

## **The Extremes (Tradition & Technology) One Act Play**

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*(It's a second-year undergraduate classroom. The first year had facilitated the students to understand everyone's disposition. Ramu enters the classroom adjusting his spectacles and a heap of books under his armpit. His is an innocent face. Oftentimes, he tilts his head either side, and peeps hither and thither. He is a tender hearted student who gives top respect and priority to the rituals, ethics, and human values. Ramu placidly sits in a chair. Krishna, who is dressed in multi-patched jeans pants and shirt, enters the classroom whirling a note book on his right palm).*

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- Krishna: *(mockingly goggles at Ramu):* Wow! Ramu is colorful today. He is with criss-cross pattern of vermilion on his forehead! Wow! *(Rotates his notebook with his fingers, mockingly peeps, and moves around Ramu)*
- Bheema: *(an obese, clad in garnish clothes and black spectacles, enters):* Is it? *(With an awkwardly dancing movement widening his eyes):* Wow! Hey! What a wonder! Ramu often appears in outdated traditional attires, but today dressed in gaudy clothes like a jester. . .
- Krishna: *(satirically):* Maybe, Ramu might have known about new beautiful women lecturer.
- Bheema: *(moonwalk):* What? Beautiful?
- Krishna: *(shy):* The teacher comes today . . .
- Bheema: *(surprisingly):* Women teacher! Beautiful? Who is that?
- Krishna: *(admiringly):* She's our new English teacher. She's an American English Teacher.
- Bheema: *(inquisitively):* Had you seen her?
- Krishna: *(twisting his body):* Mmm. . mmm. . .
- Bheema: Don't whirl your body. Erect it and say. . .
- Krishna: *(cocking his head up):* Yes. . . Yesterday.
- Bheema: *(anxiously):* When?
- Krishna: *(boastingly):* The new English Madam had come to Principal Office to report for duty yesterday. . . How beautiful she's! She's in a colorful skirt and sleeveless jacket! Her beauty is a feast to my eyes. No creature is beautiful before her on this earth.
- Bheema: *(goggling at):* Mmm m . . .?
- Krishna: *(laughing):* Principal also stared at her with his mouth agape. . .

- Bheema: (*turning at Ramu*): Yes! Ramu also has come in colorful dress today to attract the teacher.
- Krishna: (*shaking his shoulders up*): Maybe . . . the English teacher is like an angel descended down from heaven for us. . . How beautiful she's! She doesn't deserve words, but verse. . . (*in trance*)
- Wow! The English teacher of beauty!  
None can fathom out her cryptic piety  
And the pied beauty of hers, but I  
Gloat over her natural piety, I don't lie.  
Her drooping eyebrows  
Are black spectrums of rainbows.  
Round vermilion amidst either eyebrow  
Is rising dawn that stokes up her glow.  
The thick black eyeballs  
Are twinkling stars in the nights  
And the eyes' white surface  
Is the promise of peace.  
Nose is, as if, a vertical scar  
That made up of fallen star.  
The ear rings that fall and sway  
Resemble the falling stars in gay.  
The scattered stars fall in a row  
And adorn her neck to grow her glow.  
The halo of Jasmines on her hair  
Are bloomed moon amidst her hair.  
The modest bosom in glee  
Is the tryst in spree.  
Her stretched naval in free  
Is the full moon in spree.  
The mane unto her thigh beneath  
Is the black cloud kissing the earth.  
The curvy waist  
Is the crescent moon in frost.  
The shining sweaty drops on her face  
Are ambrosia drops to the barren heats  
The moisture on her lively lips  
Is the elixir that prolongs our lives.  
Our hearts animate  
With the touch of her feet.  
Meadows spread welcome mats

- Nightingales sing soothing songs.  
Rills get inspired by her swan-like pace  
Plants get sap by her lively face  
Flowers bloom by her pleasant smile  
As my heart blooms with her feel  
She's the nymph to our barren heart . . .
- Ramu: (*seriously looking at them*) No. . . . Don't recite filth.
- Krishna: As we are gay on the arrival of the beautiful teacher, but Ramu is grave. . .  
(*Laugh*)
- Ramu: (*loudly*): Don't talk rubbish. (*Slowly*): Don't talk . . . Don't derogate yourselves from being students.
- Bheema: (*jeeringly*): Let us have aesthetic sense, Ramu. Is it a sin?
- Ramu: (*with lots of odium*): Teacher is mother after the biological mother. . . God after God. . .
- Krishna: (*mocking*): Mother! God!
- Ramu: Our Hindu mythology says, 'Teacher is after Parents. 'Guru Brahma. . . Guru Vishnu. . . Guru sakshat parabrahma Thasmai sri guravennamha. . . .
- Bheema: Who cares for those stale beliefs?
- Ramu: (*astonished*): Stale?
- Krishna: Fool! The role of teacher has been dwindled down rampantly. . . Internet occupied the place of teacher in this globalized technological era.
- Ramu: (*in perplexed mood*): Has internet replaced the teacher . . .? If so, can internet teach ethical and human values? (*Pause*)
- Bheema: Yes! Internet teaches everything.
- Krishna: Yes! Certainly.
- Ramu: You're akin to irrational animals. . . (*appealingly*) See my dear friends! Teacher is the living example of human values. . .  
  
(*As the argument is very serious, Rupa who is clad in modern attire (sleeveless jacket, skirt unto thigh high, black specs, big earrings that fall and sway onto the shoulders, and thick red substance applied to lips (as if blood drunken devil), and the loose hairs outstretched unto thigh beneath, enters).*)
- Rupa: Hi guys!
- Krishna: Hi Rupa! (*Rupa hugs Krishna. Krishna kisses Rupa*)
- Bheema: (*advanced with long strides*): Hi Rupa! (*Bheema embraces Rupa and tries to size her in his crocodile hold*), (*in excitement*) Rupa . . . you're very beautiful today. . . It seems your black skin complexion transformed to milky white.
- Rupa: (*fulminating uneasily*): Hey! Release me from your crocodile embrace. (*Bheema frees her*).
- Krishna: Rupa, I also surprise on the transformation of your skin . . .
- Rupa: (*shyly*): I applied as many cosmetics as possible to transform my face . . .
- Ramu: Don't get deceived by the outer beauty, my friends! It's all the magic done by the modern cosmetics. But behind the surface of the cosmetic laden face, there is original, rotten, black skin. It's like a rotten corpse under the decorated tomb.

- Rupa: Disgusting! Hey! Ramu, mind your own business. . . . You're good-for-nothing. You're sticking very rigidly to the rotten, traditional beliefs like a tortoise never freed from its shell.
- Ramu: Rupa, your metaphorical expression is good. (pause) You're correct. Yes, yes, I'm like a tortoise hiding in the rigid shell. The shell is like my tradition which protects me from forever from these pseudo-civilized human beasts.
- Krishna: (*intervening, seriously*): Hey! Ramu, don't pester us with your metaphorical speaking. (pause) I've as many similes as possible to pacify your wagging tongue. In fact, you're a very orthodox. You're analogous to the snail that sticks to its shell and carries the tradition-like shell on its back lifelong.
- Bheema: (*claps and leaps in the air*): Yes, good metaphorical expression . . . Tit for tat. . .
- Rupa: Stop! (*murmurs*) Stop, all the nonsense . . . let's live in the present. Enjoy this moment. . . Forget about Ramu, a parasite on the rotten, traditional values . . .
- Ramu: (*seriously*) Yes . . . Yes. . . I'm a parasite on the pious human values.
- Bheema: Hey! Don't pay much heed to that drab Ramu, the hopeless nincompoop who is caught in the web of tradition. . . Let's chat about something different.
- Krishna: Rupa, tell me about your new facebook boy friend.
- Rupa: He is very handsome. His name is Mr. Hollow. He is an American migrated to India. I've been dating Mr. Hollow for the last one week. . .
- Bheema: (*jealously*): Have you seen him?
- Rupa: (*gleefully*): Yes, I saw him in facebook.
- Ramu: (*Ramu intervenes, and stares at Rupa*): What happened to your erstwhile lover, Mr. Shallow?
- Rupa: His money exhausted. He became pauper. . .
- Ramu: Hence, it's not true love, Rupa. It's infatuation.
- Rupa: (*with piercing look at Ramu*): No. . . . This time, I'm in true love with Mr. Hollow.
- Krishna: (*frowning at Ramu*): Hey! Ramu, mind your own business. Don't disturb us with your filthy words.
- Ramu: Rupa, I bet on it that yours is infatuation. (*Rupa becomes furious*)
- Bheema: (*advancing seriously at Ramu*): Shut up your stinking mouth.
- Ramu: (*pacing forward, throwing Bheema aside abruptly*): Rupa, your love is physical, not metaphysical. . .
- Krishna: Metaphysical?
- Ramu: The true love is beyond the physical nature. The true love is as the amalgamation of two souls. For example, metaphysical love is the substance after the amalgamation of milk and water. We can't divide them into water and milk again. Contrary to that Rupa had break-up with a couple of lovers so far.
- Krishna: (*addressing Ramu*): No. Rupa's love is not physical. I know about her. She loved her mother more than she loved herself.
- Ramu: Yes, my dear friends, you have come to the crux of the matter? The love on her mother is metaphysical because she's loved her mother since her birth. (*pointing his forefinger towards them*) Now, I question you where was this love in her childhood on Mr. Hollow. . . (*the trio looked at each other in dilemma*) This present overwhelming love generated in youth will recede rampantly in your old age. My friends, we named love to the biological changes happened in our

- physical body. . . In fact, love between God and devotee, love between children and parents is true metaphysical love. . .
- Bheema: You're talking irrationally. . .
- Krishna: Ramu's insane argument is very queer like his outdated tradition. We must be nihilistic.
- Bheema: Krishna, and Rupa! Let's not involve in his filthy argument. . .
- Krishna: (*turning towards Rupa, sarcastically*): You're black in complexion. It's paradoxical how Mr. Hollow liked you.
- Rupa: (*frowning her inquisitive eye brow at Krishna*): With the advantage of advancing technology, my friend.
- Bheema: Technology!
- Krishna: How did you exploit the technology?
- Rupa: Morphing. . .
- Krishna: Morphing!
- Rupa: (*giggling shyly*): Yes, I put my morphed photograph in facebook. Mr. Hollow was attracted to my beautiful morphed photograph.
- Bheema: Rupa, the secret will be revealed at any time. Be careful. All the time, you have to laden your face with cosmetics.
- Rupa: I've been taking care to cover my face with cosmetics from the moment I developed relation with Mr. Hollow. (*leaps in the air remembering something all of sudden*) Wow! Today, I will show Mr. Hollow to you. (*she raved about the relationship with Mr. Hollow*)
- Krishna: (*frowns at Rupa*): Rupa, have you had your supper with Mr. Hollow?
- Bheema: (*mouth agape*): Supper!?
- Krishna: Hey! Country hick! Don't intervene. . .
- Rupa: (*shyly*): Krishna, I can fathom out the meaning in your cryptic question. . . .
- Bheema: (*scratching his head*): Cryptic question! What is that, Rupa?
- Rupa: (*puts her head shyly in her cupped hands*): That is. . . . (*shy*) That is . . . . over . . . . (*covers her face with her palms*)
- Krishna: Wow!
- Ramu: (*comes fast and stands beside them*): You're deceiving yourselves in the guise of technology. . .
- Rupa: Ramu, Shut up your filthy mouth! You seem to be the whispering Satan beside the over ambitious Eve.  
*(All the students enter the classroom one after another and sit in the desks)*
- Krishna: Bheema, read out the time table today.
- Bheema: (*opens his note book and reads out*): The first period is Science and Technology, second period is Indian Heritage and Culture, and the third period is English.
- Krishna: Rupa, and Bheema! We shall attend the first and last periods and bunk the second class, boring Indian Heritage and Culture.
- Bheema &
- Rupa: Okay, Krishna.  
*(Ramu gets up seriously and starts moving out of the classroom)*

- Krishna: (*mockingly*): Hey! The snail is going out.
- Rupa: Hey! Ramu where are you going?
- Bheema: Hey! The rat is going out to dig out a hideous maze of tradition. . .
- Ramu: (*twists lips hideously*): I dislike Science and Technology subject and come back for the second period that is Indian Heritage and Culture. . .  
(*Peter, the lecturer who teaches Science and Technology enter the classroom*)
- All students: Hi! Sir!
- Peter: Hi! Please be seated (*though the students didn't stand up*): My name is Peter. I teach Science and Technology. (pause) Mm . . . m m m . . . At the outset, let me check your prior knowledge on Science and Technology. My first question is that what is the use of internet?
- Rupa: Downloading songs, watching cinemas, making friends in facebook . . .
- Krishna: (*murmurs tilting towards Bheema*): Sharing pornography by mails so on so forth.
- Bheema: (*utters awkwardly*): A little information on our subjects too. . .
- Peter: Hey! Fools! Abundance of knowledge can be acquired through internet. (*about to explain*)
- Krishna: How dare you to call us 'Fooolools'. Hey, guys! Let us boycott this class.
- Peter: Pigs don't know the value of jewel. . . People didn't pay heed to prophesy of Noah in yesteryears. As a result, they drowned in water. Yours is also the same case. . . (*hits his forehead against his book*) (*Peter also goes out*)  
(*As the trio Krishna, Rupa, and Bheema get up, the bell is rung signaling the first period is over. As the second period Indian Heritage and Culture begins, Ramu enter and sits in the classroom. Raja Lecturer who teaches Indian Heritage and Culture comes into the classroom.*)
- Raja: 'Namaskaar'
- All students: 'Namaskar' Sir.
- Raja: Before starting my lecture on Heritage, let me know from you what is heritage and culture?
- Ramu: Our heritage and culture is contrary to the Science and Technology Sir.
- Raja: How? Can you justify your argument?
- Ramu: Technology is axing the human values. It doesn't promote human values. Internet is damaging the youth. For example facebook, online chatting and mails are used by youth to exchange their filthy photographs. They're wasting their valuable time sticking to the internet. . .
- Raja: Ramu, your perception is wrong. You seem to be very pessimistic. . . Technology has brought revolutionary changes in the fields of business, communication, education, purchasing, agriculture, banking, transportation, and controlling and harnessing natural forces, but also to promote human values. Mind it! Be optimistic . . . and. . . (*Ramu intervenes*).
- Ramu: (*sarcastically*): Sir, let's have an apocalyptic view of our history. The advancement of Science and Technology has resulted in wide spread devastation. Invention of atom bomb caused damage to the society. Hiroshima and Nagasaki of Japan are the perfect quintessence of my statement. The gradual decrease of human values is because of over growth of science and technology. Technology is like a Python that eats its own eggs.

## The Extremes

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- Raja: If tradition is great, do welcome the child marriages, *Sathisahagamana*, *Varna System*, and sacrifice of innocent animals in the name of God that were prevailed in the yesteryears.
- Ramu: You're in favour of technology though you're a lecturer of Indian Culture. I'm sure tradition is like promising words of the prophets Noah, and Moses. We have to abide by the traditional dogmas. If you disobey to the traditional values by adhering to technology, the same technology will devastate the human race.
- Raja: No. . . . Ramu. I'm neither bios of technology nor bios of tradition. I advise that tradition and technology must go hand in hand. Grow leaps and bounds technologically, but on the base of tradition.
- Ramu: (*gets up with stiff head and hands dangling*): I would like to boycott your class Sir.  
  
(*As Ramu gets up, the bell is rung and second period is over. Ramu sits in his place abruptly. As the third period English begins, Rupa, Bheema, and Krishna enter. They sit in the first desk. Mrs. Sibyl, the English lecturer, enters*).
- Mrs. Sibyl: (*Mrs. Sibyl is dressed in skirt, in sleeveless jacket, with red lipstick laden lips, with high heel sandaled feet, and with outstretched hair that falls astray*): Hi students! Good morning.
- All students: Good morning Madam.
- Krishna: (*excitingly and flirtatiously*): Madam. . I've been eagerly waiting for your class.
- Mrs. Sibyl: Is it? Thank you. Well. . . I teach poetry to you today.
- Rupa: Interesting, Madam.
- Mrs. Sibyl: I would like to know your talents. Can anyone of you recite verse spontaneously right now?
- Rupa: Madam, Is poetry spontaneous overflow of imagination?
- Mrs. Sibyl: Of course, certainly. . .
- Krishna: (*mockingly*): If so, Madam, Ramu says poetry spontaneously. . . .
- Bheema: (*bends towards Rupa and murmurs*): It would be a shameful situation to Ramu. He doesn't know poetry. Krishna is the only one who says poetry spontaneously.
- Mrs. Sibyl: (*inquisitively comes amidst the students*): Hey guys, what are you murmuring about?
- Bheema: Nothing, Madam. We murmured about the sublime poetic talent of Ramu (*giggles*).
- Mrs. Sibyl: Ramu, everyone is praising about your poetic talent. Say poetry!
- Ramu: (*stands up, looks insolently at Krishna, and turns at Mrs. Sibyl*): I swear. I don't have talent in recitation of verse full of aesthetic beauty.
- Krishna: (*loudly*): Ramu has to recite verse right now . . . right now. . . (*all students roar*)
- Mrs. Sibyl: (*As all the students gazing at the thighs of Mrs. Sibyl, as she moves amidst the class*): Say something, Ramu. I don't leave you until you recite poetry.
- Ramu: (*impatiently mutters something, and looks seriously at Krishna*): In fact, English language is not phonetic language like the Indian language. I'm unable to pronounce English words like a native speaker, Madam. Indeed, I learnt English by chance, not by choice. I've great respect to my native language, Hindi. My choice is to recite verse in my national language, Hindi. The Native Vernaculars have lost their identity under the influence of English language. (seriously) English language seduced the pious Native Languages in India. As such, the Native Vernaculars are not getting freed from the impact of English language.

- Unfortunately, the posterity may feel that the percolated English words into Native Vernaculars are originated from Sanskrit.
- Mrs. Sibyl: Ramu. I don't want any lecture from you. It's English class, not Hindi class. Nothing is to bother. . Pronounce English in your Indian accent. Recite your verse in your Indlish (Indian English). But learn native speakers' pronunciation of words with the help of internet. . .
- Ramu: (*aggressively*): I recite verse on the devilish technology, Madam.  
It's because of devilish technology  
This College is as a den of stupidity  
Akin to a burial land,  
A devastated fort,  
a childless woman.  
It's a dungeon for rats  
That stunk from multy mazes  
It's citadel of lizards of dirty claws  
The drab College board at the entrance  
Is like black epitaph on a gravestone.  
The racks are as tombs in burial land  
The scattered soiled books  
That begs to get rejuvenated  
Are like corpses in *Kalinga* battle field.  
It's as a citadel of spiders.  
Bemused Bats in roof  
Peep at us as their perpetual foes  
The Floor is as dense dusty mat  
The ticking clock on the wall as recluse  
Is the evidence for the all  
That mourns . . .  
On the chaotic state of this College  
The internet, Hell, made the world a village  
Where all the students became puppets in its hands. . .
- Mrs. Sibyl: Okay, Ramu! Sit down. Boys, Ramu seemed to be grave and emotional.
- Ramu: Unless I become emotional, I can't recite poetry because poetry is not recollected in tranquility, but recollected in emotion. . .
- Krishna: Madam, you're looking very beautiful like a meadow
- Mrs. Sibyl: Wow! How mellifluous word it is! How an avid aesthetic expression your verse is! That soothed my heart. Krishna, now it's your turn. Can you?
- Krishna: (*excitingly*): With pleasure Madam. But, I would like to imprison your beauty in verse. . .
- Mrs. Sibyl: Okay, permission granted.
- Krishna: You're very beautiful like a meadow



That opened my chaotic heart's window

My heart flies like a butterfly

And celebrate *Holi* gleefully . . .

Saw my drab heart

With the blade of your heart. . .

*(As Krishna reciting verse, Ramu aggressively responds).*

Ramu: Madam, how do you allow to recite such filthy verse.

Mrs. Sibyl: What wrong is there?

Ramu: No wrong . . .? Because of these reasons, the pious relationship between teacher and student has been receding rampantly these days. . .

Mrs. Sibyl: It's common in foreign lands!

Krishna: *(gets up seriously)*: Hey, Ramu! Mind your own business. Don't bark at the teacher!

*(As the argument is on, bell rings. Krishna, Bheema, and all the remaining classmates (except Ramu) come close to Mrs. Sibyl and shake her hands, not as token of reverence, but for carnal pleasure. Ramu wants to greet the teacher in traditional way. He barges into the huddle, and prostates before the feet of Mrs. Sibyl. As Ramu prostates, by chance, he touches the thighs of Mr. Sibyl. Simultaneously, Ramu exploits the situation by pinching the thighs of Mrs. Sibyl).*

Mrs. Sibyl: *(yells and screams)*: Save me! Save me! *(her repeated yells reverberated around the college. Everyone gets frightened due to her screams and due to the unexpected and queer behavior of Ramu) (pause).*

Ramu: *(gets up surprisingly)*: What happened, Madam?

Mrs. Sibyl: *(abruptly slaps Ramu)*: How dare you to touch my thighs?

Ramu: *(innocently)*: Madam, it happened by mistake. I touched your thighs instead of your legs by mistake. Sorry Madam. *(Ramu hastily seizes the hands of Mrs. Sibyl).*

Mrs. Sibyl: *(disgustingly)*: Hey, Stupid! Molester! Keep away from me! Don't touch me again. . . *(pause).*

Krishna: *(Krishna exploits this situation. He yells)*: Molester! Ramu is molester! He tried to molest the English teacher. This sort of human beast must be circumcised. . .

Ramu: *(bemused Ramu also yells)*: No. . . . I'm not a molester. I revere teachers as I revere my mother. . . No. . . . I'm not such a person . . .

*(The classroom repeated with the cacophonous sounds and mess. Krishna boots Ramu aggressively and it was followed by girl students. Students batted on the head, and nose which resulted in the dribble of blood from his nose and mouth. As the students huddle up, Kumar, Principal, barges into the crowd, and helps Ramu gets up).*

Kumar: *(Kumar lays his right hand on the shoulder of Ramu, and asks the crowd)*: What happened? Why are beating Ramu severely?

Rupa: *(in wrath, she takes a sandal into her hand)*: This wicked beast . . . *(looks at Ramu)* tried to molest this English Teacher.

Kumar: Mrs. Sibyl, what do you say? Is the complaint of the students true?

Mrs. Sibyl: *(pants and spits on the face of Ramu)*: True. . . He caressed and pinched my thighs repeatedly.

Kumar: *(looks at Ramu)*: Ramu, What is your explanation?

- Ramu: (*Ramu shivers due to the wounds caused by students on his face and pain in his body*): Our. . . (*with quivering lips*) Vvv. . . Vedas propagate that Teacher is mother after the biological mother. How can I molest my mother-like teacher?
- Bheema: He is a liar, Sir.
- Ramu: (*in tense*): No . . . I swear in God, I'm not a liar. Sir, I tried to show the greatness of our Hindu tradition by greeting the teacher in a traditional way of prostrating before her feet, but unfortunately, by chance, my hands touched the thighs of the English Teacher.
- Kumar: I found no mistake in him. Let's free him. . .
- Krishna: (*turning at the students*): Dear friends, let's not permit the Principal to free him.
- All students: (*students roar*): Punishment! Punish him. . . Punish him. . .
- Kumar: Punishment? What sort of punishment he deserves?
- Bheema: Expulsion from this college.
- Kumar: Let's behave as human being. It happened by chance. Shall we forgive Ramu this time?
- All students: (*roar*): No . . . Don't free him, but expulsion from this college. . . Expulsion from this college.
- Kumar: (*wagging his hands as token of peace*): Okay! Okay! Don't roar. I do accordingly. . . On the behest of all the students, I expel Ramu from this college right now. (*All the students depart from the stage, except Krishna, Rupa, and Bheema*).
- Bheema: Hey, Krishna! Why did you exploit this situation? Why did you make Ramu scapegoat?
- Krishna: Amnesiac Bheema! This is called 'Tit for Tat'. Have you forgotten the scolding of the Principal a few weeks back?
- Bheema: I've not forgotten the humiliation. Principal scolded us because of smoking cigarette on the college premises.
- Krishna: Principal acted upon the complaint given by Ramu. You know. . .
- Bheema: Is it? If so, we have rightly taken revenge today . . . Ha .ha .hhaaa. . .
- Krishna: (*moves to Rupa and hugs her*): Rupa, thank you for your support. . .
- Rupa: Okay. You're welcome. I did it because the ass faced Ramu commented on my beautiful personality.
- (*As they're celebrating the success gleefully, Mr. Hollow enters by bike in modern attire, keeps his bike in front of the classroom and comes to Rupa*)
- Rupa: Hi, darling!
- Mr. Hollow: Hi! (*embraces Rupa*): Long see!
- Rupa: Dear! We met yesterday.
- Mr. Hollow: For lovers, each second is equal to one long year, dear.
- Bheema: (*zealously asks*): Who is this, Rupa?
- Rupa: (*overwhelmingly introduces*): Oh! Meet my boyfriend, Mr. Hollow.
- Krishna: Hi.
- Mr. Hollow: Hello. Nice to meet you
- Bheema: (*murmurs*): I also loved Rupa, but she loved this dog-faced lout.

## The Extremes

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- Mr. Hollow: Guy! What are murmuring about?
- Bheema: Nothing. . . You're a beautiful pair.
- Mr. Hollow: My darling, Rupa! Let's us go and enjoy ourselves . . . (*signals Rupa to sit on the back seat of his bike*).
- Rupa: (*sits on the back seat of the bike*): Okay, my friends. I take leave from you.
- Mr. Hollow: Bye friends. (*Mr. Hollow and Rupa go away*). Brr. . .rrr. . .rrrrrr . . . . . (*sound recedes*) (*Pause*).
- Bheema: (*Lightens a cigarette, stares at his palm for while, and spits on the palm*): Mr. Hollow is very lucky enough. Isn't it, Krishna?
- Krishna: Why do you get frustrated?
- Bheema: Hey, Krishna! Don't you know. . .
- Krishna: (*surprisingly*): What!
- Bheema: We devised a plan to seduce Rupa, but our attempts were futile. . .
- Krishna: Though not physically, we enjoyed her nude beauty by morphing her photograph. We spent hours together in Internet Centre enjoying pornography. Feel satisfied with that.
- Bheema: Thanks for teaching me how to surf internet for pornography that kindled us to experience our carnal joy in the den of prostitution.
- Krishna: Shall we go to Internet Centre today?
- Bheema: Why?
- Krishna: To morph the photograph of Mrs. Sibyl!
- (*As they're about to move, Police enter, and holds collars of Krishna, and Bheema. Krishna, and Bheema strive a lot to escape from the crocodile hold of the police. All the students huddled up and laughed at Krishna, and Bheema*).
- Police: Students! Don't come to rescue these wild beasts. . . These are very dangerous than the wild beasts. . .
- Krishna: We did no crime. Why are you humiliating us before the students?
- Bheema: We did no wrong! Leave us. . .
- Police: You did no crime? May God watch your illegal deeds or not. . ., but Technology.
- Krishna: Technology?
- Bheema: Hey, students protect us from this merciless police. . . Please. . .
- (*A few students come forward to argue with Police*).
- Police: Don't come forward! I've evidence to arrest them. . .
- Krishna: What sort of evidence do you have?
- Bheema: I doubt. It may be the plan of Ramu . . .
- Krishna: Police Sir, are you arresting on Ramu's complaint?
- Police: (*scratching his head*): I baffle. Who is Ramu? What did you do to Ramu?
- Krishna: It's our simple folly, Sir. To take revenge on Ramu, we made him scapegoat for the sin not committed by Ramu.
- (*All the students come to know their foxy behaviour. Many of the students spit on the face of both Krishna, and Bheema*).
- Ramu: (*Ramu, with copious bloody wounds, enters abruptly in crowd, and comes to Police*): Sir, I prostrate before your feet . . . leave my friends free. . . Show mercy

on my friends. If one slaps my cheek, I've to show another cheek. That is what our tradition says. Let's spread human values rampantly. (*Because of the pain in his body, he goes aside and sleeps*).

Police: I arrest you for not the reason you said, but. . .

Krishna: (*aggressively, sonorously, and irrespectively*): If the reason is not that, why are arresting us?

Police: For exploitation of technology.

Bheema: Exploitation of technology? We did nothing. . .

Krishna: Police! The repercussions of my arrest would be very different. We will not be responsible for the ensuing damage. . .

Bheema: Is there any evidence to prove us guilty?

Police: Yes!

Krishna: Show!

Police: This video footage.

Krishna: Video footage?

Police: CC Camera recorded everything what you did in Internet Centre . . .Is this evidence enough?

*(All depart from the stage, except Ramu. He involuntarily sleeps and snores for a while. (pause) He sleeps, but speaks in his dream. He involuntarily dreams Mrs. Sibyl, his English Teacher. Mrs. Sibyl enters like an angel, and sits beside Ramu, as in dream).*

Ramu: (*he is in deep sleep, but his dream is in animation.*): Madam! I did no sin. . . I tried to prostrate before you, but, by mistake, I touched your thighs. . . Forgive me, Madam.

Mrs. Sibyl: Okay! My rage is pacified. I've forgiven you. Recuperate from the guilty.

Ramu: Thank you, Madam. Now, my heart overwhelms with copious joy. . .

Mrs. Sibyl: My child, you're very happy like a butterfly or like lad leaping in the air. . .

Ramu: Madam, on this happiest and auspicious occasion, I would like to sleep for while on your lap. Please. . . . permit me, Madam.

Mrs. Sibyl: (*thinks for a moment*): I'm like your mother. You can happily sleep on my lap.

Ramu: Thank you, Madam. (*keeps his head on the lap of Mrs. Sibyl*).

Mrs. Sibyl: Be resilient and feel comfortable, Ramu.

*(After a few moments, Ramu feels erotic. Ramu stares at her erotically. Mrs. Sibyl also feels the same. Ramu kisses Mrs. Sibyl, and she also does the same. They sleep together. After a moment, Mrs. Sibyl departs from the stage. Ramu gets up abruptly from his deep sleep. In confusion, he looks hither and thither astonishingly.. He screams and behaves like a madman).*

Ramu: (*wobbles, looks at the sky, and yells (soliloquy)*): My God! Why did You give me this life? Why did You permit me to do sin in my dream? You're the sadist. You involved me in such an incest. What sort of animal pleasure You have!? Are You God? You deserve this blasphemy. (*Ramu spits at the sky that falls on his face*) (*wipes out the saliva*) The agony piles on the my guilty feeling. Oh mother, please . . .pacify the agony in my chaotic heart. Oh mother, why didn't you kill me in your womb itself? O God, You're merciless. You extort cynical pleasure by making us puppets in your hands . . . Since, You're the God You don't know the human emotions and value of human relations. You're the perfect exploiter on human emotions. . . You made me sleep with my mother-like teacher. It's

unnatural. . . I behaved like an irrational animal. There would be no transmigration for me. My soul deserves for the eternal suffering in Hell. I'm baleful and guilty. . . What sort of sin I made against You? I worship You regularly and on the occasions, I sacrificed the fat and unblemished animals to pacify Your wrath. You have forgotten everything what I did for You. I tried to elevate You, but You tried to humiliate me. Is it justifiable for You. . .? Instead of forcing me into such an unnatural incest, You should have taken my soul even in infancy . . . *(looks up for a moment)* Soul? What is the use of this guilty soul? There would be no promise, but only chaos in the rest of my life. *(Contemplates)* I want to be free myself from this mental torture. Therefore . . . , suicide is the suitable remedy for it. *(yells)* Suicide. . . Suicide. . . How? Death is only my bosom friend. *(Slowly)* Suicide. . . *(paces forward, stops abruptly, and contemplates)* If die, people may think me as a coward, as the suicide is the weapon of cowards! No. . . suicide is a bold act. To kill oneself, it needs much courage . . . Whatever people may think, whether a coward or courageous person. Death is imminent. Instead of dying minute by minute with this guilty feeling, better die at once. . . Suicide is also the solution . . . solution ... Whether my soul metamorphoses to evil spirit or divine spirit after my suicide is immaterial for me. I want to get freed from this mental torture. How to kill myself . . .? Shall I consume sleeping pills? But, by chance, people may take me to the hospital and they may rescue me . . .! No. . . it should not be silent suicide, but a brutal self-killing. How? *(pause)* *(Moves in nervous tension, and wags his head)* Yes, nobody can rescue me if run opposite to a running train. O! train, you're my tranquilizer from this mental torture. . . mental torture. . . *(pause)* Before my death, I would like to give my message to the youth reminding their responsibility. Modern youth are Parasites and Pythons. . . Words don't suit in this surfeit of agony, but verse. . .

Pythons! Killers of morals!!

Alas! These are parasites on human values

Those who dwell in citadels of vices

As frogs in the stupid wells

Save . . . the hollow-minded creatures

From the 'death- in- life' chaos!

My friends! My brothers!!

Take the responsibilities.

Transform yourselves to martyrs

Shower your blood, and sacrifice.

But my soul says, 'No. . . No. . . No chance!

That was done by Jesus in the heydays'.

His pious blood-streams . . .

Were the birth of sacrifice

Has not pacified the immoralities

But the parasites sins are like Phoenix's births.

O! Spread your flesh as spongy beds

To soften their thorny paths,

Or turn your bones to bamboo flutes

That echoes the sounds of emancipations?

They're like slothful fallen cherubs.  
Can you turn your boiling red blood to ropes  
Or to cascades of sacrifice?  
To facilitate the parasites to climb up to heavens!  
Can you slew your nerves to strings of *Veenas*  
That echoes the trinity sounds:  
Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity tunes,  
To release the creatures from deadly sleeps  
Or slew your eyes to the beacons  
Those are the symbols of promise?  
Can you slew your skin to white papers,  
And ink lessons of human values with your bloods?  
Have the responsibility on your fellow beings. . . .  
(Screams, nods his head, and departs from the state).

## Scene II

*(The scene is at the suburbs of the town. Ramu hopelessly and impatiently waits beside the railway track waiting for the arrival of train).*

Ramu: *(stares amazingly at the right side of the stage): O! God! (bangs on his forehead, and weeps) Why don't you allow me to die peacefully? My fate is doleful. Do you want to belittle me before my foes? These rogues Krishna, and Bheema are coming towards me, of course, to see my suicide, even they mock and satirize my suicide before the students. Being a coward before the foes would be worse than suicide. . . (runs left side of the stage awkwardly, and hides behind a bush).*

*(Krishna, and Bheema enter from right side of the stage. Their faces are drab. Their lips are moistureless. They groan, and pace on the stage hand in hand. They're inconsolable. They stand beside the railway track).*

Krishna: *(bends, keeps his hands on his knees, pants, and rests for moment, as if he is exhausted): I've no patience at all. At last. . . we could reach the railway track. Bheema, my heart is aching a lot due to the humiliation happened before our classmates.*

Bheema: *(bends, keeps his hands on his knees, pants, and rests for a moment): Krishna, I feel the same. Humiliation is worse . . . (pants) than anything else in the physical world. Isn't it? (Krishna intervenes)*

Krishna: Hence, we have come here to kill ourselves by running against the running train.

Bheema: *(yells. The sound reverberated): Let's die together hand in hand!*

*(By hearing the word suicide, Ramu peeps through the bush , and comes out from the bush and paces to them. Krishna gazed at Ramu.)*

Krishna: *(astonishment): Hey! Bheema! Is that Ramu pacing towards us like a snail?*

Bheema: *(gazes at Ramu): Yes, Yes. . . Let's hide somewhere. Don't die before him.*

Krishna: Yes. . . Dying before our enemy is worse than suicide. Let's us hide. *(They move fast to hide behind a bush nearby. They hide. Ramu sees their hide and slowly paces towards the spot, stands before the bush, and talks).*

Ramu: Krishna! Bheema! I've seen you. . . Come out! Our purpose is one. Come out! Die together. *(Krishna, and Bheema come out, and hug Ramu).*

## The Extremes

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- Bheema: Death!
- Krishna: There is no flaw in your behavior. I surprise. . . Why do you want to die?
- Ramu: (*weeps*): *Mmm . . . mm. . . mhmhmh. . mhhh. . .*
- Bheema: We repented of the humiliation intentionally caused to you. Good persons like you should not die.
- Ramu: (*wags his head cirss-cross, and screams*): No . . . That is not the cause. . .
- Krishna: If so, why die?
- Ramu: (*in choking voice*): I seduced my mother-like teacher, Mrs. Sibyl.
- Bheema: (*goggling at Ramu*): Seduction!?
- Krishna: Is it?
- Ramu: (*Ramu slaps Bheema*): Not physically, but mentally. . .
- Krishna: Mentally!?
- Bheema: (*scratching his head in confusion*): Hey, don't use terse cryptic words. Be lucid.
- Ramu: (*in chocking voice*): I seduced Mrs. Sibyl, English teacher, in my dream.
- Krishna: *Haa. .hhaaa.. . Silly fellow! Is it seduction? We deserve punishment because we did sin intentionally. But, you . . . . . (Laughs, and shows his right hand at Ramu).*
- Bheema: It's not a sin at all. . . You seem to be over sensitive, Ramu.
- Kishna: Ramu, go home, and contemplate on your decision of suicide . . . for a few days.
- Ramu: (*scolds seriously*): Krishna, mind your own business. I would mind my own business.
- Bheema: Okay! Cool down!
- Krishna: Okay, do as your wish. Ramu, at last, the purpose of death made us friends. . .
- Ramu: Let all of us die at once by keeping hand in hand revealing we are not fiends, but friends.
- Krishna: Okay! The fastest train should have arrived by this time. It seems train is running late today.
- Ramu: Fastest! How fastest it will be?
- Bheema: (*exaggeratingly*): Around 150 kms per hour. . .
- Ramu: *Alas! (Fears and cries) Blood in my veins is forging around the same speed. (Nervously) It hacks our bodies into myriad of pieces. . .*  
*(As they contemplate on their fate and engross on suicide, Ramu suddenly looks aside).*
- Krishna: O! Oafs! Look at the girl. . .
- Bheema: (*peeps at*): Hey! She seems to be our friend, Rupa!
- Ramu: Why does she come here?
- Krishna: She might be meted out by her lover. . .
- Ramu: Why? What might have happened?
- Krishna: She tried to deceive his lover with her morphed photographs. . .
- Bheema: (*adding fuel to*): Not only with photographs, but also with modern cosmetics. . .
- Ramu: Hey! She's coming near. Let's turn aside and hide our faces and act as strangers. *(They turned their body).*

- (Rupa enters. She yells and screams. She hopelessly stands beside the railway track).*
- Rupa: This train is checking my patience . . . O God! Bestow your grace upon me by relieving me from this mental pain. . . O! Death! Come fast to me! *(pause)*
- Ramu: *(astonishingly turns towards Rupa):* Death!?
- Rupa: *(stuns to see Ramu):* Oh! Ramu, why are you here? *(Krishna, and Bheema also turn).* Oh! You're also here? Why have you come here?
- Krishna: We have come here to die.
- Rupa: What happened to you to take this dire decision?
- Bheema: *(choking voice):* We have been humiliated by Police before our classmates.
- Rupa: Why?
- Bheema: We exploited technology. We quested internet for pornography, and with the help of the technology we morphed women images to nude . . . That one-eyed devil (camera) has betrayed us.
- Rupa: *(cries):* Mm. . .mmm.. . mmmmmm. . .
- Ramu: What happened to you?
- Rupa: *(weeping in choking voice):* Mr. Hollow knew the secret behind my beautiful face. He saw me without make up. He expressed his disgust at my face . . . that resulted in break-up.
- Bheema: That means your cause for suicide is failure in love. Isn't it?
- Rupa: *(weep):* Yes. . . *(pause)* What happened to you, Ramu?
- Krishna: Everyone has his own cause? Don't pester ourselves thinking about the hopeless past. . .
- Rupa: No. . . . My soul will be thinking of it even after death. Let me die peacefully by knowing the cause behind sorrow of Ramu.
- Bheema: *(impatiently):* He seduced Mrs. Sibyl, our English Teacher. Okay!
- Rupa: When? How?
- Ramu: No more questions, please. It's mental torture to ruminate over it again and again.
- Rupa: Oh! Okay, let's die together. . . .
- Krishna: 'Wage of sin is death'. It's true in our case.
- (When they're conversing, Muni, a leper, enters shivering, and wobbling. Because of his limp old age, he fumbles and trembles at the railway track to cross it. He peeps at the four students, and signals them to help him cross the track. They looked at the disgust leper awkwardly paying no heed to his requests).*
- Muni: *(In appealing and choking voice):* Boys! Boys. . .
- Ramu: Friends, the leper is asking for our help. Shall I help him?
- Krishna: Ramu, leave him to his fate. . . Nobody is here to help us, even God.
- Rupa: Friends, I think that he too has come to commit suicide?
- Bheema: Such lethargic people are good for nothing. . . He should have killed himself a very long back.
- (Muni comes forward towards the four students on snail's pace)*
- Muni: *(shrill voice):* Boys. . .What are you waiting for?



## The Extremes

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- Ramu: (*impatiently*): It's none of your business. . . Old leper. . .
- Muni: I witnessed many suicides on this railway track. Have you come for suicide?
- Rupa: Hey! Old leper! Don't pester us. The perpetual pestering guilty is enough for this life. Go aside! You're no way related to our problems.
- Muni: Please. Let me know about your agony. By chance, I may solve it.
- Bheema: Hey! Leper! Are you God to save us from our sins . . . ?
- Muni: I sensed the feeling of disgust on your faces. I sensed your suicides. What dragged you down to take this grave decision?
- Bheema: (*sonorously*): Leper, it's time for the arrival of the train. Don't annoy us with your unnecessary questions.
- Muni: Don't be like cowards. Don't die. It seems all of you're at tender age; you have beautiful and promising future.
- Krishna: Suicide is the perfect opium that absolves us from this torture, guilty and problems eternally. . .
- Muni: What sort of torture is it?
- Krishna: We exploited technology inhumanly, and technology betrayed us. Hence, Police humiliated us before my classmates. Moreover, they imprisoned us.
- Muni: My boys, knowing the mistake is great reconciliation and revelation. But, as a human being, we should not repeat the mistake again. See. . . human beings learn life lessons through experience. I suggest you that use technology for human progress, but not for human devastation. (*choking voice*): If suicide is the remedy to free human being from pains and difficulties, no human race will exist. There would be only heaps of corps. Suicide is the deed of cowards. Life is a challenge, face it. Time is the perfect divine opium that cures all the problems in the passage of time, but not the suicide. Emotion is the dangerous enemy, don't get floated with it. Boys. . . take inspiration from every speck of nature. Think of the tides at the sea shore. Tide is our inspiration for not falling down, but for bouncing back with reinvigorated rejuvenation. Look at the birds and creatures, they don't think of tomorrow. Think of the rill, it surges forward by overcoming copious hurdles of rocks and mountains. Failures and humiliations are very common in human lives. We have to overcome them. I say again that time will cure all the problems. I feel that your humiliations are very meager before the humiliations I faced in my life. Therefore, I should have committed suicides hundred times. But I've boldly faced the problems, and continue to live.
- Ramu: (*Inquisitively*): Have you faced humiliations?
- Muni: (*in philosophical mood*): See! boys. . . After completion of my Post graduation, I succumbed to Leprosy. It brought to me as many humiliations as possible. I got an interview for the post of Lecturer. But the authorities denied me to that post because of my leprosy. I was expelled from my village and, moreover, from my own family. I was excommunicated by the society. (*seriously*): Look at me! I did not commit suicide. Why? (*pause*) Because I took this life as a challenge. I've been instilling inspiration and hope in the community of lepers. Fear not to the people, but fear to God, Parents, and Teachers who save your soul and body.
- Ramu: (*screams*): Mm m. . . m m .O! (*wipes out tears*)
- Muni: What happened? Has my word transformed your heart?
- Ramu: But, I deserve suicide.
- Muni: Why?
- Ramu: I seduced my mother-like teacher.

- Muni: Seduction!
- Krishna: (*intervenes*): In dream, Sir.
- Muni: (*relaxingly*): In dream!
- Ramu: Yes, in dream. I feel, committing sin even in dream crime.
- Muni: I understand your bizarre behaviour. Dreams come in sleep known as Rapid Eye Movement in which brain actively involved in creating visual experience, and metabolic activity is similar to that we do in the awake state. You may support anything in dream that you oppose in the awoken state, or visa versa. See, Ramu, among the mental sane, the Oedipus complex will rise in dream. Dreams come from the subconscious mind and presented to you in images that are involuntary in the mind during sleep.
- Ramu: As per great psychologists, dreams are 'wish fulfillment': satisfaction of desire through thought process. If it's true, my mind committed a sin.
- Muni: It's not a sin because dreams come involuntarily. There is a conflict in you between conscious mind and subconscious mind. Ramu, attraction towards the opposite sex is very common. Though you have reverence on your teacher in the conscious mind, the natural disposition of the humans that is attraction towards the opposite sex is prevalent in subconscious mind. Hence, you have dream involuntarily.
- Ramu: My elders said to me that the incidents we dreamt come true.
- Muni: Nothing else. . . These are all superstitious beliefs. For instance, every day I dream that I became normal from leprosy. My dreams never become true.
- Ramu: (*contemplation*): Yes, the dream was involuntary. I'm not guilty now. Sir, your thought provoking message has freed me from my guilty feeling. My heart is purified and anointed by your words. . Thank you.
- (*As they realize the true purpose of their life, the horn of the train is heard from afar. When the train is fast approaching, a lamb is found on the railway track*).
- Rupa: (*she cries*): Hey! My God! Friends, a lamb is on the railway track. Train is coming near. Let's us save the life of the lamb.
- (*Bheema, Ramu, Krishna, and Rupa run across the railway track and saved the life an innocent lamb. Muni overwhelms with joy on the change of their attitude towards life. Ramu, Krishna, Bheema, and Rupa seek blessings of Muni, and they surged towards the town*).

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**Dr. R. Prabhakar** has been working as an Assistant Professor in the Department of English, Vikrama Simhapuri University, Nellore, Andhra Pradesh, India for the last five years. He teaches all forms of English Literature. He is a critical and creative writer. His area of interest is Postcolonial Literature. He has published creative work 'Trilogy of One Act Plays' and six One Act Plays in reputed international journals. He has published more than fifteen research articles in reputed International Journals and presented more than ten research papers in National and International Seminars. Besides the above, he has been acting as In-charge of the Dept. of English, V.S. University College, Nellore, A.P. India.