

Pizanskaya Bashnya (Leaning Tower of Pisa)

fars do actions mein

"Har khush family apne tarah se khush hai. Sabhi unhappy families ek jaisi hoti hain."

Characters:

WIFE (PATNI)

HUSBAND (PATI)

Act First.

Ek one-room flat, jahan HUSBAND, WIFE, aur unka beta rehte hain. Beta abhi temporary absent hai. Room toh room jaisa hai. Kitchen bhi kitchen jaisi hai. Kitchen mein ek small TV hai. Room ke beech mein ek open suitcase hai. Abhi Husband aur Wife kitchen mein hain. Woh kha raha hai, woh de rahi hai. Woh de rahi hai, woh kha raha hai.

HUSBAND. Dekh, kitni bhookh lag gayi hai! Achanak itna khaane ka mann kyun ho gaya? Weekend se pehle! Kal mausam achha hai. Main tujhe bhi site par le jaunga! Thoda hawa kha lena. Aur slowly-slowly zameen bhi sahi karne lagegi. Aloo toh lagayenge! Autumn mein organic product milega. Khush hai? Thode aur aloo daal! Aur ek aur cutlet de!

WIFE uske saamne plate rakhti hai, aur khud uski god mein baith jaati hai, deeply dekhti hai aur elegantly uske face par haath pherti hai. HUSBAND awkward position mein jam jaata hai, spoon muh tak nahin pahuncha paaya.

HUSBAND (thodi der baad). Main kha raha hoon.

WIFE (high excitement ke saath). Dekh rahi hoon. Ruk. Tujhe kuch important batana hai.

HUSBAND (uske experience mein, agar important hai toh definitely unpleasant). Khana khatam hone do. Ya match ke baad. Ya... kal jaldi uthna hai... actually baad mein hi karte hain? Sab kuch khatam hone ke baad! Mustard hai? Ya koi sauce?

WIFE uski god se uthti hai aur dramatic thappad ke saath sauce uske saamne rakhti hai.

HUSBAND. Galti ki tune cutlet mein bread ki jagah paneer daal kar. Pet nahi bharta inse!

WIFE (out of nowhere). Final, mere dost, aameen!

Pause.

HUSBAND (carefully). Kya? Kya hua tujhe? (Shoulders hilaata hai). Sab kuch bekaar lag raha hai! Aaj kal tu toh namak bhi ya toh kam daalti hai ya zyada... Kuch rhythm mein problem hai. Kya baat hai? Office mein?

WIFE. Shayed sab kuch waise hi hai jaise hona chahiye.

HUSBAND. Toh bas mood kharab hai?

WIFE. Aur mood bhi! Main ja rahi hoon.

HUSBAND. Aur yeh sahi hai! (Haath malta hai). Thoda mahaul badal. Aur mera final TV par hai. Chhod nahi sakta.

WIFE. Final, mere dost, aameen! Main ja rahi hoon.

HUSBAND. Tu ja sakti hai, kyunki main abhi kha chuka. Main khud saaf kar lunga. Der mat karna.

WIFE (hasti hai). Main ja rahi hoon.

HUSBAND (carelessly). Kitni der? News almost miss kar diya! (TV on karta hai, aur ab uska dhyan sirf wahan hai). Beer bachi hai?

WIFE. Beer? (Hasti hai). Pata nahi. Kuch bacha bhi hai ya nahi!

HUSBAND (distractedly). Great! Sab bomb kar rahe hain, bomb kar rahe hain! Phas gaye! By the way, mother-in-law ko namaste dena (mechanically-habitually). Mother-in-law ko... haan... Agar 20 saal mein ek baar woh mujhe namaste bhej deti! Ek baar!

WIFE. Jaari rakho!

HUSBAND. Aur kya jaari rakhu, jab hum tum, bhagwaan ka shukar hai, alag rehte hain?!

WIFE. Namaste de dungii. Aage?

HUSBAND. Aage kya? Agar tu sab kuch deny karegi toh!

WIFE. Kis cheez ko deny karu uspar depend karta hai. Haalanki ab yeh matter nahi karta.

HUSBAND. Sab kuch aur hamesha. Haalanki mujhe toh ab bahut pehle se kisi cheez ki parwah nahi.

WIFE. Jhooth! Bilkul nahi sab kuch aur hamesha!

HUSBAND. Bahas nahi karna chahta, lekin hamesha aur sab kuch!

WIFE. Specifically?

HUSBAND. Tujhe specifically? Mother-in-law was against you marrying me.

WIFE. 20 saal pehle?!

HUSBAND. Acting karti hai ki bhool gayi?

WIFE. Perfectly yaad hai.

HUSBAND. Yaad hai! Lekin deny karti hai?

WIFE. Deny nahi karti.

HUSBAND. Accept karti hai?

WIFE. Accept karti hoon. Toh kya? Khush hai?

HUSBAND. Chup! (TV mein ghusta hai). Kitne smart hain! Main toh pehle se jaanta tha. (WIFE se). Hum kya baat kar rahe the?

Pause.

HUSBAND (alert hokar). Tu serious hai?

WIFE. Haan. Toh kya? 20 saal pehle!

HUSBAND. Toh phir bhi main sahi tha?! Tum humari registration ko aage kyun karti rahi? Kabhi dadi mar gayi, kabhi khud beemaar, kabhi tu pregnant! Mujhe shak tha, sab kuch kuch toh tha.

WIFE. Toh kya?

HUSBAND. Interesting! 20 saal deny karti rahi!

WIFE. Aaj accept kiya. Khush hai?

HUSBAND. Bahut khush hoon. Haalanki mujhe koi farak nahi padta.

WIFE. Aur main ja rahi hoon.

HUSBAND. Mother-in-law ko namaste! Kitni der?

WIFE (syllables mein). Ja-aa-rahii-hoon.

HUSBAND (same style). Sa-majh gayaa. Puchh raha hoon kab wapas aayegi?

WIFE. Ka-bhi-nahii! (Room mein jaati hai, suitcase uthaati hai, room ko ek long goodbye glance se dekhti hai).

HUSBAND. Kyun naraaz ho rahi hai? Aur hamesha naraaz ho jaati hai jab main sahi hoon! Phone karo! Main nikal kar stop pe mil lunga. Itna bada suitcase le kar

kahan ja rahi hai? Kya hai isme? Dirty clothes? (Bekhaar uthhta hai). Chalo, stop tak le chalta hoon (Sigh). Lekin abhi nikalna padega! Final nahi chhod sakta.

WIFE. Main khud.

HUSBAND (casually). Accha! Chal. Mother-in-law ko namaste! (Jaldi se wapas baith jaata hai). Aur hum unko kitna bomb karte rahenge?

WIFE. Alvida!

HUSBAND. Toh tu raat ko rukegi? Subah tujhe utha kar le jaunga. Site par bhi toh jaana hai.

WIFE. Table par ek letter hai. Phekna mat! Beta ke liye.

HUSBAND. Kisne likha?

WIFE. Maine.

HUSBAND (distractedly). Tension mat le. De dunga.

WIFE (angrily). Main tujhse ja rahi hoon! Divorce baad mein file karungi!

Pause.

HUSBAND (annoyed). Time toh dekha! Match shuru hone waala hai!

WIFE. Maaf kar, intentional nahi tha — bas coincide ho gaya.

HUSBAND. Match ke baad ladai khatam karte hain? (Significantly). Aur maan jaate hain. (Mechanically). Maan jaate hain... Tab tak kuch aur kar. News dekh!

WIFE. Maine yeh news dekh li! Kal. Parso aur usse pehle. Aaj kuch aur news hai! Official announce karti hoon — main tujhse divorce le rahi hoon.

HUSBAND. Yeh pehli baar nahi sun raha tujhse.

WIFE. Lekin — aakhri baar.

Pause.

HUSBAND (heavy sigh ke saath). 300 grams kal. Maximum. Aur achhe se snack kiya. Drunk nahi tha. Aur aise mat dekh mujhe! Mat dekh!!! Main yeh tolerate nahi kar sakta! Please! Jab ji chaahe — ja! Lekin warning deta hoon, bura hoga... Aakhir mein aloo lagane ka time nahi milega, yeh toh dukh ki baat hai.

WIFE. Main actually bina bataye jaana chahti thi. Phir socha, 20 saal hain! Aur mujhe tujhe kehna chahiye, alvida!

HUSBAND usse suitcase le leta hai, room mein le jaata hai, andar ka maal dekhta hai.

HUSBAND. Aur yeh sab sirf 300 grams vodka ki wajah se! Agar half litre bhi ho! Kya pata hai tujhe apne chicken brain ki aur log kitna peete hain?! Roz! Kabhi socha hai seriously is baare mein?! Chup hai? Aur main toh compromise kar raha hoon! Hafta mein ek baar peeta hoon! Zyada nahi! Do baar, agar koi serious reason ho. Maan lo, do baar! Actually... saade teen baar hafta mein. Aur yeh tujhe pasand nahi? Achha nahi lagta? Tujhe toh main peene ke liye force nahi karta! Pasand nahi — mat pee! Main tujh par pressure nahi daalta! Tu adult hai! Lekin main kyun na peetun agar tujhe pasand nahi?! Aurat ki logic! Kya main bachcha hoon ki teri sunnun? Tujhe pata bhi hai tu kya demand kar rahi hai? Ki main bilkul na peetun?! Kya bakwas hai! Itni ghatiya aur provocative baatein sun ke sharam aati hai. Bas! Khtm karo drama! Match shuru ho raha hai!

WIFE. Main ab tujh par naraaz nahi hoon. Tujhe sudhaarne ka irada nahi hai. Bas ja rahi hoon. Aakhri baar ja rahi hoon.

HUSBAND. Ek hi baat karti rehti hai! Kya koi aur topic nahi? Thoda zyada pee liya... Maan liya partially... Bas-bas-bas! Match! Dekh yeh log kaise hain! Kya lagta hai yeh nahi peete? Bilkul peete hain! Aur unki auratein chup rehti hain.

WIFE. Mujhe koi farak nahi padta. Ab yeh sirf tera personal matter hai.

HUSBAND. Maaf bhi maang liya! Aur hamesha hadd se zyada badha deti hai! Maafi maang li — aur tang mat kar!

WIFE. Theek hai. Maan lete hain — maaf maang liya. Maine maaf kar diya.

HUSBAND. Toh ja apni maa ke paas! Ja! Bye! Gooooaaal!!! Wah Finns! Wah! 2nd minute mein goal! Gooooaaal!!! (Use pakadta hai, gale lagata hai, jor se kiss karta hai).

WIFE. Dost bankar alag ho jayein, theek? Humara toh beta hai.

HUSBAND. Gooooaaal! Gooooaaal!!!

WIFE. 20 saal pati-patni rahe, lekin dost kabhi na bane. Chalo kam se kam dost bankar alag ho jayein! Distract nahi karungi. Alvida!

HUSBAND. Kya kar rahi hai? (TV mein dekhte hue). Wapas aayegi toh kaise muh dikhayegi? Chup! Chalo-chalo-chalo!!! Damn!!!

WIFE. Meri baat dhyaan se sun.

HUSBAND. Tang mat kar! Ruk toh!

WIFE. Main tujhe hamesha ke liye chhod kar ja rahi hoon.

HUSBAND (TV ko). Chalo-chalo-chalo! Kar, saale, kar, kar!!!!

WIFE. Kabhi wapas nahi aaungi! Final, mere dost, aameen!

HUSBAND (TV ko). Chalo-chalo-chalo! Saala ultimate bekaar!!!

WIFE. Kabhi nahi! Tu khud kitna saala hai!

HUSBAND (poora TV mein). Aur main keh raha hoon — poora saala hai!!

WIFE. Kisi bhi haal mein wapas nahi aaungi! Main aise insaan ke saath kaise reh sakti thi...

HUSBAND (chillata hai). Terii maa kii!!! Chalo-chalo-chalo! Gooooaaal!!!

Hurray!!! Kya goal hai!!!

WIFE (gusse se chillati hai). Bye!!! (Suitcase pakad kar darwaaze ki taraf daudti hai).

HUSBAND (use pakadta hai, peecha karta hai, TV par nazar rakhta hai). Ruk!
Baat karte hain! Match khatam hone do, sab baat karenge. Break aane waala hai!
Gussa mat kar! Kuch aur kar!

WIFE. Beer laaun?

HUSBAND. Agar mushkil na ho. (TV ki taraf daudta hai). Chalo-chalo-chalo...
Khatam!!!

WIFE. Main laati hoon.

HUSBAND. Well done! (Use dekhta hai). Kya hua?

WIFE. Kya?

HUSBAND. Phir kahan?

WIFE. Beer ke liye.

HUSBAND. Suitcase ke saath?

WIFE. Toh kya?

HUSBAND. Suitcase ke saath beer ke liye?

WIFE. Main toh wapas aaungi nahi! Beer ke saath ya beer ke bina.

HUSBAND. Toh tu aisi hai?

WIFE. Bilkul aisi!

HUSBAND. Atal hai?

WIFE. Lagta toh hai.

HUSBAND. Toh koi reason hai?

WIFE. Hai.

HUSBAND. Piya... Lekin quietly wapas aaya. Ladai nahi ki. Tujhe nahi maara.

WIFE. Bas subah wapas aaya, bed par baith gaya aur fishing rod ghumane laga. Phir chillaya: "Main kitna bekaar hoon! In jagahon pe toh June mein fish hi nahi aati!"

HUSBAND. Tujhe hansaana chahta tha.

WIFE. Yeh toh ho gaya. Khaas kar ke abhi June nahi, May hai.

HUSBAND. Aur is wajah se tu ja rahi hai? Kabhi nahi maanunga!

WIFE. Bilkul is wajah se nahi.

HUSBAND. Toh kya wajah hai?

WIFE chup rehti hai aur use dekhti hai.

Chalo-chalo, bolo! Break khatam hone waala hai!

WIFE chup rehti hai.

Kisi ne phone kiya tujhe ya kya?

WIFE. Maan lo.

HUSBAND. Aur kuch meri shikayat ki?

WIFE. Ho sakta hai.

HUSBAND. Aur tu ne turant believe kar liya?! Haan?!

WIFE. Toh kya?

HUSBAND. Phone par baatein sun kar sab kuch swallow kar liya?

WIFE. Possibly.

HUSBAND. Mujhse poochh sakti thi ki sach kya hai aur kya nahi. Mujhe toh behtar pata hoga! Agar sach pasand hai jhooth se. Sach chaahiye?

WIFE. Nahi.

HUSBAND. Main phir bhi sach bataunga. Chahe mujhe achha na lage.

WIFE. Mujhe ab koi farak nahi padta.

HUSBAND. Yeh lo sach. Kuch nahi hua.

WIFE. Congratulations!

HUSBAND. Aur kyun nahi hua? Tujhe yeh sawaal nahi aata?

WIFE. Mujhe? Nahi aata.

HUSBAND. Galti hai. Pehle poora pata kar lo. Phir jealousy karo. Aurat ke liye normal position hai.

WIFE. Alvida!

HUSBAND. Baar-baar kehti hai! Alvida-alvida! Aur exactly final ke time! Haan, kal piya. Butovo mein, jahan renovation kar rahe hain. Sanya ka birthday tha. Peena toh banta hai! Kya main use chhod kar aa jaata aisa mauka dekh kar? Aur sober, tere paas daudta? Itna absurd mat bana! Khaas kar ke, usne sabko bulaya! Sirf men the. Kisi bhi cheez ki kasam. Maano toh.

WIFE. Mujhe ab koi farak nahi padta.

HUSBAND. Sirf men. Aur Lyudka. Yeh toh natural hai! Lyudka team member hai. Aur achhi tiles bichati hai. Expert hai! Toh, hum baithe...Log ne mazak mein mujhe tease karna shuru kiya. Ki main akela Lyudka ke paas se nahi nikal paaya. Mere baare mein guess karte rahe, alag-alag insulting assumptions. Tujhe achha lagta agar tere aadmi ke baare mein aisa bolein? Main drunk hokar bhadak gaya, Lyudka ko corner mein press kiya. Aise hi, casually, serious nahi, half minute ke liye... Short mein, kuch hua nahi! Sach kahoonga — kuch nahi hua. Agar hua hota, toh kya main tujhe batata?

WIFE. Yeh toh tujhe justify karta hai, aur mujhe comfort deta hai.

HUSBAND. Yeh normal hai! Main married insaan hoon. Aur mujhe aisi kisi cheez ki zaroorat nahi. Drunk mein kya nahi karte? Funny hai! Aur tujhe kisi ne bata diya hoga?! Aur tu ne imagination bana li! Hua tha! Hua tha! Nahi hua!!! Maanti hai?

WIFE. Maanti hoon. Dhyaan mat de. Match miss kar dega. Alvida!

HUSBAND. Kya, Lyudka ko laaun tujhse personally confirm karne? Kuch nahi hua! Shuru bhi nahi kar paaya! Soch thi. Haan. Lekin process shuru nahi hua. Aurat kya sochti hai iska kya? Agar soch ki saza hoti toh Russia ke saare aadmi jail mein hote! Tera chehra kya hai? Aisa lagta hai jaise tu ne kabhi kisi aur ke baare mein nahi socha!

WIFE. Socha.

HUSBAND. Kya?

WIFE. Haan.

HUSBAND. Kitni baar?

WIFE. Ginti nahi ki. Bahut.

HUSBAND. Aise?

WIFE. Haay.

HUSBAND. Samajh gaya.

WIFE. Toh kya samjha?

HUSBAND (kitchen mein nervous walk karta hai, TV bhool gaya). Wah kya kamina hai! Toh mujhe dhoka diya!

WIFE. Khayalon mein.

HUSBAND. Aur bhi bura!

WIFE. Match khatam ho jaayega! Tere bina!

HUSBAND. Mazak kar rahi hai? Beer bachi hai?!

WIFE. Main beer nahi peeti.

HUSBAND. Haan, tu nahi peeti! Tu aur bhi khatarnak! Cognac...Kahan tha...

Humne Sanya ke saath woh doosri bottle nahi khatam ki...Yaad aaya! Doosri bottle

tune utha li thi! (Bottle dhoondta hai, khud peeta hai, TV screen se cheers karta hai). Finland 3-0 se aage! Aise hi zindagi nikal jaati hai! Aise hi best cheezein miss ho jaati hain! (Peeta hai). Main tujh par bina soche vishwas karta tha. Aur tu mujhe dhoka de rahi thi!

WIFE. Khayalon mein, dhoka nahi!

HUSBAND. Khayalon mein! Aise khayalon waalon ko maarna chahiye! Aisi soch ke liye turant maarna! Tujhe aur kuch sochne ko nahi? Ek married aurat! Maan! Pote-poton ke baare mein sochna chahiye! Main personally sirf pote-poton ke baare mein sochta hoon! Aur tu auraton ke baare mein! Itne healthy pati ke hote hue! Main fool hoon! 20 saal tere saath raha aur kabhi dhoka nahi diya! Yeh sunn ke koi bhi hans padega!

WIFE. Dukhi mat ho. Ab compensate kar liyo!

HUSBAND. Compensate kar liyo! 20 saal mein toh qualification hi kho di!

WIFE. Ab sympathy mein ro dungii.

HUSBAND. Miss kar diya. Dhyaan nahi diya. Trust kiya. Aur kis kis ke baare mein socha?

WIFE. Bahut saare.

HUSBAND. Specifically?

WIFE. Specifically bahut saare.

HUSBAND. Aur... detail mein?

WIFE. Kabhi-kabhi. Kuch ke baare mein. Kuch aur ke baare mein.

HUSBAND. Aise socha, start se end tak?

WIFE. Exactly.

HUSBAND. Aur tujhe sharam nahi aati aisi baatein mere muh pe phelne mein?!
Patni, aurat aur maa hone ke naate, sharam nahi aati?

WIFE. Nahi.

HUSBAND. Main fool hoon! (Bottle se direct peeta hai). Saala! (TV mein dekhta hai). Aur Finland ne bhi goal kiya! Match khatam! Kabhi, koi aurat dekhta hoon. Yahan, wahan, legs, breasts, sab hai. Use dekhta hoon, carefully examine karta hoon, detail mein, lekin sochta hoon, nahi chahiye! Mere paas biwi hai! Aur kabhi! Khayalon mein bhi nahi. Perfectly clean conscience. Tu hamesha meri only thi. Main. Sabse important. Sabse zyada important. First. Maano toh maano, nahi toh nahi. Lekin sach hai.

WIFE. Shukriya. Ab der ho gayi. Jaana chahiye.

HUSBAND. Maanti nahi? Kisi aur ko maanti hai, mujhe nahi?

WIFE. Maano, na maano? Ab kya farak padta hai? Alvida!

HUSBAND. Tujhe kisi ne bataya, aur tu meri izzat par vaar kar rahi hai.

WIFE. Maine sab maaf kar diya. Main tujhse achhe feelings ke saath ja rahi hoon. Genuine achhe feelings ke saath tujhe chhod rahi hoon.

HUSBAND. Mujhe pata hai kya hai! Pata hai! Yeh sab serious nahi tha! Kitne saal ho gaye! Agar mujhe pata hota ki tujhe pata hai, toh main khud batata. Lekin tu chup rahi. Aur, agar tu andar rakhti hai, toh main bhi andar rakhta hoon, bahar nahi aata. Aur tujhe pehle se pata tha?

WIFE. Kiske baare mein?

HUSBAND. Achhe se pata hai kya hai.

WIFE. Idea nahi. Aur jaanna bhi nahi chahti. Aur kuch poochhti bhi nahi.

HUSBAND. Poochh!

WIFE. Kyun? Der ho gayi. Pehle poochhna chahiye tha.

HUSBAND. Sach bataunga. Jaisa dil mein hai. Kuch nahi hua! Sab jhooth hai! Wahan kuch nahi hua!

WIFE. Kahan nahi hua?

HUSBAND. Us business trip mein.

WIFE. Aur is trip mein?

HUSBAND. Kya matlab hai? Kahan? Kab?

WIFE. Achhe se yaad hai!

HUSBAND. Tu Saratov ki baat kar rahi hai?

WIFE. Maan lo.

HUSBAND. Woh toh socialism ke time ki baat hai!

WIFE. Toh Saratov mein socialism ke time kya hua?

HUSBAND (bottle se ghunt leta hai). Idhar tu taunt kar sakti hai. Haq hai. Kar. Seh lunga. Woh ek hi baar tha.

WIFE. Jab hamesha ke liye alag ho rahe hain, toh taunt ka kya faida? (Usko jhat se gale lagati hai aur gal par kiss karti hai). Taunt karne ka time nahi. Alvida! (Jaane ko tayar hoti hai).

HUSBAND (suitcase pakad leta hai). Personally, mujhe yakeen nahi ki bachcha mera hai!

WIFE (shocked). Kya? Yakeen nahi ki bachcha... (Suitcase rakhti hai aur zor se slap maarti hai).

HUSBAND. Mat kar! Yeh mat maan ki bachcha mera hai! Mana karta hoon!

WIFE. Aa gaye. Baat khatam.

HUSBAND. Main kyun maanu? Mujhe factory se milayi thi. Main pehla nahi hoon. Raat ko woh mujhe hotel le gayi. Room mein der tak baithi. Aur andhere mein akeli jaane se darti thi. Toh ruk gayi. Toh pee liya. Kuch karna hai, time spend karna hai. Kya jor se padhenge! Actually kuch yaad nahi. Woh subah khush thi! La-la, la-la... Aur mera sar phatta hua, bas itna yaad hai. Aur baad mein yahan

phone kiya. Hello, hello, main pregnant hoon. Saratov mein kitni pregnant hain! Kya sab mujhe phone karenge? Kya main Saratov city ka ikhlauti aadmi hoon? Ek saal baad phir phone kiya — aa jao, dekho meri taraf kya hua hai teri trip ke baad! Uske yahan kya ho sakta hai? Haathi? Kya main ab har city mein jaake dekhu ki wahan kiska bachcha hua? Mera bachcha nahi! Agar bachcha hua bhi toh! Toh uss haramzaadi ne tujhe bhi phone kiya?

WIFE. Mujhe nahi kiya.

HUSBAND. Toh tujhe kaise pata chala?

WIFE. Tujhse. Abhi.

HUSBAND. Iske liye peena padega. (Ghunt leta hai). Aur slap kyun maara?

WIFE. Mujhe laga tu humare bachche ke baare mein keh raha hai.

HUSBAND. Humare bachche ka kya? Humara bachcha — mera bachcha hai?

WIFE. Shak hai?

HUSBAND. Jo tu ne mujhe bataya, uske baad... Ab sab mein shak hai.

WIFE. Meri zindagi mein tera alawa koi aur aadmi nahi aaya.

HUSBAND. Yakeen nahi.

WIFE. Kis baat ka yakeen nahi?

HUSBAND. Ki tere alawa aur koi tha ya hoga.

WIFE. Maine kaha, nahi tha. Aur yeh sach hai. Lekin main nahi kehti nahi hoga. Hoga. Umeed hai.

HUSBAND. Pati ke hote hue?! (Bina aansu ke). Kyun? Maine uska kya bigaada? Kabhi koi rough word nahi kaha...

WIFE. Kaha.

HUSBAND. Kab?

Pause.

HUSBAND. Yaad nahi.

WIFE. Yaad dila sakti hoon. Lekin kyun?

HUSBAND. Kaha hoga. Insaan hoon! Lekin sirf agar tune reason diya ho!

WIFE. Bina reason.

HUSBAND. Toh mood mein. Phir bhi yaad nahi.

WIFE. Yaad dilaun?

HUSBAND. Puraani baatein... Sabke saath hota hai. Family life mein aurat ke liye sabse important hai patience. Main personally impulsive hoon, lekin jaldi maan jaata hoon. Chillata hoon aur turant bhool jaata hoon. Bacche ki tarah. Lekin kabhi haath toh nahi uthaya!

WIFE. Uthaaya bhi.

HUSBAND. Haath uthaya! Maan gaya. Lekin maara nahi. Kabhi nahi maara.

WIFE. Maara.

HUSBAND. Jhooth!

WIFE. Yaad dilaun?

HUSBAND. Kya yaad dilana-yaad dilana?! Nahi maara!

WIFE. Galat!

HUSBAND. Bada bana ke kehti hai!

WIFE (aakhirkaar aansuon mein). Tujhe zameer nahi!

HUSBAND. Kar, kar! Bol! Sunn te hain! Match khatam! Score pata nahi!

Shukriya! Sab khatam! Cognac khatam, aur kuch nahi! Kar, bol, insult kar! Sab ek saath!

WIFE. Tab hua tha jab Lyolik ek saal ka hua.

HUSBAND. Beta ko mat ghaseet. Beta beech mein nahi!

WIFE. Haan! Tune mujhe maarna chaaha, lekin us par laga.

HUSBAND. Jhooth! Maine kabhi bacche ko nahi maara!

WIFE. Bolne de! Maine tujhe nahi roka!

HUSBAND. Achha hota rok leti!

WIFE. Lyolik ek saal ka hua...

HUSBAND. 18 saal pehle?!

WIFE. Toh kya?! 18 saal pehle koi aur zindagi thi jo ab humein affect nahi karti?
Kya hum ek ghante pehle jeena shuru hue?

HUSBAND. Kar, kar, bol, tujhe yeh pasand hai.

WIFE. Lyolik ka birthday celebrate kiya. Tune log bulaye!

HUSBAND. Toh kya?! Iklaute bete ka saal! Tere liye koi celebration nahi. Mere liye celebration hai! Mere liye beta sacred hai. Aurat kabhi nahi samajh paati aadmi aur uske bete ka rishta!

WIFE. Aur tune tab bahut piya tha! Aur sabko pilaya!

HUSBAND. 18 saal pehle piya! Kitna yaad rakhti hai!

WIFE. Maine khud do bottle galti se kharidi. Tune teen aur kharidi. Aur guests ke paas bhi thi! Bacche ke gifts mushkil se teen rupaye ke the, lekin vodka hundred rupaye ki laaye!

HUSBAND. Logon ko judge karna achha nahi!

WIFE. Pite rahe, kam tha! Raat ho gayi! Baccha so nahi pa raha! Main do ghante ghodti rahi... Kab tak yeh log jayenge?! Jaane ko hue, tu mere paas: ja, neighbour se maang! Station jaana hai, aur laana hai, achhi baithak hai. Haath hilata hai: "Station bhejo, restaurant bhejo!". Aur main Lyolik ko mushkil se sulaaya. Aur rakhne ki jagah nahi. Tune drunk hokar crib mein bottles daal di. Subah return

karne ke liye. Main Lyolik ko god mein le kar tujhse kehti hoon ki tere yeh saale log turant jaayein, aur tu bhi. Aur tu ghuma!... Drunk hokar miss kiya — aur poore zor se sote hue Lyolik par... (Aansuon mein). Woh do saal tak dara-sa raha!

HUSBAND. Toh tu kaise bata rahi hai — tu khud guilty hai... Provoke kiya! Dekh raha hai insaan ne piya, khush hai, aur tu drama karti hai! Lekin honestly — kuch yaad nahi.

WIFE. Yaad nahi? Aur sach mein yaad nahi! Sabse darr baat — sach mein yaad nahi. Ruk, main apne baare mein kehti hoon. Main kuch saal ki thi. Ek General ko urgently English teacher chahiye. Aur meri maa ko uski dacha par bulaya gaya. Summer mein. Aur mujhe bhi le jaane diya. Wahan General ki poti thi, meri umar ki. Curly hair, frills, bows. Aur uski — ek puppy. Curly hair, bows. Aur main gaon se aayi, daadi ke paas se, head shaved. Kyonki gaon mein lice ho gaye the, aur maa ke paas time nahi tha. General ki poti curly hair mein, aur main scarf mein, faded polka dots. Aur face peeling. Daadi ke paas zyada dhoop. General ki poti mujhse nazar milane mein hesitant thi. Woh khelti thi, main dur se dekhti thi. Woh beauty parlour khelne lagi aur apni puppy ko trim kar diya. Lunch mein chill — kisne puppy ko bigaada?! Aur woh angel ban ke baithe, eyes ghumate, curls hilaate. Sab use sympathise karte. Aur mujhe tang karte. Meri maa ne mera kaan itna ghaseeta ki woh laal ho gayi. Lekin sab jaante the, maine puppy nahi kaata! Aur yeh bhi jaante the ki main sab kuch samajhti hoon! Aur unhe aur apni maa ko disrespect karti hoon. Bhooke toh nahi the! General ke saamne itna kyun?! Sab ke baad main akeli garden mein gayi. Kitna bura laga mujhe! Aur woh puppy mere paas aayi aur tail hilay. Aur maine use zor se laat maari! Kabhi nahi bhoolungi! Kabhi nahi!!! (Roti hai).

HUSBAND. Chhod! (Use gale lagata hai). Woh puppy toh mar gayi! Aur tu ro rahi hai!

WIFE. Mar gayi! Aur kabhi maafi nahi maang sakti! Aur bhool nahi sakti! Aur tune beta maara aur yaad nahi! Iske baad kaise reh sakti hoon tere saath?

HUSBAND. 18 saal pehle maara! Aur abhi tu isliye mujhe chhodne ka soch rahi hai?

WIFE. Bacche ke saath kahan jaati? Ma ke paas? Shared flat mein? Kya sirf yeh ek baat hai?! Kitna accumulate ho gaya!

HUSBAND. Lekin aaj hi kyun jaane ka socha?

WIFE. Quantity quality mein badal gayi.

HUSBAND. Bakwas! Sanya ke paas auraton ki quantity badhti hai, lekin quality gir jaati hai. Khud samajh nahi aaya kya kaha. Main gadha! Sabke saath hota hai! Maan gaya. Accept karta hoon. Maaf kar. Chalo maan jaate hain.

WIFE. Der ho gayi. Bahut kuch accumulate ho gaya. Ab nahi utha paati.

HUSBAND. Aur kya accumulate hua?

WIFE. Agar tu khud kuch yaad karta toh mujhe umeed hoti!

HUSBAND. Kya main computer hoon, sab yaad rakhun?! Bata! Main sunta hoon.

WIFE. Kisne mujhe meri favourite job se nikaala?

HUSBAND. Kisne?!

WIFE. Tune.

HUSBAND. Kaunsi job?

WIFE. Favourite. Profession ke hisaab se.

HUSBAND. Library mein? Khush honi chahiye ki maine tujhe uss old-age home se nikaala! Budhi auraton, boring pensioners, irritating students se!

WIFE. Lekin main khush nahi hoon! Aur mujhe haq hai! Maine institute of culture kiya. Library faculty. Gold medal ke saath.

HUSBAND. Mujhe pata hai tu intelligent hai aur hamesha sabko batata hoon.

WIFE. Lekin main uss institute mein kyun gayi?

HUSBAND. Intelligent aur simple ladki ke liye suitable.

WIFE. Kyonki main hamesha librarian banna chahti thi!

HUSBAND. Kya soch hai! Main test pilot banna chahta tha.

WIFE. Aur tu contractor ban gaya! Aur main librarian banna chahti thi aur ban gayi! Mujhe books pasand hain! Mujhe budhi auraton, boring pensioners aur irritating students ke saath achha lagta hai. Mujhe sab kuch pasand tha jo tune mere se chheen liya, bina soche. Humara beta library mein bada hua. Woh school se sidha wahan jaata tha budhi auraton ke saath chai peene. Aur boring pensioners uski homework mein help karte the. Aur pehla pyaar library mein hua. Ek irritating student se pyaar ho gaya. Toh tune mujhe old-age home se nikaala? Aur kahan daala? Cheezein apne naam se nahi bolna chahti! Tere naye Russian se baat karne layak kuch nahi hai mujhe.

HUSBAND. Computer toh seekh li!

WIFE. Kya?! Bills fill karna? Cement Norilsk ko? Cement Chechnya ko?! Friday tak bilkul dumb ho jaati hoon. Weekend mein reading karna chahti hoon aur nahi hota. Words read karti hoon, lekin meaning nahi pakad paati.

HUSBAND. Library mein actually work karna bhool gayi.

WIFE. Actually kaam — woh hai jo se karti hoon use nafrat ho? Jo karti hoon usse dimaag khrab ho? Khud se sharam aaye?

HUSBAND. Kaam mein sharam kaisi?

WIFE. Abhi tak aise kaam ko kaam nahi keh paati! Mujhe abhi bhi sharam aati hai isme participate karte hue. Government factory cement banata hai. Aur humari capitalist firm us cement ko saste mein kharid kar mehnga bechti hai. Kyonki factory director — chacha, aur firm president — bhatija. Chacha-bhatija milliion ka profit share karte hain, aur factory workers ko 6 mahine salary nahi milti!

HUSBAND. Mat bhool ki tu personally firm mein achha paisa kama rahi hai.

WIFE. Lekin itna nahi ki meri conscience permanently chup ho jaye. Kabhi garib nahi the hum! Tune meri dreams, meri self-respect, meri peace kyun kuchal di?

HUSBAND. Site toh build karni shuru ki! Maine normal socha. Jitna zyada paisa, utna achha. Mujhe kya pata teri soch? Kya main extra-sensory hoon? Khudi kyun chup rehti? Aur main tere liye hi bana raha hoon! Taaki tu potey-poton ke saath baithe. Aaraam kare. Books padhe. Mujhe site ki kya zaroorat? Mujhe toh kya?

WIFE. Mujhse poochha ki main site par baithna chahti hoon ya nahi? Kabhi zindagi mein poochha ki main kya chahti hoon?!

HUSBAND. Kya chahti hai? Poochh raha hoon!

WIFE. Travel karna!

HUSBAND. Kya demand hai!

WIFE. Wahan jaana jahan Pushkin, Lermontov gaye the...

HUSBAND. Yeh log toh abroad gaye nahi the... Bata deti! Kabhi ghoom aate! Koi bada kharch nahi! Firm pasand nahi, toh chhod do! Library mein wapas jaana koi mushkil nahi!

WIFE. Aur mujhe kaunsi sweets pasand hain?

HUSBAND. Kya keh rahi hai?

WIFE. Meri favourite sweets?

HUSBAND. Kya hint de rahi hai? Mujhe kya pata? Main toh sweets khata hi nahi!

WIFE. Aur mujhe kaunsi perfume pasand hai?

HUSBAND. Mujhe isme kuch nahi samajh!

WIFE. Mujhe kaunsa colour achha lagta hai?

HUSBAND. Tujhe sab achha lagta hai! Sirf short nahi! Sun, main tujhse nahi poochhta ki mujhe kaunsi vodka pasand hai? Jo pasand hai, woh kharidta hoon! Aur koi shikayat nahi tujhse!

WIFE. Aur hum kaise mile? Kahan? Kab? Tune kya kaha? Maine kya kaha?

HUSBAND. Main aisi cheezein yaad nahi rakhta. Jab mile, mujhe nahi pata tha ki shaadi hogi. Isliye kuch yaad nahi rakha.

WIFE. Aur shaadi kab hui? Kaunsi tareekh? Kaunse saal?

HUSBAND. Document toh hai... Theek hai, jawab deta hoon. Lyolik 19 ka hai. Ya 18? Tu toh pregnancy mein merese shaadi kar rahi thi? Ya nahi? Toh 19 minus karte hain, maan lo... Ruk, ya 20? Tu white mein... Toh summer...

WIFE. Indian summer. October.

HUSBAND. Yaad hai, garam tha. Aur tere chehre pe lace thi. Bahut achi lagti thi shaadi mein, bas roti rehti thi.

WIFE. Khushi ke aansu.

HUSBAND. Samajh, tum auraton ko yeh sab important lagta hai... Hum aadmi ko...

WIFE. Important hai use jo pyaar karta hai. Lekin baaki ko bhi yaad rakhna chahiye. Prudence ke liye.

HUSBAND. Theek hai. Yaad rakhenge.

WIFE. Yaad rakhna nahi, yaad karna. Yeh ab humara past hai. Main toh tujhse ja rahi hoon!

HUSBAND. Bakwas! Kahan jaayegi? Khud samajh — kahin nahi! Baat ho gayi, maine kuch note kar liya. Naye se shuru karte hain.

WIFE. Aur shuru kahan hai? Tujhe pata hai? Mujhe nahi. Main nayi zindagi sirf tere bina shuru kar sakti hoon.

HUSBAND. Aur main kya karun? Main toh purani zindagi ka aadi hoon. Achhe se adjust ho gaya, habit ho gayi. Mujhe meri zindagi pasand hai.

WIFE. Aur mujhe meri se ghin aati hai!

HUSBAND. Sab kuch discard kar rahi hai! Kuch galat moments aaye. Ghatiya bhi. Jaise ab samjha. Lekin achha toh bahut zyada tha!

WIFE. Soch, tujhe dinner par bulaya gaya. Table setting beautiful, dishes excellent. Music, sab smile kar rahe hain. Phir suddenly — aur kuch ghatiya serve kiya. Aur khaana hai. Ya jaana hai. Overall, meal achha tha. Aur ghatiya thoda sa kabhi-kabhi khana padta hai. Kya suggestion hai? Continue karna? Ya jaana? Continue ya jaana?

HUSBAND. Hint samajh gaya.

WIFE. Yahan khatam karte hain. Isi optimistic note par.

HUSBAND. Spirit kahan tha?

WIFE. Tujhe kyun?

HUSBAND. Wipe karne ke liye! (Spirit dhoondta hai, peeta hai).

WIFE. Dilute kar.

HUSBAND. Tu mujhe peena sikhayegi! (Ek ghunt mein peeta hai aur aaah karta hai).

WIFE. Kha le! (Cucumber deti hai).

HUSBAND. Mujhe mat sikha.

WIFE. Kha le!

HUSBAND (use dhakel deta hai). Mere paas mat aana! Hypocrite! 20 saal mere saath soyi! Khana banaya, saaf kiya, kapde dhoye, aur sochti rahi kaise dhoka de! Aur future mein chhod doon! Kyun mere saath rehti?! Agar pyaar nahi? Respect nahi? Value nahi?

WIFE. Respect kyun karun?! Isliye ki tu hafte mein saade teen baar peeta hai?

HUSBAND. Yeh meri main cheez nahi!

WIFE. Value kyun karun?! Kya tu high moral hai? Ya bahut noble? Ya achhi manners hain?

HUSBAND. Main aam hoon! Majority hoon! Normal hoon!

WIFE. Humari norm alag hain.

HUSBAND. Alag! Main, example, tujhe dhoka dene ka sapna nahi dekhta!

WIFE. Tu toh karta hai!

HUSBAND. Bilkul nahi! Actually! Aise hi, kuch nahi.

WIFE. Toh tere hisaab se dhoka kya hai?

HUSBAND. Jab feelings hoon. Lekin main tujhse pyaar karta hoon.

WIFE. Aur tu apni feelings ka complete owner hai? Decide kiya pyaar karna hai toh karoonga? Mann badal gaya toh pyaar khatam.

HUSBAND. Kya tu pagal hai? Aisa nahi hota! Feelings apne aap hain, humein control nahi.

WIFE. Toh teri kya achievement? Kya garv hai? Mujh mein kya dosh hai? Tune mujhse pyaar kiya isliye nahi ki tu itna honest hai. Aise ho gaya.

HUSBAND. Samjha nahi. Kya keh rahi hai?

WIFE. Yeh ki pyaar ek gift ki tarah milta hai. Aur humara iklauta kaam hai uska rakshak aur sanrakshak hona. Aur tu ne toh pyaar ke liye temptation ko bhi mana nahi kiya.

HUSBAND. Bina problem mana kar sakta hoon! Bahut ko mana kiya hai. Bilkul nahi chahta.

WIFE. Nahi chahta. Yeh main khud notice karti hoon. Jis firm mein tune mujhe rakha, wahan ek psychotherapist bulaya. Usne mujhse sawaal puchhe, ki kya mera regular sexual partner hai? Maine jawab diya: nahi. Tere baare mein socha bhi nahi, soch? Miss kar diya. Tu kaunsa sexual partner? Tu husband hai.

HUSBAND. Tu toh khud 100 saal se propose nahi karti. Main tujhse pyaar nahi dekhta.

WIFE. Aur kyun propose main karun? Mujhe toh tere drinking, TV, fishing, work, aur pata nahi kya-kya ke beech ghusna hi nahi ho paata. Tera sex 5 minute ka hai. Woh bhi tu mushkil se saal mein 2 baar nikaalta hai!

HUSBAND. Pyaar sirf sex nahi.

WIFE. Aur tujhse pyaar kyun karun? Tune mujhe life mein kitni baar flowers diye? Mere birthdays par gifts hamesha ghar ke niche wali shop se laate ho. Raste mein! Paas mein! By the way. Grocery store thi — sweets ke boxes. Toys mein badal di — woh teddy bears aur foxes dust ho rahe hain. Galanterie mein badal gayi — stockings aane lage. Galat time par chhod rahi hoon! Auto-parts khulne waale hain. Toh birthday par steering wheel ya tyre dete. 20 saal mein ek car ho jaati.

HUSBAND. Sab kuch keh diya?

WIFE. Sab kuch?! Tu khud ki taarif kar raha hai!

HUSBAND. Band kar. Tere morals ki zaroorat nahi! Pata hai kisne tujhe provoke kiya.

WIFE. Kisne?

HUSBAND. Khud jaanti hai!

WIFE. Pata bhi nahi!

HUSBAND. Ah-ah-ah!

WIFE. Aise tone mein meri maa ke baare mein mat bol! Woh toh ismein kuch nahi!

HUSBAND. Kitni stubborn saas nikli! 20 saal baad, lekin apna kaam kar liya!

WIFE. Sharam! Aur jab tu ulcer ke saath hospital mein tha?! Kaun tere paas... har roz? Ya do din mein? Soup aur juice banati? Chess khelti thi, taaki dard se dhyaan bhage?

HUSBAND. Jaanti thi dekhne ke liye kaise mar raha hoon. Wait kar rahi thi kab uski beti nayi zindagi shuru karegi widow bankar naye flat mein!

WIFE. Ghatiya!

HUSBAND. Main rhetoric mein believe nahi karta! Andha ho gaya! Tere saamne roya — fool! Pyaar karne layak nahi? Main bas seeti bajaaun! Aur tu kya hai?! Mirror mein dekh! Baal kya hai? Dimag ki toh baat hi nahi! Kabhi makeup nahi! Hamesha ghatiya glasses! Aur hamesha taunt, gussa, bore! Voice weepy! Victim! Pata nahi kab hasi thi!

WIFE. Hasne ka koi reason nahi.

HUSBAND. Koi bhi chutiya reason par hansega. Tu bina reason hans! Jaise hota hai — hans, hans, hans — reason aa jaata hai.

WIFE suddenly pagal ki tarah hassne lagti hai.

Tujhe kya hua? Pagal ho gayi?

WIFE hanti hai.

Tujhe kya hua? Tujhe bura toh nahi? Ruk! (Kandhe hilata hai). Band kar!

Woh aur zor se hanti hai.

Kya hua? Bol sakti hai? Sir hilake bata! Ambulance bulau? Nervous hai? Paani? Sir hila!

Woh hanti rehti hai aur sir hilati hai. Hysteria lagti hai. HUSBAND jaldi se glass bhar ke deta hai. Woh peeti hai aur uska dum ghut jaata hai. Aankhen nikaal kar zor se haath hilati hai.

Kya hua? Bas! Ambulance bulata hoon!

WIFE (karkash awaz mein). Tune kya diya mujhe?

HUSBAND (glass soonghta hai aur hansne lagta hai). Spirit! Kha le! (Cucumber deta hai). Chalo-chalo!

WIFE baaki liquid uske muh pe phek deti hai.

WIFE. Sahi kaha. Agar der tak hanson toh reason mil jaata hai. Hey Bhagwan! Hey Bhagwan! Main kitni khush hoon ki is saale ko chhod kar ja rahi hoon!

HUSBAND. Ma ke paas jaayegi?

WIFE. Maa ke paas.

HUSBAND. Phir south?

WIFE. Plan hai.

HUSBAND. Naya boyfriend dhoondhna?

WIFE. Exactly.

HUSBAND. Suggest karun zyada mat sochna. Kisi se bhi compromise kar lo.

WIFE. Itna bhi?

HUSBAND. Tujhe kaun chaahega?

WIFE. Abhi toh baat ho rahi thi ki tujhe chahiye.

HUSBAND. Main toh sweet-natured hoon! Aadat ho gayi, adjust ho gaya. Jaane de, purani chappal. Kuch nahi. Logon ke saath pehenna sharam. Lekin pehenta hoon! Aadat. Phenkne ka dil nahi karta.

WIFE. Purani chappal — main?

HUSBAND. Symbolic.

WIFE. Planet pe itne single men hain! Kya mera koi chance nahi unmein se kisi ko interest karne ka?

HUSBAND. Interesting — tu kya kar sakti hai interest karne ke liye?

WIFE. Main effective hoon, charming, playful, cheerful, warm... Main intellectual, educated, elegant, sporty... Bahut charm hai mujhme!

HUSBAND. Ek psychiatrist se baat karna clearly insufficient tha.

WIFE. Yeh sab potential mein hai. Reality banane ke liye — ek aadmi chahiye. Jo mujhe adore kare! Jo meri taarif kare! Hamesha courteous aur friendly ho. Aur attentive, gentle, generous...

HUSBAND. Kisi aur aadmi ko kyun tere pyaar mein pagal hona chahiye? Kyun?

WIFE. Main dhoondh lungi aisa.

HUSBAND (aur spirit peeta hai). Sab kuch keh diya?

WIFE. Bahut kuch!

HUSBAND. Bahut hai. Ab chup! Glasses utaar aur sahi se khadi ho! Main tujhe maarta hoon! Tera aisa karunga! Yaad rahega! Haramzaadi!!! Teri value khatam ho jaayegi!

WIFE. Mat kar! (Coat pakad ke pehenti hai).

HUSBAND. Teri ghatiya advice ki zaroorat nahi! Chhod ke ja rahi hai? Coat pehen liya?

WIFE. Ja rahi hoon! Ab toh definitely!

HUSBAND. Nahi, dear! Main tujhe nikaal raha hoon! Tu rone wali hai wapas aa ke! Aaj teri maa se discuss karne ke liye kuch milega! (Us par chadhta hai). Tu kaun hai? Tu mujhe kya bol rahi hai? (Halka sa slap maarta hai, painful nahi, insulting). Maafi maang! Sab ke liye! Jaldi! Kaha! (Suitcase ke kapde nikaal kar poore flat mein bikher deta hai). Jaana chahti thi! Main tujhe sikhaunga kaise baat karni hai!

WIFE. Kitna bekaar insaan hai tu!

HUSBAND. Bas!!! Andar ke janwar ko jagaa diya! Bahut ho gaya! Tu ne khud bulaya! Le!

Zor se haath uthata hai, lekin punch weak hai kyunki WIFE coat ki pocket se pepper spray nikaal kar uski taraf karti hai.

HUSBAND. Damn... Kya kar... pagal... (Bhaari, jaise murda, zameen par girta hai).

WIFE (phone number dial karti hai). Mamma? Main der kar rahi hoon. Nahi, sab theek hai. Baat ho gayi. React kiya? Normal react kiya. Humare relationship final stage par a gaye. Yeh clear hai. Woh? Yahan. Thoda so gaya. Kaunsi minute mein? Kya woh sochta hai ki usne intentionally so gaya? Woh accidentally so gaya. Reaction? Contradictory. Mamma, mujhe yahan kuch pack karna hai. Time hai! Tension mat lo! Milte hain! (Phone rakhti hai. Room mein jaati hai, mirror mein khud ko dekhti hai). Goodbye! Aur khud ko bhi goodbye kehna padega. O koi toh mujhe pyaar do, koi toh mujhe pyaar de!

Act Second.

Room. Light mirror ke upar ke lamp se. Suitcase wapas pack ho chuka hai.

HUSBAND abhi bhi kitchen mein hai. Leta hai. Lekin sir ke neeche takiya, aur oopar blanket. Silence mein paani ki awaaz clear sunai deti hai. WIFE shower le rahi hai.

HUSBAND (karke uthhta hai). Terii maa kii... terii maa kii... damn...

Intercity phone call.

(Room mein phone ke liye rengta hai). Terii maa kii... terii maa kii... (Andhere mein phone uthata hai). Haan? Raat ko phone kar ke pagal ho gaye ho?! Kya? Theek se bol! Kya tu Russian nahi hai? Haan? Kisko? Haan, hai. Kahan gayi? Kya ***** gaali de raha hai? — *исправлено*: Kya bekaar insaan hai tu, gaali de raha hai? Main tujhe maarta hoon abhi! Kya? Kya? Dimaag kharab! (Phone fenkta hai).

WIFE andar aati hai. Bath towel mein lapeti hui, mirror ke saamne baithti hai.

Baad mein blow dry karti hai aur makeup karti hai.

Congratulations! Tujhe kisi Caucasian ne phone kiya aur poochha ki tu already... gaya ya nahi...

WIFE (indifferently). Kahan?

HUSBAND. Wahan! Jahan decent auraton ko nahi bhejte! Interesting, kaise tu iski interpretation karne ka suggest karegi?

WIFE. Main suggest karun kam piyo.

HUSBAND. Kuch toh gadbad hai. Mujhe kya hua? Sar phat raha, muh mein bejaali. Aur main kitchen mein floor par kyun so raha hoon aur kapde pehen ke?

WIFE. Bataati hoon. Maine tujhe pepper spray se knockout kiya. Self-defence mein.

Pause.

HUSBAND. Wah! Abhi mountain par skiing karne chali jaayegi.

WIFE. Tune mujhe maara. Maine bachav kiya. Normal hai. Phir haath uthaya toh phir se milega.

HUSBAND. Yeh sab band kar! Tere paas spray kahan se aaya?

WIFE. Firm ne diya. 8 March ko. Sab female employees ko. Dekh, kaam aaya. Thanks to firm. Library mein kabhi aisa kuch socha bhi nahi hota.

HUSBAND. Pagal hai. Abhi nasha utar raha hai. Jaayegi ma ke shared flat mein. Aur kitna chalegi uske saath ek room mein? Aur uske naye pati ke saath? Jo usse 20 saal chhota hai! Aur jisko woh pyaar se paal rahi hai? Aur apne bade suitcase ke saath kahan jayegi?

WIFE. Meri tension mat lo! Maa ke saath rehne ka irada nahi. Do ghante ke liye jaungi.

HUSBAND. Oh! Madame independent ho gayi. Itna kama rahi hai ki apartment rent kar sakti hai?

WIFE. Kal firm se resign kar diya.

HUSBAND. Aur interesting ho raha hai! Library mein same salary wali job mil gayi?

WIFE. Main Moscow chhod rahi hoon.

HUSBAND. Kitni der?

WIFE. Shayad hamesha ke liye.

HUSBAND. Aur kahan?

WIFE. Pisa.

HUSBAND. Rude. Tujhe suit nahi karta.

WIFE. 4 ghante mein mera flight Rome ke liye. Aur Rome se car mein Pisa.

HUSBAND. Kahan-kahan?

WIFE. Rome.

HUSBAND. Rome toh samajh aaya. Aur wahan se car mein kahan?

HUSBAND. Tu toh dark hai. Pisa — woh nahi jo pehle dimaag mein aata hai. Opposite. Italy mein city. Chhoti si. Sirf 100,000 log. Main thak gayi hoon aur shaanti chahti hoon. (Excitedly). Wahan famous Leaning Tower of Pisa! Jo hamesha gir rahi hai.

HUSBAND. Tower toh samajh aaya. Dhyaan dekhna jab ghoom rahi ho! Meri advice. Shayad tujh par gir jaaye. Kuchal de!

WIFE. 12th century se gir rahi hai! Shayad 20th bhi nikal jaaye. Aur 21st mein bhi giregi.

HUSBAND. Aur kitni der tu is unstable Pisa mein jaa rahi hai?

WIFE. Kaha na, umeed hai hamesha ke liye.

HUSBAND. Job mil gayi... Pisa mein?

WIFE. Nahi.

HUSBAND. Toh?

WIFE. Husband.

Pause.

HUSBAND. Sar phat raha hai. Kuch samajh nahi aata.

WIFE. Bataati hoon. Groom mil gaya.

HUSBAND. Kisko?

WIFE. Tujhe nahi! Khud ko!

HUSBAND. Pisa mein?

WIFE. Toh kya hai Pisa mein?

HUSBAND. Kuch nahi hai is jagah mein, is Italian backwater mein, is Roman suburb mein.

WIFE. Pisa central Italy mein hai.

HUSBAND. Teri tower giri, toh koi Pisa mein nose nahi daalega. Tera dimaag kharab ho jaayega. Chehre sab same, thakane wale... Aur kisi se baat nahi kar paayegi.

WIFE. Italian seekh lungi. Pisa mein sirf tower nahi. University hai.

HUSBAND. University ke liye tu old hai.

WIFE. Seekhne mein kabhi der nahi. Mujhe padhne ka shauk hai. Aur Pisa backwater nahi hai. Wahan international airport hai.

HUSBAND. Duniya ghoomna chahti hai? Itna paisa kahan se laayegi?

WIFE. Ab mera husband provide karega! Dhyaan nahi diya, main Italian se shaadi kar rahi hoon.

HUSBAND. Aisi baat par dhyaan kaise na de?! Italians log rich hain! Sab. Paise hain bas isliye ki Italians hain. Wahan aise hi one-room apartment mein baithegi

jaise yahan, lekin pasta hai! Ha-ha! Tu toh pasta se nafrat karti hai! Pasta aur one-room apartment — Italian standards mein luxurious hai! Wahan teri site nahi hogi. Aur naya husband tujhe Lermontov-Pushkin places nahi le jaayega. Usko afford nahi hoga — yahan se wahan.

WIFE. Koi baat nahi! Dante-Gogol places dekhungi! Apartment ki baat hai toh uske paas one-room bhi nahi hai.

HUSBAND. Shared flat mein rehta hai? Actually Italy poora shared flat hai.

WIFE. Woh castle mein rehta hai. Apna.

HUSBAND. Bechari! Woh tujhe darkaar kaam karwayega! Pata hai yeh castles! Paisa khaate hain! Repair, heating, kerosene, matches... Italy mein sab ke liye paisa dena padta hai! Kanjoos country!

WIFE. Tourists dete hain. Woh castle tours karaata hai.

HUSBAND. Left dekho — armour mein bekaar knight! 12th century. Right dekho — 20th century. Meri Russian biwi-haramzaadi! Bed mein nangi! Kahan mili yeh Italian?

WIFE. Matrimonial ads mein dekha.

HUSBAND. Meri high-moral librarian dreamer ne systematic search kiya!

WIFE. Haan, maine choose kiya.

HUSBAND. Aur kya baat pasand aayi? Castle Pisa mein?

WIFE. Jo aadmi apne castle mein rehta hai, woh attractive hai.

HUSBAND. Mota, chhota, baal wala, tedhi-tedhi tango wala buddha.

WIFE. Average height, solid, charming aur mere old slippers se 4 saal chhota.

HUSBAND. Kaunsi slippers?

WIFE. Teri old slippers — main. Bhool gaya?

HUSBAND. Toh photos exchange kiye? Usne tujhe koi Italian actor bheja. Tune usse 16 saal ki apni photo. Rome airport mein tum dono ko unpleasant surprises honge.

WIFE. Woh Moscow aaya tha. Mere liye.

HUSBAND (explode hota hai). Hotel mein jaati thi? Haramzaadi!

WIFE. Health warning. Pepper spray dangerous hai.

HUSBAND. Tu gas spray kyun kar rahi hai logon par? Kya tu police hai?

WIFE. Tere paas fists, mere paas gas. Equality important hai. Ab jawab deti hoon. Hotel nahi gayi. Museum gaye. Main use wahan le gayi jahan guarantee tha ki tujhse na milun.

HUSBAND. Restaurant gaye?

WIFE. Abhi nahi. Time hai.

HUSBAND. Kanjoos hai tera Italian! Shaadi karna chahta hai, restaurant par bachat.

WIFE. Usko blacken nahi kar paayega! Usne mera passport aur ticket diya. Restaurant main life mein sirf ek baar gayi.

HUSBAND. Kab?

WIFE (nostalgically). Aur woh bhi din mein. Humare team ne library centenary celebrate kiya. 5 रुपये each aur Metropolitan mein maze kiye! Luxurious! Umeed hai mera naya husband kabhi-kabhi mujhe restaurant le jaayega!

HUSBAND. Woh young, generous, castle owner, Italy mein kyun nahi dhoondh paaya? Ad ke through kyun dhoondh raha hai?

WIFE. Russia ko bachpan se pyaar. Hamesha Russian se shaadi karna chahta tha.

HUSBAND. Yeh toh samajh mein aata hai! Free maid. Tu uske liye khana banayegi, kapde dhoyegi, saaf karegi...

WIFE. Jaise life bhar! Sirf Italy mein. Change of scene!

HUSBAND. Tujhe pata hai New Guinea ki auratein trend mein hain? Kya pata woh tujhe Papua New Guinean se replace kar de? Hamesha trend follow karega?

WIFE. Woh sab se zyada value karta hai mysterious Slavic soul. Uski zindagi bhar main hi kaafi hoon. Main limitless new experiences hoon. Inexhaustible.

HUSBAND. Kya woh impotent toh nahi? Tune check kiya?

WIFE. Kyun? Itni saari qualities ke saamne yeh chhoti si kami main notice bhi nahi karungi. Is department mein main spoiled nahi hoon. Aadat hai. Pepper spray ready hai. Ab muh mod! Mujhe kapde pehenne hain.

HUSBAND. Pagal ho gayi! Samajh aata agar utarti! Aur tu pehen rahi hai. Toh muh modne ka kya matlab?

WIFE. Teri tension ho rahi hai. Main pehente waqt extra sexy lagti hoon. Kisi ko excite nahi karna chahti.

HUSBAND. Nangi ya pehni hui, farak nahi padta! Mujhe same hai.

WIFE. Sorry. Main abhi bhi gender difference feel karti hoon. Isliye, agar tujhe same hai, toh plz muh mod!

HUSBAND muh mod leta hai.

HUSBAND. Yakeen nahi hota!

WIFE. Pisa se beta ko phone karungi.

HUSBAND. Passport aur ticket dikha!

WIFE. Maa ke paas. Airport jaate waqt utha loongi.

HUSBAND. Toh teri maa ne sab organize kiya?

WIFE. Main khud badi ho gayi hoon. Muh mod kar dekh.

HUSBAND dekhta hai aur ek stylish elegant aurat dikhti hai.

WIFE. Toh?

HUSBAND. Kya?

WIFE. Soch main football match hoon. Europe ke saamne sharam toh nahi aayegi?
Haath mat lagana! Ab tera nahi! Platonically enjoy kar. Toh?

HUSBAND. Waah!

WIFE. Kaisa?

HUSBAND. Yeh hai. Mere liye kabhi itna effort nahi kiya.

WIFE. Suit — uska gift. Tu ne kabhi aisa kuch dene ki koshish nahi ki. Ab mujhe
jaana hai.

HUSBAND. Ruk! Tu serious hai?

WIFE. Tujhe der tak doubt nahi hoga. Shaam ko Pisa se phone karungi.

HUSBAND. Kyun?

WIFE. Kyun kya?

HUSBAND. Kyun mujhe chhod kar ja rahi hai? Samajh nahi aata. Mujhe lagta hai
yeh mere saath nahi ho raha. Humare saath nahi. Kisi aur, bewakoof logon ke
saath! Main wahi hoon, aur tu pagal ho gayi hai.

WIFE. Thoda baith jaate hain. Life beet gayi. Pehle main pyaar ki sapna dekhti thi.
Phir bas attention aur decency chahti thi. Baad mein bas courtesy se khush hoti.

HUSBAND. Main tujhse pyaar nahi karta?

WIFE. Pyaar — jab tu raat bhar baith kar mere sone ka dekhta rahe aur rahat se
rooh jhume. Pyaar — jab meri awaz tere liye kisi bhi music se zyada sexy ho aur
snowflakes se soft. Pyaar — jab tere ek nazar se mere gaal lal ho jayein aur hoth
sukh jayein... Pyaar — jab chhoti judai hamesha ke liye ho, aur mulakaat, chahe
woh minute-minute expected ho, achanak ho. Pyaar — jab hamesha tension rehti
hai aur neend mein bhi gale lagao.

HUSBAND. Aur yeh sab tu Pisa mein dhoondh rahi hai?

WIFE. Yeh sab mujhe kabhi nahi milega. Maine tujhse pyaar ki umeed chhod di.

HUSBAND. Toh kyun ja rahi hai?

WIFE. Zero se shuru karna chahti hoon.

HUSBAND. Kyun sure hai ki yeh tera Pisan zero tujhse flirt karega?

WIFE. Wahan upbringing aisa hai. Bachpan se maa, behen, saas — har aurat ki respect karte hain. Aur biwi ki bhi! Aur apni bhi! Aakhri baat tujhe samajhna mushkil hai. Main respect chahti hoon. Guaranteed. Aur akelapan, neglect, pyaar na hona — main aadi hoon. Kya khona hai? Kya yaad rakhna? Sirf umeedein aur khoi hui illusions.

HUSBAND. Library mein kaam ke faal! Kitaabon ke beech rehna aurat ke liye normal nahi!

WIFE. Revolutionary idea!

HUSBAND. Life books jaisi nahi.

WIFE. Kitaabein alag hain. Tu hai ke nahi, lekin humari zindagi kuch kitaabon jaisi hai.

HUSBAND. Main agree nahi ki main tujhse pyaar nahi karta.

WIFE. Tu mujhse pyaar karta hai?

HUSBAND. Pyaar karta hoon aise nahi... Lekin keh nahi sakta ki pyaar nahi.

WIFE. Old slippers waali baat yaad hai. Ab jaana hai. Alvida! Bechara, tujhe yaad karne ke liye kuch nahi hoga!

HUSBAND (khushi aur simplicity se). Yaad aaya! Yaad aaya shaadi kaise hui! Main ZAGS ke liye thoda late ho gaya. Kyonki so gaya. Pehle raat der tak jaaga. Subah kya-kya, hangover... shower, shirt... Sanya kefir ke liye gaya aur der tak wapas nahi aaya...

Phone rings.

WIFE. Yeh mera hai! (Phone leti hai). Mamma? Haan! Abhi nikal rahi hoon! Main door par hoon. Nahi, late nahi hoongi. Registration ke shuru mein kyun pohanchna? End mein bhi chalega. Theek hai, niche aao. Theek hai, mujhe staircase mein wait karo. (Phone rakhti hai). Tu ZAGS ke liye ek ghante se zyada late tha.

HUSBAND. Itni detail yaad nahi. Lekin achhe se yaad hai teri maa mujh par kitni naraaz thi. Teeth ke saath congratulate kiya aur poora shaadi mein gussa rehti.

WIFE. Kya use samajhna mushkil hai? Tune late hone ke liye maafi bhi nahi maangi. Main relatives ke saamne kaise dikhi? Pregnant, aur tu aaya nahi. Aur achanak taxi se koodta hai, kisi ladki ko laata hai aur hasta hai.

HUSBAND. Ladki ka kuch nahi. Hostel ki thi. Uska boyfriend usse pehle raat chhod gaya. Sanya ne uthaya aur humare bachelor party mein laaya. Taaki akeli na mare. Sanya use pasand kar raha tha. Woh use saath ghuma raha tha, aur woh apne boyfriend ke saath maan gayi. Mera kuch nahi.

WIFE. Shayed Sanya ko pasand aayi. Lekin use tu pasand aaya! Woh shaadi ki mehaz mein bhi tere saath flirt kar rahi thi! Ek taraf main, doosri taraf woh!

HUSBAND. Naam bhi yaad nahi! Tu use kyun yaad kar rahi hai?

WIFE. Naam yaad nahi, lekin laaya! Aur meri shaadi ka mahaul kharab kiya! Main pregnant thi, face par spots, aur woh slim aur arrogant. Tere saath dance kiya, gale lagi. Aur tu usse pyar se dekh raha tha. Aur peeta raha. Aur log mera mazaak uda rahe the, koi sympathy de raha tha. Main kitni unhappy thi, kitni insulted! Aur yeh shaadi! Zindagi ka sabse important din! Usne veil pehenna chaaha, aur tune bina poochhe mujhse utaar kar use pehnaya. Woh meri veil mein tera haath pakad kar sab ke saamne nakhre kar rahi thi: "Hum kaise lag rahe hain?". Aur acting kar rahi thi jaise uski bhi pet ho. "Hum apne baby ka kya naam rakhenge?". Aur sab hasthe the! Aur tu abhi bhi sochta hai meri maa tujhse kyun nafrat karti hai! (Rotii hai).

HUSBAND (strictly). Utthi aur chali jaati! Mujh par thook ke chali jaati! Main khud tere paas aata. Ya nahi aata. Agar tu khud se pyaar aur respect nahi karti, toh mujhse kya chahti thi? Kitaabon mein pride kyun nahi seekha? Roof thi! Maa thi! Degree thi! Kya baccha nahi paalti? Ya bina husband ke bachcha paida karna galat hai? Aur us ladke ke saath bed mein jaana theek hai jisne tujhse pyaar nahi maanga? Aur jisne itna na kaha ki tujhse soone ko? Bas piya hua tha! Isliye zyada pyaar kiya. Aur mujhe kya, tujhse shaadi karne ka shauk tha? Sirf isliye ki tu pregnant thi? Main toh kisi se pyaar bhi nahi kiya tha! Itni ladkiyan! Aankhen phatti rehti hain! Aur yahan shaadi karo! Aur teri maa taane deti, ki flat ke liye shaadi kar raha hoon. Aur mujhe 2 saal baad flat milna tha! Fansi hi jaani thi, shaadi nahi! Main mazaak uda raha tha. Kya main udaas aur dukhi hota toh achha hota? Shaadi kyun ki? Lagta tha tu thodi mental hai. Aur main guilty feel karta. Maine shaadi ki kyunki decent insaan hoon. Shaadi karni thi, lekin pyaar karna zaroori nahi! Mujhe woh shaadi kyun yaad rakhni? Mera body toh bhool raha hai. Dukhi din tha!

WIFE. Tune yeh kabhi nahi kaha.

HUSBAND. Aur abhi bhi galat kaha. Auraton ko aisa nahi kehna chahiye. Galat kaha! Dimaag mein mat lena! Ab toh... Chalo, suitcase taxi tak le jaata hoon! (Suitcase leta hai). Ab toh mujhse nafrat karegi.

WIFE. Nahi, mujhe tujh par taras aata hai. Mera luck zyada achha tha. Main toh pyaar karti thi. Chahe reciprocate nahi. Itne saal umeed mein ji ki tu mujhe dekhe aur pyaar kare. Aur teri zindagi kharab ki. Tu bina pyaar ke ji liya.

HUSBAND. Kabhi notice nahi kiya ki tu mujhse pyaar karti thi. Chalo, ya toh zero par late ho jaayegi! Pyaar karti thi! Hasna aa raha hai! Chalo!

WIFE. Hasna? Ruk! Main pyaar karti thi!!! Mujhe tujhe yeh kehna chahiye!

HUSBAND. Karz maaf! Chalo! Ab apne Pisan zero ko dimaag mat khao!

WIFE. Jab tak na bataun nahi jaungi!

HUSBAND (firmly aur demonstratively baith jaata hai). Kar! Sochta hoon, main shock ho jaunga! 20 saal ke baad pata chale ki tujhse pyaar karta tha — kuch toh hai. Main sunta hoon. Worth it hai.

Pause.

WIFE (quietly). Yaad hai pehli baar kaise mile?

HUSBAND. Dhundla. Agar matter karta hai toh yaad dila.

WIFE. Teri hostel ki library mein practice thi. Tu ek baar aaya aur Bulgaria ke baare mein kuch maanga. Isliye maine dhyaan diya. Uncommon. Ek ladka jo travel ka sapna dekhta hai.

HUSBAND. Travel ke baare mein maine bola?

WIFE. Nahi, khud socha, kyunki main bhi dream karti thi.

HUSBAND. Mujhe Bulgaria kyun chahiye tha? A-aa... Main ek sexy Bulgarian girl ko impress kar raha tha!

WIFE. Hum baat karne lage. Pata chala dono "Travel Club" pasand karte hain. Toh tune mujhe galat bataya?

HUSBAND. Sab aadmi bas yahi karte hain, auraton ko galat batana. Aur kya — main tujhe Bulgarian ke baare mein batata?

WIFE. Kya risk tha? Honest hota. Aur teri life alag hoti.

HUSBAND. Main ladkiyon par practice kar raha tha — age-related. Aur hostel mein kam se kam ek non-dumb ladki milna achha tha. Aur tu funny thi. Glasses girte rehte. Aur tu tab pakadti jab woh gir jaate. Aur main sochta — kitni baar toote hain?

WIFE. Maine sab friends se poochha, bahut si libraries gayi aur tere liye bahut si books collect ki. Khud tera room dhoondh kar books di.

HUSBAND. Yaad hai, yaad hai... Kya surprise tha!

WIFE. Aur tu nahi tha!... Maine books tere roommate ko di. Ek hafta, mahina beeta, aur tu thank you kehne bhi nahi aaya.

HUSBAND. Main toh us Bulgarian ke saath Sochi gaya tha. Aur books, shayed, aakhir mein tujhe wapas kiya.

WIFE. Main khud lene gayi. Mujhe nahi pata tha teri koi Bulgarian hai.

HUSBAND. Hum aa gaye. Sochi ke baad.

WIFE. Haan? Tu disappointed tha?

HUSBAND. Disappointed? Nahi... Pasand thi. Bold, beautiful.

WIFE. Usne tujhe chhoda?

HUSBAND. Shayad, lekin yaad nahi. 20 saal ho gaye.

WIFE. Kyun chhoda?

HUSBAND. Shaadi chahti thi.

WIFE. Aur tu?

HUSBAND. Obviously nahi.

WIFE. Tu usse shaadi nahi karna chahta tha?

HUSBAND. Woh matter nahi karti! Main shaadi hi nahi karna chahta tha. Woh time mein kaunsa husband?

WIFE. Toh jab main books ke liye aayi, tu Bulgarian se break up kar chuka tha?

HUSBAND. Maybe... Ya baad mein?... Yaad nahi! Kya farak padta hai?

WIFE. Tujhe yaad hai main minute ke liye aayi, aur subah tak rahi?

HUSBAND. Turant? Pehli baar?

WIFE. Haan.

HUSBAND. Toh Bulgarian nahi thi. Phir tu gayab ho gayi. Bahut der!

WIFE. 7 mahine.

HUSBAND. Kahan gayi?

WIFE. Tere paas mera phone number tha.

HUSBAND. Main sab numbers khota hoon.

WIFE. Aur main beemaar ho gayi, tera phone wait karte hue. Psychological ho gaya. Pregnancy ki wajah se bhi. Wazan kam ho gaya. Roz roti thi.

HUSBAND. Kya humne phone karne ki baat ki thi?

WIFE. Nahi, aisi koi baat nahi. Maine bas number diya. Lekin tune toh nahi kaha ki phone nahi karoge!

HUSBAND. Kaun ladkiyon ko aisa kehta hai? Kabhi pata nahi — phone karne ka mood hoga ya nahi.

WIFE. Tera mood nahi tha?

HUSBAND. Bas number kho diya. Agar na hota toh phone karta shayed.

WIFE. Main bahut khush thi! Pata nahi tha ki phone karoge. Wait kiya... Phir samajh gayi ki jhooth.

HUSBAND. Aa gaye! Jhooth! Abhi pata chala, promise nahi kiya tha!

WIFE. Lekin... us sab ke baad... Tu mera pehla tha...

HUSBAND. Batana chaahiye tha! Main na karta. Toh tune mujhe jhooth bola! Aur 7 mahine baad teri maa aati hai aur teeth ke saath kehti hai ki mera bachcha hone waala hai.

WIFE. Maine use mat aane ko kaha.

HUSBAND. Achha nahi kaha! Aur abortion kyun nahi karwaya?

WIFE (shocked). Tu puchh raha hai ki maine humare Lyolik ko kyun nahi maara?

HUSBAND. Phir kaun jaanta tha ki Lyolik hoga?!

WIFE. Main jaanti thi!

HUSBAND. Aaj tak samajh nahi aata kyun shaadi ki? Teri maa mujhe pehle din pasand nahi aayi. Bachcha matter nahi karta. Kyun shaadi ki?

WIFE. Shayed kyunki main tujhse pyaar karti thi?

HUSBAND. Toh tu pyaar kehti hai? Nahi, mere ko impress nahi kiya. Pyaar — talent hai! Gaaney ya painting jaisa. Aur yeh talent sab mein nahi hota. Bura mat maan, lekin tujh mein nahi.

WIFE. Tujhe kya pata? Main tujhse pyaar karti thi, aur tu toh kabhi kisi se pyaar nahi kiya!

HUSBAND. Kiya.

WIFE. Mujhse pehle?

HUSBAND. Is baare mein nahi. Der ho gayi! Uthaana kyun? Sab settle ho gaya.

WIFE. Ek bata! Mujhse pehle pyaar kiya?

HUSBAND. Nahi chahta.

WIFE. Zindagi mein ek baar sach bol sakta hai? Ab dar kyun? Main udd jaungi, udd jaungi! Nahi rukungi! Tension mat lo!

HUSBAND. Bas hurt nahi karna chahta.

WIFE. Ab yaad aaya! Ek bata! Woh mujhse pehle tha? Plz! Mujhse pehle?

HUSBAND. Nahi.

Phone rings.

(Phone mein). Haan? (Phone WIFE ko deta hai). Tera!

WIFE. Hello! Mamma? Sheremetyevo mein milein! Registration counter par.

Sorry! Haan, thanks. Haan! Abhi nikal rahi hoon! Maine kaha, mamma! Abhi nikal rahi hoon (Phone rakhti hai). Toh woh mere saamne tha?!

HUSBAND. Tu late ho jaayegi. Nahi chahta teri life phir se kharab karun!

WIFE. Main touched hoon. Meri tension mat lo! Woh mere saamne tha?

HUSBAND. Oh Bhagwan! Haan!

WIFE. Kab?

HUSBAND. Abhi yaad karta hoon... Lyolik do saal ka tha...

WIFE. Uss summer! Tune mujhe Lyolik ke saath dacha bheja, aur tu... Isliye shayed hi aata tha... Aur main wait karti thi! Trains ke paas jaati thi. Rowan berries ki mala banati thi, mujhe suit karti thi...

HUSBAND. Summer matter nahi karta. Woh summer, spring, winter, autumn — 5 saal tha.

WIFE. 5 saal double life?! 5 saal girlfriend thi?! (Achanak us par haath uthaati hai). Aur mere saath soya! Library se humein pick karta?! South le jaata! Kitna kamina hai tu! Hum dance floor par ghoomte the! Ladte! Maan jaate! Aur teri hamesha girlfriend thi!

HUSBAND. Ruk! Girlfriend nahi thi! Uske saath kuch nahi tha!

WIFE (achanak quiet). Woh tujhse pyaar nahi karti thi?

HUSBAND. Tu mujhe beech mein kyun ghaseet rahi hai? Ab aur nahi uthaana chahta dil se.

WIFE. Sirf ek baat bata — woh tujhse pyaar nahi karti thi? Main thi, aur tu bebas doosri aurat se pyaar karta tha?

HUSBAND. Bebas! Reciprocate! Matter woh nahi! Pyaar! Pyaar apne aap sab kuch badal deta hai.

WIFE. Toh woh tujhse pyaar nahi karti thi?

HUSBAND. Karti thi.

WIFE. Karti thi?!... Toh tu uske paas kyun nahi chala gaya?

HUSBAND. Nahi gaya.

WIFE. Woh married thi?

HUSBAND. Nahi.

WIFE. Toh kyun?

HUSBAND. Ab matter nahi karta!

WIFE. Shuru kiya toh khatam kar! Ek baar poora bata! Kyun nahi chhoda?

HUSBAND. Iske liye maaf!

WIFE. Kyun, kyun, saale, kyun nahi chhoda?

HUSBAND (chillata hai). Kahan chhodta?! Kahan jaata? Der ho gayi!... Tu aur beta tha! Der ho gayi jaane mein! Der!!!

WIFE. Mujhe pity kiya...

HUSBAND. Pity kiya. Tujhe aur beta. Ab iske liye maaf!

WIFE. Tujhe meri pity nahi chahiye thi, nahi! Chhod deta toh achha hota! Aur shayed main kisi aur ke saath khush hoti!

HUSBAND. Toh tu aisa nahi sochti thi.

Pause.

WIFE. Woh mujhse chhoti hai?

HUSBAND. Woh mujhse bhi badi thi.

WIFE. Kitni?

HUSBAND. Kya farak padta hai?

WIFE. Ab toh 50 se upar hogi?

HUSBAND. Toh kya?

WIFE. Beautiful thi?

HUSBAND. Maine dhyan nahi diya!

WIFE. Ugly?

HUSBAND. Unremarkable. Jab ghabraati thi, aankhen tedhi ho jaati thi.

WIFE. Budhi, ugly, aur squint. Unmarried. Husband ne chhora?

HUSBAND. Nahi poochha. Shayad husband hi nahi tha. Sirf beta.

WIFE. Tu itne pyaar se yaad kar raha hai ki obviously usse pyaar na hona mushkil. Shayad usko men mein bahut success mila!

HUSBAND. Kaunsi success? Kaun se men? Kya bol rahi hai? Log approach karte the, lekin woh apna dhyan rakh leti.

WIFE. Toh sirf tu use pasand karta tha. Lekin tu kyun?!

HUSBAND. Pata nahi. Aise ho gaya. Intentional nahi. Bas ek din samajh aaya ki pehle se pyaar karta hoon.

WIFE. Aur pyaar kaise chala?

HUSBAND. Khaas kuch nahi. Bas uski taraf kheench tha. Zyada waqt saath bitaane ki koshish. Weekends se nafrat. Do din uske bina. In do dinon mein dar lagta tha ki kabhi na dekhun. Kya pata woh chali jaaye... Aur duniya itni badi, uljhi, samajh mein na aane waali... Aur mere haath mein kuch nahi. Aur yeh chamatkar tha ki har Monday main use dubara dekhta tha. Humare beech kuch roshni thi, lekin bahut naazuk.

WIFE. Yaad aaya! Tujhe 40 fever aur kaano mein dard tha. Tu poora soojh gaya tha. Lekin office gaya... Uske liye?

HUSBAND. Haan.

WIFE. Aur tumhare beech kabhi kuch nahi hua? Kabhi nahi?

HUSBAND. Ek baar.

WIFE. Ek baar? Ek? (Hasti hai). Yakeen nahi.

HUSBAND. Uske bags uthane mein help ki. Woh beemaar thi, aur Mytishchi mein rehti thi. Maine kaha. Pahunch gaye. Usne andar bulaya. Wooden house ke doosre floor par chaar flats the. Mujhe achha laga. Heater jalaya. Chai pi. Uske bete ko maths mein help kiya. Simple problem mein der lag gayi. Woh hum par hasti thi. Woh aur uska beta hamesha ek doosre ko tease karte the... Kitna hasse! Kya yaad nahi. Lekin zindagi mein itna nahi hasss kabhi.

WIFE. Aur hassi band hui toh kya?

HUSBAND. Ghar chala gaya. Turant nahi. Pehle der tak city mein ghooma aur sochta raha. Aur samajh gaya ki dubara dekha toh uske saath reh jaunga. Agle din resign kar diya. Alvida bhi nahi kaha. Risk nahi liya.

WIFE. Strange. Hero jaise nahi lagta! Aur dubara kabhi nahi dekha? Kabhi nahi?

HUSBAND. Ek baar dekha.

WIFE. Tera sab ek baar! Kab?

HUSBAND. Recently.

WIFE. Acha? Recently?

HUSBAND. Accidentally. Metro mein.

WIFE. Baat hui?

HUSBAND. Nahi, baat nahi hui lekin...

WIFE. Aur woh kaisi lag rahi thi?

HUSBAND. Kya farak padta hai?!

WIFE. Aur kya? Dil dhadka?

HUSBAND. Dhadka — na dhadka! Time ho gaya! Varna apna Pisan zero miss kar dega! Aaj kal Slavic souls Russia se groups mein nikal rahe hain.

WIFE. Namaste toh kiya?

HUSBAND. Aise keh sakte ho.

WIFE. Ya thank you ki ek doosre ko yaad kiya? Aur kehne ko kuch nahi? Illusion turant toot gaya? Aur is illusion ke neeche humari story mar gayi.

HUSBAND. Doors band ho rahi thi jab maine use dekha. Woh mujhe dekh rahi thi. Aur jab aankhein mili, woh chillai aur doors kholne ki koshish ki. Main bhaaga aur doors kholne laga. Time nahi mila. Train use le gayi. Woh kitni royi!

Pause.

WIFE. Kya? Woh mujhse better kya hai?

Pause.

WIFE. Main jaunga, tu usse shaadi karega?

HUSBAND. Der ho gayi. Past mein wapas nahi ja sakte. Maine choice kiya. Shayad galat. Lekin destiny kabhi doosra mauka nahi deti.

WIFE. Aur mera time ho gaya. Tujhe thank you kehna chahti hoon. Thank you ki tune mujhe nahi chhoda. Pity kiya... Main survive nahi karti. Pata nahi pyaar karna aata hai ya nahi, lekin kabhi apne aap ko tere bina imagine nahi kar sakti. Aur main bhaagti thi! Toy jaise. Library mein. Yaad hai wahan store room mein ek bed bhi tha Lyolik ke liye. Aur bahut si strong books ke biofields teri apyaar se meri raksha karte the. Aur shaam ko tu humein lene aata. Aur main samajhti thi tu mujhe kitna pyara hai.

HUSBAND. Family life bhi Leaning Tower of Pisa jaisi hai. Gir rahi hai, gir rahi hai, lekin lagta hai kabhi nahi giregi. Kaun jaanta hai? Teri accidental pregnancy, meri shaadi ki majboori, humari ladai aur tension, meri infidelity aur drinking, teri umeedein aur disappointments, gussa aur patience, yeh sab destiny hai jo mysterious way mein aurat aur aadmi ko baandhti hai... Family bahut kuch grind karti hai aur tolerate karti hai... ya destroy ho jaati hai. Mujhe tere bina bura lagega. Mujhe abhi itna bura lag raha hai jaise zindagi mein kabhi nahi laga.

Phone rings.

WIFE (phone leti hai). Haan! Abhi yahan. Haan, time nahi ho paaya. Maaf, mamma, plz maaf kar, gussa mat ho. Yeh aakhri flight nahi hai Rome ke liye! Agli flight mein jaungi! Maaf, maaf... (Phone rakhti hai). Dekha, late ho gayi... Agli flight mein jaungi?

HUSBAND. Agli kab hai?

WIFE. Pata nahi.

The End.