

Vaidyana- Dusri Zindagi: A Mono- Act

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Characters:-Vaidyana; a 34 year old, divorced woman. She plays the role of her mother and her daughter also; for which, she modulates her voice and moves upon the stage accordingly.

(Performed by: - Ms. Manmeet Makkar, a student at Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies, Faridabad, India)

(The scene is set at Vaidyana's maternal home, Delhi, India)

(Aside in the kitchen, Vaidyana is cutting brinjals).

(Speaks to herself) This is already, I know,..... another rejection, she will bear for me.

(She hears her ma [mother] comes from back....the main door, but not seen)

Ma: – Vaidya....!

Vaidyana: - (she turns and speaks to her ma) Ma, have you come, sit.... I just make tea for you.

(Making tea in the kitchen) So, what happened, has he refused to proceed..... ? (Moans).

Why would one marryAhhhh! (Smiles ironically)...will.... remarry a woman of “34” year old.....and.....a divorced.

Ma: –But Vaidya, He liked you. He didn't say no.....

Vaidyana: - (Responds)...kya? He liked me? Thenwhat? (laughs). He.....refused na....Ohhhhhh! Yes, I bear a child.....filthy somebody else's blood (angst).....why would he accept? And, if he takes me along, I have to leave my own here, all far from me? (Irate)
(Looks at her room that lies towards the left side of the kitchen; her daughter is playing in the room.)

Anshi: - (Aside in Vaidyana's room) Mummy, can I play more?

Vaidyana: - (She speaks aloud, yet in affection at her daughter) Anshi betiya! Sona nahi h kya? Kal; school kaun tumhari mummy jayegi? [Won't you sleep now? Who will go to school tomorrow then? Shall I?] (Laughs)

Go to bed and get blanket over you Budhu [fool].

(Serves tea to her ma in drawing room; towards right side of the kitchen, sits by her side, down upon the floor, and speaks to her.) Ma just tell me what is the age of his son?

Ma: – 13 (pauses) may be!

Vaidyana: - Oh! Reallyeven then, he refused! Wow! (Sarcastic) A woman, who has a daughter of 07 year old, should be strong enough to leave her child, if she desires to settle down with another man. And, a man, who shall be, after two years “40” and is already a father of a grown up 13 year child, needs a woman to look after his son, and above all, he can't leave his son. (Laughs)

(Serves biscuits to her mother) Ma, why does every one demand this? Ma, if a woman remarries, to a man who also..... remarries ...then...why? Alone, she is, to bear conditions! I am beautiful, still young.....(looks at herself)not so old! And wishing to marry though,..... remarryingbecause my husband had left us, when Anshi was barely 03! (angst). Ma, he has another woman in his life. (Stands and come at the center, breathes heavy) Then, why could not I think of....?

Ma: – Because, he is a Man. (Pitiful)

Vaidyana: - (laughs) And, a woman can't remarry because, she bears an almost a burden upon her shouldersof a man who had left his own daughter!.....(Wonders)

But, Ma, I can't cry even, because neighbours will think I am a LIBIDINOUS woman!

(Sees her mummy standing up who has been already feeling sad.)

(Goes towards her mother, at the right side) Mummy, I agree,..... if you still wish.....keep searchinglet's see if any man survives on this earth..... who considers a woman equal....and accepts a woman like me!

Ma, so jao! [You can go to sleep] You must have been tired.

Ma: –Vaidya.....! (bemoans and retires to the room)

Vaidyana: - (comes at the center again, speaks to the audience) Do you think, I would find anyof such..... “NO”.... because it's already been 03 to 04 years, my mummy (looks inside the left side room miserably) does not surrender, though she has....! She does not tell me.....! (Goes at the right side to pick the dishes off the table and then, goes to keep these in the kitchen.)

(Hails from the kitchen) I have almost quit fathoming of being a wife of a man now, she does not understand.....because she can't see me here, without a man.....(looks in the room).

(Comes at the center again) Anshi also asks me if she can have a papa.... Or my heart says if I can be a wife of the one who will love me immensely (miserably). Yes, why should I hide? My feelings, passion, desires, a longing to receive respect and love, from a man; that the last one had not given to me. (Keeps moving)

But, on a clause (laughs), if I leave my baby here.....

This might not be a serious subject that one can ever think of (comes at the center again, gazes at the audience) But, I am a human being; I am a witness of my own dilemma that I am facing. I am a modern woman who people think must be a lucky woman...yet you can

see....here....misery in my life....a paradoxa divorced woman may remarry, but on the clauses.....

But, on a clause, if I leave my baby here.....or else....so called clauses.

Do you know, I cannot cry, cannot shriek, cannot say aloud that I am a woman...or a divorced woman.....I mean...without a husband, and with a daughter....who men think is a burden upon me? I, too, havedreamsto fall again in love with someone.... To live like a wife.... again.....

May be, it may happen....

But, on a clause, if I leave my baby here.....Anshi (looks at her room).....my life, not a burden.....(Oh! I must pat her to sleep).

Well! I must end on a good note that I am a strong woman....I won't end pitying my condition or will not show the pain to get anybody's sympathy.....though I have a pain....of being born as a woman! (Courageous)

(Goes to her room).

Shynii - An Icecream: A Mono- act

Shynii is a 06 year old girl. She also plays the role of a 41 year old man and dogs (barking); for which she modulates her voice and moves upon the stage accordingly.

(Performed by: - Ms. Priya Laha, a student at Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies, Faridabad, India)

(The scene is set at a wild and lonely area behind Anand Vihar bus station, Delhi, India)

Shynii: - (wearing a yellow coloured frock, crying, sitting behind a bench on the dried grass)

You will bring me an ice-cream, na!

I will eat chocolate bar Gagan bhaiya [a relative]! Why don't you speak bhaiya? (Gagan moves ahead gradually) Don't buy ice candy, I don't like it. When will you come? It's paining (her body aches; she bears a difficulty in standing). I will eat two, not one. (Smiles)

Gagan: - Okay my sweet! You can wait here, I will bring not two, (laughs cunningly) three, big bars...my sweet.... (Shynii gazes at him who is being disappearing away)

Shynii: - Acha! Teen [Okay! Three!] (Wonders with joy). Ahaaa! Ahaaa! [Relishes] Oh! My frock has turned dirty. (Looks at her frock)

(Waits, waits for long, sees two wild dogs barking at her, gets scared, then stands with a difficulty, falls again)

Gagan bhaiya, when will you come, here, dogs will eat me! (Looks at the dogs and immediately blinks her eyes in fear, it is also getting darker)

Aa jao bhaiya! [Please come soon]..... Acha [okay!], I will not trouble you next time, I will not say, its paining (looks all around).

Which place, I am at?

(Sun starts set; dogs arrive again and bark at her badly)

(She runs all across, in pain; collides with a stranger)

(Looks at a stranger, who is approximately 47, standing and smoking near a garbage)

Uncle, did you see Gagan bhaiya? (Shynii asks the stranger)

Uncle, he has not brought ice - creams even till.

Please take me to him. My ice - creams must be finished. (Cries)

(The stranger holds her very tight and takes her in the dark)

(She gets scared) Uncle, dhyan se [carefully], it's paining, it's paining. (Bemoans)

(Looks at him and her hands)

(She is taken to off stage with force; she shrieks loud from behind)

No! No! Uncle!

Major Chitresh Amar Rahe: A Mono - act

Martyr Major Chitresh's father, Mr. S.S. Bisht.

He also plays the role of his wife Ms. Rekha Bisht and a soldier, accompanied with another soldier, arrives at his home; for which he modulates his voice and moves upon the stage accordingly.

(Performed by: - Mr. Anirudh Ramakrishnan, a student at Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies, Faridabad, India)

(The action takes place at Major Chitresh's home in Dehradun, India)

Mr. S.S. Bisht– (seated in a chair) 07 March, I can't express my feelings, ...(smiles) I am very happy. I think, I have already distributed most of the invitation cards. (Feels content) And, thanks to the God, that I am retired now, I can bit be relaxed in completing the ceremony's works. Otherwise, my dear Chitresh (pauses), how will he be able to manage in such a short period? His incessant duty, and above all..... his love for our nation. (Feels pride) I wonder, after marriage, will he be able to give time to his wife! (Laughs).

Mr. S.S. Bisht's wife: -Pipali bhi cover ho gaya na? [I hope, you have distributed the cards in Pipali also]

Mr. S.S. Bisht: – Ha,ji ha [yes]. Arey, jaldi to karna hi hai [Oh! We need to do it hurriedly]. He will be back from Kashmir on 28 February, and when he returns (pauses),....we have to let him feel, relaxed (pauses), relaxed (pauses), and relaxed. (Thinks and smiles)

Mr. S.S. Bisht's wife: - Arey [Oh! I think, we have not talked to Chitresh yet.

Mr. S.S. Bisht: - He hasn't called today? Oh! Yes! (Wonders), he hasn't. Arey! Looks at his Sena Medal, see! (Stands, looks and moves towards the medal being hanged on the wall).

Wipe the dust off it Rekha! (Angry)

(The doorbell rings)

(Mr. S.S. Bisht opens the door; two soldiers arrive with a letter) A soldier: - Sir, I am afraid but this needs to be informed of.

Mr. S.S. Bisht: - Okay, please do (anxious and calls them in).

A soldier: - (comes inside a slight) Your son was leading the bomb disposal squad for sanitization in Naushera sector around 3 pm. While neutralizing another mine, the IED got activated and Major Chitresh (resists), and Major is no more.....(feels sorry).....(Mr. S.S. Bisht gets silent and leans against the wall).

Sir,.....can you please hear me!

Mr. S.S. Bisht's wife: - (speaks from the kitchen) Kya hua? Kaun hai, Kuch to batao Sonu ka call tha kya? [What happened? Has our Sonu arrived?]

Mr. S.S. Bisht: - (shocked) Chitresh is(bemoans)

Mr. S.S. Bisht's wife: - (comes near the main door) Kya hua? [What happened] Oh! He is coming na!. He is coming. (Smiles, though suspects).

Mr. S.S. Bisht: - Yes, he is coming (he receives the letter from the soldier with the heavy heart).

Mr. S.S. Bisht's wife: - (takes the letter from her husband, reads it and cries) Chitresh! do not come in this form, please for god sake. (Cries heavily)

I wanted to see you in your wedding dress, do not come in this way! (Cries loud and shatters down)

Mr. S.S. Bisht: (consoles his wife) don't cry Rekha! Premature he was born, premature he has died, my tiger, you came to serve the nation, Martyred for the nation (to the audience).

The Soldier: - Please sir! Have courage! Let's move to the Joly Grant Airport. Mr. S. S.

Bisht: -Yes! We must! (Sits near his wife and cries)

Sources used to pen this mono- act:- Kalyan Das, The

Hindustan Times, Monday, Feb 18, 2019.

VaibhavTiwari, The Editor NDTV, February 17, 2019.

Police and “WE”: A Mono- act

a Policewoman (33 year old). She also plays the role of the crowd and an injured man; for which she modulates her voice and moves upon the stage accordingly.

(Performed by: - Ms. Uma, a student at Manav Rachna International Institute of Research and Studies, Faridabad, India)

(The action takes place at a road, in Nazafgarh, Delhi, India)

Policewoman: - Hatto, hatto, kya ho raha h yahan? [Get side! what is happening?] Why have you overcrowded the place?

Side doh! What has happened, let me see. (Moves amongst the crowd, ahead at the spot)

Oh! An accident, ...hatto, hatto [get side], who has called the ambulance? (To the crowd)

Kuch to bolo, tum log [say something] (objects to a man), and why are you making a video, you hell, bastard. Stop this, now and then.

I see,none has got time to call, but has enoughto make this video! (To the crowd)

A man in the crowd: - Madamji, I just call police!

Policewoman: - Dhanyavad [thank you] noble citizen ji, badi jaldi yaad aya [so late, you have thought of it].

Is the man alive, is he breathing? (None responds)

Another man in the crowd:- Madam, I think, he still has some breath.

Policewoman: -Toh [then], why did you not take him to the hospital? You all have your vehicles here! (Angry) You could have taken the injured to the hospital by now.

(She looks inside the car, checks the nerves of the injured)

Oh! Yes, he has life (smiles). You people, when you knew it, why did not you help the injured? Ok, help me take him out of the car (helps the injured). Get me a car! Make Haste!

(Nobody comes forward)

The injured Man:- No!.....ah! (Shrieks in pain)

Policewoman:-Why can't you hear, I am a WOMAN! (To the crowd)

How will I alone do this? (Looks at the injured)

(Nobody comes forward)

A young boy in the crowd: - But, madam you are a hawaldar [policewoman], this is your duty only. (Hesitates)

Policewoman: - Bear a shame, you young lad, being a police wala, I have to handle this all alone. But, you can entertain yourselves making a video for your chats and other stupid things.

(She bends and helps the injured to come out of the car, alone, nobody moves to help her)

Policewoman: - Oh! Please have faith in the God, try, yes, you can. (The Injured man dies)

Alas! He has died.

Oh my God!

Ye kya hua? [Why has this happened?]

A man in the crowd: - (shouts) ye to mar gaya, chalo, chalo, sab [this miserable has died, let's move]. (Everybody starts moving to his or her vehicle)

Policewoman: -Ahhh! You allGo! Go! (Stressed and emphatic) Only a policewala will handle this alone. But one day...(stands) that is not so far (shouts).....on your so called inevitable deaths or of your relativesAlas! "Akaal Mritu" (laughs), a policewala will not be there to serve at your deaths; because nobody will ever join the police service,..... like you do (sarcasm),...andbecause you behave in this way, you detest to co-operate! (To the crowd) Do you think, we are super humans? We owe to all responsibilities and to all

crimes? To handle the cases all alone, when you will not stand evident of anything, even if you watch with grace, from your naked eyes? (Sarcastically)

We have the duty to help the dying.....alone,alone.....but you will stand at bay, you will make the video, you will jam the road butyou will not.....because you are not the police, you enjoy being the audience, the noisy and troublesome spectators.

But, we can't be you, only till, we exist!

(The Policewoman looks at the dead. Crowd mums)

END