

A Family Dispute

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[Mr. Ganesh Pillai is a provision Merchant. His wife, Mrs. Parvathi is a house hold woman. Their only son, Murukesh has appeared for the B. Sc. Examination and is awaiting the results. Mr. Pillai had education only upto the Upper Primary School, while Mrs. Pillai is illiterate.]

Mr. Pillai enters home at night after his days business. While he was changing the dress, Mrs. Pillai rushes to him from the kitchen and starts the talk.

Mrs. Pillai:- See, Murukesh has gone for the Cinema. He says his examination results will appear in the papers tomorrow. One thing, I am particular about. We must send him for medicine.

Mr. Pillai:- Medicine! He will learn typing and accounts and shall try to get a job in some Bank or Firm. A job in a bank

Mrs. Pillai:- (Contemptuously) To learn typing! And a job in a bank! Nothing doing. - He must be a Doctor, and nothing less. He is our only child. A job in a Bank!

Mr. Pillai:- Yes, if he is lucky. Otherwise let him start some business and become rich.

Mrs. Pillai:- (Angrily) What! To start business and become rich! How rich are you? You have been a business man for many years! Do you want him also to perish like that?

Mr. Pillai:- (getting impatient) Not to perish, but to be able to maintain him self and his family after marriage.

Mrs. Pillai:- Just as you are maintaining us! What position have we got in the Society? A Doctor will be respected by all. I do not want my son to be a businessman.

Mr. Pillai:- If so, let him try to get a job in a Bank or a Firm as I said.

Mrs. Pillai:- No, no. Nothing short of a Doctor. He must be sent for medicine immediately.

Mr. Pillai:- That is more unlikely or more than one count.

Mrs. Pillai:- Whatever be the count, he must be sent for medicine.

Mr. Pillai:- (losing his temper) It is impossible. First of all, he will not get admission. Above that, there is no money for all that. You therefore keep quiet. Don't dream of impossible things. Go, go and mind your work in the kitchen.

Mrs. Pillai:- (Crying and Cursing) You are not a good father. You do not want your son to become great, but want him to be a mere business man like yourself~ What

riches could you accumulate so far from your business? You say you have no money to send Murukesh for medicine.

Mr. Pillai:- I told you to stop talking about this any more. I know what to do about my son. Leave it to me It is my look out.

Mrs. Pillai:- It is my lookout as well. He should necessarily be sent for medicine, whatever be the expenses, I swear.

Mr. Pillai:- (shouting) Then you bring enough money from your father's house, and then you yourself send him for medicine. But don't talk to me about this any more.

(Murukesh enters the room slowly, looks very pale and sad)

Mrs. Pillai:- Murukesh! Your father asks me to bring money from my father's house to send you for medicine or else he will make -you also a businessman. (Murukesh refuses to listen to his mother and walks out)

Mr. Pillai:- Murukesh! Come in. Tomorrow, your result will be out, is not so?

Murukesh:- (in a low tone) Results have come. Only thirty one percent have passed.

Mrs. Pillai:- Results are out? Did you pass?

Murukesh:- (in a low tone) Only thirty one percent have passed.

Mr. Pillai:- Did you pass, I ask?

Murukesh:- No: Only thirty one percent have passed.