

PARAVARTAN

BY DEEVAS GUPTA & SHAURYA SINGH

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We see an old man on the stage. Centre stage is a chair and coffee table. An old lady walks up and sits down and opens a book to read.

Pradeep Kochhar:

Ae lo... phir chashma bhool aayi...

She gets up and goes offstage to get her glasses

PK: Meri wife hai ji... (pause) matlab thi (long pause) nahin...ab bhi hai...magar tab...main tha...ab main nahin hun... Aap samajh gaye honge? Na...Yeh uss type ki kahaani nahi hai jahaan aapko aakhir mein malum pade ki mein zinda nahi hoon... no suspense..

Pichhle saal hi meri death ho gayi... dil ke daure se mahaan lekhak Pradeep Kochhar chal base...bas ji...khane peene pe kabhi parhej to kiya nahi...doctor bolta raha...Kochhar ji...cholesterol...main doctor ko bolta raha...doctor...cholesterol?...ha ha...bas yahi karte karte ek din main troll ho gaya...hahaha...yeh lo...ab chashma to le aayi... lekin kitaab aur chai bhool aayi...pagli...

Mansi enters, realizes she has forgotten her book and her tea... she exits again.

Arrey nahin nahin... yeh koi boring bhoot pret ki kahani bhi nahi hai... mein bhoot nahin hoon... nahin...matlab hoon...lekin nahin hun...mein darasal sirf ek yaad hoon...iske man mein bassi yaad...chhoti chhoti piroyi hui yaadon ka...yaadon ka...bacha kucha ehsaas?...bas dhundhla sa jo bhi reh gaya hun iske zehen mein wahin hun...

Reeti returns.

Jaante hain...kaun si kitaab padh rahi hai meri Mansi? 1993 mein meine hum dono ki prem kahani pe ek Novel likha thi... wohi hai... naam tha (pause)... "Chhoti Chhoti Baatien"...actually kahaani likhne waala tha...lekin chhoti chhoti baatein itni saari thin ke novel ban gayi...

Solaahvi...ya pata nahin...sativin baar pad rahi hai...aur use maaloom bhi nahin...

Mansi: Chapter 3...ek ajeeb mulaqaat

PK: Ek ajeeb mulaqaat (laughs)...main college mein tha...hum donon ekk hi college mein the...City college of Arts...1969...Main pehli baar Mansi ko mila...mila kyat ha ji bas dekha hi tha...milne ki to himmat hi nahin hui...bade charche the...doston ne dara diya...bohot kadak ladki hai...panga mat liyo...phir ek din ek annual debate fest ke liye humein pune bheja gaya...aap soch rahe honge, pehli nazar mein pyaar waghera...wagereh?

Bilkul nahin ji... balki naphrat ho gayi thi mujhe... itni dheet ladki... baap re... jaise sab jaanti ho... kissi baat pe add jaye toh bas... phir bhagwaan bhi diwaar pe maatha phod le toh bhi yeh madaam tass se mass na ho! Meine toh socha...gaya ye debate haath se...

Magar sahib us din jis tarah usne bolna shura kiya...main to dang hi reh gaya... uski awaaz mein kuch jaadoo tha... jab woh bolti thi... sab sunte the...meri to dhadkan hi ruk gayi...

Debate wo jeet gayi...baaki sab kuchh main haar gaya...(laughs)...hanso mat...jaante hain kitne paapad belne pade uske baad...Aasan tha kya? itni dheet... itni khudgarz... itni pyaari...(laughs again)

Mein bhi kuch kam dheet nahi tha ji... meine bhi than le thi... punjabi hoon...

Har jagah peechha kiya...mod pe...class mein...bus mien..canteen mien...cinema mein...Phir ek din himat juta ke guldasta leke pahunch gaya... college mein... aur kya bataoon ji... sab ke samne ek aise thappar maara... ke bas...

Mansi: la...bewkooph...aaien thodi hunda...aa gye muhn chak ke...

PK: Dekha? Maine kaha than a? jiddi...adiyal...15-16 baar padh chuki hai magar aaj bhi ye scene aata hai to gaali dene se nahin chookti...

Khair is baar asar ho gaya...mujhpe nahin...uspe...bohot bura laga bechaari ko...agle din bunk maar ke 6 ghante canteen mein baithe the hum...

bas phir aage toh aap...haan is baar aap jo soch rahe hain...sahi hai... *(smiles)*

Mansi has finished her tea, she takes her teacups etc and leaves. She re-enters with a shawl...and some cloth and stitching stuff.

Final year tak to... missaal ho gaye the ji hum...college mein... Heer Ranjha, Sassi Punnu, Soni Mahiwaal ... Mansi aur Deep

College khatm hone waala tha... ab darr sa lagne laga... ke aaage kya?

Sardiyan ki dopahar thi...aisi hi shawl odhe baithi thi wo... maine paas aake...bade pyaar se poochha tha...

Shaadi karengi mere naal? *(actually sounding funny)*

Mansi: Agar Papa ko manalo to... *(the old lady answers as if in memories)*

PK: Phite muh... pehle tenu pataya... hun tere peoh nu?...accha agar na mane toh?

Mansi: To bhaga ke le jaana...main taiyaar rahungi...*(Smiles to herself and coys)*

PK: Aur haste hue bhaag gayi

Main gaya tha ji uske father se baat karne...Saturday ki subeh thi... mein suit woot pehn ke pahunch gaya...naukri to thi ek chhoti moti...

Ghanti bajai...uske Father ne darwaaja khola... chutti ka din tha... woh kacche banyan mein baithe the... aur main josh mein... meine bol diya... oye chaddi baniyan... ja saahab ko bula ke la... bol k gentleman aaya hai unki tensions ka solution leke...*(laughs)*

Kya?...Haan ji... bhaga ke laya tha Reeti ko... lol

Mansi: Mr. and Mrs. Kochhar...

PK: Woh chhote se akhbaar mein meri naukri.... ab kuch oobne lagee thi...main sachcha journalist tha...aur mere usool aksar mere kaam ke aade aa jaate the... Reeti bhi un dinon pregnant thi... to bas majboori thi...so usoolon ka gala ghotta gaya...

Phir ek din Mansi mere daftar aa pahunchi.... ziddi thi na? Hamare editor Mehra Saab ke cabin mein ghus gaayi aur toot padi...class le lee unki...aur saath mein mera isteepha bhi thama diya!

Ham jab ghar pahunche...I was in shock...kaise manage karenge...lekin uske chehre par bharosa tha... vishwas tha...ke agar mein apne khwab poore karoon aur apne usoolon par chaloon...to hum kuchh bhi karein magar khush rahenge aur kabhi pachhtaawa nahin hoga.

Bas usi din maine apna pehla Novel likhna shuroo kiya...aur phir kabhi peeche mud ke nahi dekha...

Life to set thi. Magar sab kuchh hamesha theek nahin rehta. Bhaag to aaye the lekin humesha bhaag nahin sake...meri maa ne jaldi apna liya ise...wo bhi akeli thi bechaari...sahara ho gya use...lekin Mansi ke pita ne 11 saal tak baat nahin ki humse aur na hi uski maa ko karne di...aur ek din uski maa ka phone aaya ke uske pita aakhri ghadiyan gin rahe hain...lekin hum waqt par pahunch nahin paaye...wo unse milna chahati thi...ek aakhri baar maafi mangna chahati thi...main bhi...

Mansi: Sorry papa...(cries)

Aur shaayad ye gham wo poori tarah seh nahin paayi...bohot koshish ki maine...bohot behlaaya...par dheere dheere ye shikan use andar hi andar sikodne lag gayi thi...koi na koi beemaari har mausam mein...bohot saal beet gaye...Mansi kuchh ajeeb si ho gayi...wo cheezein bhoolne lagi thi...ek din doctor ne bol hi diya... Kochhar sahib aapki wife ko Alzheimer hai (pause) Alzheimer...wo ab akeli nahin reh sakti thi...main saamne rehta tha to khyaal rakhta tha...ab bhi rakhta hun...

Kehte hain ke aap sab kuchh bhool jaayein to kuchh baatein fir bhi aapke sub conscious mind mein rehti hain...jaise rozmarra ke kaam...khana peena bolna padhna....matlab jin cheezon ki aadat ho jaati hai...maine bhi aisa hi kiya...apni aadat daal di ise aur iske sub conscious mind mein ghus gaya...main jab tak wahan rahunga...tab tak ye rahegi...

Lekin...lekin aaj main...aaj main thoda confused hun...Mansi ki haalat ab kharaab ho chuki hai... dheere dheere yeh jo mein hoon, meri yaad hai... yeh bhi dhundhlane laga hai.... ab shayad mera chehra bhi bhool gayi hogi... meri awaz bhi na pehchaan paaye....

Mujhe ajeeb lag raha hai ke meri yaadein ab uske aur kaam nahin aayengi....lekin fir ye bhi lagta hai ke shayad fir wo mujhe sun paayegi... kuch bhi bhi hamesha ke liye nahin hota... kuch bhi bhi hamesha ke liye nahin hota... shayad hamari mohabat abhi tak kahin zehen mein zinda hai.... ya shayad nahi...

Pradeep looks at Mansi and she dies on the chair. Both freeze.

THE END