



Cambridge IGCSE™

DRAMA

0411/13

Paper 1

May/June 2022

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



Centres should download this material from the School Support Hub and give it to candidates.

INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
- A copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the question paper.

SECTION A:

EXTRACT 2: A WOMAN IN WAITING

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

A Woman in Waiting is part of a trilogy of testimonial plays by South African playwright, Yaël Farber. It was created with Thembi Mtshali-Jones, whose story it tells. The play was first performed in South Africa in 1999 and has since been performed internationally.

Yaël Farber describes testimonial theatre as 'a genre wrought from people bearing witness to their own stories through remembrance and words'. Each play in the trilogy is therefore based on first-hand testimony of those who lived through the harsh laws of Apartheid in South Africa.

The version presented here gives most of the text in English for ease of reading, but the original performance included much use of the Zulu language. Songs are given in English in the text with the original lyrics provided at the end.

ONE • COUNTING FULL MOONS

	<i>[A woman is singing in the dark. Lights rise slowly on a large, roughly hewn wooden crate lying on its side. The lid is open to lie flat on the floor. As lights grow, we see the woman is inside the crate, on her back. She moves her arms and legs slowly and sensuously – as though suspended in water. The musical phrase she sings is filled with longing, and will be repeated at certain junctures during the show. She sits up slowly and looks out at the audience from the confines of this box.]</i>	5
THEMBI:	There was a great thunderstorm – lightning was cutting through the trees that were falling from a heavy gale and the rivers were full and overflowing with water. It was the day the heavy rains came – and the wind was blowing so hard, that when my mother came to cross Umkhumbane River to go to the hospital, she knew she would drown if she stepped into the water. And so she waited ... <i>[Curling up into a foetal position.]</i>	10
	CHILD IN WOMB: Tswee Tswee! I'm cooked! I'm cooked. I'm ready.	15
THEMBI	<i>[Smiling at the memory:]</i> Perhaps I should've been a little more patient, and waited for the river to catch its breath. But this was before I had seen the world beyond my mother's womb: a world that would teach me to wait. And yet unborn and fearless, I saw no point in waiting for a better time to arrive.	20
	CHILD IN WOMB <i>[Desperately:]</i> Tswee Tswee! I'm cooked! I'm cooked! I'm ready!	25
THEMBI	<i>[Leaping from the box:]</i> ... And tumbled into my mother's arms. <i>[Switching effortlessly into the roles of her MAMA and FATHER respectively.]</i> MAMA <i>[Holding an imaginary baby girl in her arms:]</i>	30

		Baba, it's a girl. Her name is Thembekile. Her name is Thembekile. Thembi Mtshali!	35
THEMBI:		My father gave me the praises of our Ancestors.	
	FATHER	<i>[In the traditional rhythmic style of praising.]:</i> You are the child of amaMtshali. Son of Hlabangane – who was a son of Magalela, the one who attacks like a lion! Who was the son of Mantshinga, the great warrior – Who was the son of Hlangabeza – who was the son of Mlambo – who was the son of Nyathi. This is where we come from! And this is who you are!	40
	MAMA	<i>[With great deference to her husband.]:</i> Baba, what about her Christian name? You know the world will demand it.	45
	FATHER	<i>[Thrown by the request, but trying to hold his authority.]:</i> Er ... yes – ah – Rose? ... um ... Pinky? Gloria? Beauty!	50
THEMBI:		But as the wind continued to roar its praises ...	
	FATHER	<i>[Suddenly illuminated.]:</i> Aha! Heavygale! Yes! Thembekile Heavygale Mtshali!	55
THEMBI		<i>[In dismay.]:</i> Heavygale! HEAVYGALE! I always hated the sound of it. It was like I was to blame for something ... Like I had brought the passion of the weather from another world. I thought <i>that</i> was the reason my parents sent me to Zululand to live with my grandparents in the village of Sabhoza. But Gogo, my grandmother, explained to me:	60
	GRANNY:	Grandchild, don't cry. Your mama is working in the 'Kitchens' in Durban. But me and Mkhulu, your Grandfather, will take care of you. Your mama will come for you when the time is right ... My baby you must wait ...	65
		<i>[THEMBI sings the opening theme softly, and sits on the open lid of the box on the floor, looking up at the sky.]</i>	
THEMBI:		When I was a little girl, my best friends were the birds. They had the freedom of flying anywhere they wished, and I would give them secret messages to take to my parents in Durban. <i>[She sings.]</i> <u>Out there in the fields,</u> <u>The doves are everywhere.</u>	70
		<i>[As a small girl of approximately six years old, she watches the sky anxiously – waiting for the Ncedo Bird to appear. She sees him suddenly in a nearby tree.</i> <i>In the below speech, the words in italics indicate that the letter R is, at</i>	

times, pronounced as an L – a linguistic trait of rural Zulu speakers.] 80

CHILD THEMBI: Hei Ncede! I've been waiting for you under this tree for de whole day. I have a *velly* important message for you to take to Mama and Baba in Durban.

Tell them my arm ... she's nearly long enough to touch my ear – so I can start school! 85

Mama says that when I finish small school here, I will come and live with her in Durban, because the big school is far away!

Tell Mama I am waiting for my *Chlismas* clothes and new shoes. Hey Ncede – this is *velly* important! 90

Tell them that my feet *glow* during the year.

They don't stay the same size as when they measured them with a *stling* last *Chlismas*.

They always forget that. OK, OK, go now!

I will wait for you here. *Tomollow* and *tomollow* and the other *tomollow* ... 95

[She watches with great longing – as the bird flies away. She sings.]

Hey there big owl! / What are you carrying with your mouth?

I'm carrying my baby's food. / Where are you taking it? 100

To someone who will help me! / Help you with what?

To run faster / Wait next to my brother's house.

My brother will let me in / When I'm inside. 105

There's lots of food! / What is it for? It's for the in-laws

When did they come? / They came yesterday / What did you slaughter?

A small animal / The in-laws refused it 110

They want a big animal! / A hippopotamus!

That they can all eat with their families.

THEMBI *[Turning to the audience.]:*

Could someone explain this thing called 'time' to me? Is the moon moving faster these days than it used to? Why do I feel like just as they're taking the Christmas decorations down in the shopping malls ... before I've turned around ... they're putting them back up again. 115

And that Boney M ... *[Singing the title.]* 'By the Rivers of Babylon' is back again.

But when I was a child, a year took twelve full moons to pass! 120

[She counts each moon on her ten fingers and two toes.]

And many more moons for your arm to grow long enough ... *[Reaching over her head to touch the opposite ear.]* ... to touch your ear ...

So that you can start school!

[She climbs onto the wooden crate, and dangles her legs like a small child.] 125

CHILD THEMBI:	Jack and Jill went up the hill ... [Mangling the words of the English nursery rhyme.] To fitch-a-pala-wata! Jack fell down ... [Lost in the incomprehensible rhyme.]	130
	Um – ah – um ... Aaaaafter!	
THEMBI:	We did not understand a word we were saying. This 'Jack and Jill' ... What did it have to do with my world? I waited to share my Gogo's rhyme. I waited – but no one asked. [She jumps from the box, into a dynamic rendition of her grandmother's rhyme. The rhythm and vibrancy is markedly different to the banality of 'Jack and Jill'.]	135
	Hey Dove! / What have you got? / I have some meat! Where are you going to cook it? / Out in the field! / Why not at home? I'm scared the old men will take it! / Old people, with long beards. Sitting on the grass. / Boastful! / Tell me, hey! Go! / Where will I go? To my father, in Mgungundlovu. / He will give you a little bit / From Masasasa	140
	Masasasa wake up! / How can I wake up? / I have been beaten! / By the boys, From Thabede! / Which Thabede? / The one from the north! Lead the cow – to the Nkeshe's! / And what will Nkeshe say? He will beat you up with the stick! / A very crooked stick!	145
	This was not the last time I would wait for something I already had ... It was not the last time I would have to learn that there is nothing as rich as where you come from. [She hums the Ncede tune to herself, looking at the sky for the appearance of the bird.]	150
CHILD THEMBI	[Seeing Ncede in a tree.]: Hey Ncede! I wanted to tell you something: Today I saw umlungu – a white man – for the first time ... He was waiting to drive the Nyuluka Bus back to Durban. He was kneeling down next to the bus and writing something down. And he looked very important – but he didn't know his pipi was sticking out of his shorts and sleeping on his leg – like this. [She sticks her tongue out to rest on her cheek.]	155
	I thought he was an albino, like Ndundundu here in our village – but Grandfather says, 'No! uMlungu! Grandfather says he's from another tribe here in Africa – but they call themselves <i>Eulopeans</i> . [Shrugging off her confusion.] Ah, I don't understand these grown up things. [Back to business.] Anyway Ncede – I have counted all the moons in my hands. Go tell Mama and Baba it's two full moons before <i>Chlismas</i> . Tell them I'm waiting for my presents! Go Ncede! Fly! [Calling after the bird.] And tell that moon to hurry up! I don't like it when it's half!	160 165 170
		175

THEMBI	[<i>Wistfully</i>]: Sabhoza: where there was no electricity, but the moon and stars would light our way home.	
	CHILD THEMBI [Staring up at the night sky]: Ah! There's the Woman in the Moon. She's carrying firewood on her head and a baby on her back – with a small dog following her.	180
	Gogo told me she was banished to the moon a long time ago – for working on a Sunday. She's stuck there now forever ... waiting to come home.	
THEMBI:	Sabhoza! Where the doves spoke to us in words ...	185
	[<i>She imitates the sounds of the birds chirping which evolve into the imagined conversations of the birds.</i>]	
	CHILD THEMBI: The-sorgum-is-ripe-and-ready. Come-around-to-eat-and-play.	
THEMBI:	Where we sucked morning dew from mfomfo flowers until our little faces were red from the pollen! Izinkele berries were our best! But they used to make us so constipated.	190
	CHILD THEMBI [<i>Whimpering in pain and holding her backside</i>]: Granny, I can't shit! I can't shit!	
	[GRANDMOTHER <i>grabs the child and puts her over her knee</i> .]	195
	GRANNY: Come here! I have been telling you children not to eat so many izinkele!	
THEMBI:	And she would give us her home made enema – until we would shit it all out – only to run straight back to the forest for more!	
	Supoza! Where on a Sunday in our church, people would sing and fall into trances.	200
	[<i>She falls into a fervent trance, speaking 'in tongues', imitating the adults at church gatherings.</i>]	
	And Grandfather told us it was the language spoken in Heaven.	
	Oh Sabhoza! I remember all your blessings ... But mostly – I remember waiting.	205
	[<i>She sings.</i>]	
	Come all ye faithful – joyful and triumphant, O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem.	
	[<i>As she sings, she counts the months on her ten fingers – arriving triumphantly at December on her second toe. She stares with anticipation into the distance, looking for MAMA and PAPA on the horizon.</i>]	210
THEMBI:	Christmas was always very special – with my parents coming to visit. I would wish those two weeks would never end ... But they always did.	
	[<i>She stares down the dust road, waving to her departing parents.</i>]	215
	MAMA [<i>Calling back to her</i>]: Don't cry Thembi! We'll be back next Christmas!	
	[<i>She waves until they are out of sight. Holding back her tears, she picks up the shoe box at her feet. Inside is a pair of small white shoes. She mimes slipping her feet into them – but finds that they are too tight for her.</i>]	220
	CHILD THEMBI [<i>Hobbling</i>]: These <i>Chlismas</i> shoes are small again! And Mama and Baba have gone back to Durban. Why can't people live together? Why must they go	

	far away?	
	<i>[She comforts herself singing a traditional Zulu lullaby in the absence of her mother.]</i>	225
	<hr/> Don't cry little one – Mama is not around She is getting firewood – They say you ate amasi But you did not – The dog ate it Granny's dog – with mixed colours	230
THEMBI:	Whenever we went down to the river to fetch water, we would gather some clay to make our dolls. Babies made of earth with our little hands, and moulded from our spirits.	
	<i>[She digs in the mound of river sand – pre-set stage left – and pulls out the parts of a small clay doll, which she begins to assemble.]</i>	235
CHILD THEMBI	<i>[Pretending to breastfeed the doll.]:</i> Do you want some milk?	
	<i>[Pointing to her breasts.]</i> I thought these were boils, but Gogo says it's natural for them to grow, and that I must push them together so that they don't grow far apart.	240
	You have wet yourself! I am going to beat you! My sister Thandi from the city, her doll is pink with long hair and made of rubber from China. You can throw her on the ground and she never breaks.	245
	<i>[To doll.]</i> But I have to be careful with you ... Or you will break!	
THEMBI:	These were dry and fragile babies – never with us for long. And so we learnt how to crumble our little creations each day and return them to the river from whence they came. Return them to the Earth, and walk away.	250
	Babies to make, babies to hold, babies to break. <i>[She sings the opening theme – as she puts the small Christmas shoes back in the shoe box. She closes the lid of the large crate too – for it will soon become the bus upon which she will ride to Durban.]</i>	255
	And so each new moon brought a new month. Each New Year brought me a little closer to going to live with my parents. And early one morning as I woke, my Gogo said to me:	
GRANNY:	My Grandchild, ... Mkhulu, your Grandfather has gone to the store to buy the flour for your dumplings. You must catch the chicken for your provisions for the journey. Durban is a long way!	260
	<i>[She jumps up and down, clapping her hands with delight.]</i>	
CHILD THEMBI:	I'm going to Durban! I'm going to live with my mama! I'm going to Durban!	265
	I'm going to Durban! I'm going to Durban! I'm going to Durban!	
	<i>[She climbs onto the crate, which has become the Nyuluka Bus. She bounces and sways, suggesting the movements of the road travel.]</i>	
THEMBI:	This was the longest journey I had ever known. I was sick from the movement of the Nyuluka Bus and the petrol fumes. I couldn't even eat	270

my chicken and dumplings! Mostly I was sick with excitement! But when I saw my mama waiting at the station ...

[A giant suspended dress, accompanied by boisterous township jazz of the 1950s, swings on stage from the wings. THEMBI leaps off the bus and runs to embrace the dress.] 275

She is dwarfed by this figure, which represents her mother.]

I knew my waiting was over, and from now – I would have Mama with me all the time!

CHILD THEMBI *[With great joy.]:* MAMA! 280

[The music shifts and becomes more frenetic. She turns and stares at the urban chaos before her. This is Kwamashu Township – an astonishing sight for a 'rural' child.]

TWO • CITY OF BEES

THEMBI: Kwamashu Township shocked me: The closeness of houses, the closeness of everything. People here were wild. They walked too fast and talked too loud. 285

[She enacts a collage of different characters from Kwamashu Township's community.]

MAN *[Chasing a taxi.]:*
Hey you boy! 290
Stop that taxi for me!

OLD LADY *[Talking to a child.]:*
My girl, run to the store for me.
Get me some paraffin before my primus stove switches off! 295

GANGSTER *[Propositioning a young woman.]:*
I say – you!
Come here, I want you to be my girl!

WOMAN *[In response.]:*
Hey you cheap gangster, I don't go out with thugs! 300
You must watch who you are talking to!
Sis! Gha!

[She imitates the sound and movements of a train.]

THEMBI: My mama took me on the Kuchu-Kuchu Train to the Durban City Indian Market. 305

[She disappears behind MAMA – the giant suspended dress – and peeps tentatively out, to stare open-mouthed at the scene before her.]

This was the ugliest beauty I had ever seen.

Indians everywhere, selling anything my little head could think of!

INDIAN TRADER: Come in here! Everything is cheap here! 310
One and six shillings
For you Mama – a perfect fit!
You don't even need to try it on!

THEMBI: I had never seen so many people together in one place, and I could feel them *[Looking down at her feet where she feels the vibrations.]* – 315

zzzzzzzzzzzz – buzzing like bees. Everyone seemed lost in this big city with so many streets, and asking for directions.

INDIAN MAN: OK! You want Curry Road?

You go down, down, down this road – you see a house on your left and a woman hanging clothes. 320
You say hullo hullo, if you like. If you don't – you pass! You go up, up, up – you see the big Sunday Church with the cross on top ... It's none-of-your-business! You pass! Then you go down, down, down and you see a man standing. You ask where Curry Road is. He don't know ... Come back to me! I'll show you! 325

CHILD THEMBI: Thank you!

THEMBI: I had never seen so many cars in my life. In our village, there was only one car, and it belonged to the Chief. But here – every umlungu is a Chief. 330

They are *all* driving cars!

[The chaos of hooters and aggression reaches a crescendo and then fades.]

When I came to Durban to live with my parents – I thought the waiting was over, but it had only just begun. My father had abandoned my mother, to raise my brothers and sisters on her own. But Mama was hardly ever home – working day and night in the 'Kitchens'. And so I found myself waiting once again ... for her return in the evenings. 335

[She stares anxiously down the road, and runs to MAMA when she sees her on the horizon.] 340

CHILD THEMBI: There's Mama!

[Talking to the giant suspended dress which conjures her mother.]

Mama what did you bring for me today?

MAMA: Oh child, I'm tired!

I'm so tired. I'm going straight to bed. 345

CHILD THEMBI *[Calling after her]*: OK Ma – we can talk in the morning.

THEMBI: But each day, when we woke, she was gone – already on her way back to the Kitchens. Waiting for our precious moment on Sunday in church – standing next to her, I would watch her sing her favourite hymn. 350

[Enacting her mother in church – she sings with a glorious voice, as the giant dress swings from side to side.]

MAMA: Everywhere I go

He protects me

Someone like Jesus 355

Will never be found

THEMBI: I was so proud I belonged to her. When she told me I could come with her to the Kitchens one day to help her with the washing – I could hardly wait. It meant spending more time with her.

[Humming, she enacts MAMA, cleaning the home of her white employer.] 360

MAMA: Thembi, I am going to clean the bedrooms. Wait for me here – and please my child don't touch anything.

CHILD THEMBI: OK Mama.

	<i>[She climbs onto the crate and waits.]</i>	
THEMBI:	I waited in that kitchen the whole afternoon, and felt very uncomfortable wherever I sat. But there are some things in this world that <i>cannot</i> wait!	365
	CHILD THEMBI: I need to pee!	
THEMBI:	I needed to wee!	
	<i>[She waits, but it is unbearable. She climbs off the crate and ventures beyond the kitchen.]</i>	370
	CHILD THEMBI: Ma? Mama? <i>[But there is no response.]</i>	
	<i>[A gleaming white porcelain toilet is revealed centre stage.]</i>	
	<i>[Delighted at her discovery.]</i>	
	Ah! iToilet!	
	<i>[With great relief she hurries to the toilet, mimes hitching up her dress and pulling down her panties. She sits on the toilet.]</i>	375
	<i>[Imitating the sound of her sudden bladder release.]</i> SHWAAH!	
THEMBI:	It felt so good to wee at last!	
	When suddenly ... coming through the door ... I saw a huge belly.	380
	CHILD THEMBI <i>[Pushing the door closed.]:</i> Sorry! Somebody's here!	
THEMBI:	I said! ... Because I thought I was a 'somebody'. But Mr Big Belly did not agree.	
	MR BOSS <i>[Furious.]:</i> Margaret! MAAARGREEEET!	
THEMBI:	My mama dropped whatever she was doing and came running.	385
	MAMA <i>[Out of breath, frightened.]:</i> What is it, Baas? What happened, Master?	
	MR BOSS <i>[Outraged.]:</i> WHO is in my toilet?	
	MAMA <i>[Submissively.]:</i> Oh, it's my daughter Baas.	
	MR BOSS: Your WHO?	390
	MAMA: My daughter, Baas.	
	MR BOSS <i>[Yelling with rage.]:</i> YOUR WHO? You girls – you KNOW you're not supposed to use MY toilet! You must use the toilet OUTSIDE!	
	MAMA <i>[Rhythmically, cowering with submission.]:</i>	395
	Yes Baas. No Baas. She just didn't know Baas! Yes Baas. No Baas. I'll explain it to her now!	
THEMBI:	I had never heard anyone speak to my mother like that before. I had never heard my mama apologising like that.	
	MAMA: Yes Baas. No Baas. She just didn't know Baas!	400
	Yes Baas. No Baas. I'll explain it to her now!	
	<i>[During the above, the large suspended dress starts to droop and slowly crumples to the ground. CHILD THEMBI runs to the dress – now a limp pile on the floor.]</i>	
	CHILD THEMBI: I'm sorry, Mama! I'm sorry!	405
	I didn't know!	
THEMBI:	This toilet was of such great importance. I didn't know. It had swallowed up my mother. Where did she go? <i>[Peering into the toilet.]</i> Where had my mama gone?	

	The woman who stood so strong! And who ...	410
	[<i>She pulls a tiny version of the dress from the toilet bowl.</i>]	
	... was this small woman ... singing this strange song:	
	[<i>On her knees – she holds the small dress in front of her. The effect dwarfs her.</i>]	
	MAMA: Yes Baas. No Baas. She just didn't know Baas!	415
	Yes Baas. No Baas. I'll explain it to her now!	
THEMBI	[<i>Rising to her feet to address the audience.</i>]: For all of us, the day comes when we must look our mother in the eye, and realise that she is human after all. But that day, I looked my mama in the eye too soon. Not because I had grown tall ... But because, in that house – she had been made small.	420
	[<i>She sings slowly and softly.</i>]	
	<u>Every where I go</u>	
	He protects me	
	Someone like Jesus	
	<u>Will never be found</u>	425
	[<i>She walks to the crumpled dress, kneels beside it and tenderly spreads it out before her.</i>]	
	All the excitement I came to Durban with died in me that summer. I began to understand the reality of what my mama had to go through to buy me that little pair of shoes that never fitted ... The reality of what life held for me. As my high school years passed – I became shy and silent. My spirit was still searching for a place to settle in this city. I had no friends except for a young man who showed some interest in me. And before I knew it, they told me I was carrying a child!	430
	I did not even know where it came from. No one had explained these things to me. No one had time. She was too busy trying to feed seven hungry mouths.	435
	[<i>She sings.</i>]	
	<u>Everywhere I go</u>	
	He protects me	440
	Someone like Jesus	
	<u>Will never be found</u>	
	[<i>She sings softly as she moves away from the dress to centre stage.</i>]	
	Durban! Thekwini! Manz'eTeko! ¹	
	Where on a hot summer night, you could taste the salt and blood on the air;	445
	Where white beaches are marked with black oil stains that no one could clean;	
	Houses with toilets of such big importance ... that they could swallow a woman ...	450
	City of Bees ... You stung me.	

¹ Vernacular names for the city of Durban.

SECTION B

EXTRACT

Taken from *Charandas Chor*, by Habib Tanvir.

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

The extract is taken from Habib Tanvir's play, *Charandas Chor*, which was written in 1975 and first performed that year at the Kamani Auditorium, Delhi.

The play is in two Acts, and the extract consists of an abridged version of the entire play.

The action follows the fortunes of the main character, CHARANDAS, who is a professional thief. Near the start of the play, he makes a vow to his Guru (wise teacher), which ultimately leads to his downfall.

Characters

CHARANDAS
HAVALDAR
PEASANT
BEJEWELLED WOMAN
GURU
DISCIPLES 1, 2, 3
GAMBLERS 1, 2, 3
LANDLORD
PRIEST
MINISTER
MUNIM
SENTRY
QUEEN
PUROHIT
MAID

Other roles such as dancers, singers, passers-by, priests, soldiers, etc. can be played by members of the company.

ACT ONE: SCENE ONE

A rectangular platform centre stage. At the back of this platform, slightly off-centre to the left, a tree.

CHARANDAS *enters, a heavy bundle of clothes on his back. He comes in singing:*

The cat is out, the cat's about 5
The cat is on the prowl
All in a trice she brings down mice
And then she has a fall.

The mice they gather round about her 10
And tickle her whiskered chin
They giggle and wiggle, her ears they twiggle
'How come you're all done in?'

Rumble, tumble, take a ride
Off with the lid, and what's inside?
The cat is up, she wants to sup 15
The mice had better beware
She'll hobble, she'll wobble, she'll gobble them up
She's searching everywhere.

Rumble, tumble, take a ride,
Off with the lid, and what's inside? 20

As he ends his song, the HAVALDAR comes running in and grabs hold of CHARANDAS.

HAVALDAR: Got you! Thought you could get away, did you? What've you got 25
there? Better confess right away! Don't you know who I am—Mister
Babu Das, havalдар of the old cadre. [*Lifts CHARANDAS up and down
three times, then throws him down. CHARANDAS cowers, holding his
bundle.*] I'll stuff you with sawdust! Put down that bundle, you bloody
thief—or I'll chop off your head and suspend it in mid air, you fool! Put
it down!

CHARANDAS: Help! He'll chop off my head and suspend it in mid air! Oh, oh, oh! 30
And what else will you do, maharaj?

HAVALDAR: I'll cut off your hands and feet and scatter them to the winds, you
swine!

CHARANDAS: Help! He'll cut off my limbs and scatter them all over! Ah, ah, ah! And 35
what will you do next, maharaj?

HAVALDAR: I'll grind your skin and bones into a fine paste, and serve it to the
dogs, you scoundrel!

CHARANDAS: Help! I'll be turned into mincemeat and fed to the dogs! Ai, ai, ai! And
when will you do all this, maharaj?

HAVALDAR: If I had my way, I'd do it straight away, you rogue. But what to do, 40
I'm on government duty right now. [*Shouts*] Put down that bundle!
[*Menacingly*] Put it down! [*CHARANDAS lets go of his bundle. He
unties it and examines the contents.*] So many clothes—do they
belong to your father?

CHARANDAS: They're not mine. 45

HAVALDAR: Of course they aren't. Whose are they, then?

CHARANDAS: My customer's.

HAVALDAR:	Your customer's? Ha, ha, ha. Are you a dhobi, then?	
CHARANDAS:	Yes, maharaj. Original dhobi.	
HAVALDAR:	Why didn't you say so earlier, you ass?	50
CHARANDAS:	You didn't give me a chance, maharaj!	
HAVALDAR:	All right, listen. There's been a theft in this village. A golden platter has been stolen. Have you done it? If you have, just tell me and I won't report it. We'll share the booty.	
CHARANDAS:	I don't steal, maharaj.	55
HAVALDAR:	Good, good, you shouldn't steal, my son. Listen, you go from house to house and you know everybody. If you happen to know the thief, just tell me and I'll give you a reward.	
CHARANDAS:	A reward?!	
HAVALDAR:	Yes.	60
CHARANDAS:	I won't tell you here.	
HAVALDAR:	Why not?	
CHARANDAS:	Can't you see all the people gathered here?	
HAVALDAR:	Where?	
CHARANDAS:	Look in front of you.	65
HAVALDAR:	What to do, then?	
CHARANDAS:	Let's go over there. [<i>They go to a corner of the stage.</i>]	
HAVALDAR:	Come on now, tell me.	
CHARANDAS:	Give me the reward.	
HAVALDAR:	Tell me first!	70
CHARANDAS:	First the reward.	
HAVALDAR:	You don't trust even a high-ranking officer like me, do you, you suspicious lowlife? Here, take two rupees. I'll give you more later. Come now, out with it.	
CHARANDAS:	Oh, maharaj, listen. He who's done the stealing is—thief.	75
HAVALDAR:	That I know!	
CHARANDAS:	You know that?	
HAVALDAR:	Of course!	
CHARANDAS:	Then what're you waiting for? Go catch him!	
HAVALDAR:	Who?	80
CHARANDAS:	Thief!	
HAVALDAR:	I'll thrash you, you idiot! Do I look like a thief to you! Son, I'm asking you his name.	
CHARANDAS:	His name?	
HAVALDAR:	Yes.	85
CHARANDAS:	He who steals, maharaj, is only called—thief. He has no other name.	
HAVALDAR:	Obviously, he who steals is a thief, who doesn't know that! But his name ...	
	<i>While the HAVALDAR is pondering this, CHARANDAS slips out. Turning around, the HAVALDAR can't believe his eyes. He stares at the ground. A passer-by, noticing him, stops and does the same. The HAVALDAR looks up at the sky. The passer-by does the same. Suddenly the HAVALDAR sees him and they both freeze. The next moment the passer-by suddenly takes to his heels. The HAVALDAR chases him. CHARANDAS enters from the other side, undoes his cloth bundle and takes out the golden platter.</i>	90
		95
CHARANDAS:	So that's how I saved the golden platter. He didn't see it. [<i>A poor PEASANT enters, carrying some sattu tied in a piece of cloth slung over his shoulder.</i>] Hey you—what's that you've got there? Hand it over, quick. Or I'll gobble you up raw!	100
PEASANT:	Oh ho! Gobble me up raw, will you? I'll gobble you up, you damned	

	crook!	
CHARANDAS:	Come here. May I ask you something, my friend?	
PEASANT:	Ask away.	
CHARANDAS:	Tell me, how did you guess? [<i>The PEASANT laughs</i>] Shut up! [<i>The PEASANT freezes</i>] What've you got there in that bundle, you fool? Go on, put it down. Give it here, you bastard! Now get lost! Scram! [<i>The PEASANT runs off, scared. CHARANDAS undoes the bundle.</i>]	105
	Arrey, sattu, it's only some flour! Come here! Come on back, don't be scared. Sit down, let's share this like brothers. Come, sit. [<i>Shoving him down</i>] Sit, you ass! [<i>As the PEASANT falls, CHARANDAS catches the clink of coins tucked into the waistband of his loincloth.</i>] What've you got hidden there? [<i>Snatching the purse</i>] Come on, hand it over. Now get lost! Go on now! Beat it!	110
	<i>He makes a threatening gesture. The PEASANT runs off in fear. CHARANDAS sings.</i>	115
	The cat is out, the cat's about, The cat is on the prowl, She's after prey, day after day, In weather fair or foul.	120
	Rumble, tumble, take a ride, Lift the lid and what's inside? The cat's become the cover, The mice all run and hide. Lift the lid and what's inside?	125
	The cat's the cover, so we find, Everyday you see less mice They're gobbled up, this isn't nice, The cat she preens, she is the queen, She wears a royal crown And one by one she sights the mice And then she brings them down.	130
	Rumble, tumble, take a ride, Lift the lid off, what's inside?	
	<i>A wealthy merchant's wife enters, covered in ornaments from head to toe.</i>	135
CHARANDAS:	What a load of jewellery! [<i>Thinks briefly, then abruptly starts bawling gustily.</i>]	
WOMAN:	What's the matter, brother? Why're you crying? Don't cry.	
CHARANDAS:	[<i>crying</i>]: I have bad news for you.	140
WOMAN:	Bad news? For me? Are you from my village?	
CHARANDAS:	Yes. I'm from Bhatgaon.	
WOMAN:	Bhatgaon? But I come from Nandgaon.	
CHARANDAS:	[<i>hitting himself</i>]: What a fool! Nandgaon, bai, Nandgaon. I'm also from Nandgaon.	145
WOMAN:	All's well with Chhotey Babu, I hope.	
CHARANDAS:	Keeps calling for his didi all the time.	
WOMAN:	His didi? But he doesn't have an older sister! I'm his bhabhi.	
CHARANDAS:	Oh, yes, of course. He keeps calling for his bhabhi. He's very ill, you know. Insists that he'll only drink his medicine from your tender hands. Better come along at once.	150

WOMAN:	All right, I'll just let them know at home ...	
CHARANDAS:	No time for that. Hurry up, or he'll pop off.	
WOMAN:	Oh my God! All right, all right, let's go!	
CHARANDAS:	[<i>after walking a few paces</i>]: Oh, I forgot!	155
WOMAN:	What's the matter now, brother?	
CHARANDAS:	Bai, this is a very dangerous place. A man was attacked right here just the other day and left to die a slow, painful death. [<i>Points at his own bundle</i>] Look, his things are still lying there.	
WOMAN:	Oh my God!	160
CHARANDAS:	I think you'd better take off all your jewellery and wrap it in this cloth. [<i>He hesitates</i>] And after all, you're a helpless lady.	
WOMAN:	Yes ...	
CHARANDAS:	What if someone should attack you?	
WOMAN:	Oh my goodness!	165
CHARANDAS:	It is best to put your jewellery here. [<i>Spreads the cloth on the ground.</i>]	
WOMAN:	All right, bhaiya, I'll do as you say.	
	<i>As she removes her ornaments one by one and places them in the cloth, he interrogates her.</i>	
CHARANDAS:	Where did you get these ornaments made, bai?	170
WOMAN:	At Raigarh.	
CHARANDAS:	Raigarh! That's the best place, of course, for jewellery. What's the jeweller's name, bai?	
WOMAN:	Ramlal.	
CHARANDAS:	Ramlal! Who doesn't know Ramlal? He's the very best jeweller in all Chhattisgarh! They're made of pure gold, of course, aren't they?	175
WOMAN:	Yes, brother. Hundred per cent gold. [<i>She ties the cloth into a bundle.</i>]	
CHARANDAS:	Come, give it to me.	
WOMAN:	No, I'll carry it.	
CHARANDAS:	You might lose them, bai. I'll look after them carefully.	180
WOMAN:	No, I'll look after them.	
CHARANDAS:	Bai, you're a woman. What'll you do if a thief attacks you? I'm a man! I'll tackle him bravely. Give them to me.	
WOMAN:	No.	
CHARANDAS:	[<i>snatching the bundle from her</i>]: Give it here!	185
WOMAN:	[<i>crying</i>]: You rogue! You tricked me! You told me lies, you scoundrel, and now you've stolen my jewels! You thief!	
CHARANDAS:	Why are you crying, bai? What to do, god made me a thief.	
WOMAN:	You bastard! You've brought me all the way here, and now you're thugging me! May your corpse be laid out!	190
CHARANDAS:	No, don't curse me, bai. That won't suit me—too much enforced rest.	
WOMAN:	May you die!	
CHARANDAS:	Don't say that, bai! Then we won't see each other again. [<i>As she continues to cry, he also begins weeping.</i>] Oh, my God! It breaks my heart to see a woman weep. Oh no, I shouldn't rob a woman. No, no, I won't do it. [<i>He hands her the ornaments.</i>] Here, take this, bai. Take good care of it.	195
WOMAN:	[<i>taking the bundle and giving him a sound beating</i>]: You outcast! Cheat!	
	<i>She goes off. He falls down. The HAVALDAR comes on. CHARANDAS starts polishing the HAVALDAR's shoes with his cloth. As the HAVALDAR looks down to examine his shoes, CHARANDAS escapes. The HAVALDAR, realizing that he's been fooled again, chases him.</i>	200

HAVALDAR: I'll get you yet, you bastard! Where can you run to? 205

SCENE TWO

Village square. The GURU enters singing.

The baba roams the forest alone
The sadhu roams the forest alone
The koel's lonely song
Resounds through the groves 210
As the baba sings all on his own
The householder is snug in his home
The tramp on the road prefers to roam
While the baba roams the forest alone

GURU: Rise! Open your eyes! Look at the world! 215

The GURU sits down on the platform, spreading his mat. His followers begin to gather around. A few of them come up and touch his feet, then join the others, who start to sing a hymn.

DISCIPLE 1: Gurudev, I touch your feet! Gurudev!
GURU: Bless you, my son. 220

DISCIPLE 2: I touch your feet, maharaj!

GURU: Bless you.

DISCIPLE 3: I touch your feet, Guru-ji!

GURU: Bless you, my son. Bless you.

[They join the others in singing the hymn] 225

All you have to do is just
Give the guru his due
That's all you have to do, just
Give the guru his due.
Is it salvation you want? Just 230
Give the guru his due

All learning is a sham, till you
Give the guru his due
Nothing will work for you, till you
Give the guru his due 235

Watch good things happen to you, once you
Give the guru his due
So why don't you just follow the rules, and
Give the guru,
And in return he'll be quick to bless you if you— 240
Cash down!—give the guru his due.

CHARANDAS comes darting in and flings himself at the GURU's feet, head down. The HAVALDAR runs in after him, jumps over his prostrate body, and looking in the other directions, says:

HAVALDAR: Sadhu maharaj! Did you see a thief run past? 245

GURU: Oh, son, would a thief come here? And even if one did, would he remain a thief for long? Just as ditch water gets purified when it mingles with the Ganga, in a holy man's school, thieves, loafers, drunkards, gamblers, rogues, ruffians, all get purified. There's no thief

	here, my son. Go look somewhere else.	250
	<i>The HAVALDAR turns to leave, but stops short when he overhears some GAMBLERS squabbling.</i>	
HAVALDAR:	Just look at these wasters gambling openly in the middle of the road! Such a waste of money! You'd ruin your homes for the sake of gambling, would you? You'd starve your children, would you? You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! [<i>He quickly pockets the money lying on the ground.</i>] Hey, who is this fellow sitting up there?	255
GAMBLER 1:	Are you asking about him? He's sadhu maharaj.	
HAVALDAR:	When did he arrive?	
GAMBLER 2:	A week ago. He's our guru.	260
HAVALDAR:	Your guru! Looks like the king of thieves to me.	
GAMBLER 3:	Who said that? Did you call me the king of thieves? Did you say that?	
GAMBLER 2:	Arrey, no one called you anything! Calm down.	
GAMBLER 3:	You just dare to!	265
GAMBLER 1:	Hey, keep quiet. It's the havalдар you're talking to.	
GAMBLER 3:	I'll beat him to pulp!	
GAMBLER 2:	This idiot will get us all into trouble.	
HAVALDAR:	I'll show you what's what! I'll give you something to remember!	
	<i>The HAVALDAR starts beating up GAMBLER 3, whose friends, under the pretext of separating the two, bring down the HAVALDAR. All four fall in a heap, with the HAVALDAR at the bottom. Terrified, he crawls to the GURU and throws himself at his feet, prostrate in a pose which echoes CHARANDAS, who is still stretched out before the GURU. CHARANDAS enacts a charade of first checking to see where the other three are—they have meanwhile slipped into the crowd of followers—then tapping the HAVALDAR on the shoulder and gesturing to indicate that his tormentors have gone. The HAVALDAR picks himself up, retrieves his cap, salutes CHARANDAS and slinks away.</i>	270 275 280
CHARANDAS:	Gurudev!	
GURU:	Bless you, my son!	
CHARANDAS:	Wah, gurudev! You saved my skin.	
GURU:	Not me, my son. It was the lord above who saved you. Who are you, beta? Where do you come from? What's your name?	285
CHARANDAS:	I'm Charandas, maharaj.	
GURU:	What do you do?	
CHARANDAS:	Don't ask me that, guru-ji.	
GURU:	What's the matter?	
CHARANDAS:	I'm ashamed to say it, gurudev.	290
GURU:	Ashamed to tell me what you do? Ah, I understand, beta. Lying to your guru is like hiding a pregnancy from the midwife. The havalдар is after you, isn't he? And you're here to save your skin.	
CHARANDAS:	You've got it, guru-ji. What can I say?	
GURU:	If you want to be my disciple you'll have to give up stealing, my son.	295
CHARANDAS:	Then how will I survive—what will I eat?	
GURU:	Do you mean to say everyone in this world lives by thievery? Get a job. Live honestly. Earn some respect. Is robbery the only way to make a living? Come on, speak up. You want me to be your guru, don't you? Then make a vow. Not a thousand vows—just one. Just give up one thing.	300

CHARANDAS:	Why just one, gurudev. I'll renounce four things!	
GURU:	What four things?	
CHARANDAS:	My first vow, guru-ji!	
GURU:	Go on, I'm listening.	305
CHARANDAS:	I'll never eat off a golden plate.	
GURU:	Well said!	
CHARANDAS:	My second vow, guru-ji!	
GURU:	I'm listening, I'm listening, carry on.	
CHARANDAS:	I'll never mount an elephant and lead a procession.	310
GURU:	Very good, very good.	
CHARANDAS:	My third vow, guru-ji!	
GURU:	Yes, yes, go ahead.	
CHARANDAS:	If a queen says, 'Marry me, marry me!' I'll refuse to oblige her. No matter how young, how pretty. I won't ever marry a queen, guru-ji.	315
GURU:	Excellent, excellent!	
CHARANDAS:	My fourth vow, guru-ji!	
GURU:	This'll be the big one. I'm all ears.	
CHARANDAS:	If all the people of a country get together and beg, 'Charandas! Be our king, take the throne,' I'll say, 'No, I won't be your king.'	320
GURU	[<i>laughs</i>]: Beta, I've heard all your vows. You won't eat off a golden plate. It seems you're sick of golden plates, having eaten off them since you were a child. And today you've taken a vow before your guru to renounce eating off golden plates. Great! Secondly—you'll never ride an elephant in procession. Because you're such a great leader, and you've done it so often, that you've grown tired of it. So you vow to your guru to renounce this honour. All right. The queen of the land is panting for your manly good looks, isn't she? After today, you forswear marriage with a queen, even if she should beg you. You saintly, unworldly man! And as for your fourth vow, you'll never accept the kingship of a country. The entire population is clamouring for you, right? Take the throne, Charandas! Only you can rule us well! But you refuse to oblige. There's no greed in you, beta. You're content with your lot. Good for you! Charandas—	325
CHARANDAS:	Gurudev.	335
GURU:	I had heard that when a man sleeps, he dreams. But you're dreaming with your eyes wide open, beta! You're nothing but a thief—none of these unlikely things is going to happen to you. Why insist on dreaming such dreams?	
CHARANDAS:	Guru-ji, it's just a matter of chance—just in case, some day ... one never knows.	340
GURU:	And a thief is always on the lookout for the perfect chance, isn't he? Look, beta, you've forsworn four things of your own choice, now take a vow that I ask of you.	
CHARANDAS:	What's that, guru-ji?	345
GURU:	Give up telling lies.	
CHARANDAS:	Now you've fixed me good and proper, guru-ji! You know very well I can't steal without telling lies.	
GURU:	Yes, that's why I'm insisting, my son. The cure for all ills—stop telling lies. And the crime of theft will stop automatically.	350
CHARANDAS:	Gurudev! You can't separate sunshine from the sun, can you? You can't separate a nail from the flesh, can you? Then how can you separate thieving and lying—they go together, guru-ji.	
GURU:	Then get out of here, find another place to hide. I've no time for you.	
CHARANDAS:	I fall at your feet, gurudev!	355
GURU:	Sorry—I can't help you.	
CHARANDAS:	Guru-ji! [<i>Sees the HAVALDAR approaching and hides behind the</i>	

GURU. *The HAVALDAR looks around, doesn't see him, and departs.]*
 All right, guru-ji, I swear—I'll give up lying from today. That's a vow. 360
 Is that a firm vow? Or did it firm up because you saw the havaldar?
 GURU: Guru-ji, I swear in front of everyone gathered here from now on I'll
 CHARANDAS: never tell a lie. That's a solemn vow. I stand by it.
 GURU: Well done! Bless you, my son. May you live long. Now, beta, let's
 come to brass tacks. What're you thinking of for your guru?
 CHARANDAS: I'm thinking, guru-ji, to each his own. You're flourishing in your own 365
 way—
 GURU: What do you mean?
 CHARANDAS: Well, I steal at night, in the dark, stealthily, entering homes through
 holes in the wall—while you sit here in broad daylight, openly, with a
 crowd of people around you. And you make much more than I do. 370
 GURU: Shut up!
 CHARANDAS: You're the one who told me not to lie, guru-ji.
 GURU: Well, congratulations, oh truthful one! Arrey, beta, I was asking about
 something else. I want to know what you've thought of by way of guru
 dakshina. 375
 CHARANDAS: Oh, that. [*Placing his cloth bundle before the GURU*] Here, take it all,
 guru-ji.
 GURU: Such a fat bundle! Baap re! You're very generous, my son! What have
 we here ... yah ha ha! A sari for guru-ji, a skirt for guru-ji! Even a pair
 of pants and a necktie! Arrey, beta, what use is all this to, me? All your
 guru needs is a loincloth. 380
 CHARANDAS: Guru-ji, all you see is the clothes. Reach inside and see what you
 find—here, a golden platter.
 GURU: Ah, now I get it! This is the golden platter you've been eating off which
 you've sworn today to renounce! So now you're giving it to me as 385
 dakshina—but wait a minute, does this platter belong to you?
 CHARANDAS: Guru-ji, what can I say? You know it all. Just put it away before the
 havaldar catches sight of it.
 GURU: Ah, I understand you—I put the platter away so when the havaldar
 comes he can put me away! 390
 CHARANDAS: No problem. Plenty to eat and drink where you'll be going.
 GURU: Ah, you're doing me a favour, are you?
 CHARANDAS: Guru-ji, everyone who goes to jail comes out strong and healthy.
 GURU: Oh, I see, you think I need fattening up! Forget it son—just give me
 cash. 395
 CHARANDAS: All right, guru-ji. I have two rupees seventy-five paise on me. Two
 rupees from the havaldar, and seventy-five paise from the sattuwala.
 Here, take it.
 GURU: Arrey—only seventy-five paise! You just said you had two rupees
 seventy-five paise. 400
 CHARANDAS: That was after putting the two together, guru-ji.
 GURU: So give me the two together, beta.
 CHARANDAS: No, guru-ji, things are so expensive nowadays, two rupees won't even
 buy a meal.
 GURU: Are things expensive for you alone? 405
 CHARANDAS: You have so many followers, guru-ji. If each of them forks out seventy-
 five paise you'll collect a fortune.
 GURU: But they'll be buying their own salvation, not yours.
 CHARANDAS: Guru-ji, the havaldar's coming! Give me your blessings before he
 lands up. 410

Noticing his approach, CHARANDAS hides behind the GURU, on his hands and knees. The GURU sits astride his back. The HAVALDAR

looks around, and, appearing not to find CHARANDAS, perches on the platform right in front of the GURU. After keeping a silent vigil for a few seconds, he speaks. 415

HAVALDAR: So, from now on you'll never eat off a golden platter, right?
CHARANDAS: Never!
HAVALDAR: And from now on you'll never ride on elephant back, right?
CHARANDAS: Never!
HAVALDAR: And you'll never ever marry a queen, right? 420
CHARANDAS: Never!
HAVALDAR: And from now on you'll always tell the truth, right?
CHARANDAS: Always.
HAVALDAR: Liar! [*He grabs at CHARANDAS, misses and catches the GURU instead. CHARANDAS escapes. Looking at the GURU*] Swine! [*Exits.*] 425

The GURU quickly collects his things and gets up. The crowd begins to move out after him, singing the refrain 'The Baba Roams the Forest Alone'. CHARANDAS runs back on stage, followed by the HAVALDAR. CHARANDAS hides and the HAVALDAR begins to search the faces of the crowd as they file out. CHARANDAS slips behind him, and mimics his movements. Finally the HAVALDAR turns and comes face to face with CHARANDAS who salutes him. The HAVALDAR salutes him back and turns away, then realizes that this is the very man he is looking for and whips around, sees no one and runs off stage in search of CHARANDAS. CHARANDAS, meanwhile, had slipped behind him; he now looks after the HAVALDAR and saunters off casually. 430
435