

**FOLLIES FALL APART -One Act Play**

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This One Act Play exposes the follies of a Tribe, who live in a remote and deep forest, and whose lives are based on hunting and gathering. What influenced my mind to write this one act play is that even in the present civilized society, a few barbarous tribal clans are not traced. Hence, I crated a plot and a world of tribal rituals in my mind. I thought to write a few important dialogues in Tribal Language to carry the true emotion of the characters. But the tribal language is an oral language, and there is no perfect script for that even today. Therefore, I confined myself to write the dialogues in English Language.

Note: The characters and the plot are not aimed at any individual or any clan. They are fictitious.

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Main Characters:

Mafi: White skinned girl, who opposes the tribal follies

Kakuti: Husband of Mafi, who suffers from split-personality disorder

Barkas: Head of the tribal village

Chenchi: The first wife of Barkas.

FOLLIES FALL APART

Even after independence, some of the tribal villages are not traced. The tribes in the hills languish in utter stupidity and barbarity. I want to expose the follies and barbarity of a tribal clan, and how the anomalies are fallen apart.

Thanda is a very remote village which has no connection and relation to other parts of the world. Thanda has 50 thatched huts. All the inhabitants of the village are utterly barbarous tribes who believe in local deities and superstitious rituals. The village is devoid of civilization and technology. As such, the village has no electricity, hospitals, and educational institutions, but follies, barbarity, and stupidity. All the inhabitants seem to be very black with semi-naked bodies clad in traditional attire like perfect clowns. The traditional way of wearing the bones of their dead ancestors around their neck is mandatory for them. They sell wives in regular intervals. They believe in the souls of their ancestors, and they worship the prime soul, Kus. Their arch-occupation is hunting.

(The play starts before a thatched hut of Kakuti, a tall and strong man with elephantine body, who lives along with his temporary wife, Mafi. Kakuti is the hero of the tribal village. He has great prowess in hunting, and the tribal fight. But, he suffers from a split-personality disorder. Whenever he feels abominable, he behaves aggressively as if he possessed the ancestral spirit of Kus. All the tribal clan worships him as and when he behaves mad with split-personality disorder, and the clan follows the words whatever he professes).

Kakuti: *(He, who wears bones of his ancestors around his neck, waist, wrists, and ankles, is half-naked with shaggy hair. He enters with two sacks in his hands and stands before the hut. He shouts):* Hey! Mafi! My gay wife! Come out.

Mafi: *(comes out of the hut shouting and cursing):* Why are you crying like a stray dog that barks in full moon night? What happened?

Kakuti: *(gleefully wriggling is head about):* At last. . . *(jerks his head to set his shaggy hair)* I got it.

Mafi: *(peeps at the sacks, and scowls at Kakuti):* What is that bleeding sack?

Kakuti: *(overwhelmingly widening his bosom):* All through the day. . . *(Pause. Panting)* I hunted this. Eventually. . . *hah..* with much difficulty, I got it.

Mafi: *(inquisitively):* What is that?

Kakuti: *(panting and lifting the sack up):* A sack of meat. I hunted this wild cat. I peeled off its skin. This is the meat of the wild cat.

Mafi: *(gleefully widens eyes):* O! Wow! Cat's meat! We feast on this meat tonight.

Kakuti: Hey! Mafi, enjoy toddy tonight. Hey! Stoke up for the night on the meat of this wild cat!

Mafi: *(overwhelmingly):* Okay! Let us enjoy tonight.

Kakuti: For you. . . Mafi, this night is the last night with me. Our bonds will end by tomorrow. You are going to be sold.

Mafi: *(flirts, and pleads caressing Kakuti's chin):* Why can't you make me your permanent wife?

Kakuti: *(seriously frowns at Mafi, and throws her):* Stupid! Nay! Don't you know about our traditional dogmas? No woman would be a permanent wife to men. You must become another's wife after one year. If we don't obey our clan's dogmas, the souls of our ancestors will curse and plague us to starvation.

Mafi: *(weeps):* My dear, Kakuti. I am your first wife, and you are my first husband. I love you. I don't want to live as other's wife. If that sad situation happens, I die.

Kakuti: *(comes to Mafi, and hugs):* Don't be a stupid! Our ancestral souls will get annoyed.

Mafi: *(seriously):* Ancestors' souls! Are they living being to curse?

Kakuti: *(seriously whacks on the head of Mafi):* Hey! Treacherous wolf! Don't speak irrational, glib words. If the souls hear your words, they shower pestilence on us. . . be careful!

Mafi: As you are my first husband, I want to be your wife perpetually . . . I don't want to be another's wife.

Kakuti: You are my wife today, and other's wife tomorrow. One of my fellow men's wives will become my wife tomorrow.

Mafi: I yearn for your warm love. I want to live with you at any cost, my dear.

Kakuti: No . . . Kus. . . My prime ancestral God! Forgive . . . Forgive. . . I beg to forgive Mafi. She seems to be perverted. She blasphemed Kus, and the tribal dogmas. *(Kakuti kisses his ancestral bone tied around his arm).* Kus. . . My deity! Forgive her. She doesn't know the tribal dogmas. She is an innocent goat. True, True. Woman is weaker sex. *(takes hatchet from his thigh, starts to sharpen it on a rock).*

Mafi: Hey! Fool! Kakuti! If such is the case, why Barkas has a dozen wives? Has he not disobeyed to your tribal dogmas. Is it not blasphemy?

Kakuti: *(gets up seriously):* Don't question! He is the head of the clan. It's tribal deity's order to marry as many women as possible. He can enjoy whatever he wants. Idiot! You aren't born in this tribal ethnic minority. You are an outsider with a different from this clan.

Mafi: But, I am part and parcel of this clan. This clan brought me up. This clan admired my white skin.

Kakuti: Yes. . . *(squeezes her cheeks)* this white skin deceived them. *(Sarcastically)* Look at your face in water. How awkward it is! The face is like a white pig.

Mafi: But, I am your wife. I have liberty of expression.

Kakuti: Hey! Remember! You are not born here. Your merciless white skinned people threw you from hovering dragon, air-chariot *(Pushpakavimana)*. Fortunately, you fell before the feet of the image of Kus, the ancestral God. Therefore, this clan brought you up.

Mafi: *(dejectedly, annoyingly):* My God! How many times you and this clan repeat this? It pesters me a lot.

Kakuti: That is the blunder of this clan. You could not understand tribal psyche. The suspicion . . . the deception . . . is in your blood behind the white skin. Deception is your basic disposition.

Mafi: My dear! Curse me, I don't mind. But, this auction of wives is a foxy strategy to own as many beautiful women as possible. Are the women animals to sell their body?

Kakuti: *(seriously):* Woolf! Stop your blasphemy. Don't test my patience and don't jest about my clan's rituals.

Mafi: *(placidly):* Think! Be rational! Barkas is old. How can he satisfy his young wives? The young wives became slaves in Barkas' hell-like house. It is a perpetual prison for them. *(pause)*

Kakuti: *(rubs his palm to his forehead):* Yes. . . *(pause)* I also doubt! He is very old. He might have lost his sexual virility. What can he do with that herd (wives)?

Mafi: He needs slaves. . . not wives . . . A farmer sells the barren herd to an abattoir. Similarly, Barkas also sells them later . . .

Kakuti: But. . . He pays ransom for making women as his wives.

- Mafi: (*sarcastically*): Yes, pays ransom! He gains the same ransom again by selling them. Think! My dear! Where did he get the ransom from?
- Kakuti: (*with his plain face scratches his head*): I don't know. . .
- Mafi: Hey! You are an ugly camel, an ox, a mule, a sheep, and a pig.
- Kakuti: (*with a lot of abomination*): Don't pester and plague me with your filthy curse. Reveal, what you want to say!
- Mafi: The ransom Barkas paid to buy women is from the clan's offerings to your ancestral God, Kus.
- Kakuti: (*panting wrathfully*): (*seriously*) from offerings to Kus. . . Kus. . .! The prime ancestral soul! (*looks up towards the sky, and roars*) Is it? Is it true, Kus?
- (*The local announcer, a half-naked obese, enters beating the drum. He announces passing before Kakuti, and Mafi.*)
- Announcer: Dear Clan! Pay attention to my three announcements. . . Today, the clan celebrates the festival of TRIBUTE at the burial land. We sacrifice unblemished goats to pacify our prime deity, Kus. And also we sacrifice goats to Bushee, the next ancestral God after Kus. Secondly, this is also the same day to unearth the tombs of our ancestors to collect bones. You know! It is mandatory! Everyone of this clan has to wear the bones of their ancestors around their neck. The last announcement! This is also the same to sell wives . . . sell wives. . .
- Kakuti: Hey! Announcer! Shut your ugly voice. . .
- Announcer: (*suddenly looks at Kakuti, and surprise*): Wow! My Kus. . . Are you here . . .? (*he falls before the feet of Kakuti, and gets up*) During the every TRIBUTE festival, our ancestral God possessed you. I think, this time also surely Kus will possess you. . . Let Kus profess some promising words today!
- Kakuti: Idiot! Go out of my sight! (*the announcer leaves*)
- Mafi: I feel Kus became old. I feel the spirit of his son, Bushee, may possess you this time.
- Kakuti: (*astonishingly*): How?
- Mafi: It's very simple. After your father became old, you have inherited his property. Right?
- Kakuti: Yes. . .
- Mafi: In the same way. . . Bushee also inherits his father's power.
- Kakuti: (*astonishingly*): Will it happen?
- Mafi: True . . . the old generation paves the way to new generation. . . It's like a cycle of nature.
- Kakuti: Hey! Monkey-faced Mafi, you seem to be false soothsayer. (*Inquisitively*) Will it happen? Will Bushee, the local God after the rank of Kus, possess me?
- Mafi: (*whispers*): Last night. . . Last night . . .
- Kakuti: (*anxiously*): What about last night? Reveal! Don't make me nervous. . . What happened last night?
- Mafi: Nothing . . . nothing . . . but a dream.
- Kakuti: (*bizarrely*): Dream!?
- Mafi: Yes. . .
- Kakuti: What about?
- Mafi: It's about you. . .
- Kakuti: (*stares at Mafi*): About me? What?
- Mafi: (*placidly*): Kus appeared in my dream last night. He said to me, Mafi, I became old. I am suffering from gout. I have lost my power. I used to possess Kakuti during the TRIBUTE festival, but I have no patience. I have lost the power of prophecy. I want to take rest . . .
- Kakuti: Oh! Kus. . . Forgive me. . . (*looks at sky*) Have you lost power of prophecy. . .? (*pause*)
- Mafi: Kus again said to me, 'In lieu of me, my son Bushee will possess Kakuti on TRIBUTE festival. My son Bushee is wiser than me. He doesn't support the polygamy, auction of wives, wearing the bones of the ancestors, and sacrifice of unblemished animals. A new era is going to begin from tomorrow'.
- Kakuti: (*surprisingly looks at sky, and yells*): Kus. . . my God, my God. . . Why did you betray me? You should have appeared in my dream, and said all those things to me.
- Mafi: (*seizes the hand of Kakuti, and lifts it up*) Wow! Hurray! An era of hope is going to begin from tomorrow. . .
- Kakuti: What did Kus say? Is Bushee opposite to sacrifice. . .and . . .
- Mafi: Not only opposite to sacrifice, but also polygamy, auction of wives, sacrifice of innocent animals to deity, wearing bones of the ancestors. . .
- Kakuti: (*threshes his head*): I doubt. Barkas will disagree to all these changes.
- Mafi: For many years, your prophecy has been the final decree. This clan will abide by your decree. . . It doesn't matter at all, whether Barkas agrees or disagrees . . .
- Kakuti: Oh! She blasphemed, scolded the head of this clan. Bushee. . . Bushee. . . my God. . . Forgive this senseless, innocent girl. . .
- Mafi: The head of your clan lost his virility.
- Kakuti: (*suspiciously*): Is it? How did you know? Have you gone to his house. . .
- Mafi: I mean, he lost his physical power. He is unable to rule this clan.
- Kakuti: Don't scold! Stop! Otherwise, I will slap to break your jaw bone.
- Mafi: It's true. It was happened in case of Kus. Kus retired from his power, as he became old.
- Kakuti: (*sarcastically*): Kus? Old? Don't say his son inherited the power of Kus. . . !

Mafi: Yes. . . You are wise, my dear. . . Barkas has no heir. Then a warrior of this clan, Kakuti, becomes the head of this clan. You follow the advice of Bushee, and lead this clan.

Kakuti: No . . . I can't act as head of this clan. The ancestral spirit has to prophesy it.

Mafi: (*pause – contemplates*): Prophesied . . . Prophesied. . . Said. . . Said. . .

Kakuti: What? Who prophesied it?

Mafi: Kus.

Kakuti: (*doubtfully*): Kus . . . ?

Mafi: Dear! I discontinued saying what Kus said in my dream.

Kakuti: What have you forgotten?

Mafi: Kus said, 'As I am old, I gave power to my son, Bushee. As the Barkas is old, the power will be bestowed upon Kakuti on the day of TRIBUTE festival'.

ACT II

(All the clan gathered in burial land before the colossal, deadly image of Kus, and his son Bushee. The image are with a big sword in right hand, widely opened eyes with very wrathful and penetrating look, the neck laden with lemon-garlands and bunch of skulls of their ancestors' bones, and long curly hair. The clan carries pickaxes and spades to unearth their ancestors' tombs for collecting bones. All have out boozed. All the men of the clan fumble. There are a few well decorated goats. The goats' foreheads are laden with vermillion, and their necks are filled with lemon-garlands. All the women were huddled up beside the animals. Animals are to be sacrificed to Kus, and the women are to be sold. Mafi is also one among them. The children of the clan sit under a big banyan tree, with sad faces. They look at their mothers. The clan waits for the arrival of Barkas. They bow their head down on the arrival of Barkas, who is clad in traditional attire. He has a tall staff in hand. His body is laden with bones. He comes with uneasy steps supported by his few wives. He is made sit on the deer-skinned thrown beneath the colossal image of Kus).

The Clan: 'Namaaaskaara' the head of the clan. . .

Barkas: 'Namaaaskaara. . . Namaaaskaara. . .' How are you?

The Clan: (*folding their hands*): Fine, master.

Barkas: (*looks at Kakuti*): Hah! How are you warrior?

Kakuti: (*bows unintentionally*): Fine, Barkas. All the clan is waiting for your order to unearth their ancestors' tombs. (*All make cacophonous sounds*).

Announcer: (*stands beside Barkas, and announces*): Dear Clan! Leave this place. Go and unearth your own ancestor's tomb, not others. Keep your ancestors' skulls beneath the colossal image of Kus. Doing so leads our ancestors' souls to moksha, paradise. There would be no rebirth. It is crime to unearth other tombs. Don't get confused. Find your own ancestors' tombs.

Barkas: Dear clan, go and dig the tombs. (*All the men leave the stage including Kakuti except the sad children and women to be sold*).

Barkas: (*meanwhile, Barkas looks at women to be sold*): These women are like old cows. Glowless with moistureless lips! None is lively. . . (*Peeps deep at the women huddled up at one corner*) Who is that? She is little attractive?

Chenchi: (*Chenchi, the first wife of Barkas*): She is the woman who was brought up by this clan, my lord.

Barkas: Is she Mafi . . . ? She has grown up. I had seen her long back. . . Wow! She is very beautiful now. . . like a rose in full bloom. This cocoon transformed to butterfly?

Chenchi: Whose wife is she now?

Chenchi: (*asks the announcer*): Whose wife is she now?

Announcer: Kakuti's. . .

Chenchi: Kakuti's, my lord.

Barkas: (*flirts with Mafi*): Chenchi! I think, she is also to be sold today. Right?

Chenchi: Maybe, my lord.

Barkas: Chenchi! Make that Mafi, rose in full bloom, stand before me.

Chenchi: (*frowns at the announcer*): Take Mafi here. (*he made Mafi stand before Barkas*)

Barkas: (*flirts, and gazes at Mafi*): Mafi, how beautiful you are! I never had shared joy with a white-skinned woman.

Chenchi: (*disgustfully beside the ear of Barkas*): I advise you out of my experience. My lord, you have satisfied none of your wives . . . You have lost your physical virility. I advise, look after your health. . .

Barkas: (*frowns, and looks seriously at Chenchi*): Dog! Mind your own business. . . Don't give advice to your lord. Look at Mafi. . .

Chenchi: (*murmurs to the announcer*): This vainglorious lout suffering from gout doesn't know the simplest things. Doesn't he know husband should not praise the beauty of other woman before his own wife?

Barkas: Mafi, how beautiful you are! You are like the full beaming moon in the black clan.

Mafi: My lord, my skin is white, but my face is full of moles . . . Don't want to make me your wife.

Barkas: (*gleefully*): Hey! Innocent woman, the moon also contains a few moles that grow the glow of it. Similarly, you are. . .

Mafi: (*beseches*): Lord. I don't want to be your wife, permit me to live with Kakuti throughout my life.

Barkas: Hey! I would pay heavy bride prize for you. That bride prize will be more than the price ever paid to any wives. You will have respect as a woman who got huge bride prize. No escape! You are marooned in tribal dogmas.

- Mafi: Lord. Your tribal dogmas are good-for-nothing, unpromising. . .
- Barkas: (*philosophically*): Yeah! My child, medicine is always bitter, but prolongs life. The tribal dogmas are so. Nobody can avert you from my lust today.
- Mafi: (*grits her teeth*): Hey! Old Fox! If you make me your wife, either I kill you or kill myself. . .
- Barkas: Killing! Me! Animal! I am a very good animal hunter.
- Mafi: (*with piercing look*): Animal? If so, I am a lioness, and my husband, Kakuti is a lion. . . If chance comes, lion kills the hunter.
- Barkas: (*orders the announcer*): Bring her to my feet. (*she is brought to his feet. He squeezes her lips*) How sensitive your lips are like petals of red rose. . . (*Caressing her body*) Wow! Your skin is like tenderness of a leaf full of sap.
- Mafi: (*looks pityingly at the grim and drab faces of the children huddled up at corner, and contemplates for a while*): Lord! Think of the fate of the children. Even God doesn't have power to separate children from their mothers, and fathers. . .
- Barkas: Idiot! They are fatherless. The children don't know who their father . . . is
- Mafi: But. . . mother. . .
- Barkas: I am letting them to live along with their mothers, but with new fathers.
- Mafi: You. . . merciless old beast!
- Barkas: Shut your stinking mouth, stray dog!
- Mafi: (*Mafi spits on the face of Barkas*): Shut! Shut your bloody mouth. . . Old Fox. . .
- Barkas: Fool! (*orders the announcer*) Tie this goat beside the sacrificial goats.
- Chenchi: (*falls before Barkas' feet*): Lord! Killing our own clan members is a sin. Don't you know it?
- Barkas: Yeah, old cow, Chenchi! Don't you know what I profess becomes dogma?
(*Kakuti, and a few clan members enter with skulls and bones in their hands. They put the skulls at the feet of the colossal image of Kus, and stand placidly before Barkas*).
- Barkas: (*caressing his moustaches*): Now selling of the women begins.
- Women: (*weep, cry, and looked balefully at their last husbands*): My God, Kus. . .
- Barkas: First is the turn of Mafi. Bring Mafi before me. . . (*Mafi stands like a lamb before Barkas*) In our custom, head of the clan would have the first chance. I take first chance. My prime interest is to make Mafi my wife. I pay huge bride prize for her.
- Mafi: (*Her shaggy hair is hotchpotch, as if a mad woman. She weeps, cries, and looks balefully at Kakuti*): Is this tribal dogma? To behave against the will of women? Are we animals, or rational beings? Women also have feelings. . . (*turns towards Barkas*) I don't want to be as Barka's wife. I feel chastity. How can the men of this clan share women? Is it not prostitution? Then what is the difference between animal and human being?
- Barkas: True. . . My young lady! We hunt animals, we hunt women. Women are equal to animals. They are weaker sex with less strength. They are only to share carnal joy, and multiply the clan.
- Chenchi: (*at the ear of Barkas*): My lord. She is very nostalgic. Let her live with Kakuti.
- Barkas: Hey! Innocent pig! Keep quite! (*looks at the announcer beside him*) Hey. . . I order you. Drag her to me. . .
- Mafi: (*she goes and seizes the feet of Kakuti*): Kakuti. . . my dearest husband. . . I love you. . . I don't want to share my life with none. Please save me. . . I beg you. . .
- Announcer: (*he drags her to Barkas seizing her shaggy hair*): Hey! Stray dog! How dare you to disobey the tribal dogmas. . . (*Mafi weeps, and yells because of the pain*)
- Barkas: You are not this clan member by birth. You fell before the feet of Kus. As such . . . this clan brought you up. Hey! Disobedience is in your blood behind the white skin. If your skin is black, you would have obeyed the tribal dogmas. (*Barkas slaps Mafi*).
- Mafi: (*spits on the face of Barkas, turns to Kakuti, and stares balefully at Kakuti*): Loveless, merciless, irrational, animals! Kakuti, I remember to you the tribal mythology. It is told in tribal mythology. . . .Your Kus created Adus, and Evus, the first father, and first mother. They are your prime ancestors. Kus ordered them, 'Don't eat the rotten meat of the dead animals. If you eat, you die'. Hunger provoked Evus to eat the rotten meat. Because of uncontrollable hunger, Evus ate the rotten meat. Adus came with fresh meat, and found Evus ate rotten meat. Adus asked, 'Why did you eat the rotten meat'. Evus said, 'I love you Adus. I want to live with you. I don't want to die. I was about to starve. Then I ate this rotten meat to save my life to live with you'. All the clan knows it pretty well. . . that what Adus did. Adus also ate the rotten meat. Why? Because of love he had in Evus. Love is there from the beginning. I hope Kakuti's love will save me . . . from this animal.
- Barkas: True. Evus sinned first. Hence, the curse of Kus is perpetual upon the women. Kus made women weaker sex. They are mere property. They are to share physical joy to men.
- Mafi: (*shouts*): Weaker sex! Property!
- Barkas: Stray white bitch! Yes. . . Property of men. (*seizes the hair of Mafi*) Hey! Outsider! Your words seem to be devil chanting mantras. There is no need to learn lessons from a white skinned woman. (*Barkas kisses Mafi wildly*)
- Mafi: I never feel your kiss to my heart, but bite of a mad dog.
- Barkas: Mad dog! (*Seriously looks at announcer*) tie this bitch beside the goats! Ye! My clan, hear! I am going to sacrifice her to our Kus.
(*Mafi stares into eyes. She cries. The announcer drags her to the altar. Kakuti is not happy on losing the hand of Mafi with whom he developed deep love in his heart. The true hidden love erupted in his*

heart all of sudden. The pain mushrooms uncontrollable in Kakuti. He abominates the deeds of Barkas as irrational and brutal. His eyes become red like blood with wrath and rage. Grinds his teeth, widens his shaggy bosom, and tighten his fists. His disgust is uncontrollable. As Kakuti suffers from split-personality disorder, he feels Bushee possessed him. His yells echoed the place).

- Kakuti: (comes furiously amidst the throng, and yells sonorously stepping his left leg on skull): Stop! Stop this brutal killing!
- Chorus: (falls before Kakuti with fear and fervor): My God! My God! Ye! Kus has possessed Kakuti. . . Kus our God dwells in Kakuti. . . . Praise him. . . He is very wrathful. .
- Chenchi: (shrieks): My God! I had never seen Kus in his utter wrath. . . O! He seems to shower plague on this clan. . . Let us pacify his wrath. . .
- Announcer: (shivers fearfully): What can you do?
- Chenchi: Hey! My lord, Barkas! Come and bow down before the feet of Kus.
- Barkas: (fearfully): Chenchi, take me to Kus. (Chenchi takes him to the feet of Kus).
- Chorus: (they are with need braches in their hands. They showered red vermilion powder on Kakuti's head making his appearance very wild): What can pacify your wrath, my God Kus?
- Barkas: Ye! Stupid Clan! Sacrifice!
- Announcer: What?
- Barkas: (seizes the feet of Kakuti with reverence): Sacrifice the goats before his feet!
- Kakuti: (Yells and kicks Barkas off): Barkas, shut your filthy mouth! (deadly silence prevails. Mafi comes on snail's pace to Kakuti).
- Chenchi: (murmurs fearfully): My God! Kus!
- Kakuti: Ye! My clan! Listen to me! I am not Kus... (Mafi face beams with joy)
- Chorus: (confusingly look at each other): Not Kus. . . Not Kus. . .
- Barkas: Then. . .? (Contemplates)
- Chenchi: Then. . . May I know about you, My God?
- Kakuti: I am Bushee, the son of Kus. . .
- Chorus: (astonishment): Bushee. . .!?
- Barkas: (in utter confusion): Bushee. . .? What happened to Kus. . .?
- Kakuti: He is old. Retired.
- Barkas: (widens eyes): Retired!?
- Kakuti: I inherited his power. Kus will never look after this clan, but I . . .
- Barkas: Bushee, the new ancestral God!?
- Kakuti: Barkas! Don't you know about our tribal dogmas?
- Barkas: (fearfully): I know, my God Bushee. . .
- Kakuti: Is killing one our clan members not a crime?
- Barkas: (hastily): Yes, my God. . .
- Kakuti: Then. . . Why are killing Mafi?
- Barkas: (folds hands): Basically, by birth, Mafi is not our clan member, my God.
- Kakuti: Yes . . . She is not your clan member, but a divine spirit . . .
- Chorus: (murmur): Oh! Divine spirit!
- Barkas: (astonishment): Divine. . .??
- Kakuti: As an infant, she fell before the feet of Kus. . . Kus has sent her to this clan.
- Chenchi: (inquisitively): Why? What for?
- Kakuti: To save you from your stupidity. . .
- Barkas: Kus should have saved us from our stupidity, but how can a woman?
- Kakuti: Kus told me, 'Women have to fend themselves'. To fulfill that Mafi, the divine spirit, descended down. . .
- Kakuti: I bless Mafi and permitted her to rebel against the rotten traditional dogmas.
- Chorus: (fall before the feet of Mafi) Oh! Divine spirit!
- Mafi: (bows down): My God, Bushee. . . Your father, Kus, is old. You have inherited the power. But. . .
- Kakuti: But. . . What?
- Mafi: (with pleading tone): Prophecy! Barkas is old. He needs rest. . .
- Barkas: (confusingly): No. . . No. . . I am not old man. . .
- Kakuti: Yes. . . Barkas is old. Then. . . (pause) the warrior of this clan, Kakuti will inherit the power of Barkas. . . I abandon the 'Selling of women'. Marriage is a pious relationship. Woman is not a slave, or property. Woman is an individual with flesh and blood, and with emotions like men. From today, I break the tribal shackles of women. They are emancipated. . . Husband and wife should live together till their death.
- Women: (yell gleefully with their beaming faces): Oh! Thank God for making us free from this brutal prison . . . (the tribal dance begins, and the children also join them)
- Kakuti: (very loudly): I don't want the blood of innocent animals. . . I abolish the sacrifice of animals to God. . .
- Mafi: (cheerfully dances): Wow! Praise Bushee. . . Praise Bushee. . . . (children free the goats. The tribal dance resumes again)
- Kakuti: I give punishment to Barkas for harassing Mafi, the divine spirit. . .
- Barkas: (seizes the feet of Kakuti): No. . . No. . . God! Don't punish me. . . please . . .
- Kakuti: I excommunicate, and expel Barkas from this clan. . . . Kakuti will be the next head of the clan. He will look after you. . . Mafi will act as adviser to Kakuti. . .

- Chorus: Praise. . . Praise. . . the glory. . . and mercy. . . of Bushee. . . *(Kakuti joins the tribal dance. Chorus sing. The announcer beats drums for the song)*
- Gone . . . Gone. . .Gone. . .
 The tyranny is gone
 The brutality is gone
 The anomalies are gone
 Beast-like exploiters are gone
 Equality, liberty, fraternity is replenished
 Arise! Awake! Surge! Forge!
 Towards the new world. . .
 The world. . . the world. . . the world of humanity
(After the mind of Kakuti pacified, he falls down suddenly amidst the dancers. The tribal clan feels that the possession of Bushee is over. Mafi keeps Kakuti in her lap for a few seconds until he is conscious).
- Kakuti: *(very innocently)*: What happened? Why are huddled up?
 Mafi: Nothing my dear. A great promise entered the clan.
 Chorus: *(gleefully shout)*: Long live . . . Long live. . . Kakuti, the new head of the clan.
 Kakuti: *(In confusion)*: Am I new head of the clan?
 Mafi: Yes. . .Bushee. . .prophesied. . . professed. Bushee possessed you for a while back.
 Kakuti: Is it? What about Kus?
 Mafi: Kus is old. He retired from his power. Bushee inherited his power.
 Kakuti: Is it? If so, we have to accept words of Bushee.
 Chorus: *(loudly and enthusiastically)*: Long live . . . Long . . . live Kakuti.