

AMAZING SPRING

(A one act play written by Anup Chakraborty)

CHARACTERS

Dr. Anish Roy (Embryologist)

Dr. Atish Roy (Insane psychiatrist and father of Anish) Prof. P.R. Gupta (Neighbour of Anish)

Niladri Sen (Detective)

Gomez (An old servant of Roy

Family) Dr. Agarwal (Ex-

Assistant of

Anish) Dr. Ms. Rumiya Ghosh (Yo

ungscientist) Alok (Research

scholar)

Dipanwita (Research scholar)

(Evening. Dr. Anish Roy's drawing room. Anish is smoking and staring at the painting hanging in the middle of the upstage. The painting is a portrait of his student Rumiya. The painted girl has a dreamy look in her eyes. A song of female voice is heard from a music system kept in upright of the stage. Distracted Anish slowly moves towards the audience and then sits in a chair. Then he takes a magazine from the tea table kept in front of the chair and tries to go through it, but fails to concentrate. His vacant look is fixed to a remote place. A sharp sound of screaming along with moaning comes out from inside. Anish quickly stops the music using a remote kept on the tea table and calls Gomez loudly. Pensive Gomez slowly appears from inside and salutes Anish.)

Anish : What's the matter?

Gomez : Sir, he's getting uncontrollable.

Anish : Rubbish. Have you fed him the medicine?

Gomez : I tried, sir. But he had thrown it out.

Anish : Why have you been so worthless at present in spite of having a long experience?

Gomez : Presently he has been very much unmanageable, sir.

Anish : Hopeless! (Pause) Yes, he has gone too far. (Aside) Should I call Dr. Sharma?....
 No.....
 (to Gomez) Make the injection ready.
 (Restless Atish comes out from inside tottering)
 (to his father) Oh! What's this? stop! Gomez, hold him (Gomez holds Atish's left arm).

Atish : Leave me.....leave me...I will go out... I want light.....more light.

Anish : (forcibly makes him sit on a chair) Sit here Don't move.
 e.

Atish : My son! Please let me go....I would like to go out...I want light.....more light.

(Atish tries to get up from the chair. Anish indicates Gomez. Gomez holds Atish strongly).

Anish : Stop. Be quiet.

Atish : No. I'll go out.

Anish : No, you mustn't go outside.

Atish : (shouts) why why? Why?

Anish : You are ailing.

Atish : No. I'm quite well. Gomez, leave me. you stupid! . . . bastard!

(Atish becomes increasingly ferocious and restless. Saliva oozes out from his mouth.)

Anish : Gomez, bring the injection. Quick. He can't be sent inside unless she is sedated (Gomez goes inside) (Anish strongly holds him)

Atish : Scoundrel! Do you dare to sedate me? Leave me. Let me go out. I must not live here.

Anish : Why? What's wrong with living here?

Atish : Sin, here is sin.

Anish : What sin? You are again saying this!

Atish : Sin. Sin. Rumiya is sin. She's coming. I know this. Gomez has reported me.

Anish : Stop it. Crazy man!

Atish : She must not stay here. I know everything. You confessed. She must not stay here.

Anish :No.shemuststayhere.Youmustacceptit.

Atish :Sin.Sin.Sheisyoursin.Youareascountrel-anabortionofyourmother.

Anish : Stopit,nonsense.
(AnishhitsAtish.Hecriesout.Gomez comesfrominsidewithasyri
containinganinjection.) nge

Gomez :Sir,Pleasedonotbeathim.

Anish :Iwill.Iwillfinishhimtoday(hits again)

Gomez : Sir!Whatareyoudoing?Heisyourfather.

Anish : Shutup.Neveradvise me.Youareaservant.Sobehavelikethat.

Gomez :YetIhavea heart.

Anish :Lockit.Otherwiseleavethe job.

Gomez :WherecanIgetitatthisoldage?OtherwiseIwouldgoawayanywhere.Ican't
stand
allthesenow.

Anish :Stopit.(Pause.Anishgetssomewhatcalm.)Don'tmind.Youarewatchingh
ow
Iamgettingdisturbeddayafterday.It'sunbearable.Ihavealsogrownold.

Gomez :Sir,mayItell youonething?

Anish : What?

Gomez :Pardonmyaudacity.Youmightavoidthesinasperhisadvice.

Anish :(roars)Stop.Iwarnyou.Nevercrossyourlimit.Comeon.Holdhistwoarmstr
ongly.

(Gomez holds Atish's both arms very strongly. Atish tries to get rid of him. Anish puts the injection on him. Atish goes on muttering and then becomes drowsy. Gomez takes him inside. Anish starts the music again. Light goes on diminishing. Rumiya's face in the painting gets illuminated by a spotlight. Anish gazes at it. The music ends.
Doorbell rings.)

Anish : Come in.
(Prof. Gupta enters with a walking stick)

Gupta : Good evening, Dr. Roy.

Anish : Good evening, Prof. Gupta. Please be seated.

Gupta : (sit on a chair) I was hearing a song.

Anish : I was just relaxing.

Gupta : I also like that song. Actually I rang the doorbell after it ended. I didn't like to disturb it.

Anish : I see you aren't prosaic like me.

Gupta : You think so! Absurd! You are so keen in fine art! In addition to it you had digested a lot of literature in spite of being a scientist. But look - I am so unlucky that I spent my whole life only teaching literature and peeping into your world of science having no quality to enter there.

Anish : (smiling) Would you like to exchange the position?

Gupta : (laughing) On the verge of retirement? No, my friend. It's high time. Your science is quite greek to me.

Anish : But Greek is not greek to you.

Gupta : Had I learned mathematics instead of Greek, I could have been a petty scientist. Isn't it?

Anish : (laughing) Sure. Why not?

Gupta : By the by, when is your student arriving? I think she is expected to come today.

Anish : Rumiya had arrived at the airport—she will be arriving shortly visiting the shopping mall.

Gupta : (laughing) From Airport to shopping mall? She's still like a teenager student though she's a scientist. She is very candid. I think the shopping is the main hobby of ladies.

Anish : And in herent also.

Gupta : Yes. It's a pertinent remark.

Anish : She has gone to the market to buy flowers.

Gupta : (laughing) Has she any plant to worship hermas ter?

Anish : (smiling) She is very much mirthful now for her news success and so celebrating it with flowers.

Gupta : Only flowers? And what about candy? She should bring it also for the common people like me. Let her come. I have to know if she sought it in Switzerland?

Anish : Last year she brought a large box of chocolate from Zurich. (laughing) Should I take it at this old-age?

Gupta : Actually it was her pretence. She bought it for herself (Both laugh) (A piercing sound of screaming comes from inside. Both stop laughing)

Anish : My father's problem has been very much acute.

Gupta : I see. This is your only headache. (pause)

Anish : A reporter is speaking recently. He would like to cover Rumiya.

Gupta : Immediately? How do they get information? Who is she? Which press?

Anish : He introduced himself as a freelance journalist – since yesterday he is disturbing – called forth three times – wants to confirm Rumiya's interview – so hurry – very obstinate.

Gupta : He intends to cash in Rumiya's present invention – as is the business of a reporter – to make the best use of an opportunity at first.

Anish : But they uproar a lot. It affects the attention of young scientists. They may get more

inclined to publicity instead of research. What Remiyah add on till now she longs to
a very primary stage.

Gupta : Yet what she is trying must be an epoch making event if she gets success—as I heard it from you.

Anish : That's right. I am proud of her. She is a genius. A rare girl. Let's wait for her success.

Gupta : Can it be really successful? Can a baby be born from an artificial womb? At first
fertilizing in a test tube—then inserting the embryo into an artificial uterus—
Oh! It
appears like a story. Won't a man be born from mother's womb? What are you
doing,
Dr. Roy? (laughs loudly)

Anish : Prof. Gupta, this is still in an experimental stage. Success is a remote goal.

Gupta : Let's wait. Your student also has tenacity.

Anish : Had you been pleased at her song?

Gupta : Oh! Was it her song? Very sweet voice!

Anish : Would you like to hear it again?

Gupta : Sure. Why not?

(Anish starts the music—lights a cigarette—
slowly moves toward the painting—

gazes at it—Gupta looks askance at him.) Dr Roy?

(Anish can't hear. A humorous look is expressed in Gupta's eyes. Sudden

yAtish"s
loudmoaningcomesfrominside.Anishhurriedlystopsthemusicandcal
lsGomez.
Gomezquicklycomesfrominside.)

Gomez : Sir!

Anish : Whathappened?

Gomez :Heshoutedinastateofsleep.

Anish : Hewoke up?

Gomez : No,Sir.

Anish : Ok. Go
(Gomezgoesawayinside)

Gupta : Ishisdiseaseaggravating?

Anish :Youknowit"samentalailment.Soitgetsacutesometimes.Ithinkanothers
hock
therapyisneeded.IhavetocontactDr.Sharma.

Gupta :Whatastrangematter!Hewasa
renownedpsychiatrist.Ihaveseenmanyofthemto
beabnormalatoldage.Whydoesithappenso,Dr. Roy?

Anish :(smiling)Onlytheycansay.

Gupta : Howlonghashebeensuffering?

Anish :Alongperiod.WhenIreturnedfromEurope,hewouldstillpractise.Thengr
adually

hegotabnormal.Actuallyhegotashockatmymother’sdemise.Because
of
lonelinessheturnsinto

Gupta :Reallyitisagreatproblemtoyoubeingabachelorperson.Butyourmaidser
vantisa

verygoodone.Heseemstobeverysincere.

Anish :Yes.Heiswithusfromhisboyhood.Anaffectionhadgraduallygrowninhi
m

towardsourfamily.ThepersonwasanorphanofaChristianfamily.Myf
ather

gavehimalittleeducation also.

(Doorbellsrings)

Comeinplease.

(Dipanwitaenters)

Anish : Oh!Dipanwita!Haveyoucomeforthatbook?

Dipanwita : Yes,sir.

Anish : Wait.

(givesheralooktakingitfromthebookshelf)

Dipanwita : Thankyou,sir.

(abouttoexit)

Anish :Stop.Whathadhappenedinthelaboratoryatnoontoday?

Dipanwita :It’snothing.Asillymatter,sir.

Anish : What’ssthematter?

I have heard a little.

Dipanwita : Alok was disturbing me. He was.....(hesitates)

Anish : Speak out. You need not hesitate. Why are you standing? Sit there. Prof. Gupta, he's my research scholar. You can say everything before him.

Dipanwita : Alok is recently disturbing me. Even in the lab—

Anish : Did he molest you?

Gupta : No. Not that. Last week he proposed to me. I rejected. So he is charging me frequently. He is even threatening me.

Anish : Why do all these happen in the department? I must warn him. But you have some responsibility also.

Dipanwita : What can I do, sir, if he pokes me?

Anish : I don't like to interfere in your personal matter. But all these are not desirable in the department. If it continues, I have to take another step. Ok. You may go now.
(Dipanwita is about to leave. Alok enters)

Alok : (To Dipanwita) Stop.

Anish : Alok! Why have you come here?

Alok : Pardon me, sir, I have been compelled to come here.

Dipanwita : Sir, please note it. He was following me from the university.

Alok : I have done right.

Anish : (angrily) What's this, Alok?

Alok : Sir, I surmised that she would tell you something half true. I have come here to tell you another half one.

Anish : But why here? You must tell it in the department. Not here.

Alok : Then why would she come?

Anish : Are you seeking any explanation from me?

Alok : Sorry, Sir,

Anish : You go
(about to leave—then stops)

Alok : (speaks with a breathing trouble) Sir, she has deceived me.

Dipanwita : This is false. You are lying.

Alok : It's true, sir.

Please believe it

Anish : Why are all these happening before me? Alok, I have asked you to leave.

Alok : Sir, she pretended to love.
(Alok succumbed to massive breathlessness)

Anish : Oh! you are getting sick. Sit here.

Alok : (sits in a chair and then bursts into tears) She has insulted my love.

Dipanwita : May I go, sir?

Anish : Yes.
(Dipanwita is about to leave)

Anish : Stop, (Pause) Why are you so insincere?

Dipanwita : Me?

Anish : Yes. (pause) Ok. You may go.
(Dipanwita exits)

Anish : Alok, you are a research scholar. Don't
lose yourself, my boy.

Alok : (weeping) she committed—

Anish : Please, control yourself, Alok. Be calm.

Alok : Ok, sir, I am going.

Anish : Can you?

Alok : Yes Sir,
(slowly exists)

Gupta : You this very much surprising, Dr. Roy.

Anish : (somewhat distracted) Yes, it's so. That young man had a commitment.

Gupta : It's more surprising. Commitment is getting extinct nowadays—
especially in case
of love. He is odd man.

Anish :Buttheworldisstillgreenforsuchboys.

Gupta :Excellentisyourcomment.Thanks.Youmighthavebeenanartistinsteadofbeingascientist.

Anish :Couldyoutellwhyit'sgettingextinct?Thislove?

Gupta : Technology.Consumerism.Hedonism.

Anish :Buttechnologycanremaininharmonywithlove.Prof.Gupta.

Gupta : Really?Doyourbelieveeso?

Anish :Yes,professor.Iknowan example.

Gupta : What'sthat?(Doorbells)

Anish :Possiblyitisthatreporter.Pleasecomein.
(NiladriSenenters)

Niladri :Goodevening.IamjournalistNiladri Sen.

Anish :Oh!Youphoned me!
Goodevening.IamAnish Roy.

Niladri :It'sdifficulttonotrecognizetherenownedembryologistDr.AnishRoy.
Afamous
scientistlikeyouneednotgiveselfintroduction.

Anish : Thankyou.Beseated,please.

Niladri : Thankyou.(sitsandlooksatGupta)Youare,sir.?

Anish :HeisprofessorP.R.Gupta.Myneighbour.

Niladri :Ihadheard yourname.Gooddayto you.

Gupta : Good day to you. But I teach literature--
know nothing about science. So, please
don't endanger me asking any question relating to this. I must be ashamed.
(Everyone laughs)

Niladri : Shame? We are earning, sir, as all are not aware of science. It's our business to
popularize it.

Gupta : You are a freelance reporter?

Niladri : Yes, professor. So I always try to get first hand information. It's exclusively
my
professional interest.
(Anish calls Gomez and asks him to serve the drinks)

Niladri : Dr. Ms Ghosh has arrived?

Anish : Yes, soon she will reach here.

Niladri : She's your relation?

Anish : No, Rumiya is only my student. Her parents were very close to me.

Niladri : Does she stay here whenever she comes to India?
o

Anish : Why are you asking this? Yes. Her father had died when she was very young.

Last

year her mother expired. So she stays here whenever she comes to India.

(Niladri looks at the painting - leaves his chair -

goes to the painting and watches it)

I think it's the portrait of Dr. Ms. Rumiya Ghosh.

Anish : Yes, Have you seen her before?

Niladri : Who has drawn this?

Gupta : It's the work of Dr. Roy. Surprising. Isn't it? Dr. Roy is expert in both art and science. He is a bidexter - Arjuna -

Anish : No - no - painting is my hobby.

Niladri : Professor has drawn his student's portrait. It's rare. Isn't it? Student is lucky enough.

Anish : It was drawn at student's own request.

Niladri : I don't mean otherwise.

Gupta : These students are so object of affection - they demand a lot -
for example one of my

students - I had to take her photograph as she prayed, "Sir, you are a good

phoographer—pleasetakemysnap—”Naturally....(laughs)

Niladri : Yourstudent’ssubjectofresearchishigh interesting.
ly

Anish :Howdidyougetthenews?Shepublishednothingtillnow.

Niladri :Dr.Roy,it’sourprofessiontocollectinformation.Ihadalreadygotthenews
thatshe
wasdoingresearchonartificialuterus.IgottheinformationinZurich.But
Icouldn’t
imagineshewouldbesuccessfulsoearly
.

Anish : Yoursourceofinformation?

Niladri :(smiling)Letitremainindark.

Anish : Strange!HowissuchconfidentialinformationleakedinEurope?

Niladri :Wehavemoresecretinformation,Dr.Roy,suchasyouwouldresearchonhu
man
cloninginSwitzerland.

Anish :(startled)What?Whotoldyou?Ididn’tpublishanythingregardingthis.

Niladri : (sarcastically)Really?Didn’tyoupublishanything?Pleaseremember.

Anish :No,(thinking)Oh!YesIcanremember.Idid.Butitwasonlyatheoreticaldisc
ussion.

HoweverIdidn’tworkonit.

Niladri : (smiling)Really?

Gupta :Ithinkthishumancloningisproscribed.

Niladri : Exactly.

Anish :Because scientistshavenorighttoopenthe doorofscience.

Niladri :Butunplanned openingmayleadtoanarchyinthesociety.Weshouldlookafter the welfareofsciencealso.

Anish :(sarcastically)Sonuclearresearchisunderthecontrolofpoliticiansandarmy.
WelfarewasdoneinHiroshima!

Niladri :IthinkDr.Royisnothappywithinterdictiononhumancloning.

Anish :Ican'tacceptanykindofinterferenceofnonscientistsinthearenaofscience.
I dislikeevery sortofprohibitioninthequestoftruth.

Niladri :Butthequestoftruthisnotmoreimportantthanthewelfareofthesociety,Dr. Roy.

Anish :Enough,Mr.Sen.Wewoulddebateinthisfashioninourstudentlife.

Niladri :Anyway,doyousupporthumancloning?

Anish :It doesn'tmatterwhetherIsupportitornot.

Niladri :What?Isthesupportandhelpofascientistlikeyouvalueless?Iknowit'sdone secretlyinmanycountries.

Anish :Mr.Sen,whatdoyouindicate?Youknowverywellthatsupportandhelparenotthesame thing,Tosupportaresearchdoesnotmeanhelping it.

Niladri : I didn't mean it.

Gupta : Leave it, Well, Dr. Roy, Please explain in brief this human cloning – obviously making it comprehensible to a person of different world like me.

Anish : You mean popularizing it! (laughing) This is his business. Please help him, Mr. Sen.

Niladri : Me? Before a scientist like you?

Anish : No problem. Do it in your popular style.

Niladri : (laughing) Ok, then listen to me, sir.
(A tremendous sound of moaning comes from inside. Gomez comes fast)

Gomez : Sir, he has woken up and got restless.

Anish : (To Niladri) Excuse me. (They go inside)

Niladri : What's the matter?

Gupta : Dr. Roy's father. A neurotic patient.

Niladri : Dr. Roy's father? Then he must be very old.

Gupta : Yes, Octogenarian. Now, please, continue.

Niladri : Oh! human cloning? Do you know grafting in plant?

Gupta : Yes, I did it in my boyhood. I did it in a rose plant
.

Niladri : (laughing) Then you had already done cloning. This is what is called cloning
.
Similarly in case of any part of a human body – such as a nose – you pick out a cell from it – extract the nucleus from the cell –

insert this nucleus into an ovum containing no nucleus and then let an embryo be developed from it. Lastly you put this embryo into a womb and wait for a baby to be born from it. This is what is known as human cloning. The baby born thus must be a photocopy of the owner of original nucleus. Same look, same genetic structure, same nature and characteristics. Everything is same.

Gupta :(surprised) Then the birth of this cloned baby is not the result of sexual intercourse!

Niladri

:(laughing)No,sir.Noquestionofsexualintercourse.It"snotamatt
erofintercourse – only making a copy of a human being. This is
your human cloning.

Gupta : (surprised)Andthesearedone!

Niladri :It"sheardso–butdonesecretly–asit"sbannedeverywhere–apunishableoffence.

Gupta :Bythe By, last evening I asked mydaughter about it – she"sa good
student of biology–Shescoldedmealittle,“youneednot
knowthisrubbishthing–youarea teacher of poetry – remain busy in
it.” Now I see this is also a poetry.

Niladri :Youarerighttosomeextent.Itisalsoapoetry–
butgruesomeone. (Both laugh loudly)

Gupta : Gruesomepoetry?

Niladri

:Yes.Yourdaughterisright.Youneednotknowit.Knowingthiswil
lincreaseone"s pain. It"s inauspicious.
(Anishcomesfrominside)

Anish : Isyourdiscussionover?

Gupta

:(laughing)Headvisedtonotbeawareofitat

all. Anish : Why?

Gupta : Painful.Inauspicious.

Anish :Thisisyoursuperstition.Itisawrong idea.

Niladri :ThenIamconfirmed

youarereallyonthesideofhumancloning. Anish :Yes, So. You
can write in your paper that I support it.

Niladri : (smiling)Really?

Rumiya[without]:Gomez!Gomez!

(Gomezcomesfrominside.Rumiyaenterswithabouquetinonehandand
asuitcase in another one. Gomez takes the suitcase and goes inside.)

Rumiya :

Goodevening,sir.Goodevening,Prof.Gu

pta. Gupta :Good evening, Rumiya.

Anish : Goodevening,Rumiya,everythingiswell?

Rumiya : Yes,sir.Sir,look.Whatanicebouquetfor you!

Anish : Thankyou,Rumiya
(Receivesitgladlyandputsthesameinaflower vas)

Niladri : Congratulation,Dr.MsGhosh!

Rumiya : Whatfor!Sorry,Ican'trecognizeyou.

Anish :Letmeintroduce.He'safreelancejournalist–NiladriSen–
seekingyourappointment
foraninterview–

Rumiya : Youcouldphonemetoavoidthetroubleofcominghere.

Niladri :(smiling)Iwantedtoseeyou.

Rumiya :(smiling)Strange!Iamnotafilmstar.

Niladri : IgotosomeinformationregardingyourachievementinSwitzerland.

Rumiya :Really?Whatdoyouknow?

Niladri :Youcreatedanartificialuteruswhereahumanembryocansurviveformaxi
mum
sixhoursandtenminutes.

Rumiya :(smiling)Youknowitinsodetail!

Niladri : AmIright?

Rumiya : Areyoustartingyourinterview?

Niladri :(smiling)Nomadam,Iamnotsoirresponsible.Pleasegivemeadateinfutur

e.

Rumiya : Sure, I will give you a date shortly. Sir, how's your father?

Anish : Same as before. Go inside and have rest, Rumiya.

Rumiya : Thank you, sir
(About to go inside)

Niladri : Just a minute, Dr. Ms. Ghosh.
(Rumiya stops. Niladri rises and goes to her. Then he takes out a photo from his pocket and displays this before her dramatically.)

Niladri : Please look at this, Dr. Ghosh. May I publish it?

Rumiya : (takes it from him) My photo! How did you get it? From internet?

Niladri : No. Are you admitting that it's yours?

Rumiya : (returns the photo) Yes. But how could you get it?

Niladri : (smiling) I must tell you shortly. Dr. Roy, would you please have a look at the photo?

Anish : Yes
(takes the photo and sees it and then returns)

Niladri : Dr. Roy, is this a photo of Rumiya Ghosh or that of Rumiya Andrews?

Anish : (startled)whatdoyoumean?

Niladri :Imeanit"saphotoofRumiyaAndrewswhichwasenlargedfromagroupphotoof

theresearchscholarsthatwasshottwenty-sixyearsagoinZurich.

(takesoutagroupphotoandshowsit.)

Lookatthisgroupphoto,Dr.Roy.YouarestandingbesideMs.RumiyaAndrews.

(Anishtrunshisfaceandgoestothersideofthestage)

Rumiya : WhoisthisRumiyaAndrews,sir?

Niladri :Shewashisdeceasedcoworkerormoreperfectlyspeakinghisloverwhodie

dof
cancerinSwitzerlandtwenty-fiveyearsago.Isn"tit,Dr.Roy?Youcanalso
see

this,Prof.Gupta(giveshimthephoto).Doesn"tshelooklikethisRumiya?

Gupta : (surprised)Exactly.

Niladri :Isn"titsurprising?IsthisRumiyaithedaughterofthatRumiyaalthoughthesur
namesaredifferent,Dr.Roy?

Rumiya : No.Rubbish.Whatnonsenseareyoutalki
ng?

Niladri :IamaskingDr.Roy,Ms.Ghosh.

Anish : Yougottheanswer.RumiyaAndrewswas unmarried.

Niladri :Iknowit.That"swhythematterisnotcleartome.Samelook.Samename.B
othare

so closetoyou.....It"sstrange.....Isn"tso?

(laughssardonically)

Anish : Whoareyou?Whyhaveyoucomehere?

Niladri : Graduallyyouwillcometoknowit.

Rumiya :MayIseethegroup photo?

Niladri :Yes,Yes.Ofcourse

(givesherthegroupphoto.Rumiyatakesoutherpassportfromherpocke
tand

comparesbothphotographs)

(sarcastically)Bothofyoulookexactlysame. Isn't it?

(Rumiyagetssurprisedandpale)

Anish :Yes.Thereissimilarityintheirfaces.So what?

Niladri :Sosimilarity?Similarityinnamesalso?Whatastrange coincidence!(laug
hs)

Anish :(Angrily)Stopit.Whyareyoulaughinglikeacrazyperson
?

Niladri : (withasmilingface)Watchingournervousness.You sweating,si
are r.

Anish : Whatnervousness?

Yourbehaviourisnotlikeareporter.Youarebehavinglikeanunbalance
dperson.

Whatyouwanttosayisnotunderstandable.

Niladri : Really?

Anish : Yes, please go. I am sorry.

Niladri : But I didn't come here to return with an empty hand.

Anish : What do you mean?

Niladri : I mean I want your confession. Unless you confess everything, I won't leave this place. Because I have come here only for this.

Anish : What confession?
Who are you? Are you a reporter or an investigator? Have you come here for investigation?

Niladri : You are absolutely right, sir. I belong to Interpol – no reporter. Here is my identity card (shows). Now answer my questions not suppressing anything.

Anish : You might have told it beforehand. Why did you appear as a reporter?

Niladri : Would you plead for human cloning so boldly had I told you that I belonged to the police? Your statement was recorded here (shows the taperecorder).

Anish : I don't care. Ok. Now come on. Tell me what you want.

Niladri : Your confession?

Anish : (Angrily) what confession?

Niladri : That you cloned Rumiya Andrew twenty six years ago to create this Rumiya Ghosh.

Rumiya : (shoutstremendously)
What?No.Nonsense!
Youarecrazy!Whatnonsenseareyou speaking?
(Rumiyagoesontremblinginfearandexcitement)

Anish :(Roars)Isayyouget out.

Niladri :Slowly,Dr.Roy.slowly.Areyoudenyingeverything?ButtheSwisspoliceis
snotso
foolthattheyhadcontactedInterpolwithoutgettinganyevidence.

Anish :Ifyoudisturbmemore.Imustinformthepolicecommissioner.What'sthep
roofthat
yubelongtoInterpol?SuchfakeIDcardcanbemade.

Niladri : Doyouwanttoinformthepolice?Thatwillbefine.Doit.

Anish :Allyousayisbogus.Abaselessstory.Idenyeverything.TellyourSwisspoli
ce.

Niladri : Really?

Anish :Yes.Haveyouanyproof?Anywitness?

Niladri :Witness?Yes,Ihaveawitness.Ihavebroughthimwithme.Believe.
(Callssomeoneusinghismobilephone)
Apersoniswaitinginfrontofyourhouse.Hewillappearveryshortly.Tryi
fyoucan
recognizehim.PresentlyhelivesinKolkata.ButoncehewasinZurich.

Agarwal[without]:MayIcomein?

Niladri :Comein,please.Dr. Agarwal.
Dr.Roy,couldyoupleaserecognizehim?
Oncehewasyourassistant.Isn'tit?

Anish : (Angrily)Oh!Agarwal!Thenyouhaveconspiredallthese!Youscoundrel!

Agarwal :Conspiracy!No,Dr.Roy.Ihavetoldhimwhatistrue.Don'tabuseme,please.

Niladri : Dr.Agarwal,youwereawitnessofhiswork.Youwouldassisthimthen.

Agarwal : Yes.HeclonedRumiyaAndrews.

Anish :Lie.Thisismachination.Heisvindictive.Youdon'tknow,Mr.Sen,howwickedhe
is.Hetriedtocashinmyachievement.Ididnotlethimdosasoashehad no
contributionbehindmyinvention.Sohehadfabricatedthisstory.YouAgarwal, get
outfromhere.

Agarwal :Dr.Roy,Ididn'tcomeheretostay.Hecalledme.SoIcame.Youinsultedmeso!
IfI
speakouteverythinginthecourt,canyoudeny?Youaredenyingmycontribution!
Didn'tIassistyouinyourresearchofgenetherapy?

Anish :Youservedonlylikealabassistant.Youhadnomajorcontribution.Youarealiar.I
hateyou.

Agarwal : I also hate you. You are lying, not me. I had some contribution. But you patented everything only in your name and showed me the door. I must show you a game in the witness box.

Anish : Hell with you. You can't do anything.

Agarwal : Really? Ok, let's see whom the court believes.

Anish : The witness of a liar like you has no value.

Agarwal : Really? Am I a liar? Didn't you secretly clone in vitro Rumiya Andrew's somatic cell in Brookline Institute?

Anish : No.

Agarwal : Didn't you implant the cloned embryo in the uterus of a hired surrogate mother Monika Ghosh in your apartment in Zurich?

Anish : No.

Agarwal : Really? Swear it in the name of God. Certainly you can't say you do not believe in God. Otherwise how could you do such a crime? Dr. Roy I had already informed everything to Swiss police. Now I will see how you can escape.

Anish : I deny everything. Both of you get lost.

Niladri : You asked me to go out twice. But we must prove your past unlawful activity.

Swiss

Police had already filed a petition in Zurich “s court to exhume Rumiya Andrews for her DNA Test. We also will appeal to high court for the DNA test of this Rumiya Ghosh. Then matching the two results..... you know everything regarding these tests and matching.

Anish : Will you test Rumiya Ghosh? Is she your puppet? We must appeal to Supreme Court.

Niladri : Why have you objection in the test if you are innocent?

Rumiya : Enough! Enough! stop it, please. Yes, you arrange for my DNA test. I also want it to be done - such a noxious complain - Now I am tired - please leave now - I am exhausted.

Anish : Rumiya, why do you surrender to them?

Rumiya : Why are you objecting if you are innocent?

Agarwal : He is innocent! Do you know him? (laughs) What she says! Mr Sen! (laughs loudly)

Anish : Agarwal! Stop it.

Rumiya : Sir, let them do it. Don't oppose it, please, as I have been entangled. I want to be confirmed.

Anish : No, Rumiya. Don't allow this.

Rumiya : Why not? Mr. Sen, arrange for my DNA test—immediately.

Anish : Rumiya, listen. This is humiliating. They will exhume Rumiya Andrews. It's derogatory.

Rumiya : Dr. Roy, why can't you realise they had questioned my origin? I have to know everything. I must know everything.
(Atish comes from inside staggering. Gomez tries to drag him to inside.)

Atish : Know—know— you must know everything.

Anish : (excited) Gomez! What the hell are you doing?
Take him to the bedroom.

Niladri : Is he—

Gupta : Yes, he is Dr. Roy's father.

Atish : He had admitted before me. But sin is not washed away, my poor child. What hell you had done!

Anish : Gomez! You stupid! Take him inside.

Rumiya : Sir! What had you admitted before him? Speak out, please.

Atish : Can you deny? My cruel son!
(Gomez takes Atish inside)

Rumiya :Speakout,sir.Whyareyousilent?Youalwaysleadmetotruth.Thenwhyareyou
suppressingthisnow?Youaremyteacher–
Iregardyou.(Shouting)Whyareyou
deceivingme?Why?Why?
(Anishstaresatadistantplacewithavacant look)

Anish :CanyoubearwiththetruthifIexpressit?Thenlisten.Allthesearetrue.
(Rumiyaburstsintotears)
IhadcreatedyoubycloningRumiyaAndrews.Youareherclone.
(Guptastandsupingreatsurprise)

Rumiya : Iamclone!
Iamclone!(Shivers)
ThenwhoisMonikaGhosh?

Anish :Sheisonlyyoursurrogate mother.
(Rumiyaviolentlyscreamsandrushesinside)

Niladri :Let'sgo,Dr.Agarwal.Myinvestigationiscomplete.Thankstoyourfather,
Dr.Roy.
Luckilyyouadmittedbeforehimatyourweakmoment.Sothecathasbeen
out.
AnotherinformationIneedtohaveasIhavetomakeafinalreport.Whatwas
your
motive?WhydidyoucloneRumiyaAndrews

Anish :(remainssilentforsomemoments)

Shewassufferingfromcancer.Ididn'twanthertobelostforever.WhatIhad
doneisnooffence.Istillthinkso.Idon'tcareforanysortofpunishment.

Niladri :Whatanattempttoletoneexistinthisfashion!Horrible!Howdidyoucontact
MonikaGhosh?

Anish :Shewasaprofessionalsurrogatemother.
HerhusbandPranabwasanengineer. Hewasairresponsibleperson.Hewouldearnalittle–
ratherexploitMonika.Hewasagambler–drunkard–
swine.SoMonikatookthisoccupation.Shecarriedsomanymany
babies–butfosteredonlythisRumiyaatmyrequest.

Niladri : Andagainstmoney?

Anish :Yes,AfterPranab'sdemisebyroadaccidentinGeneva,ShecamebackIndia
along
withmeandRumiya.ThenRumiyawasonlyeightyearsold.Achild.

Niladri :Afterthatsheisgrownupunderyourguidanceandyouremainabachelorfor
therest
oflife.Whatastrangeourseofpassion!Let'sgo,Dr.Agarwal.
(SenandAgarwalexit)

Gupta :Ihavetoleavealso.Dr.Roy.

Anish :Prof.Gupta,haveIreallycommittedanycrime?

Gupta :It's a difficult question. I don't know its answer, Dr. Roy.

Anish :If it be a crime.....but Prof., Gupta, I would love Rumiya Andrews—
so I didn't
get her to be lost forever.

Gupta : Surprising is this!
You would love her so much! So much that you tried to make it eternal! You
again
made me astonished. So long people like will remain in this world, it will re-
main
green. Your crime is only one side of the coin. I can feel it. Please, convince
your
student. She needs to accept it.
A thrust of technology! Bye!
(Exit slowly)
(Rumiya comes from inside. Her movement and expression are somewhat
insane)

Rumiya :Sir! If I am alone, what is my identity? Who is my mother? Who is my father?
Speak out. You have to say this. You had brought me to this world.
(Atish comes again. Behind him is Gomez who tries to prevent him)

Atish :You have no identity.....no identity you possess! You are not born by copula-
tion
....Unfortunate woman! Sin! Sin!
(Tottering Atish returns himself)
(Rumiya breaks down. She weeps aloud. Her crying pervades the auditorium)

Gomez :Madam!Yousosuffer!
Sopainyouaregetting!Sir!Youhadsinned!Agreatsin!I,AnthonyGomez
urse
you!Yoursoulwon'tgetpeaceand reposeevenafteryourdeath.MotherMa
rywon't
forgiveyou.

Anish : Stopit!Youstupidfellow!Youundersta
nd nothing.

Gomez :Ihaveunderstoodenough.Noneedto understandmore.Iherebyresignfrom
my
job.(shouting)Excuseme,sir,Iamleavi
ng.

Anish : Gomez!don'tgo

Gomez :No,sir.You sinned
Youareasinner.
Agreatsinner.
Mother Marywon'tforgiveyou.
(Exit)

Anish : Gomez!Gomez!

Rumiya : (Desperately)Sir,
IamRumiyaAndrew'sclone.Thenshecanbemymother.Icanbecalledhe
r
daughter.

Anish : (objectsvehemently)No. No.

You are an embryologist. You understand everything. In spite of this why do you speak so? You know very well that a clone can't be an offspring of its origin. You are not the offspring of Rumiya Andrews. You are her copy. You are that Rumiya who entangled my entity like anything twenty five years ago. Still you exist before me with the same entity. You are that Rumiya who I didn't want to be lost. You are my lost Rumiya!

Rumiya :No. I am not she. I can't be she as she had left this world before my birth. I am Rumiya Ghosh. I need my identity. You had brought me to this world, Dr. Roy, speak out what is my identity. (Clutches his shirt's collar)
Speak out who is my mother.
Speak out who is my father.

Anish :Youridentity!Ican'tfinditnow.

Rumiya :Thenwhydid youdothis?

(Rumiyaagainbreaksdown -
rollsonthegroundandgoesoncryingviolently) (Anish as if finds a
solution – raises her – holds her two arms)

Anish

:(Withintenseemotion)Rumiya,can'tyouhaveyouriden
tityinmylove? (Rumiya trembles)
You are that Rumiya whom I feel every moment – whom
I couldn't forget even after this long twenty five years –
whom I didn't want to forget – whom I love like anything – violently – like
a demon – like a mad - whom I had cloned to not get to be
lost forever – and I Embryologist Anish Roy – got the success – I
didn't lose her – she exists in you – same face – same eyes – same
look – same entity!

Rumiya :(returns in fear)

No.....No.....No...
.....

Anish :(approachestowardsherbeingextremelyemotional)

Yes– youareshe-sameeyes–samelook–sameexpression –
sameappearance– youaremylostRumiya –

can't you remember me, my soul? You are mine! I love you! I love you
with my every existence!
(tries to hug her close to him)

Rumiya :(dissociates herself from him with severe hatred)

Oh ! Oh! What nonsense are you talking? What nonsense are you
doing ? What nonsense do
you expect? I can't give you what you want from me. I don't want to give
you this. You are only a teacher of mine. You had lost your youth long ago. Your
days are gone. I can't be an object of your love. I would only regard you
– never feel you in different light – look at yourself in the mirror – I
hate you – I hate you old scoundrel –
(rushes inside)

Anish :(gets disillusioned and absorbed in new realization)

You are right. I can't want you. I am dusk. How can I expect the
touch of dawn?
This is a great mistake. Yes. Foolish Anish Roy, whom had you fostered in
the depth of your mind and whom had you gained by the trick of
science? It's a generation gap! It's a blunder of a neurotic person!
My love failed to be embodied in my creation. It is vanished in the
unknown world of eternity. But Oh! I fail to get rid of this terrible
ceaseless love which chases me throughout my life. This is an
amazing spring. Why does the unreal shadow of deathless love still
pursue me? This is an amazing spring.
(turns to Rumiya's portrait)

Rumiya ! I am entangled by the chain of an unreal love. I
am the captive of my
unreal love. Even in this hour of my expired youth I can't accept
that you are not

Rumiya Andrews. Why can't I think so? Why can't I think that
you are not she.

Why can't your abhorrence move me? Why can't I get rid of my
wild love? Why does such violent love rush towards you?
Why is this amazing colourful spring? (stretches his two
hands towards Rumiya's picture)

Oh! my eternal love! Let me get rid of you! Let me get rid of you.

CURTAIN

Authors Profile

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