you take away this corpse so far and this corpse proves to be useless, then my heart will sink..

- Gopal : Okay okay, now tell the address?
- Jagannath : I have made all the arrangements. We will go out and call the Zamindar, he will send an ambulance, meanwhile bring the corpse here.
- Satyanand : It's like going to the bank and taking money. The only difference is going to bring corpses instead of cheque book.
- Jagannath : Ok, I will call and come. *(exit)*
- Chakradhar : Gopal let's bring the corpse here. What are you thinking?
- Gopal : I wonder whether I should be happy to save the Zamindar's life or feel sorry for taking a boy's life.
- Satyananda : Don't worry about that, remember one thing no matter how many poor people die but the life of one rich person is being saved. We must feel happy and that should be our goal.
- Chakradhar : This the first time, you have said something intelligent.
- Charulata : *(Shouts)* Ghost, ghost run, run.
- Amar : I'm Amar, I'm not a ghost. Sir, I am Amar, Don't know why I slept in that room? I am asking you sir! sir!
- Gopal : So it means you are not dead?
- Amar : No sir.
- Chakradhar : Gopal is he really alive? Just check his feet, are they reversed.
- Gopal : Charu- Charu, where are you, well, here you are I'm, I am so happy, he is alive...I have not killed anyone.
- Charulata : Really, he is not a ghost.
- Gopal : No, he not a ghost, really alive, I am not a killer, I am happy.
- Amar : Sir, please give me my money, I have to save my Bapu.
- Chakradhar : Gopal! have a look at your father-in-law, seems he is gone.
- Gopal : Gone where? I don't care if he is gone. I'll live happily, daddy, are you okay?
- Satyanand : I am feeling very sorry.
- Charulata : Papa, what are you talking about?
- Amar : Sir, I am feeling bit dizzy, if I get money, I will go.



**Class Room Play Production**

- Gopal : Well I will give you money for sure. I will just freshen up...will be right back. I will sell my mother's silver plate and give you money.
- Amar : Thank you sir!
- Chakradhar : Gopal, are you out of your mind? You are happy and I have lost the whole one lakh. Looks like close but no cigar.
- Satyananda : Looks like my lottery ticket flew in the air... My time is running bad.
- Charulata : Gopal, will you really sell that plate?
- Gopal : Yes, I want peace. I don't care about gold and silver.
- Charulata : So Papa, please return that paper to me.
- Satyananda : No, not at all, you wrote it when I took the allegation on my head, now if he turns out to be alive....what is my fault?
- Chakradhar : Correct, this is the right time. Anyone can kill anyone. Uncle is ready to go to jail.
- Satyanand : Yes-yes agreement is agreement.
- Chakradhar : Gopal Just think cool headedly, if this boy dies again, there is one lakh and there is a man .. ready to accept the crime.
- Satyananda : And above all, we can save the Zamindar, who saves ten lives.
- Charulata : Tell me what is your take on this?
- Gopal : No need. to do that, I know all of you, you are trying to find an excuse, in the name of saving Jamidar's life just for one lakh rupees and want this boy to be ... No, I don't agree with you, its okey if something happens by mistake, but I cannot do it intentionally I am not fanatic who can take life for money, Charu, you go inside. (*goes inside*)
- Charulata : So Papa you won't give that paper?
- Satyananda : No.
- Charulata : You betrayed your daughter, you too will be completely annihilated.
- Chakradhar : Uncle! Uncle! Yes, bhai, look she is your daughter, if she cries, then it will be your lose, grant her wish.
- Satyananda : You mean to say that I leave the property worth one lakh and tear the paper?
- Chakradhar : When did I say this, think and find another way to earn this one lakh.

- Satyanand : What do you mean?
- Amar : Sir, I misunderstood Gopal ji, he is a very sincere person, he agreed to give money to save my Bapu.
- Chakradhar : Yes, yes he will give money but Charu will be very sad.
- Satyananda : Alright do whatever you want, sell the plate and cry, I am done, I am going.
- Chakradhar : Okay, if you don't care then I will do something as a landlord, Amar, I will give you money.
- Satyanand : Ok, you are talking about this help, I can do this too, Amar I will give you money.
- Chakradhar : Arey, Uncle, leave him I will pay.
- Satyananda : No, he came to our house, I will give the money.
- Amar : Sir! sir! please leave me already my health is bad and don't hit me.
- Satyananda : Very good I heard what you said, let's do 50-50.
- Amar : So will you both pay money together?
- Chakradhar : Yes - Yes, we will give you the money.... together tell us one thing, what is the name of that Zamindar, who helped you.
- Amar : Do you know him too? (*writes the name and address*).
- Chakradhar : Uncle our work is done, we got the name and address, Let's finish this story before Jagannath comes.
- Amar : What do you mean?
- Chakradhar : Oh nothing, the Zamindar, who helped you is ill. He is admitted in a hospital, if you die, your kidneys will be given him.
- Satyananda : We will kill you and divide half-half.
- Amar : Sir, what have I done to you?
- Chakradhar : If someone is giving lakhs for your corpse, how can you stay alive?
- Satyananda : If we will spare you, Jagannath will kill you.
- Amar : No sir, I don't want money
- (Amar tries to save himself, they run after him)**
- Chakradhar : Now the decision has been made, after the decision, the work cannot be stopped, what will you do by living, die

and be happy. The death of a poor person is no less than marriage, bhai no time to play, end this.

*(Amar struggles and dies)*

Chakradhar : I'm going to get a taxi, if Gopal comes...

*(Gopal enters)*

Gopal : What is happening here, he fainted again, Amar! Amar!

Satyanand : This time he is really dead.

Gopal : You mean dead... ..you killed him !

Chakradhar : Now this corpse belongs to us.

Gopal : What type of people you are, killed a boy for money?

Chakradhar : Earlier we thought that you killed him by mistake, now we deliberately killed him, not much difference.

Satyananda : If we wouldn't have killed him, Jagannath would have killed and would have taken all the money alone.

Gopal : I'm not getting anything, Charu !*(feels dizzy)*

Jagannath : Hello, everyone seems to be waiting for me, I was ready to sell my faith for the money, but my bad luck.

Chakradhar : What does it mean?

Satyananda : Speak Up.

Jagannath : Zamindar passed away a while ago, now we don't need this corpse.

Gopal : You have not killed Amar, you have killed both goodness and humanity. O God, for shere selfish reasons man has forgotten all love and kindness. Human beings are turning into demons for money . Don't forgive us, don't forgive humans no ....Monsters.

**(The End)**

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# THE QUEST FOR TRUTH

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## SCENE-1

Voice Over

Once upon a time, there was a forest. In it, tall trees fanning the sky, brooks with music dearly hidden in their hearts, waterfalls eternally calling out to an unknown lover, birds drawing pictures with their colorful wings, flowers eavesdropping on the murmurings of the wind, and a variety of animals wandering fearlessly.

## SCENE -2

*An old Monkey is telling a story, animals sitting around him are listening*

- Monkey : A lightning split the sky and illuminated the entire jungle. Clouds thundered with a deafening noise. Rain drops launched an attack like an invading army—they fell on dry leaves and splintered. The wind cried hoarsely. And the entire jungle shivered in rain and thunder. In such a terrifying atmosphere, mother monkey gave birth to baby monkey.
- Animal kids : Happy birthday to you, Happy birthday to you. *(sing and dance around mother and baby monkey, mother mokey put the baby down he tries to walks, sometime falls, he learns to jump, kid help him, he is now two year old)*
- Baby monkey : Maa, who am I, and where did I come from? *(Mother was a little surprised. But she was happy)*
- Mother : We are all monkeys, my dear, and I am your mother. *(She helps him climb the tree )*
- Baby monkey : Why does this world look slanted and sometimes upside down? Maa.
- Mother : World is straight my son but *( to herself)* why do you see it slanted?
- Baby monkey : Maa, why one fruit of the same tree is sweet and another fruit is sour.
- Mother : Unripe fruit is sour and ripe fruit is sweet.
- Baby monkey : Maa , when I try to fly, I am not able to fly. Don't know why?
- Mother : Because you are monkey, not a bird, you don't have wings.
- Baby monkey : So bring one for me, I want to fly, float over the clouds, there in between the mountains, over valley of flowers. Maa, Maa please bring.
- Mother : Okay, I will bring but till then you will not try to fly. You may also get hurt.

**Class Room Play Production**

- Baby monkey : OK Mom. Why does the sun do this?
- Mother : Now, What did he do ?
- Baby monkey : Comes from here, and goes there, then how does it come from here?
- Mother : That..
- Baby monkey : Moon also does this, sometimes it becomes round, sometimes thick, sometimes thin, I don't understand.
- Mother : Yes both are very of mischievous , nothing makes sense ... Come with me (*Mother takes the little monkey to Saint Monkey*)

*There are baby animals sitting near the saint monkey who are loudly repeating the tables, at the same time mother monkey telling about questions the little monkey asks. After repeating tables 2-3 times the voice of students fades, they continue without voice.*

- Saint Monkey : If he has asked such questions at this tender age, then there is every danger of him becoming a great man.
- Baby Monkey : Is it wrong to ask questions?
- Saint Monkey : Nothing is more profitable in this world than keeping your mouth shut. That's the only reason why everyone respects me. This world has always remained the same. It looked slanted to you, but to me it often appeared to be upside down. But did I ask anybody why is it so? 'How?' and 'Why?' are foolish questions. Logic only makes the tongue sharp it doesn't add anything to your knowledge. The forest is full of juicy, tasty fruits. Go, savor them. You will realize that there is no greater pleasure than eating. *Monkey Baba slipped back into his thoughts, voice of students raises gradually. Bell rings students makes noise and run away.*)

**SCENE- 3**

*The animals are playing games, but even when called, the little monkey who is now young, does not play with them, he is alone lost in his thoughts. Then the page of the newspaper comes flying, he reads it, a tableau of human gradual development emerges on the stage. The monkey looks at it curiously. The monkey takes the newspaper and goes to the saint monkey.*

**SCENE- 4**

*Saint Monkey is doing Yogasana.*

- Young Monkey : Baba, I have a doubt?
- Saint Monkey : Hmmm, Be brief...
- Young Monkey : It is said in this paper that man has evolved from monkey. Is it true?

- Saint Monkey : Everybody writes according to what they know. We don't have to believe everything.
- Young Monkey : But I want to find out the truth myself.
- Saint Monkey : What do you intent to do?
- Young Monkey : I want to go to the human beings?
- Saint Monkey : It is foolish to think of learning everything by one's own experience. You don't know, men are really wicked.
- Young Monkey : Bless my venture, I'm going.
- Saint Monkey : Alright. Can a seeker's path be blocked with a tail?

### SCENE- 5

*Young Monkey set out on his journey. Mother and other animals bid him farewell with hugs and things for the Journey.*

- Mother Monkey : Don't forget that I will be eagerly awaiting your return.  
(cries)

*As soon as the baby monkey stepped into the human arena, a noose fell around his neck. A man appeared from nowhere. Monkey looks at him with surprise.*

- Juggler : I am your master. (pulls the rope) Do a cartwheel like a cat. (hit him with a stick)
- Young Monkey : (baffled) Sir, I'm a monkey, how can I perform like a cat?
- Juggler : Then show some monkey tricks.

### SCENE-6

*Juggler hit it him. To escape those blows, the monkey jumped up and down. He dragged the monkey exhibiting the monkey's tricks, he made some quick money. After reaching home, he gave it some food, had his own dinner and went to sleep. The monkey tried to escape but in vain. Next morning, he again paraded the monkey in the streets, coaxed it to perform its tricks, and also taught it some new ones. He used to give the monkey just enough food for him to survive, but regularly gave him four blows with the stick.*

- Young Monkey : Why do you hit me? Am I not a living being like you? Isn't pain the same to everyone?
- Juggler : This world understands only one language—the language of the stick. I have learnt this by experience. But listening to you, I think you do deserve some mercy. so I will two blows instead of four. When men themselves have taken to monkey tricks to survive, who will care for the real monkey? ( hits him with stick) move now..( Monkey quietly follows him, Juggler calls people to see the items. Monkey dances, people watch but only few people give money)

- Man : Brother your show is out dated, try something new.
- Juggler : Yes brother, it matter of this sinful stomach, will have to sort it out. *(goes with monkey)* It's no use, humor is no longer working with the people. It's time to invoke their pity. *(ties the monkey, he looks at juggler with suspicion)* Dear friend, this is a sin-filled world. We have to look at it because we have eyes. I am bearing the burden because I have eyes. But is it necessary for you too?*(The monkey looked at him uncomprehendingly)* Try to understand. It is much better to live with blindness than to die of starvation. People are kind-hearted. They will dole out charity generously when they see a blind monkey. Don't worry, I will take out your eyes painlessly. *(The monkey looked at him with disgust)*
- Young Monkey : Are you really human?
- Juggler : I hit upon such ideas only because I am human. You are an animal, did you ever think on those lines?*(Juggler picks the hot metal bars and move toward monkey , Suddenly, there was a big blast. People ran helter-skelter. Cries of anguish were heard everywhere. Juggler removes the noose )*Friend, I'm giving you an opportunity to see the world. Good bye.
- He run away leaving the monkey, Monkey didn't know which way to run. A few people surrounded the monkey with guns and lathis)*
- Gun man : Who are you? Hindu or Muslim?
- Young Monkey : I'm a monkey. *(tremblingly)*
- Man with lathi : That does not matter.*(they wave the lathis in air, to escape the blows on the head, he did his practiced cartwheel. A strong blow fell on one of his legs and broke the bone and he faints)*

## SCENE 7

*Injured people are wailed with pain. Nurses are helping them. people are searching for their love ones, one circus owner is also there . monkey's one leg is bandaged.*

- Doctor : You are lucky to survive, but ...*(Monkey looked at her without any emotions)*You cannot walk on your one feet.*(Nurse gives him crutch, he cries)*You can leave now.
- Young Monkey : Where will I go.?
- Doctor : You are free to live any way you like.
- Circus owner : Come with me. I'm an owner of a circus company. Come, I will take you with me.*( he takes the limping monkey with him.)*

## SCENE 8

### Circus Camp

- Young Monkey : Sir, what is my role in your circus?
- Circus owner : To Entertain the public
- Young Monkey : Can I weep if I am in pain?
- Circus owner : You are free to cry, but silently. (*he put the monkey into the cage and leaves*)
- Young Monkey : (*to caged animal*) where are you from.
- Animals : From where ! We are born and brought up here.
- Young Monkey : You like it here?
- Animals : Of course yes, We daily get a few pieces of meat everyday!  
Where are you from?
- Young Monkey : You like being here? I have come from forest.
- Animals : From forest, where is it? who feeds you there?
- Young Monkey : There is no scarcity of food. Oh, it's a wonderful world!  
Trees, birds, brooks, sunrise .... You people can't even imagine! (*lost in his thought he hums the song*)

*Sound of drums, music etc, animals are performing there tricks. monkey performs on one leg. loud sound of claps. Circus owner pats him, monkey performs again but there no applaud.*

- Circus owner : (*to his assistant*) Nobody is enamored about monkey tricks.  
Teach him to play the flute (*throws flute*)

*Monkey tries to play flute, assistant whips him, after lot of practice he learns to play it. assistant leaves, he plays beautiful sad tune, sounds of applaud played.*

- Old monkey : Nobody realized this except the monkey that the song was nothing but his tears. As the life became unbearable, the flute acquired new tunes as mother's lullaby, wind chimes of forest, sad song of the water falls. There was no rest, no working hours in the circus. They used to wake him up from deep sleep and drag him on to the stage. Time moved on and monkey was taken to many places. Circus company moved from place to place and once they happened to camp in a forest. The forest breeze evoked many memories in him. This was his mother land ! The smell of the earth touched his basic instincts.

*Monkey is tied, He wanted to cry loudly and shout at the top of his voice. He tugged at the rope which bound him to the cage with all his might and he runs He runs dragging his feet, puffing and panting, ignoring the wounds on the body towards the forest. He kisses the earth again and again. Mother and other animals recognize him and hug him. Mother monkey sobs touches his lame feet. Caressing*



**Class Room Play Production**

*all over. He wiped his mother's tears. He walked straight to the Saint Baba and shouted loudly..*

Young Monkey : Baba! Baba! Baba!

Saint Monkey : *(Baba embraced the monkey and looked at his crooked, broken leg)* There is no better teacher than experience.

Young Monkey : Baba, I have found a truth.

Saint Monkey : *(affectionately caressing Monkey's leg)* Yes, I can see at what cost

Young Monkey : Baba, if evolution is to grow from low level to heights, it is wrong to assume that mean men have evolved from noble monkeys. It is a fact that monkeys are born from men. Every person who has a quest for truth should pay a price for it, including myself.

Old Monkey : Including myself. *(drags his feet and goes into the forest silently, After a while, the entire forest was filled with music from the flute)*

**(The End)**