

## Humanity: The Sole Divinity One Act Play

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The characters in this One Act Play do not aim at any individual either dead or alive. These characters are fictitiously fabricated.

### Characters:

Abraham: A Pseudo Friar settled in London from Andhra Pradesh, India  
 Peter: The follower of Abraham settled in London from Andhra Pradesh, India  
 Manu: A Pseudo Hindu Priest settled in London from Delhi, India  
 Bhaku: A Pseudo Muslim settled in London from Delhi, India  
 Threeveniyya: (Kojja) A eunuch  
 Man-raj: An English blind beggar  
 Pooraiyah: An English poor beggar  
 Dr. Mercy: An English Woman, a perfect human being.

### Humanity: The Sole Divinity

Act I

*(The scene is at a corner of London Bridge, London, England. People move fast on their bikes like Waste Landers. Their faces are drab and desolate).*

Folk: *(a few grim faced bike riders enter the stage, one after another, as if they ride bikes):* Brr. .rrrrr. . .rrrrr. . . rrrrrr.. . . . *(There is a din).*  
*(Abraham, a lout and jester, enters with his follower, Peter, who claims himself as a great translator from English to Telugu. Abraham is a very black, who is clad in soiled and wrinkled suit that is short and shabby. He is like a perfect jester. He looks at all the travelers amusingly).*  
 Abraham: *(in his ecstasy):* Oh! How beautiful is this London Bridge! It is like Pandora's Box. People are like vultures moving fast like sinful souls gliding fast on the devils' back. *(Widening his eyes)* I stop them with my mystic, sonorous voice. I think it's a perfect place to preach the gospel of Christ . . . and earn handful of money. *(Hazily takes the mike and steps onto the pedestal and shouts)* My brothers and sisters in Christ! *(Looks around himself confusingly in search of Peter)* Where are you my translator, lame Peter!?  
 Peter: *(comes beside Abraham, limping and giggling unnecessarily):* Hi! . . .hi. . . hhhiiii. . . .hiiii . . . . .  
 Abraham: *(seriously):* Stop!  
 Peter: *(submissively):* I obey your order. Okay, my brother!  
 Abraham: Brother! I am not your brother. Call me Master.  
 Peter: You have just now addressed everyone 'my brothers and sisters'.  
 Abraham: That epithet, "Brother", is as per the scriptures. Stop your mystical questions and translate my words exactly into Telugu.  
 Peter: Okay, My Master.  
 Abraham: All is well. All is well.  
 Peter: *Anth baavi. . Antha baavi. . !* *(Everything is about well)*

- Abraham: (*looking seriously at Peter for wrong translation*): All are going well.
- Peter: *Andaru lotu baaviloki velthunnaru*. (Everyone is going into a deep chaotic well).
- Abraham: (*hitting his palm on his forehead*): You fool! It doesn't mean 'Andaru lotu baaviloki Velthunnaru'. It does mean 'All are very fine'.
- Peter: (*looking awkwardly at Abraham*): Does it mean 'andaru penalty kattali'!? (Everyone has to pay fine).
- Abraham: (*folds his tongue and hits on the head of Peter*): Vedava! (Fool) 'All are very fine' means 'andaru baagunnaru ani'
- Peter: (*looks at Abraham from head to toe wagging awkwardly*): Master! It seems that you are good enough in Telugu. Why do you need a great translator like me? (*Turns abruptly aside and starts moving away*).
- Abraham: (*shouts seriously*): I want to preach in my British Master's language. This is what the Pastors do these days. This English language only joins me elite group of Intellectuals.
- Peter: (*as if moving away*): am very loathsome to be with you. . Adieu! Adieu!!
- Abraham: (*cursing*): Peter! Go to hell! I get another translator.
- Peter: (*folding his two hands, sarcastically*): It's enough. . enough. . . I take leave from you. Take care of yourself. (*Mockingly*) Pseudo pastors are beaten everywhere. Be careful. . . Don't try to be on the razor's edge. . . . I'm leaving . . . leaving you to your fate.
- Abraham: (*clasping the hand of Peter*): Please stay with me. Please stay with me. . I beseech you don't leave me alone please. . . . Please stop! Stop!! I don't intervene in your translation. . . Please stay with me. .
- Peter: (*freeing his hand from crocodile hold of Abraham*): Will you give me half of your earning today?
- Abraham: Okay! Read out the fixed rates I gave to you.
- Peter: (*submissively*): I abide by your orders, my lord! (*Takes out a chart from the handbag*): My people! Pay attention to these fixed rates! The fixed rates are for anointing prayer Rs 400, for confession Rs. 500, for baptism Rs. 100, and for personal prayer Rs. 300.
- Abraham: My brothers and sisters! This concession will be given to you! Be hazy! Utilize this opportunity! If you want all the four, we give concession.
- Peter: Hurry up! Hurry up! My people!
- Abraham: Hurry up! Don't die as a sinner . . . . If you die so, you will be suffering in Hell eternally . . . Get concession and confession today.
- Peter: (*shouts loudly*): Hurry up! My brothers and sisters!
- Abraham: My brethren! I'm the way, the truth, and the life to reach heaven.
- Peter: Is it yourself, my master!? It was said by Christ. You know?
- Abraham: You. . . . Officious vainglorious lout! Keep quite! Don't pester my mind. Call the sinners out.
- Peter: Yes, master.
- Abraham: Hurry up! (*The whole place is replete with reverberation*) I will make you free from your sins. I am the only saviour. (*Looks at Peter*) Peter! Translate my words!
- Peter: (*confusingly scratching his head*): What did you say?
- Abraham: I'm the saviour. . . .
- Peter: 'Nene rakshakudanu, Nene rakshakudanu' (I'm the saviour)
- Abraham: Hey! Useless translator! You are not the saviour. Say sonorously I'm the saviour. . . .
- Peter: (*putting his hands on his bosom*): "Abraham chebuthunnaadu Nenu rakshakudani." (I'm the saviour. . . .)
- Abraham: (*hitting his palms to his forehead, loudly*): O! My goodness! "Nuvvu Naa burra bhakshakudavu". (You are my brain eater).  
(*As they are in their hectic business, Manu, a pseudo Hindu Priest, enters. He is a dwarf clad in traditional priestly attire: Dhoti and white thread draped from neck to waist. His forehead is laden with red vermilion powder. With an urn in his hand, he walks awkwardly because of his fat buttocks. He is on his way to a Hindu temple*).
- Manu: (*walking awkwardly, chanting mantras, and murmuring*): By all means, I have to extract more offerings from devotees today. (*stops and stares at Abraham and Peter who are trying to enthrall the vulnerable people*).

- Peter: My dear brethren! I read out the fair fixed rates! Please pay heed to this! We charge for anointing Rs 400, for confession Rs. 500, for baptism Rs. 100, and for personal prayer Rs. 300.
- Manu: *(stares at them and contemplates keeping his forefinger on his lips)*: Oh! This is the simple way of earning handful of money. Nothing comes from the temple, and from a few Hindu devotees' offerings. But this centre is like a carnival. I too can earn money easily.  
*(Manu climbs on to the same pedestal. Abraham and Peter look at Manu disgustingly, as if Manu is their perpetual foe.)*
- Abraham: *(seriously tilting his head toward Manu)*: Hay! Who are you?
- Manu: *(recklessly)*: Manu
- Abraham: This is my centre. I have occupied it first. Please go to another centre.
- Manu: *(snubs, and murmurs mantras, searches for something in his handbag)*: Where is my idol? *(In confusion, questioning himself)* Where is my idol?
- Peter: *(shouts loudly)*: You. . . Fool, clad in filthy attire! Pay attention to my master's words!
- Manu: *(Takes some water from his urn and sprinkles upon the head of Peter)*: Om. . .oooom. . .ooooooom. . . Shanthi. . . Shanthi. . . . Shanthi comes to you, sinner. God's peace is upon you. . .
- Peter: *(looks around eagerly)*: What is the meaning of Shanthi? Where is Shanthi? Has Shanthi come for confession? If so, I would extract Rs. 500 for the confession from her! Where is she? *(Searches briskly)*
- Manu: Ye! Stupid! Don't you know Telugu? *Shanthi* means Peace. . . *(As Abraham and Peter boggle at Manu's deeds, Manu takes out a small idol from his handbag, keeps it on the ground, anoints the idol with turmeric and vermilion powder, and garlands the idol)*. *(Shouts loudly)* People come to me! Confess your sins before this powerful idol of S-Linga! Get your sins absolved from you. . . This idol will redeem you from your chaos. . .
- Abraham: *(Peter waggles his hands and head as sign of inviting the pedestrians.) (Abraham, as if a barking dog)*: How can the idol absolve sinners from their sins!?
- Manu: *(jeering at the words of Abraham)*: How can your lifeless book . . . *(wags his fists on the face of Abraham)* the Holy Book do it!?
- Abraham: *(hitting his fists against his bosom)*: I have life in my prayer. I have power in the Holy Book. . .
- Manu: *(caressing the thread that is draped around his body)*: I too have life in my mantras and power in this idol. . . *(Turns towards the pedestrians)* Sinners! You are going to Hell on the devils' back. . . Come to me! I will make you glide on Angels' back to Heaven!
- Abraham: Dear sinners! Don't believe his filthy exaggerations in profusion!
- Manu: *(Chants some mantras seriously, awkwardly, and irregularly)*: If you create obstacles for my earning, I will curse you. . .
- Peter: My master also has the power of cursing! Do you know his greatness!?! He cursed a man who did not pay offering, after he had taken 'baptism'. Soon after my master's curse, his wife deserted him . . . *(laughs)*.
- Manu: You . . . jester, lame! I will break your bottom! Shut up your rotten and stinking mouth!
- Peter: How dare you to call me lame!?! *(Limps forward and goes to Manu as if squeezing his neck)*.
- Abraham: *(comes in hazy in between them and puts the Holy Book in between them)*: Stop! Stop! Peter! I will curse this vainglorious nincompoop with my prayers. *(Lifts up his two hands with the Holy Book in his right hand)* O! God! Shower plague upon him! Curse him with blood cancer.
- Peter: *(giggles)*: Why not AIDS?
- Abraham: God told me that the AIDS patients have longer life than Blood Cancer patients.
- Manu: *(within no time, Manu frees himself from the scuffle, bends down, and takes the urn into his hand)*: I curse you with this sacred water . . . This sacred water has been brought from Ganga river. Thus, it has power. . . *(He sprinkles the sacred water on the faces of Abram and Peter)* O! God! I order you! Let them prone to paralysis. . .
- Peter: *(shouts)*: Sinners! Come to the Cross!
- Manu: Sinners! Come to the Idol! *(There is a commotion and scuffle)*.

- (*Bhaku enters. He is a pseudo Muslim, who is clad in Muslim traditional attire with goatee. A broom of peacock feathers and a clay pot are in his hand. The clay pot contains a few half-lit embers that emit smoke when myrrh is sprinkled upon them.*)
- Bhaku: (*Bhaku enters blowing the smoke of myrrh on to the face of Abraham, Peter, and Manu*): Yaaa Lord! Yaaa Lord! Shanthi. . . Shanthi. . . Shanthi. . . (Peace. . . Peace. . . Peace. . .) Hay! Why are you shouting and making mess here!? Divulge the problem to me. I'm here to solve your problems in the name of Lord! (*Lifts up his broom and pot*) Yaaa Lord!
- Peter: (*with a wacky face*): You are the new problem for us. Leave this place. . .
- Bhaku: (*with a questioning face*): Why?
- Manu: Because this centre is ours. . .
- Abraham: (*looks at Bhaku, as if Bhaku is a sinner*): Oh! Sinners! Come to me, I will redeem you from your chronic diseases. I will expel Satan from your lives. . .
- Bhaku: (*looking at Peter*): Why are these people barking at pedestrians like stray dogs?
- Peter: (*moving his neck forward with the piercing eyes*): They are luring people to earn some filthy lucre. . . Can't you guess! Filthy-silty minded jester! Goat-faced fellow!
- Bhaku: (*looking horridly at them*): I too can do the same with these powerful Talismans and with this magic smoke. . . (*Adds some myrrh to the half-lit embers to cause a heavy smoke*).
- Manu: (*very loudly surpassing the voice of Abraham*): I give concession to all types of worships (pujas). Pay attention to my rates! I charge for Pushpaaraadhana (offering flowers to the idol) Rs. 300, for Deepaaraadhana (waving a burning lamp before the idol) Rs. 300, for Dhupaaraadhana (burning incense before the idol) Rs. 300. But, for all the three, I charge only Rs. 500. Come on! Hurry up! Hurry up!
- Peter: (*looking at Abraham*): Master! We also have to decrease charges to lesser than Rs. 100 for all types of rituals.
- Bhaku: (*comes forward*) I only charge Rs. 200 to expel all the evil spirits with the help of this Talisman, and this magic smoke. . . Come! Come to me!  
(*Loud queer voice is heard off the stage*) coming. . coming . . . coming. . .  
(*Threeveniyya, (Kojja), of both sexes, sexual impotent, who is clad in sari perfectly like a woman with long plaited hair beautified with heavy bunch of jasmine flowers, and with heavy decoration, enters the stage with filthy and bawdy language. He walks like a woman. She ogles at and flirts with Abraham. She spirals on her plait's end.*)
- Threeveniyya: (*Twisting her lips and claps her two hands that make big sounds, jerks her bosom*): Baavayya (*Husband*), Nannemaina Magavaadiga marusthava. . . (Can you make me a male being?)  
(*Showing and shaking her bosom*) Nuvvemadigina isthaaa. (I give you whatever you want.)
- Abraham: (*disgustingly, with a wacky face*): Don't use the bawdy language.
- Threeveniyya: (*smiled shyly by adjusting veil on his bosom. She jerks her lips and gives a kiss on air*): God only gave me this body language. (*Flirting*) Can you change my body language . . . Baaavayyyaaaaa (*Husband*). (*Leans forward towards Abraham, jerks bosom*) Naatho vathaaava!? (Will you come with me?)
- Abraham: (*moving backward briskly*): Ye! Don't touch me. . . (*Shows the Holy Book to her*) God will curse you. . . Go away!
- Threeveniyya: (*little seriously*): God had already cursed me by giving this eunuchship. (*claps and lifts her sari up and down*)! Nothing can curse me again. You seem to be very handsome. . . Vasthavaaa? (do come) Baayyaaa (*Husband*)!
- Abraham: (*beseechingly*): Please . . . Please. . . Leave me . . . (*Manu laughs jeeringly*) Look at Manu. He is stronger than me. . .
- Threeveniyya: (*sarcastically looking at Abraham*): Medipandu (Red fruit that belongs to the family of fig fruit) seems to be very attractive. But at the core, there would be worms in it. Similarly . . . (*claps and wags her hands*) it seems that you and your verses are also good for nothing!
- Manu: (*laughs loudly looking at Abraham*): Hey! Hurray! Hi . . Hi. . hi. . hhhhhi. . hhhhhi. .

- Threeveniyya: (*flirts at Manu clapping her two palms with husky voice*): *Baayyaaaaa (Husband)*. You seem to be very strong. Your biceps and shaggy bosom are luring me. . . . Some told me that short men will have a great virility. . . .Do you want to use me . . . .? Can you transform me from this state to a male being!?
- Manu: (*leans backward and keeps S-Linga before her*): My physical and mental strength is this idol of S-Linga only. . . You also worship this S-Linga and leave me!
- Threeveniyya: (*moving her hands hither and thither*): *O! Oho. . . ho. . . hohohohoo. . .* I have seen many S-Lingas, but no S-Linga made me happy . . . and saved me from this condition. . . (*Comes to Manu and clasps his hand*) Can your “S-Linga” free me from this grave condition?  
(*Abraham, Peter, and Bhaku overwhelm by the feeling of joy. They look at Manu and laugh uncontrollably*).
- Manu: (*puts S-Linga on his head and beseeches touching the chin of Threeveniyya*): No. . . . Please . . . Please. . . . I confess and proclaim that my mantras and the idol of S-Linga are not powerful. . . . Please leave me free. . (*Takes out a banana from his bag*) Please . . . take this and leave me free.
- Threeveniyya: (*giggles, claps her hands*): Banana!?! You have no power at all. Keep it with you! It may be useful for you in future.  
(*Bhaku is busy in inviting and attracting the pedestrians by showing Talismans*)
- Bhaku: Come on! My people! This Talisman is the exorcist. This magic smoke exorcises the evil spirits from your body. . . Come on! Hurry up!
- Threeveniyya: (*As the remaining trio is feeling happy, Threeveniyya moves to Bhaku and seizes his hand. Bhaku cries as if a child and bounces up and down fearfully*): What is that announcement!?! *Baavayya. . .*
- Bhaku: Aunty! Sister! Please leave me free. . .
- Threeveniyya: (*rubbing Bhaku’s hand on his bosom*): *Baaavayyaaaa. . .* Can your magic smoke, and Talismans transform me to a male being?
- Bhaku: No. . . . No. . . .
- Threeveniyya: (*flirting and caressing the goatee of Bhaku with husky voice*): *Baavayyaaa!* Does this goatee have power!?! (*In a husky voice*) It is beautiful. . . . Can it transform me?
- Bhaku: (*tilting his head in fear in low voice*): Aunty, I have no power to make you a male being... Aunty, please leave me!
- Threeveniyya: (*sonorously, seriously and aggressively*): You buffoons! Exploiters!! Parasites!!! If your mantras, prayers, and Talismans have power, transform me from this state to a male being. Your words and verses are good for nothing to destitute people who starve minute by minute. . . . I am happy with what I have, even in this condition. But you are deceiving vulnerable people in the name of religion. You are thieves in guise of propagation of religions. . . . Since I am a eunuch, I can foresee future. I profess that change is at hand . . . change is at hand. . . .  
(*She claps at the four members, twists her lips, winkles her eyes and face, and departs from the stage*):
- Abraham  
Manu  
Bhaku: (*all at once, with a sigh of relief*) *Oh! Hoooo. . . O! God! We could escape! (They look at each other from top to bottom as born enemies)*
- Peter: (*pulls the hands of the trio to group together. They join their heads together*) (*whispers*): Hey! Fools! Pay attention to my words! Our aim is one that is to earn money. Let us group together! We have to make a pact with each other. Speak not our differences. . .
- Abraham: (*in a disgusting way*): Pact!?! With these dog-faced and owl-faced louts! No. . . . My religion is greater than that of these. Therefore, I am the master to them. I don’t agree to work with them. .
- Manu: (*comes forward frowning at Abraham in an awkward way*): Ape!  
What do you think of you? Is your religion great!?! (*Caressing the thread that is drapes around his body*) My religion is great!

- Abraham: (*intervening*): Without my religion there is no way to the world. Do you know . . .? My British masters brought this religion. Hence, it is a great religion!
- Manu: Your religion is like a baby. . . It is not grown. It has no long history. Your religion emerged only after the crucifixion of Christ . . . But my religion is the oldest of your religion. . . . My tradition is great!
- Abraham: You. . . . Barbarous clan! My British Master taught you lessons of civilization. . . .Today, you are blindly following my British Master's tradition. . . .
- Bhaku: (*with a rejuvenated voice*): My religion also has a great history. . . .(*Looks up*) Lord! Forgive them! They don't know what they are doing. . . . Indeed, my religion came to this land first of any Abraham's religion. . I am great. . . .  
(*They scuffle among each other*).
- Peter: (*shouts*) Stop! Stop! Stop this nonsense. . You insatiable irrational exploiters! Give up the useless argument. Let us have an about-turn! Maybe, your religions and arguments are different, but we belong to one community that is the community of exploitation. Right!? Let us extract money from the innocent people and share it among us. . . .
- Abraham  
Manu  
Bhaku: (*all in one with acclamation, but in shrill voice*): Yes! Yes! Let us not involve ourselves in affray! Let us be adroit!
- (*A blind beggar enters walking with the help of a stick in his hand.*)  
(*comes on foot singing a song wryly and ironically*):  
Man-raj: What sin I did . . . .?  
What sin I did in my mother's womb?  
What sin my parents did?  
O! God! You made me blind in my mother's womb.  
Where do I get sight from?  
Who can retrieve my sight?  
Where does promise come from?  
Who can make my dark world bright?  
O! God! Is your presence true?  
If so, O! God! Where are you . . . .?  
Give me sight. . . .
- Abraham  
Manu  
Bhaku: (*all at once, loudly*): Oh! Blind man! Come here . . . here. . Blind Sinner! Come here and get salvation. . . Blind! Come and get 'Moksha' (heaven). .
- Man-raj: (*fumbling around with his stick in one hand*): Who is that!? I am little hazy about. . . Who is that?  
Peter: Here is the trinity! Come and get absolved from your sins. . . .  
Man-raj: (*innocently*): I did no sin in my life. . . .  
Abraham: (*beating his forehead*): Oh! My God! Forgive this blind man. I will spill the beans of your doubt, Blind man. You know. . . Man is a sinner by birth.  
Man-raj: How? How can it be?  
Abraham: Your parents sinned to give birth to you.  
Man-raj: Can you make me pure and can you retrieve my sight?  
Peter: It costs hefty money. How much money do you have in your pocket?  
Man-raj: Ten Dollars only.  
Peter: (*cheers*): Hurray! Hurray! (*They whisper among themselves*) We can share the money equally. We are four, he has four hundred. . . .  
Abraham: O! Blind man! Come to me!  
Man-raj: (*fumbles to come to Abraham*): Where are you?

- Abraham: *(takes a pinch of silt and applies to the eyes of Man-raj):* O! God! *(Keeps the pious book upon the head of Man-raj)* O! God! I order you!! Bless him!
- Man-raj: *(pressing his irritating eyes):* Sir, the silt you applied to my eyes has caused blazing and itching in addition to pain in my eyes. How can I get rid of this pain!? I have not retrieved my sight.
- Abraham: *(laughs):* You will get sight, if you have belief. Everything is possible to the persons who believe in me. . . . .
- Man-raj: *(cries):* My eyes are paining. My eyes are paining . . . . *(Beseechingly):* Please relieve me from this pain. Give me some water to clean my eyes. . . .
- Manu: *(giggles, comes forward, tilts his urn, takes handful of water, and sprinkles on the eyes of Man-raj):* The sacred water will purify your eyes. . *(Manu hurls red-vermilion powder (kunkum), on to the face of Man-raj. (Man-raj's face streaks with silt and red-vermilion powder).*
- Man-raj: *(rubbing and twisting his eyes):* My eyes are irritating! Your water added pain on to my existing pain. . . .
- Peter: *(taking money from the pocket of Man-raj):* Every great work starts with difficulty and pain. . . You have to bear the pain. . . . and soon you will get sight.
- Bhaku: Abracadabra! Abracadabra!! I have a Talisman with me. This magic smoke is the tranquilizer. . . Let me tie this Talisman *(ties Talisman and blows magic smoke on to the eyes of Man-raj).*
- Man-raj: *(rubbing his eyes):* It is very much scorching my eyes. . . You fool! You are doing a queer experiment on my eyes. . .
- Peter: Hurray! Operation Success! Bros! I have extracted Rs. 500 from his pocket. . Let us leave him to his fate. . .
- Abraham
- Manu
- Bhaku:
- Peter: *(all together in ecstasy):* Hurray! Hurray! We have accomplished it. . . .
- Man-raj: *(wails loudly):* My eyes are itching and scorching. The pain is unbearable!
- Peter: *(cheerfully):* Ye! Bros! After equal distribution of this money among us, one hundred rupees remains!
- Manu: *(horridly):* What shall we do with that money!?
- Bhaku: *(comes forward eagerly):* Distribute among us!
- Abraham: *(frowning at them):* Let us have chits and draw a lottery . . . Anyone of us can win that extra money. Jesus Christ's clothes were also distributed like this. Do you know?
- Man-raj: *(squeezing his eyes, wails):* Please . . . give me my money that is hard earned money! Please. . . *(Man-raj comes forward fumbling to find their foot)*
- Peter: *(kicking with his toe):* Get lost! *(Man-raj falls on the road)*
- Man-raj: *(gets up and yells and abuses them):* You are the perfect exploiters. . . You, who have sight, seem to be blind. I, who am blind, have sight. As a blind, I could see all the beauty of the heart of the human being. But you, who could see the outer world, have chaos in your inner hearts. You are the Waste Landers and Exploiters in this unreal city.  
*(As they are a gamble for the money, the Blind Man-raj sings hopelessly and disgustingly)*  
 I wryly mourn on the bereft of humanity  
 That is dearth in civilized human beasts.  
 They incite each other towards selfishness  
 That hopeless selfishness causes copious pains  
 That leads to wails  
 And makes mortals immortal sufferers  
 I quest for humanity in that selfish abyss  
 Like an innocent infant  
 That gropes for mother's bosom-milk.  
 But in vain. . . vain. . . vain. . .  
 Modern people are Waste Landers  
 And dirty exploiters on human values.  
 They are everywhere . . . everywhere. .

Like vultures that quest for rotten flesh  
 And parasites that prey on corpses.  
 Paupers are obsessed with exploiters.  
 Exploiters are like deer-skinned-lions  
 Mixed in societies in human form  
 And kill one after another every day.  
 We call it civilization!  
 But in reality, they are civilized beasts.  
 The animal beast hunts the mild deer  
 That is justified in the forest.  
 But the morbid, sordid civilized-human-beasts  
 Chase the vulnerable poor and squalor in society  
 And slay on the dirty cause of Caste, Creed, and Religion.  
 I sincerely cry. .  
 Is it humanity!? Is it humanity?!?  
 If it continues . . . . . if it continues. . . . .  
 Gyre will lose its control  
 Things fall apart. . . Things fall apart. . .  
 Change is imminent. . . Change is imminent  
 I foresee the Terrible Beauty. . . . Terrible Beauty. . . .

*(As Man-raj waits hopelessly in vain, Pooraiiah, a very poor man, enters wobbling hither and thither. Pooraiiah is a beggar. He has not eaten food for the last three days. His drooping eyes are hopeless. His face is sapless and moistureless. He wears very soiled and torn clothes. He has no strength, as he has not eaten any food. He is about to starve.)*

- Pooraiiah: *(seizes his stomach and comes to Abraham, Manu, Bhaku, and Peter with a ray of hope. He stretches his hands): Ayyyaaa! (Sirs) (Opens his mouth wildly licking his lips often):* I have no food for the last three days. . . I am about to starve to death. . . Please help
- Manu: Don't pester us! What do you want?
- Pooraiiah: *(hopelessly):* A little speck of food to eat. . . . I beg you my lords. You have a banana in your hand. . Please give me the banana, so that I may not starve. . .
- Manu: It costs five rupees. Can you pay for it?
- Pooraiiah: *(bows down before the feet of them) (stretches his hands):* I am about to die! Please . . .
- Manu: *(eats banana and throws the peel):* Eat that. .
- Pooraiiah: *(eagerly goes to the peel and opens it):* Nothing is in it, Sir. . .
- Manu: *(seriously):* You seem to be a Dalit. I don't touch Dalits. . . .
- Pooraiiah: *(beseechingly):* Ayyyaaaa (Sir). Though Dalit, I am a human being. I am an orphan. My arms are stretched for alms. . . . .
- Abraham: Hey! My brother! If you sing one of my religious songs, I will give you ten rupees. . .
- Pooraiiah: I don't know songs! *(Mourns with pain and licks his lips)* I am about to starve to death! Please don't eat up a little remaining life in me. . . .
- Bhaku: *(caressing his goatee):* I don't give money for you. . . . But taste and eat this magic smoke. It fills your stomach. . I tie this Talisman. *(Throws smoke on to the face of Pooraiiah and laughs loudly).*
- Man-raj: *(fumbling for Pooraiiah):* My friend! These people are Waste Landers! No help comes from them. . . . Let us go. . . . *(Fumbles for Pooraiiah)*  
*(Pooraiiah falls down. He drools and shakes his body for a while. After a few seconds, there is no movement in his body).*
- Man-raj: *(fumbling):* Pooraiiah! Where are you!? I will help you . . . Where are you . . . ?
- Abraham: *(surprisingly with his mouth agape and with piercing eyes):* Ye! Bros! There is no movement in his body? Perhaps. . . . .
- Peter
- Manu
- Bhaku: *(fearfully all together with mouths agape look at fallen Pooraiiah with piercing eyes):* Yes! Yes!



- Manu: (*fearfully*): Let us go to that body. . . .  
(*They come to the body of Pooraiiah on snail's pace. Peter anxiously clasps the hand of Pooraiiah and checks the pulse. They are very anxious*).
- Peter: (*with mouths agape and with piercing and widely open eyes*): Ye! Bros! His pulse is not throbbing. . Here is thick bubbly saliva drooling from his mouth! (Yells) I think he is dead! He is dead!
- Abraham: (*astorishingly*): Dead!!!  
(*In a double quick time, all at once, they scatter away from the body of Pooraiiah. They stare at the body from a long distance like owls. They are very nervous*) (pause)
- Manu: (*fearfully trembling*): Dead! Dead! What shall we do now?
- Abraham: (*nervously*): Shall we escape from this place!?
- Bhaku: (*shakes with fear and seizes his Talismans*): My God! Rescue me from this dangerous situation!  
(*When they are crying with fear, Man-raj fumbles a lot to find the body of Pooraiiah and help him, but in vain*).
- Man-raj: (*fumbling*): My friend! My friend! I help you. . . . Where are you . . . ?  
(*When the commotion is on, Dr. Mercy, a perfect human being who is on her way, enters. She anxiously looks at the mess around the fallen Pooraiiah.*)
- Man-raj: (*Yells and screams*): My brother! My fellow being! Are you dead! Are you dead!!
- Dr. Mercy: (*comes fast to the body of Pooraiiah*): What happened?
- Man-raj: (*anxiously*): Who is that!?
- Dr. Mercy: I am Dr. Mercy. What is going on here!
- Abraham: (*anxiously*): This man is dead!
- Dr. Mercy: (*surprisingly*): Dead!
- Man-raj: (*with painful voice*): Yes! Pooraiiah is forced to starve to death!
- Dr. Mercy: (*sits beside the body of Pooraiiah to check his pulse*): My goodness! Let me check out the pulse.
- Manu: (*moving backward hazily*): Don't touch! It is a dead body? Further, he is Dalit. (*Dr. Mercy touches the body*)
- Dr. Mercy: (*cheerfully*): Thank God! Hooray! Yes! His pulse is throbbing. He is alive. . . .
- Man-raj: O! Praise the Humanity. . . .  
(*Dr. Mercy treats him and gives first aid to Pooraiiah. She keeps Pooraiiah on her laps like a mother, and wipes out all the thick bubbly saliva with her veil. She makes Pooraiiah eat banana, and drink glucose water. Pooraiiah, after a couple of minutes, bounces back to normality.*)
- Dr. Mercy: (*cheerfully*): How are you now, Pooraiiah?
- Pooraiiah: (*trying to prostrate before her as a token of gratitude*): Thank you. . . .Amma (Mother). You are god after God. . . .No one helped me . . . . even God. But you have saved my life. .
- Dr. Mercy: Man is God. Man has to help his fellow being, but not God.
- Manu: Hay! Which religion you belong to?
- Dr. Mercy: I belong to 'Humanity'.
- Bhaku: (*wondering*): Dr. Mercy how could you save this man? It surprises me that my Talismans could not save him. Neither Abraham's pious book nor Manu's idol were able to save him.
- Man-raj: (*complaining*): Madam, these people are perfect exploiters. They have deceived me and caused the pain in my eyes. . .
- Abraham: (*stammering*): Is your religion of Humanity greater than our religions?
- Dr. Mercy: Yes! It is true that humanity is greater than any religion. Religion is the powerful opium that makes man irrational.
- Manu: (*with questioning face*): How!
- Dr. Mercy: (*speaking philosophically and moving hither and thither*): You are unable to see your fellow human being as equal as yourselves, in guise of false interpretations of the spiritual scriptures. If the religion leads us towards self-centeredness, if the scriptures lead man towards immorality and nothingness, then what is the use of the religions and the Holy Scriptures? If you love the human being as you love God, there would be no need to go through your pious scripture. All the religions propose, profess, and propagate the morality and love towards fellow human being. .

But you have given up the pith of the scriptures. Then, what is the use of your preaching? You are all parasites on vulnerable people.  
(All boggle. Their faces become dull as a ray of repentance appears on their faces)

- Bhaku: (scratching his head): If so, is Man God? How can it be? Is it true?
- Dr. Mercy: Yes! It is very true! “*Ekam Brahm, dvitiya naste neh na naste kincham*”. The purport of that mantra is that there is only one God that is human being himself, not the other. Everyman is a divinity in disguise. . . . Love human being and serve him, but not the lifeless idols and the lifeless Holy Scriptures. Love your neighbor as you love yourselves to see the transformed society. . . .
- Manu: (seriously shaking his bosom) Lifeless idols!? How dare you to call my God ‘lifeless Idol’!
- Abraham
- Bhaku: (seriously come forward to Dr. Mercy) (all the four members circle around Dr Mercy): How dare you to call the Holy Scriptures ‘the Lifeless Scriptures’.
- Dr. Mercy: (in a peaceful way behaving as a teacher and philosopher): My friends, I told you that Man is God’
- Peter: (sarcastically) How?
- Dr. Mercy: (moving around them on snail’s pace): Today, I divulge the topsy-turvy truth that has been upside down till today.
- Bhaku: (eagerly): What is the truth upside down!
- Dr. Mercy: (little seriously pointing her forefinger at the four): Pay utmost attention to my words. It is a gospel truth that God did not give birth to human being, but, indeed (pause), human being gave birth to God. The image of God is fictitious (pause) fabrication. . . If there is no man, there is no image of God. The very truth is Man of great human qualities is God.
- Abraham
- Bhaku
- Peter
- Manu: (with a vague facial expression, all at once): It’s an absurd thought. But, what is about the pious scriptures?
- Dr. Mercy: The so called ‘the Holy Scriptures’ were written by our ancestors according to their convenience keeping their contemporary situation in their minds. . . But even today you have been sticking to the stale and outdated Traditional Rituals and Pious Scriptures. . . .
- Manu: Stale? Outdated?
- Dr. Mercy: My friends! I tell you that the Tradition of today may not be the tradition of tomorrow. . . . Traditional rituals are on flux of change rampantly. You are all the slaves of invisible God. You are dying in the outdated dirty drench of traditional rituals.
- Abraham: (with a queer and awkward face, he bounces forward to Dr. Mercy): Are we the slaves of God?
- Dr. Mercy: (loudly): Yes! You are slaves to invisible God. Come out from that false notion. . . . and see the godliness in your fellow human being. . .
- Bhaku: (loudly): Our Gods are omnipotent.
- Abraham: (sonorously): Omnipresent. . . .
- Manu: They can save us forever and ever. . .
- (As they are in the conversation, Peter falls down all of sudden and loses his consciousness. . . Dr. Mercy checks out his pulse.)
- Abraham: (weeping): Peter! My good translator! What happened to my great translator? (Goes briskly to Dr. Mercy) Dr. Mercy,
- Dr. Mercy: He needs urgent medical help. . .
- Abraham: (beseechingly): Dr. Mercy, Please . . . give him medical aid . . . please save him . . .

- Bhaku: Dr. Mercy, Please show mercy upon him . . . please. .
- Manu: (kneeling down): Please save my friend, Peter.
- Dr. Mercy: (*passively and sarcastically*): Let your Gods come and save him . . . Pray to your Gods to descend down to save this Peter!  
(*They prayed to their Gods, but nothing has descended down. There is no promise at all*).  
(*Dr. Mercy calls out for an Ambulance. Ambulance comes.*)
- Dr. Mercy: I request you all to help me take Peter to Hospital.  
(*Everybody, including Man-raj, keeps Peter in Ambulance. The Ambulance moves . . . . .*)
- Man-raj: (*announces very loudly*): Humanity is divine. . . Humanity is divine. .