

The Wife of God - One Act Play

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SCENE I

The Scene is in the morning on 16th August, 1947. On the one hand, the independence is celebrated all over the country and on other hand, harassment and the social anomalies on socially underprivileged Dalits are very grave. The scene is in Hariwada where disorder becomes order, vulnerability mingles with destitution, and exploitation is the sheer quality for survival. It's the period in which Landlords are like colonizers and underprivileged Dalits are like colonized. Hariwada is a place replete with many thatched huts of Dalits, except a mansion of Landlord called Lionaiah. All the inhabitants are illiterate. This is a place where exploitation and vulnerability coupled together. Exploitation is a weapon of Landlords to humiliate, harass, and loot the property of Dalits. The authority of Lionaiah is not only on the physical property of Dalits, but also on their psyche and physical body.

Mad-daiah, a Dalit, who is stamped by the inhabitants of Hariwada as madman, emerges on to the stage. It's a little known fact that how he became mad. He became mad because of illegal encroachment of his land by Lionaiah. He comes on to the stage in soiled and torn attire with a big stone in his hand.

Mad-daiah: *(runs and roars all through the streets of Hariwada in hallucination):* Forest. .! Forest . . .! Wild Beasts . . .! Mild Deer! Hounding . . .! Chase.! Chase! Chasing . . .! Wild Beast Chasing the Mild Deer . . .! Escape . . .! Rescue yourselves from the ensuing danger . . .!!! That's what I'm doing. . . .

Children: *(half naked, with soiled and patched dress, and uncut hair chase madman making cacophonous sounds):* ye. . .haaa. . . haaa. . .huu. . . hi.hi... ye . . . the madman . . . mad, mad, mad man is madly talking something. . . .

Mad-daiah: *(drooping saliva, as if hurling the stone towards them):* I'm not. . . I'm not mad. . . In fact, you are mad people. You are in danger because of indigenous Colonizers!

Children: *(children scatter crying loudly)* ye. . . haa.... Mad man is saying that we are at danger!

Pedestrian-1: *(a couple of Dalit pedestrians, who are on their way, talk each other sarcastically):* Look at that madman. . . He became very lunatic today. . .

Pedestrian-2: *(laughing at madman mockingly)* Ye . . . That's because of full moon...full moon.

Pedestrian-1: *(with a questioning face):* Full moon . . .!

Pedestrian-2: Don't you know that fact! My grandmother told me. People will become mad during full moon days. Mad people will become very mad. They behave aggressively like this madman.

Pedestrian-1: *(sarcastically giggling):* my father told me that sometimes madmen can talk to God. Whatever they say comes to true.

- Pedestrian-2: Is it?
- Pedestrian-1: Maybe true. . . Let us talk to this mad man.
- Pedestrian-2: (*both move towards the madman who is hiding as he's fearful*): you are talking about danger. What kind of danger is that?
- Mad-daiah: (*tilting his head, with trembling lips and keeping his trivial things under his armpit*): I escaped from the danger . . . danger. . .
- Pedestrian-1: What kind of danger is it? What kind?
- Mad-daiah: (*with shivering and quivering lips*): Colonizer . . . Co. . . Co. . . Colonizer!
- Pedestrian-2: (*proudly*): In cities and towns, our freedom fighters are at it. I'm sure that they can expel, excommunicate the White Colonizer, the foreign beasts.
- Mad-daiah: (*little seriously*): White Colonizer is the foreign beast . . . but Indigenous and Native Colonizer is human-beast . . . human-beast. . . .
- Pedestrian-1: (*scratching his head*): Human-beast . . .? What does it mean??
- Mad-daiah: (*opening his mouth widely*): Human being, the wicked louts. . .
- Pedestrian-2: (*looking at pedestrian -1*): Does it mean the British people. . ?
- Pedestrian-1: If so, we are fighting against the White Colonizers to get independence and emancipation. That's at hand!!
- Mad-daiah: (*intervening*): Independence and emancipation!? Whom for!? Who will enjoy the fruits of independence?
- Pedestrian-1: (*mildly*): We we enjoy the fruits of independence.
- Mad-daiah: (*sonorously*): WE. . . WE . . .! Underprivileged Dalits. . . !!!???
- Pedestrian-2: What do you mean?
- Mad-daiah: You . . . Dalits. . .! You will be slaves forever . . . forever . . . and ever. Do you think that psychological freedom and physical emancipation come for you? (*Yells sarcastically and bounces*) It's a big joke (*giggles*)
- Pedestrian-1: (*looking at and seizing the hand of pedestrian-2*): My friend! He's a madman. Don't believe in his words. He's wobbling. .
- Pedestrian-2: (*turning towards pedestrian -1*): Wait. . . Madmen speak only gospel truth . . . sometimes. . Let us pay heed to his words. . .
- Pedestrian-1: Madman could you divulge your philosophical words?
- Mad-daiah: (*cups his head in between his two legs for a few seconds and lifts his head up towards the sky as if talking to God*): This is the fight by Native Landlords to get political power from White Colonizer. . . Fight between Colonizer and Colonizer. . . It's the fight between the Native Colonizer and the Alien White Colonizer . . . but we, the underprivileged, downtrodden, and the people of below poverty line, are puppets in the hands of people of higher social stratum. We die in the freedom fight, not the landlords. Landlords seize the political freedom at the cost of our deaths and sacrifices. They will get richer and richer as we get poorer and poorer. (*Peeps at Lionaiah's coming, fears*) Human-beast is coming. . Coming. . . (*Mad man runs away fearfully and the pedestrians also moved on their way to town.*)
- (*Lionaiah enters with a couple of his bodyguards behind him. He's unmarried. His moustache is very curvy and he is dressed in white dhoti and kurtha that are similar to the color of jasmine. He's lion-hearted, fox-minded. A Local News Announcer also follows the bodyguards.*)

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Local Announcer: (*local news announcer who has a big-round belly proclaims by beating drums*): All the people of Hariwada are ordered to gather together at the temple of Yerukalamma. . . . Lionaiah, our landlord, wants to proclaim something regarding freedom struggle and victory of our freedom fighters.

(*Within no time all the inhabitants gathered together, including a very beautiful 18 year tender aged girl, Deeramma. She's very innocent and lost her parents when she was 10 years old. Deeramma is illiterate. She's like a jewel in the clan of Dalits. She was bread and brought up by her aunt Foxamma. She calls Foxamma mother though she's aunt to her. Foxamma is a stray woman who has many extramarital affairs with many of the Hariwadians. The first amorous relation she had was with Lionaiah, the native Landlord. The sole aim of Foxamma is to earn more money investing the beautiful body of Deeramma as she herself makes money through selling her own body. All gather at the temple of their local deity called Yerukalamma. They wait for the arrival and proclamation of Lionaiah.*)

Lionaiah: (*comes and proclaims with overwhelming joy. Sonorously*): I got political power also. I'm free from the foreign authority. . . . I got freedom. . .

Folk: Wwwwwhat is meant by 'freedham' my lord . . . !

Lionaiah: (*stretching his hands*): Which means I got more power over you than before, even legally, socially, economically, and politically. . . .

Folk: Is there anything promising to us of that 'freedham', my lord?

Lionaiah: Feast tonight! I arrange it for you! Enjoy! My poor subjects! Make your round bellies full with tardy tonight . . . and eat the dish made of beef till you get burps and frats . . . my poor Dalits!

Folk: (*shouting*): Praise the lord, Lionaiah! Hail. . . Hail. . . Hail to the chief of Hariwada. . . Long live. . . long live my lord, Lionaiah. . .

(*All the people barge into tent where tardy and beef is arranged. All go to enjoy tardy. But Lionaiah is sitting alone in temple on a throne.*)

Lionaiah: (*Foxamma intentionally comes to Lionaiah. He ogles and frowns at Foxamma*): ye. . . Foxamma.... How are you? Long see. . . I did not have any female being on my bed for very long time. . . Is there any new news and new girl for me to sleep on my bed tonight?

Foxamma: Nothing new. . . Nothing new my lord!

Lionaiah: Who is that girl hiding behind you?

Mad-daiah: (*Mad-daiah enters, all of sudden, roaring and frightening*): Heed to my promising words . . . my words. . . Be careful of this fox. . . Be careful of this Native Lion. . .

Lionaiah: (*looks seriously at his bodyguards and orders*): ye! Drag out this madman out of my sight! My bodyguards, you are eating my salt. Throw the madman away. (*Mad-daiah is beaten severely and is thrown away by Landlord's bodyguards.*)

Foxamma: (*coming forward to the feet of Lionaiah*): This . . .!? My master! This is my niece. My lord!

Lionaiah: (*staring at Deeramma's body in a lustful way*): Foxamma . . . did your niece transform to puberty. . . !?

Foxamma: (*submissively*): yes my lord! It happened in the recent past. .

Lionaiah: (*biting his lips lustfully*): She's so beautiful. None of women in your clan is such beautiful. (*Frowning*) Her beauty is more attractive to me than the full moon. Isn't it?

- Foxamma: (*overwhelmingly bowing down before the feet of Lionaiah*): Yes! Yes, my lord! (*Leaps*) Hooray! How lucky I'm. You are right my lord . . .! Very right . . .! I'm happy that your eyes have caught the beauty of my niece. . .
- Lionaiah: (*sarcastically*): How beautiful! (*Orders*) Marry her to local deity, Yerukamma! Make her 'Basivini', Wife of all Hariwadians' or 'Wife of God'. Foxamma! I think you know pretty well about our traditional dogmas. After making anyone 'Basivini', "Wife of all Hariwadians, or Wife of God", she has to make her debut on my bed. She has to spend a night with me... Then only she becomes public property. Anybody can enjoy her. Do you know all these traditional restrictions?
- Foxamma: (*twisting her palms signaling for money*): Yes Lord, but it needs handful of money to perform that ritual, my lord! Ten times to my rate.
- Lionaiah: (*gets up. Moves to Deeramma and clasps his hands around her*): Okay! (*Caressing cheeks and buttocks of her*) I arranged feast in the tent for you, and you arrange this 'Basivini' as my carnal feast tonight!
- Deeramma: (*yells*): No. . . . No. . . . (*Paces to Foxamma and says innocently*) Mother! This lord is doing something mischievous (*cries*)
- Foxamma: (*mildly in a foxy manner*): Nothing. . Nothing new, my daughter. He's our lord; he can do whatever he wants. We are his property. . Don't say no . . .
- Lionaiah: (*takes long breath, orders*): Foxamma! Bath her! Ornament her! Make her ready tonight . . .! Okay. . . (Throwing money) Ye! Bitch Foxamma! Take this money to make Deeramma, 'Basivini', public property, Wife of God
- Foxamma: (*twisting her hands*): Okay, my lord. But nothing is given to me
- Lionaiah: (*throwing a bundle of hundred rupee notes*): Enjoy this money! Make me enjoy Deeramma. Make her 'Basivini'! Let her be on my bed tonight!
- Foxamma: (*taking the money in hurry*): I praise . . . praise your generosity and benevolence. I make Deeramma 'Basivini' today itself and see that she's on your bed tonight, my lord!
- Deeramma: (*boggling at the happenings with inquisitive innocent face*): What is happening, mother?
- Foxamma: You are going to be 'Basivini' today?
- Deeramma: (*innocently*): What does it mean?
- Foxamma: (*very enthusiastically*): Today, you are going to learn what it means. . You are going to fetch money for me from today onwards, my dear daughter! Let us go and let me decorate you as 'Basivini'.
- (*As Foxamma and Deeramma depart from the stage, Mad-daiah enters*).
- Mad-daiah: (*comes in hurry with a stone in hand, with uneven strides, moves around Lionaiah awkwardly, and sings*):
- I wryly mourn on the bereft of humanity
That's dearth in civilized- human beasts.
They incite one another towards selfishness
That hopeless selfishness causes copious pains
That leads to lots of wails
And makes mortals immortal sufferers
I quest for humanity in that selfish abyss
Like an innocent infant

That gropes for mother's bosom-milk.
But in vain. . . vain. . . vain. . .
These people are Waste Landers
And dirty exploiters on human values.
They are everywhere . . . everywhere. .
Like vultures, Lion, and Fox
That quest for rotten flesh
And parasites that persist on corpses
Exploitation is like well- bricked mansion
Constructed upon paupers one on another.
For that mansion, innocence of naives is the base
No pity. . No humanity at all. . .
No emancipation, fraternity, no liberty, no equality
But sheer . . . sheer . . . exploitation . . . exploitation. . .
(Gazing at Loutaiah) The Lion is about to bounce upon mild Deer. . . Escape. .
Extricate from its trick . . . Fox is also devising wicked plans. . . .
*(When Mad-daiah is about to a hurl stone at Lionaiah, he gets up seriously and
chases Mad-daiah. They go off the stage.)*

SCENE - II

The scene is before the temple of local deity called Yerukalamma. Deeramma, Foxamma, Lionaiah and folk - vulnerable people - enter. They lead Deeramma to the idol of Yrukalamma. She's like bride decorated with ornaments and new cloths. She's clad in new sari with bangles unto joints of her hands. Both mixture of turmeric and vermilion colored powers are applied to the face of Deeramma. She's akin to an innocent, unblemished, and well decorated goat that is brought for sacrifice to the local deity. Lionaiah follows Deeramma curving up his long moustache. Innocent Deeramma is similar to a mild deer in between wild Lion and cunning Fox. One of the elders among Dalit clan, Priest, is also with them to perform marriage to make Deeramma 'Basivini'.

Deeramma: *(mildly, as innocently as a small child)*: Mother! Mother! Why did you decorate me like this? Why did you bring me to this temple?

Foxamma: *(seriously)*: Can you be calm for some time?

Deeramma: Mother! Why are you so bizarre?

Foxamma: *(with a tensing face)*: No. . . . No. . . . Nothing is like that . . .

Deeramma: You are little peevish. Are you okay? Are you suffering from any pain?

Foxamma: Pain! No pain can pain me hereafter. I can rear you up no longer. This is the time for you to look after me. . .

Deeramma: Me How Maa. . . ?

Foxamma: *(keeping her hands in hands of Deeramma)*: For example, if we rear a cow up, it gives milk after a few years. . . Isn't it?

Deeramma: Yes! It's quite natural... Mother!

Foxamma: In the same way, I reared you up, but you gave me nothing . . . nothing till today.

Deeramma: What can I give for you?

Foxamma: Nothing. . But accept whatever I do to you.

- Deeramma: (*shaking her head as a mild cow*): Okay!
- Foxamma: Take the multi-colored paste and anoint the idol of our deity, Yerukamma...
- Deeramma: I love you, my mother. I do whatever you say. You never harm me.
- Lionaiah: (*sitting on a big throne*): My poor Dalits! I will be sitting here on my throne. Complete the ritual as early as possible!
- Dalit Priest: (*Dalit priest chants mantras in hazy manner and performs traditional way of marriage*): Deeramma! Take the yellow thread and tie the thread on to the idol of Yerukamma!
- Deeramma: (*with innocent and questioning face*): Why? My fatherly priest! Why??
- Lionaiah: (*yells*): Is your ritual over?
- Foxamma: (*In an appeasing voice*) on the verge, my lord!
- Lionaiah: (*roars*): Do it fast!
- Dalit Priest: (*chants mantras in hazy way and shouts*): My lord! Lionaiah! My duty is over. She's married to our local deity. Now, she became 'Basivini', "Wife of God", for God's sake. Can I've my offering now?
- Lionaiah: (*throws money*): Take it my Dalit priest! (*Priest departs from the scene quickly.*)
- Folk: (*roar in fervor*): Praise, praise to our deity! Praise to our deity! Praise to our lord, Lionaiah. Deeramma became the wife of Hariwadians, the wife God...O! Lord, Lionaiah, It's your turn tonight! From tomorrow onwards our turn comes!
- Deeramma: (*in childish manner*): Ma. . Ma. . Mother! What does mean by 'Basivini' .?
- Foxamma: (*leaning towards Deeramma*): You will come to know about it tonight, my dear Deeramma. You will be earning money till you grow old. . . .That's called 'Basivini' . . .
- Deeramma: Money . . .! Money! For you, my mother! I feel so proud to earn money for you . . . What work will 'Basivini' do till she grows old . . .?
- Foxamma: You will come to know about it tonight. Go and seek the blessings of our native lord, Lionaiah.
- Lionaiah: (*she bows down before the feet of Lionaiah. He bangs Deeramma to his shaggy bosom and clasps his hands around her*) Okay! Okay! (*Caressing cheeks and buttocks of her lustfully*) Tonight. Tonight . . Foxamma! (*Wags his head*) I will be waiting for this Jewel on my bed tonight . . . Okay. . .? (*Folk depart from the stage. Lionaiah moves to one corner of the stage as if he is preparing for the night.*)
- (*Folk, who enjoyed the feast, enter on to the stage after out boozing. They stumble and wobble murmuring nonsense.*)
- Folk: We got 'freedham'. It is the day of double 'freedham, one is this feast and second is Wife for Hariwadians. Deeramma is made the wife of our clan from today. Thank you, my lord!
- Folk: Ye! Fools! Not today. . Today is the turn of our Lord. From tomorrow onwards, we turn comes. . (*With quivering voice*) Long live. . . Long live . . . my lord, Lionaiah.
- (*Folk depart from the stage with uneasy pacing. Lionaiah comes and enters into action. He is striding hither and thither in his bed room waiting for Deeramma. She is thrown by Foxamma on to the stage as if she is thrown into bedroom. Lights are off.*)

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- Deeramma: (*in claustrophobic mood, she fears, goes to a corner, and yells in chaos*): Mother! What is this? Why did you throw me into this dungeon? It's very dark. Nobody is here. . .
- Lionaiah: (*laughing sonorously and (as if) molesting Deeramma*): How beautiful you are! 'Basivini'! Deeramma!
- Deeramma: (*yelling in fear*): You rogue! Don't touch me! Who is 'Basivini'?
- Lionaiah: Ye! My dear! You are the wife all Hariwadians. You are the Basivini.
- Deeramma: No. . . . No. . . . God! Absolve me from this danger! God! My God!
- Lionaiah: (*he bounces upon tender aged Deeramma. She cries and yells to escape from his iron hands, but in vain. (As if) seducing her*): How spongy your body is! 'Basivini', Deeramma!
- Deeramma: (*yells and screams. Only the cries are heard from that deep darkness*): O! There are three lakhs of Gods. Is there any God to protect me!? Nobody!? Nobody!? Nobody is turning up to protect me from this Lion . . . Lord. .
- (When yells are on, lights are put on. Lionaiah, who is half naked, leaves the stage stretching his body. Deeramma is sitting dolefully at one corner of the stage with hodgepodge of her hair and dress. She is trembling at a corner. The flowers are scattered everywhere on the stage symbolizing her seduction. Immediately, Mad-daiah enters on to the stage.)*
- Mad-daiah: (*Mad-daiah sings very loudly*):
- It's the day Lords got freedom
It's the day that freedom lost its freedom
It's the day Dalits lost freedom
It's the day richer starts to become rich
It's the day poor people start to become poor
It's the day Lords got political power
It's the day Dalits became slaves
It's the day of exploitation became official
It's the day that buried equality, fraternity, and liberty
(Mad-daiah departs from the stage. Foxamma enters)
- Foxamma: (*comes on to the stage and sits beside Deeramma*): How was the first experience? My child!
- Deeramma: (*slaps, scowls at Foxamma and bounces upon her aggressively*): Are you my mother? Qualities of a true mother are not in you. . You have thrown me into the dungeon of prostitution. You have made me as 'Basivini', an official prostitute. . An official prostitute. . .
- Foxamma: Yes! I'm not your mother.
- Deeramma: (*spits on face of Foxamma*): Cunning Fox! You have thrown me into the deadly game between Lion and Deer. Don't you have pity, humanity on the fellow woman?
- Foxamma: Humanity!?!? People are hounding behind money, not humanity. Be practical my child! Accept the fate!
- Deeramma: (*inconsolably and grimly*): You have seduced my hundred-year-life life. . . and put me in perpetual hell. .
- Foxamma: Let us go home!

- Deeramma: Home? Whose?
- Foxamma: Ours!
- Deeramma: Is it home? (*Laughs sarcastically*) No. . . . No. . . . It is a real hell for me now. You are like Satan, the owner of the hell. . . I don't come there. . .
- Foxamma: Where do you go? You became philosophical after molestation, my child! Your way of thinking and talking are little transformed. . . .
- Deeramma: I want to lead my own life. I don't want be 'Basivini', the Wife of Hariwadians. I want to extrude myself from this social anomaly. . .
- Foxamma: There is no escape. My child! Everybody has to abide by our clan's traditional dogmas. . Including you, my child!
- (*Mad-daiiah enters and stands beside them passively, as if he knows nothing*)
- Deeramma: (*seriously*): I want to lead my own life.
- Foxamma: Own life!?
- Deeramma: Yes! My own life!?
- Foxamma: Nobody will marry you after you became 'Basivini', may be a madman. . .
- Mad-daiiah: (*bounces little actively*): I want to marry her. . I want to marry 'Basivini'. .
- Deeramma: No. . . . I don't want to marry anybody. . I want to lead my own life.
- Foxamma: How? Where?
- Deeramma: (*hustles Foxamma*): At the outskirts. I want to live like a reclusive hermit. .
- Foxamma: But people of Hariwada never leave you free . . . never leave you free. You became a public property, my child!
- Deeramma: (*gets up and sniffles wiping her tears*): I'm going to the outskirts of this village and live in that dilapidated hut. . . .
- (*Deeramma goes wailing, crying, cursing her fate, cursing God, cursing the traditional dogmas. Deeramma and Foxamma depart from the stage in opposite directions. Mad-daiiah follows Deeramma*)

SCENE III

The scene is in front of the dilapidated hut of Deeramma at the outskirts of Hariwada.

- Deeramma: (*Deeramma is sitting in front of her hut in a passive mood. Soliloquy*): Eight months passed ever since I was made 'Basivini'. These people never left me free. They will never leave me free. Many rogues enjoyed my body without my consent. O! God! Don't give this life to anybody. . anybody . . . even to my implacable foe. This mental pain in me is more torturing and pestering me than these physical pains. God! Did I ask you to make me pregnant? Whose fault is it? Is it yours!? My four months old baby is in my womb. My belly is little round! I can't abort my pregnancy since I've no right to kill the fetus. . . (*Looking at the sky passively and hopelessly*) You have many wives and children, but you are the only husband to them and only father to the children. . . But my case topsy-turvy, I've many pseudo-husbands. I'm the wife of Hariwadians. Who is my husband? Who is the father to my baby in my womb? You have just played a jest on me and made me a laughing stock and spiting pit. O! God! Is it justifiable for you! God! Motherhood is boon for women, but motherhood is curse for me. Send your proxy to save me from this chaos . . . chaos . . . from this death-in-life situation. . .
- Mad-daiiah: (*Mad-daiiah enters and wobbles. Leaps up*): I'm God. . . I am God. . . I will marry you and relieve you from this chaos (*sits beside her in a bad posture*).

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- Folk: *(Youth enter with oozing sexual appeal to Deeramma. They are out boozed. Trebling feet):* Ye! 'Basivini', Deeramma! You are very beautiful. Many people enjoyed your body. They told us about your physical beauty.
- Folk: It is true. . True. . .
- Folk: We want you. Are you Okay!
- Deeramma: I'm pregnant. It takes another one month . . . Let me be free. . .
- Folk: *(look at one another and laugh mockingly):* Pregnant! Pregnant! Who is the father to your pregnancy?
- Folk: Me. .!
- Folk: Me . . . ?.No. . . That man. . !
- Folk: No. . . Yes! This man . . .!
- Folk: Maybe, this madman . . .?
- Deeramma: *(seriously):* Decoration to a pig is useless. Good words of mine are hopeless to the rouges . . .
- Mad-daiih: God! God! Yes! God is the father of her pregnancy. . .
- Deeramma: Whoever maybe the father to my child, I love. . I love my baby as human being, moreover as a mother. . .
- Folk: Ye! 'Basivini'! Pregnancy is not a hurdle for physical carnal joy. We don't bother about your pregnancy. .
- Folk: We yearn for carnal joy from you today. . At any cost
(Folk barge in and drag her into the hut. They beat Mad-daiah to unconsciousness. Deeramm's screams of pain are heard from the hut. After a few seconds, Folk come out one after another without upper garment symbolizing that they had carnal joy. The cries of a baby are heard from the hut. Deeramma comes out carrying baby in her hands. She kisses her. Her face becomes like a full moon for a moment. She looks in hazy at sexual organ of the baby. She yells. She is shocked and lost consciousness. Mad-daiah comes to consciousness. He wakes her up. After a few seconds, she comes to consciousness.)
- Deeramma: *(wails and yells miserably. Looks at the sky exposing her girl child to the sky):* O! God! You are merciless! Why have you given me this girl child? These rogues will never leave her free. . O! God! How can I save her from this hell of Hariwada.
- Mad-daiah: God gave Goddess! God gave Goddess! The baby is like an Angelamma. .Angelamma. . . *(Goes away leaping)*
- Deeramma: *(with haggard face, in her soliloquy, she goes to a deep well that is beside her hut and stands on the brim of the well):* The only way out is suicide. But I do not have strength to kill my baby! If I die, these rogues will harass my child! My death will not solve the problem. This problem should be rooted out and eradicated from its root. *(She comes out of her soliloquy with an intervention of a couple of women)*
(A couple of women, who are passing by the hut of Deeramma, stop and peep mockingly at the baby of Deeramma.)
- Woman 1: *(sarcastically humiliating her):* Ye! This 'Basivini' has become mother!
- Woman 2: Who is the father of her child? *(Both laugh together).*
- Woman 1: I hope my husband is the father of her child!?
- Woman 2: Maybe, my husband!?! Anyone else from Hariwada!?

Woman1: (*they surprise*): It's very queer! 'Basivini' has given birth to another 'Basivini' . . .

Deeramma: (*immediately after listening to the word 'Basivini', she ferociously bounces upon them. Chases them with a stick*): 'Basivini' . . .!!? You people killed me when I'm alive in the name of traditional dogmas. I don't want to make my daughter 'Basivini'. I want to see my daughter very civilized. She has to fight against these social anomalies. . . I can educate her in such a way before that I've to take retaliation against the injustice by the native Lion. . . I've to kill the bastard. Then Hariwada will be peaceful. No woman will be made Basivini again. . .

SCENE IV

(The scene is, after five years, before temple of Yerukalamma, the local diety. As it is part traditional practices, there is a local carnival. All the Hariwadians are well decorated themselves with multi-colored new attire and gathered together in front of the temple. As the Head of the village has to perform first worship, Lionaiah enters the temple along with Foxamma. Deeramma seems to be jewel of Hariwada. She also takes part in the carnival along with her beautiful daughter, Angelamma. Lionaiah stands amidst Dalit throng and addresses the gathering.)

Lionaiah: My slaves! Enjoy the carnival. . .

Foxamma: (*stands beside him and sonorously orders*): Everybody is ordered to bow down before our lord, Lionaiah. Seek his blessings . . .! Abase yourself the supremacy of our Lord!

(Hariwadians come, one by one, and bow down before the feet of Lionaiah. He only touches women, not men. Deeramma doesn't bow down. She stands alone at a corner along with her beautiful daughter, Angelamma. Deeramma is devising plans in the air with her forefinger: how to avenge Lionaiah. Lionaiah looks at her lustfully).

Lionaiah: Ye! Basivini! How are you?

Deeramma: (*pretends as if sexually attracting*): Fine! My lord!

Lionaiah: You are still beautiful like Jewel of this village. .

Deeramma: That shows your love. Your words are so sweet like honey, my lord!

Lionaiah: (*looking at Angelamma*): Is that your daughter?

Foxamma: (*intervenes*): Yes, my lord. . She has been away from me. She gave birth to another Jewel. .

Lionaiah: (*mockingly*): Jewel gave birth to another Jewel. Does it mean 'Basivini' gave birth to another 'Basivini'?

Foxamma: What's an idea, my lord . . . One idea transforms lives. . Angelamma can also be made Basivini. .

Deeramma: (*look seriously at Foxamma*): No. . . . My Lord!. . I want to educate her in town. . I want to see her very civilized like town people. .

Lionaiah: (*laughing loudly*): Education! It's so silly, ridiculous. Education for the slaves . . . That too for the daughter of Basivini!

Deeramma: Yes, master! Basivini is also a human being, not an animal. .

Foxamma: It sounds odd for me. . It's like prostitute talking about marital fidelity

Deeramma: Yes, prostitute also will have her own dreams. . .

Lionaiah: O! Basivini is very clever. .! Heed . . .! A Dalit who born in this village is slave to me. . . He/she is never be permitted to get education anywhere in the world.

Deeramma: Okay! My Lord! I abide by your words. . .

The Wife of God - One Act Play

- Foxamma: Ye! Basivini! Make your daughter Basivini.
- Lionaiah: I do it in the years to come. . . I do it. . . I am obviously loath to let her daughter free. . . .
- Deeramma: (*she pretends according to her plan. Talks in sexually attractive way*): (Pause) O! My Lord! You seem to be very agile and very young. .
- Lionaiah: (*ogles at her, smiles*): Yes! It's true because I'm not married. .
- Deeramma: For the first time, you had me on your bed. . . This time can I've my lord on my bed. . . I would like to live with my mother, Foxamma. I've to look after her in her old age. I do body business again. . .
- Foxamma: (*giggling in her ecstasy*): O! Business started! I take leave from you, my lord. . . I've to perform puja to 'Gangamma' 'Goddess of water, in the well beside the hut of Deeramma.
- Deeramma: Mother! When are you going to perform puja. .?
- Foxamma: Tomorrow. .in the early morning at four, my daughter! I take leave from you. . .
- Deeramma: (*looking lustfully, twisting her lips*): My Lord! I will be waiting for you tonight. . .
- Lionaiah: Ye! Fool! Lion doesn't touch the dead deer . . . you know. . I deed a fresh deer. .
- Deeramma: No. . . . My lord! Freshness of beauty is ever alive in me. .
- Lionaiah: (*comes to her and caresses her body*): O! Is it true!?! Let me check it out. .
- Deeramma: (*shyly*): Not now. . , But tonight. .
- Lionaiah: No. . . . It is against to my policy. I only touch fresh woman. .
- Deeramma: My Lord! Maybe, you might have lost sexual virility and brawn. That is the reason why you are talking so . . . right . . .!?
- Lionaiah: Me!?! No. . . . That never happens to me. .
- Deeramma: In my experience, I tell you that sexual eunuchs only speak so, my lord!
- Lionaiah: (*scratching his forehead*): how derogatory remark is that for me!
- Deeramma: It is true . . .
- Lionaiah: (*curving his moustache up*): Okay! Wait for me. I will be there on your bed tonight. . .
- Deeramma: (*appealingly in appeasement*): But. . . .But. . . . You have to come alone. . no bodyguards, please. . .
- Lionaiah: Yah! I do come alone. . .
- Deeramma: Thank you, my lord. . Thank you. . .
(*Lionaiah departs.*)
- Deeramma: (*soliloquy*): Deer has to become Fox/Lion to deceive. Exploiters should be exploited through exploitation. I've to kill both Foxamma and Lionaiah at one go. God! Give me that courage. Send your proxy to help me to kill these Human-beasts . . . (looks at sky and cries) Help me! God!
(*Mad-daiah arrives, collects all the fallen flowers and gives them to Deeramma. She looks at Mad-daiah*)
- Deeramma: (*stares at him*): Mad-daiah! Do you want to marry me!
- Mad-daiah: (*shyly biting his soiled shirt*): Yes! I do I do. . .(*leaps and bounces in the air, moves towards Deeramma*).

Deeramma: Mad-daiah! Not now! But after two days.
Mad-daiah: Okay! After two days. . . (*Leaps again*)
Deeramma: But on one condition. . .
Mad-daiah: (*opening his mouth awkwardly*) Condition!?
Deeramma: You have to do whatever I say. . .
Mad-daiah: (*moving around Deeramma as if he is riding a bike*) Br. . rrrr. . .r. rrrrr. . . Okay. . .
.Okay. . . .
(*The trio move towards their hut*)

SCENE V

(*The Scene is on August, 15, during the midnight, before the hut of Deeramma in outskirts of the village. She is decorated herself with multi-colored sari, with long plait, with jasmine flowers on her hair. She is so attractive, but very tense. She keeps a bottle of poison in her hand. She hides it in her waist beside naval She twists her hands tensely. Mad-daiah and her daughter, Angelamma are in deep sleep beside the hut. Lionaiah enters. He is in white attire like a bridegroom.*)

Deeramma: (*shy*): 'Ellcome', my lord.
Lionaiah: 'Tankuuu' 'Tankuuu'
Deeramma: (*In mild, lasciviously, attractively*) I expected you. . .
Lionaiah: (*in hazy*): Let us go inside. . .
Deeramma: (*giggles turning aside*): No. . . . No. . . . Not now. . .
Lionaiah: (*keeping his hand on her shoulders*): Why? Not now . . . ?
Deeramma: (*long breath*): (*Pause*) Look at the moon. How beautiful it is today! Let us enjoy the nature for some time. . .
Lionaiah: (*poetically*): Ye! Your face is more beautiful than the moon. What is the use of that moon? It never comes to me. But, (*caressing her cheeks*) this moon is with me. . .
Deeramma: Let me bring milk for you. . .
Lionaiah: Milk . . . no. . . . I'm very eager to. . .
Deeramma: (*very politely*): Wait Lord! You are my Lord! You gave me this life! I've to show gratitude for that. Please let me bring some milk for you. . .
Lionaiah: Okay! Show your gratitude. . .
(*She goes into the hut and comes with a glass of milk.*)
Deeramma: Take! My lord! Drink this milk?
Lionaiah: (*drinking milk*): this milk is little bitter! My Basivini
Deeramma: Even sweet also happens to be bitter before the carnal game, my lord!
Lionaiah: Maybe, before your beauty and sweet lips, this sweet milk also might have turned to bitterness. . My dear. . . .
Deeramma: You are right! You are right! My lord!
Lionanaih: (*drinks and throws the glass aside*): This milk is really bitter like poison, Basivini. Really poisonous. . . Let us go in Dear. . .
Deeramma: When you are going up, there is no need to go in My lord!
Lionaiah: (*seriously with bitter voice*): Going up! (*Seriously kicking the bucket*) What does it mean!!!??

The Wife of God - One Act Play

- Deeramma: (*yells and groans in ecstasy. She is like Kalika Matha in wild loose hair*): You are going to kick the bucket! Bastard! Bastard!!
- Lionaiah: What does it mean?
- Deeramma: (*bounces in the air, opens her eyes widely*): Bastard! Vainglorious lout, Lion of Hariwada! You are going to die! Die!!!
- Lionaiah: Die!?! (*Pleads bowing down before feet of Deeramma*) No. . . . No. . . . Save me save me. . I don't want die. . .
- Deeramma: (*lifting his head up with her feet*): Bastard! You are Lion!? How wicked you are! You tried to make my innocent daughter 'Basivini'!?
- Lionaiah: No. . . . No. . . . I reconcile. . . Please save me. . .
- Deeramma: (*wild laugh*) Reconciliation for a cruel Lion. . ? Impossible!
- Lionaiah: Please! Deeramma! Save my life . . . save my life. . .
- Deeramma: (*keeping her feet on the throat of Lionaiah, she spits on his face*): We reap what we sow. . . .
- Lionaiah: (*vomiting blood*): dies. . . .
- Deeramma: (*bouncing*): Hurray! Hurray! Lion is trapped by this mild deer. . . Deer hunted the Lion . . . The whole women of Hariwada have got real independence today . . . tonight. . . This is the real independence. . real independence. . We are no more slaves . . . We can get education . . . education in big, big cities. . .
- (*It's around four O'clock in the early morning. She wraps the corpse with a mat. She listens to the chanting of mantras of Foxamma in the well, who is performing puja*)
- Deeramma: O! The Fox! Foxamma is doing puja in the well. It's the time to execute my plan (*Goes to Mad-daiah horridly*) Mad-daiah! Mad-daiah! Get up! Get up!
- Mad-daiah: (*squeezing his eyes, innocently*): What!? What happened!?
- Deeramma: You told me "I do whatever I say". Now, that time has come for you. . .
- Mad-daiah: After that, do you marry me?
- Deeramma: Yes! Do what I say now. . .
- Mad-daiah: (*innocently*): what is this wrapped in this mat?
- Deeramma: Throw this dead body into the well. .
- Mad-daiah: Dead body!?
- Deeramma: Yes! It's the dead body of a stray dog. It's rotten. It's reeking. . Just throw it into the well. . . It's so heavy for me
- Mad-daiah: (*lifting up the dead body*): Okay! It's too heavy! But I've strength. . I can throw it. . .
- Deeramma: (*keeping her palm on her forehead*): O! Mad-daiah! I forgot to tell you the secret.
- Mad-daiah: What is it?
- Deeramma: This stray dog has the power to get transformed into woman. . . .
- Mad-daiah: Woman!?
- Deeramma: Be careful! Stay for a while after throwing this dead body into well. . . There is chance that this dead body will transform into woman. If it turns to be a woman, kill that woman also. Otherwise the woman will take retaliation against us. . .
- Mad-daiah: (*carrying the dead body on his shoulders*): Okay! Okay!

(Foxamma is performing puja in the well. Mad-daiah throws the dead body into the well that creates a big sound. Immediately, Foxamma frightens of the sound and comes out of the well)

Mad-daiah: *(he manages to heave the dead body into the well and wipes out his hands on his soiled shirt):* I have thrown the dead body of a stray dog.

Foxamma: *(yells with fear when coming out of the well):* Aa.. . aaaaa. . .aaaaa. . .save me from this fear. . . save me from this danger. . . .

Mad-daiah: Ye! Stray dog! Bitch! Are you coming again into life a woman!? It's perfectly told by Deeramma. It's true! You are coming to life of woman again!!

Foxamma: No. . . . I'm human being . . . not devil. . .

Mad-daiah: *(Takes a big stone seriously and awkwardly. He hits her head with that big stone)* Die! Die! Stray Dog! Bitch! *(He throws the dead body of Foxamma into the well. The trio, Deeramma, Mad-daiah, and Angelamma move towards Hariwada).*

BIOGRAPHY OF DR. R. PRABHAKAR



Dr. R. Prabhakar has been working as Assistant Professor, Department of English, Vikrama Simhapuri University, Nellore, Andhra Pradesh, India for last four years. He teaches all forms of English Literature. His area of interest is Postcolonial Literature. He has published more than thirteen research articles in reputed International Journals and presented more than six research articles in National and International Seminars. Besides the above, he has been acting as National Service Scheme Programme Officer for the last four years. His aim is to make the students as perfect and responsible citizens of India by conducting NSS Special Camps and Personality Development Programmes.