

ROZGAR

BY DEEVAS GUPTA

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ROZGAAR

Characters:

Man: Awkaash(Keeshu) Corporate around 35

Father: Retired govt. employee nearing 60

One guy enters the stage posing as if he is sitting on a scooter.

Man: Babu ji! Babu ji!.....Babu Ji!

Father: Aaya beta, aaya. Kya hua?

They both look at each other and smile. The man smiling more in excitement. Father figure out there is a scooter and gets excited.

Father: Scooter?? Haan?? Kiska hai?? Haan??.....

Man: Haan....hamara hi hai babu ji.(Smiles)

Father: (Pauses and).....Wah!! baohot badhiya Keeshu. Main bohot khush hun...

Man: Arey poochhiye mat baau ji. Poore office mein khabar hai ke awkaash verma ne scooter khareeda hai.. (posing with pride).....hahaha.

Father: hahaha....khair main teri tarakki se bohot khush hn keeshu....pichhle hafte promotion....aur aaj scooter.....wah....main aaj bohot khushhun....

Man: Chaliye bau ji, aap ko ghuma kar laata hun.

Father: Abhi? Lekin maine kuchh.....(looks at his dress)

Man: Arey koi farak nai padta baau ji! Baithiye....

Father sits and off they go....

Man : Chaliye sadar bazaar chalein, kale ke yahaan ssamosa khaayeinge!

Father: Hahaha!! Haan haan chal. Tujhe to bas samosa khaane ka bahaana chahiye. (They both laugh)

Man: Do plate samosa dena.

They both start eating and enjoying the samosas. Suddenly the man realizes that the father is silent and looking in one direction only.

Man: Kya hua baau ji? Aap theek to hain??

The father is not replying. The man gets worried and comes close to him.

Man: Kya hua baau ji? (They both look at each other now....)

Father: Kuchh nahin beta....pauses....mujhe us taraf le chalega?

Man: Ji....haan....chaliye....
Both sit and head in other direction.

Father: Idhar se.....*(the man turns in that direction)*....ab idhar....haan bas seedha... sambhal kea age traffic zaada hoga.....

Man: ye raasta to aapke.....

Father: *(cutting his son off)*..... haan bas chalta chal....

They ride for long and finally son stops at one place without asking. The father gets off the scooter, heads in one direction, stops at one place and keeps staring at a building. Long pause makes the son a little worried and he walks towards his father. Father's eyes are little wet.

Man: Baau ji....Baau ji.....*no reply from father. (Suddenly he finds a little hint of smile on his face.)*

Father: Keeshu ye mera office hai....mera matlab tha....

Man: jaanta hun baauji, kitni baar to aaya hun main yahaan...lekin aaj.....???

Father: maine 35 saal yahaan kaam kiya.....din raat mehnat ki.....hamesha ye sochta raha ke ek din is office mein scooter par aaunga.....

Son trying to figure out which direction the conversation might head....little worried about him

Father: Jab tak office mein tha....scooter nahin khareed paaya.....*(tries to smile....looks at son)*....aur aaj scooter hai magar office nahin hai.

Son throws his head down struggling not to cry....father keeps staring at the building.....

-By Deevs Gupta